

SOUTH AFRICAN TRAMPS.

In the current number of the "Missionary Record," a publication issued by the Oblates in England, is an admirably written and highly amusing contribution from the pen of Rev. F. H. Howlett, O.M.I., of St. Patrick's Kolstad, Grimsland East, Cape Colony. While we cannot reproduce the article in full, still some extracts will show, perhaps, more than any other kind of literature could, the peculiar lives led by a certain class known to the world as "Tramps," straight "tramps" in South Africa as "Sundowners." There is a strain of rich humor running through the whole of Father Howlett's sketch, but that humor, like the thread serves merely to combine and keep together many strands of serious thought, of deep reflection, of religious fervor, of human pity. It is thus that the Oblate missionary tells of his own experiences and relates the story of South African tramps. Have we got any tramps in South Africa? I rather think we have! I am just closing the front door now in order to avoid a surprise visit; it is wonderful how the gentlemen of the road can creep around a building; they come like the dawn without noise. I don't know any sight more important than the long red neck of a tramp protruding through your door in the early hours of the morning. What wonderful sight they have got, with one glance they have mastered the things on the breakfast table. The patience of the confraternity is beyond expressing. I have known several of the members to do "sentry go" at my door for four hours at a time in the hope of rousing me on my return from town. I can assure you tramp dodging is no light work in a warm climate. Their conversational powers have been fully developed, they usually begin by praying that they may be on the straight road to heaven, but if you should happen to refuse them something, close the door quietly, but quickly or you are sure to find them on both knees, begging God that you may never reach there.

I wonder what have I done, that all the tramps in the country have found me out?

Our gentlemen are peculiar to the sunny south, quite different to the home tramp. The South African rover wanders hundreds and hundreds of miles at a time on foot, getting a lift in a wagon when he can. He remains away for months in the hope of a tin pot in which he boils his coffee in the morning, or cooks his fowl, which he has purchased from a native for sixpence, on a "veldt" fire which he has made by the side of a river, not too close to the African bush where the "stateliest" roams at night, and the chattering parrots drive sleep away in the early hours of the morning. There you will find the tramp, coiled up in his blanket, resting on nature's carpet—what scenery is open to his view, the hills of the valley, the wild everlasting creeping up the mountain, the aloe and sugar bushes alive with birds of bright plumage, the huge shadow of the plains, or it may be the "Secretary Bird" soaring on high with the snake, which it has already stunned with its sharp spur, soon to drop from the heavens striking it again as it falls. In wet weather the tramp seeks the Kafir hut, but the comfort of the trader's store, or the open veranda. He rests wherever night overtakes him.

They generally hunt in pairs and approach the homesteads at the close of evening, hence, we call them "Sundowners."

Evening is the most beautiful time in South Africa. I don't think there is a grander sight on earth, than our glorious sunset. No wonder if we wander out in the evening, when the air begins to cool, to enjoy the natural beauty which our Southern clime presents, or, it may be, that we wait to welcome the rising moon creep up over the hills, and sleep above us. I seldom think of home at sunset, but I don't think I have ever watched the rising moon, without having thoughts of friends and fatherland.

Alas! there is no rose without a thorn, and the thorn to-night is the view, in the distance, of two "Sundowners" coming down the steep path of the road, every short cut in the country. Some thoughts are better not expressed, so saying nothing I hurry away to prepare beds and meals for our uninvited guests. You cannot turn men away in the night, besides the mist is coming over the hills. I wonder where they slept last night, perhaps, in the Kafir location where small-pox is raging. You begin to have pleasant thoughts about many things, and tramps in particular you hasten away to your room to sort your boots, knowing from experience that you will have to part with a pair in the morning, when "Tim" comes to show you his poor sore feet. "Sure it is sun-stroke I'll be getting if you don't find me a hat." Lend it, mine and for ever. "I wouldn't mind myself a bit, but out of respect for your reverence and our common humanity, I would rather not be going about with this 'make believe' of a trousers." My second best gone after the hat. "Father, would you like to see my scarified back himself with the sun?" Don't trouble Tim, I shall give you a shirt. "Faith if I had a coat now I would be made up. It is not correct for a respectable white man to lower himself going out among heathen natives in a dress. I wonder who invented that sort of thing. You are in danger of your life now, if you are travelling after dark. I heard the 'Dublin Fusiliers' said the best way to get over them was to go under them—it is certain they never tried it, they would not have been of the 'Kilki' lot. There the best part of the turn-out is hanging over the horizon view of Tim's coat. Well I am an old man, the sun is setting on the dark and the moon is shining brightly on the horizon, and I am thinking of the 'Kilki' lot.

Rinderpest, grass fires, swarms of locusts in Khaki suits, no wonder they leave it and disappear over the mountain with half my wardrobe on his back to be sold to the first bidder for a bottle of "Cape Smoke."

Tramps are not particular about religion; if they call on me they are Roman Catholics, if they visit the other clergyman they are something else.

Some years ago, the rector of the church here told me the following amusing tale. One morning when leaving after prayers a man touched him on the shoulder. "Beg your pardon Sir, (strong brogue), I suppose you have noticed that I have attended your services the last few mornings?" "Yes," "I don't belong to your congregation, I am a Roman." "Well why don't you attend your own church?" "No, I don't believe in them any more." "Why?" "Well I was in prison once and the priest never came near me" (he lies). "That is no reason for leaving your church." "Well I don't believe in anything!" "Indeed! Why do you come to our church then?" "Well you see I want to go down gently be degrees." The clergyman told me that for a long time he could not forget the fellow's "gintly," or his impudence in trying to make a stepping stone of his church.

A gentleman called the other evening—he had been a captain in the army. He was waiting for a beggarly check of £100 to arrive, and he was so careless, must have missed the mail, don't you know, had just come to look me up—you are a Dublin man I know (I am not). Poor old Dublin, would rather we went inside. I had heard of this ex-captain, and preferred to have him outside. I told him a little of his personal history. "No! No! none of that, I am not that kind; bygad, imagine people reporting you to the church in that way, monstrous, heard you were a good sort, how is it you are so miserably and snappish with your humble servant, you seem to have no time to speak to me; my dear sir, you are incurring a grave responsibility in not affording me an interview. I might have something most important to convey. Can you lend me a guinea?" No! "What is the matter to-night? You can surely introduce me to some of your parishioners." Would rather not. "I am blessed if the whole world is not upside down, and I have my doubts about the church in this country too, if the clergy are like your reverence." You sometimes meet an honest tramp. I gave a fellow a shilling once and it happened to ask him how he was going to spend it. "To tell you the truth, sir, I am going to drink your health in the Masonic Hotel."

Tramps on the whole are a worthless class of men. You seldom meet with a genuine case of destitution in South Africa. The man that begs a breakfast from the hotel manager, will go afterwards and pay for his drink at the bar. My doubts about the squandered for liquor, even the meat you give them for the road they will sell for a glass. They borrow on the "Kathleen Mavourneen system." "It may be for years, it may be for ever." With me it has always been for ever. Now and again, you meet sad cases, men that have lost all in gold shares, or speculations, or it may be the returning prodigals, but they often come back too late, with shattered constitutions and weakened wills. The missionary often weeps at the late return. The breast cannot be human that has not heaved a sigh! No one knows better than priests who have watched and prayed so often for wandering souls that "All the hours are full of tears." Just now I recall to memory a sad ending to a life that was once full of promise, of a man who had come out to South Africa holding a good position and ended—well ended. Poor H— I can see him now, as he stood that night in the long ago at the little white gate of the mission. The African moon was shining in the bright, clear, cloudless sky. We were both standing in front of the little church looking up at the cross over the bellry. I was thinking of all the chances H— had got of the wasted education, the mercy that veils some lives from far off mother's eyes, of what he might have been; when suddenly, I was startled by the pale man in front exclaiming, as if he had been reading my thoughts—"Trust me this time, father, I am going to put the break on, I know I have gone too far already on the downward track, I am pulling up to-night, I am leaving the colony just now for pastures new, when next we meet you will find me a changed man. Good night, Father, good bye, God be with you." He shouldered his bundle and marched down the silent street. I listened to his retreating footsteps feeling sure that the poor fellow was sincere, but the will was weak and there was one bad spot on the road, would he pass it by and persevere? For some days I heard nothing of the wanderer—then news arrived that the bones of a white man had been discovered in a wood, the vultures had eaten the flesh away, but the dead man was recognized by the name on some clothes which had been given to him by a hotel-keeper. They were the bones of the man that had promised to put the break on. "Not far from the wood was a canteen in the heat of the burning sun H— must have wandered into the shade of the forest, and from there into the valley of the shadow of death." Alas! "There never was a valley without a faded flower."

BRITISH PARLIAMENT PROHIBITED.

London, Aug. 8. — The Queen's speech at the proroguing of Parliament, after stating that the relations with the powers of Europe and America continued friendly, and a reference to the establishment of the commonwealth of Australia, refers to the war in South Africa, which has placed in the strongest light the necessity of a speedy conclusion of the

A PASTOR'S APPEAL. — The Southern correspondent of the "Catholic Columbian" writes:—"One of our priests, at the altar, announcing a Requiem Mass for a departed bishop, on the anniversary of his death, pleaded with the congregation to attend the service. He, almost tearfully, referred to the fact that very few persons were present at such a service in memory of one of their dead pastors, whom they professed to love when he was in this world. 'My God!' he said, 'are we priests, who toil and strive so for your temporal good and eternal salvation, so soon forgotten? It may be that the time assigned for these Requiem Masses is not convenient for many persons who might, otherwise, attend them. The fact is a melancholy one, so to speak, of most congregations habitually appear at the early Masses during the week, and it seems impossible to greatly increase the number. But for the faithful 'Old Guard' I am fearful that few Requiem Masses would be attended, as a rule, in any respectable degree numerically. It is indeed a melancholy truth that, as 'Bip Van Winkle' said, 'young men of all ages, are soon forgotten when we are gone.' People will, at times, move to use a common phrase, 'heaven and earth' to procure the release of a living relative from imprisonment, or nothing to help their dead to be emancipated from purgatory. And yet our own case, in the world to come, may be all the sadder for failure in this respect."

CHICAGO'S PROGRESS. — The latest available statistics show that Chicago has 13 more churches, and some 50,000 more Catholics than New York. Which means, of course, that Chicago is easily first among the cities of the United States in its Catholic population. When one considers how the figures stood twenty years ago, as between New York and Chicago, one sees how marvellous has been the progress of the Church in Chicago during those twenty years. Add to this the fact that New York has the great advantage of being the city which receives each year a vast immigration of Catholics from European countries, and the name for wonder at the far more rapid progress made by Chicago is greater still.—New York.

A FAIR DAY'S WAGES. — All the wage-owners of the United States ask for is a fair day's wage for their day's work," says the "Sunday Democrat." Capital must be paid for by the contribution of the worker, but the worker must have

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WATER PROOF BOOTS..... \$1.75	REGULAR BOOTS..... \$1.50
LADIES' FINE BOOTS..... \$2.00	REGULAR BOOTS..... \$1.50

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my humor from this country, I from Canada, Australasia and my South African possessions."

The speech then says: "Believing the continued independence of the Republics to be a constant danger to the peace of South Africa, I authorized the annexation of the Free State as a first step to the union of the races under an institution which may in time be developed so as to secure rights and privileges in South Africa."

After a reference to the Ashanti rising the speech devotes a few words to the distress caused by the famine and plague in India, and thanks the Commons for the liberalities wherewith they responded to the unusual financial demands due to the war, and adds that the satisfactory progress of the campaign gives fair ground for hoping that the excessive requirements of military expenditure will soon be abated.

A HALF HOUR WITH AMERICAN EXCHANGES.

CATHOLICS OSTRACIZED. — The "Providence Visitor" says:—"According to present practice Catholics are treated as a negligible quantity, despite their number and proved fidelity, while adherence to the old faith is notoriously an obstacle in the path of all who aspire to public office."

We have come to the conclusion that a protest against this state of things is in order, and we intend to give point to our protest when occasion arises, observing always the bounds of moderation. None of us advocate the formation of a Catholic political party. As Catholics, we have no political designs which we aim to further at the expense of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens by means of caucuses, conventions, lobbies or rings. We do not want to amend the constitution in the interests of our faith. Freshyrians may agitate for the insertion of the word of God in the National Charter, while Methodist synods, conferences and churches may counsel the administration on matters of foreign and domestic policy instead of minding their own business. That sort of thing is in our line. Our organization, if effected, will be defensive, not offensive. We have simply grown very tired of being treated as the children of Israel treated those that dwell in Babylon. Our bigoted fellow-citizens are at liberty to carry their antipathy to Catholics even to their kitchens, and to advertise for Protestant cooks and housemaids, but we object to further manifestations of this antipathy in the sphere of State or National politics.

WAR COINCIDENCES.

Since the Boer war seems to be almost forgotten, or ignored, on account of China's prior claim upon public attention, it may serve to recall some memories of the great struggle to indicate how frequently the initials K. C. B. appear in common names out in South Africa. Note this:—

Six engagements: Kimberley, Colenso, Belmont, Koodersberg, Coleberg, Besters. Three foremost Boers: Kruger, Cronje, Botha. Fifteen British Commanders: Kitchener of Khartoum, Clery, Buller, Roberts of Kandahar, Clements, Brabant, Kelly, Kenny, Chomolondey, Baden-Powell, Kekewich, Carrington, Butler, Knox, Pole-Carew, Barton. Three war correspondents: Kinnear, Churchill, Burleigh. Three Boer guns: Krupp, Crewsot, breechloaders. The reward of many: Knudsen, comrade, brave, new style sleeves, white detachable collar, regular price \$3.25, now for \$1.88.

MARKET REPORT.

GRAIN. — Trade is somewhat better as the result of higher prices, and more enquiry from abroad. Local values show no material change. No. 1 hard, Manitoba wheat, is quoted at 81c, and quotations abroad Montreal are as follows: Oats, 80c; New York, Aug. 8, 71c; barley, 51c to 52c; rye, 65c; buckwheat, 57c.

Liverpool quotations on Thursday were: Spring wheat, 6s 4d; red winter, 6s 8d; new corn, 3s 11d; old, 3s 11d; peas, 5s 7d.

New York, Aug. 8. — Telegraphic communications to Bradstreet's show the following changes in available supply from the last account: Wheat, United States and Canada, east of Rockies, increase 1,776,000 bushels. Abroad for and in Europe, decrease 300,000 bushels. Total supplies increased 1,476,000 bushels. Corn United States and Canada, east of Rockies, decreased 22,000 bushels. East, United States, decreased 684,000 bushels.

FLOUR AND FEED. — Owing to lower prices trade in flour is showing some improvement this week. Feed is in steady demand, and values unchanged.

Quotations are as follows: Manitoba patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4.25; winter patents, \$3.80 to \$4.10; straight rollers, \$3.60 to \$3.85; in bags, \$1.70 to \$1.75. Manitoba bran, \$15; shorts, \$17 in bulk; Ontario bran, \$14 to \$16 in bulk, and shorts, \$16.50 to \$17 in bags.

PROVISIONS. — The market is steady with a fair demand for all offerings. Dressed hogs are quoted at \$8 to \$8.45; lard, 8 1/2c to 8 3/4c for pure Canadian, and 7c to 7 1/2c for compound; bacon, 13 1/2c to 12 1/2c; hams, 11c to 12c, according to size; Canada short cut mess pork, \$17 to \$18.

Liverpool public cable quotes as follows: Mess pork, 70s; lard, 84s 9d to 41s 6d; bacon, 86s 6d to 41s; tallow, 25s to 26s.

EGGS. — Supplies are large, especially from the lower provinces, and dealers are having difficulty in disposing of surplus on account of the absence of a demand from England.

Quotations are as follows: Selected eggs, 14c; straight receipts, 13 1/2c to 12 1/2c; No. 2, 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c.

BUTTER. — The market is dull and lower, partly on account of inferior quality of the present week's make; 21c is given as the outside price to-day, and we hear of sales of Township creameries at 20 1/2c. Average quality will likely fall as low as 20c to 20 1/2c to-day.

CHEESE. — The market is dull but firm on account of high prices paid at country points.

The Liverpool market is dull, but the local market is steady.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street.

SATURDAY, August 11.

The August Programme.

Like a good book each wise business scheme has a motive. The motive back of our August Sale is to make good business better. We are asked: Is business dull? Why, bless you, no! This year's sales are phenomenally large—a big stride ahead of anything in the past.

UMBRELLAS—CHEAP.

This is the weather for Umbrellas. The Big Store is the place to buy them. You'll get good values.

Ladies' Fine Quality Gloria Silk Umbrellas with steel rods and fancy enamel'd handle \$1.50, for 80c.

Men's Fine Quality Gloria Silk Umbrellas steel or wood rods, natural wood handles \$1.25.

Ladies' Extra Quality Gloria Silk Umbrellas, steel rods, fancy horn and natural wood handles, \$1.35.

SAILOR HATS.

Every style in Ladies' sailor Hats you'll be able to find here.

500 Ladies' Colored and White Straw Sailor Hats, in various weaves, trimmed with bands of colored silk ribbon, 27c.

Latest Shapes Children's White Straw Sailor Hats, with colored bands of straw, ribbon, bands and streamers, 27c.

SILK SHIRT WAISTS.

Ladies' Stylish Silk Waists, pretty stripes, full front pointed yoke, soft fancy cuffs and detachable linen collar. Regular price \$2.50; now \$1.55.

Ladies' Very Stylish Silk Waists in handsome striped corded silks; full front and back, new style sleeves, white detachable collar; regular price \$3.25; now for \$1.88.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.

Ladies' Fine White Lawn and Muslin Shirt Waists, all latest styles, slightly mussed and soiled; original prices, \$1.25 to \$2.00; now, 60c each.

Ladies' Fine White Lawn Shirt Waists, bias insertion fronts, yoke back, 1/2" "flaco" cuffs, pointed collar; regular \$1.75 kind; now 99c.

LADIES' OUTFITTING.

Ladies' White Duck Skirts, nicely made, cut full, trimmed colored bands; the regular \$1.25 kind, for 99c.

Ladies' Irish Linen Cream Skirts, cut latest style, lap seams with deep hem, very smart, regular price, \$1.75; now \$1.13.

Ladies' White English Duck Skirts, made full and trimmed fancy colored bands; regular \$1.50 kind, for 99c.

HORSE AND STABLE NEEDS.

Horse Halters for stable use, 18c

Horse Curry 12c

Combs 12c

Harness Oil, 15c

Horse Brushes, 16c

Axle Oil, 20c

Harness Dressing 23c

Horse Embrocation, 95c

Riding Spurs, \$1.10

Gentlemen's Riding Saddles, \$3.00

Ladies' Riding Saddles, \$2.00

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600 yards Fancy all Wool Grenadine, shades Cream, White, Nile, Blue, Yellow, regular value, \$1.10. Choice for 89c per yard.

50 ends all Wool Num's Velling, shades Heliotrop, Nile, Pink, Myrtle, Yellow, regular value, 35c. Choice for half price, 17 1/2c per yard.

6 pieces only, all Wool French Debeige, color Brown mixed, worth 40c, while they last, half price, 20c per yard.

A complete Stock of Smallwares for Dressmaking, Dress Trimmings, Dress Shields, Steels, Basting, Hooks and Eyes, Binding, Silk Spools, Cotton Spools, Needles, Pins, etc.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

SUPERIOR COURT.

No. 11.

An action in reparation as to property had been instituted by Mrs. Maria Murphy of the parish of St. Phillip, diocese of Montreal, against her husband, Pierre H. Murphy, of the same place, for the sum of \$1000.00.

VERNE GARD, Solicitor for the Plaintiff.

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