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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 5, 1895.

OUR JOB PRINTING BRANCH

In order to more fully concentrate all our energies upon the improvement and advancement of THE TRUE WITNESS, we hereby notify all our kind patrons that we have retired from the job-printing branch of the business. We desire to thank most sincerely and heartily all the good friends who, heretofore, have patronized our establishment with their work. While in the future we will have to decline all outside printing, still we solicit a continuance of the support that our friends have so generously given us By subscribing for THE TRUE WITNESS, and especially by advertising in our columns, can they continue to render us the most valuable assistance, while deriving great benefit for themselves from the increasing circulation that will enhance their business notices and the augmenting literary attractions that will compensate them for their subscriptions,

PENTECOST.

Sunday was the feast of Pentecost—the great day upon which the labors of the Apostles commence, when, according to —in the form of tongues of fire descended. they had beheld the Saviour ascend into heaven; left, as it were, to themselves, they longed for the instruction, the enlightenment and the comfort that He was to send them. Assembled, on the day of Pentecost, a great silence—the silence of confident expectation—fell upon them. Suddenly a mighty wind was heard, and tongues of flame came down and rested upon their heads. Immediately were they filled with the Holy Ghost and they began to converse in divers languages.

From that hour forward did the Church carry on the mission left to it by Christ Himself. At that time, and in that place, did St. Peter, the Chief of the Apostles, receive the guarantee of an infallibility that he should transmit to his successors, to the end of ages. The new dispensation was ushered in by a miracle as extraordinary as that which, of old, marked the confusion of the impious builders of Babel. To punish the presumption of famous pioneer La Salle, brings us man God so confused the languages of the people that it became impossible for them to continue their work; to reward the faith of man and confirm his confidence, Christ gave to His heretofore un- of the priest and the explorer through tutored envoys the glorious gift of language that they might be able to obey he command that sent them forth to preach to all nations.

We are still within the octave of Pentecost. The feast is one of major im- Recollets and their missions, all succeed portance and it should be celebrated in a each other with panoramic rapidity and manner worthy of the wonderful event it | historical exactness. Father Melithon's commemorates. The Illuminator and career, Father Lamberville's troubles, Comforter came into the bosom of the Church and has abided there ever since. Standing in the middle of this nineteenth | Niagara, the taking of the Fort, are so century's last decade and gazing back many mile-stones that mark the pathover the expanse of the intervening centuries, we behold the immense, unbroken, ever increasing, most miraculously preserved caravan of Catholicity moving over interesting history of the first settlethe desert space of nineteen hundred ment of Catholics, the first Parliament, years. Not halting for a single moment, the troubles of the Scotch Catholics and unchanged in its guiding spirit, now it may be seen to draw fresh waters of strength from the fountains in each oasis, Bishop of Nova Scotia-we walk anew again do we perceive how it overcomes the dreary forest trails over which Arch- judges, it gives one judge to every 20,000 the enemies that attack or the storms bishop O'Brien, in his memoirs of the that molest it. Each year does it pitch tent on the day of Pentecest and derive rest, recuperated strength and additional guarantees of perpetuity from the commemoration of that sublime event.

in the story of Pentecost. If a Christian pages dedicated to the gloomy period of any other Irish Catholic, were appointed

believes in the fiery-tongued miracle of that day he cannot but believe in the infallibility of the teaching body that is under the special guidance of the Holy Ghost. The best means of worthily celebrating the feast is by a renewal of our confession of faith, not only in the serious words of the heart, but also in the open profession by means of the sacraments frequented.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AT NIAGARA.

Last week we referred, in a passing notice, to a most important work just issued by William Briggs, of Toronto, and written by the crudite and graceful historian, Rev. Dean Harris, of St. Catherines. The title of the volume is "The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula—1826-1895." It is dedicated to the Rev. Father Suffixan, pastor of Thorbold, and opens with a short preface in which the author gives credit to the different authorities from which he drew a great deal of the valuable information that his work contains. It is illustrated with about fifty very elegant and appropriate cuts. It is no exaggeration to say that this production-the fruit of much research, as well as a labor of love-is one of the most valuable additions to the historical literature of the country, and particularly of the Catholic Church in Canada, that has been for years contributed.

The last three chapters are of a more ocal than general interest, as they deal with "The New-born Parishes," "The Religious Communities of the Peninsula," and the life and labors of the late "Dean Mulligan." Of course it is from such records that the future historian will have to glean information concerning the different sections of our country and their development. But for the general reader the first two hundred and fifty pages of the book contain the most attractive and interesting matter.

In an elegant and easy style-most accurate and yet appropriately picturesque —the author introduces as to the Indian mound builders, and unearths for us numerous relies of a forgotten race. The mounds of Ohio, the prehistoric skill evidenced in the copper axes and spearheads found, the ancient mines of Lake Superior, the tools and implements used by the carvers of the mysterious records that tell the fate of the Mound Builders. go to make up a chapter that cannot fail to delight the antiquarian and the seeker after historical evidence from the dim past. The Neutrals, that band otherwise known as Attiwandarous, that sided neither with Huron or Iroquois, their dress, habitations, knowledge of surgery, : hospitality, customs, war dance, torturing of prisoners, ferocity, superstition, and annihilation, constitute another Christ's promise the Holy Ghost-the chapter that leads us down to the advent Third Person of the most Blessed Trinity | of the Catholic missionaries. The account of the visit paid about 1626 to New region and the Nigara peninsula, by the famous De la Roche Daillon, is replete with incidents of a thrilling nature. calculated to awaken an interest in the reader akin to that which a youth feels in perusing an exciting romance.

> Then comes the wonderful story of the adventures and labors of the famed Jesuits Choumont and De Brebeuf amongst the Neutrals. Again is there a chapter upon the first flint workers, the relies left by these strange people and their habits and acquirements, as instanced in the wampum belts, clay pipes, wood carvings and bone ornaments still to be found. It is only after this stagewhen we have reached the last quarter of the seventeenth century-that we find ourselves actually launched into the tangible history of the Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula. The advent of Father Hennepin, the courageous and devout Franciscan, and that of the face to face with the struggles at the dawning of Christianity after the night of barbarism that from ages unnumbered overspread the land. The long voyages the forests; the first Mass by the "Beautiful River;" Father Garnier's devotedness; Leo Matte's efforts to civilize the Indians; Galinee and the Audaste; Joliet and his journeys; the the Jesuit missions, Father Milet's teachings, the heroism of the priests at Fort way down to the era of transition from

> the old regime to the new. Here we are given a detailed and most With Father Burke - subsequently same great missionary, has recently conducted us. The labors of Father Gordon are recorded with minute accounts of the various changes, religious, political, social and national, from the building of

The state of the s

persecution, the Penal Laws of Nova Scotia compared with those of Ireland, the story of the Irish Hegira, the famine of 1845-46, the fearful sufferings of the Irish emigrants, the heroism of the French-Canadian priests, the toilers on the canal, the fever and ague, the history of Fathers Grattan and Conway, and to the pioneer Irish Catholic settlers of the district.

It would be absolutely impossible to convey, in the short space at our disposal, any adequate idea of the fund of information contained in this admirable work. While Dean Harris very modestly leaves the continuation of those historical explanations to what he is pleased to call "abler pens than his," we presume to hope that the reverend author will not cease his efforts in this direction, but will soon add another stone to the growing cairn of Catholic Canadian

THOSE JUDGESHIPS.

During the course of last week two letters appeared in the Herald, one signed "Dalcassian," the other "Fair Play;" the former, a piece of unwarranted presumption; the latter, in as far as it refers to the vacant judgeships, is a fair hint to the very imaginative creator of applicants. We have no intention of squandering much space or time on Dalcassian's effusion ; in a few words we can dispose of his contentions-all based upon suppositions. The letter reads

"SIR,-The Hon, Mr. Curran in to-day's Gazette is reported to have said at the picnic at Lakefield that "the model of all true Canadians should be the Queen, the country and the constitution, under which the weakest minority would ever be secure in all their rights and privileges.'' Does Mr. Curran practise what he preaches, when he is doing all he can to secure to himself the position on the bench made vacant by the death of Sir Francis Johnson, now a year ago? Mr. Curran shows little respect for the Protestant minority. It is an open secret, told by Hon. Mr. Ouimet, and others in the Cabinet, that the position will be filled at the close of the session by the appointment of Mr. Curran. Comment is needless.'

"Fair Play" answers one part of this queer effusion as follows:

"SIR,-The letter in your issue of today signed "Dalcassian," and referring to Mr. J. J. Curran's hankering after the judgeship made vacant by the death of Sir F. G. Johnson, would be interesting were it not for the fact that there exists no earthly reason for dragging in the religious cry into that case. When an injustice has been done, it will then be time enough for "Dalcassian," and others of his way of thinking to lift their hands in holy horror, and declare to the world that they are victims of Popish aggression.'

The last part of the reply deals with a question foreign to the present issue. In the first place it is not an "open secret," nor has it been told by any minister of the crown, that Hon. Mr. upon them. On the summit of Olivet | France and particularly to the Ottawa | Curran is to be appointed at the end of the cession. No more has anything been ever said or written by any person in an authoritative position, to warrant the presumption. On the contrary, it has been quite plainly stated in these col umns, in two different issues of our paper, that the Solicitor-General has recommended and is supporting Mr. Purcell for the successorship to the late Judge Barry. As a matter of fact we know that Hon. Mr. Curran is doing all in his power to secure the Circuit Court judgeship for an Irish Catholic other than himself. As to the position left vacant by the death of the late chief justice there has been nothing done or said to justify any man in stating that the Solicitor-General is seeking the appoint-

But were it true—and we only say this for argument sake-that the Solicitor-General were seeking to have both appointments go to Irish Catholics, we fail to see wherein there would be any injustice done the Protestant minority. If we look back we find that ever since confedcration the position of chief justice-in the different courts of our Province-has been held almost exclusively by Protestants. The exceptions have been French-Canadians. Is it pretended that the highest judicial seat is an exclusive heritage of the non-Catholic element? At one time we had almost a fair proportion of judges-according to our numbers-but as rapidly as the hand of death removed one the place was filled by a French-Canadian or else by a Protestant. We need only mention, amongst others. the late Judges Drummond, Monk, Alleyn, Thos. McCord, and Recorder Sexton. Apart from the Supreme Court of Canada, there are now thirty French-Canadian and nine Protestant judges on the bench of this Province: against this there is ONLY ONE Irish-Catholic representative.

To settle the matter beyond peradventhe arrival of the Catlolic soldiers. | ture, let us take the statistics of this Province. There is a Protestant population of 175,447. Divided between nine of population. The Irish Catholic population is 105,000. Thus we have one judge to this number of people. Suppose Mr. Purcell, or any other Irish Catholic. were appointed to the Circuit Court bench, we would have one judge to every One of the grandest evidences of the the first church to the death of the good 52,500 of population. Let us further infallibility of the Church is to be found priest. Here we have about seventy suppose that Solicitor-General Curran, or

to replace the late Sir Francis Johnston. we would have one judge to every 35,000 of population. This would then be the proportion: One Protestant to every 20,000; one Irish Catholic to every 35,000. We claim, therefore, that we have a right to the both places were they to be granted, and that no injustice would thereby be done our fellow-citizens, be they Protestant or French-Canadian.

IMPOSING ON CREDULITY.

In the Daily Witness of May 4, Mr. L. V. Lariviere, of Quebec, published a letter on the subject of "Those Little Books," (which are "The Little Quebec Catechism" and Mgr. De Segur's "Talks on the Protestantism of the present day.") In that communication the writer deliberately calumniates the Catholic Church, misrepresents her teachings, and | tions de Nouvelle France, par Paul Bourmisquotes, or misapplies quotations, in a most barefaced manner. At once we kne what he was perpetrating a most wicked deception, but we refrained from touching upon the subject until we could secure the volumes to which he so impudently and confidently referred. No lengthy argument is necessary; his calumnies have been refuted times out of matters; therefore, in order to show what kind of people we have to contend with, we will simply unmask the arch-fanatic by a statement of plain facts.

He quotes from the catechism the following:

"'Can one be saved outside the Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church ?' Ans.: 'No; outside the Church there

is no salvation.' All the Protestants are outside the pale of the Church of Rome; therefore, they cannot be saved. On the next page of this little catechism the fact is clearly explained. 'All those who refuse to believe the Church' (meaning the Roman Catholic Church) ' are in error; they are either infidels or heretics; and the infidels and heretics are already judged by Christ himself.' Is not this a hard doctrine?

Now here is the doctrine of the Church, and here are the exact words of that catechism:

"Q. Are all men obliged to belong to that only Church of Jesus Christ? (the Roman Catholic Church).

Ans. Yes, all men are obliged to belong to that only Church founded by Jesus Christ, and whosoever knows that the Catholic Church is the true Church and refuses to belong thereto, cannot be saved."

(Q. Tous les hommes sont-ils obliges d'appartenir a cette Eglise unique de Jesus Christ?

R. Qui, tous les hommes sont obliges d'appartenir a cette Eglise unique fondec par Jesus-Christ, et quiconque sait que l'Eglise Catholique est la vraie Eglise et refuse d'y appartenir, ne peut pas etre

Comment is unnecessary. A man who knows the Church to be a true onctherefore the possessor of God's Truthsurely cannot expect salvation if, in his bad faith, he declines to accept that truth. But if he does not know it to be the true Church his very ignorance is the guarantee of his salvation. So much for Mr. Lariviere's methods concerning Catholic teaching: if he knows the Church to be the only true one, may the Lord help him; if he does not know it to be such, he may thank his lucky stars for the ignorance-certainly it does not arise from want of misunderstanding Catholic authorities.

Now for Mgr. De Segur's work. Mr.

Lariviere says : "The other little book is entitled 'Causerie sur le Protestantism d'au-jourd-hui.' (Talks on the Protestantism of the present day.) This book has been written by Mgr. De Segur, a Roman Catholic bishop of France. The book has een approved by an infallible pope, Pius IX., and most highly recommended by the Bishop of Montreal.'

Stop a moment! Do you mean this. Mr. Lariviere, or is it another guarantee of your salvation in the form of a sample of invincible ignorance? Mgr. De Rob. Wanlock, the poet-Robert Reid-Segur was not a bishop—he was a titled priest: the book was not approved of by | tion that his well-merited success creat-Pins IX., in his capacity and quality of ed. Mr. Reid being a native of the little teacher and guardian of the law, therefore not as an infallible Pontiff speaking between the shires of Dumfries and Lanexcathedra; the Pope was no more infal- ark, had drawn inspiration from the wild lible in the recommendation of portion and often lovely picturesqueness of his of De Segur's works than he would be in surroundings, and being gitted with a recommending a special kind of fish or ment as good for the constitution. The his memories, his feelings, into touching Bishop of Montreal did not recommend and elegant verse. He took his penwhat Mr. Lariviere quotes, quite the name from the hamlet he loved so well contrary. The approved edition and the one free from censure is revised and issued by Tolra, 112 Rue de Rennes, Paris. Mr. Lariviere thus quotes:

"On page 9 the following questions are

'Who has created you, miserable Protestants, and who has brought you into the world?" Ans: 'Luther has created us, and brought us into the world.'

Ques: 'For what purpose has Luther created you and brought you into the world? Ans: 'To protest after his example

against God and against His Church and to sin grievously after his example, and by that means reach eternal life. Ques: 'What is a Protestant?' Ans: 'A Protestant is one, whether he

has been baptized or not, it makes no difference, who believes what he likes and does what he likes.' What is the mark of a Pro-Ques: testant?"

forgetfulness of the pc souls in purga-

The above questions reveal clearly the nature of the book. For a Roman Catholic, it would be a sin .o question the orthodoxy of that little book, since it has been sacredly approved by an in-'allible Pope."

The last paragraph we have answered; the book was not approved by an infallible Pope. We know not whether Mr. Lariviere has been inventing or been imposed upon; but certainly the questions and answers above given are not on page 9, nor upon any other page of the approved edition of the book. Nor is there anything, from cover to cover of it, to suggest such questions and answers. It was only the other day that some clever, but unscrupulous fellow, published a tirade on Canada and called it "Sensaget." Bourget publicly repudiates the work. Perhaps some one, as bitterly anti-Catholic as Mr. Lariviere, has been concocting "Des Causeries sur le Protestantisme d'Aujourd'hui, par Mgr. De Segur."

We have not space this week to enter fully into the matter. Suffice to say that Mr. Lariviere quotes what the catechism mind; all honest Protestants know that | does not teach, and what Mgr. De Segur's the Church is misrepresented in those book does not contain. We will simply refor him to page 29 of that book. Chapter XII., "If salvation is possible for a Protestant," opens thus: "Is salvation possible for a Protestant? Yes, certainly." And the author repeats the condition of the catechism, namely, good

faith on the part of the Protestant. Surely to goodness no Protestant will pretend that a man in bad faith, who knowingly and intentionally rejects the truth, can be other than a rebel against God.

More of this anon!

ROB. WANLOCK'S" POEMS.

" Oh! Caledonia! Stern and wild, Meet nurse of a poetic child, Land of brown heath and shaggy wood! Land of the mountain and the flood! Land of my sires! What mortal hand, Can e'er untie the filial band That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

Two characteristics of Scott's worksboth derived from his own personalityhave endeared him to the world; his love of Scotland, and his perpetual peopling her misty highlands and wild lowlands with the most fascinating creatures of his imagination. That same noble patriotism has ever been the heritage of all children of old Scotia, and any of them who have attempted to climb the rugged path of letters have evidenced, in a more or less perfect degree, the same passion for poetic descriptions of the country and still more poetic awakenings of the countless memories that cling to every corner of the land.

In 1874 a book entitled "Moorland Rhymes" was published in Dumfries and the author's name was Robert Wanlock. This volume "was hailed as a valuable addition to native literature, and its author, from the grace and sweetness of his numbers, took at once a front rank place among the minor singers of the day."

Apart from sterlinghonesty, if there is one quality, more than another, conspicuous in the Scotch character, it is a sincere humility. He loves "to do good by stealth;" his greatest reward is to feel that he is serving his fellow-countrymen while avoiding the expression of their gratitude or admiration. The Laird of Abbottsford rendered the beauties of the land more attractive than ever and revived the history of his people in the most powerful and pleasing of manners, under the mask of "The Great Unknown," until, years afterwards, he acknowledged the authorship of the Waverly novels. So did the poet, whose second volume we have before us, hide for years his identity under a most appropriate nom de plume. While thousands of readers were being delighted with the Moorland Rhymes of was enjoying the soul-thrilling satisfacvillage of Wanlockhead, situated almost true spirit of poetry, wove his fancies, For some ten years, according to the

preface of the book before us, Moorland Rhymes had been out of print. "To meet the demand of many inquiries for the work, both at home and in America. the present collection of poems songs and sonnets is offered to the public." It is a volume of over 260 pages, beautifully bound in cloth, well printed, and containing a portrait of the author, at the beginning, and a number of elegant tributes to him, in verse, at the close. The collection is gracefully dedicated to Sir Donald A. Smith. "A representative Scot, whose love for the Old Land manifests itself on every available occasion."

It would be difficult to give, in the short space we have at our disposal, any adequate idea of the beauty and elegance of the poems contained in the Ans: 'It is horror of the cross, his volume. They are above all patriotic, hatred of the Holy Virgin, of the Pope, intensely national, aglow with imagery, walked across it.

and of the saints, and also his entire and powerfully descriptive of scenes and places that every lover of Scotch literature must love to recall. A great many are written in the dialect of the South which only heightens the interest and imparts a national flavor to them-such, in fact, as does not spring from the perusual of ordinary English. The dark tarn, the rugged crag, the lonely moor, the ghost-haunted cairn, the cry of the whaup, the simple kirk, the isolated village, or the ruined castle, suggesta thoughts to a Scotch poet that he must clothe in the very accents of the people in order to give them proper effect. As a sample of Mr. Reid's fervent patriotism and beautiful verse, let us just quote the following: "My Birthright."

Proud of my sonship, glorying in the name Bestowed by thee, though now by thee forgot, Dear Mother Country! Shall a kindly Scot, Viewing his fate, without one thought of blame Though disinherited, renounce his claim? Nay, surely, circumstances matter not-Though far my wonderings and obscure my lot,

Still am I heir to all thy storied fame! For me thy sweetest bards have tun'd the lay. Thy martyrs striven : for me on Bannock's side, (Ay, and at Flodden) have thy bravest died; And shall I fling this priceless dower away, This precious birthright? Nay, with zealous pride I'll guard the treasure till my latest day."

For a number of years Mr. Reid has been one of Montreal's most respected citizens. Day in and day out working in the great arena of commerce, amidst the most prosaic business surroundings, we can well imagine his delight, when, at evening, after a day of toil, he sits down to enjoy the charms of Rosehill-Outremont-and lets his swift-winged fancy carry him back, in spirit, from the shadow of Mount Royal to the misty slopes of the Lowthers. If his soul is still linked to the land of his birth, his heart is riveted to the mountain that looks down on his new abode; for up there, in May 1887, was little "Bruce Reid" laid to rest. We love the poet for his noble, patriotic soul-and even more for his paternal heart. It is over that tiny grave he sings:

" For deep in every Scottish breast The thought of these must are abide. And where a Bruce is laid to rest Must ever thrill his soul with pride."

He had been chanting the glories of the immortal Robert, when he turned to tell, that: 'Twas but a little waif of Time. The wind blew darkling to our door,

Round-wrapt with love from some sweet clime. And beauty from the Shining Shore: But while we look'd and long'd to keep The wondrous stranger for our own The little life had pass'd to sleep.

And with it all our hopes had flown." Then comes again the yearning for the old Land, and the vanishing of all those dreams of happy anticipation when the poet might one day return to Wanlock head and point out to his son the scenes that inspired his own childhood:

" And these wee feet, that could not climb The heather hills thy fathers trod-Ah! they have scal'd the cliffs sublime That tower around the throne of God.

With these few and faint remarks we close, for the moment, a volume that we vill often open in Westy hours when the mind grows tired of life's din and turmoil, and we shall seek soface and vigor by the fountains of true postry. Well indeed may Robert Reid feel proud of Rob. Wanlock's achievements on the slopes of Parnassus; and long may be be spared to contribute, from the mine of his abundance, fresh treasures to the already rich and precious literature of the "Land o' Cakes."

THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

Elsewhere we publish the report of the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Montreal. Our subscribers will be pleased to read the able addresses of the President, Sir Donald A. Smith. and Mr. E. C. Clouston, the able and energetic General Manager. On carefully perusing the report we can only congratulate the President, the General Manager and the Board of Directors, as well as the shareholders, upon the results of the year's business. It is notorious the world over, that of the financial institutions of the day none is more stable and promising than the Bank of Montreal. Considering all the circumstances that affected the commercial world during the past twelve months, the crash of apparently solid institutions in other lands, the financial wave of depression that has rolled over the nations, from Australia to London, from St. Petersburg to New York, it is exceedingly reassuring and highly credi able, both to Canada in general and the Bank of Montreal in particular, to read such a report as that which we give on another page.

THE Boston Pilot-always so happy in its editorial hits-has the following regarding a recent humorous and caricaturing venture:

"Lika Joko," the English humorous weekly recently started by Jerome K. Jerome, has died an untimely death. Mr. Jerome's humor is of a kind to sadden an undertaker and cast a blight upon the hilarity of an Arizona lynching bee. "Lika Joko" was hastened to its doom by Mr. Jerome's artist. Harry Furniss, who has hardly the drawing capacity of a porous plaster.

Another sample of the Pilot's fine pen

Harper's Young People has changed its name to Harper's Round Table, without changing its excellent character. Like Napoleon, who sprinkled everything in sight with his initial N's, the new periodical is starred all over its title plate with H's, as if an Englishman had

a self & toward which is