

# How the Secret Was Guarded.

## A TRUE GHOST STORY.

THE BISHOP who is the narrator of the following wonderful story had accepted an invitation to dine at a certain house in one of the midland counties of England. Happening to arrive somewhat earlier than usual, he found, on being shown into the drawing room, that the hostess was not yet down, the only occupant of the room being a Catholic priest, a complete stranger to him, who was seated on the sofa intently reading a large book. As the bishop entered the priest raised his eyes, made him a courteous but silent bow, and again resumed his reading. He was a strongly built, active looking man, apparently a muscular Christian, but there was in his face an expression of weary anxiety that attracted the bishop's attention, and he wondered within himself who he could be, and how he came to be invited to that house. Soon other guests appeared, and the hostess came down so full of apologies for not being in readiness to receive her guest on his arrival that the questions he had intended to ask about the strange priest were forgotten for the time. When seated next to his hostess at the dinner table, however, they returned to his memory, and, turning to her, he remarked:

"By the way, you did not introduce me to that interesting looking priest whom I found in the drawing room. Who is he?"

Then, looking along the table, he continued, with some surprise: "He does not seem to have come into dinner."

A very strange look passed over the hostess' face, as she said hurriedly, almost in a whisper, "What, did you actually see him, then?"

"Certainly I did," replied the bishop. "But, I beg your pardon, I fear I have unintentionally mentioned a subject which is unpleasant to you—perhaps intruded upon some family secret. I had no idea but the priest was a simple guest like myself, and his appearance interested me so much that I wished for an introduction; but if you are anxious, for some reason, that his presence here should be concealed, I need hardly assure you that you may depend upon my silence."

"No, no, my lord," answered the hostess, in a low tone, "you misunderstood me entirely; there is nothing that I wish to conceal, though this is a subject which my husband does not like to have mentioned. I was surprised to hear that the priest had shown himself to you, because until now this has never happened except to a member of our family. What you saw was no visitor, but an apparition."

"An apparition?" ejaculated the bishop.

"Yes," continued the hostess, "and one whose supernatural character it is impossible to doubt, for during the two years we have lived in the house it has shown itself perhaps a dozen times to my husband and myself, under circumstances in which self-deception and imposition were out of the question. Since we cannot explain it, and are well assured that it is due to no natural cause, we have decided not to speak about it to any one, but since you have seen it, my lord, will you do me a favor?"

"Most certainly, if it be within my power," replied he.

"I have often thought," she resumed, "that if any one could be found who had the courage to address it, we might perhaps be relieved from its presence. Can you will you make some trivial excuse for going back to the drawing room for a few minutes, see if the priest is still there, and if he be, speak to him, allurge him to depart from this house—exorcise him, in fact?"

### II.

After some hesitation, the bishop agreed to make the proposed experiment. His whispered conversation with the hostess having been apparently unobserved, he excused himself to her in a louder tone for a few minutes' absence and left the room, waving back the servant who would have attended him. It was with a strange thrill of awe, that on entering the drawing-room, he perceived the figure of the priest still seated in the same spot—still diligently perusing his great breviary, if such it was; but, with unshaken resolution, he walked slowly forward and stood directly in front of the apparition. As before, the priest greeted him with a courteous inclination of the head, but this time, instead of returning immediately to his book, his eyes rested with a look of infinite weariness, and yet with a kind of suppressed eagerness also, upon the bishop's face. After a moment's pause the bishop said, slowly and gravely: "In the name of God, who are you and what do you want?"

The apparition closed its book, arose from its seat, stood confronting the bishop and then, after a slight inclination, spoke in slow and measured tones: "I have never been so abused before; I will tell you who I am and what I want. As you see, I am a priest of the Catholic Church, and eighty years ago the house in which we now stand was mine. I was a good rider and was extremely fond of hunting when opportunity offered, and one day I was just about to start for a neighboring meeting, when a young lady of very high family called on me for the purpose of making her confession. What she said, of course, I am not to repeat, but it affected very closely the honor of one of the noblest houses in England, and it appeared to me of much supreme importance (there being certain implications in it). I committed the grave indiscretion—the sin even, for it is strictly forbidden by the Church—of making notes as I heard it. When I had absolved and dismissed her I found that it was barely possible for me to reach the rendezvous in time, but even in my haste I did not forget the supreme importance of guarding carefully the notes of the terrible secret committed to me. For purposes which I need not now detail, I had a few bricks loosened in the wall of one of the lower passages of this house and a small recess made—just the place, I thought, where my notes would be safe

from any conceivable accident until my return, when I intended to master the intricacies of the case at my leisure and then at once destroy the dangerous paper. Meantime I hurriedly shut it between the leaves of the book that I held in my hand ran downstairs, thrust the book into the recess, replaced the bricks, sprang upon my horse and rode off at full speed. \* \* \* That day, in the hunting field, I was thrown from my horse and killed on the spot; and ever since it has been my dreary fate to haunt this earthly home of mine and try to avert the consequences of my sin—try to guard from any possibility of discovery the fatal notes which I so rashly and so wrongly made. Never until now has any human being dared to speak to me so boldly as you have done; never until now has there seemed aught of help for me or hope of deliverance from this weary task. But now—will you save me? If I show you where my book was hidden, will you swear by all you hold most sacred to destroy the paper it contains without reading it—without letting any human eye see even one word of its contents? Will you pledge your word to do this?"

"I pledge my word to obey your wish to the letter," said the bishop solemnly. The gaze of the priest's eyes was so intense that they seemed to pierce his very soul, but, apparently, the result of the scrutiny was satisfactory, for the phantom turned away with a sigh of relief, saying: "Then follow me."

With a strange sense of unreality the bishop found himself following the apparition down the broad staircase to the ground floor, and then they went down a narrow one of stones that seemed to lead down to some cellars or vaults. Suddenly the priest stopped and turned toward him.

"This is the place," said he, placing his hand upon the wall; "remove the plaster, loosen the bricks and you'll find the recess of which I spoke. Mark the spot well, and remember your promise."

Following the pointing hand and apparent wish of the spectre, the bishop examined the wall at the spot indicated, and then turned to the priest to ask another question; but to his intense astonishment there was no one there—he was absolutely alone in the dimly lighted passage! Perhaps he ought to have been prepared for this sudden disappearance, but it startled him more than he cared to admit even to himself. Giving one more look to note the exact spot indicated by the spectre, the bishop, with a shudder, fled to the dining room.

### III.

His prolonged absence had caused some comment, and now his agitated appearance excited general attention. Unable for the moment to speak coherently his only answer to the earnest questions of his host was a sign which referred him to the hostess for explanation. With some hesitation she confessed the errand upon which her request had dispatched the bishop, and, as may be imagined, the most intense interest and excitement were at once created. As soon as the bishop had recovered his self-possession, he found himself compelled to relate the story before the entire party, concealment being now out of the question. Celebrated as was his eloquence, it is probable that no discourse he ever made was followed with closer attention than this; at its conclusion there was no voice to oppose the demand that a mason be at once sent for to break down the wall and search for the weird, yet dramatically circumstantial tale. After a very short delay, the man arrived, and the whole company trooped eagerly downstairs, under the bishop's guidance, to watch the mechanic's labor. The bishop could hardly repress a shudder as he found himself once more in the passage where his ghostly companion had vanished so unceremoniously, but he indicated the exact spot which had been pointed out to him, and the mason began to work upon it forthwith.

"The plaster seems very hard and firm," remarked some one.

"Yes," replied the host, "it is of excellent quality and comparatively new; these vaults had since been disused, I am told, until my predecessor had the old brickwork repaired and plastered over a few years ago."

By this time the mason had succeeded in breaking away the plaster and loosening a brick or two at the point indicated, and though, perhaps, no one was actually surprised, yet there was a very perceptible air of excitement among the guests when he announced the existence of a cupboard or a cavity about two feet square and eighteen inches deep in the thickness of the wall. The host pressed forward to look in, but instantly drew back and made way for the bishop, saying: "I was forgetting your promise for the moment; to you alone belongs the right of first investigation."

Pale, but collected, the bishop stepped up to the cavity, and, after one glance, put in his hand and drew forth a heavily bound, old-fashioned book, thickly covered with dust or mold. A thrill ran through the assembled guests at the sight, but no words broke the silence of awe-stricken expectation, while he reverently opened the volume, and, after turning over a few leaves, drew from between the pages a piece of writing paper, yellow with age, on which were some irregular, hastily written lines. As soon as the bishop was certain that he had found what he sought, he averted his eyes from it, and the others falling back to make way for him, bore it carefully up the stairs and into the nearest room, and cast it reverently into the fire burning on the hearth.

Until the last scrap of the mysteriously found document was reduced to cinder, no one spoke; and even then, though a few disjointed exclamations, such as "Marvellous!" "Wonderful, indeed!" "Who could have believed it!" broke forth, the majority were far too deeply impressed for words.

The bishop felt that some who were present could never forget the lessons he

himself, least of all, and indeed, he could never tell the story, even after years had passed, without the profoundest emotion. The figure of the priest, he added, was never afterwards seen where he so long had guarded his guilty secret.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

A Celtic cross to the memory of the late William Reel, a County Limerick athlete of renown, was unveiled on Sunday, Aug. 11, at Old Pallas.

A fishing smack was run down off Dunmore Head, Dingle Bay, by a schooner on the 14th ult., and three of the crew, John Shea, Patrick Cahillane, and Michael McKenna, were drowned.

Maurice F. Lynch, of Clonmaine House, Castlemartyr, who is popular with all classes in East Cork, has been appointed a magistrate for the Castlemartyr district. Mr. Lynch is a thorough Nationalist.

Among the successful students at the recent final examination of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in Ireland was Wm. Lawlor, son of the late Denis Lawlor, of Newtownbarry, and Ernest A. Ronald Laing, of Ballina, son of Mrs. Laing.

On August 6, at St. Joseph's Carmelite convent, Miss Kathleen Downing, in religion Sister Mary Joseph Albert of the Heart of Mary, oldest daughter of the late Denis Paul Downing, of Alberta Villa, Model Farm, Drumcondra, received the white veil.

Mr. Murnaghan, M.P. for Mid-Tyrone, whose election will, it is stated, be contested on the ground that he is a naturalized citizen of the United States, is an agriculturist, chiefly a dairy farmer and stock-raiser, residing on an estate of 167 acres adjoining the county town of Omagh. He is a J.P. for County Tyrone and an elected Poor Law Guardian for the Carrickmore division of the Omagh Union.

Napoleon III. arranged with the parish priest of Aughrim that Mass should be said on each anniversary of the Battle of Aughrim, for the repose of the souls of the French soldiers who fell in that battle. The custom fell into disuse, but has been revived this year, and will probably be permanent. A large memorial cross is to be erected on the scene of the battle, and appeals for subscriptions for this purpose are being made in the French press.

A tenant farmers' association, which will be composed of farmers in Armagh, is, it is stated, in the process of formation. Every farmer who joins it must pledge himself to be a firm supporter of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and undertake to oppose Home Rule, no matter in what form or by whom introduced, and generally to support the Government on this pledge. The association will pledge its members that individually and collectively they will press for a compulsory Land Bill for the purchase of their farms on fair and equitable terms, and that such a bill shall be introduced by the Government, and passed with the least possible delay.

Evictions were carried out on the De Freyne estate, near Castlereagh, on Aug. 9. The first houses visited were two of P. O'Brien's (M.P.) tenants, McMahon and the Widow Hunt. The evictors cleared all their furniture out, and left two emergency men in possession. The next person was named Mahon, who got settled on payment of four years' rent and costs. They next proceeded to Thomas Gorman's holding, whose family consisted of nine children, the eldest a girl sixteen years old. Gorman is in England trying to send home what would support his family. This family presented a most pitiable sight. Mrs. Gorman stated that she had sold her only cow to try and meet the landlord's demand. The amount only covered two years' rent. This John Fitzgibbon offered, and gave a guarantee for another year's rent, on the understanding that a clear receipt would be given. This Blakeney, the agent, refused—nothing less than four years' rent would be accepted. The next person visited was Miss Ellen Nolan. When all was cleared out Mr. Fitzgibbon offered on her behalf two year's rent, which Blakeney refused.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Jesuits have decided, at the earnest request of Bishop Schwabach, to reopen their college in Prairie du Chien.

The French papers announce the death of Mgr. Cordier, Bishop of Cambodia, which has taken place at Poompenh.

Under the colonnade of St. Peter's, Rome, and near the church entrance, the police recently discovered a bomb fully charged.

According to the London Standard's Roman correspondent Mgr. Zaleski, apostolic delegate to India, is destined to succeed Mgr. Sattoli at Washington.

Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, England, will go to Mexico in October to take part in the coronation of the Blessed Virgin of Guadalupe.

The Jesuit Fathers of the Missouri Province are contemplating the erection of a large and commodious building at their novitiate in Florissant, near St. Louis, Mo.

The Alumni of the American College of Louvain, of which association Bishop Meses, of Covington, is president, will meet in Washington during the sessions of the Eucharistic Congress.

It is proposed to erect a memorial church to the late Bishop Gillyoly, in Roscommon, of which he was a native. Canon McLoughlin, P.P., V.G., is collecting funds for the purpose in America.

The Vicar-Apostolic for Denmark, Monsignor Euch, has received charge of a mission in Iceland. Two missionaries will proceed to the island during the autumn. One of them will probably be the Jesuit, Father Socinsson, a native of Iceland.

The course in English Literature at Notre Dame University which has attained such perfection under the direction of Dr. Egan, will be presided over by Austin O'Malley, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., of Washington, D.C. In addition to his scientific attainments, Dr. O'Malley is one of the most promising of the

younger of American authors. His contributions to current literature have been marked by depth and grace of thought, high critical acumen and rare fineness of art.

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The late Marie Troillet, widely known by her pen-name, "Mario," received the grace of conversion late in life, her family having been one of those that fled from France to escape the rigorous laws passed against the new heretics in the sixteenth century.

The ordination of Prince Maximilian of Saxony as a priest is to take place this month, by which time he will have completed his theological training. Born in 1870, he is a younger son of Prince George, the brother and heir of King Albert of Saxony.

The report that Archbishop Zardetti, appointed to Bucharest, Roumania, from St. Cloud, Minnesota, has resigned his post there, which was afterwards denied, is correct. The Holy See named Bishop Zardetti Titular Bishop of Mazzeo, Asia Minor.

Last week four priests of Wheeling celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their ordination. They are Rev. T. J. Duffly, of Wellburg; Rev. Thomas Quirk, of Sand Fork, Louis County; Rev. William Walsh, St. Clara, Doddridge County, and Rev. David Walsh, of Hinton.

The Champlain Club has been formed by wealthy Catholics and will purchase the Casino building on the Catholic Summer School grounds at Point Bluff, on the shores of Lake Champlain, for its use, at a cost of \$250,000. A like sum will be spent upon its furnishings, and its members will make it their summer home in future.

The announcement of the reopening of the Collegium Sapientie at Freiburg, in Baden, a famous ecclesiastical educational institution founded in the fifteenth century, is another proof of the revival of sacred learning. The institution will afford special instruction to theological students in all branches. The faculty numbers some eminent professors.

The Pope has sent precise directions to the Nuncio at Munich regarding the Italian celebrations on September 20th in memory of the entry of the Italian army into Rome. The Pope's object is to procure copies of the speeches and the resolutions at the recent Catholic Congress in Munich protesting against the fetes. The Vatican has communicated with the other Nuncios on the same subject.

Admiral Ammen, one of the most distinguished naval survivors of the war, was stricken with vertigo the other day at his home in Annonay. Though seventy-five years of age, he has been active in the work of designing the "new navy" notwithstanding that for the past twenty years Admiral Ammen has been on the retired list. He is a devout Catholic and takes a profound interest in religious movements.

The pilgrims to Rome and Lourdes, who left Brooklyn on July 10th, started home from Antwerp on Saturday. Mr. F. H. Throop, of Clermont avenue, who organized this pilgrimage, as well as the one that crossed the ocean last year, has been made a Chevalier by the Pope in recognition of his services in the matter. His wife was given a reception by Cardinal Rampolla, the Pope's Secretary of State, and presented with a beautiful silver reliquary in filigree and repousse work. Both Mr. and Mrs. Throop are converts to the Catholic faith.

Mother Digby has been elected superior general of the Religious of the Sacred Heart. She succeeds Very Rev. Mother Augustine de Sartorius, who died in May. The heads of the Order in the various countries assembled at the mother house in Paris last Sunday and held the election. Very Rev. Mother Digby is an English lady, about sixty years of age, who for many years was head of the Order in England and Ireland. Last year she was elected one of the four



of the wrong things in this world is that a woman has to wait for a man to speak. Her happiness may depend upon him, but she is not permitted to tell him so, as he would be to tell her. She must depend upon her ability to create and foster in him a favorable and ardent feeling. To do this she must depend much upon her appearance. No man admires a sallow skin, dull and sunken and circled eyes, bloodless lips, sunken cheeks. No man wants to marry an invalid. Very few invalids are attractive to either sex. It isn't natural health in a woman brings clear complexion, red lips, vivacity, sparkle of eyes and intellect. Eternal watchfulness in the price of health. The downward road to disease is fatally easy to travel. Little disorders, little irregularities, little drains, lead to the most serious consequences. Put a stop to them. The "Favorite Prescription" has been prescribed by Dr. Pierce for over years and has cured the very worst forms of female troubles.

A book of 168 pages, containing much valuable information and letters from hundreds of grateful women will be sent in plain envelope, securely sealed, on receipt of this notice and ten cents, in stamps, to part pay postage, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

assistant generals, taking up her residence at the mother house, Paris, were the late Very Rev. Mother Sartorius named her Vicar-General. She belongs to an old and honored English family.

Cardinal Bourret, of Rodez, has been appointed by Pope Leo XIII. to crown in his name the miraculous images of the Blessed Virgin venerated at Epalizon and at St. Gerles, in the department of Aveyron, France.

The Pope, yielding to the wishes of the Roman Anti-Masonic Union, has approved in principle the idea of holding an Anti-Masonic Congress this year, provided it assembles outside Italy. There is some talk of its taking place at Brussels.

A despatch from Rome says that the Pope received Bishop John Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla., in audience on August 27. The Pope congratulated the Bishop upon the progress made among the negroes and Protestants of Florida, and hoped that it would continue.

Rev. John J. Ryan, O.S.A., one of the best known members of the Augustinian Order at Villanova, died Sunday week, after an illness of a month. Father Ryan was born at Chestnut Hill, on March 7, 1853. He was educated at Villanova College, and was received into the Order, September 22, 1876. He was ordained to the priesthood in St. Vincent's Church, Germantown, by Bishop Shinnahan, on June 11, 1881. His funeral took place on Thursday morning from St. Thomas' Church, Villanova.

## A GRAND FUNERAL.

The obsequies of the late Mr. Wm. O'Meara, father of the Rev. Pastor of St. Gabriel's, which took place on Thursday last at Sherrington, P.Q., were most imposing. About sixty citizens of Montreal attended and over twelve priests took part in the solemn services. Rev. Father O'Meara celebrated the requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Donnelly as sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Casey as sub-deacon. The church was heavily draped, and the concourse of citizens—a large number of the deceased—was the largest ever seen in that part of the country. The tribute was only what the good man deserved, and the fervent prayers offered up were what he would have most appreciated.



## For the Effects of La Grippe.

Chicago, March, 1894. One of our sisters suffered from weakness of the nerves in the head since she had la grippe four years ago. She didn't sleep more than half an hour, and sometimes not at all at night; she had also difficulty to go to sleep. She didn't expect to live; she tried different medicines for about a year without any result, but after she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic her health was restored and she enjoys good sleep again.

SISTER OF ST. CLARE.  
531 and LaSalle St.

Chatanooga, Miss., March, 1894. We used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness for which it gave great relief and refreshing sleep.

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Dis-eases and a sample bottle to any Address. Free of charge to all who send this notice to Dr. Pierce, 155 N. 2nd St., New York, N. Y.

KCENIC MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Wholesale, \$1.75. 3 bottles for \$4.

In Montreal by LAVIETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame street, and by B. E. McGALE, 2123 Notre Dame street.

## ROMAN NEWS.

[From the London Universe.]

Father Bonaldi, released from captivity among the Mahdists, relates some episodes of his imprisonment in company with Father Rossignoli. Their clothing was torn off at El-Oheid, and reduced to rags. Crucifixes and crosses were also taken from them by the Sudanese who behaved with the atrocious rudeness of Communists. They appeared before the Mahdi, who exhorted them to embrace Mohammedanism. They refused, when he shouted out, "Then to-morrow your heads will be cut off." The next day they were surrounded by an army of quite 40,000, and expected their fate, but the Mahdi postponed the execution indefinitely. They were not put in irons but half-starved, and sometimes were led to scanty fare at the Mahdi's table, and, perhaps, to serve as a diversion for his guests, who were admitted to see "animals feeding," as in London at the Zoo, which may have been regarded as a treat. They ate with their fingers from a dish which was a curious mixture probably of porridge and pickled bones.

The Italianissimi persist in their intention to commemorate glaringly the unhallowed breach in the Porte Pia by which Cadorna and his horde of sub-Alpine soldiery entered the sacred city on September, 1870, in spite of the protestation of the late Pio Nono. But they will not have it all their own way. Good Catholics and those who prefer the old order and the antique glories of the Eternal City are mortified and anxious to show their indignation at the success of the revolution and the poverty and degradation of the Italianized Rome. In the Lombardy province we learn from the Osservatore Cattolico of Milan they are preparing a little artistic demonstration against the Piedmontese usurpation, which will have on one side an image of Leo XIII. in gold colors, and on the other the inscription with the memorable date of 20th September, 1815, and his name, and the simple, single word Italy. They are to be struck on the day appointed, and affixed to letters, postcards, and papers as a counter-demonstration to the Reds, who grotesquely mean to jubilate over bankruptcy.

Tired women need to have their blood purified and enriched by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give them strength and health.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

## JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.  
Fall Selection  
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Away ahead of former seasons. Every day we are adding further Novelties to our present well assorted stock.

London and Parisian Novelties  
in Ladies' Suitings and Dress Materials, with a well assorted stock of Trimmings, Buttons and Novelties to match Dress Goods.  
Beautiful Bedfords and Corduroys in all shades.  
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New Halifax Tweed Mixture in greys and brown.  
New Shot Basket Cloths in some of the finest tints.  
New Fancy Bunch Cloths in a variety of shades.  
And a choice lot of Black and White Checks and Plaids, also Gray and Black Checks.

## Clans and Tartans.

We wish to inform our friends who are being inquiring all along for the McGillivray and Rob Roy (that they are now in stock, and that we can now give you any clan or tartan that you may ask for.

GOODS SHOWN WITH PLEASURE.  
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203 to 209 St. Antoine Street. Phone 8225  
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## COMMITTEE OF THE RIGHTS OF THE POPE.

The following is a translation of the circular issued by the Committee of the Rights of the Pope, from 32 Rue de Verneuil, Paris, regarding a pilgrimage to Lourdes:

It is 25 years since the Piedmontese army entered, by a breach, the Capital of the Christian World, to make it the centre of irreligion. The Christian conscience sees in this act that which it really is, despite all declamation to the contrary—an act of sacrilege and parricide. Celebrations are being at the moment prepared to glorify this sacrilege and parricide. Christians need not be too greatly concerned about manifestations which deceive only those that desire to be deceived. But it is important that they should unite in repatriation and mutual prayer, and thus protest in favor of justice as opposed to iniquity, in favor of the Church as opposed to the Revolution. The Committee of the Rights of the Pope have resolved to organize a pilgrimage to Lourdes for this purpose. On September 20th, the day of the entry of the Piedmontese troops into Rome, we will ask of the Immaculate Virgin to glorify our Holy Church and her Head, to obtain for the defenders of the Pope invincible perseverance, and for his adversaries the grace of conversion. The Committee asks Catholics who cannot go to Lourdes to unite themselves to the intentions of the pilgrims in order to obtain from God—by prayer, alms, and penance—the cessation of a condition of things which Leo XIII. has declared to be intolerable, which is simple common sense. We are men of peace; but we are also of those who refuse to resign ourselves to the triumph of injustice, and who, in face of this triumph, will never remain silent.—London Tablet August 31st, 1895.

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"That woman dispenses a great deal of social lemonade." "What do you mean?" "Simply that she is always saying sour things in a sweet way."

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"You ought to have apologized to the lady for stepping on her foot," said his mother after the caller had gone. "I did," answered Willie; "I told her I was sorry she couldn't keep her feet out of my way."

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

Horst. Visitor: Now, you are sure this bed is quite clean? Yes, sir, the sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel them; they ain't dry yet.

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It is hard to realize that time flies in a dentist's chair.