

A ROYAL WEDDING.

OUR POSSIBLE FUTURE SOVEREIGNS UNITED.

A Distinguished Gathering—Numerous and Costly Presents—A Grand Ceremony—The Sailor Prince and the Princess May of Teck are Wedded.

A London despatch of the sixth July tells us that the marriage of the Duke of York (Prince George of Wales) and the Princess Victoria May of Teck, an event to which all England had been looking forward to with great interest, took place at half-past 12 o'clock that day in the Chapel Royal, St. James' palace. The wedding was brilliant function, and was attended by a large gathering of the members of the British Royal family, continental sovereigns or their representatives, and many members of the highest nobility. The Royal party left Buckingham palace in four processions, the first conveying the members of the household and distinguished guests. The next procession included the Duke of York and his supporters, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The bride came in the third procession, accompanied by her father, the Duke of Teck, and her brother, Prince Adolphus of Teck. The last procession was that of the Queen, who accompanied by the Duchess of Teck, her younger sons and the Grand Duke of Hesse, drove in state to the ceremonial.

At 12.15 the Duke of York and his escort arrived at the Chapel Royal. Five minutes later deafening cheers, announced the arrival of Princess May. A fanfare of trumpets was sounded as the Queen arrived and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the multitude.

As the Queen's procession, which included the Duchess of Teck and the Grand Duke of Hesse, walked up the aisle. Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Imperial March" was played. A march in "G," composed by Smart, was played during the progress of the bridegroom's procession, and as the bride and her supporters passed up the aisle to the altar, the organist played Wagner's march from "Lohengrin."

There were eight officiating clergymen within the rails of the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely (Lord High Almoner), and the Bishop of Rochester (Clerk of the Closet) stood on the right hand of the communion table, on which was placed the splendid gold plate which belongs to the chapel. On the left hand were the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, Canon Harvey (rector of Sandringham) and Canon Dalton.

MANY GIFTS FROM MANY LANDS.

To enumerate the bridal gifts and the name of their donors would require several columns of newspaper space. Presents were received from all parts of the British dominions. The Duke of York's present to his bride consisted of an open petalled rose in pearls and diamonds and a five-row pearl necklace. The pearls are not exceptionally large, but they are perfectly pure in color and splendidly matched. The Duke and Duchess of Teck gave their daughter a suite of jewels, comprising tiara, necklaces and brooch of turquois and diamonds. Much has been said regarding the opposition of the Princess of Wales to the marriage, it being stated that she did not approve of her son marrying the girl who had been engaged to his brother, even though that brother was dead. The present given by the Princess of Wales should put at rest these rumors, for it is doubtful if a more valuable gift was ever given by any one on a similar occasion. The Princess' gift consisted mostly of jewellery and precious stones, the whole being valued at £250,000.

On the way back to Buckingham palace from the Chapel Royal the procession was led by the carriage of the Queen. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duchess of Teck, was wrapped up in a white Indian shawl. She gave instructions that the carriage should proceed slowly in order that she might view the decorations. This gave the crowds along the route an opportunity to again see Her Majesty, and she was enthusiastically cheered.

The faces of the Duke and Duchess of York beamed with happiness, and they repeatedly bowed and smiled as the salvos of applause and the cheers of the

multitudes were repeated again and again. The Duchess of Teck looked charmingly beautiful. She carried in one hand a bouquet of Provence roses, orchids and orange blossoms. At half-past two o'clock the Royal party withdrew from the balcony to attend the dejeuner. The dejeuner was a very social affair, royalty for the time putting aside its prerogatives and entering fully into the joyousness of the occasion. The toasts were drunk with all the honors and nearly two hours were spent at the table. During this time the crowds awaited for the reappearance of the bride and groom on their way to Sandringham, the Prince of Wales' country residence, where they will spend part of their honeymoon.

ON READING.

The art of printing has been justly regarded as one of the most potent factors in the civilization of the world, and by its means the diffusion of knowledge has become general. Yet, like all great agencies, it has often been abused, and perverted to wrong ends.

Books and newspapers exercise an extraordinary influence upon the development of character; and when it is considered that now-a-days the passion for reading is almost universal, it becomes evident that great care should be used in the selection of the mental food that we help ourselves and others to daily. Every day the press pours forth battalions of books and newspapers, some of which are highly dangerous, some merely trashy, some indifferent, and a few good. From these we are invited to make a selection, often without any guide save that of a cultivated or perverted taste.

Sad to say, the general choice is not a happy one, to judge by the numbers of silly or vulgar publications that flaunt in the windows of booksellers' shops. Bright covers and suggestive titles are the strongest claims that most of these books possess to our notice; within, they are a tissue of false sentiment, exaggerated commonplace, and, too frequently, poisonous principle. Even worse than these books, because they are cheaper, are the weekly story-papers with their distorted woodcuts and impossible characters who marry in vaults or graveyards, undergo death several times at the hands of the villain, and end finally in triumph after a course of proceedings which would, in real life, consign them to a gaol or mad-house. To dignify these publications by the name of literature would not be correct, yet it is just this sort of mental nourishment that our young people, especially girls, are devouring daily. The correlative evil for boys is the dime novel, that chronicle of the impossible feats of the ubiquitous and much-disguised detective, and the equally heroic cow boy. Reading of this kind, persistently indulged in, will spoil the best character and counteract the effects of the most enlightened system of education. It is frequently urged that the taste for extravagant literature is a natural outcome of the restricted and commonplace lives of the majority of mankind. Having little that is romantic or ideal in their surroundings, they seek it in books. This is perhaps true in part, but why does it follow that the majority choose the very worst kind of light reading? There are hundreds of books in the world which furnish the most romantic reading and yet are free from the undesirable characteristics of most modern novels; for example, the works of Scott, Dickens, Irving. A pure and healthy tone pervades the books of these authors and one rises from their perusal with more elevated views and a better understanding of mankind at large. They appeal to what is best in human nature, and are therefore diametrically opposed to the spirit of the ordinary novel.

Besides these and many others of the same school, there are the works of distinctly Catholic writers, such as Lady Fullerton and Christian Reid, Aubry de Vere and Maurice Egan, and a host of others. Catholic literature has made great strides of late years, and as a rule it compares very favorably with that of the secular school, but even in Catholic literature there is a distinction to be made. There seems to be a leaning, on the part of some Catholic writers, towards religious idealism, and they draw characters that are seldom to be met with in real life. In their books we find young persons who practise with calm ease, virtues which the greatest saints have acquired only after years of

mortification and prayer. Temptation slides off them harmlessly and never for an instant disturbs the placid serenity of their souls. They live and move and have their being in a spiritual fortress placed high above even the reach of an assault. With all this, they are not attractive to ordinary mortals, and should we accidentally come in contact with such a person in real life we should feel chilled and repelled by the want of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

But we never do meet anyone like that, it is an impossible ideal, and a mistake upon the part of the author. A writer would do more good by describing the weaknesses of his characters and the means they employed to overcome them, than by inventing faultless personages who never did and never could exist. The same class of writers make a specialty of converting Protestants, and the result is the controversial novel, in which the Catholic hero or heroine expounds an abridgment of "Butler's Catechism," the "End of Controversy," or "Father Damen's Lectures," and behold! the Protestant capitulates and becomes a Catholic forthwith. Anyone who has had much experience among Protestants is well aware that conversion is by no means so easily effected. There is not a disputed point of doctrine that they will not sift to the bottom before they acknowledge their error. Driven from one standpoint, they will intrench themselves in another, and call to their aid every argument that human ingenuity can invent to prove themselves in the right. It is only when doubt can no longer find an available foothold that they will admit the truth and the claims of the Catholic Church and enter her fold. But how many months and years are consumed in this spiritual warfare, and amid how much sorrow and anguish of heart do they at last abandon their untenable position? The greater number of conversions in real life are vastly different to what we find them depicted in stories, and when they occur in the manner described by novelists, for sometimes they do, they are rather the results of sensibility than of intelligence, and it too often happens that those so-called converts display as ready a facility in reverting to their original principles as they did in forsaking them, when a favorable opportunity arises, or when they begin to realize the fact that flowers and incense, lights and music, are only the externals of the Catholic religion. While there is a large class of Protestants who are really ignorant of the true doctrine of the Church, there is still another who are quite conversant with it, and whose energies are oftener directed to the task of proving Catholics wrong than themselves right. This sort of Protestant is scarce in fiction, but frequent in real life. An indefatigable arguer, he will admit that he is, "perhaps," wrong in his theology, but he always ends by insisting that Catholics are certainly so.

To be of any real use and assistance, a writer must depict life and its problems as they are, not as, in his imagination, they ought to be. To do this does not necessitate a descent to the vulgarity that too often cloaks itself under the name of "realism." The world around us is full of romance; tragedy and comedy go hand in hand through our daily life, and the writer who can reproduce them upon paper need never depend upon his imagination to create works that will be intensely interesting.

The foundations of life-long habits are laid in childhood and early youth, and it should be the care of parents and teachers to foster an intelligent literary taste in the minds of those committed to their care. Teach young people to analyze the sentiments and tendencies of whatever they read, and point out to them such characteristics and leanings as may escape their less experienced eye. Before long they will easily distinguish between true and false principles, and having once acquired this faculty, it will prove a better safeguard against indiscriminate reading than the barrier of goody-goody books that they never read after they leave school.

EMMA C. STREET.

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