

blind inconsistency which first condemns the prudent distribution of the public funds by religious orders and then condemns the alternative, for, in another column, the Mail says:

"Any State which chose to make a periodical and careful distribution of public funds by way of charity would soon make of its citizens a race of beggars."

And this is exactly what the Province of Quebec does not do. That Catholic Province, like every other Catholic State, endows religious orders, and, through them, reaches the deserving poor. Previous to the Reformation, in England there were no such establishments as work-houses. Nor were the people taxed to their uttermost shilling for the maintenance of those degrading institutions in which stunted officials grow fat and unfortunate paupers are starved. The monasteries and convents took care of the poor. The Mail continues:

"At the present moment Cardinal Taschereau is president of a committee charged with the distribution of an appropriation of \$50,000 among distressed agricultural districts. To sum up, the Church and her orders virtually direct the expenditure on education, colonization and the maintenance of asylums, reformatories and charities, a large portion of which is consumed by the orders themselves, etc."

The above admission speaks volumes for the unlimited trust reposed in the honesty and unselfishness of priests and bishops by the people's representatives in the Province of Quebec. It must be at least two hundred years and more since this state of things has existed, and the bishops and the religious orders have nobly acquitted themselves of the grave responsibility of handing such vast sums for the benefit of the poor and of the "distressed agricultural districts." Had suspicion ever attached to the gestation of such charities by the Church long since complaints would have been made, and lay men would have been selected for the distribution of the public funds. But the same confidence in the honesty and unselfishness of the priests and bishops exists as firmly to day as it obtained in the time of Bishops Laval and Duplessis. The French-Canadians are not such dolls as the Mail supposes. They entrust their moneys and charities to those alone in whom they have the most unbounded confidence. Probably the people of Ontario would go and do likewise if they thought it safe or advisable to entrust large amounts to the safe keeping of bishops, parsons and principals of colleges who would offer no objection to being "subvented" for such philanthropic work.

Strange it seems and inexplicable, how men or ministers, who would not be trusted with the handling of charitable donations, are yet entrusted with the "breaking of the bread of life" and with the guidance and care of immortal souls.

THE MAIL'S ABSURDITIES.

From time to time the Mail, in its zeal for the preservation of the integrity of Canada, delivers a very serious lecture to the French-Canadians, in which it attempts to prove that they are ripe to be annexed to the United States. A few days ago we were treated to one of these essays, the whole evidence that this is the case being that Mr. Bechard has said that the Province of Quebec might have recourse to this alternative if she were overpowered in any struggle which might be inaugurated by Ontario fanatics to impose upon Quebec the intolerable yoke of subjection to Ontario parsons and Orangemen.

There is little danger that such a crisis should arise. It is true there is a great deal of talk published in the columns of that journal, over the signatures of parsons and other fanatics in which the threats uttered against Quebec are unmistakable, but the people of that Province are perfectly well aware that the parsons have small influence over the public opinion of Ontario; and though such firebrands as Bishop Sullivan, ex-Bishop Carman, Dr. Will, Hunter, Campbell and others, backed or rather led on by the parlor soldier who edits the Mail, are loud in their threats of an armed invasion of Lower Canada, which is to result in turning the highways of that Province into rivers of French-Canadian blood, such infamous language is perfectly appreciated by the people of Quebec at its true value, as the ravings of maniacs.

The Orangemen, too, at the beck of Messrs. Dalton McCarthy and John Charlton, have not desisted for a moment from passing resolutions in their lodges and on the platform, as terrible as the exclamation of the giant who was remorselessly slain soon after by bean-stock Jack:

"Fee, Faw, Fum:
I smell the blood of a French man
And I must have some."

But the courage of the Orangemen is also very generally estimated at its real worth. They have exhibited it in Canada in the past, and we have no doubt they would do so again in the same way at this date if they dared. They have frequently shown their readiness in the past in Toronto, Mornington, Wallace, Mulmur, and in the counties of York, Wellington, Victoria, etc., to injure Catholic churches, to desecrate cemeteries, to wreck houses of

Catholics when only women and children were the inmates, or to fire upon unarmed Catholics, when they could attack in overwhelming numbers; but in invading the Province of Quebec they would be met man for man; and there is no fear that the expedition will be attempted. Mr. Dalton McCarthy's talk of subjugating Lower Canada by bullets is but empty vapor.

Still, if the attempt were made, and if it proved to some degree successful, in the beginning, the people of Canada are well aware that the result of such Canadian anarchy would inevitably be the annexation, not alone of Quebec, but of Ontario also. The Mail itself acknowledged but a few weeks ago that Ontario could not stand alone as the leading province of the Dominion if Quebec were once annexed to the United States, and indeed the whole Dominion would soon follow in the same direction.

If this is what the fanatics are really aiming at, they might attain their purpose without stirring up race dissension. It would be more honest for them to agitate for annexation by direct means; and it would be more to their interest also; for certainly Ontario would be received into the Union on more favorable terms by direct negotiations than that purpose, than if she entered into it on compulsion arising out of the distracted and disorganized condition of the Province which would result from civil war.

The Mail endeavors, in the article referred to above, to show that if annexation were resorted to by Lower Canada, the French population would not be any more free in the practice of their religion than they would be under Ontario domination, and at times it quoted two United States newspaper which expressed that opinion. As the contention is not at all likely to arise, it is unnecessary to discuss the matter seriously; but we may remark that other and more influential American newspapers have expressed a different opinion. As a State, Quebec would be at liberty to govern herself, just as she does under Confederation, and the fanatics of Ontario would be as snubbed as race every time they would attempt interference with the affairs of Quebec, as they were when Lord Stanley covered them so snugly the other day with wet blankets.

We must not conclude this article without pointing out the reliability of the Mail as a provider of intelligence on this subject of the intentions of the French-Canadians. We are now told that they are bent on annexation to the United States. Only a few days ago the same journal proved to demonstration, to its own satisfaction, that the union desired by French-Canadians is with France and not with the United States. On the other hand, we are frequently treated in the columns of the same journal to learned essays which explain, on motives of interest, the undeniable loyalty of French Canada to the British throne. Only a few days ago one of these essays appeared in the Mail's editorial columns.

People who expect to be believed usually deem it expedient to stick to the same story; but it would appear that the readers of the Mail are prepared to swallow doses of any kind, so that it is not necessary for that journal to be consistent. Anything will do if it be only anti-French and anti-Catholic.

HIS FIRST MASS.

The Rev. P. McCabe, who was recently ordained by His Lordship Bishop Walsh, of London, celebrated his first Mass in St. Mary's Church, Simcoe, on Sunday last. The congregation present was unusually large and included the relatives and many personal friends of the celebrant. After the gospel Father McCabe spoke briefly and very acceptably on the "Devotion of the Rosary." His initial effort was most creditable and indicated that the young gentleman will quickly develop into an earnest and effective speaker.

Towards the end of the Mass the pastor, Father Traher, addressed those present, drawing their attention to the fact that in order to become a follower of Christ, one must deny himself and take up his cross and follow Him. The priest, he continued, is pre-eminently a follower of Christ. Up to the time of his ordination the sacerdotal candidate is called upon principally to deny himself—to deny himself the comforts of home, the pleasures of the world, to enter upon a severe course of studies and to subject himself to a discipline more severe still; but upon the day of his ordination the priest, whilst still continuing to deny himself, is called upon in a special manner to take up his cross. The nature of this cross, continued the speaker, he would not then explain—it being rather a day of rejoicing—but in inviting those present to receive the blessing of the "newly ordained," he asked of them, whilst receiving it, to pray earnestly that the young priest, having taken up his cross might carry it bravely and manfully and to the end triumphantly.

At the conclusion of Father Traher's remarks Father McCabe gave his blessing individually to all present.

Before the congregation dispersed Father Traher announced that in a few days himself and they would be honored with a visit from their beloved Bishop, an announcement that was received by all with manifest delight.

In the evening Father McCabe officiated at Vespers and at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The music on this occasion was exceptionally good. Miss M. Jeffrey's alto solos, with violin

obligato by Father Traher, being most acceptably rendered.

Father McCabe, we understand, will leave Simcoe in a few days to enter upon his regular duties, and in so doing he will certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that he carries with him the esteem and good wishes of all in the parish of his adoption.

WHELAN vs. HURLBERT.

Montreal Gazette, Aug. 30.
The meeting for the appointment of a fifth arbitrator in connection with the challenge of Father Whelan, of Ottawa, to anyone to prove that the Jesuits hold the doctrine that the end justifies the means, which was accepted by Dr. J. Beaufort Hurlbert, was held at St. Mary's College yesterday morning. Rev. Principal MacVicar and Rev. Prof. Scrimger appeared for Dr. Hurlbert, and Rev. Fathers Jones, S. J., and Doherty, S. J., for Father Whelan. Neither Dr. Hurlbert or Father Whelan were present at the conference. After some pleasant and complimentary remarks on both sides, the two Protestant arbitrators brought up the name of Rev. Prof. J. Clark Murray, who, they stated, was a professor in metaphysics and ethics at McGill University, a Doctor of Laws at the Glasgow University, an author of high repute, and a man of calm and impartial judgment, who had not committed himself in any way in connection with the anti-Jesuit agitation. Prof. Scrimger added to this that he had asked Dr. Murray to allow his name to be brought up, but had not discussed the matter with him in any way. The Jesuit fathers replied to this that though they had no personal objection to the gentleman, they could not accept him because they wanted an expert and one familiar with their technical language. Rev. Dr. MacVicar stated that he thought Prof. Murray possessed the necessary qualifications, but the Jesuit fathers gave them a choice of

A PROFESSOR OF MORAL THEOLOGY in Laval University or the Sulpician Seminary or in any faculty of moral theology in America or Europe. To this the Protestant gentlemen objected because such a man, who naturally would take the position of the Roman Catholic Church upon a matter of this kind, could hardly be expected to use entirely independent judgment. "If that is the case," replied the Jesuit fathers, "the same arguments can be used on our part. How can we expect that a Protestant minister to be any more independent?" They also asked why they did not submit the same proposition as themselves and allow them to take any Protestant as they were allowed to take any Catholic. The Protestant arbitrators replied to this that there was no party between the two cases; that Catholics were all bound to defend each other, and that any Catholic theologian would look upon it as defending the Church, consequently he would not be free. The Jesuit fathers replied that at least they were answer to the statement of the Evangelical alliance that the Jesuit teaching was different from the general teaching of the Catholic Church. The Jesuit fathers also made a proposal that the four arbitrators should act; that each should make a report, and these reports could be published under the name of the arbitrators. The answer to this was that that would not be an authentic report. It was apparent therefore that under the circumstances no agreement could be reached, and after assuring them that they would aid them as much as was in their power, should it be possible to settle the matter some other way, the Jesuit fathers invited their visitors to take a look through the college building. Rev. Father Jones accompanied them down stairs and there met Dr. Hurlbert, with whom he shook hands very cordially, expressing regret that he had not been through the building. The visitors then departed.

Dr. Hurlbert stated that he expected this result and that the best thing he could do under the circumstances would be to publish the proofs he had gathered so that they could be spread broadcast. Should he do so they will no doubt be answered by the Jesuit fathers.

Letter From Father Jones.

To the Editor of the Star:
Six-Yesterday's meeting of the commission of enquiry to select a fifth man is not fairly reported in your paper. You state that "the final terms of the Jesuit Fathers were that the fifth arbitrator should be a professor of one of their colleges, giving their visitors the right to choose from any of their educational institutions either in America or Europe." The obvious intention of the public will be that we asked for a Jesuit professor of moral theology. We expressly and repeatedly disclaimed any such pretension. The fifth man might be taken from Laval, the Seminary of St. Sulpice, or any other similar institution in America or Europe. It was an excellent opportunity of testing the value of the assertion that Jesuit teaching was different from the common teaching of the Catholic Church. The latitude we offered Dr. Hurlbert's representatives was refused us. We were not allowed to choose the old member of the commission at will from among the Protestant body, as Principal MacVicar alleged there was no party between the two cases; a professor of moral theology, chosen from among Catholics, who would look upon himself as in duty bound to give the decision, as by so doing he would be defending the Church. But if, on the other hand, Father Whelan's representatives are forced to accept the one only person proposed, a reverend gentleman of the Protestant clergy wholly unknown to them, are they to be blamed for imagining that their objection to such an appointment would be less forcible than Principal MacVicar's in view of the interests they were called upon to defend.

No doubt the inaccuracy of your report was unintentional. I am sure he must have misunderstood both Principal MacVicar and Professor Scrimger; and my confidence in the uprightness of these gentlemen remains as unshaken as before.

Yours etc.

A. E. JONES, S. J.

St. Mary's College, Aug. 29, 1889.

LETTER FROM MR. J. J. CURRAN, M. P.

ON BOARD THE SS. COBAN, VISIT TO CHARLOTTETOWN, ST. JOHN'S AND SYDNEY.

When at last, after many vain efforts to get away, the Coban sailed out of our port, looking around to take stock of our fellow passengers, an inventory disclosed that not only was the Dominion fairly represented from many quarters, but the neighboring republic was also there in the person of a tall Michigan der, whom we designated throughout the voyage as "Uncle Sam." Ottawa gave us the Messrs. Harrison, jolly good fellows they are. Visiting us along a rather severe visaged Scotch lawyer of the Gilt persuasion, who looked rather glum at first, but melted at the close of the opening evening concert to the melodious strains of "Auld Lang Syne." I should have given place and names, and mentioned three charming young ladies from our own city, who were daily designated by the passengers as "the three beauties." Mr. Drummond of Petite Cote, was also with us, and two of his daughters, who could have foreseen that one of them was soon to be gathered in by the pitiless reaper death, and that she was then making her last journey. Mr. Drummond has the heartiest sympathy of all. Mr. Traux, of Farnham, represented the Eastern Townships, and did his part well. Cornwall (Ont.) more than held its own through Mr. and Mrs. Milken. The Messrs. Wickham, of Prince Edward, were a valuable part of our contingent. Mr. Wilson, of Point St. Charles, carried off the palm as a vocalist. I also take the liberty of mentioning the Rev. Dr. Chas. Taylor, president of the Anglican Theological Seminary, of St. John's, Newfoundland. He was the life of the party, a ripe scholar and thorough English gentleman, who will long be remembered by his fellow-passengers on the Coban. Our trip to Charlottetown having been made in the fairest of weather was of the brightest description. We ascended the idea of seasickness. Every one did his or her level best to make the time pass agreeably, and everything went as merry as a marriage bell, which was only proper, as I forgot to mention we had on board an exceedingly agreeable couple who, if I mistake not, were on their wedding tour.

At length we reached the tight little island of P. E., that claims, and not without substantial reason, to be the garden of the Dominion. We arrived on Saturday night and our first greeting on Sunday morning was from Hon. Senator Howland and his most amiable wife, who were hastening along the wharf to bid us *adieu* in true warm-hearted Irish Canadian fashion. After attending mass at the Catholic cathedral, which is to be candid, a very poor edifice (soon to be replaced), where a very fine service was held, and as one of the lady passengers styled it "a duck of a short sermon" was preached, we were taken in hand by the Senator and the best everything placed at our disposal. Talk of hospitality!

We drove around Charlottetown and its environs. It is perfectly charming at this season of the year; numbering about 13,000 inhabitants, it is progressing rapidly day by day. The public buildings are creditable, and it boasts of a first class hotel, the Davies house, whose genial proprietor is a general favorite. What shall I say of the welcome we were accorded by everyone we met. The Hon. Mr. Sullivan, premier of the province, and a man of acknowledged ability and great popularity, who has presided over the destinies of the island for several years; Mr. Blake, M. P., who represents the city in the local Legislature "by a large majority," a solid Liberal Conservative, clever, genial and generous; Dr. Cavin, one of the professors of St. Dunstan college, an old graduate of the Propaganda; the Rev. Father Charles, president of the institutions who made us quite at home in the college quarters; the Messrs. Redden, enterprising young merchants, enjoying the reputation of "live men" ever ready to do a good turn, and many others, not omitting my colleague, Captain Walsh, M. P., who used every very strong language in his own good natured fashion, because we could not spend a day at his country seat and there find out what sort of a paradise Prince Edward Island actually is; and just let me say here, that viewed from the water as we sailed out, a more picturesque place than the Captain's it would be difficult to find. The prettiest sight we saw in Charlottetown was the gardens around the public buildings.

They are attended to free of charge by Mr. Newberry, one of the officers of the Provincial Government. The flower beds out rival anything I have seen, and even the skill of the florist who delights the eye in the grounds of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa can compare with admirable effects produced by Mr. Newberry. I cannot close my remarks about those we met, without mentioning Mr. Edward Roach, the veteran librarian of the local parliament, now in his seventy-fifth year. Despite his age he took us not only through the modest buildings, but actually insisted on accompanying us to the roof that we might get by the view. Next to the "gem of the ocean," P. E. Island occupies the warmest place in the veteran's heart. Showing us through the little picture gallery, pointing out the engraving of Daniel O'Connell he told us many anecdotes of the great liberator whose eloquence he had heard more than once. He spoke of a celebrated speech he had once listened to from the immortal Dan, in which he referred to P. E. as a little island with 40,000 inhabitants in the full possession of legislative freedom that was denied his ancient race of 50,000. "Little did I think at that time," said the old man, "that I should ever see the place myself." Mr. Roach is fond of speaking of his sons, one of whom was a distinguished officer in the naval service of the United States, who lost his life in the Samoan disaster; the other is the well-known *literateur* whose brilliant pen has contributed so much to popularize the Boston Pilot, and whose writings find

their way into many of the leading newspapers and periodicals of the neighboring Republic. Prince Edward Island is one of the happiest spots on the face of the globe. There are no powerfully wealthy people, but no paupers. The last census gave them 108,891, of whom 47,115 are Catholics, the remainder belonging to different Protestant denominations, all living harmoniously together, although they have had their troubles. There are 16,663 owners of land in the island and 13,629 occupiers. Agriculture is the principal resource of the country. There are, however, good fisheries.

The manufactures are limited but have rapidly developed of late. They consist of butter, cheese, starch and soap factories, tanneries, grist and woolen mills, factories for canning and preserving meat and fish, carriage factories, etc. By the census of 1881 the figures of Island industries were as follows:

Capital invested, \$2,000,000
Number of lands employed, 2,799
Yearly wages, over \$800,000
Value of products, \$3,500,000

The following census statistics compare the fisheries of 1880 with those of 1870:

Vessels and boats employed	1870	1880	Inc. dec.
Employed	1,183	2,799	1,536
Quintals of cod and haddock	1,946	5,794	4,144
Quintals of salmon	15,649	26,392	10,743
Barrels of herring and gasperaux	16,881	22,457	5,576
Barrels of other fish	91,734	75,745	-15,989
Barrels of oysters	706	706	0
Value of canned fish	175,468	175,468	0
Value of canned meats	6,711	3,273,316	3,266,605

A comparative statement of the exports of the province of Prince Edward Island for the years ending respectively 31st December, 1871, and the 30th September, 1883, shows values, 1871, \$1,478,645; 1883, \$3,000,000. These few figures will give the reader an idea of the rapid progress the people of Prince Edward Island are making in material wealth. Space will not permit me to refer to the schools, colleges and other evidences not less convincing of moral progress as well.

NEWFOUNDLAND.
After forty-eight hours' pleasantly spent in Charlottetown, we again boarded our good steamer, and, under the guidance of our new captain, Mr. Fraser, a great favorite, off we steamed for Terra Nova. I referred in rather flippant terms to the *mal de mer* on our way down the Gulf; the less I now say about our feelings on the broad Atlantic the better. When it is recalled in all candor, that the night before we reached St. John's Newfoundland, I had some serious doubts about the sanity of those, myself included, who had undertaken such a journey as a pleasure trip. When at length it was announced, "land is in sight," that we were approaching the "harrow," as the entrance to that most singular of harbors is called, everyone plucked up courage. The ladies emerged from their cabins and with a sigh of relief, chorused—at last!!! The basin and neck of the harbor of St. John's resemble a soda water bottle about as nearly as anything I can think of.

On approaching the wharf the unanimous expression was, "This is Quebec No. 2." Here we found we were no longer in the Dominion. The Custom house guardians were on hand—I say guardians because the officer was not, neither did he file an appearance for nearly two hours, during which the ladies were not allowed to go ashore until seven o'clock as their handbags, the guardians stood behind being there for the arrival of the high and mighty officer. Well, at last he did arrive, and I should not be surprised had he smelt sulphur in the atmosphere as the result of the language the male portion of the passengers had indulged in, at his expense, during our long detention. Everything has an end, however; and our objects having been duly chalked, we were permitted to proceed to the Atlantic hotel, a fine building kept by Mr. Foran. We had a very large cargo of flour, etc., to discharge and the captain told us we might count on two days to investigate the colony. I was singularly fortunate in the person who was my privilege to meet during our stay in the capital of N. F. L. His Lordship the Catholic Bishop, Mgr. Power, is a prince of the church, with all the courtesy and kindness of the best of mundane princes, a universal favorite, most accomplished as a scholar and enjoying the reputation of an administrator of great ability. He is kindness personified, taking us in person through the different establishments over which he presides, although pressed for time, it being his busiest day. The Cathedral, St. John the Baptist church, would be a credit to any city; it has standing room for 15,000 persons, and though not quite complete in its decorations, has one of the finest altars in America. Several of the best works of Foley, the Irish sculptor, best embellish the interior of the edifice. Another noble structure is St. Patrick's church, in the lower section of the city. The Sisters have a really fine building for the education of young ladies, and the Christian Brothers (of Ireland), have charge of the parochial schools, one of which is held in the lower part of a building I was proud to see inscribed as "St. Patrick's Hall," the main story of which is a first-class room for public concerts, lectures, etc. It is certainly a credit to the Irishmen of St. John's that they should have erected so noble a building in honor of their patron saint. The population of St. John's is about 30,000, of whom 20,000 are Catholics, mostly of Irish descent. The English cathedral is a fine building, but, as I am informed, sadly deficient in acoustic properties. There several very pretty churches belonging to the different Protestant denominations. The civic government is satisfactory to some of those I spoke of. The electric light system is in vogue and guides the weary passenger up and down hill and on the traverse. Soaps may be seen in many quarters, yet the business of the city is confined principally to one street near the water's edge, which would remind one forcibly of our old Notre Dame street thirty-five years ago. The drainage of the city is simply abominable, and as a consequence dysentery has been playing sad havoc this summer and now I understand they are threatened with a malignant fever.

St. John's is a very interesting and well-built city. Before leaving home I took up a geography belonging to one of my boys, and found that our youth are taught that the capital of Newfoundland is a city "comprised principally in one street." This is a grave injustice and I hope more accurate information will be given in future publications.

Newfoundland, which is in area one-sixth larger than Ireland, has suffered greatly from injustice and mismanagement and in fact is still a victim of unfavorable circumstances. It is the oldest colony of Great Britain, and yet as the official pamphlet informs us "only eighty-five years have elapsed since it became lawful to erect a dwelling house and enclose or cultivate a portion of land." It was a penal offence to do so. A lot of greedy monopolists in England for long years were enabled by their influence to have these enactments passed by the British Parliament so as to keep within their own clutch the fruitful fisheries of the Banks. Captain (F. F.) Hargrave was obliged to give bonds that they would bring back to England as many fishermen as they carried out. This was to prevent settlement and thereby competition. Despite these laws rigorously enforced a few sturdy settlers did make their homes there; they contended for their rights, and at length got them. Eighty-five years ago the obnoxious legislation was abrogated. The first public road of nine miles was built only sixty years ago. The present state of affairs is no doubt better, but the mass of people have only changed masters. The English monopolists have been replaced by a few local monopolists, who control everything in legislation, trade and commerce. The supply merchants are lords of creation. Many of them remain in the country just long enough to make fortunes and then go back home. A new generation is then sent out to go through the same process in carrying on the business of the established firms. This is of course disastrous to the progress of the colony and until the masses of the people realize that their true interest is to agitate successfully for admission into the Canadian Confederation there is little hope for the amelioration of the condition of the toilers on land and sea. This brings me to say a word on the subject of confederation which is in every one's mouth in St. John's. No sooner is a Canadian traveller recalled than he is put down as an agent for gobbling up the country. Yet, I met very many warm friends of Confederation and many others who, whilst opposed to union with Canada, will tell you that it must come before long. Amongst others whom I had the pleasure of meeting was Mr. P. Bowers, editor of the *Chronicle*, the leading spirit of the anti-Confederates on the press of the colony. He is a cultivated and genial Irishman who would a facile and forcible pen, but whilst striking his political opponents mercilessly is the most pleasant companion one could find in with. His wife, an accomplished lady from Prince Edward Island, viad with her husband in making our two short sojourns in St. John's most pleasant. Mr. Bowers did all in his power to give me information on the resources and possibilities of the island, and whilst I cannot see things as he does I shall always feel deeply indebted to him for his kindness and hospitality.

Hon. Mr. Rodger, one of the members of a late administration, was also extremely obliging, as indeed were all those I had the pleasure of meeting. Having enjoyed a few drives to view the scenery and made some purchases at the request of the ladies, just to remember St. John's by (how childlike and bland) wherein we discovered that Canadian notes or even a New Zealand gold is taken to a heavy discount in that land of promise; we were informed that our time was up and that we should again resume our nook on board the Coban, as we were to sail at daybreak on Sunday morning. We had a much more pleasant voyage on the return, and reached Sydney, N. S., where I have many friends. Here again we met with more than ordinary kindness. Judge Murray Dalrymple, M. P. for the district, now the most highly considered judicial officer that has graced the bench in that locality for many years, and several members of the Bar, made things very pleasant in the town that lies on the grandest of harbors. Mr. Hearn, who, if he is not a Q. C., ought to be, is another Irish Canadian whose hospitality I feel bound to acknowledge. At Charlottetown we visited B. LeGros and other English men-of-war. Here we were fortunate enough to find some of the French vessels, and the sons of La Baie France made our inspection one to be long and pleasantly remembered. I cannot conclude this hasty and imperfect sketch without mentioning an incident that occurred on the May Queen, a little steamer that plies between Sydney and Sydney North. I had no sooner got on board than a French-Canadian rushed to me and grasped me by the hand as though I had been a long lost brother. I asked him where he hailed from and he said (in French), and had come to Sydney so that whilst following his avocation as a steamboat engineer, he might learn English, a feat he has already accomplished within a few months. No wonder the French-Canadian is making his way throughout the Dominion. I asked my new found friend how he liked Sydney, and he replied with characteristic bonhomie—*le monde est bon par ici*—(they are good people here). We were detained a little longer than we expected in this port owing to the supply of coal not being equal to the demand of so many ships at the International pier. Some visited the mines, others took a drive over to the Bras d'Or lake, and became more and more delighted with Cape Breton and its hospitable people. Here I shall close my already too long effusion. If any one wishes to be convinced of the truth of Sir George Cartier's song,

Rein'est si beau que son pays,
let him just take in the St. Lawrence and its Gulf after having visited our western and northwestern regions, and should he then fall to be a patriotic Canadian he does not deserve to live. The whole country is grand; but do you wish to reach the climax? Then steer your barque to the island that bears M. J. Ryan's name in its bosom, for there is no place like Montreal.

J. J. CURRAN, M. P.

Montreal, August 28, 1889.

Our Lady of Help Ommendatory of the Knight of St. Joan, Detroit, took first prize in a competitive drill in that city.