

NOTES ON CATHOLIC HISTORY.

In the month of May, 1772, the plague, which had been supposed to be extinct broke out again in Marseilles, and threw that city into a state of consternation. The Sacred Heart, which had already protected it once, was again the happy resource of the distressed citizens. At the solicitations of the Bishop, Monseigneur Belzunce, the magistrates, in a body, made a vow to go every year, in the name of the city, to the Church of the Visitation, on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, there to honour that worthy object of our love, to receive Holy Communion, to offer a white waxen taper, four pounds in weight, adorned with the arms of the city, and finally to assist in the general procession which that prelate proposed to establish in perpetuity on that same day. This vow was pronounced publicly before the altar of the Cathedral Church, by the first of the municipal magistrates, in the name of all, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, before the procession of the Blessed Sacrament. The Bishop held the Sacred Host in his hands, and the magistrates knelt before him. All the people united in a vow from which they expected such happy results. That very day all the sick were cured, and no one was ever after attacked by the plague. Fear gave place to entire confidence, and the people felt themselves safe in the protection of the merciful heart of the Saviour. The disease died out so completely that, six weeks after, the Bishop addressing the people in a pastoral said—"We now enjoy such perfect health, that we have not had for some time in Marseilles either deaths or diseases of any kind, a thing wholly unprecedented in a city so large and populous, and which goes to prove the miracle." It was in remembrance of this second favor that the Bishop established in perpetuity a general procession on the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is continued yearly to the present day. All the above facts are established by the pastorals of the Bishop and by the official records of the municipal body of Marseilles.

The Crucifix of the Tuilleries in 1848. On the 24th day of February, 1848, the mob came to attack the Tuilleries, from which the King, Louis Philippe, had fled a few moments before. They hung from the windows the furniture, hangings, and carpets. One young man ran in all haste to the Palace Chapel, where the noon-day Mass was just being said; he feared it might be sacked, and wished to protect it. It had already undergone some disarrangement; some of the sacerdotal vestments were seen lying scattered in the sacristy, but no one had yet touched the altar. The young Catholic then asked some of the National guardsmen to help him to remove the sacred vessels and the crucifix. "We will do it willingly," said they, "but on condition that we have with us a pupil of the Polytechnic School." Two of these immediately present themselves. They take the sacred vessels and the crucifix and set out on their march for the Church of St. Rock. On the way there were some ill disposed persons, who began to scoff and boot. The young man who carried the crucifix stopped, held it up, showed it to the surrounding crowd, and cried out, "Citizens, you would be regenerated; well, remember you can only be so through Jesus Christ." At these words many voices from the crowd cried out, "Yes, yes, it is true: long live Christ, and, respectfully baring their heads, it marched in procession to the Church of St. Rock, where the priest took the crucifix placed it on the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and gave his blessing to the people. The above incidents were recorded in the paper, L'Univers, 28th February, 1848.

Napoleon Teaching Catechism. When the Emperor Napoleon was in captivity on St. Helena he took pleasure in teaching the Catechism to a little girl, the daughter of General Bertrand, his faithful companion in exile. One day the Emperor met her and said: "My child you are young, and many dangers await you in the world. What will become of you if you are not fortified by religion? Come to me to-morrow, and I will give you your first lesson in Catechism." For more than two years she went every day to the Emperor's quarters, where he heard her recite her Catechism, and explained it to her with the utmost care and precision. When she had attained her sixteenth year, Napoleon said to her: "Now, my child, I believe you are sufficiently instructed in religion; it is time to think seriously of your first Communion. I am going to have two priests brought hither from France; one will prepare you to live well, the other will prepare you to die well." It was done accordingly, and this pious young lady who, we may say, owed her faith and happiness to Napoleon, related them in the year 1844 to the Bishop who assisted him in his last moments.

The Drowning Children Saved by the Sign of the Cross. St. William, Archbishop of York, made a pilgrimage to Rome in 1154, which kept him a long time away from his diocese. On his return great crowds went out to meet him. The throng was so great that, passing the wooden bridge over the Ouse, on which the City of York is built, the bridge gave way, and a great multitude of people and children were thrown into the river. At this sight the Archbishop is filled with grief; he stopped, raised his eyes to heaven, and made the sign of the Cross over the river. Almost all those who had fallen in were saved, and especially the children were drawn out safe and sound.

A statue has been erected in Brescia, Italy, to Mar. tto, "the little M or " the great painter, Alessandro Buonvicino, is called, and the occasion was made one of great rejoicing. It took

the shape of a grand civic celebration and a great meeting of leading politicians. Buonvicino was one of the last of the religiously disposed painters. Commissioner Patis counted 102 pieces from his brush. One of these is in the Vatican gallery, and represents the Madonna and child with Saints Jerome and Bartholemew. One of Buonvicino's three sons entered the Order of the Jesuits.

HUMOR, OLD AND NEW.

One of the quaint mental characteristics of the Irish people, says a writer in the Daily Telegraph, London, which so distinguishes them from other races, is the odd and unexpected view they take of things. This habit of mind must not be confounded with the confusion of thought, to which 'bulls' or blunders in words or actions are to be ascribed, and it is also quite distinct from the native wit and drollery of the race. The peasants, who are endowed with this curious mental peculiarity, are absolutely unconscious of the delightful quaintness and oddity of their views. They do not mean to be funny. They simply use the expressions which come naturally to their lips.

The point of difference between the native humour, the unconscious 'bulls' or blunders, and this unexpected and surprising view of things—with which we are now concerned—will be more clearly illustrated by examples than by any attempt at elaborate definition. I was once present at a discussion among friends on the virtues or evils of smoking. One Irish lady in the party insisted that the habit shortened the lives of people who indulged in it. "I don't agree with that," said a gentleman. "There's my father, who smokes every blessed day of his life, and he is now seventy years old." "That proves nothing, cried the lady impulsively, 'if he hadn't smoked, he would probably be eighty by this time!'" The amusing retort of the lady is not a bad sample of that incongruity of ideas, commonly known as a 'bull,' which is due, not to stupidity, but rather to undue swiftness of thought and expression. Here, on the other hand, are instances of natural wit and repartee. An old peasant woman, overhearing a 'squireen,' or upstart, complaining proudly of an attack of gout, remarked: "Bedad, some people are so consoated that when their corns bite them they say it's the gout." A gentleman, not liking the way in which some work on his property was being done by a laborer, gave vent to his indignation in some rude language. "Well, long life to your honor," said said the laborer, after the storm of passion had subsided, "and I'll be praying that if yer honor does die, you'll go to heaven." "Indeed," said the gentleman, touched by this unexpected prayer from one whom he had consigned to eternal perdition a few moments before. "Yes, indeed, yer honor, for if yer honor gets to heaven, it's a sure thing that we'll all go there." The Irish mental characteristic to which I particularly desire to draw attention is illustrated in the following anecdote: A maid slipped as she was carrying a valuable tea service on a tray, and the cups and saucers were—as she would express it—"smashed to smithereens." "Oh, Bridget, what have you done?" cried the mistress, in the grief for her ruined tea set. "Oh, ma'am, there's nothin' to be onaisy about," said Bridget. "The Lord be praised, I didn't hurt myself in the late!" The humor of this story lies, it is needless to say, in the unexpected turn of the servant's reply.

A Limerick gentleman was discussing with his coachman the character of a noted 'rowdy' named Jim Mackeown, who lived in an adjacent village. "I don't like to see that Mackeown about here at all," said the gentleman. "I should think that if he were well vexed he would not mind murdering a man." "Murdering a man, yer honor?" exclaimed the coachman, "faith he would not stop at that." "Pon me sowl, sir, if Jim were well roused he'd murder a bull!" It was the physical rather than the criminal side of the fellow's wickedness which the remark of his master had brought to his mind. I remember hearing in the police court, Dublin, a quaint instance of incongruity between question and answer. Two women were charged with disorderly conduct, and a 'nabour' was called to give evidence for one of them. She was asked what she knew as to the character and veracity of the accused. "Since ever I knew her, your worship, she has kept her house clean and decent," was the reply. The same lack of agreement in the view taken by two persons of the same subject might be illustrated by several amusing anecdotes.

A crier in the Assize Court at Galway was ordered by the Judge to clear the building of all persons but the lawyers, whereupon he shouted: "All ye blackguards that isn't liars quit the court." A reply of a somewhat mixed character was given by the gamekeeper of an estate near Tralee to a gentleman of the town who requested a day's shooting. "Sure, yer honor may as well do the pochin' as any other blackguard out of Tralee." Of course, the gamekeeper meant that the gentleman might as well enjoy the advantages of the preserves as the boys from Tralee, who were in the habit of surreptitiously coursing the estate for hares and rabbits. Writing about poaching recalls the comic answer given by a country girl, who, on offering a salmon for sale to a fishmonger in Limerick, was questioned as to how she had obtained the fish. "Sure," she ingeniously replied, "my father is poacher to Lord Clare." A lady took her Irish maid to task for carelessness and forgetfulness. "Why is it, Mary," said she, "that you keep on making the same mistakes over and over again? Why don't you try to remember what I tell you?" The day happened to be very warm, so Mary returned the quaint reply, "Sure, ma'am, I can't be after agravin' me mind this hot weather." Two men were fighting in the streets of Cork. One got the other down, and was administering

ing to him a severe punishment, when the man below, cried out to the onlookers, "Oh, tare us a shunder, or we'll murder each other."

Sayings deliciously quaint or delightfully extravagant rise naturally and spontaneously to the lips of the Irish peasants, and the number of felicitous coincidences of expression or unexpected perversities of view which a resident meets with in Ireland is endless. A gentleman, noted for his bulk of person, fell ill, and was kept alive only by the occasional administration of a teaspoonful of brandy. One of the servants of the house mentioned this circumstance to a friend. "A teaspoonful is it?" said the other contemptuously. "An' what would a teaspoonful be, shrayin' about in such a wilderness of a man?"

A gentleman of human feelings and religious principles witnessed with deep pain a man lashing his horse along a country road, and heaping curses on the unfortunate brute. "Stop, stop, my man," he cried. "Don't you know it is not only very cruel to whip your horse like that, but also very absurd to be making use of those oaths to him, for the poor animal does not understand a single word of that language." "Sure, yer honor, it's his own fault if he doesn't understand it, said the driver, for he hears enough of it every day."

An amusing instance of misplaced compassion is recorded in the biography of Thomas Moore, the poet. As Moore, when a boy, was walking with his uncle from Sandymount into Dublin, early one morning, they saw lying dead on the road a highwayman, who had evidently been shot during the night by some one whom he attacked. There was a bullet hole in his right temple, and an old woman, pointing this out to Moore and his uncle, said: "Wasn't it the blessin' o' God, gentlemen, that the bullet didn't hit him in the eye?"

Smoking is very prevalent among old women in Ireland. They take to the habit as a solace in their declining years. I once asked an old woman at what time of her life she first began to indulge in tobacco. Her reply was, "I tuk it to it as a bit of divarshion after me poor old man was tucked under the daisies." This was her way of saying that she took to the pipe as a comfort after the death of her husband. I remember helping to her feet an old countrywoman who had slipped and fallen heavily on the pavement, one frosty day in Limerick. "I hope you are not hurt," I said. She made no reply, but fumbled excitedly in the folds of her dress. "What's the matter?" I asked anxiously. "I hope there are no bones broken." "Bones bruk?" she cried; "I was more concerned to know whether my ould 'dudheen' was bruk," and she produced from her pocket a little black pipe, happily intact.

The love of the Irish people for their native land, perhaps, never found quainter expression than in the reply of an Irishman in America as to how he was faring. "Pretty well, pretty well; but, faith, I'd rather be a gas lamp in Dublin than President in the United States." A peasant who was about to emigrate was given a box by a lady, who took an interest in him. "And what is the box for, ma'am?" he asked. "To put your clothes and things in, of course," said the lady. "Arrah, ma'am, do you wish me to go naked?" exclaimed the peasant, in all simplicity. A navy who had his leg cut off in a railway accident was advised to bring an action against the company for damages. "For repairs, you ma'am," he replied. "Sure, I've damages enough."

For combined extravagance and audacity nothing could beat the reply of a Galway farmer who was told by his neighbors that he should be proud of his mare, who had won a race. "Proud of her," he cried; "why, I couldn't be prouder of her if she wrote the Holy Bible." I heard a Mayor of Limerick tell the following whimsical anecdote at a municipal dinner in that city. A man came to him for a testimonial of character, as he was about to seek employment at Dublin. "But I have never seen you before," said his worship. "Sure, sir, that's the very reason I came to you, said the man. "I've never been summoned before you. Indeed, your worship niver had the late bit of trouble with me." An old woman very poor, as well as very old, was condoled with on the loss of her teeth. "Time for me to lose 'em," she replied, "when I've nothin' for 'em to do."

A PRINCESS FOR PRESIDENT.

The Orphanage of the Sisters of Mercy, of Norwood, England, Enjoys the Distinction.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales Holds the Office—Irri-tation Caused Thereby in Ultra-Protestant Circles.

THE closing years of the nineteenth century should be record ones in furnishing material for the future historian regarding the great changes which are taking place in the religious views of the masses in England. It would appear from the intelligence which reaches us from time to time, that there will be no cessation of the unrest which is everywhere in evidence throughout that country. The latest phase of this movement is furnished in an article which appears in the Baltimore Catholic Mirror, under the caption "Friendly to Catholics." It is as follows: It is difficult to describe the sensation caused among church going people throughout the United Kingdom by the action of the Princess of Wales in not only accepting the presidency of a Roman Catholic orphanage at Norwood, founded and directed by the Sisters of Mercy, but in likewise consulting to

ALPHONSE VALIQUETTE & CO.

1883 and 1885 Notre Dame Street. ON MONDAY next we start our great Fall and Winter Sale of cheap Dry Goods, Carpets and Oil Cloths. Everything must move. We are just after putting into stock about 300 pairs of Blankets, both White and Gray; also about 300 beautiful Fall and Winter Jackets, as well as 500 dozen Men's and Ladies' Hosiery, with a grand assortment of Winter Underwear. All to be sold cheap, At the Great au Bon Marche. ALPHONSE VALIQUETTE & CO, Opposite Balmoral Castle Hotel.

FIRE SALE OF FURNITURE.

As we have to make room at once for workmen to repair the building, we will make discounts on the whole of our stock of 20 to 50 Per Cent. All in want of Furniture should avail themselves of this great opportunity. Come this week.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, No. 652 Craig Street, Montreal.

open a sort of fair or bazaar organized for the purpose of raising funds for the institution.

It is the first occasion since the days of the Reformation, or rather I should say since the overthrow and exile of the Stuart dynasty, that a member of the reigning house of Great Britain has accorded recognition of any kind whatsoever to Catholic institutions, and one has only to recall the fact that it is not so very long ago that Roman Catholics were subjected to numerous civic disabilities in order to realize the importance attached to the action of the Princess of Wales.

The irritation which it has caused in all the ultra-Protestant circles is intensified by the fact that the future Queen of Great Britain has always displayed a very strong leaning for what in known as the High Church, or Ritualistic branch of the Church of England. Like her fellow Ritualists she believes in confession, and in the Divine Presence in the Sacrament, as well as in the intercession of the saints.

In fact her religious views (as in the case of so many other great ladies in England of foreign birth, who having been reared abroad as Lutherans, have joined the Church of England) are so extremely ritualistic that the border line which separates them from full-fledged Roman Catholicism is barely perceptible. The Princess of Wales, moreover, has always remained deeply impressed by the fatherly words of sympathy and consolation addressed to her by the venerable Pontiff when she visited Rome incognito with her two younger daughters shortly after the death of her eldest son.

Of course all the apprehensions and fears expressed by the ultra-Protestants in England are baseless, and there is no likelihood of the Princess becoming a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. For according to the terms of the constitution, and of the so-called act of settlement any such course on her part would debar her from becoming Queen of England, and in the event of the Prince of Wales becoming King she would merely remain Princess of Wales, and could not be crowned Queen of England.

Only one of Queen Victoria's descendants has married a Roman Catholic, namely, Princess Marie of Great Britain and Coburg, daughter of the Duke of Coburg, and wife of the Catholic Crown Prince of Roumania. By so doing she has alone of Queen Victoria's grandchildren placed both herself and her children out of the line of succession to the throne of Great Britain.

It is probable that the sympathy thus openly manifested by the Princess of Wales, or the Catholic Church will lead to popular belief that she has become secretly a member thereof. The same belief has been entertained in the case of Empress Augusta, consort of old Emperor William of Germany, as well as in the instance of the Princess Charles of Prussia, widow of the celebrated field marshal to whom the French fortress of Metz capitulated in the war of 1870.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Cheese dull and buyers seem to have determined to call a halt, which is not at all surprising considering the advance in value established during the past week or so. Ten days ago cheese in the country cost 10 per pound less than they do today, and as most of the advance came from speculative purchases of September cheese, and the rise was too rapid to be followed abroad, quietness is natural under the circumstances. But now that Septembers have been advanced to the present level, they are likely to remain there, for it will take radical measures to induce factorymen to consent to concession now. For this reason the present dullness is quite likely to last unless buyers are prepared to go ahead paying full prices. Quotations were largely nominal on spot, for there was little doing. Receipts were heavy, 15,980 boxes. c. c. Finest western Septembers.....83 to 93 Finest eastern Septembers.....9 to 93

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS ADVERTISEMENT.

The Dominion Linen Warehouse.

Our Linen Department being the largest of its kind in Canada, comprises all that can be found in the House Furnishing way. Added to this department are Sheetings and Counterpanes, etc. A few Sheetings prices might guide Housekeepers at this season. Our Sheetings are all reliable. SHEETINGS, Unbleached. Plain, two yards wide, 12c, 14c, 16c yard. Twilled, 12c, 16c, 18c yard. Bleached, Plain, two yards wide, 16c, 17c. Twilled, 18c and 20c yard. Pillow Cottons, 8c, 9c, 10c, 12c. Circular Pillow Cottons, 11c, 12c, 13c, 14c yard.

HOW ABOUT BEDSPREADS? Look through your home equipment and see if you can't use one or two. New Satin Marseilles Quilts, full double sizes, \$2 and \$2.50; a large and varied selection to choose from.

HANDKERCHIEFS. New Handkerchiefs. We've more than doubled our stock of Handkerchiefs. Hundreds of Novelties in Handkerchiefs to choose from. Ladies' Lawn Handkerchiefs, with dainty iridescence, tinted footing, 25c each. A pretty Handkerchief for 10c is our Ladies' Lawn Handkerchief, with Val. Lace, dainty insertion, only 10c each.

LOOKS LIKE SILK. But costs only a fraction what Real Silk would cost: that is, the Glow Worm Lustré Knitting Yarn, in shades: Navy Blue, Green, Lawn, Red, Gold, Garnet, Sky Blue, Pink; two balls for 5 cents.

KID GLOVES. Our Kid Gloves are the best value in the city. We have added to our stock further shipments of our own special makes, all of which are guaranteed. Our Yukon at \$1.00 pair is genuine French Kid that cannot be equalled at the price.

PATTERNS. We are sole agents in Montreal for the sale of Weldon's English Patterns. Autumn Fashions now in stock.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS, The Largest Exclusive Dry Goods Store in Canada. CORNER ST. CATHERINE AND MOUNTAIN STREETS.

Finest western Augusts.....91 to 93 Finest western Septembers.....92 to 93 Liverpool cable, colored.....41s Liverpool cable, white.....40s Butter remains about as yesterday, with prices irregular and buyers very careful as to quality. A very defect has a material effect on the value. Extra finest fresh creamery may be nominally quoted at from 19 1/2 to 20 1/2 c. and tubs at from 19 1/2 to 19 3/4 c. Dairy butter sells from 14c to 15c. Receipts were 2574 packages.

Extra finest creamery, boxes, 19 1/2 to 20 1/2 Extra finest creamery, tubs, 19 1/2 to 19 3/4 Ordinary finest creamery, boxes.....19 to 19 1/2 Ordinary finest creamery, tub.....18 1/2 to 18 3/4 BROCKVILLE, Ont., September 28.—(Special)—At the regular meeting of the cheese board today the offerings were 1,948 colored and 1,116 white. The buyers held off for street sales, and the bidding was dull, at 9 1/2 c for choice of both kinds, which the salesmen would not accept, and the board adjourned. Business was quite active on the curb and the men from the country sold about 4,000 boxes at 9 1/2 c to 9 3/4 c; one half brought the latter figure and the balance 9 1/2 c to 9 5/16 c. Fully 1,000 boxes are being held for another week in the hope of getting better prices. All the offerings today were strictly Septembers, which are sold up pretty close. A resolution was adopted strongly disapproving of the Parmelee bill becoming law. Several leading dairymen expressed their opinions, and all were unanimous that its enforcement would be detrimental to the dairy interests of Canada. Picton, Ont., September 28.—At our cheese board to day nine factories have added 525 boxes, all colored; all September make. Highest bid, 9c. No sales. Stirling, Ont., September 28.—Offered 1,200 boxes white September cheese. Sales, Watkin, 675; Bird, 245. All at 9 1/2 c.

WHILE OPPOSITION SLEEPS WE PROGRESS.

The Extraordinary Values in our \$1.00 LADIES' FINE DONGOLA SHOES In all sizes and styles admit of no competition. E. MANSFIELD, THE SHOEMAKER, 124 St. Lawrence Street. TAN GOODS ALL REDUCED 20 per cent. to clear out.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

HIGH-CLASS CLOAKS and HIGH-CLASS MILLINERY.

The appreciation of the best shoppers of Montreal is awarded to our unrivalled assortment of High-class Cloaks and High-class Millinery. Every day hundreds are delighted by the vast variety of carefully selected Novelties now on view. The best, on the best terms, is what we aim to offer the public in all lines, and it is specially noticeable at present in our Mantle and Millinery Show-rooms.

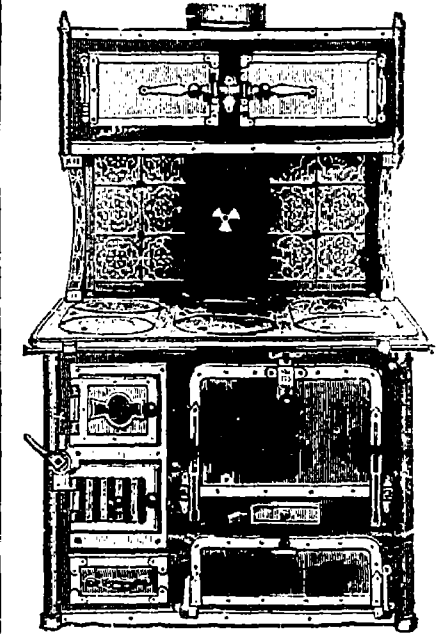
BLANKETS.

All the Best English, Scotch and Canadian Makes. 100 Pairs FINE "SUPER" BLANKETS, choice Fast Colored Borders, all clear and perfect. Prices from \$2.50 per pair. 200 Pairs FINEST WOOL BLANKETS, handsome pink and blue borders—choice Blankets. Prices from \$3.75 per pair. 100 Pairs Extra Fine ENGLISH and SCOTCH BLANKETS, all selected fast colored Borders, in pink, blue, etc. Prices from \$9.00 per pair. 100 Pairs CHILDREN'S CRIB and COT BLANKETS, fine quality, with delicate borders in pink and blue. Prices from \$1.50 per pair. OUR LEADER IN GREY ALL WOOL BLANKETS. Light Grey All Wool Blankets, full size, choice of borders. The price of our Leader is \$1.50 per pair.

COUNTRY ORDERS FILLED WITH CARE.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., 343 St. Catherine Street, Corner of Metcalfe Street. TERMS: Cash. TELEPHONE UP 933.

BUY THE BEST. THE BURNS PERFECT RANGE



IS THE BEST, BECAUSE It is Asbestos Lined. It is Practical in Design. It is Easy to Handle and Keep Clean. It is Fitted with the Perfect (Patented) Elevating Grate. It is Durable. It is a Perfect Range. HOTEL AND FAMILY SIZES.

JOHN BURNS & CO., Manufacturers, 775 Craig St., and 2599 St. Catherine St. AGENCIES: U. F. DROUIN, St. Roch and St. Joseph Streets.

All... Doctors Know. the grand medicinal properties of a really good port wine in combination with the tonic properties of Peruvian Bark—hence their advice, "take Wilson's Invalids' Port". A rare old port wine with Peruvian Bark in quantities prescribed by the English and French pharmacopoeias. For weak and run-down people, a tonic without a peer. WHOLESALE AGENTS: LAWRENCE A. WILSON & CO., MONTREAL.