B.C.L.; Treas. sen; correspond. Kahala; Re-T. P. Tansey. A. AND B. 80. the second Sun-in St. Patrick's ander street, at. e hall on the Rev. Jas. Kil-P. Doyle; Rec.

B. SOCIETY. -Rev. Director .. ll; President, D. J. F. Quinn, street; treasure 18 St. Augustin in St. Ann's and Ottawa. and Ottawa. o.m.

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of business arend 4th Mondays p.m. Spiritual-allaghan; Chan-President, W. Secretary, P. C. isitation street; , Jas. J. Costain street; Trealedical Advisers, n, E. J. O'Con-111.

RCULAR

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THE FORTRESS OF JOUX AND THE BURIAL PLACE OF TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

roussaint L'Ouverture—his life in triving for the freedom of his race San Domingo, his capture and imthe severeties of imprisonr close of the story was read. It s most probably this passage es-ally that affected us—the account

During the day some faint sounds eached him from the valley, some takens of the existence of men. During the two last nights of his life his last night on earth. ear was kept awake only by the opping of water, the old familiar and and the occasional stir of the rands upon the hearth. About mid-sight of the second night he found e could sit up no longer. With tembling hands he laid on such es of wood as he could lift, lightm his straw. He raised himself but hastily and dizzily, at the the song of the young goatherds mother valley. The prisoner had inging in the piazza at Pongaudin in San Domingo). As his dim eye prognized the place by the flicker the expiring flambeau, he smiled his delusion, and sank back to again. His last sleep. was, perhaps, about the same

od as our visit to Dalkey Island we were made familiar with s's beautiful poem on Tous aint. Since then everything reintst for me. And later my intered by meeting with a work rewith authentic information re-ling him and his family—M t L'Ouverture. I determined upor first possible occasion to visit fortress of Joux; and the time ared opportune one summer when ng with my wife from Italy

The information given by the guide s was meagre. Our best plan eared to be to stay over Sunday Pontarlier on our road from Ge a to Paris—for we had gone to neva to look for letters instead of g the direct route by Lausanne. cent railway journey from Morgues to Pontarlier, and such we find. The blue lake of Geneva in all its then, as we wound up and Juras among ravines and he woods, unsurpassed views of the ont Blanc range—then the Lake of pichatel. It was growing dusk hen we had crossed the highest gap e mountains, and passing down Vale de Travers with it's saw and through a narrow defile thed Pontarlier. The Hotel able; but on the Continent it is an indeed that one does not find

morning after breakfast our the Protestant Church. It was a sy plain and simple building. The mater would soon be there."
ited about. Finally a solitar shipper appeared, and he said the state of the stat that day-most of the Pr

its in the place must have go nded a little tower at the works, and the fortress app o near that we decided to sh the visit before din claker at the works point short cut through the bank of the ravine, ab and the river. It was walk among larch and walk among larch and walk among larch and we brawling on our to be sufficiently another wooded hills, another wooded hills, another wooded hills, another wooded with the County of which of the County of we came down the sufficient with the river came down the sufficient was and be sufficiently assembled and be sufficiently assembled and be sufficiently assembled and the sufficient which is sufficiently assembled and the sufficiently assembled and the sufficient was a sufficient with the sufficient was a sufficient was a sufficient with the sufficient was a sufficient was a sufficient with the sufficient was a sufficient with the sufficient was a sufficient

way, ran the railway by which we had travelled the previous evening.
We crossed the railroad and river and took to the broad high road. A grante monument. "To the last de-fenders of their country," told of the rear guard of Bourbaki's army, who fell here in the winter of 1870, the vain effort to combat thel Gercross the frontier and surrender themselves to be interned by the Swiss.

Occasionally meeting groups of soldiers, and passing through a village, we tolled by a narrow path up the sides of the fortress. When we reach-ed the drawbridge, which was strongly guarded by a body of diers. I gave my card to the out-lying sentry and requested permis-sion to see the dungeon wherein Toussaint had died. "That was impossible"-but he would send in my message to the commandant. We then saw a soldier sent off from the guard-house into the fort. In a few minutes an officer appeared. The guard turned out and presented arms as he passed over the draw-bridge The commandant (for it was he could not be more polite. He listened to our request, asked if we knew anyone in Pontarlier, and then said it was quite impossible for him to permit any stranger, without an or-der, to see the place. His instruc-tions were explicit—so many Germans were going round. France had suf fered much already from spies. I showed my passport. It was no use, which he very much regretted; but how was he to know that I was the person mentioned therein? likely a spy would travel with lady ?-we had come so far." He shrugged his shoulders. "We only wanted to see the dungeon in which Toussaint had died." "One could not see it without seeing the rest of the works." It was evident he was acting in accordance with stringent orders, and that it would be as impolite as useless to press the matter further; and how much of the stine of the refusal was taken away by his courtesy and kindly manner. Yet it was hard to swallow down our annoyance, at such a rebuff, however reasonable. The sun shone as bright ly, yet the day did not seem as fine

on our path back to town. We were rather late for table d'hote, but room was found for us at the corner of a table crowded with company, some of them in blue blouses. We found our neighbors agreeable. We tearned that the dis mantled fortress had been brought to its present condition a few months before, by an accidental explosion of dynamite, in which several men perished. An old gentleman was in despair regarding the manufacture upon which Pontariler is rising in import-ance—absinthe—which he declared should be properly called "human death."

We spent the afternoon walking about the neat little town, with its then appeared considerably excited. Pretty bridge at one end and its pic-What did I want to see the place turesque archway at the other. Not an untidy house to be seen. A fine modern Catholic Church, large barracks, a fruit market—but the fruit how different from the luxurious abundance we had left south of the

Was it imagination that made me think the tricolor before the Mairie drooped rather sadly? France was then in the agonies of political uncertainty. The official notice board, under the flag, was crowded with reactionary extracts from the public off to consult some one else, leaving news, tending to frighten the people and make them lose all trust in con-stitutional rule. Was Freedom again to go down before the ballot-boxes to down in blood?

About four o'clock we heard music, and bands and banners led the way to a little park by the river. From of a couple of hours, while the citi-lations and the couple of hours, while the citifor a couple of hours, while the citi-zons promenaded round—gentlemen and their wives dressed in the height of fashion, with silk hats and long trains; bloused men and neatly dress-ed peasant women, with their caps and short gowns; soldiers, nurses, children, all happy and self-respect-til; civilization of the best sort—no

spring flowers. We came again in the heat of summer. Switzerland was in prospect. Why not make an be as easy to travel via Pontarlier as by any other route. A note to the British Minister in

Paris brought the answer that if I would call at the Chancellerie of the British Legation on our way through Paris, an order from the French Minister of War to see the fortress would be handed to me. So the last day of our sojourn in Paris found us royal arms of the British Legation. The protress (who, I was rather as-tonished to find, spoke only French), directed us to the Chancellerie. There clerk appeared, and, in rehave the goodness to speak French. Now, that was encouraging! I had often been asked when speaking what I called "French" to speak English; but I had seldom before been, aske to speak French when addressing a person I supposed could speak Eng-lish—and in the British Legation, too! Could he be an Englishman so "high-toned" that my French was not so painful as my Irish accent? Next evening we were in the train toiling up amongst the pines of Juras. We had left Ireland parched

been rain, and the country never looked to better adaantage. This time we put up in Pontarlier at La Poste, in the main street, a better inn than the Hotel National Next morning was fine. The town looked bright and cheerful. The flag at the Mairie waved over an assured Republic. A blue sky was overhead -a bright sun, whose heat was tem-pered by the high position of the town. There were four of us this time—three ladies and myself. walk was most enjoyable. Under the monument we sat down to rest, and look at the pine trees, listen to the river, and amuse ourselves by watching the grasshoppers. How strange it was to be again in sight of Joux! There was little change in the ap-pearance of things, except that the work of restoration was going on at the ruined fortress.

with drought. In France there had

What was our surprise on climbing up the path and coming in front of the gateway, to find everything apparently deserted—not a sentry—not a guard! Leaving the ladies, I crossed the drawbridge, and pushing aside the door of the guard house found two soldiers in undress. One said he would accompany me to the ander commandant. The governor and garrison were away taking part in military manoeuvres—they would not return for some days. Crossing another drawbridge, under a port cullis, and through devious ways be tween crenelated and loop-holed walls, commanded at every turn by guns, we reached the inner square of the fort; my guide knocked at door and I was ushered into an office where an olderly gentleman in spec tacles was deep in accounts. "As bold as brass," I presented my cr-der, signed by the Minister of War. The old gentleman perused it, and was genuine? Had I my passport? I had left it behind, "That was Alps:—nothing to be had but half-ripe apples and pears.

was set all justified in showing into the dungeons. And there were la-dies! It was curious altogether. dies! It was curious altogether. I did what I could to calm his suspicions. But he appeared hopeless. Here I had penetrated into one of me in charge—in fact in custody—of a couple of soldiers.

Shortly he returned with an officer undress. He was a pleasant-looking man, and took a different view g man, and took a different view is the situation. "Have you not the entleman's order to preserve and low in case of any questions being sked? It is genuine; look at the gnature." The chief allowed him-if to be persuaded by the new ar-

Winter came and went; so did the the narrow window commanded a magnificent view. We saw the freplace before which he had breathed his last. The officer pointed to the spot. Perother effort to see the fort? It would haps the traditions of the event had been handed down by successive occupants. There were no signs of actual damp: flour was stored there; but the place must be deadly cold

Our interest in the spot and the unfeigned ignorance I displayed of military matters rather assured our conductor, who became more and nore polite. We were taken to see where Mirabeau had been imprison ed, and were carried around to the best points of view. A bunch of campanulas, growing beside some of the guns, were the only memento we carried away. Below, we parted on the most amiable terms, and were handed over to a nonofficer to be shown the burial place of Toussaint, under the floor of the sacristy of the old chapel. There was nothing to show that the bones of so great a man reposed beneath.

A few days before we had visited Napoleon's tomb. Who that has thought seriously of life and time, of what constitutes true greatness, would not rather be Toussaint in his unmarked grave in Joux, than Napoleon amidst the glories of that matchless sepulchre by the Seine? The lower portion of a skull shown us as Toussaint's. The remainder was said to be in the Museum in Dijon.

A brisk walk back to Pontarlier left time to settle our bill at La Poste, and reach the train. time, our faces were set southward. Switzerland and its charms were before us—the Fortress of Joux but a memory.—Alfred Webb, in Irish Monthly,

NEWMAN: AN APPRECIATION

"Lead, Kindly Light!" was the expression of the feelings of a great soul inspired by the Holy Ghost. That soul had been struggling in the dark and gloom for years, humbly and earnestly seeking for light and truth. It was a sincere appeal to God for help. It was a prayer. was another "Our Father." H How many such petitions had gone out from that soul before this one was written, and how many followed it before the light came dimly, as through a glass, and before it was led into all truth! No one but God knows of the strugglings and wrestlings that preceded and fol-lowed it till it submitted humbly to the guidance of His Church. How many earnest men and women has it taught to say with moistened lids and upturned eyes on bended knees, "Lead, Thou, me on."

Only great souls submit with humility and childlike simplicity, or understand what it means to go Him like little children.

The light came, and the Apostle was glorified and sanctified, and the Apologia came forth, and other great works from his pen followed, and his voice was heard and his self-denying life was felt, and the world has been lifted up Christianized by them.

He walked in His steps, and led many others to walk in them. was in the world, but not of the world. He kept the commandments. He followed Jesus. He loved his fellow men and gave his life

one of the most famous men of his time, he sought seclusion in a monastery among the brethren of his or-der. He longed for his vocation, and through giving up self and appealing to God was led into it.

VALUABLE TO MOTH

Baby's Own Tablets are for children of all ages—they are equally good for the new-born babe or the well-grown child. They will prompt-ly cure colic, indigestion, constipa-tion, teething troubles, diarrhoes, and simple fever. The Tablets break up colds, prevent croup, and promote sked? It is genuine; look at the alguature." The chief allowed himself to be persuaded by the new arrival—a major, I think. The keys over sent for. I brought in my party. They were wondering what and happened. Most of the occupants of the fort (amongst them ome ladies) were collected in the outrit to see such an unwonted incursion. We set off with the officers; a man with a lantern, and a little dog and with delight at the prospect of unting up mice in the dungeons.

We went up stairs and along pasages; behind rows of guns in position; by piles of shot and shell; hrough sundry doors and up lad-hrough sundry doors



Saved by Prayer and A Statue of St. Anthony.

During the summer of 1897 I had childhood and to spend a few weeks breathing my native air. Accordingly, I embarked on a Black Diamond steamer bound for Newfoundland. steamer bound for Newfoundland. The trip down the river and gulf was a very pleasant one. Stops were made at Charlottetown, the garden of Canada, and Sydney, the place remarkable for its black diamonds. After leaving Sydney and entering off the Banks of Newfoundland and off the St. Pierre coast, we struck very foggy weather, which continued for nearly two days. The last night of our trip the fog lifted about ten o'clock. We were then fourteen miles away from land, the nearest light being that of Ferryland. place on the southern shore of Newfoundland. The captain of our steamer being a skilful navigator, and knowing the treacherous and rock-bound coast of Newfoundland well, had kept the steamer well out to sea, and also took his chances in running into the harbor at St. John's, with its very narrow entrance, at two o'clock in the morning. As the old adage says, "All's well that ends well," and so it was. And let Thy rod Taking a stroll through the city of St. John's after an absence of thirteen years, I could scarcely recognize the old city. It had been pracone-half of it to ashes. Everything was therefore changed, new street were built, large and improved buildings had been erected, and at every turn new and strange faces met my gaze. I was, therefore, a stranger in a strange land. Shortly after arspend a few days with a parish priest lashes. Lady Blessington, writing of him a few months before his departure to Greece address than Byron; they were gray and fringed with long black lashes. Lady Blessington, writing of him a few months before his departure to Greece address than Byron; they were riving, I received an invitation to land was uneventful, but a few days afterwards I returned to St. John's on a business trip, and after trans-

I was not so fortunate as on the first occasion. Reaching Portugal Cove, the ferry, which was nothing more or less than a big fishing punt, blew a gale, the white caps rose an tell in small and large waves. Yet the trip had, to be accomplished, much against the wishes of the ferryman. An old lady, having with he two children of tender years, was them "light gray, provery anxious to reach home, and after consultation, the ferryman procured two assistants, and all hands -numbering nine persons—being seat-ed or, rather, huddled together, a start was made for the island. Wave after wave broke over the tiny craft while a little lad called Jack, a ser while a little lad called Jack, a servant at the priest's house, greatly amused himself at seeing the waves playing hide and seek with the passengers. Crouched down in a corner of the boat with the two little children near by was the old lady. The children were cold and pale from fear, while the old lady, at every twist, turn and rock of the boat, and the children by water would are the deluging by water, would pray the more. Three times the ferryman made for a landing spot, only to be driven a long distance from the place. Each time the boat had to place. Each time the boat had to be turned and go over the same course again. Great precaution had to be taken, as the least movement would upset the craft, and then it would have been all over with at least two-thirds of the party. The last time we attempted to land the rudder broke, and our position became perilous. Limust admit that I was extremely nervous, and had prepared myself by saying an act of contrition in case the worst would happen. The ferryman, seeing the

acting my work started again for

the famous little island, remarkable

broke into curses, which he was soon told to stop, and he obeyed. Seeing it was impossible to make a landing, the ferryman seized a rodney, which is a small row-boat, moored some distance from shore, and by skilful handling rowed each of the passengers ashore, being carried right up on the sand by the imknees almost in the water when the waves broke to get on terra firms. However, I suffered no ill effects from my sea bath, but with a change of clothes, I walked six miles to a place called Lance Cove to take part in a concert that night, arriving home with the priest in the early hours of the morning. It was no doubt the prayers of the old lady in the boat, the prayers of the priest's servant, who was watching us being buffeted by the wind and sea from a high elevation on the island, and the prayers of the good parish priest who prayed fervently for our safety, that we had not foundered in the storm, and that the mighty deep had not swallowed us down into the vortex of destruction. God orders all events for the best, and His mighty hand rules the universe, and the winds and the sea obey Him

"Order my steps through death's dark vale.

Uphold me, lest I faint or fail Oh, Lord, my God."

As the first part of my story rather lengthy, I will reserve my second part, where prayers and a statue of St. Anthony saved me from drowning, for next week's issue. FELIX.

FAMOUS PEOPLE'S EYES.

According to Trelawny no man had brighter eyes than Byron; they were ture to Greece, adds that one eye was visibly larger than the other.
Charles Lamb is described as having glittering eyes, strangely dissi-milar in color, one being hazel, the other having specks of gray in the for its large mines of iron ore. But iris, as you see red spots in the bloodstone.

Eyes, as we know, are apt to vary considerably in shades of color in the same individual from time to had to be taken across. It was a time—a fact which explains why wild day on the water. The wind Wordsworth's familiar description of time-a fact which explains why, Coleridge as a noticeable man with large gray eyes does not quite agree with Carlyle's impression that his eyes were a light hazel, nor this again with the writer who found them "light gray, prominent and of liquid brilliancy, as though the orb-itself retreated to the innermost re-

Chatterton's brilliant gray eyes were his most remarkable feature. Under strong excitement one appear-ed brighter, and, as in the case of Byron, larger than the other. Catcott says "it was like the eye of a hawk, and that one could see his soul through it." Barrett "never saw such eyes, fire rolling at the bottom of them," and he confessed that he often purposely differed in opinion with Chatterton to see how

spinion with Chatter on to wonderfully his eye would strike fire, kindle, and blaze up.

Audubon, as became a great natu-ralist, had "hawk-like eyes, that flashed like a search-light and were ever on the alert for each movement of animated nature." The Duke of Wellington also had, it is said, blue