

OUR PARAGRAPHER.

CANADA IN THE REALM OF LETTERS.

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION—GOOD SUGGESTIONS IN THE DIRECTION OF ORGANIZING A READING CIRCLE AND A HEADQUARTERS FOR MONTREALERS AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL.

"Are you going to the Summer School?" is the question of the hour. To answer in the negative is to acknowledge one's self outside the charmed circle of fin de siècle Catholic culture.

Why cannot Montreal have a representative Reading Circle? Boston boasts its John Boyle O'Reilly Circle, which is working untold good in the field of Catholic literature, yet old Ville Marie had Catholic schools ere the cultured "Hub" had mastered its alphabet.

While listening to Dr. Conaty's eloquent address on the Summer School, I said to myself: "This is a queer world," which was not a very brilliant or original remark, but it suited the time and occasion. We must be indeed behind the times, when it is deemed necessary that a missionary should visit us to instruct us as to the ideas and benefits of an institution but a few miles from our own doors, an institution which in part owes its origin to the zeal, energy, and, in some cases martyrdom of the early educators of Canada.

To prove a relationship between the humble stable where heroic Margaret Bourgeois taught a little band of Indian children the saving truths of religion, and the Catholic Summer School, with its dower of wealth, culture and science, would at first glance savor of presumption. Yet they are very near akin—the one of the tiny mustard seed of promise, the other the magnificent tree of fulfillment.

At the outset each had to contend with difficulties almost insurmountable, with this difference: our seventeenth century heroine had not the facilities at her command nor the encouragement meted out to her successors in the field of Christian education.

The promoters of the Summer School are whirled to the historic shores of Champlain in the comfortable parlor car of the fast express. To open a school, the "Little St. Genevieve of Canada" journeyed on foot from Montreal to Quebec, a distance of over two hundred miles, amid snow and ice, through trackless forests swarming with hostile savages. And when we take into consideration that this delicate cultured lady was at the time over seventy years of age, and that the journey was made in mid-winter, we must admit that after all our modern educators have, in comparison, an easy time of it.

During the ceremony of the formal opening of the Summer School grounds, a sudden downpour of rain caused the greater number of students and visitors to seek shelter where best they could. The studies of the scholars in the rude stable school of Montreal were often interrupted by the warwhoop and deadly tomahawk of the brutal Iroquois.

Let us turn over a few pages of history and see for ourselves what Canada has done in the realm of letters. Let us see if she is worthy of her title, "Mother of teachers and missionaries," and what is the result? We find a Jesuit college at Quebec and a Franciscan school at Three Rivers long before Harvard was even thought of. In Montreal, the Royal City, a few years later, a woman superintends the erection of an hospital for the sick poor, a woman opens the first school. The altar at which the first Mass was celebrated was decorated by the hands of a woman, and to the founder of the Congregation of Notre Dame, Venerable Margaret Bourgeois, is due the honor of building the first Catholic Church—that haven of weary souls—dear old Bonsecours.

The spiritual daughters of these famous Canadian women continue the good work of their noble predecessors; their schools are spread over the Continent and are famous for piety and learning, as many a Summer School student can testify.

In view of this, it is rather amusing to listen to the surprise expressed in some quarters at our alleged indifference to the Summer School. So few of us attend the sessions, etc., and forthwith we are accused of apathy. Well! well! So long as the "Good ship Champlain" sails on the high sea of knowledge, manned and piloted by master minds of Canada's training, we may be excused if we rest content, secure in the knowledge that when we do wish to embark we have tickets for the first cabin.

Nevertheless, Montreal should have its cottage at the Summer School as well as other cities, and this could be done if we had a Reading Circle worthy of our city. Will not some of our prominent clerics take the matter in hand? American name their Circles after some of their own distinguished literateurs. Why should we not have a SADDLER Circle? What better name could we give a literary association than that of the roved and venerable lady who taught us to love good Catholic literature long before Summer Schools had even a dream of existence?

BABETTE.

ADVICE TO TEACHERS.

A writer in the Atlantic Monthly for April has this most excellent advice to give to teachers: "A teacher does a better work only as he grows through experience, and as he broadens his mind by study and by intercourse with his fellowmen. First of all, the teacher needs to guard himself against the danger of

not making acquaintances outside the school circle. He should seize every chance that offers itself to be social and excite sociability in those about him. He must not, out of an over-seriousness, believe it is his duty to have nothing to do with society. If the young teacher lives for himself alone after he leaves the school-room he will not, when success comes, find it easy to meet on an equal social footing people outside his own line of work.

The teacher need not have the graces of a Lord Chesterfield, but as the instructor of boys and girls, he should possess good manners. Perfect self-possession freedom from affectation, proper care for dress and the person, produce a subtle and insensible training in the school-room that is hardly less valuable than that which is given by direct instruction. Good manners are sadly wanting in children of all school grades above the kindergarten. Often the home pays too little attention to the cultivation of polite ways, but the school itself is responsible in a large measure. Teachers have here a valuable opportunity that they cannot afford to neglect; but how can they teach politeness if they are not themselves polite?

Further, to make their social status in all respects as dignified as that of the profession it is the duty of each teacher to avail himself of the unusual opportunities for self-cultivation that this calling offers. Art, literature and history should be regarded by him not alone from a teacher's, but from a student's point of view."

The Brothers of the Christian Schools and the Armenians.

(Translated for The De La Salle.)

The following is taken from Le Monde, published in Paris:

TREBIZONDE, February 29, 1896.

MR. EDITOR:—In these sad days, when the powers of evil seem to be waging a continual warfare against the members of religious orders, it appears most appropriate to send you a brief account of how the Brothers of the Christian Schools of Trebizonde acted during the terrible days from the 4th to the 5th of October, 1895,—more especially so, as the French Government has publicly recognized the services rendered to suffering humanity by these modest but heroic religious.

At the very beginning of the massacre of the Armenians, the Brothers raised the French flag over their institution, the gates of which were immediately opened to receive the affrighted Christians who sought under the flag of France a refuge from Turkish barbarity. More than three thousand persons came from all quarters, to seek refuge in their vast establishment, every part of which, from cellar to attic, was crowded with these poor unfortunate beings. The Brothers gave up all they had: bedding, clothing—in fact, everything possible—to the many sick and wounded.

For more than ten days terror kept the frightened refugees with the Brothers, and during all that time these good religious were on foot both day and night. They employed themselves in watching the buildings, in caring for the wounded, in collecting and distributing food, in calming the fears of the women and children, and in sustaining the courage of men who, under the influence of terror, seemed to have lost their manly fortitude.

The Brothers sufficed for all; one of them went about, gathering together many Christians who were still exposed to Turkish insult, and the assassins, awed by the presence of the Brother, dared not molest them; another went about purchasing provisions, while a third stood as guard at the entrance, to prevent the intrusion of any undesirable person. Three other Brothers took care of the sick and wounded, and distributed the food.

Nor were the little children forgotten; and poor mothers wept for joy on beholding the care lavished upon their now almost helpless offspring. It was a pleasure to behold the venerable Brother Director acting in turn as procurator, as friend of the needy and helpless, and then doing police duty; but ever with a serene countenance, and a smile upon his lips, which served to inspire confidence and courage in all.

One day, just as he was about to distribute some delicacies among the children, a messenger arrived and whispered something in the Brother Director's ear; he at once went to the main entrance of the institution, and locked the door, thus preventing the entrance of a Turkish official, who insisted on visiting the house. The refugees watched in trembling anxiety the result of the interview between the Brother Director and the Commissioners. The officer in command, on seeing the doors closed, advanced to force an entrance, but the Director, by simply pointing significantly to the French flag, caused the officials to beat a retreat. Then the Director returned and resumed his former occupation as serenely as though nothing had occurred to disturb him. Some of the refugees remarked, on witnessing this occurrence that there was to be seen an admirable example of the true Frenchman—kind and charitable to the weak and oppressed, and stern and indelible toward the oppressor.

M. Gilliere, the worthy and devoted French Consul at Trebizonde, proud and happy at the heroic devotedness of the Brothers, did not fail to report the facts to the proper authorities, and on the 23rd of February, 1896, he called on Bro. O'Brien, the Director, and Bro. Tinnon, one of his assistants, to present to them, on the part of the French Government, a gold medal and the tri-color ribbon, which they are entitled to wear, for their courage and devotedness are an honor to their country as well as to their religion, and to the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

AN ARMENIAN REFUGEE.

LOOK UPON THE HOST.

In an article on the liturgical aspect of the Westminster Cathedral, Father Gasquet makes one remark which will make immediate appeal to the observation of every Catholic: "Nowadays the whole meaning of the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament is lost by the general custom of burying heads in hands during the whole time. The priest is directed to raise the Blessed Sacrament that it

may be seen by the people, and this elevation was introduced into the sacred liturgy that people might look upon the Sacred Host and then bow down with the priest in adoration, as a testimony to their belief in the real presence of our Lord in the most Holy Sacrament. Every pictured representation and every written account of the ceremony would testify to the practice of our Catholic forefathers, even if there were not a whole literature to speak to the point with certainty."—London Tablet.

OUR PHILOSOPHER

GIVES AN OPINION ON JUNE WEDDINGS.

THE SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE MARRIAGE DWELL UPON—A PATHETIC LITTLE STORY OF A MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN RURAL LIFE.

"Mine is the month of roses; yes, and mine The month of marriages!" —LONGFELLOW.

June has long been the favorite month for weddings, and the June of this year is no exception, for the usual number of "happy couples" are daily announced, although somebody whispers that Fashion's fiat has been promulgated in favor of September. The meddlesome Dame, so long implicitly obeyed in all the material considerations of her daily existence, must needs now assume the right of extending her sway over the secret confines of the heart, and arrogantly dictate the time when we shall or shall not wed. But perhaps we judge too harshly, and it is not, after all, an ambitious desire of acquiring new territory that prompts this new decree; but a shrewd calculation on the part of the hourly autocrat, that a leap year like 1896, with all its extended privileges, requires an extra special month for to bind securely Love's gleanings, and garner the large matrimonial harvest.

A wedding is always an interesting event, especially to a romantic young maiden who views it through the golden halo of her own glowing fancy and tints anew the beauty and the brilliancy of the bridal pageantry with the rosy hues of love, forgetting the while that the glory and the glitter of the wedding day will not last, the flowers soon fade and droop, the joyous music dies away, the spotless finery is soon crumpled and soiled, the happy voices of friends become distant and the bride and bridegroom are soon merged into the more commonplace characters of wife and husband, girdled about with a few duties, responsibilities, which they two must assume and bear, strengthened by each other's love and sympathy and enriched with the nuptial blessing.

'Tis true the wedding music will ring again clearer, sweeter, and more joyous, if they reproduce it in the harmony of their lives, permitting no discord to mar the exquisite melody of peace that should echo through the Christian home; and the withered blossoms of the bridal may be replaced by the perfumed flowers of patience, charity, and forbearance, which will amply repay the care bestowed on their cultivation.

There are many marriages which fully justify all the hopes and anticipations of even the most interested parties, but there are many, many more which point with truth to the definition of matrimony given by a bright little girl, who considered it "a state of punishment in this life, where some souls suffer for a time, before they can go to heaven."

Even the first wedding which was solemnized by the Creator amid the loveliness and luxuriance of the terrestrial Paradise, was not followed by unalloyed happiness, yet there are foolish little maidens and novel-schooled youths to-day who seem to think that matrimony is a blissful state of enraptured existence, in which Love goes forth every morning to push aside all the rough, jagged boulders and to clip the sharp briars and cruel thorns that beset the daily pathway. But Love is a winged urchin, and he flits lightly over these obstacles, expecting those whom he shelters with his shining wings to find their pleasure and happiness in working and planning together to smooth the roughness of the way.

Weddings are solemn, serious affairs, no matter how light or airy an aspect they wear, for framed with music, flowers, smiles and happiness though they be, there is always the indissoluble, all-important contract before God and man which can be cancelled only by the dark shadow of Death.

Memory unfolds a picture of one poor little June bride who was overwhelmed at the last moment by this serious view, while she still had courage sufficient to pronounce the irrevocable words that made her a wife. She was an unsophisticated country maiden—very beautiful, and her own skillful fingers had fashioned the pretty gown of silver grey and lilac that she wore as the first bride of the new village chapel. The bridegroom was a tall, manly-looking young tradesman from the neighboring town, who seemed very proud of the dainty bride by his side. The pretty chapel was filled with an admiring group of friends, relatives and companions, and soon the venerable pastor approached the altar rails at the close of a simple but beautiful hymn to the Virgin Mary, which was sung by the village children, and proceeded to perform the nuptial ceremony. But the singing was followed by sobs, for the silver-haired mother of the now pale and drooping bride was weeping at the thought of parting with her only child. Soon the infection spread until all assembled were in tears, and the little trembling bride almost drowned her responses in the flood of her emotions. The bridegroom alone was calm and erect, dry-eyed, and composed, though he seemed to consider himself, in some way, the cruel cause of this unexpected wave of lamentation which had engulfed even his willing bride.

The good priest addressed a few words of advice to them, dwelling on their duties towards each other, and the graces bestowed in the holy sacrament they had just received for the foundation and blessing of a truly Christian home, and gradually under the influence of his quiet, kindly tones the tears ceased to fall, and the bride lifted a tear-stained

but happy face to the warm greetings of her assembled friends as she left the church. Years have flown and the sad little bride is now the honored queen of a happy home, and the dear old mother, so well-beloved, is at rest in the churchyard behind the village church where her child's bridal took place. Never were they separated—mother and child—until death cut the tie that had so long bound them. Wedding journeys were not so general in those days and the newly-wedded pair had returned from church to their pretty cottage home, where their after-life proved that the tears that dimmed the wedding-day were but the summer shower that falls while the sun still shines brightly and warmly, and the rainbow of promise spans the sky of the future, and may all June weddings prove as happy as theirs.

K. DOLORES.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB CONCERT

The last concert of the Catholic Seamen's Club was as successful as any former one, the seamen turning out in strong numbers and contributing some excellent songs and dances. The SS. Numidian was strongly represented in Messrs. Keegan, Hennessy, Wilks, McGee and Griffith. Mr. Keegan was positively good and received a double encore. The Misses Wheeler and Delaney in duet, and Miss Roach, in recitation, took well. The little Misses Coghlin, in songs and dances, were good, as usual, and Miss McGovern, on the mandolin, accompanied by Prof. Sullivan, was a great success. Mr. John Scott gave a capital stump speech, and Mr. Greenwood recited "Bill Adams." Mr. George Parks, in sentimental song, and J. Milroy in comic, concluded a good programme. Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, upon the invitation of the chairman (Mr. P. F. McCaffery) made some encouraging remarks to the committee of ladies and gentlemen managing the club, and heartily invited all seamen to come and enjoy the good things provided for them. There will be concerts every Thursday evening during the summer.

ADVANCE IN ART.

Within the past few weeks the Pratte Piano Co. have received from their factory at Huntington, Que., several pianos of a new style which bid fair to eclipse anything ever attempted before, judging from the many tributes paid it by some of our prominent musicians.

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It would serve as an educator in the science of "Modern" piano construction. The Pratte Piano Co. deserve credit for their steady march upwards and their efforts in trying to excel in the art of piano making instead of following the general tendency of the trade of making cheaper and inferior qualities.

EDUCATION AND BUSINESS.

"Do you consider a collegiate education essential or beneficial to a young man entering business?" was the question put by a New York Herald reporter to a professor of an American University. This is the answer:

Education is always beneficial to all persons under all circumstances. But the question is narrowed to the point of collegiate education being essential or beneficial to young men entering business. As mankind lives by his labor, and his labor is his business, the question becomes a most important one, and can be answered generally by the single little word, Yes!

What is business? Many, and far too many, think that business means simply the procedure of getting money from the pockets of others into their own. Such persons know from experience that a collegiate education is not absolutely essential for a young man entering business, and doubt very much if it is even beneficial. They know that some knowledge is valuable, particularly knowledge of the ignorance of those with whom they deal, and knowledge enough to write a little.

College training enables the mind to solve properly the great business problems, for the masterful comprehension of underlying principles is the right understanding of the details of any calling. The discipline places all of the faculties of the mind in perfect working order and under control. Nothing but severe training accomplishes this result, and the best training is had in the methods of education adopted by our colleges. A collegiate education is capital. A man may go into business without capital, but he does harder work, with poorer results, than if he were properly equipped.

THE END OF THE CENTURY.

In a few years this century will be buried in the abyss of eternity, and the deepest thinkers look forward with apprehension to the closing years. The great problem of the day is to find some system of thought and action which shall combine perfect stability with limitless progress; and this system is found and can be found only in the Catholic Church.

The "Spouse of Christ" lays her hand upon the past, with all its treasures of experience, and all that is good in it is hers; she goes forward to meet the future without fear and with unalterable mien, for it also, with all its untold possibilities, shall be hers to conquer, to inherit, and to possess. And she is all this, and can do all this, because she comes from God, and because the Divine Wisdom, which "reaches from end to end, directing all things strongly and sweetly," is with and dwells within her forever.—Sunday Democrat.

THEY DO NOT DESPAIR.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

PAYS TO BE GENTLEMANLY.

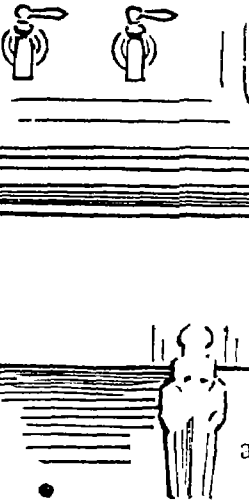
Colonel F. W. Saxton, of Oakland, Cal., was in Washington recently. "A little incident that came to my notice just before I left home," he said, to a Times reporter, "impressed me that there is never any use for a man to act otherwise than a gentleman, and that it is often a financial gain to do so.

"One of San Francisco's capitalists is Joseph Boardman. It is said he is a millionaire, but to look at him you would not think it. You could hardly say that he dresses shabbily, but he comes very close to it, and appears to a stranger to be some kindly old gentleman whom fortune has never cared to smile upon. Mr. Boardman's house is over in Oakland, but his office is in San Francisco, and each morning he makes the trip over on the ferry.

"The other morning he started for the

boat, and in his haste he forgot to transfer his pocketbook to his clothes. Of course he did not discover this until he had reached the wharf. There was no one in the crowd that he knew or that knew him. He searched every pocket in vain. A young man standing nearby witnessed the con union of the old gentleman, and, walking up to him, thrust a coin into his hand and moved back into the crowd.

"The young man doubtless supposed that he had done an act of kindness to a needy one, and he hastened away, in order to make it less embarrassing for his benefactor. He had no opportunity to get far, however, before Mr. Boardman caught him and made him divulge his name and address. The next day the young man was the recipient of a snug check, drawn by the millionaire, and making him richer by a hundred dollars than he was the day before.



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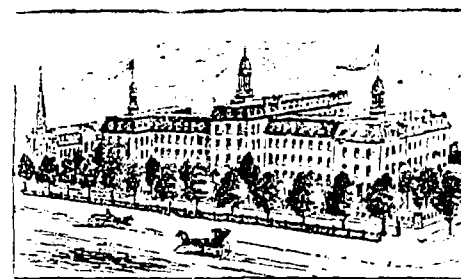
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