

THE EMERALD ISLE.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM IRELAND.

THE ULSTER TENANT FARMERS—TAXATION OF NUNS IN ATHLONE—THE CATHOLICS OF DERRY—TYRONE NATIONALISTS DEMAND MR. SEXTON'S RETURN TO PARLIAMENTARY LIFE—DEATH OF REV. BERNARD McMAHON OF TULLOW—CARDINAL LOGUE ON IRISH WORKHOUSE REFORM.

Ulster's verdict on the Tory Land Bill has been clear, strong, and absolutely unanimous. The Unionist farmers have not been one whit behind their Nationalist brethren, if they have not been rather before them, in the urging of their insistence on the necessity of wholesale amendments in the Land Bill. The demand embodied in the resolutions unanimously passed at the important meeting held at Rathfriland, County Down, go to swell this chorus. The resolutions demand the reduction of the judicial term from fifteen to ten years, and the immediate admission of all tenants admittedly rack-rented to the relief to which, by Mr. Ballour's own confession, they are entitled. By their concession or refusal of those demands the Government, and especially its members who sit for Ulster rural constituencies, will be judged by the electors of Ulster.

The action of the Commissioners of Valuation in assessing a value of £250 on the Bower Convent, Athlone, a French teaching establishment, has created much dissatisfaction amongst the entire community in that town. The nuns were introduced into Athlone in 1884 by the late Bishop of Ardagh, and erected a convent at the cost of £8,000, on which they are now for the first time assessed—the institution hitherto being considered, under the Amendment Valuation of 1884 a religious house. At the weekly meeting of the Town Commissioners held on the 3rd inst. the resolution of protest passed by the Poor Law Board was sent for adoption. Mr. Hunt, T.C., said the valuation was monstrous, and Mr. Kilkelly said that it was assuredly wrong. Mr. Prior said if the rate must be paid for one year they would have it refunded, but Mr. Hunt insisted that the nuns could not pay and would not. Those expressions were the unanimous opinion of the Board, and a resolution was adopted which the clerk was directed to send as the joint protest of the local boards to Commissioners of Valuation.

The Catholic citizens of Derry have made a splendid fight to secure the municipal rights which were so long denied them. Under cover of the Derry Corporation Bill it was sought to perpetuate the wrongs from which they suffered so long, but by united and determined action they have gone a long distance towards winning equality with their Protestant fellow-citizens. In future they will be able to return sixteen out of the forty members who are to compose the Council. It is only fair to state that to Mr. Knox, the Protestant Nationalist who represents Derry in the Imperial Parliament, this is largely due, as the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty bore eloquent testimony too at a splendid meeting held in St. Columb's Hall last week, when he said it was due to the efforts of their city member, whose unflinching energy and unrivalled ability had been the cause of obtaining what they had obtained. The Catholics of Derry owed him a deep debt of gratitude, and one which they would not readily forget.

At an important meeting of Nationalists in Greencastle, County Tyrone, Rev. G. J. Nelson presiding, the following, amongst other resolutions, were adopted with enthusiasm:

1. That we, the committee and members of the Greencastle Branch of the I.N.F., desire to express our unabated confidence in the ability, integrity, and honesty of the Irish Parliamentary party under the leadership of Mr. John Dillon; and we desire to place on record our high appreciation of their many and valued services to our country, and we hereby pledge ourselves anew to sustain them to the best of our ability, financially and morally.

2. That, having watched with admiration and pride Mr. Dillon's public conduct both in the House of Commons and in the country since his appointment to the important position of chairman of the Irish party, we believe all that Mr. Dillon requires is assistance from his colleagues and the loyal and generous support of the people of Ireland to prove him one of the greatest party leaders of this century, and we cordially approve of the sentiments expressed by Father Rock P.P., our county delegate, at the meeting of the Central Council in Dublin on the 18th inst.

3. That we highly approve of the idea of summoning a national convention representative of the whole Irish race, and we feel convinced it will be the means once again of restoring unity and cohesion of the national forces.

4. That we deeply regret the retirement of Mr. Sexton from public life; that to the many services rendered to Ireland by him must be added his latest—and, perhaps, greatest—one of preparing the masterly and lucid statement on the financial relations of these kingdoms; we again reiterate our opinion that Mr. Sexton's loss to the party is a calamity, and that steps should be at once taken to have him once more in the ranks.

During the past week the City of Limerick was deprived of the most popular and well-conducted regiment which for many years occupied the garrison there, namely, the 1st. Battalion 18th Royal Irish Regiment. The Royal Irish was stationed in Limerick for about two years, and during their stay both officers and men made themselves most popular. About 90 per cent. of the rank and file were Catholics, and they were no nominal professors of the old faith. In addition to the Guard of Honor of the Blessed

Sacrament which they established, many of the men were members of the Confraternity of the Holy Family and were regular attenders at the weekly meetings and monthly Communions of that body.

Mr. J. H. Thaddeus, the painter of the celebrated picture of "Christ before Caiaphas," has been commissioned by the Emperor of Russia to paint his portrait. Mr. Thaddeus will, at the end of the season, go to St. Petersburg, where a suite of apartments have been placed at his disposal in the Winter Palace. Cork has just reason to be proud of this talented son.

The death of Rev. Bernard McMahon, Chaplain to the Monastery, Tullow, is announced. The deceased priest, who was deeply revered and loved by the members of the Community, as well as by the clergy and laity of the parish, peacefully passed away on the 20th ult., after a long and lingering illness, aged 32 years. Though only eight years, "as ordained it can be truly said of him," he fulfilled a long space in a short time. Father McMahon, born near Ballinabrough, Co. Cavan, was a student in Propaganda for some years; afterwards he studied in Carlow, after which he went to Genoa, and was ordained there in 1888. He went on a mission to Dr. Leonard's diocese, Cape of Good Hope, where he labored in the sacred ministry with a zeal and efficiency such as few could imitate. After two years' work in Africa he had to return to his native air through severe illness, from which he never recovered.

The following letter appears in Erin for July:

ARA COELI, ARMAGH. My Dear Mrs. Hart,—I have been well aware for years of the disgraceful condition of things in the Irish workhouses. The sick, the infirm, the imbecile, and the aged, for whom those establishments should furnish a home, are so badly treated in them that I never could bring myself to advise them to enter the workhouse, no matter what misery they were suffering outside. Worst of all, this wretched state of things has not even the miserable advantage of saving the pockets of the rate payers. The condition of the poor in workhouses arises chiefly from disgraceful mismanagement. The sum raised each year for the support of the poor would keep them in comfort were they administered with tact and care, but the system seems to be one of universal waste and slovenliness.

I may mention, as an instance, that the cooking is generally left to the poor women whom disgrace or misconduct has brought to the workhouse. Now, these poor creatures, however well-intentioned, are so completely ignorant of cooking that if you put the best larder in London at their disposal they would make very little of it. This is but one of the many instances of mismanagement. I say nothing of want of supervision over contractors, and several other irregularities by which the public money is wasted, and little got in return. But it is useless to get into details which are only too well-known. All I can say is that I shall be very glad to co-operate in any movement for the reform of the very unsatisfactory state of things that now exists.—I am, dear Mrs. Hart, yours faithfully, MICHAEL CARD, LOGUE.

WHY BLAND WAS NOT NOMINATED.

From the Western Watchman. There is no denying the fact that a multitude of people are very much chagrined at the failure of the Democratic convention to nominate Mr. Bland. And this feeling is not confined to Missouri, whose people took such an enthusiastic interest in his canvass. Under the influence of disappointment people are very inventive of reasons for their discomfiture. In this case the air is full of rumors and charges. Without specifying them we may simply state what we believe to be the simple truth. The Missourians from the Governor down were loyal to Bland. They were loyal to the very last. The statements that have been made about a sell-out are wholly unfounded. The Convention did not know Bland and except three States the delegations gave only a conditional pledge to support him. They were for the most available man and would have supported Mr. Bland if he proved to be such. If the nomination had been rushed through the first day

BLAND WOULD HAVE BEEN THE NOMINEE.

A veritable "norther" struck the hot wave of Bland enthusiasm on Wednesday last. No one knew whence it came but all felt it. What is the use of disguising the truth. It had got bruited among the delegates that Mr. Bland's wife and family were Catholics. It was a Democratic convention and such considerations are not given much weight in Democratic councils of war. But the chill was in every man's face and the shudder of it was in his speech. Then the delegates from the South discovered that Missouri was to all intents and purposes a Southern State. Then people spoke of flaws in the Missourian's record. Then people began to discard upon the stature befitting a President of the United States. These were after thoughts, and they had the shiver of the "norther" in them. Little bits of paper began to pass around among the delegates. At first they hinted at the possibility of

A CATHOLIC ALTAR IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

That was bad enough, but other people had altars, and a Catholic one might not be such an innovation after all. There have been Episcopal Presidents, and Episcopal altars have been in the Executive Mansion. Then the color of the cards changed to crimson and the delegates were asked if they favored the erection of a confessional in the White House. That took. If there is one thing in the whole Catholic system more than another that frightens an average Protestant it is the confessional. Of course no confessionals are ever erected in private houses. They are a part of

the furniture of a church. But the suggestion was enough. The man who was thus waving the red flag of Rome before the eyes of the Democratic bull was a person of whom little might have been expected. Thurman, of the Ohio delegation, son of a former Democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, and himself a possible candidate for the same place, was the man who was exploiting

THE PETTY BIGOTRY

of our people before the Democratic convention. It was dastardly; but it was effectual. We knew that Mrs. Bland and her children were Catholics; too she was so domestic a person and the Bland family had been so little under the public eye, that we thought perhaps the matter would be allowed to lie in the background. We knew that the enthusiasm of the free silverites was great, and we had fondly hoped that they would sink their inherited bigotry in the cause. But when the matter was brought before the whole people of the United States and thrust under the noses of the Delegates at the Chicago Convention, we knew that it was all up with Bland.

We must not conclude that bigotry stayed the Convention. Nearly every Catholic delegate in Chicago, and there were nearly one hundred of them there, voted against Bland. They would have voted against Phil Sheridan if he had been before the Convention. They felt that Bland could not be elected. In his memoirs General Sherman gives the reason why he would never accept a nomination for the presidency. He was General of the army at the time when the country clamored for him. He said his wife and children were Catholics, and in the event of his nomination he knew their religion would be discussed in every bar-room and cross-roads in the land, and he would not subject them to

THE DEGRADING CRITICISM.

He could not carry his Ellen from the War Department to the Executive Mansion. The Democrats in the Chicago Convention felt that Bland could not carry his Catholic wife and family on his back and win the presidential race. We must bear in mind that the Convention was not electing a president, but only nominating one. It was wise, it was good politics for them to consider every fact in the life and character of their candidate that would militate against success. They knew they could not help knowing that there was a good deal of unreasonable bigotry among ignorant Protestant Democrats against the Catholic Church. They knew, that among Republican, and Populist free silver men that prejudice were insurmountable. They were not responsible for that bigotry, but it would have been madness to ignore it. There are men in this country who would not vote for George Washington if he espoused a daughter of Rome. The woods are full of those silly people. People who desired their vote must have respected their prejudice. That was the argument that

UNDID BLAND AT CHICAGO.

In their hot indignation Catholics are saying "bigotry nominated Bryan; let bigotry elect him." This is all wrong. If we had been a delegate at Chicago we would have voted for Bland on Tuesday and for Bryan every day after that. Bigotry outside the Democratic convention made it imperative to nominate another man than the man from Missouri. Bryan is not a bigot. He has been the idol of the Catholics of Nebraska, who are nearly all Republicans, for the past eight years. He twice carried his district against tremendous Republican odds, because the Catholic Republicans voted for him. He is a friend of Ireland and a champion of religious freedom, and on that score our people can safely give him their cordial support.

A CHANCE FOR SOMEBODY.

Just twenty years ago, Mrs. Helen Blake (nee Sheridan) died intestate at Kensington, leaving personality of the value of £140,000, and also real estate. The Crown, in the absence of heirs, took possession of the property, and advertised for the heir-at-law. Many claimants appeared, and a Chancery suit was instituted for the purpose of deciding upon the various claims, but no one succeeded in establishing a claim to the satisfaction of the Court. Among the intestate's papers various documents were found indicating, in some respects, her property. Acting on disposal of her property. Acting on these, the Lords of the Treasury directed their solicitor to pay certain contemplated legacies, including one of £1,000 to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The balance of the intestate's estate remains in the hands of the Crown.

Helen, or Nelly, Sheridan was born in 1800, either at Borrisokane or near Cloughjordan, Ireland. She was the daughter of John and Susan Sheridan, whose maiden name was Nicholson. John Sheridan was a barrack sergeant in the Irish Police, and married Susan Nicholson, at or near Borrisokane, probably between 1780 and 1795. Their daughter Helen, when 22 years of age, went on a visit to some friends in Dublin, and an officer in the English Army, Robert Dudley Blake, fell in love with her at first sight.

It is said that the gallant officer's family would not consent to the marriage, and a runaway match was therefore decided upon. Robert D. Blake journeyed with his fiancée to Scotland, where they were married. He rose to be a general in H. M. Service, and, on his death, left all his property to his wife, who had no children. Helen Blake's sister, Mary Sheridan, married a member of the Irish Police force, under Sergeant Sheridan, against her father's will. The couple left Ireland for London, and subsequently emigrated to Australia. The husband, having saved some money, went in for land speculation, and is alleged to have risen to be a member of the Australian Parliament.

Four nephews and nieces of Mrs. Helen Blake are now endeavoring (through their agent, Mr. S. H. Preston, of 27 Chancery Lane, London), to substantiate

their claims to the intestate's valuable estate. Mr. Preston is making an exhaustive search for the baptismal certificate of Helen Sheridan, and the marriage certificate of her parents, John Sheridan and Susan Nicholson. Should these certificates be forthcoming there is little doubt that the Crown will recoup the estate to the rightful heirs.

A Lesson in Reporting.

[By Walter Aken, in Harper's Weekly.]

The Old Reporter sat at his desk at midnight, clipping his work out of a file of the Sunday edition with a big pair of shears. The Young Reporter, who had just turned in his account of "The Day at the Beaches—Bath Beach," stopped and gazed with envious eyes at the pile of clippings as it grew under the Old Reporter's skilful scissoring. "So that was your story, was it?" exclaimed the Young Reporter, as a half-column slip came fluttering down. "Well, that accounts for it. Nobody but a man with a pull like yours could have got that yarn past old Crofton."

"Which yarn?" queried the Old Reporter. "Oh, that fake about the bicyclist who always carried a lot of spare ball-bearings around with him, and was going somewhere with a shot-gun, and was attacked by a bear, and loaded the ball-bearings into his shot-gun and killed the bear. I don't wonder that people distrust the newspapers if men of your standing in the profession are willing to write stuff like that for the sake of the few paltry dollars it will bring in. Can't you see that it is just such things as this that are making journalism a byword and a reproach?"

The Young Reporter was very much in earnest, as from afar his eye followed the relentless course of the copy-reader's blue pencil through his carefully prepared copy—"manuscript," he called it. "My young friend," said the Old Reporter, "I admire your enthusiasm, and I approve your sentiments. It is just such a spirit as yours among the best of the youngmen that will always tend to raise higher and higher the already lofty standard of what you are pleased to call journalism. There are, however, certain of your statements to which I take exception. In the first place, journalism is not a profession; it is a trade, or a business. In the second place, I am not a journalist; I'm a reporter. In the third place, as to the paltry dollars, I'm not in the business for my health, nor for any other consideration than that which actuates men in other kinds of business."

"As to the story of which you complain, it is a fake, as you say; I confess it. But perhaps when you hear the true version of it you will think I was justified in making the changes that I did, and you will learn that it is not so much the things which a man puts in as the things which he leaves out that make the successful reporter."

"This is what really happened: The man's name was O'Grady, and he lived in Troy. He had borrowed a bicycle to go on a hunting trip through New England. He had a shot-gun. This he carried slung to the frame in the manner adopted by military cyclists. But he had no luck. He travelled as far as Claremont, N. H., Hampshire, without bagging so much as a robin. This filled him with disappointment, which he did not like, so he proceeded to substitute for it whiskey, which he did like.

"While he was in this frame of mind darkness overtook him, a few miles out of the little village of Newport. The road was rough, and lay through thick woods. Suddenly O'Grady was horrified to see a large animal come out from the bushes by the road-side. A moment's glance was sufficient to convince him that he was confronted by a bear of unusual dimensions. He was startled, but not surprised, as he had been informed by a number of the leading citizens of Newport, whom he had met at the tavern, that at least several bears had been committing depredations recently in the neighborhood.

"O'Grady was a quick thinker, and like a flash he thought he would stop. With O'Grady to think was to act, and he applied the brake with such force that he was enabled to dismount without assistance over the handle-bars. While he was still in the air he remembered that he had left his shot-gun strapped to his machine. So the instant he landed he ran back to get it.

"He rapidly undid the fastenings, though he realized too well that the bird-shot with which his fowling-piece was loaded would offer but an inadequate obstacle to the onslaught of brute, which continued to approach him, uttering weird cries. "He wished that he had brought some rifle balls for just such an emergency. Then, like lightning, the association of the two ideas of 'balls' and 'bears' made him think of the ball-bearings of the bicycle. In a second he had his wrench out and the fork off, and was ramming sixteen finest tool steel balls down on the chain, with a bit of tire tape for a wad.

"Not an instant too soon. The bear was now close upon him, and throwing his piece to his shoulder, O'Grady took hasty aim and fired. To his unspeakable relief, the shots took effect, and with a plaintive 'Moo' the bear fell to the ground. At the same moment a light flashed out from a window to his right, and O'Grady saw that his adventure had taken place directly in front of a large farmhouse sheltered by some noble elms. A second glance revealed the fact that what he had in the excitement of the moment mistaken for a bear was a fine Holstein heifer, which was tethered to the hitching-post with a long rope.

"The sounds of men's voices, and the barking of a number of dogs, which followed closely upon the sound of the shot and the appearance of the light, caused O'Grady to think that he had better be getting along to some place from which he could send his explanations by mail. Only two methods of escape occurred to him—one was on foot, and the other by bicycle. But on foot he would be too nearly on even terms with possible pursuers, and it was obviously not possible to ride his bicycle without its ball-bearings. With rare presence of mind, O'Grady whipped out his knife, and rushing to the dead heifer, found that all six-

teen shots had taken effect in the animal's heart. With a few dexterous cuts he removed that organ entire, and hurried back to his wheel, extracting the balls as he ran. Quickly replacing them, he readjusted the fork, rearing his gun, mounted his machine, and was off, just as an excited group of farmers appeared upon the scene. Fortunately an angry dispute between two of the men, as to whether the one who had just sold the heifer or the one who had just bought it should bear the loss and follow the bovidicide, enabled O'Grady to get a start that soon placed him out of harm's reach."

The Old Reporter stopped talking. The Young Reporter looked at him with respect. "I did you an injustice," he said. "I think you were perfectly right to tone the story down."

PARIS IN 1900.

The successful financing of the Paris Exhibition of 1900 is assured, and in a manner typically Parisian. Bonds of twenty francs each, amounting to 65,000,000 francs, will be issued next week, and applications in the last three or four days make it clear that these will be fully subscribed. These bonds bear no interest, and the principal will never be paid unless the holder is lucky enough to draw a prize in one of the twenty-nine lottery drawings to which they entitle him. Nominally, the holder will get his money back in the shape of twenty admission tickets to the exhibition. In other words, 65,000,000 admission tickets have thus been sold four years in advance. This means that practically no money will be taken at the turnstiles of the exhibition. Not only that, but many millions of tickets will probably never be used, for a total of 65,000,000 in six months is on the basis of an attendance of 360,000 daily. There was only 28,000,000 attendance at the Paris Exhibition in 1889, and during the last weeks it was open tickets sold freely on the street at five cents each. It is obvious that nobody will pay a franc at the turnstiles under such circumstances.

It is the lottery feature of the bonds which attracts the public. The prizes range from 500,000 down to 100 francs. The resources of the managers of the exhibition at the outset, including local and national subsidies, amount to 100,000,000 francs. The building operations will begin at once. These comprise two palaces in the Champs Elysees, in the place of the Palace of Industry, a bridge over the Seine and buildings which will cover an immense area from the extremity of the Champ de Mars to the chief entrance in the Champs Elysees.

MISTAKEN SACRIFICES.

A certain woman, with a small income and a large heart, has a family of impecunious cousins—mostly girls, of the type that cannot earn their own living and let themselves helplessly down upon the nearest available benefactor. She worried over them last winter considerably because she was sure the necessities of life were running low in their little house, and she finally gave up her Christmas presents to her own family and sent the cousins a check instead. Two weeks later she met two of the girls at a tea—they lay awake to everything—and to her amazement each wore a handsome gold buckle at her waist. "Dear Cousin Jane," one of them said, effusively, "we were so grateful for your gift! We have wanted buckles for a year, and now we have gotten them through your kindness!" Cousin Jane's feelings, as she thought of her home Christmas sacrificed for these adornments—butchered to make a Roman holiday as it were—can be imagined.

She could sympathize with another friend in New York who gave up going to hear Patti, with her son and daughter, in order that she might send the money for three tickets—\$15—to relatives who, she knew, were much straitened by the business crisis and in actual need of ready money. What was her surprise to hear, next day, that three of the family had treated themselves promptly to Patti on receiving the check. "It came just in the nick of time!" one of them said, appreciatively; but, of course, Mrs. — could not feel it as providential a happening as they seemed to do.

Three gentlemen, one of them wealthy, meeting at the sea shore last summer, happened to discuss the needs of an old classmate and each pledged himself to aid towards a generous gift. The recipient, when last heard from, was enjoying the Atlanta Exposition on the proceeds, while his three benefactors were a trifle sore over the affair, which had cost them some troublesome economies. We all know such cases. They are both absurd and disheartening, and yet, since true charity is more blessed to the giver than to the receiver, and since it takes all sorts of people to make a world, generous minds will go on giving to the end of the chapter and will not lose by it after all.—Harper's Bazar.

NOT QUITE PERFECT.

The old lady took off her spectacles and wiped them contemplatively. "Was you in here when Elvira read the piece she's-a-goin' to speak on graduation' day?" she asked. "Yes," replied her husband. "She knows a terrible sight, don't she?" "I've heard 'er read 'er essay an' I've heard 'er talk, an' I've seen the picture in the books she's studied, an' it's my 'pinion that Elvira knows ever'rythin' that there is to be knowed—exceptin' how to make good strawberry short-cake."—Washington Star.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.

A lion being put through a number of tricks at Neuilly Fair, not far from Paris, closed his jaws upon the head of the tamer, who had placed it in his mouth, and would have killed him if it had not been for the instant presence of men with red-hot irons.

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