

have not as yet discovered the guilty parties.

At Beloit Academy, Wisconsin, there were also riotous proceedings on the occasion of the annual banquet of the senior class. An attack was made upon the banqueting class by some of the juniors, and the windows of the hotel were broken, and many of the banqueters were wounded, one of the students being shot in the side. The wound, however, is not thought to be dangerous.

We can scarcely conceive that such conduct as we have described could possibly have occurred in any of the Catholic colleges of the country.

PARNELL'S MOCK MARRIAGE

When Julius Caesar, in spite of all orders from his masters in Rome, crossed the River Rubicon, he exclaimed "Alta jacta est." ("The die is cast.") Such must have been the exclamation of Mr. Parnell on last Thursday morning when the County Registrar of Steyning pronounced him and Mrs. O'Shea to be man and wife. "The die is cast, the mask is off, let the truth be blazoned forth to the world, that I, C. S. Parnell, defy all Church authority, whether in Rome or elsewhere, and that I hereby set at naught, and don't care one pinch of snuff for public feeling or public opinion in Ireland."

When addressing a crowd of women on a public road, during the excitement of the Kilkenny election, Mr. Parnell asked for their sympathy and influence, and promised them that a day would come when his character would be vindicated and the honest purity of his heart made known to the world. His lieutenants have been making similar declarations in American cities on public platforms. We may say that from the time the O'Shea scandal was first mentioned we maintained the opinion that Mr. Parnell, one day, would surprise the world by proving his innocence, and stamping the guilt of perjury upon some new Piggott. But the die is cast, and no hope remains of restoring Parnell's good name or of reconciling him to the priests, Bishops and people of the Irish nation. Nor is there any palliation for his crime. Mr. Parnell is well posted in Irish history: he knows full well the troubles brought on Ireland by the McMurrough scandal and the inherent horror the Irish people entertain instinctively, as well as religiously, for the crime of which he now stands guilty before the world. He knows, too, that whatever license in such matters may be granted by law in England there is no divorce court in that isle. It is well established in law as in usage that the benefits, or the evils, of the divorce court do not extend to Ireland. There was an attempt made about twenty years ago to extend the powers of that court to Ireland, but Mr. Butt on the part of the Protestants in the House of Commons and Lord O'Hagan on the part of the Catholics in the House of Lords, protested most vehemently against such an outrage being inflicted on Ireland. They both upheld the honor of Ireland's name for purity of public morals, and stigmatized the divorce court as a curse and a scandal that should be spared a purely moral and God-fearing nation.

The matter was allowed to drop there, and it is to-day well understood that any privileges obtained in the divorce court in England are an absolute nullity in Ireland. Nor can Mr. Parnell avail of such privileges to bring Mrs. O'Shea to Ireland or introduce her to respectable or self-respecting society.

Mr. Parnell had the audacity, however, to tell a reporter that it is his intention to be accompanied by Mrs. O'Shea during the election contest for county Carlow, whose parliamentary representation is made vacant by the death of the late esteemed The O'Gorman Mahon.

We can safely predict that should Mr. Parnell carry out such a project, the appearance of Mrs. O'Shea at the hustings would be the signal for shouts of indignation; and that one word uttered by her in the capacity of aid-de-camp would be the death-knell of Mr. Parnell's political career in Ireland. Things are bad enough as they appear, but neither priests nor people, men or women, in Ireland, will ever stomach the presence of Mrs. O'Shea as the English-by-law-made wife of Charles Stewart Parnell.

The League of the Sacred Heart throughout the Catholic world now comprises 46,408 parishes and communities regularly aggregated by diplomas. The number of associates is about 20,000,000, of whom about 1,000,000 are English-speaking Americans.

THE EMPEROR AND THE LOTTERY.

The ultra-Protestant press, both in Canada and England, is unanimous in its condemnation of Emperor William's Lottery scheme. The daily *Advertiser*, of this city, compares it with the professional gambling attributed to the Prince of Wales, and says:

"It is true that a feature of the enterprise will be the devotion of the money raised to the combating of slavery in Africa, but the demoralization that generally accompanies this pernicious system should have deterred Emperor William from countenancing the most questionable method of raising money."

No one can entertain a doubt about the demoralization and injustice that accompany lottery schemes, when gotten up for selfish and money-grabbing purposes. Nor can we withhold our sympathy for the victims who year after year invest their hard earned cash in visionary schemes of striking luck which never comes. But the abuse of the system is no reason why every little enterprise in the shape of a lottery should be denounced as criminal and demoralizing. At least such is our opinion. In several places in Holy writ lotteries are mentioned, as deciding the fate of men and things, and as indicating the will of God. The morality of the lottery itself must be judged by the intentions, good or evil, of those who have recourse to such methods of deciding who loses or who wins. The avaricious speculator who employs such means to dupe the public, and grow rich at the expense of the credulous, unthinking wage-earner, can have no excuse before God or man for his unfeeling cruelty and rapacity.

But shall the same be said of the charitable neighbor who donates his gold watch that it may be raffled for the benefit of a poor and struggling widow? Or must the pious lady be condemned who, by similar inducements, solicits a small sum for church decoration? We fancy not. Neither one intends profiting by the scheme. Those who contribute or who purchase a chance have no idea of the faintest hope of winning. Their object is not gain, but charity or religion. They are willing to donate the small sum required, and more if necessary. If by doing so they happen to win in the lottery all the better; if they lose, no fretting or worrying ensues. They have gained their object, the only real one they had, that of helping on a religious or charitable work. Why such innocent and even pleasant ways of collecting money for a worthy object, should be rushed upon and held up to public censure and condemnation, we can not very well comprehend. Emperor William issues a lottery for the purpose of raising money for the abolition of slavery in Africa. There are few men in his kingdom unwilling to contribute a trifle towards an end in every way so desirable. A small sum from several millions will aggregate the required assistance. Nobody feels impoverished or aggrieved by such a scheme. The Emperor or his Government is not going to profit one cent by the transaction. But hundreds, probably thousands, of suffering, enslaved human beings will be restored to liberty and life by the process.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

TO THE EDITOR.—The readers of your valuable paper, in general, and those of the Maritime provinces in particular, must feel pleased at your protest against those Ontario fanatics for calling in question Sir John Thompson's appointment to the premiership on account of his religious belief.

A local paper, speaking of the attitude taken by some of the Quebec papers, says: "If words have been spoken which seem to justify the fanaticism of the Quebec organs they may be traced to a representative of Quebec and not of Ontario."

We Catholics cannot be hoodwinked by shifting the issue from one province to another. We have come to realize, to the fullest extent, that there are still Protestants in this Dominion pregnant with the idea that a Catholic should not occupy a high position in the government of our country, no matter how well qualified he may be to fill the position.

That Sir John Thompson possesses all the necessary qualifications to lead a party has been generally recognized, not only in America but in England as well. Judging from the tone of some English papers, Sir John Thompson was looked upon as the man fit to succeed Sir John Macdonald. It is one of the most artistic and costly statues of the Sacred Heart in the city. It is made from the choicest marble, and the artist had been working at it in Munich over eight months. A statue of Our Lady, of the same material and by the same artist, has been ordered for the Blessed Virgin, Altar—the gift of Messrs. Frank and Vincent Travers. That in the Pantheon Church is the gift of Miss Madrigal, of New York city.

and he is making good use of them. He has shown a lesson of humility to his brother politicians which is at once admirable. Yes, we love Sir John Thompson down here by the sea, and his name has become a household word. May he long be spared to us to help guide the destiny of this great Dominion!

Descourse, C. B., June 25, 1891.

THE MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

It is fitting that the month of the Sacred Heart should end in the month of the Precious Blood! Does not the Blood that flowed from the Saviour's side tell us as much as could tell how the Sacred Heart of Jesus loves us? It is St. Thomas Aquinas who describes that tender Heart as wounded for our sins, and pouring out through the opening in the side of Christ its Precious Blood, to testify the excess of His love and to inflame the tepid hearts of His disciples. That Precious Blood is the price which the Heart of Jesus paid for our redemption. And what a price! Blood was demanded by God in all this satisfaction for sin. "Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission." The Blood demanded by the infinite justice of God in atonement for the infinite malice of sin. "Men," says St. Augustine, "were held captive by the devil, enslaved to the demons. They sold themselves, they could not redeem themselves. The Redeemer came and paid the price: He shed His Blood, and ransomed the world. The blood of Christ is the price. What did it purchase? The whole world. Aye! one drop of that Precious Blood could purchase the world and a thousand worlds. Yet He shed it into the last drop, to show the excessive love of His Sacred Heart, and that there is "with Him plentiful redemption."

That Precious Blood tells us our own worth, the real value of life and the use we ought to make of it. Not the whole world could stand in comparison with a soul, nor could all its riches buy a life. "Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver, but with the Precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot and undefiled." For you are bought with a great price, glory and honor, and a crown of life, and God in your body. "Soul, body, life, all are His by the clearest and dearest of titles—purchased by His Blood. All must be used and employed for His service. And yet how many useless, aimless, frivolous, empty lives! Alas, how many sinful lives for whom that Blood was spilt in vain! And would it were only in vain!

Finally, the Precious Blood tells us the boundlessness and the intensity of the happiness in store for us. The splendor and magnificence of the mansion must be an equivalent of the price paid for it. How could the bliss purchased by the most Precious Blood of an Immaculate Lamb be but such as eyes of earth hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived! Short the trial, the struggle, the suffering; eternal the reward! "These are they who are come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb. Therefore they are before the throne of God, and the Lamb shall lead them to the fountains of the waters of life, and God shall wipe away the tears from their eyes."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

A Fair-Minded View.

A lady subscriber writes us: "Will you please write an editorial and show up the ridiculousness of the Church confessional." We are glad to accommodate people when we can, but in this instance must decline to do so, because it is none of our subscriber's business whether people confess their sins, and whether a Church has a confessional or not, and why? If our subscriber is sick she will as once consult a physician, and confess to that physician all her physical sins or difficulties. The physician becomes her physical confessor and adviser accordingly. If our subscriber is in a business difficulty, she makes her lawyer her confessor, tells him all the things that are wrong about her business affairs, and the lawyer acts accordingly. The doctor is the physical confessor in cases of sickness, and the lawyer is the business confessor in case of business troubles. Then why should not the priest, or preacher, be spiritual confessor in cases of moral irregularities? We see no difference, and if the subscriber does, her perceptive powers are greater than ours. Our rule is, let Protestants and Catholics worship God in their own way, whatever way that may be, and so long as it does not interfere with the rights of others, it is no more our business than the manner and form of consulting with a confessor to a lawyer or doctor. This is upon the broad principle that there is room enough on earth for all people and time enough for all honest intentions.—*Ottawa Herald.*

A handsome statue of the Sacred Heart was erected recently in the Pantheon Church of New York city. It is one of the most artistic and costly statues of the Sacred Heart in the city. It is made from the choicest marble, and the artist had been working at it in Munich over eight months. A statue of Our Lady, of the same material and by the same artist, has been ordered for the Blessed Virgin, Altar—the gift of Messrs. Frank and Vincent Travers. That in the Pantheon Church is the gift of Miss Madrigal, of New York city.

THE LATE SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

Speech by Archbishop Cleary.

The Macdonald Memorial Committee met in Kingston on Monday, 22nd June. It comprises the most influential citizens of that city. Dr. Smythe moved the first resolution, which approved of the plan of entrusting to the Board of Trade the task of initiating the movement. The second resolution was moved by His Grace Archbishop Cleary, who spoke as follows:

I cordially concur in the purpose for which this meeting has been convened, as is sufficiently signified by my presence amongst you. But a moment ago I entered the room and at once I was presented with a paper containing a form of resolution and requested to make a speech upon it. The notice has been too short for reflection. But, Mr. Chairman, to any man possessing patriotic spirit and a fair knowledge of the world's history, of the rise and growth of nations, and the mighty influence of the names and memories of national heroes upon the generations that came after them, the consideration of what is due to the great departed supplies a theme in which he might speak with ease for eternity and evermore heartily. The work in which we are engaged is a serious one, and has reference to the dead. It calls upon the citizens of this, Sir John's burial-place, and upon all who value his life-work, to join in raising his memorial. I am a citizen of Canada, sent here to live, work and die, and, therefore, bound by my own personal interests, as well as the interests of those with whom I am officially connected, to take to heart all that concerns the progress of the country, political, social or otherwise. And I say that the men who have expended their time, thought and mind in the difficulties of public life, who have borne the obloquy and sometimes the calumny that asperses their reputation, who have through all this worked their way to the front and spent a long time in the service of their country, these men are worthy of their country's honor. (Hear, hear, and loud applause.) A country that is without the monuments of her glorious sons is a country that has no concentration of patriotism. You may put the books telling of the lives of such men in the university libraries, municipal libraries and young men's libraries. That is not what gives an uplifting thought and motive to the actions of the young men, teaching them to sacrifice private advantage to public interests. Books may remain unread; they may moulder on the dusty shelf; but lift up a monument in your city, and you will hear citizens saying one to another, "That is the man who served his country, and worked for its progress. (Applause.) That is the way in which to teach our youth."

It is not to-day that the work of lifting up public monuments has begun. From even the earliest times it has been the custom. The glories of Appian way, leading from Rome to the Levant and on to the east, was lined with the monuments of great men; and the youth of Rome, as they trod that historic road in their daily services and noble achievements recalled to their minds and were fired with inspiration to emulate their ancestors in devoting their lives to the service of their country. (Applause.)

The speaker then referred to his recent visit to Richmond, Va., where monuments of the ex-Confederate leaders are very noticeable. That city had been one of the Southern strongholds during the war. When it fell, the confederacy fell. But now all the states were one, and the statues of the leaders on both sides were going up indiscriminately in north and south. "Yes," continued the Archbishop, "let us lift up monuments to our men of patriotism. Let us hold in chief regard their unselfish devotion to their country's cause, their steadfastness in adhering to it through all the trials and vicissitudes of public life, their sagacity in council, their ability in execution, and finally, the record of their success and sacrifices. All minds may not agree in approving the practical methods or lines of policy they adopted in hours of difficulty. In this respect the best may err."

Whether they were right or wrong—and all could not be right—let us honor their memory forever. If Mr. Cooke and I were only to honor those who kneed at the same altar we would not be as good friends as we are. But Mr. Cooke smiles on me.

Rev. Mr. Cooke.—And you smile on me, too. (Laughter.) Archbishop Cleary.—I honor the honest man, I care not what his creed is. I am not a Conservative nor a Liberal, and politics are not my profession, but I can see the great and good men on both sides. Now Sir John Macdonald gave his long life to the task of elevating Canada to the status of a nation. He found a group of dissimulated colonies. He aimed at binding them together into a homogeneous political organization. He worked for this earnestly and persistently, and we hardly say too much when we style him Father of Confederation. His wonderful abilities, his purity of purpose, his perseverance throughout half a century of toil and trouble, his victories and reverses and grand achievements render his name worthy of perpetual remembrance in this Dominion. He was in many respects a great man. His power was perhaps most fully shown in his government of men's minds and feelings and his attraction to himself of the good-will and esteem of all, even

of those who honestly differed from his policy. It might even be said that he proved himself a miracle of power and greatness among men by the fact that he had held together the Conservative party and kept leadership over them for nearly half a century, great laughter. For the steady that draw the Conservative each are sometimes fiery and unruly, and it was no easy task to keep them within the traces (renewed laughter).

This greatest of Canada's statesmen is Kingston's glorious son. In the schools of this city, in its literary and social institutions, he inhaled the spirit that governed his public career, and therefore does Kingston claim chief place in doing honor to his memory. Here, too, by his own request, do his ashes lie. He sleeps in the bosom of his mother, to whose interests he was personally and officially attached through life, as her first citizen, her honored son, her Parliamentary representative. Therefore let Kingston be the place of his memorial, that hereafter, as until now, his name and hers may be linked together in loving remembrance and undying honor.

In conclusion the Archbishop moved: "That in view of the fact that Kingston was the home of Sir John A. Macdonald and is now his burial place, an extension be extended to all who cherish his memory and value the work he did for his country, to join the citizens of Kingston in erecting this monument."

Principal Grant, on rising to second the resolution, complimented Archbishop Cleary on his eloquent speech. Referring to the subject under discussion he said a people that was not grateful to its public men deserved to perish and would perish. He hoped the time would be long before there should be occasion to erect a monument in memory of Hon. O. Mowat and Sir Alexander Campbell. But when that time came the memorial should be erected. The speaker was glad, on entering, to notice that sturdy Conservative, George Richardson, and that sturdy Liberal, John McKeelvey, sitting side by side. And it had just occurred to him that when Archbishop Cleary, a Roman Catholic, and himself, a Protestant Catholic, the heretic joining with the orthodox (but which was the heretic?) were agreed—all were at one on the matter. The movement, he thought, would not succeed unless Kingston moved first, and that promptly. Then Canada should be called upon to do her duty.

WILL JOHN DILLON LEAD?

Our private advices from Ireland confirm the public declaration that, on his liberation from prison, John Dillon will be selected to lead the parliamentary forces in the final contest for Home Rule.

This will mean a united Irish party once more at Westminster. It will mean a cessation of the unfortunate internecine strife which has been going on of late to the detriment of Ireland's cause. It will mean one authoritative voice in the House of Parliament ringing out in clear tones for justice. It will mean the death of faction and the union of all sections of Irishmen upon a common platform.

There is not a true man who believes in Ireland's future as a nation who does not place implicit trust in the sturdy patriotism and unswerving loyalty of John Dillon. Whether hissing defiance to a Forster, and declaring that he would cheerfully lead a band of his countrymen in armed opposition against the oppressors of his country; whether facing fearlessly a brutal band of peeders in New Tipperary; whether laboring patiently, earnestly and prayerfully for the union of his colleagues at the Bolognese conferences, or whether serving out without murmur, his sentence to imprisonment for his country's cause, John Dillon is ever a true patriot, an incorruptible man and a grand champion of the high and holy aspiration of his countrymen for freedom.

In the House of Commons Mr. Dillon has the respect of the leaders on both sides. They know him to be a man of ability, a man of honor, a man of principle. He always commands the attention of the House when he speaks. He always has something to say, and the man behind the speaker is honored and respected for his sterling qualities. With the confidence of both sections of the Irish party, and the love and veneration of the people, he could solve the vexed problem by accepting the leadership. By his side would be his companion in arms, the colleague who is

closest to him and closest also to the Irish heart, Wm. O'Brien. It will be a happy and an auspicious day for Ireland when the standard of the party is placed in John Dillon's hands. The Irish people may give it to his keeping with the fullest assurance that it will never be lowered while he carries it, that it will never be tarnished, and that the undying principle which it represents will never be compromised.

Mr. Dillon would be an ideal leader. The friends and supporters of home rule in America and Australia know him and trust him. They would rally to his support with their old-time enthusiasm. The money needed to carry on the agitation and to conduct the canvass in the coming general election would be freely subscribed. The bitterness of the recent past would be speedily forgotten. The ranks would close up once more, and the march toward Irish independence would be resumed.

The Republic has maintained from the beginning of the unfortunate split in the Irish parliamentary ranks that the wisdom, the conservatism and the loyalty of the Irish people in Ireland would settle the vexed question of responsible leadership. We feel confident that the time of settlement is approaching, and that when the prison doors close behind him John Dillon will be chosen as the leader of a united Irish party and of a resolute and determined Irish people.—*Boston Republic.*



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