

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

An Interview With Cardinal Manning on his Silver Jubilee.

There are moments (writes a representative) in the lives of all thoughtful men which are photographed indelibly upon their minds. And such a moment, the memory of which will remain with me unto my life's end, came upon me as I was sitting in a great room in the house of the Archbishop of Westminster, and opposite me sat the Cardinal himself, who yesterday celebrated his silver jubilee. We had been buried in deep conversation, and I had put him a question upon his own past, which had caused a pause in the conversation, and a deep silence fell upon us both. Now and again I caught the distant rumble of the busy world, but the silence was only the greater by contrast. A pale, fugitive ray of sunlight fell upon the crucifix that was there, and upon the portrait of a great long since committed to the dust, and it fell upon the splendid face of him whom all Englishmen—Protestant and Roman alike—are proud to call "Our Cardinal," and while he pondered over the long dead past a series of pictures flashed into my brain. I thought of the little three-year-old baby with the sea-shell held to its listening ear, as though in that soft, falling cadence he should catch the hum and roar of the dim, and distant future. I thought of the young and earnest Archdeacon of Chichester, of nearly forty years ago, when he used to preach in the dear old country church of Lavington. And as I thought thereof, there came to my mind, as from a land that is very far off, those words which were first heard in the stillness of the summer morning years ago. And the scene as it may have been seen to my mind—the old church, the rustic congregation, the shafts of sunlight streaming in at the window, and the drowsy stillness, broken only by the beautiful voice of the young Anglican. And suddenly every head I valued to listen, and these words fell, first sadly and then triumphantly, upon the hearers' ears, as the preacher looks back upon the past and into the future: "Old friends, old homes, old haunts, old faces, bright days sweet memories, all are gone. But the future is before us, all new, all bright, all Divine. And then raising my eyes, I beheld the man as in the present, and upon his face visible the rest and peace assured to those who, weary and heavy laden, bend and obey the bidding voice. Such the scene, never to be forgotten, that came upon me that morning. Having congratulated His Eminence on his approaching jubilee, I put to him my first question: "Now, your Eminence, may I ask you when you go back upon your career what is your opinion concerning the past, the present, and the future of the Catholic Church in England?"

The Cardinal, pushing back his crimson shreds, smiled, and said: "A very comprehensive question. I will answer it as well as I can. In the last forty years since the restoration of the perfect organization of the Catholic Church in England the progress has been singularly great; but it would be a mistake to test it only by the number gathered into it, for though many, what are they upon millions of this country? The true progress of the Church in England is to be measured first by its immense material development in churches, clergy, colleges, convents, and schools. Everything is doubled, or trebled, and in some cases increased six or even tenfold. Next, its relation to public opinion and the feeling of the country is to be absolutely changed that I leave it rather to you to estimate than express it myself. Thirdly, the immense increase of spiritual action of the Church upon its own people and administration of the holy sacraments, warrants my saying that I do not believe that even at the time of the Reformation—so-called—there were ever so many Catholics as at this moment. The whole population of England in Elizabeth's reign may have been between two or four million, the number of Catholics now in England is over one and a half millions, and of those a very large proportion are in faithful practice of their religion, and if I add hundreds and thousands of children in our schools I believe I may understate the truth. I believe I may say that the English have ceased to fear or to suspect the Catholic Church as a Papal aggression or a foreign religion."

"Your Eminence," I replied, "I had a striking personal instance of it only very recently. I was lecturing a few months ago to nearly two thousand of all sorts and conditions, and, in pointing to the good work of Catholicism in the past, I incidentally mentioned your name as a type of Rome in the present, and I can assure your Eminence the others which followed were deafening."

The Cardinal looked pleased as he went on: "Exactly. I think that ill-will is over. The Catholic Church is domesticated amongst us, and the Catholics of England are as much at home as any of their fellow-countrymen." "All of which leads up to my next question, your Eminence, concerning the Vatican and the New Era, and I presume you read Mr. Sied's splendid dream of the possible future of the Church. May I ask what you have to say upon it?" "Yes, I read every word of those articles. I think Mr. Sied has, in a wonderful way, risen above all antecedents of his life, and disengaged himself from all the trammels which prevent a man's judgment, and he has thereby been able to appreciate the power and future of the Catholic Church in its relation to the world far more clearly and truly than any public writer who is not Catholic. For what is the actual present state of affairs? Only very recently the Pope and three Archbishops—those of Baltimore and Dublin and Westminster—have shared in the labor question. The Catholic Church is profoundly with the millions of the people. Look at Ireland, look at America, and I hope I may add England and the colonies."

Christendom? In a word, has faith increased or decreased since you first took note of these matters?"

"I have had a long experience of nearly sixty active years of religious life. I believe that faith and religion have enormously risen and expanded in England, dating from the time of John Wesley in the last century, which was the lowest and basest religious condition of England. Religion had steadily declined since the time of Elizabeth until about 1760. The reaction of Wesley and those following him both within and without the Established Church had restored the fragmentary Christianity which remained. There is a certain development of Rationalism among a small number of educated, and," he very smilingly added, "for the most part idle people. There is also much freethought, which appears to me to be irrational rationalism, or," and here his Eminence fairly laughed, "or reason run to seed. There is an immense amount of atheistic non-belief in the material mind of the middle classes, a good deal of sane scepticism among the educated artisans, and a sad amount of spiritual ignorance in the mass of the overworked population. But I do not account this to be unbelief. When the truth is put before them they received it with joy. I have faithful and fervent believers among my workmen." And then the Cardinal gave me an interesting proof of this which it is unnecessary to repeat.

Looking His Eminence in the face, I said with some hesitation, "and about the Church of England—what do you say, and especially with reference to 'Lux Mundi'?" "Oh," replied the Cardinal, with a smile, "you want my opinion on Anglicanism. But I am too old to throw stones now. I must not be a judge of those who are without. And, again, you do not specify which of the many kinds of Anglicanism you mean," he humorously went on. "And, again, we Catholics are disciples of a Divine teacher, whilst the Anglican Church disclaims infallibility—that is, a corporate Divine guidance. As to the book of which you speak 'Lux Mundi,' I will not overlook it, but I think it is a counterpart of 'Essays and Reviews'—that is, every school in the Church of England, and they are many, brings forth its own fruit. As I repeat, I cannot judge it; but it has fallen away."

"Do you expect England will ever again be Catholic, your Eminence?" "I know no example in Christian history in which a whole people having once been robbed of faith have ever returned to it as a whole. The return of Asia, nations, as Lombardy and Spain to Catholic unity is an example. But I have an unchangeable hope that both Christianity and the Catholic faith, which is its perfection, will continue to spread indefinitely among the English; but because they never rejected the faith, but were robbed of it and have been born innocently into a state of privation."

"One more question, your Eminence, and I will liberate you, with a thousand thanks for your kind courtesy. I have been told that there is a difference between the old Catholics and the converts. May I ask to what your experience? Is there not some lingering vestige of the old Protestant spirit?" His Eminence smiled slowly and thoughtfully as he looked at me and replied: "Do you know that it is a very burning question with me. I will answer it generally. In matters of faith there is not one jot or tittle of difference, for we are all disciples of the same Divine Master, whose voice has never varied from the Day of Pentecost until now. In matters of opinion outside the faith there is perfect liberty among us, which never troubled us. The old Catholics have, happily, inherited faith without effort and the strain of reasoning it out. Converts have had to find it in the sweat of their face. Perhaps St. Augustine knew the reasons of his faith and the evils of Pelagianism more sensitively than those about him in Africa who had always been Catholic.—Pall Mall Gazette."

LETTER OF THANKS.

MONTREAL, June, 1890.

To the Honorable Gentlemen connected with the inauguration of the Night Schools: DEAR SIRS,—We, the undersigned pupils, who have attended St. Ann's Night School since its opening in November last, wish to convey our thanks to all the promoters of such a great work in providing instruction for the working classes, both old and young; and also to Rev. Brother Arnell and his able assistants, who have so generously sacrificed both time, labor and health in imparting knowledge to all under their care. We indeed owe a deep debt of gratitude, which will never be able to repay, to all who have been so liberal in their support of this great undertaking. Grateful that this will, in a small measure, testify to our appreciation of the great benefit we have received at the hands of all interested, and hoping that God may crown all their efforts with success, we respectfully sign ourselves,

CHARLES J. BAILEY, THOMAS P. BRENNAN.

How to Keep Ice.

There are three or four things that will help to keep the precious nugget of ice from melting away if the housekeeper will only remember them. One is that to keep ice warm is the way to keep it cold. A piece of ice in a pitcher, with a pall over the pitcher and a rug over the pall, will keep all night. A piece of ice in a refrigerator, covered with a snug white blanket, will cheat the greedy ice-man every day, and snap saucy fingers at the milk that does not dare to get out or the beefsteak that does not dare to fall. These things are admirable in their way, and should be in every hand, but the greatest trick of all is newspapers. With plenty of newspapers above, below and on every side, the way a piece of ice will keep is a joke.

A French Apostle of Labor.

The Church in France is at the present time making the wage-earners the special object of her apostolate. She appeals to them by the ministry of individuals, some of whom, like the Abbe Garnier, seem especially gifted for the task of evangelizing the masses. The Abbe Garnier, who hails from Normandy, is known throughout France. His unusual physical strength enables him to give as many as fifteen discourses in a day without showing signs of fatigue, and he can preach as effectively in a barn as in a church. His aim is to make the French working-man a practical Catholic. To use a simile of his own, he goes to work like a carpenter, undersawing by repeated strokes to hammer his ideas into the heads and hearts of his hearers. The French apostle of the working-man will not argue. "What have I to do with discussion," he says, "when I am sure of what I say?" To the men gathered around him, often in their own workshops, he addresses language like the following: "My friends, the garb I wear tells you that I am a priest whose mission it is to win souls to the Lord. The God whom I preach to you is the one who loves the working people, who was

a workman himself, and who effectually solved the labor question two thousand years ago. His solution, the only one, remains good to this day. The great error of modern society is, that it depends solely on physical force, neglecting the one power on earth capable of transcending with the ferocity of human instincts, viz, moral force. Until a century ago this moral power was in the hands of the Church. It remains with you, the working people, to restore to her her moral sway over society by coming back to her bosom, and you will find that she will untie the Gordian knot of your social difficulties. It is only by unity of action, under the banner of the Church, that your social grievances can be redressed." Daring the last four years the Abbe Garnier has founded as many as seventeen co-operative societies among the workmen whom he has addressed, the members being bound together by a single watchword which they are to repeat daily—"Our Lady of Labor, pray for us."

A DISGRACE TO CIVILIZATION.

(London Universe.)

It irks us to have to refer to Mr. Arthur Balfour so often in condemnatory terms, but the fault is his own, and it becomes our duty to treat him as a foolball. Not that we hate the man, or that moral principles forbid us to do so, but because he is not in our opinion, and perhaps he is not in that of the majority, for such a strong sentiment as that which we have just expressed, and an occasion in it is a useful mental exercise to take the football out of the corner and give it a few unloving kicks. We never had fairer provocation than this week. In the course of a maudlin, irritating string of remarks in the House of Commons on Monday night touching the recent prohibited meetings in Ireland, Mr. Arthur Balfour declared that Tipperary was a "disgrace to civilization." Now this is a hard thing to say of any county, but a feeling thing to say of the premier country. It may be that the Chief Secretary for Ireland—whose qualifications for his office would seem to be alike to the country and ignorance of its condition—was in a sour temper, had barked his shin playing golf, or partaken of something at dinner that had disagreed with him. Or he may have been thinking of a piousman, pretending to be a well-bred gentleman and scholar, telling a Parliamentary colleague he was a liar. If that be the explanation, no wonder he indulged in self-digging, and unconsciously described himself as a "disgrace to civilization." Admittedly the description applies.

About the meetings at Cahel and elsewhere there can be no two opinions among the un-biased. They were constitutionally convoked, or a constitutional purpose, to listen to a treatise from representatives of the people; at the last moment they were made entirely illegal by a coronal kick utterly at variance with the spirit of good government; peaceful assemblies were dispersed, bloodshed and trampled upon by infuriate constables, and prosecutions have since been instituted as a lesson to those who had the wickedness to have their heads broken. There is the case.

Mr. Balfour meets it by flat contradiction of everything. He will not contradict the statement of Mr. Dillon that the police struck him, but asserts that the hon. gentleman "must have been misinformed"—gracious goodness, is this the halcyonade of a pentecost?—as if anybody who was tugging from the humiliation of a blow only imagined he had been hit. Can this Didymus of a partisan deny the sun's evidence given in the instantaneous photographs of the scene taken by a demon camera? Can he refuse belief to the surgeons who cleaned and bandaged the wounds, not only of men, but of women and children? Can he withhold credence from an independent eye-witness, a Yorksman, and recollect that he is a dispassionate observer, and trained to calm judgment—that he saw a crowd enthusiastic but tranquil, and offering no resistance, an angry and excited police, chasing the unoffending and plying their truncheons without orders, cruelly beating here when they were not getting on in plain clothes, and a police report in plain English, that a revolver in his left hand, and holding his blackthorn vigorously with his right. There was no stone-throwing by the people, and Mr. Byles is only astonished that the much-persecuted people, unarmed as they were, did not turn and try to overpower their pursuers, "as a crowd in Bradford in like circumstances would certainly have done."

None of these facts will Mr. Arthur Balfour admit, such is his implicit faith in his modern battalion of testimony, the official scribbles from Dublin Castle. He will not go to the trouble of learning the truth, because he does not wish to know it. It would not suit his book or that of his party. And so he goes on in his impudent course of perversion and equivocation, simply adding to his ancient role of Past-Master in the art of uttering that which is not, and approval of cold blooded brutality, that of stock Jack-pudding in the Westminster buffoonery. We are really sorry for the poor fellow sometimes—that is, when he gives us the rare chance—for we consider that he can hardly be accountable for his actions. Like these agents in the hands of the mesmerists, who are ready to commit any enormity that may be prompted, he too may be irresponsible under the hypnotism of political prejudice. We cannot conceive that Mr. Arthur Balfour means what he says half his time in Parliament. It may be different in matters or on the links. He may look at society and employ expressions in the Balfourian sense, which is as whimsical as the Pook-wickian, only less amiable. We verify our surmise that if the Chief Secretary were to sleep through the length of a midsummer night, and on waking up were to be assured by one of his mistresses that "from information received" the sun had not shone for the previous four-and-twenty hours, he would swallow the invention. It is a puzzle to decide whether he is more knave or fool, bohemian or gobe-moose. However, as we are in the plying mood to-day, we shall handle him gently and magnanimously and mildly, considering him a sufferer from an irresistible tendency to idleness. In compensation to the creature, we tender him two pieces of honest advice.

Firstly, do not interfere with the manifestation of opinion in public gatherings in Ireland. It is worse than absurd—it is hazardous. Those open demonstrations are the safety-valves of a vehement feeling. Better far are they than the secret societies, with their passwords, midnight meetings, outrages, and possible gibbets—unless, indeed, a Government, in its immortal fatuity, desires to egg on a people to revolution.

Secondly, and lastly, do not dare to tell the sturdy sons of Tipperary that their country is a "disgrace to civilization," unless they are defenceless, and you are girt with cannon, breech-loaders, and bayonets. They are sensitive to affront, and not slowly to retaliate. In insult put upon their mother, Don't, Mr. Arthur, darling, as you wish to hide your don't practice in that fashion "with the red and the blue" of the Shannon, except you are behind protecting banners in the manner of the baboon family at the Zoo. These Tipperary

"savages" are hot-tempered and long in the arm. Their reputation is familiar even in the British service. At Meenane in 1841, where Pennefather led the 22nd Regiment (marguarading as the Cheshires), the exclamation was elicited from Sir Charles Napier of "Magnificent Tipperary!" Private O'Neill took a standard, Drummer Main De-nemy captured a mounted leader of the enemy and for three hours the Conways, the Fitzgeralds and other Irish officers valiantly held their own against the Bochees in twenty times their strength. On the stern and implacable Eastern warriors came, but with shouts as loud and shrieks as wild as theirs, and hearts as big and arms as strong, the Tipperary boys met them with the bayonet and sent their foremost masses rolling back to blood.

Those foregoing words are from Sir William Napier's narrative of that memorable February day. There was no chatter about "a disgrace to civilization."

But Sir William Napier was a soldier and a lover of truth, and Mr. Arthur Balfour is—well, perhaps, the most merciful phrase we can devise him with is that he is himself.

FRANCOISAN MONASTERY

Formally inaugurated by His Grace Archbishop Fabre.

At least one thousand persons attended the formal inauguration of the Francoisan Monastery, on Richmond street, this city, on Tuesday morning, June 24. The monastery is a rough, two-story brick building, situated next to St. Joseph's Church, behind the houses immediately adjoining the front of the church. A room, about 15 x 20 feet on the first floor, the best in the house, is set aside for the chapel. A little improvised altar, painted white, is at one end of the room. On one side of the altar is a little primitive society, with quite an assortment, however, of costly church ornaments, brought over from France, and on the other side is a room with grating wide enough to allow the faithful, who are not allowed into the chapel proper, to follow the ceremonies. His Grace, accompanied by Viceroy-General Maccoch, Very Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., rector of St. Mary's College, Very Rev. Father Strubbe, O.S.B., Superior of the Redemptorist Order here, and Rev. Father Brocheux, were received at 7 o'clock at the door of the monastery by Rev. Father Othon, Provincial Superior of the Francoisan Monks of France, Rev. Father Jean Baptiste, the Superior Guardian of the local monastery, Rev. Father Paloran, a student, two lay brothers, two theological assistants, and two converts, all of the Francoisan Order. After the blessing of the altar and sacred vessels by His Grace, a ceremony which lasted over an hour, Father Othon thanked the Archbishop for the permission to establish themselves here, and then said the first mass in the new chapel. The faithful who attended crowded the yard and followed the service through the windows. Next to the chapel is the kitchen; a small stove, a plain table, wooden plates and spoons are the apparatus. Upstairs are the rooms with uncertain windows, three boards on a rough wooden frame and a straw sack, not an inch high from the bed. Each monk sleeps on the habit in which he is to be buried. There is absolutely nothing else in the rooms. The houses were fitted up, such as it is, by him, as the monks are not allowed to touch or handle any money. Father Othon has received over thirty applications for admittance to the monastery. He is full of praise of the liberty of Catholics in this country. "Under the British flag," he says, "liberty seems to thrive."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this remedy in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing for using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 28-10-cow

Death of Mr. Massue, M.P.

The death is announced of Mr. Massue, M.P. for Richelieu, to represent which seat he was elected less than a year ago, upon the death of Captain Labille. Mr. Massue took his seat in the House of Commons during the early part of last session, but was forced to leave, being prostrated by consumption. He was a Conservative in politics, popular, young, wealthy and well-informed, having travelled extensively over Europe and the American continent. His death creates the sixth vacancy in the House of Commons.

HOW CAN THE LONG BE THE SHORT

A line may be a long one and yet be the shortest between given points. For instance the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway has over 3000 miles of road; a magnificent and a well equipped line, it is one of the greatest railway systems of the country; for the same reason it is the traveler's favorite to all points in Minnesota, North and South Dakota and Montana. It is the only line to Great Falls, the future manufacturing center of the Northwest; the fertile rice lands of the Milk River Valley; and offers a choice of three routes to the Coast. Still it is the shortest line between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Cochrane, Moorhead, Casselton, Glyndon, Grafton, Fargo Falls, Wahpeton, Devils Lake, and Bismarck. It is the best route to Alaska, China and Japan and the journey to the Pacific Coast, Vancouver, Tacoma, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, will be remembered as the delight of a life-time once made through the wonderful scenery of the Manitoba-Pacific Route. To fish and hunt; to view the mountains in all their grandeur; to revive the spirit; restore the body; to realize the dream of the home-seeker, the gold-seeker, the toiler, or the capitalist, visit the country reached by the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway. Write E. J. Wirtz, General Agent, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for maps, books and guides. If you want a free trial in a lovely land write for the "Great River" card, read it, resolve to accept it, hold it.

The Backdown Complete.

LONDON, June 25.—The Cabinet has decided to drop the licensing clause of the Local Taxation bill. The Times and Standard admitted this morning that the Licensing bill had been doomed by the Speaker's opinion expressed in the House of Commons yesterday. The Speaker's ruling, which was received with cheers by the Opposition, caused the ministers to retire to discuss it. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, who were summoned to the conference, advised the Cabinet to drop the obnoxious clauses. The Post wants the Government to drop all bills and simply to ratify the Anglo-German agreement, deal with supply and immediately adjourn Parliament. The Telegraph said the Government did all that could legitimately be expected of them in the face of the obstruction offered, and that their best course was to drop the Licensing bill. The Government's blundering was denounced by several speakers at the Unionist meeting yesterday.

Catholic youth in Ireland are not permitted to learn anything about their faith in the national schools.

Speaking on the subject on a recent occasion, Archbishop Walsh pointed out that though in Ireland there are half a million children in schools attended exclusively by Catholics, it is forbidden in school hours to say a word about religion to them, or even to display any distinctly Catholic emblem. If a Crucifix or Statue of the Blessed Virgin is tolerated at all, it must be kept in a sort of box or cupboard, which may be opened only during the time set apart for religious instruction. During ordinary school hours, in a school attended only by Catholic children, the Crucifix or the Statue must be hidden away. The reason why Irish Catholics have submitted so long to this wrong is due only to a stupid regard for official honors—the fiction that because a school is called a "mixed school" it must be so in fact. But the invading prohibition of the Crucifix or other Catholic emblem in a school attended by the Catholic children of a Catholic land is not one which can be allowed to endure. The Archbishop has struck the first blow and struck home.

A SIX MILLION LOAN

And a New Treasurer Said to be Contemplated by Premier Mercier.

QUEBEC, June 26.—Le Quotidien announces that the elections of Charles Langeller and Duchesne are to be contested. Le Quotidien learns from friends of the Government that a new loan of six millions is to be negotiated by the Hon. Francois Langeller, who is to replace Mr. Sheehy as provincial treasurer shortly, and that J. I. Tarte is going to England to lead his assistants.

The Government do not intend to dispense with the services of Mr. Turcotte and a seat will probably be found for him.

L'Electeur says that the Mercier Cabinet has its head full of schemes, which it requires the aid of the Opposition to carry out. It wants to convert the debt and thus save a quarter of a million dollars. It wants to get the Federal subsidy increased by \$348,000 a year. With this half million additional it intends to do great things—to raise the standard of education, to stimulate colonization, to build iron bridges, to unite the Gatineau with the St. Maurice and Lake St. John, etc. "To do all this," it says, "it is necessary to have money, but above all, it is necessary for Mr. Mercier to have the support of his adversaries as well as his friends. We ask them, then, to bury the hatchet and to work for the country rather than for party. We do not ask them for any sacrifice of their opinions, but only for the sacrifice of antipathies and rancors which have no raison d'etre. We ask them for their loyal support to all that the Mercier Government will undertake for the public good, and it seems to us that we are not too exacting."

In order to secure the election of Mr. Blaison in Beauharnois, the Government grant \$50,000 for an iron bridge at Valleyfield. Now the report is that \$10,000 of this money was paid into Mr. Blaison's election fund.

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LONDON, June 25.—The Cabinet has decided to drop the licensing clause of the Local Taxation bill. The Times and Standard admitted this morning that the Licensing bill had been doomed by the Speaker's opinion expressed in the House of Commons yesterday. The Speaker's ruling, which was received with cheers by the Opposition, caused the ministers to retire to discuss it. Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, who were summoned to the conference, advised the Cabinet to drop the obnoxious clauses. The Post wants the Government to drop all bills and simply to ratify the Anglo-German agreement, deal with supply and immediately adjourn Parliament. The Telegraph said the Government did all that could legitimately be expected of them in the face of the obstruction offered, and that their best course was to drop the Licensing bill. The Government's blundering was denounced by several speakers at the Unionist meeting yesterday.

Catholic youth in Ireland are not permitted to learn anything about their faith in the national schools.

Speaking on the subject on a recent occasion, Archbishop Walsh pointed out that though in Ireland there are half a million children in schools attended exclusively by Catholics, it is forbidden in school hours to say a word about religion to them, or even to display any distinctly Catholic emblem. If a Crucifix or Statue of the Blessed Virgin is tolerated at all, it must be kept in a sort of box or cupboard, which may be opened only during the time set apart for religious instruction. During ordinary school hours, in a school attended only by Catholic children, the Crucifix or the Statue must be hidden away. The reason why Irish Catholics have submitted so long to this wrong is due only to a stupid regard for official honors—the fiction that because a school is called a "mixed school" it must be so in fact. But the invading prohibition of the Crucifix or other Catholic emblem in a school attended by the Catholic children of a Catholic land is not one which can be allowed to endure. The Archbishop has struck the first blow and struck home.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED!



Louisiana State Lottery Company. Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote, and

To continue until January 1st, 1895.

Its MONTHLY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWING takes place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS, For integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes.

Attested as follows: "We do hereby certify that we supervised the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person witnessed and controlled the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with a facsimile of our signatures attached, in all advertisements."

Wm. A. Noyes, Esq. J. E. Early

Consolidators.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery which may be presented to our counters.

R. M. WALKLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank. PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State National Bank. A. WALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank. CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING,

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, JULY 1st, 1890.

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000.

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$3; Twentieths \$1.

Table listing prize amounts and ticket counts for the Grand Monthly Drawing.

AGENTS WANTED. For full details, or any further information, send, with postage, to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with State, County, Street and Number. More rapid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an envelope bearing your full address.

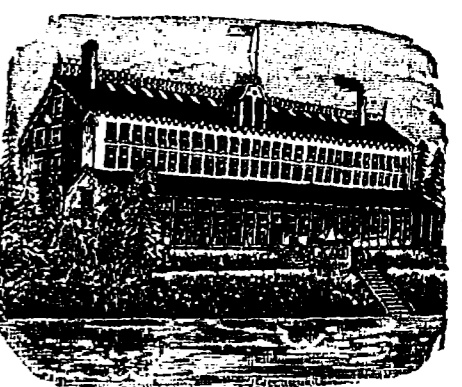
IMPORTANT. Address H. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

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By ordinary letter, containing MONEY ORDER issued by all Express Companies, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note.

Address Registered Letters containing Currency to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and that Prizes are signed by the President of an Institution whose charter rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes. REMEMBER that the NEW YORK COURT OF THE UNITED STATES has decided that the Louisiana State Lottery Co. has a CONTRACT with the State of Louisiana, which CONTRACT NOT EXPIRE UNTIL JANUARY 1st, 1895.



ST. LEON SPRINGS SANITARIUM,

ST. LEON, QUE. This celebrated establishment, one of the most delightful and agreeable summer resorts on the continent, will be open to the public on the 1st of June. The new grounds, which are situated on the beautiful spot annually will add to this year under the new management more attractive than ever. The proprietors will spare no effort in catering to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. To members from Beaumont, Keweenaw, Independence, General DeWitt and the other Springs in connection with this hotel offer a sure cure. Cures will be in waiting for guests at Louisville on the arrival of all trains from Montreal and Quebec. For terms apply to THE ST. LEON MINERAL WATER CO., 84 Victoria square, sole proprietors of the famous St. Leon Mineral Water for sale throughout the entire Dominion. 478 M. A. THOMAS, Hotel Manager.

A Much Married Couple.

PROVIDENCE, R.I., June 26.—Mrs. Stella Weston, aged 32, makes the astounding allegation in seeking a divorce in this city from her husband, Rev. Charles Weston, a Wisconsin divine, that he has a marriage mania so strongly developed as to have insisted upon being married nine times to her in the last nine years. He has prevailed and won her consent to this upon various religious, national, and now insists that she go through the ceremony just once more as "a Congressional wedding is the only one recognized by heaven." She protests against so much honeymoon and asks for a divorce.

St. ANTHONY ABLEUM, Detroit, July 17, 1888.

The Reverend Friedland, of St. Joseph's Church of this city, called our attention to pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The boy for whom I procured the medicine had been suffering 10 years or more from Epilepsy. He is now 17 years old, and had almost nearly every day but since he has been using the Nerve Tonic the attacks have not been so often and violent. I am convinced that the medicine has done him good, and think it might eventually cure him. BRO. SILVERMAN.

"A penny for your thoughts" said the editor of the cheap evening paper, as he clipped the best