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LABORS OF THE CATHOLIC HIER-ARCHY FOR ST. PAUL FIND FRUIT.

DEDICATION OF THE SUPERB SEMINARY OF THAT NAME—MUNIFICENT GIFT OF JAMES J. HILL-CEREMONY TO WHICH DIG-NITARIES OF THE CHURCH GATHER FROM FAR AND NEAR.

The Penny Press, of Minneapolis, con tains the following account of the grand inauguration of the new St. Paul's Seminary. In our next issue we will give the very able address delivered by His Grace Archbishop Ireland:

The broad arms of the cross stretch their benediction upon the valley of the Mississippi. Upon the crown of the administration building of the great dio-cesan seminary James J. Hill has founded, erected and endowed,-ad majoram dei gloriam-they hold out their golden hands, reflecting from the cliffs of Merriam Park the glint of coming and going sun, extending a promise of rescue and of pardon. The great river foams far the blue hills of Hennepin stretch away beyond it; back from the seminary grounds roll the woods and fields of Ramsey. High over all shines the cross-symbolic, enduring, faith-

Such a spectacle as that of to-day, when prelates, priests and people joined in the dedicatory services which consecrated the great St. Paul seminary to the uses of religion and education, has not before been seen in the vast northwest. A host was gathered. The purpled pomp of the Roman church ceremonial found expression in its highest impressiveness. In the celebration of the pontifical high Mass the illustrious ablegate of the Pope himself, his Excellency, the most Rev. Francis Satolli, Archbishop of Lepanto, had gathered with him a distinguished company of the hierarchy of the church. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; Archbishop Hennessey, of Dubuque; Mgr. Nugent of England; Mgr. McMahon, Bishop Kane, Dr. O'Gorman, rector of the Catholic University at Washington; Dr. Malone, regent of the University of New York; Dr. Morrissey, of Notre Dame, Dr. DeParadis, Dr. McGarven, Very Rev. Fr. Baldi, general of the Services order in the United States; Rev. Fathers McGloin and Cronin of Buffalo; Rev. Drs. Pace, Boquillon, Shahan and Dumont, of the Catholic University at Washington, occupied with him the covered Hatform erected in the open air and upon which stood the richly draped and many-candled altar.

Archbishop Satolli sat enthroned beneath a crimson dais on the eastern side of the altar, and opposite him similarly sat the stately Archbishop of St. Paul. The altar was magnificent, begenned and gilded. Flowers enriched the eye and perfumed the air. The canopied platform was enwreathed with symbolic flags. Color was everywhere. The resplendent vestments of the robed ecclesiastics lent a proud presence and dignity to the magnificent function. Behind all the waving green of many fronded palms furnished a cool relief to the kaleidoscopic canvas.

A little away, north ward, a great stand held the choristers and the musicians. An immense platform, seating perhaps 1500 people, faced the altar stand. A hundred priests and acolytes, who took part in the responses, occupied its front. Behind them was a crowding mass of spectators, and on the spreading lawn. upon each side and far in the rear of this main auditorium, were gathered thousands more, pressed and wedged together in a silent, decorous and worshipful

It was not until nearly 11 o'clock that the celebration of Mass was begun. Monsignor Satolli himself was the celebrant, and intoned the ritual in a clear, though not resonant voice. The choral responses were magnificently rendered. Twice during the imposing ceremony the entire audience sought its knees.

Mass the Rev. Dr. O'Gorman delivered a

# Dr. O'Gorman's Sermon.

The text taken by Dr. O'Gorman was Mal. 11, 6: "The lips of the finest shall know knowledge, and they shall seek the law of his mouth, because he is the angel of the Lord of Hosts." Fr. O'Gorman, in the course of his discourse, said:

To the making of the priesthood the church gives her deepest solicitude, tenderest care and keenest vigilance; the Catholic peoples give with the choicest fruits of their generations the best faith, hope and love of their hearts. In no other minute and motherly or her pleadings more lieart-stirring; and in no other work is the bishop more a bishop, a pastor, a lather, than in transmission and the perpetuation among men of that eternal priesthood conferred by Christ on the apostles.

the two, holiness undoubtedly is the of law and order amid a society threathary. Virtue with ignorance should be surance that a trust to her might go

for virtue and knowledge of one's duties are inseparable. A virtuous priesthood cannot remain ignorant, nor can an ig-

norant priesthood remain virtuous. There are remarkable changes of transformation going on about us. The first, the one seemingly half accomplished, is political. Absolute monarchy, privileged classes give way to political equality of all before the law, to universal suffrage, control of government by elective assemblies, eligibility of all citizens to

The second transformation going on about us is to be found in experimental and applied science. Science subjects every assertion to the test and control of repeated experiment. The Church does not subject to experiment the assertions that come to her from God, the truths revealed; cannot do so from the very nature of those truths and their author; but she does subject to experiment those proofs of their authenticity, or the fact stated in the question, has a revelation been made and have such and such truths been revealed? Christianity has nothing to fear from this movement. Facts of nature are from God; they are not made, they are only studied by scientists; therefore, there can be no opposition between the facts of nature and revelation which also comes from God.

The third transformation is in the sphere or so ial economies, and is made up of two parallel movements-an everincreasing production of wealth; a more and more equal distribution of that wealth. This is the aspiration of the world to be realized in the thought of many by impractical dreams and impossible utopies. The church has the real solution. The ethics she teaches, the duty of labor and of mortification, faver the production of wealth, and she alone has the moral I ssons and influence that render the use of wealth just and humane. As to the distribution of riches. what power is more needed than the one that proclaims the principles of justice and charity, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man?

From all these transformations the church has nothing to fear; it is not a scientific theory that to-morrow's theory will belie. It is a fact and an institution that has held the world for nineteen hundred years. Let men and people and ages come and go. 'T s the way of things human, amid the shifting procession the church stands, bestowing a life-giving blessing on whatever is good a withering curse on whatever is bad in things human. Fear not for the church, she is the mother of liberty, science and order

The seminary of this day and of this land cannot ignore the evil, natural and social science, while it holds on to theological science as its chief and professional subject. Through the science of the day, as through preambles of faith. the priest reaches the mind and heart or the nineteenth century. Master of from the attacks of men who think there is no conciliation between the old and the new.

Give us a clergy so trained, and the civilized world in its onward movement shall continue to be Christian. humanity and Christianity, like Tobias and the archangel, together will set out. descend the rivers, cross the oceans, explore new lands and come back sate to the Father's home. One thing more I would add, without which knowledge is but a skeleton, lacking nerve, muscle, blood and beauteous outline—I mean the mastery of the language. The English language will possess the earth, and its widest home is here. Give us. then, a clergy holy, masters of knowledge and expression, and America, destined by Providence, according to all appearances, to be the theater upon which the modern movements are to have their greatest and quickest development, America shall be Christian and Catholic. Such is the purpose of the Catholic University of America to which your seminary is affiliated.

One afternoon in the winter of 1852, when our city was but a village, and its cathedral the second story in the old brick building, which many of you remember standing but a few years ago on the corner of Sixth and Wabasha streets, the Right Rev. Joseph Cretin arrived only a few months before to the newly erected see of St. Paul, took from a At the conclusion of the Pontifical school room in the basement of the old brick building two boys, led them to the altar, bade them kneel with him, and said: "I put you under the protection of God; you are the beginning of the diocesan seminary of St. Paul." A diocesan seminary! Such was his dream and his prophecy; such, too, was ever the hope of his beloved and venerable successor, the Archbishop of Sinnia, who is still, thank God, with us. The dream has been realized, the prophecy accomplished and the hope fulfilled by one of those boys, now your archbishop.

Not many years after the incident I have just recorded there came to the hope and love of their hearts. In no other growing town of St. Paul a young man work is the church's legislation more of keen brain and indomitable energy, who, while he steadily climbed the difficult heights of fortune, kept mind and heart open to the needs and aspirations of the age, ready, when he should see where lay the greatest good, to open generously his hand and take the com-The fitness of the priest lies in virtue his wealth. This moral power, the deep and knowledge, and the seminary is the training school of those two things. Of elevation of the masses, and for the reign munity wherein he lived into a share of greater and the more necessary. To ened from many quarters, attracted his shape conduct, to build up character, to attention. Then, too, the solidity of the train in well-doing on the lines of the church, as an institution that had out-Gospel and Christian morality, is the lasted all human things and seemed to first and most essential work of the semi-have the promise of the tuture, gave as

and the priesthood came from the seminary. The best possible training in theology, the sciences and literature would make a priesthood such as native intelligence and acquired knowledge, this gentleman knew, was needed to do the best work of the church. And thus Archbishop Ireland, through the princely donation of Mr. James J. Hill, has been enabled to fulfill the prophecy of his spiritual ancestor, the promise of his boyhood, the hope of his predecessor, and to give to this Northwestern country a seminary from which will come in the future benefits beyond anticipation. From the sacred hill of the Vatican, Leo bestows approval and benediction, and, through his representative, Mgr. Satolli honors the solemn occasion. From heaven has come God's blessing, and our sweet Saviour has consecrated by Hispresence the gift and the work. Sped-bysuch happy auspices, may the St. Paul Seminary furnish such a glorious career. as shall set its name in future ages among the great schools of the church, the world-renowned nurseries of saints and scholars.

Following Dr. O'Gorman's sermon, the officiating ecclesiarchs processionally-visited each of the six great buildings composing the seminary and formally dedicated them. At the conclusion of the exercises dinner was served for the clerical party in the refectory of the college. In the evening there was a reception in the great hall of the college-and speeches made by the papal delegate, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Hennessey, Mr. Hill, and some others.

# THE MONKS OF OLD.

The Preservers and Ploneers of Civiliza tion in Many Countries.

When France ordered the doors of reigi us houses to be closed, she proved herself recreant to her most glorious traditions and turned down that leaf of her national history that glows with the pur st light. When Mexican anti-cleri- Faith," as does Mantland, a Protesticals howled for the suppression of cone In his "History of the Middle Ages." gentle deeds and that exalted piety that made the name of Father Junipero a name to conjure with among the Pueblos of the Southwest.

And so with the restless and revoluti nary republics, both great and small, of Central and South America. Every turbulent ruler there who has ousted his these, he will be able to preserve and defend Scripture, tradition, philosophy, or the bayonet, signalizes his advent to power by fulminating pronunciamentes against monks and nuns and all manner of religious institutions. These fanatics of a miscalled liberalism are the true reactionaries of the age, for they would plunge the world back into the darkness of paganism and extinguish the beneficent rays of that lamp which the blessed hand of a Bernard, a Dominic and a Benedict lovingly trimmed for the enlightenment of humanity. They would substitute the rule of the bayonet for the law of the gospel, and would gladly see the alters of Corinth rebuilt on the

ruins of Christian temples. The deep-rooted hostility to religious bodies sprang into existence at the very inception of Protestantism, for Luther's revolt began with his own defection from the Augustinian order and culminated for him with the theft of a nun from the religious roof that sheltered her. And ever since Protestant literature and art have largely called on their resources for the purpose of caricaturing and misrepresenting the monk of medieval times. The German artist invariably exhibits him as the finished type of a bonvivant, gross, sensual and fat, while to-day some of the most fascinating and most beautiful verses of Scott represent him in the guise of a Friar Tuck, or Marmion's blithesome Brother John.

And it is from these sources that the prevailing impression concerning the monk of the middle ages is received. Yet nothing could not only be farther from the truth as attested by history, but nothing could more conclusively prove the base ingratitude of the world to a class of men whose services to humanity and civilization have never been equalled and cannot be surpassed. Let cus endeavor to correct that myopism which will not let the light of a given period fall full on our mental retina, but endeavors to adjust the image to its own defects.

Let us do justice to a remote epoch in human history by viewing its events in the light which shone upon them at the time, and not by the light which illuminates the present. When the monks of the West first made their appearance the state of Europe was simply chaotic. The fierce children of the north had covered the fertile plains of southern Europe and had dashed to pieces the last remnants of Roman civilization. Rapine and pillage had been their watch-words, and their own heel pressed upon the necks of the conquered nations, which imperial degeneracy had made en easy prey to ruthcss ravage.

The church stood appalled at the horrible spectacle presented to her view. and had she been a mere human institotion she would have abandoned as hopeless the task of winning over those presented, and the apposition is unreal, ed on the world and was perpetuated;

But her arm was divinely nerved, and unspeakable savages to the gentle sway

Providence made the early monks of the press of work for so long is marvelous. West, those individual apostles who trooped forth from the walls of Monte Casino, the instrument by which she was to accomplish her superhuman task.

Inspired by the heroic spirit of their founder, Benedict, they spread themselves over the face of the land, carrying to the Pope's presence, his alabaster peace and light and comfort in their complexion, the trembling of his hands, wake. Patient, gentle, persistent and industrious, they bore with them everywhere the glad tidings of the gospel, and and at last subdued the iron heart that beat in the breast of the Goth, the Visigoth and the Vandal. They penetrated the gloomy forests of Germany, scaled the heights of the Black mountains, and settled in the swampy wastes of Suabia.

smiled and the waste places of the land in public, has retained its ring, slightly bloomed like gardens of the south. nasal, by the way, and his eyes waying corn fields appeared where the monarch of the forest had lifted his eyes of Leo III.! When once one has stately head for ages, and peaceful flocks seen them they can never be forgotten. Grazed over illimitable stretches of rich mesdow land which the untiring hand buncles or two black diamonds, so brilof the monk had reclaimed from desert liant are they. They give an extraorand swamp. They erected extensive buildings, beneath whose hospitable roof the unfortunate thousands of a bloody and turbulent period found rest and shelter.

And these thousands formed the nucleus of thriving communities that grew punder the shadow of the monastery and devoted their lives to the peaceful pussuits of agriculture and the industrial art. At last the sword of the roving soldier of fortune was converted into the pruning hook of the husbandman, for whom the word home began to possess a

Thus was laid the foundation of modern European society, and thus were made the first beginnings of those free towns and hamlets which became sorounding country. And that these blessings were dispensed at the hands of monks and nuns we have ample testintony from numerous and impartial willers, both Catholic and Protestant. Kenelm Digby, a Catholic, vouches for the fact in that noble monument of his "Mores Catholici, or Ages of -pen. as does Mantland, a Protestant, vents and monasteries they endeavored to the perusal of those pages cannot but tear from the annuls of their country the solvince us that Europe would have regular page on which are inscribed the mained in a condition of semi-barbarism names of those heroic sons of st. Francis tor an indefinite period had not the endeavored to the condition of who first planted the tree of Christian lightened zeal, the patient industry and civilization in the land of the Aztees and entrepart, of the mediaval monks and watered it with their blood, they can discovered to blot out the memory of those the stage of the mediaval world. And yet the modern world goes on traducing their memory and persecuting their successors, crying out as of old, "Away with them; give us rather the Barabbas of agnosticism, indifferentism and unbelief .- The Republic.

# A GIGANTIC SCHEMF.

## Church Purchase Their Own Property.

A London despatch, dated September 15, says: "The Telegraph will to-morrow publish a document which it claims it obtained from abroad, through a source amply guaranteeing that it is seriously inspired, the writer being in a position to be well acquainted with the policy of the Vatican. The document reviews the financial, social and religious troubles of the Kingdom of Italy. It then proceeds to elaborate a modus rivedi between the Papacy and the Italian Government. It proposes that a tract of Italian territory and a free port be given to the Holy See as inalienable temporalities under the guarantee of Italy and the other powers for £200,000,000 sterling, which would redeem the Italian exchequer from bankruptcy and redeem Papal Rome. The money would be raised by a subscription from Catholics of all countries. The document says that the subscription would be placed at the command of the present Pope, who, jointly with Prime Minister Crispi, would carry the scheme to a happy friendly fulfillment."

[The results expected from this great scheme would be very desirable; but we question the justice of the movement. It means simply that the Italian anti-Catholics in power, having robbed the Pope of his temporal possessions, should be paid £200,000,000 by the Catholic world to restore what does not belong to them, and thus save their Government from ruin at the expense of those whom they persecute.-ED. T. W.1

# WORD PICTURE OF LEO XIII.

### Very Old in Appearance, But Possessed of Wonderful Vitality.

Leo XIII. has always been of a very fragile appearance. When he was elected Pope in 1878 many persons said he could not live a year, so delicate did he appearto be. A Franciscan monk, Fra Antonio Marchi, who is now dead, on hearing some observations of this kind, said : "Nothing of the sort. Leo will live and reign as Pope for twenty years." Recently, it is said, the Pope observed to his doctor that he must tell him trankly how long he thought he would live. The doctor replied: "Holy Father, if nothing particular occurs, you may certainly live another five years." "Five years!" exclaimed Leo XIII. "Bravo! I shall then be 88, just the age at which a good Franciscan monk prophesied I should die."

Leo XIII. is of the class known as nervous men, and years of fasting and privation have given him a leanness of figure that is phenomenal. For fifteen years he has been practically a prisoner within the narrow precincts of the Vatioan, his sole exercise being taken in a park and garden. How he has been able to keep up under the enormous

Four secretaries of State have died at his side, yet he works on. His capacity for work is as astonishing as Gladstone's.
In appearance the Pope is a very old

man. His thin and angular features, says one writer, who had constant access his bowed form, the almost diaphanous aspect of his entire figure, would mark him as a man on the threshold of extreme old age But when he speaks and becomes animated this impression immediately vanishes, and one feels that there is still beneath this fragile envelope a powerful life, and that the blade is infinitely superior to the sheath that covers Wherever they went peace and plenty it. His voice, especially when he speaks seen them they can never be forgotten. dinary vivacity to his expression, and there is something inexpressibly piercing in their regard.

One of the most striking things when one meets the Holy Father for the first time is the almost convulsive trembling of his hands. This is not a result of age, as pretty generally supposed, but the consequence of typhoid fever, from which he suffered at Perugia some twenty-live years ago. So great is this tremb-ling that Leo XIII, can no longer write. When he is obliged to sign a document he holds the wrist of his right hand with his left hand, in order to be able to trace letters that would otherwise be unreadable, and even then each stroke is an infinity of tiny light zigzags.- Philadelphia Catholic Times.

#### A PECULIAR DESPATCH.

#### The Sun's London Correspondent on the 1rish Situation.

Our readers may find subject for reection in the following cable message Mr. Timothy Healy and his friends and Mr. John Redmond and the patrons who acknowledge his leadership, are in sore distress of mind, and it looks as though they will have to unburden their sorrows in more manifestoes. The trouble is caused by the conviction, steadily increasing since Earl Cadogan accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland, that the Tory policy in that country is to be one of blarney and bribery, and there is beginning to arise the fear that Irishmen will take the gilts the gods send them and allow their patriotism to slumber, or, may be, die. Earl Cadogan is a rich lowerful nobleman, fond of the glitter and trappings of state, with a wife whom nothing pleases better than to play the queen.

Mr. Gerald Balfour, the chief secretary believes that lavish expenditure on pub lie works and the extension of parochial self-government would prove a palatable alternate for home rule. The work of corrupting the national virtue is already proceeding. Lord Cadogan is actually spending thousands of pounds in Dublin on all sorts of gewgaws instead of sending to London for all he wants. He has invested money in Irish horses, and, in his self-denying ardor, has actually had several suits of clothes made in Sackville street. The Castle is being swept and garnished by Irish workmen and Irish artists, and, to crown his Lordship's villainy, he has bought new furniture in Dublin for the vice-regal lodge in Phonix Park. Countess Cadogan and her daughters are deeply involved in the conspiracy, utilizing the services of Dublin lressmakers, but they have purchased much lingeric there and must now have a prodigious stock of Irish lace and linen. Mr. Gerald Balfour on his part is sedulously touring the country with his titled wife, and, of course, scattering money as

he goes. "There is no fishing village that has asked for a pier to be built at government expense to whom a harsh refusal has been returned. They have been sent away with soft words, and with the conviction that, if the Chief Secretary can persuade his hard-hearted colleagues, the job shall be done. The question now agitating the patriotic mind is, shall this policy of conciliation be allowed to pursue its insidious course unchecked, or shall the country, by occult but well known means, be thrown into disorder and be convulsed by agrarian crime. Autumn is still with us, yet even now there is ominous talk in ultra-patriotic quarters of unpreventable trouble during the coming winter. Sound-brained Nationalists are not to be found among the prophets of evil and will lend no hand it fulfilling their sinister predictions. They believe in getting as much out of the enemy as possible, and have largehearted faith in the incorruptibility of the nation which has never been turned from its patriotic course by bullets or bayonets, much less by sugar-plums."

A special ceremony took place in Notre Dame church after High Mass on Sunday. It was the blessing of a new banner for the Young Men's congregation, and His Grace Mgr. Fabre presided.

A pilgrimage of the Brothers and Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis to Cote des Neiges cemetery took place Sunday afternoon. There were four hundred present.

Mgr. Fabre has appointed Rev. Abbe
A. Pelletier chaplain of the Bon Pasteur
Convent, and Rev. Abbe A. J. Jacques
vicar of St. Vincent de Paul of Montreal.

# DEPEW AT LOURDES

#### Tells of a Wonderful Miracle He Saw There.

Chauncey M. Depew, who has just returned from Europe, thus talked about the miracles he had seen at Lourdes. He said: "Being near Lourdes when in the Pyrenees I paid a visit to this worldfamous shrine. At night the sights and scenes are wonderful. Thousands bearing torches and singing hymns are marching over the winding roads. Other thousands are on their knees in the space around the grotto, praying, singing, and imploring the Virgin for help. Hundreds upon hundreds of candles flicker and flare in the grotto and send a weird light upon the white-robed statue of the Virgin, which stands just above. In the afternoon a vast procession forms at the grotto and marches along the river turning into the piazza. The sight of these helpless, and, except by miracle, hopeless men, women and children in every stage of distortion of living death is affecting beyond words to express.

As the procession moved down the line of wagons, halting and repeating these supplications before each one, the excitement became painful in its intensity. The patients grew frenzied with anxiety and hope. The coolest and most indifferent man in the world could not have remained unmoved. I have seen and felt similar waves of emotion at camp meetings and revivals, but they had not the added force of this writhing mass of praying, beseeching and despairing human suffering.

"As I was crossing the piazza after

this scene from one of the dispensing wagons I heard my name called. It was occupied by a lady and was drawn by her son, a student at the college of physicians and surgeons in New York. She said that the doctors at home had said that science and skill could do nothing for her and she must make herself as comfortable as possible until the end, which was only a few months off. So she had come to Lourdes with faith and hope. I asked the grounds of her hopes. and she said: 'Why a miracle was performed this afternoon before our eyes. Did you not see it? That was the cause of the great excitement.'

"This was her story. A young girl who stayed at the same hotel as she did had been unable to walk or put her foot to the ground for six years. She suffered frightful pain and screamed with agony, when dipped in the icy water. She had been bathed six successive days and after the procession passed that afternoon had called out that she was cured. I said to the medical student: What do you know about this? He said be had seen the knee bandaged at twelve o'clock that day. It was swollen badly and he counted 28 running sores from which the matter was exuding. I told him I must see that The pilgrims were mobbing the verification room to which she had been taken, to see or touch her and the attendants were doing their best to keep them out and get them away. My medical guide with true New York andacity called out: 'The distinguished doctor Chancey Depew wants to sce the patient.

Instantly a way was cleared, and in a few minutes I was inside. The girt was not there, having been carried home to escape the crowd. There was an English doctor, and I appealed to him. He said he had dressed the leg at noon. It was swollen, suppurating and incurable, that he had cut the bandage off half an hour before, and the leg was healed and the girl could walk.

"I said I must see that girl. I finally found a young lady about seventeen years of age, with a sweet, innocent, happy face. She told her story substantially as I had heard, and that she had been unable to walk a step in six years. I asked her if she could walk now, and the went several times around the room, limping some, but with no apparent pain. I then ventured to request a sight of the knee. Her friends said certainly. The kneescemed quite normal. The flesh and muscles were firm and natural. Black spots marked the places where the running sores had been, but the sores were healed, and healthy skin and scales covered them. I have little faith in modern miracles, but this case puzzled me. Of course, its weak point so far as I am concerned is that I did not see her before the alleged cure. The testimony, however, of the New York medical student, of his mother and of the English doctor was clear and positive. They might have been deceived or tried to deceive me, though neither seemed prob-

# A YOUNG LADY ACCIDENTALLY SHOT

able.''

keenly.

STE. THERESE, September 17 .- A sad fatality occurred here last night. Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Vanier, being absent from home, their daughter, Hermine, invited Miss Alexina Cadicux and two gentlemen friends to spend the evening with her. About midnight, while the men were preparing to leave, Joseph Laroche, seeing a gun standing in a corner of the room, picked it up, and not knowing it was loaded, pointed it at his friend Duval. at the same time saying, "I will kill you." The weapon was discharged. The contents missed Duval, but struck Miss Cadieux in the face, killing her instantly. Coroner Migneault will hold an inquest. Laroche feels his position

Heardso—"They say every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life." Sadiso—"That depends. I had at least a week kicked out of me for laughing at a man who fell in the mud."