

PREMIER LAURIER

Says He Only Wants a Delay of Six Months to Settle the Manitoba School Question.

Premier Laurier attended a large demonstration at St. John's, P.Q., last week, and in the course of a very lengthy address he referred to the Manitoba School difficulty in the following terms:

"In your beautiful address you speak about the Manitoba school question. I thank you for having drawn my attention to the question which has embittered public opinion for the past six years. The Conservative party during the six years did nothing towards the settling of the question, and although I have not been in power a fortnight, the Tory press is crying out, 'Why do you not settle the school question?' But I only want six months in which to settle the question, and if I am not mistaken, before that time is over the question will be settled without exciting the prejudices of anybody and rendering justice to whom justice is due. It is not by using violence that we will manage to settle that question. I have declared in the House, in the Province of Ontario and in the Province of Quebec that the only manner by which the question could be settled was by means of conciliation. And I believe that further events will show that I was right. I am now in the presence of the responsibility of my word, which I gave to the electorate before the 23rd of June, and the time has come to keep my word. I accept the responsibility, and I hope that before six months I will have the pleasure of saying to the people, 'I have kept that word which I gave you; here is the settlement of the question.' (Applause.) During the last battle everybody did his duty not only in this County of St. John's, Iberville, but the whole Province of Quebec. Of 65 counties you have given me 49. Immediately the Tory papers of Ontario began to cry out 'French domination.' But the formation of my Cabinet has been an eloquent answer. The Province of Quebec is behind me, but I know her well. What she wants is that no one will dominate over her and she will hold the reins of power. I am speaking in the name of the Province of Quebec and I know that she will never abuse her position and give authority to persecute anyone, but that she always renders justice to everybody, without distinction of race or creed."

A YEAR'S RAILWAY ACCIDENTS

The number of railway employees killed during the year ending June 30, 1895, was 1,811, and the number injured was 25,636. These figures compared with those of the previous year show a decrease of 12 in number killed, and an increase of 2,274 in the number injured. The number of passengers killed was 170, the number injured, 2,375. These figures give for the year a decrease of 154 in the number killed, and 659 in the number injured. The number of passengers killed is remarkably small. The smallest number killed in any of the preceding years was 286, in 1890. One employee was killed for each employed, and one employee was injured for each 31 employed. Of the class of employees known as trainmen, that is, engineers, firemen, conductors, and other employees whose service is upon trains, it appears that one was killed for each 155 in service, and one injured for each 11 in service. The number of passengers carried for each passenger killed or injured during the year was 2,984,832 and the number carried for each passenger injured was 213,651. The liability of passengers to accidents is better shown in the fact that 71,696,743 passenger miles were accomplished for every passenger killed, and 5,131,977 passenger miles for every passenger injured. A comparative statement shows that considerable advance was made during 1895 in respect to railway casualties. It is suggested that beneficial results were derived from the fitting equipment with automatic appliances as well as from the raising of the character of railway service and grade of railway equipment, first noted in the last report.—Report of Interstate Commerce Commissioner, Washington.

SIXTEEN TO ONE.

Many people ask us to explain what 16 to 1 means. They are figures of weight. By the Mint act of 1834, which, except as regards silver dollars, is still in force, every ounce of gold bullion and of silver bullion was permitted to take it to the Mint in unlimited quantities and have it coined, free of expense, except for refining and for the alloy used, into silver dollars and gold eagles and fractions of an eagle, at the rate of sixteen times as many dollars for a given weight of gold as for an equal weight of silver. That is to say, while 23.22 grains of pure gold went to the dollar in gold, 371 grains of pure silver were required for a silver dollar. With the alloy added it took 25.8 grains of standard gold for the dollar in gold, and 412 grains of standard silver for the silver dollar. The provision of this law, as to silver, was repealed in 1873, and this provision the silverites now demand to have re-enacted. As a matter of fact, an ounce of silver was worth in the markets of the world, from 1834 to 1873, more than one-sixteenth of an ounce of gold, the value in Europe being at the rate of 15 to 1. Consequently, our silver coin was exported as fast as it was coined, gold became the only coin in circulation, and in 1853 small change had become so scarce that Congress authorized silver halves and quarters of a dollar to be coined on Government account exclusively, of less weight than the proportionate parts of a full dollar, so that two halves and four quarters contained only 384 grains of standard silver, instead of 412 grains. At the present moment, the market value of silver bullion relatively to that of gold bullion is as about 31 to 1. That is to say, one ounce of gold is exchangeable in the market for 31 ounces of silver. Hence, if the law of 1834 relating to silver were re-enacted, the dollar would sink in value very nearly one-half, because, under free and unlimited coinage, silver coin would be

worth no more than silver bullion. The reason that the silver dollars now in circulation remain equal in value to dollars in gold is that the quantity of them is limited, and they are received by the Government on the same footing as gold in payment of duties and taxes.—Trade Review.

ST. ANN'S DAY.

CROWDS THROUGH THE SHRINE FROM ALL PARTS—A GRAND FESTIVAL.

Sunday, the 26th July, the feast of St. Ann, the great thymaturgus, was solemnly observed at the shrine of the good saint at St. Ann de Beaupre. Fully four thousand people were in the Basilica there Sunday from all parts of North America, as the Reverend Father Macphail said in his sermon. Three Grand Masses were celebrated, the first at five o'clock by the Superior of the Redemptorist Order in charge of the parish, the second at seven o'clock by the Reverend J. Hart, of New Britain, Connecticut, and the solemn High Mass of the feast at half-past nine by the Right Reverend Mgr. Marois, V.G., assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Lapointe and Turcotte. The Right Rev. Dr. Macconnel, Bishop of Brooklyn was present in the sanctuary, attended by his chaplain. There were also present a large number of priests from dioceses in the United States. Fathers Anderson and Boja represented the St. Patrick's house of the Redemptorist Order. The music of the Mass was rendered by the choir of St. Louis Church, Montreal. Over fifty low Masses were celebrated from daybreak to noon, and several thousand persons communicated. The sermons at the last High Mass were preached in French by the Rev. Father Sobrecht and by the Rev. Father Macphail in English. In the afternoon a procession of the relic of St. Ann took place through the village, after which Vespers were sung by the Choral Palestrina of this city. The pilgrimages at St. Ann Sunday were about 4,000 male members of the parish of St. Louis, Montreal; 500 from the Union Palestrina, and 1,000 members of the C.M.B.A. of this city and over 500 from Northern Michigan.

MGR. SATOLLI'S SUCCESSOR.

IT IS NOW SAID THAT IT WILL BE MGR. MARTINELLI.

The correspondent in Rome of the United Press telegraphs that although the report that Monsignor Biomonte Falconio would succeed Monsignor Satolli as Papal delegate to the United States, has been hitherto entirely credited at the Vatican, the Pope has appointed, as Monsignor Satolli's successor, Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, Prior-General of the Augustines Chausens, and a brother of the dead Cardinal Martinelli. The fact that the nomination had been made has been kept a secret even from the most intimate associates of His Holiness, and it is only becoming known occasioned a general feeling of surprise. The Pope's choice is regarded as an excellent one. Rev. Sebastian Martinelli is about sixty years of age. He is a learned theologian and is thoroughly versed in the foreign policy of the Vatican.

A NICE POINT.

The Boston Pilot refers to a little flag incident which occurred recently in the following manner:

"Mr. Patrick O'Brien, a Lawrence, Mass., builder, placed a green flag on the chimney of an unfinished school-house on the morning of July 4. A policeman took it down, but the builder compelled him to return it. Last week Mr. O'Brien was fined ten dollars under the 'flag law' enacted last session. His counsel claimed that as Ireland is not 'a nation' the case did not properly come under the statute against raising the flag of any foreign nation on a public building. Moreover the building being unfinished is not as yet a public one. The case has been appealed to the superior court, where it is to be hoped that the statute will be finally interpreted. If the law is as the Lawrence court understands it, the United States should logically recognize the independence of Ireland."

IRISH ATHLETES.

The splendid form displayed by the Irish athletes at the English athletic championships, held in Northampton, maintains our pre-eminence for excellence in physical culture, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal. The Irish contingent carried off five first prizes out of a possible thirteen. A great deal of interest centred in the Northampton meeting, which, in view of the recent suspension of several of the leading English cricketers, was distinctly more "open" than in former years. These suspensions did not, however, operate in favor of the Irishmen, who would have secured them against any opposition available in England. The 100 yards sprint, which D. N. Morgan won in magnificent style, was the first event to fall to an Irishman. Morgan is a wonderful athlete. He is now 32 years of age, and as long ago as six years he was also credited with the 100-yards championship. J. C. Meredith's victory in the quarter mile will be deservedly popular. His competitor, Fitzherbert, who was the holder of the championship, is one of the best men that England has produced for a long time—a fact that makes Meredith's three-yards win all the more meritorious. The high jump at 5 feet 11 inches fell to Mortimer O'Brien, of Mallow. It will be remembered that Ryan won this event last year. In slinging the hammer and putting the shot Flanagan and Hogan had no serious rivals. The Trinity crack, Barbour, had somewhat hard lines in being outclassed in the long jump by Leggatt. The latter's distance, however, 23 feet 3 inches, entitled him to rank with the best men the championship contests have produced. It was a magnificent performance, and no one will grudge the Englishman his victory.

PHOTOGRAPHING THOUGHT.

It may be rash to pronounce that anything is beyond the photographer's art. But the communication just made to the Paris Académie de Médecine by Dr. Baraduc is so astonishing that if he had made it before Dr. Rontgen had rendered his discovery public, very few people would have been inclined even to enquire into the matter. Indeed, Dr. Baraduc affirms he has succeeded in photographing thought, and he has shown numerous photographs in proof of his assertion.

His usual method of proceeding is simple enough. The person whose thought is to be photographed enters a dark room, places his hand on a photographic plate, and thinks intently of the object the image of which he wishes to see produced. It is stated by those who have examined Dr. Baraduc's photographs that the most of them are very cloudy, but that a few are comparatively distinct, representing the features of persons and the outlines of things. Dr. Baraduc goes further and declares that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance.

In his communication to the Académie de Médecine he relates that Dr. Istrate, when he was going to Campana, declared he would appear on a photographic plate of his friend, M. Hasden, at Bucharest. On Aug. 4, 1883, M. Hasden at Bucharest went to bed with a photographic plate at his feet and another at his head. Dr. Istrate went to sleep at Campana, at a distance of about three hundred kilometres from Bucharest, but before closing his eyes he willed with all his might that his image should appear on the photographic plate of his friend. According to Dr. Baraduc that marvel was accomplished. Journalists who have examined the photograph in question state that it consists of a kind of luminous spot on the photographic plate, in the midst of which can be traced the profile of a man.—Paris Correspondence London Standard.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE

To James Jeffrey Roche, Poet and Journalist, Editor-in-Chief of the Boston Pilot.

(By Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., in the Argosy Magazine.)

When the mantle of the great and lovable John Boyle O'Reilly descended upon the shoulders of James Jeffrey Roche as editor-in-chief of that best of Catholic journals, the Boston Pilot, there was assuredly no interregnum in the succession of genius within the sanctuary of that potentially noble paper. James Jeffrey Roche, poet and journalist, is unquestionably one of the most versatile and gifted writers connected with the press of the United States. He is a substantially gifted writer not blown in the public eye. To-day, there is a great deal of not only machine poetry, but machine fame worked out through the cogs of coteries that buzz and boom in various literary mills of the land.

Jeffrey Roche has ripened intellectually through the dreams and blossoms of spring, the genial and vibrant moods of summer, and the thought-laden hours that hint of the full fruition of golden autumn. His scholarship has been a steady acquirement, not fitful and spasmodic. Like his great chief, the ever lamented O'Reilly, Roche possesses in a rare combination brilliancy and prudence, added to a deep and true knowledge of men and things.

He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, not quite fifty years ago, so that it might be said that James Jeffrey Roche stands today upon the threshold of his matured years. When but an infant, he emigrated with his parents to Prince Edward Island, one of the maritime provinces of Canada. His early education was conducted under the tutelage of his father, Mr. Edward Roche, a talented scholar and teacher. He pursued a classical course of studies at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, where, as a boy, he edited the college journal, "unto the urn and ashes of his infant years." Two years ago, he visited his Alma Mater, where he was tendered a magnificent ovation by the professors and students, before whom he delivered a commencement oration, which, he wittily remarked, but was a continuation of the valedictory in the delivery of which he broke down, when, as a boy-graduate, he bade adieu to St. Dunstan's, away back in the sixties.

Soon after leaving college, Roche came to Boston, entered commercial life, and prospered in it. In 1883, Boyle O'Reilly, quick to discern genius in others, offered him the assistant editorship of the Pilot, which he accepted. During the sixteen years that our clever poet and journalist was engaged in affairs of commerce, his pen found at intervals its true vocation. He wrote at times editorials for O'Reilly's paper, which was fast becoming then, as it is now, the highest exponent and representative of American Catholic life, art and letters. It may be worth noting here that it is no new thing for commerce, finance and the muses to find an abiding place in the same heart. Stedman is a banker; so was Crabbe, while no stockbroker on Wall Street has a keener financial eye than had the immortal William Shakespeare. The poet's eye may in fine frenzy roll and look from earth to heaven, but the divine poet, "Give us this day our daily bread," must consecrate as well as the honey of Hymettus the lips of the heaven-endowed singer.

As a paragraph writer, Roche is without a peer among the journalists of this country. He is a master of art and epigram, and can turn the scorching rays of satire in full tide upon the face of an opponent. No other journal in America, secular or religious, can furnish such a repast of bright, sparkling, humorous and sarcastic paragraphs as the Boston Pilot. With one thrust of his lance, Roche can un-horse a proudly-riding adversary, and fill his ear with the din of the laughing multitude. Nor is he ever light or frivolous. A careful and serious student of literature, art, ethnology and social problems, he brings to his editorial work a fullness of knowledge and ripeness of judgment rarely found in any other journalist of our time.

A good deal of the newspaper work of to-day lacks grasp as well as breadth and clearness of vision. A true journalist should be a rounded scholar and a most accurate thinker. If there is any man

SEW WITH Harper's Needles Finlayson's Linen Threads THEY ARE UNEQUALLED

who cannot afford to flout at logic, it is surely he who holds in his hand day after day the editorial pen.

That Jeffrey Roche can assess the literary qualities and distinctive merits of our great poets with little waste of words, let the following fine estimate of Robert Browning, which appeared in the Pilot soon after that poet's death, bear testimony: "Robert Browning was the first great poet since Shakespeare who profoundly set the sense above the sound. Yet, he valued melody, and was a most consummate artist—as great a seer as Walt Whitman, who is not an artist; as great an artist as Tennyson, who is not a seer; as splendid a storyteller as Byron, who was not a moralist; as high a moralist as Clough, who was not a poet. He strode over old conventionalists. His metrical and rhythmical expressions were the natural garb of his conception, as one seed clothes itself in a velvet leaf and another in a barley blade."

But it is in writing brilliant and witty paragraphs that Roche is at his best. For fine polished satire and sunny humor, no American writer in late years has surpassed him, save it be the inimitable Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Many years ago, John Boyle O'Reilly, his dear and loved chief, wrote of the present editor of the Pilot: "Since Dr. Holmes' early and inimitable papers in the Atlantic Monthly, no humorist has appeared in America equal in quality and quaintness to Mr. Roche."

What could be finer than the reference made by our poet and journalist some time ago, in the columns of the Pilot, to the poetic gifts of Queen Victoria, current report having given it out that Her Majesty had written in her lifetime one hundred poems, but by command of their royal author these were not to be published till after the queen's death. Roche adds at the close of the paragraph: "We are not a loyal subject of Her Majesty, but on this occasion we say with all our hearts, 'Long live the queen!'"

Or, again, take a recent paragraph in the Pilot, chronicling the fact that a certain unfortunate creature, who is less than a woman, and whose mission it is to slander the lives of saintly men and women, was engaged in lecturing in the Western States. Roche adds: "The admission to hear her is but fifteen cents, which, considering the character of the lecture and lecturer, is dirt cheap."

The editor of the Pilot has written two prose works of genuine merit. "The Filibusters" and "A Life of John Boyle O'Reilly." The latter was a labor of love, and lovingly and sympathetically has Roche performed it. Never was friend more closely knit to friend in bonds of endearing friendship, than was Roche to his great chief, O'Reilly. Every page of his admirable work, the life of O'Reilly, testifies to this affectionate union and bond. Roche's first volume of poems was dedicated to him who was close to his heart, to

"JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, My Very Dear Friend, and an Honorable Gentleman."

As a poet, Roche's strength lies in the ballad. His last volume of poems, "Ballads of Blue Waters," published about a year ago, is packed full of virile verse. Nothing nearly equal to "The Fight of the 'Armstrong' Privateer" has appeared in recent years. Neither Tennyson's "Revenge" nor "Defense of Lucknow," nor the best of Macaulay's ballads can match it for fire, force, superb picturesque, harmonious treatment of theme, rapidity and directness of narrative and that breath of heroism which is to every true ballad of war what tone-color is to an idyll or transcript of nature. Surely, the author of "Ballads of Blue Waters" has established in this book of vigorous and forceful ballads his right to the title of the "American Laureate of the Seas."

After reproducing several poems with a brief introduction to each of them, Mr. O'Hagan concludes his very interesting tribute of praise in the following words:

"No words of mine are necessary to emphasize the fine gifts of James Jeffrey Roche, poet and journalist. His genius has an abiding place in every Catholic home of the land, where his countless friends cherish his name as a true representative of Celtic brilliancy, Catholic knightliness and American citizenship."

MAUDE GONNE

An Interesting Pen-picture of a Talented and Brave Irishwoman.

The campaign now being waged in England for a general amnesty of the men convicted in the dynamite conspiracy of ten years ago has again brought to the fore that paragon of politicians, Miss Maude Gonne. In all Ireland there is none who stands closer to the Irish heart. And this in spite of the fact that Maude Gonne is not an Irishwoman in the true sense of the word. Her father, an Irish colonel, was, strictly speaking, an Orangeman, and the young lady herself was brought up in the atmosphere of the "castle." She is, indeed, the reigning beauty of the viceregal court, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for her to have adopted the narrowness and bitterness of the anti-Irish coterie of Dublin. But the effect of this latter spirit upon this thoughtful and generous girl was to drive her headlong into the opposite camp, says the New York Herald.

Her conversion to the Irish cause was due to a dramatic incident which she witnessed the night after her return from a long sojourn as a schoolgirl in England. Near to the Gonne homestead was the home of a Land Leaguer named Mr. Grath, who had won wide fame through his long and heroic struggle against being evicted from his farm. McGrath was evicted from a Land League

hero, and in the middle of his fight took sick of a fever and died. Along with his homeless wife and children Maude Gonne saw him waked.

From that time on the Land League had no heartier supporter and a little later no more lavish contributor than this Orange girl. In 1885, when she was just 20 years old, her father died, leaving her a snug fortune and the mistressship of her own self. Her mother had died when she was a mere slip of a girl. Immediately she threw herself into the work, and rapidly acquired fame as a platform speaker. In the home rule campaign of four years ago she was in the thick of the fray. She was everywhere, speaking in the morning, in the afternoon, perchance, too, at night, and then consuming the rest of the night riding to the next meeting place. Of so generous a nature herself, she could not understand the strange bitterness and hatred that existed between the English and Irish, and when, that year, the union-of-hearts idea was sprung, she became its ardent supporter. To unite the two races in a common bond of sympathy, to make them understand each other—this was her consuming idea.

Of the amnesty campaign she has proved the very life and soul, and has shown an exceptional grasp of details and executive ability in her conduct of it, while she has but just returned from the west of Ireland, where she has been initiating a movement to celebrate the landing there of the French under General Humbert. Her idea in the latter movement is, if possible, to put new flame and ardor in the national cause. Miss Gonne has not confined her crusade to the three kingdoms. She has addressed meetings in France and Belgium, and her last lecture tour on the continent was most successful. This Jeanne d'Arc of Irish politics is described as rather above medium height, with a classic brow crowned with a wealth of wavy hair. She has large, deep, lustrous eyes, a mobile face of rare beauty, a slender, supple body, a queenly carriage and admirable taste in dress. What wonder that she should be among the most sought after and the most welcome of women in the United Kingdom? Painters have delighted to trace her features upon canvases and sculptors to immortalize her form in stone. One of these days, maybe, this remarkable woman will come on a lecturing tour to this country—perhaps soon. She did plan one three years ago, but it was postponed.

ABENAKIS SPRINGS.

List of guests registered at the Abenakis House, Abenakis Springs, Que., July 29th:

- James Withell, Mrs. Withell, Miss Gilmore, Ch. Sheppard, Mrs. Sheppard, Miss F. Rothwell, A. R. Angus, Mrs. C. Sheppard, Jr., Miss Gertie Sheppard, J. B. Layton, Mrs. Layton, William Robert, H. Simpson, J. G. Gouldthorpe, Henry W. Prendergast, E. E. Sheppard, P. D. Dods, E. Luckhurst, Jr., Miss Alice Munro, Miss Cross, D. O. Leprince, J. A. Reid, M. D. W. S. Stovenson, W. L. London, Louis Dutil, H. R. Angus, A. J. Leslie, Miss G. Higgins, Miss J. Higgins, Mrs. D. Lariviere, Miss M. Mounaudin, G. Luckhurst Mrs. Luckhurst, Miss M. A. Butler, C. F. Beauchemin, Montreal, Carl W. Kempton, J. N. Daggett, Mrs. Daggett, Philadelphia, Pa. Miss Maggie Muir, Howick, G. D. Brodie, Burlington, Vt. Mrs. T. H. Henderson, Huntingdon A. E. McLaughlin, Mrs. McLaughlin, Richmond. Ch. McDougall, Mrs. McDougall, Lenoxville. G. H. Rawins, Mrs. Jennie L. W. Clime, J. H. McWilliams, Sherbrooke. F. St. Jacques, Mrs. St. Jacques, Ste. Hyacinthe. Miss May Williams, Miss Emma Williams, Detroit, Mich. Victor Pigeon, Mrs. Pigeon, Longueuil. Mrs. John Graham, Miss Daisy Spittal, Ottawa. A. A. Mondou, Rev. H. O. Loisele, Pierreville. Dr. Allard, Burlington. V. Robillard, Leopold Verville, St. Francois du Lac. Gasper Harris, J. A. Wright, Sorel. M. L. Kelong, Mrs. Kelong, Milton. Miss Hall, Stanbridge East, Que.

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EARLY RISING AND LONG LIFE.

Most persons who have lived to be old have been good sleepers. But this does not mean, says Good Health, that they have been long sleepers. A good sleeper is one who sleeps well. He may sleep quite enough in six or seven hours to answer all his needs, and it would be folly for him to lie in bed three or four hours more. As a rule long-lived persons have been early risers because they have been good sleepers. By "good" sleep is meant sleep that is sweet and sound, without dreaming, and refreshing; the body recuperates wholly. Those who love to rise early generally are of this sort. They have strong wills and good health to begin with. Late risers are often invalids or persons of bad habits—idlers who are never free from other vices besides idleness. The nervous exhaustion which keeps a man wakeful throughout the small hours requires sleep late in the morning. This exhaustion is invariably due to one of several life shortening influences, especially anxiety or indiscretion in diet or drink. Early rising is thus rather one effect of certain favorable influences, another result of which is longevity.

To turn a weakly man out of bed every morning will not prolong his life unless he has slept enough. Preventing a weakly person from sleeping more than four or five hours nightly would not cause him to live to be old, but would tend to shorten his life.

ROOM VENTILATION.

It has been proved by actual experiment that a layer of air lies against the walls which is subject to very little movement even when there is a strong circulation in the middle of the room. It is therefore important that a bed should not be placed close to the wall. If kept there during the daytime it should be moved at least several inches out into the room at night.

Alcoves and curtains should be avoided. In an alcove enclosed on three sides a lake of air forms which may be compared to the stagnant pools often observed along the margins of rivers. While placing the bed, especially the head of it, where it will be shielded from the strongest draught, there should still be enough motion in the air in that vicinity to ensure fresh supplies constantly throughout the night.

The prevailing lack of appetite for breakfast, as well as any cases of an influenza and worse diseases, are due to the breathing over and over again of the same air in restricted bedrooms, where beds are too often placed in alcoves, or are shielded by curtains, which are far too seldom shaken out in the fresh air.

An emigrant in New York was lazing in amaze at a large anchor. A policeman came along and asked Pat what kept him loitering around. "Begorra," says Pat, "I am going to remain here until I see the man that works with that pick."

unfortunate

Cod-liver oil suggests consumption, which is almost unfortunate. Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, will bring back plumpness to those who have lost it, and make strength where raw cod-liver oil would be a burden.

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