

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Dare to do right—dare to be true.  
Do have a work that no other can do,  
Do it as bravely—no kindly—no well,  
As to gladden all heaven and all else all hell.

Dare to do right—dare to be true.  
Other men's failures can never save you;  
Stand by your conscience, your God and your faith,  
Stand like a hero and battle till death.

Dare to do right—dare to be true.  
Keep the great judgment-seat always in view;  
Look at your life, as you'll look at it then,  
Scanned by Jehovah, and angels and men.

Dare to do right—dare to be true:  
Cannot Omnipotence carry you through?  
City and manum and throne all in sight,  
Then dare to be true—yes, dare to do right.

HAPHAZARDS.

DR. FARRAR, Archbishop of St. Paul's, has been disturbing the calm serenity of the Church of England. The church, he says, has lost its influence over the great masses of the people. The laboring classes, forming the great bulk of the population, have to a great extent become estranged from Religion. In former times the population was largely rural; to-day, he says, the great cities absorb and are continuing to absorb the population of Britain, and so rapidly that, if the present increase goes on, London alone will have a population of 20 to 30 millions by the end of the century. Speaking of one large parish in the Eastern part of the city, more abandoned than the rest to savage misery and fierce despair, he borrows Mr. Huxley's description of it and calls it an immense social swamp which, unless efficient remedies be soon discovered and applied, will one day swallow up the thin crust of civilization which vainly tries to stay the overflow.

While the picture drawn by the great English Churchman is appalling, he prophesies that the present state of things must grow worse till, using the energetic language of Southey, the Church of England will find itself face to face with a vast population born into the world to be damned. But to cope with this overwhelming state of disorder, he declares that the parochial system of the church to which he belongs is inadequate and powerless. However, he has a purpose and he proposes a remedy:—and coming from the Archbishop of St. Paul's the remedy he suggests is as startling as the advanced state of disease, in which he finds his patient, is alarming.

What is needed, he tells his hearers, are devoted men animated with the spirit of absolute self-sacrifice, men whose religious zeal is so intense that they will be content to live face to face with the depraved, the ignorant and abandoned; who will be voluntarily poor and live with the poor. To succeed there will have to be individual and organized self-sacrifice. It was thus, Protestants are reminded, that such evils were overcome in times long past. This is the lesson learned from the example of the HERMITES of the fourth century, when the social organism was at its death-gasp. Thus did the BENEDICTINES, when the Barbarians threatened to destroy civilization. Thus it was that St. FRANCIS D'ASSISI and the first MENDICANT ORDERS devoted themselves and prevented ruin—and thus also it was that St. VINCENT DE PAUL and his charitable brotherhood, the LAZARISTS and the SISTERS OF CHARITY, sacrificed themselves that their brethren might be saved.

When a remedy is called for, usually the heroism is looked for in the patient, but here it is in the physician that Dr. Farrar requires heroism of the highest kind. It is true that in the membership of the Church of England there are gallant fellows without stint and brave women. But think you it was mere natural courage or bravery that enabled St. Vincent de Paul, or St. Peter Claver, or, in our own day, Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers, to lead the lives they did? Their charity was super-human, was given them by God. Such charity as theirs, abounding in the Catholic Church in every land and in every age, is looked for in vain elsewhere. Until, therefore, the Church of England is the Church of God, it will never produce such bodies of Religious as the Hermites, Benedictines and Franciscans, or the Lazarists and Sisters of Charity.

I have seen our own devoted Sisters of Charity tending the sick in the hospital wards;—I have heard how they visit the dying in the miserable hovels of the poor; I have read how when the rocks were still falling on the poor dwellings in Champlain street from the heights of Quebec, a priest exposing his life clambered in among the debris to a place of danger where he could hear the voice and the confession of a poor dying creature below. I have visited the Little Sisters of the Poor, (women who evidently were once accustomed to the refinements of a different life) and seen them seated at the same board with the miserable refugees of their house, eating with them the mean mixture of food begged from the leavings of our comfortable tables. And whenever I have seen these things I have asked myself can there be any doubt as to the immediate source of such an abundance of abiding charity, very different, mind you, from the bravery of the soldier who, on the impulse of a moment, performs some dashing deed "while all the world wonders." Every moment and every day these devoted priests and nuns choose to live this life of abject poverty and danger, of privation and physical misery. Surely it is alone by the power of the Omnipotent God, to whose grace they respond, that the secular priests and the religious orders of the Catholic Church are enabled day by day to live to the end a life that is clearly beyond human endurance, a life so far above the capacity of our human nature.

While the Government of Manitoba is talking about doing away with the French language in that province, in the island of Mauritius, the antipodes of Manitoba, the authorities are considering the restoration of French. I don't know whether one depends on the other, and whether French will be restored to the Mauritius only in the event of its suppression on this side of the globe, for the purpose merely of keeping the world evenly balanced. I don't know; but if so then I hope that there may be no necessity of making a change in the distant island.

An Irish gentleman, SIR JOHN HENNESSY, is the present English Governor of the Mauritius. He had been recalled "what under the color of the people it was found necessary to send him

out again; and now under his benign government the Mauritius is as peaceful and content as the once inhospitable, the departed dodo.

L'Univers de Paris, in extracts from which in La Verité I've been reading some notes of that part of the world, describes a very edifying spectacle. On last Procession Sunday, immediately following the Blessed Sacrament, walked the Governor of the Mauritius, with his wife, Lady Hennessy, carrying her youngest child in arms.

I have to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the July quarterly number of The Magazine of Poetry, published in Buffalo by Chas. W. Moulton. This periodical, the youngest perhaps on the list, being still in its first year, is devoted to American poetry. Here are the latest poems by Whittier, Lowell, Holmes—names known even to the least versed in verse. But what I'd value this magazine for is the acquaintance it offers with the poets of America not already known to everybody. Some fourteen well executed portraits in photographs put you almost in the presence of the men and women whose work fills the pages, and enable you to see what forms of head and cast of feature belong to poetic brains.

I am glad to find that in America there are so many who, as a distinguished Canadian scholar recently wrote: "Have heart and soul 'enough not only to value beautiful sentiments 'but to express them.' I am gratified to see here so many names with the distinguishing Irish prefix O, and among these one belonging to a Canadian. This July number of the Magazine of Poetry contains a biographical sketch and portrait of Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., with some verses from his "Gate of Flowers."

Surely to be given a place among the poets of America by professional critics is a matter of congratulation and must go far to lessen the discontent from which, we're told, musicians and poets and all true artists suffer, disaffected because.

"No musician ever held your spirit  
Crumpled and bound in his melodious strains,  
But he must be heard and strong to render  
Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wove in numbers  
All his dream; but the diviner part,  
Hidden from all the world, spoke to him only  
In the voiceless silence of his heart."

I have seen a picture of her representing, perhaps a very plain, but a very lovable face; and yet who has read her poetry and would not say that Adelaide Proctor was beautiful! The verses in the preceding paragraph are easily recognized to be hers. Will you listen to the next two, in which she suggests the reason why the voices of poet and musician are comparatively silent and all their art voiceless to express the full beauty of the visions they conceive, the glory of the melody they hear, the wonders of their reveries.

Things of Time have voices; speak and parish,  
Art and Love speak; but their words must be  
Like lightning of the invisible forests  
And waves of an unfathomable sea.

If this be true—and I admit ignorance of poetry and art, and confess to having gone through the course without having taken degrees in the latter science—but if this be true that love is not limited by such accidents as the brevity of time, that it is of those things, not of time, whose voices are unequal to full expression—then have we not here an unanswerable defence of maligned old maids and old bachelors, who to often and without cause are called heartless. It is the inferior poet, the mean artist, the poor lover, who find expression for all their souls have left. Then let the benedict, who has told his little love and been rewarded, learn not to sneer at the less happy but more loving, who goes along alone, his love untold because no words he knows suffice to tell it in.

Many people, who can sing a little, wisely refrain because not blessed with voices good enough to interpret their own high ideas of music. Such people will tell you that they cannot sing, and it is with them that Oliver Wendell Holmes sympathizes:—

Alas, for those who cannot sing  
And die with all their music in them!

The inhabitant of the room next to mine is a disagreeable cynic of the most pronounced type. He has seen me writing these things, and regularly buys the TRUE WITNESS for the mean purpose only of coming in here and annoying me with his scurrilous remarks about my "fanciful notions," as I once unfortunately happened to call them, using the word from Father Prout. Last week he was particularly unendurable. Really this fellow is getting to be past all patience; but if he read this week's TRUE WITNESS, let him learn that poor Paul, given a seat in the Bishop's carriage, was not at all unduly proud about it, but only felt as might have the shivering beggar at the gates of Tours, to whom St. Martin, dividing it in two, gave half his cloak. You wouldn't call the poor old chap a "fanciful" if he afterwards took pleasure in relating the incident.

But that neighbor of mine in the next room must be the descendant of generations of fault-finding cynics. I dare say he would have been born enough to refuse the Bishop's politeness, preferring rather to walk all the way alone and complete the ruin of his dilapidated shoes rather than accept a favor. He is as proud as Lucifer, as poor as either Job or myself, and he hugs his misery. On the contrary, I would wish to be rich and would accept wealth to-morrow if anybody came along and offered it. I think it would be very pleasant to be rich, just for a change! And then, whenever I wanted another, I'd enter at once as a Christian Brother, and trudge through the sweltering heat of summer, with a cloak on my arm just as heavy as lead, and a curious three-cornered hat on my head.

The friend from the next room has just been here, and having filled up his pipe with my best tobacco catholique (for which I pay 25 cents a pound), began looking over my shoulder. Having got what he wanted and seen what I was doing, the unamused beast has gone back to his den, muttering that I should certainly be given a place in the Magazine of Poetry.

PAUL.

The Monastery at Wincanton, England, has just been rebuilt and opened after a period of 845 years, since it was closed by the Reformation. There were twenty-two convents confirmed on the occasion of the inauguration ceremonies.—Register.

[Continued from first page.]

A HORRIBLE DISASTER.

Sixteen Heroes Carry all that is Left of 22 of the Quebec Victims to the Grave.

The officers and men of the Royal School of Cavalry are coming to the rescue with ropes, picks and shovels. About 600 men are now working clearing out rocks and debris of all kinds.

STILL TAKING BODIES OUT.

1.30 a.m.—Three more bodies have just been taken out from the catacombs. Their names have not been ascertained. Two are dead, while the third's heart is still beating. One has his skull crushed in, one other has an arm missing. The bodies are covered with blood and dust and are horrible spectacles to behold.

The Redemptorist Fathers are among the rescuers in order to bring consolation of religion to victims of the slide.

RESCUING THE INJURED.

QUEBEC, September 20.—3.30 a.m.—The Black family are buried five feet below the rock. Their cries can be heard. To questions Mrs. Black said, "My husband is killed and we are all bruised, cut, and my bones are broken. My husband's body lies at the door under a pile of rock."

Miss May Caldwell was taken out dying. Her limbs were badly crushed.

Thomas Barryman is so crushed as to be almost unrecognizable. He is so badly crushed that he cannot live.

The next taken out was a little eight-year old boy, dead. Then came Barryman's son, his legs crushed out of all shape, and unconscious.

Mrs. Black has been rescued, but it is feared she cannot live.

QUEBEC, September 22.—The funerals of the unfortunate people killed by the terrible catastrophe which befell our city on Thursday evening took place to-day, when twenty of the dead were consigned to the grave. The funerals took place from the River Police station, where the bodies had been laid out and cooled. Long before the hour appointed, 9.30 a.m., the streets were crowded with people, and every spot of vantage ground was eagerly seized to get a view of the mournful procession. Several buildings along the route were draped in mourning and the citizens generally vied with each other in acts of sympathy.

The cortege left the station at 9.30 a.m., led by the Ship Laborers' Benevolent society, headed by their beautiful banner and preceded by two of their number bearing a large floral cross of exquisite design. Then came the police in full force, headed by their officers, followed by the hearse containing the bodies of the dead.

The order of the hearse and the bodies they contained were as follows:—

- 1st, THOMAS FARRELL, 2nd, THOMAS FARRELL's three children.
- 3rd, RICHARD LEAHY.
- 4th, MRS. RICHARD LEAHY.
- 5th, MICHAEL DEERY.
- 6th, CHARLES ALLEN.
- 7th, MRS. CHARLES ALLEN.
- 8th, MISS ALLEN.
- 9th, MRS. STEVE BURKE and her two children.
- 10th, MRS. MICHAEL BRADLEY and daughter.
- 11th, ELIZA BRADLEY.
- 12th, MARGARET WELCH.
- 13th, MRS. READY.
- 14th, MRS. KEMP.
- 15th, MRS. LANE MARSHALL.

THOUSANDS OF MOURNERS.

The relatives of the deceased walked on each side of the hearse, behind which came His Honor Mayor Langellier and Mr. Jules Tessier, ex-pro-mayor. City Councillors L. J. Demers and J. B. Chénier, John Ahearn and McGreevy, Noley and Barbeau, Rheaume and Gagnon, Vincent and Laberge, Goulet and Huard, Vallières and Morin, Chambers and McLaughlin, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull and Major Wilson, Coroner Belleau and his secretary, Mr. George St. Pierre. Then came a vast concourse of the most distinguished citizens, among whom were several members of the Provincial Parliament and about five thousand persons belonging to all classes of society. Flags in mourning fluttered at half mast, and on the way of the procession the shouting of a few boys had their assigns lowered half a pole. The streets were literally crammed with sightseers. All Quebec was out, and thousands from the neighboring towns and parishes rushed out eagerly on the sad cortege's way to view once more the terrible consequence of the calamity.

AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

At St. Patrick's church, where the divine service took place, the coffins were placed in a row. The church was literally encumbered. Father Hayden, rector of the Redemptorist, assisted by Father Walsh, as deacon, and Father Maguire, as sub-deacon, celebrated divine service. A double choir furnished the musical part. The church was draped with mourning and illuminated magnificently. The ceremonies were of the most impressive character. Mayor Langellier, Major Wilson, and several prominent gentlemen occupied seats of honor in the chancel. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Walsh, who is a very eloquent orator. He dwelt on the warning that Providence had just given the people of this country, proclaiming that perhaps before many days were over, some of his hearers might also slumber in eternity. Only last Sunday, said he, these bodies were attending divine service in health and vigor, unaware of the sinister fate that awaited them. To-day these self same beings are but a hideous "mass of worm food."

The audience seemed deeply touched at the preacher's words. Father Walsh also paid eulogies to the citizens who helped to recover the wounded and the dead out of the ruins. After the services the procession proceeded to Woodfield cemetery, which is situated some three miles out of the city. As the cortege passed in front of St. Bridget's asylum the orphans in full force lined both sides of the road and knelt down with bowed heads before the long line of the sad train. The twenty bodies were deposited in vaults prior to final burial, as many of them will be deposited in family lots when the remainder of the bodies are extricated from under the ruins.

Another imposing funeral took place this afternoon, that of Mrs. Henry Lawson, also a victim of the dreadful avalanche. The services took place at St. Matthew's church and were attended by a very large number of relatives, friends and citizens of all denominations. Rev. Mr. Hatch officiated, and the ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Mr. Williams. The church was so full that many people were unable to obtain admittance. Some ninety carriages followed the cortege to its last earthly abode.

DEAD IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

While the bodies were being returned to earth others were found under the catacombs of Champlain street. John Nolan's and his wife's bodies were unearthed, found in each other's arms. It will be remembered that at the time of the landslide Nolan ran to save

his wife with the intention of rescuing her from the avalanche. Reaching her slightly in his arms she died as they were rescued. It was a truly ending honeymoon. They had been married only fifteen days previous to the dramatic calamity. Mrs. Nolan's body here no trace of violence, while that of her husband was horribly mutilated. The head was severed from the trunk, and the chest was smashed and both arms crushed, and the rest of his remains were but a ghastly bleeding mass of flesh and broken bones.

Two boys were also found close by. They are the son and adopted son of Mr. Maybury, whose corpse is still under the ruins. Both bodies were crushed and horribly mutilated. These four corpses were deposited in the shipping office, awaiting the coroner's decision.

Mr. Hector Laugievin, minister of public works, accompanied by General Cameron and Major Mayne, of the Royal School of Engineers at Kingston, Ont., visited the scene of the disaster this afternoon. The gentlemen were visibly impressed with what they saw. There they found the adjacent rocks suspended at the cliff side, looking dangerous. The engineers will, in company with the city engineer, hold a survey of the heights and report to the Hon. Minister of Public Works on the condition and dangers of the same. They will also suggest means to prevent further disasters.

A VICTIM'S INSANE SONGS.

QUEBEC, September 21.—The work of digging out the victims of the landslide was carried on the whole night through, although it rained incessantly. The efforts of the workers were concentrated on a spot where a woman named Kemp, it was supposed to be. At 4 o'clock this morning the work was far enough advanced to allow him to be taken some fifteen feet distant from the aperture. At intervals Kemp would sing a couplet of a popular song and then would about "Polka, polka." The poor man is either insane or in a delirium.

A man named Beauchamp who, with his two brothers, have worked at the wreck without a stop ever since the downfall of the rock, crawled into a small opening to get at Kemp, who was lying under an immense pile of stones, but the brave man had not gone five feet under the pile when the mass crumbled on his back. However Beauchamp, being a strong and courageous man, managed to crawl back a couple of feet, then he could not move an inch. All exit was intercepted by the corpse of a woman.

PRAYING AND WORKING.

A Redemptorist father, who passed the night on the scene encouraging the workers, knelt down and began to recite the prayer of the Agonizing. The men, although exhausted through constant hard struggles and weakened by a pouring rain which inundated all about them, seeing Beauchamp apparently doomed to certain death, rushed to his rescue with all the energy of despair, and after great efforts he was pulled out alive, somewhat stunned and bruised, but not seriously hurt.

A SICKENING ACCIDENT.

At two o'clock this afternoon a squad of the "B" battery men discovered the body of a woman under a solid mass of stones, beams and rafters. The head only was clear. The men worked like heroes to get her disentangled, but the mass of stone above her was so great that it became evident the woman's head would be buried again. One of the men attempted to remove a large stone weighing some 500 pounds. It dived from the course they intended to give it and came down crushing in the woman's head. The jaw bones were dislocated, the nose and forehead forced in, the cavity of the cranium crushed, and the brains were scattered about her. The woman is Mrs. Kemp, wife of Joe Kemp, sr., who, still under the debris, was heard shouting and singing. Mrs. Kemp was dead before the falling of the stone upon her head.

Later on the laborers, thinking that she was sufficiently disentangled to be taken out, tried to pull the body out, but in doing so her left leg was left and severed from her body.

SIXTEEN STILL MISSING.

It is thought that about sixteen are still missing and were in the basement of a building at the time of the landslide. Consequently, as the debris must be cleared level to the ground in order to get at them, the bodies will remain under the ruins several days before they will be extricated. Three sailors are supposed to be buried at a place where the huge pile of fallen rocks is about thirty feet from the level road. These corpses will be in an advanced state of decomposition when dug out of the ruins.

Mayor Langellier presided at last night's special meeting of the City council. Alderman Demers explained briefly the amount of damage done to life and property, and paid an eloquent tribute to the volunteers and the officers and men of the B. Battery and Royal School of Cavalry. After some discussion of the subject, the council agreed on a motion of Councilor Chambers and voted the sum of \$2,500 in aid of the surviving victims of the catastrophe. It was further agreed that the city would undergo the expenses of the funerals.

HER HEAD SEVERED FROM HER BODY.

The corpse of Margaret Welch was reached an hour later under a pile of masonry. Her head was hanging loose, almost severed from the neck and the brains oozed out from the back of it, while the top was out in two halves. Her arms were also torn and so distorted that they appeared like dirty rags. These were the only corpses found up to this afternoon. The quantity of rocks, lumber and masonry is so great that three or four hours of hard working does not show any difference in the debris.

Mayor Langellier stopped all work of clearing the roadway to-day fearing the downfall of a huge portion of rock which threatens to come down any moment.

THE CITY ENGINEER'S REPORT.

Chief City Engineer Ballistray produced the following report on the condition of the Dufferin terrace and adjacent grounds. It is the result of the study and survey of the range of rock and precipices which enclose the city:

On the 21st January, 1889, in a report to the Minister of Public Works on the danger existing in the front of the Obélisque and the south-west end of the Dufferin terrace, through the condition of the rock, which was divided by deep crevices, I pointed out to him the great peril the houses which are now demolished were actually exposed to. I then suggested works which would have cost about \$27,000, and would have made that portion of the rock safe to the inhabitants below. A large service running parallel to the one which was the cause of the landslide was discovered several years ago. It has enlarged considerably since the terrible catastrophe, and is continually widening. By the time that a stone takes to fall down that crevice, it takes the one hundred feet and the supposed depth of it; its length is about three hundred feet, two hundred feet of which run under the Dufferin terrace on a parallel line with it. It would be useless to fill that opening with cement, as was done to crevice No. 1, according to the Government's contractors' instructions. It is the fate of all rocks to crumble through the action of the time and the weather. The supposed depth of it; its length is about three hundred feet, two hundred feet of which run under the Dufferin terrace on a parallel line with it. It would be useless to fill that opening with cement, as was done to crevice No. 1, according to the Government's contractors' instructions. It is the fate of all rocks to crumble through the action of the time and the weather. The supposed depth of it; its length is about three hundred feet, two hundred feet of which run under the Dufferin terrace on a parallel line with it. It would be useless to fill that opening with cement, as was done to crevice No. 1, according to the Government's contractors' instructions. It is the fate of all rocks to crumble through the action of the time and the weather.

plain street by the late avalanche to remove that street some two hundred feet southward. Thus any falling away from that portion of the highest would be checked at its base and prevent loss of life.

Timothy Berrigan, who was wounded in the landslide, died this morning at the Hotel Dieu from the effects of his injuries.

Coroner Ballistray opened the inquest this morning, and after a short sitting adjourned it until Tuesday next.

ANOTHER LINE OF HEARERS.

QUEBEC, September 23.—There were more funerals of victims of the fatal avalanche this afternoon, and the scenes were scarcely less heartrending than those which attended the funerals of yesterday. At two o'clock this afternoon the father, mother and sister of T. Nolan went to the shipping office to have a last look at his remains and those of his wife prior to the funeral. The mother, approaching the coffin, caused a dramatic scene by exclaiming it with her arms and exclaiming, "Oh, my son! oh, my son! So young, so lovely, and to leave your mother!" The father, who is lame, was cool and composed. The deceased's sister, a pretty blonde of 20 years, choked with grief, and wept and groaned bitterly. A detachment of the 8th Royal Rifles saluted the corpse at its approach. Nolan's wife's body followed in the next hearse. Beautiful wreaths of flowers were presented by the 8th Royal Rifles. Nolan was a popular man among the people of the Champlain ward, amiable and a charming companion. His wife was the model of woman. She died in her husband's arms.

Following the Nolans were George Miller, the adopted son of Richard Maybury, and young Maybury. Many flowers and wreaths were deposited on their coffins. The fifth was the baby of Mrs. Lawrence, who was buried yesterday in a little casket not three feet long. Many tears were shed at the sight of the innocent victim's remains. Nolan and his wife were buried at the Woodfield cemetery, and the Maybury's and Mrs. Lawrence's baby at the Mount Hermon cemetery.

Denis Berrigan, son of Michael Timothy Berrigan, who succumbed to his wounds yesterday, also died this morning at the Hotel Dieu. His back was broken. The remains of his father were buried this morning. Mrs. McKinnon, who was on a visit to some friends, was in the act of taking off her bonnet when she was suddenly buried under a heap of ruins. The body was found standing erect. Her funeral took place this morning at 10 o'clock from St. Andrew's Presbyterian church.

STILL IN THE RUINS.

About 60 men employed by the city are now working at the debris with steam engines and derricks. The work progresses rapidly. The following bodies are supposed to be located where the other men are working:—Michael Bradley's two children, Thomas Pemberton, Joe Kemp, Mrs. O. Dowd, Robert Lawrence's child, Richard Maybury, wife and son, John Henry and wife, and an old woman calling the corpse, and two sailors' bodies. Persons well acquainted with the locality say that the number missing is greater than fifteen. His Honor Mayor Grenier, of Montreal, was on the scene this morning, and expressed deep regret at the terrible accident.

About 6 o'clock this evening the remains of Henry Black was found in a heap of ruins some 25 feet high. Of course they were torn and shattered. The head was intact, but the remainder of the corpse was torn, broken and scattered about the ground. Mrs. Black lay at the Hotel Dieu, recovering from severe bruises and gashes, as also is young Miss Black. They know nothing of Mr. Black's sad end. Mr. Black's funeral will take place to-morrow morning.

An important meeting of citizens took place at the City hall this afternoon under the presidency of Mayor Langellier. The city councillors were all present, as well as the most prominent citizens of the city. Mayor Langellier explained the situation of the engineers and the best way of helping them. Rev. Bishop Williams suggested that a committee should be organized to collect subscriptions from citizens and others. The assembly unanimously voted thanks to the officers and men of B. Battery and the Royal School of Cavalry, who, during thirty-six hours, worked like heroes to rescue the victims buried alive. The Aid committee will interview members of the Government in order to secure help from that quarter if possible.

A SECOND AVALANCHE PROBABLE. Photographers are busy photographing the old slides in different places at the orders of General Cameron and Major Mayne, royal engineers. These gentlemen, in company with Colonel Montzambert, Major Wilson, Rev. Fr. Laflamme, professor of geology at the Laval university, and City Chief Engineer Ballistray, surveyed the Terrace and adjoining rocks to-day. L'Abbé Laflamme, who has made a special study of the different strata in the region of the country bordering the St. Lawrence, explained their various courses. They examined with great care the newly discovered crack, which runs 200 feet under the south-eastern end of the Dufferin terrace, dividing the latter in two. The fissure, which was three days ago but a few inches wide, is now about five feet wide and some fifty feet deeper, and is the prime factor in a probable second avalanche.

General Cameron expressed his opinion very clearly on the subject. The houses in Champlain street, not only the houses adjoining the heap of ruins, but all houses on both sides and on the whole length of the street, numbering about ninety, should be deserted, because rocks are daily loosening and tumbling down, constituting a permanent danger to the passers by. It is the General's opinion that the houses immediately under the threatening rocks should be vacated instantly or another catastrophe will soon add new horrors to the lugubrious train of "oe."

She Was Tired of Life.

HALIFAX, September 23.—Last week a wealthy young woman, whose parents reside in New Brunswick, arrived in this city for the purpose of attending one of our collegiate institutions. Preparatory to entering upon her studies, she stopped with a Supreme Court judge of this city, to whom she is related. Last evening while the heads of the house were absent, the girl, who remained with two small children, attempted to commit suicide by taking poison. As near as can be learned she purchased a small vial of poisonous liquid from a south end druggist, intimating that it was to be used in connection with a chemical experiment at college, and the would be suicide poured a portion of the poison out of the bottle and mixing it with water drank the contents of the cup. On the return of the heads of the house the girl was lying on a sofa apparently sound asleep. Thinking it strange that she hadn't awakened by the noise made by opening the door, the gentleman tried to arouse her, but without success. Seeing the small vial upon the bookcase, it occurred to him that she had taken some of the poison. A doctor was immediately summoned, who administered emetics and succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. The girl says she had some trouble at home, and being tired of living, sought to do away with herself. The physician says the quantity taken only had the effect of causing her to sink into a deep stupor. The parties directly interested in the matter are highly respectable.



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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from the best, externally, and CUTICURA REMEDY, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scurfing.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

627 Pimples Blackheads, chapped and oily skin "in 10 to 60 days" prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aching Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA and VAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 30c.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

We have it With us at Mass and in the Holy Eucharist.

We need not go to Jerusalem, we need not have lived eighteen hundred years ago, to find the Precious Blood and worship it. We actually worship it every day in the chalice at Mass. When the chalice is uplifted over the altar, the blood of Jesus is there, whole and entire, glorified and full of the pulses of his true human life. The blood that once lay in the cave at Olivet, that flowed in the thorns and knots of the scourges, that marked his hands and soaked his garments, that stained the crown of thorns and bedewed the Cross, the blood that He drank Himself in His own Communion on the Thursday night, the Blood that lay all Friday night in seemingly careless prostration upon the pavement of that treacherous city—the Precious Blood is living in the Chalice, united to the person of the Eternal Word, to be worshipped with the utmost prostration of our bodies and our souls. When the beams of the morning sun come in at the windows of the church, and fall for a moment into the uncovered chalice, and glance there as if among precious stones with a restless, timid gleaming, as if they were afraid, and the light seems to vibrate in his own heart, quickening his faith and love it is the Blood of God which is there, the very living Blood whose first foundations were in the Immaculate Heart of Mary. When the Blessed Sacrament is laid upon your tongue, that moment and that act in the great angles of God look down upon us with such surprising awe. The Blood of Jesus is throbbing there in all its abundant life and glory. It absothes in the sacramental mysteries that exceeding radiance which is lighting up all heaven at that moment with a magnificence of splendor which exceeds the glowing of a million suns. You do not feel the strong pulses of His immovable life. If you did, you could hardly live yourself. Such terror would undo your life. But in that adorable Host is the whole of the Precious Blood, the Blood of Gethsemane, Jerusalem and Calvary, the Blood of the Passion, of the Resurrection and of the Ascension, the Blood shed for us in the great agony of Calvary, the Precious Blood within herself of olden times, it is now. It is in His Heart and veins, within the Temple of His body, as it was when he lay those nine months in her ever-blessed womb. We believe all this, may we believe it that we know it rather than believe it? and yet our hearts are cold and stiff. Our very fires are frozen in comparison with such a faith as this. —Father Faber.

Irish Industries.

Bishop Duggan writes from Loughree, Ire., to the Irish National Colonist of Boston as follows:

The scheme agitated in the Irish National Colonist would be of incalculable benefit to thousands in this country, especially in places like this locality, where there is no industrial employment of any description. It is heart-rending to witness the exodus of our young people, who are forced to emigrate because of the impossibility to find means to earn a livelihood at home.