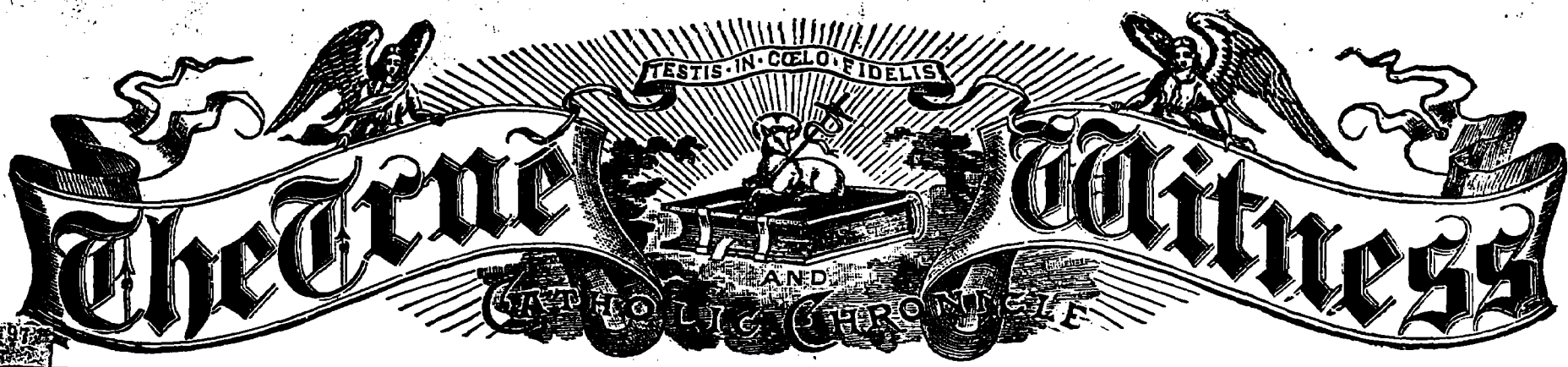


"Mind moves matter." Therefore, exercise your mind to advertise so as to stir the gray matter of the brains of the people and affect their pocket books.



If you have something that the people need "advertise with courage and faith," and the people at home and abroad will respond to your profit.

VOL. XLV., NO. 49.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TO BE A GREAT FUNCTION.

THOUSANDS OF IRISH CATHOLICS WILL WELCOME VERY REV. FATHER CAPTIER,

SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE SULPICIAN, ON SUNDAY NEXT AT 7.30 P.M., AT ST. PATRICK'S—IT IS EXPECTED THAT THE ASSEMBLY WILL BE THE LARGEST EVER SEEN IN THIS CITY.

The presentation of an address of welcome to the Very Rev. Superior General of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Father Captier, by the Irish Catholics of this city, will take place on Sunday evening next at 7.30 o'clock, on the grounds of St. Patrick's Church. All the priests in connection with the various Irish congregations in this city, together with their flocks, have been invited to participate in the proceedings.

The visit of the venerable head of the Sulpicians to St. Patrick's should be made the occasion of a monster gathering on the part of the Irish Catholic people of this city. There is no doubt whatever that a reception such as will not be surpassed by any other city on this continent will be accorded to the Very Rev. Father.

ZOLA'S TROUBLES.

REPORTS SAY THAT HIS LATEST BOOK, "ROME," CONTAINS MANY GLARING EVIDENCES OF PLAGIARISM.

The New York Catholic Witness contains the following despatch from Paris: Emile Zola's latest book, "Rome," on which he relied to get into the French academy, bids fair to become the ruin of his reputation. It has been proved beyond a doubt that he derived many of his most brilliant ideas and most striking expressions from a volume on the Vatican, published in French in this city last year.

These astounding revelations are the discovery of Mr. Gaston Deschamps, one of the best literary critics in Paris, though the ideas and sentences stolen are so many and so striking that the fraud could not long have been undetected. The "deadly parallel column" is being worked with fatal effect, and all Paris is talking of the disclosures, which undoubtedly led to Zola's being rejected at the meeting of the French academy the other day, in spite of the eloquence of Francois Coppée and the not uninterested support of Paul Bourget. In fact, it is very doubtful whether Zola will ever be admitted to the company of the "immortals."

The book from which the alleged cribbing was done is entitled "The Vatican, the Pope and Civilization the Central Government of the Church," published by Firm in Didot in 1895. The chief writer of this work is M. Georges Goyau, and he was assisted by Andre Ferate and Paul Febré.

For what is true in his portrait of Leo XIII., M. Zola, whom it will be remembered, the Pope declined to see on his trip to Rome, has taken a book by Charles Benoist, entitled, "Sovereigns, Statesmen and Churchmen." Unfortunately, however, he has added to the trustworthy and careful statements it contains a lot of gossip and hearsay, obtained from attachés of the Vatican "by means of appropriate tips," as he himself admits. Thus he has created a very fantastic Pope—an avaricious old man in his dotage, counting up in his private room the jewelry and money brought by pilgrims, a sort of puppet, whose strings are moved by those mysterious individuals, the Jesuits. Even the details of public ceremonies and audiences with the Pope are full of inaccuracies. At any rate, there are Americans enough who have been received by the Holy Father to recognize the distorted image that Zola paints.

CATHOLICS AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

Cardinal Vaughan's declaration of unconditional approval in respect to Woman Suffrage will be all the more appreciated by the advanced members of the sex that his venerable predecessor was so uncompromising an opponent of the movement. Cardinal Manning's prejudice against women presenting themselves at the polling-booth, if old-fashioned, was certainly deep-rooted, for he was always ready to admit that the cause of religion in England and, above all, the cause of temperance, would be enormously strengthened by the suffrages of the female sex. But not even the possible result of seeing Local Option passed into law could move him from his attitude of opposition. Cardinal Vaughan's letter to the Women Suffrage Society will doubtless have the effect of promoting a more outspoken expression of political aspirations among Catholic ladies, many of whom have already done active political service in the ranks of the Primrose League. Curiously enough in France also, within the last few weeks, a society of "Femmes Feministes" has been formed with the express object of interesting Catholic women in the civil and political enfranchisement of the sex. Until recently the course of Woman's Suffrage in France had been entirely in the hands of the Free-thinking party, a condition

of things to be deplored from many points of view. Now a little body of Catholic women have affiliated themselves to the movement and have started a monthly organ of their own, and while carefully dissociating themselves, as they are bound to do, from the unfortunate agitation carried on by the advanced sisterhood in favor of further facilities for divorce, they are ready to work hand in hand with them in favor of removing the various civil and political disabilities from which French women suffer. The whole movement is far less developed in France than in England, but it has displayed of late interesting symptoms of growth and vigor.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

BURIAL OF A POPE.

Impressive Ceremonies That Follow the Death of the Pontiff.

When the death of the reigning Pope draws near, the Cardinal Secretary of State informs the Dean of the Sacred College, who summons his colleagues to the residence of the dying man; the Cardinal Vicar issues orders that prayers be offered in the Roman churches; the Cardinal Penitentiary attends the bedside of the Pope, to whom the Sacristan of the Pope's chapel administers extreme unction. As soon as may be after death has occurred, the body must be formally recognized by the Cardinal Camerlingo, who, in obedience to an ancient custom, first knocks thrice on the door of the bedchamber. Getting no answer he enters, and taps thrice with a silver mallet on the dead man's forehead, and thrice calls him by name. No response coming, the Camerlingo declares that the Pope is dead. Thereafter the Camerlingo is the most important of the Cardinals, having charge of the preparations for the conclave, of the government of the palace, and of the transactions with the representatives of foreign powers, to whom he officially announces the Pope's death; the papal Guard of Swiss Halberdiers attend him when he goes out; his arms are stamped on the medal of the vacant See; he takes an inventory of the property in the palace, and affixes seals to the dead Pontiff's papers. But in order to prevent him from overstepping his authority the Sacred College appoints three Cardinals—a Bishop, a priest and a deacon—who are called the Heads of the Orders, and whose business it is to oversee his acts. They serve for three days, being replaced by others chosen in rotation.

Meanwhile the great bell of the Capitol, the so-called "Paterine," has tolled the news to the citizens of Rome. Everyone is on tiptoe with excitement; churchmen as well as laymen display an eagerness out of tune with the grief in which the Church is officially declared to be plunged. For during the novendial, or nine days succeeding the Pope's death, the celebration of his obsequies and the mourning for his loss are supposed to absorb universal attention. His body must first be embalmed and then attired in funeral apparel. When masses have been said over it in the presence of the cardinals, it is removed to St. Peter's, where, on a magnificent catafalque, it lies in state. Finally, on the ninth day, the public funeral—one of the great pageants of the world—takes place, after which the body is coffined and laid away in the temporary receiving tomb, to rest there until, when the next Pope dies, it is lowered into the crypt of St. Peter's for permanent burial.

Needless to say, the funeral ceremonies of the novendial cause no abatement in the preparation for the conclave. The day after the Pope dies as many cardinals as happen to be in Rome meet to confer. The oldest of their number, the dean of the college, presides; they swear to preserve the utmost secrecy concerning all their proceedings; they renew their oaths of allegiance to the Holy See, binding themselves to defend and guard the rights, prerogatives and temporal possessions of the Church (up to the effusion of blood); then they discuss questions of immediate urgency, listen to reading of the laws governing the election, and hear the camerlingo's report of his business. The congregation reassembles each day, its numbers being constantly increasing by the arrival of cardinals from a distance.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH EPISCOPACY.

One of the difficulties between the Vatican and the French Government is no longer that of the vacant Sees. The French Episcopacy, so diminished during the last few months by death, has been recruited by the official nomination of eleven fresh members. Of these four are Archbishops. Mgr. Renon, the new Archbishop of Tours, was born at Bourgueil in 1844. He was a military chaplain when the war of 1870 broke out, and for the courage and charity which he showed on numerous occasions during the campaign he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. At the close of the war he was promoted curé archbishop of Amboise and an honorary Canon of Tours. He became Bishop of Amiens in 1893, and he now succeeds the prelate who then consecrated him, the late Cardinal Meignan, Archbishop of Tours. Mgr. Blain, who succeeds the late Mgr. Gougout in the Archiepiscopal See of Auch, is by right of birth Comte de Drap. He is a native of the Ardèche, where he was born in 1828. He entered the Order of the Oblates, and during much of the first fifty years of his life he was a professor of dogma at various seminaries. In 1878 he was consecrated

Bishop of Nice in succession to Mgr. Sola, who is still remembered by his strong attachment to Gallican doctrines and his opposition at the Council of the Vatican to the proclamation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility. Mgr. Sœur, who succeeds the late Mgr. Vigne as Archbishop of Avignon, was born in 1811 in the Pas-de Calais, consequently his new duties will take him among a population very different in race and character from the people of the North with whom his lot has hitherto been cast. He became Bishop of Evreux in 1894. Mgr. Sœur is an ex-professor of philosophy and dogmatic theology, and he has written works of value on the relations between ecclesiastical and civil law. Mgr. Mathieu, the new Archbishop of Toulouse, was born in 1839 at Einville, Meurthe-et-Moselle. He was long a chaplain to a religious community, and it was not until 1890 that he was made the curé of a parish. From that time his promotion was very rapid, for three

THE POPE'S DAILY LIFE.

AN INTERESTING PEN PICTURE

OF THE DOINGS OF HIS HOLINESS—HIS SIMPLE HABITS AND GREAT LABORS.

(From the London Daily News.)

This is how the Pope spends a day of his busy life. When the great bell of St. Peter's strikes seven, Centra, his valet, noiselessly glides into the bedroom, a large square room, simply furnished, and opening the windows, wishes His Holiness good morning. This valet is a son of a hatter of Carpineto, and from that humble position he has risen to be after his master the most powerful

of the utmost simplicity. Thus, Gregory XVI. did not exceed three Roman crowns (about 13s.) per diem, and Pius IX. spent one crown for his dinner.

At 12 the present Pope takes a simple repast, consisting usually of an omelette, a roll and some of the sheep's milk cheese made at his native Carpineto. A single glass of red wine is drunk during the meal. After taking a little exercise in the Loggia of Raphael, he is carried in a portaulina of red silk by two stalwart bearers dressed in the same flaming livery through the library and the Corte della Pigna into the garden, where he enters his carriage and drives down the alleys of oak and ilex trees escorted by an officer of the noble guards and two gendarmes. His Holiness usually alights near the Caserta dell'Aquila, and, leaning on his stick, inspects the fine vineyard, in which he takes more real interest than in all the marbles in the Vatican, and which yearly yields 8,000 litres of

A TRAGIC STORY.

A DRUNKARD'S RUINED LIFE.

FRANK L. WELLS IN DESMAREST'S MAGAZINE PRESENTS THE FOLLOWING PEN PICTURE OF A YOUNG MAN WHO SUICIDED THROUGH IMPETUOUS HABITS.

He was not a bad-looking man, the prisoner at the bar.

Dissipation had left its mark, but there was something about the face that made you think that back in his young manhood were other and happier days. He was not raised a thief, this man accused of stealing a diamond ring.

The court officials noticed the clear-cut features which might once have been handsome, the matted hair which once curled in beautiful ringlets, and said:

"The fellow is changed; prison life has done him good. When we got him he was the ugliest-looking fellow in jail; but since he has got the prison pallor he looks as if he might be an imitation of a gentleman."

Six months of enforced sobriety and good habits had certainly made a great change. Perhaps the jury noticed it, too. The ring was a valuable one, and yet the sentence was for only a year.

"Prisoner stand up!" said the judge when the foreman handed in the verdict. "Have you anything to say why the sentence of the court should not be pronounced upon you?"

The prisoner slowly arose, and in deliberate tones replied:

"Your honor, I have something to say, and I will not tire you with my speech, I think. I have been a worthless, drunken vagabond, your honor, but I am not a thief. The ring which was found in my pocket belonged to my mother, dead and in Heaven years ago. It is better so. I wonder, your honor, if the angels know of the shame and disgrace of those they loved on earth?"

"The lady identified the ring, but I believe that she was honestly mistaken; the rings are probably similar. I stand before you to-day, your honor, the wreck of what once was a man; the urchins on the street jibe at me and laugh at my rage. I have been homeless and hungry, your honor, and would barter my soul for a glass of something warm to start the cold blood once more coursing through my veins. But I am not a thief."

"I would not harm God's weakest creature." As a boy I gathered the maimed and wounded animals from the street into the kitchen, and fed them as no man ever yet fed and cared for me. I was a happy boy. My father was wealthy and distinguished, my home luxurious. I went to college and graduated with honor, and soon afterward, on the death of my father, I succeeded him in the practice of law. My mother died and the property was mine. I was a rich man. Then came months of dissipation. My companions were like myself, possessed of ample fortunes. Our revels were the talk of the city, and we were proud of the fact. We had none but the choicest wines, and I was glad when I could drink more than the others could stand; I thought it was a mark of manhood, your honor.

"It is the same old story. I will make it short. I became a common drunkard, my property was gone, everything but the ring. I could not part with that; it was the only link which bound me to a happy past, the only tie between me and the mother who bore me, who cared for me, who loved me. Many a night when I was cold and hungry I have taken it out beneath the glistening stars, and its sparkles were as if my mother's eyes were looking at me with the brightness which once was theirs. It was very dear to me. I was arrested while drunk, one night, and the ring was taken from me; then the lady thought she recognized it as one she had lost. But she is wrong, your honor. The ring is mine! I am a drunkard and a vagabond, but a thief—never!"

As he stopped speaking he drew a small paper package from his pocket. Where he got it no one knew; and before his hand could be arrested he had swallowed the contents. The lawyers jumped to their feet and seized the prisoner; a doctor was sent for; but before medical assistance could be obtained the prisoner was beyond the reach of human skill.

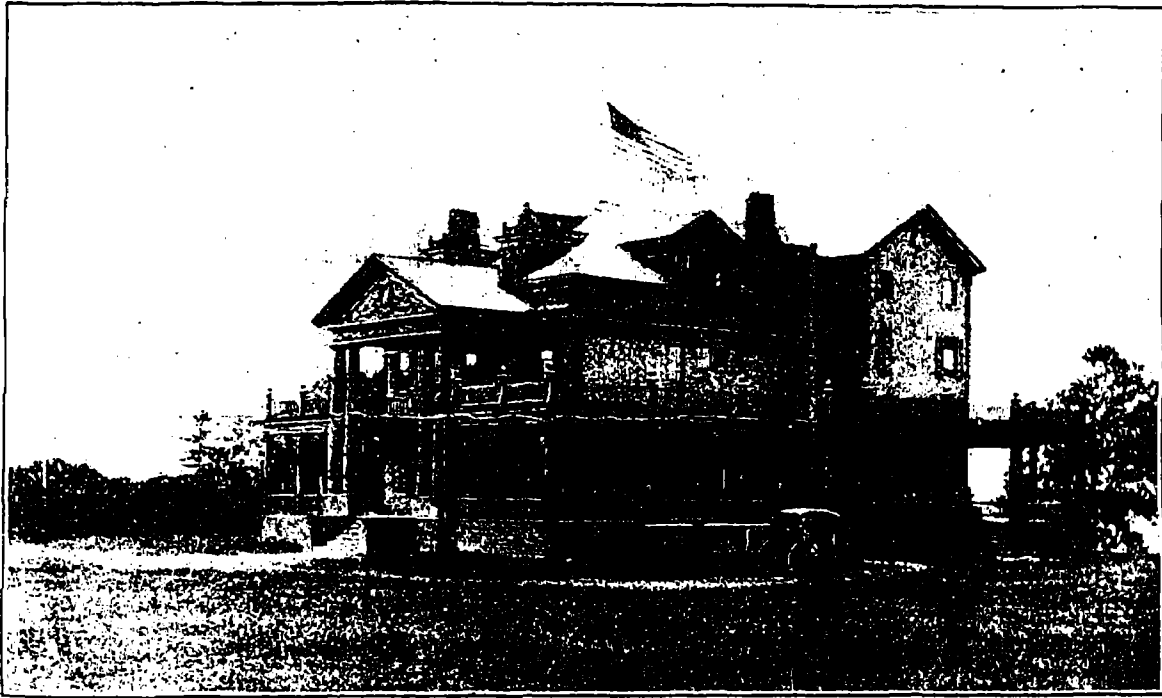
"Mother, I am not a thief—I was only drunk," he muttered.

"Judge, judge, stop the trial! I have found my ring. He didn't steal it. I was mistaken."

"Too late! The soul had taken its appeal to a higher than all human courts."

THE LEAGUE HYMNAL.

We have received from the Apostleship of Prayer, New York, a copy of the new League Hymnal, which contains a collection of hymns to the Sacred Heart, selected by the Rev. William H. Walsh. The words of the hymns are really exquisite, and the music set to them is of a high order of merit. Too often, unfortunately, the music adapted to our hymns is not worthy of them, as they do not contain that measure of prayerfulness which is necessary. This has been overcome in the League Hymnal. The price of the collection is \$1.00.



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AND ASSEMBLY HALL, CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

years later he was consecrated Bishop of Angers. Mgr. Mathieu is regarded as one of the most learned and literary of French prelates. His talents have on several occasions received special recognition from the Académie Française. He was the successor of Mgr. Freppel at Angers, and now he succeeds Cardinal Desprez at Toulouse. Mgr. Dizieu is the new Bishop of Amiens. He is young for a prelate having been born in 1846. Mgr. Beron, who succeeds Mgr. Mathieu as Bishop of Angers, was born in 1838. He is well known in Paris, but it was only last year that he was appointed curé of Notre Dame des Champs. Mgr. Mollien, Bishop of Chartres, was born in 1834. He was an army-chaplain during the Franco-German war. He had previously received a gold medal for his services during the cholera epidemic of 1866. Mgr. Colomb, who succeeds Mgr. Sœur as Bishop of Evreux, is considered a very eloquent preacher. He was born in 1843. Mgr. Geay, the new Bishop of Laval, was born in 1845. In 1891 he was promoted archbishop of St. John's Cathedral, at Lyon. Mgr. Renard, Bishop of Nantes, was born in 1834, and for a long time was professor of rhetoric at the little Seminary at Dijon, of which diocese he became Vicar-General in 1892. Mgr. Chapon, now Bishop of Nice, originally belonged to the diocese of Orleans, where he was intimately associated with Mgr. Dupanloup in his work and in his polemics. Mgr. Béguinot, who is the successor of the late Mgr. Gilly at Nîmes, was born in 1836 in the diocese of Bourges, where he has remained until now, greatly esteemed by all classes of people.

OBITUARY.

MR. FRANCIS DOLAN.

We have to record the death of another landmark in the early days of trade and commerce, in this city, in the person of Francis Dolan, who for upwards of 40 years was a well-known figure in the dry goods trade of the city. Mr. Dolan, it may be said, died in harness, as up to the time of his death, with the exception of the brief period of his illness, he was actively engaged in the same line of business. The deceased had a long career of usefulness and was highly respected among all classes in this city for his honesty of purpose and his genial demeanor. The funeral, which was held Monday morning, was largely attended. Mr. Dolan leaves three sons and one daughter to mourn his loss.

MR. BENJAMIN CLEMENT.

Another well-known business man amongst the Irish Catholics of this city, Mr. Benjamin Clement, died on Saturday last after a short illness. Mr. Clement was for many years a prominent figure in connection with parochial societies in Notre Dame, and especially with that organization which bears the name L'Union de Prières. During recent years he embarked in the business of dealing in real estate, and was for some time associated with the firm of Warren & Clement. The deceased was very popular in the ranks of commercial classes and bore a high reputation.

There are in all 39 miles of bookshelves, all filled, at the British Museum.

man in the Vatican. If it be true that personne n'est grand devant son valet, this saying may be especially applied to Pontiff.

Having finished his toilet with Centra's aid, His Holiness kneels on a velvet cushion and recites the prayers ante-missam. He then passes into the next room, which he has transformed into an oratory, and there celebrates mass with a grave, majestic voice and gestures full of patriarchal dignity. Occasionally some privileged persons are admitted to this matutinal celebration, which lasts about three-quarters of an hour. After hearing another mass, celebrated by one of his domestic prelates, the Pope retires to his study, where the faithful Centra is in waiting with a cup of consommé and some chocolate pastilles. After this light collation His Holiness goes into the library, where he receives some pilgrims.

Sitting down before a large table, his angular, thin countenance lighted by a strange, indefinable smile, which only half conceals the grave austerity and thoughtful expression of the intellectual face, he talks familiarly, with a majestic and fatherly benevolence, to the visitors. But if the latter have incurred his displeasure the inflexible severity with which he receives the offenders is very impressive. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria was so moved by the few words which the Pontiff addressed to him on the occasion of his recent visit to Rome, bitterly reproaching the apostate, that when he left the Papal apartments he was deadly pale, and tears stood in his eyes. "It has been the greatest trial of my life," said he, to an aide-de-camp, alluding to the short interview. It is in these audiences that the extraordinary memory and eminent learning of the Pope is best understood. He speaks German, English and Spanish fluently, and the pilgrims of different nationalities are astonished to hear His Holiness address them in their own language and discuss the leading topics of their countries. For the august prisoner of the Vatican reads papers, and is au courant of all the chances and changes of the busy world.

After dismissing his visitors, Leo XIII. begins the work of the day. His first task consists in retouching and altering the work of yesterday, for the Pontiff is a great stylist, and polishes his productions till they satisfy his fastidious taste. A few pinches of snuff help to revive his ideas. At 10 precisely these literary labors are interrupted by the Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla, with whom His Holiness peruses the political correspondence brought by the morning mail.

After carefully examining the documents and giving orders to his Minister, the indefatigable Pontiff attends to his home affairs, namely, the administration of the Vatican. Leo XIII. is not a miser, but he knows and appreciates the value of money. The key of his strong box is the only one which is not in the faithful Centra's keep. He saves prudently that he may give generously. Surrounded by hundreds of voracious employees, the Pope must be careful. He is, indeed, a splendid manager. The Vatican expenses amount to about £1,000 a day, and in this sum his personal expenditure only figure for 1s. for milk and eggs, for Leo XIII., like his more immediate predecessors, is extremely frugal. Ever since the sixteenth century the personal expenses of the Popes have been on a scale

excellent wine. The principal relaxation of His Holiness consists in cultivating tea roses and in catching little birds with nets, a sport at which he was exceedingly clever as a boy in the woods at Carpineto, and of which he is still fond.

Towards dusk the Pontiff leaves his residence and goes quite alone into the colossal tower of Citta Leonina, a tower whose walls are three metres in thickness, and which dates from the time of Charlemagne. No one, not even Centra, knows what His Holiness does in that solitary dungeon, and no one has as yet been allowed to penetrate the mystery. Perhaps the aged Pontiff indulges in a little nap; perhaps he meditates over the colossal projects of his ambitious mind. It is certain that much of his literary work is done in this vast square room. At sunset he returns to his apartments, and, after reciting the rosary with his domestic prelates, its down again before his writing table, and works obstinately till 12. Often, when the striving after literary perfection torments his brain, he walks to the window of the study and gazes long at the starry skies, as if invoking from the heavens the inspiration they gave to Lucretius, one of his favorite authors.

This short sketch of Leo XIII.'s daily life suffices to outline his character. He is one of the most intellectual men of his age, possessed of extraordinary energy and resolution, austere to the point of asceticism, benevolent and kind, but full of the dignity and majesty of his exalted position. No Pontiff ever less deserved the accusation of nepotism. He treats his relatives with more severity than strangers. One of his nephews, a colonel in the Vatican troops, having complained of his scanty pay, received from his uncle the curt reply: "Try and live like me, on 25 soldi a day." Beyond doubt Leo XIII. is one of the most enlightened and eminent Pontiffs that ever filled St. Peter's chair, and none could have occupied it better than he in the difficult times which succeeded the death of Pius IX. It is therefore but natural that alarmist reports about his health always create a sensation, especially in Italy. For in the present critical condition of Italian affairs, the Pope's sudden decease might almost amount to a nation's disaster.

Not long ago the Pope received the Marquis de Stacpoole at a private audience. On hearing that the late Marquis de Stacpoole was only 67 at the time of his death, he exclaimed: "Only 67! How young! I am 86, you know," continued His Holiness, "and I don't think there is any reason why I should not live to be 96. I feel very well and hearty, and look upon people of 80 and 90 as quite youthful." The Pope's health seems, indeed, to be excellent, and there is reason to believe that he may rival in age his uncle, Count Pecci, who died some years ago at the age of 97.

DURATION OF LIFE.

Of every man and woman living to-day at the age of 25 one out of two will live, according to the tables, to be 65 years of age.—Popular Science News.

At last accounts potatoes were selling in some of the Alaska mining regions for \$100 a sack.