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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ST. PAUL'S SEMINARY.

THE GIFT OF MR. J. J. HILL TO THE DIOCESE.

THE PAPAL BLESSING—ADDRESSES DELIVERED BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND MGR. SATOLLI—THE GRAND OPENING CEREMONY—A MEMORABLE EVENT.

Last week we published an account of the imposing ceremonies on the occasion of the opening of the new Grand Seminary at St. Paul, Minn. We gave the address delivered by Dr. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University of Washington. This week we furnish our readers with the two magnificent and learned addresses given by Archbishop Ireland and Mgr. Satolli, the Papal Delegate.

The Pope's Congratulations.

The assembly hall of the seminary was crowded to witness the exercises of the evening. It was a remarkable gathering, the majority of those present being in full evening dress. It was composed of the leading citizens of the city of all denominations, among the number being nearly all the army officers from Fort Snelling, the judges of the district court, prominent railroad men, state officials and others, with their wives and other members of their families. The capacity of the hall is about 1,000, but enough people went out to fill it once and a half.

The background to the platform in the hall was decorated with the national colors, and on either side of the platform, in addition to Archbishop Ireland, Mgr. Satolli, James J. Hill and the other speakers, were seated a number of archbishops, bishops, priests and leading Catholic laymen.

Before Archbishop Ireland began his address, he read the appended cable from Rome:

"Monsignor Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, Minn.: The Holy Father offers you his heartfelt felicitations on the dedication of your seminary; he invokes affectionately the blessing of God upon yourself, upon the founder of the seminary, James J. Hill, and upon his family."
"CARDINAL RAMPOLLA."

"Rome, Sept. 2, 1895."

He followed with this other from Cardinal Gibbons:

"Archbishop Ireland, St. Paul, Minn.: Regret unavoidable absence. Heartily congratulations on dedication of seminary, a nursery of religion and science, and splendid monument to munificent zeal of princely benefactor, Mr. Hill."
"CARDINAL GIBBONS."

"Baltimore, Sept. 4, 1895."

Archbishop Ireland's Address.

Archbishop Ireland said in the course of his eloquent address:

St. Paul's Seminary proclaims to-night its solemn pledge that the education given within its walls shall be at all times the best and the highest. Nothing short of the best and the highest is worthy of the priesthood, worthy of the cause the priesthood represents, and of the interest which it is to serve. Should St. Paul's Seminary ever in days to come fall below this evening's ideal, be it publicly anathematized as faithless to its baptismal promises—faithless to the just demands of its founder, faithless to the inspirations and orders of its sponsor and first archbishop.

Christ, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. The Saviour of the past is the Saviour of the present, and will be the Saviour of the future. His doctrines and his moral enactments, not reduced by one jot or tittle, as understood and interpreted by the traditional Church, the Church of ages and of nations, the Catholic Church—there is the great subject matter of seminary teaching. Whatever else the priest takes with him into the world, if he carries not in his soul and in hand the Gospel of Christ, he is not a minister of Christ, and will not be with Christ an upbuilder of humanity.

Side by side with theology in seminary halls would I enthroned the sciences in their fullest modern stature. They relate the wisdom and power of God in nature, as revelation tells of His extraordinary mercies in the supernatural order. The sciences covet the aid of faith, which is a voice from the far beyond, whereof nature is silent. Faith appeals to the sciences for confirmations of its credibility. Nature and grace intermingled, and unite in chanting to the author of both a hymn of adoration and thanksgiving. A conflict between the sciences and religion! It exists in the fancies of men who mistake their own dreams for the principles either of the sciences or religion. Listen to the teachings of faith or God, the creation, the human soul, hard by the workshops of the biologist and the geologist; read the Bible amid the exhumed bricks of Assyria and Babylonia, and the hieroglyphic tablets of Egypt; the sciences will exult that impassable gulfs are filled out and the pages of the Bible will have received new light from the stories of the peoples among whom it was first written.

Political economy and sociology are so akin to moral theology that I should bring them into the closest quarters with it. Man is born for earth and heaven, and while the latter is the more important, the former cannot be overlooked. The ethical duties of men are more clearly told when the world is well known in which we live and move, and the world itself will work more surely

toward its own welfare when its activities will have been leavened by the eternal principles of justice and charity, which religion brings down to it as peace offerings from heaven.

Literature should be called upon to unfold in seminary halls the treasury of its graces and elegance of form. Religion will teach the lesson that beauty is the splendid reflection of truth and purity, and religion in its turn will confess that in respect for its author it is willing to robe itself in worthiest garb when presenting itself to the children of men. Culture, refinement, scholarship, are and must ever be the characteristics of Christ's priesthood.

The country has no greater need than that of men who, by correct thought and courageous heart, are pillars of the social order, who know rights in duties, and duties in rights, who sway neither to one side nor to the other, holding themselves sternly on the lines of law and principle. Be it the special mission of St. Paul's seminary to enrich with such men our America.

The principles of republican government permeate Catholic theology; the teaching of those principles in the seminary will be the natural flowering of its Catholicity. Allegiance shall be plenary to Church and to country, to each one in its own sphere; to Church in matters of supernatural belief and of ethical precepts—to country in all that appertains to the temporal interests of society. There is no room for divided allegiance. Aye, may rich blessings come to the Northwest from St. Paul's Seminary.

The influences radiating from the seminary will reach more immediately the people of its own religious faith. They are a large part of the general population of the Northwest. Beyond them, however, will its influence go. Its spirit will be to work for the whole people, offering its thought to uphold every noble cause, and willing to cooperate with all men who labor to serve God, humanity and country. No narrowing lines, holding back from doing good wherever, for whomsoever and with whomsoever, will ever be drawn around St. Paul's Seminary. Allies will ever be here for those who heal the wounds of suffering humanity, or strengthen the social bonds and the institutions of the country. Allies will ever be here who extend the hand in welfare for the living God of the universe, and Christ Jesus, the Saviour of men.

And now I pronounce the name of the founder, the father of St. Paul's Seminary, that you may praise and bless him—James J. Hill. Before a word had passed between him and me, James J. Hill had meditated in his own mind upon the singular advantages to come from well-educated clergy, and had formed the resolution of which this day witnesses the glorious consummation. The merit of the whole project from the first to the present moment, is all his own. The fruits which are to come from it will be the fruits of his thoughts and his munificence.

To the carrying out of his project he has donated the princely sum of \$500,000. The highest use of wealth is in the service of humanity, and the owner is never so worthy of his possession as when by dedicating it to a noble cause he proves himself superior to all its fascinations save that of divesting himself of it for the sake of a high purpose. Wealth, under the control of a noble soul, is a great social blessing.

Mr. James J. Hill, I shall not speak words of gratitude as from myself. Such words from me were superfluous. You know how grateful I am. In the name of the hundreds of thousands, whose spokesman I cannot refuse to be, I thank thee with all the warmth of which hearts are capable. They thank thee; their children and their children's children will thank thee. Above all, the seminary itself by its works enduring during long cycles of years will thank thee.

I must be permitted, though I may offend thereby her high-born soul, so timid of the public eye, to name one whose heart so oft rejoiced in the work of St. Paul's Seminary, Mrs. Mary J. Hill. May God bless and reward, as He in His liberal justice alone may do, the founders and benefactors of St. Paul's Seminary.

The Apostolic Delegate's Address.

Mgr. Satolli's address was read for him by Dr. O'Gorman. Regretting that we cannot give this discourse in full, we quote some significant passages:

In the American people, as in the peoples of all times, there may be some things that seem to be opposed to morality and religion, but I honestly acknowledge there are many more things that are in accord with and favorable to Christianity, so that it is true to say, taking it all in all, that you are a Christian people. Such, then, should be the training of your priests as to make this situation evident to them and fit them to deal with it. There is some evil in society. What then? Shall the priest go into despair and retire from contact with men? Heaven forbid.

Come down among men, clasp hands with them, let your ministry be a cooperation with them; in every good work with every man that offers to stand by your side in the fight against evil; live amid and with the people. Do not hate the people because of their weakness. Speak as one having authority. Draw the people in all charity by word and example, to the sweet service of Christ. The man about you is impregnated with the spirit of liberty, industry and many assurance,

a noble field in which to work, and, priests of America, do you but add to the natural virtues of the race the supernatural virtues of your Faith, and thus prepared, live in the people, with the people and for the people.

I have spoken the word "supernatural." Now, the great peril of this age is that it shall drift into naturalism; that its knowledge and morality shall cease to be founded on principles that come to us from revelation. Nothing is more contrary to Christianity and social well-being than naturalism. Hence the necessity of training our clergy so that while knowing things supernatural they shall not remain ignorant of the natural sciences. They must be able to show that natural and supernatural orders harmonize; how faith and reason, theology, the science of things revealed and all the sciences of men concerning nature, cannot but be in accord as proceeding from the one eternal truth. In this important work of conciliation those natural sciences should be kept prominently in view which correspond to the conditions and needs of the present age. From this consideration I draw a special commendation for this seminary of St. Paul, where, in addition to the principal studies of theology and philosophy, are to be cultivated specially all the natural sciences that occupy the thoughts of men and are become in the hands of too many masters an armory of weapons against Christianity. Let the students that shall come forth from this seminary wrest their weapons from the foe and thus draw the reason of the faith that is in them not only from revelation but also from nature.

I am not of those who despair of this country of ours. I see in the present condition of mankind three elements or phenomena which rather add to the restoration and extension of Christianity and should be taken into account in the shaping of a seminary of to-day, if our priests are to be fitted to bring back or to hold society for Christ. The first is that the age feels the need of belief, the second that scientists hold in high esteem facts and experiments, the third that mankind is groping for the solution of what is known as the social question. Now such should be the training of our priests that they may show to the world that its aspiration after belief is to be realized in the Christian religion and in the Church, which is the organized form and the concrete expression of Christianity; that they may show what Christian truth is based on and protected on all sides by the experience of centuries, and the most authoritative facts of history; that they may show that the social question find no consistent solution but in the principles taught by the Saviour and in the application of those principles as offered and imposed by the Church. Any other solution starts from wrong principles or leads to false conclusions, or is lacking in practical power to get itself accepted by the passions and interests of the two parties concerned—the classes and the masses, the capitalist and the laborer.

Then, turning to Mr. Hill, Dr. O'Gorman, still using the language of the Papal Delegate, said: "And to you, sir, let me say a few words, not as coming from myself, but from His Holiness the Head of the Church. When you first spoke to me some two years ago about your intentions in this matter, you spoke of what you thought a Catholic priest should be in the highest development of his possibilities, and your remarks, as well as your beneficent intention, filled me with admiration. Your intention, as you expressed it to me, was to make a Catholic priest, such as you understand he should be to accomplish his mission in this country, and shall never be forgotten by me. You would have him a lay and learned minister of God and a social guide of his people. You would have the moral honesty of his life based not on motives of faith, but also on the social ground that he owed to the community for the good of the community and the spectacle of a blameless citizenship, and so you would have his private life follow the golden mean that lies between luxury and penury, and you acknowledged that these thoughts guided you in the planning of your magnificent project. These were noble thoughts, and in this group of buildings you have given them most fitting expression.

"Many, sir, are the monuments you will leave behind you to bear to the remotest posterity the fame of your broad, keen mind, of your Christian and generous heart—half the continent belted with iron roads, palatial steamers plowing our inland seas, vast tracts of land brought into cultivation and teeming with an industrious population, these two cities growing with the growth of your enterprise, and soon, we hope, to become one great metropolis. But, sir, nobler and more lasting than all the works to which is attached your name is this institution. For you have given it to a Church that can die from earth only with the race. It is an institution that deals with souls and things that are immortal; it is an institution from which unnumbered generations shall reap the greatest blessing that heaven can bestow on mankind. And so may it prove a blessing in life and death, in time and eternity, to yourself, to the noble-hearted wife, who rejoices in the work, and to the children who are the inheritors of the glory that the work will bring to the name of James J. Hill.

Why James J. Hill built a Catholic Seminary.

Said Mr. Hill, after the applause which greeted his rising to respond to the Apostolic Delegate and the Archbishop had subsided:

"Some of you may wonder why I, who am not a member of your Church, should have undertaken the building and endow-

ment of a Roman Catholic theological seminary, and you will pardon me if I will tell you plainly why. For nearly thirty years I have lived in a Roman Catholic household, and daily have had before me and around me the earnest devotion, watchful care and Christian example of a Roman Catholic wife, and of whom it may be said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and on whose behalf to-night I desire to present and turn over to the illustrious Archbishop of this Diocese, the seminary and its endowment as provided in the deeds and articles of trust covering the same.

Almost all other denominations have in their flocks those who are able to help their church work in every material way, but the Catholic Church, with its large number of workmen and women, coming from almost every nation and clime, have little else than their faith in God and the aid of these earnest, pious and devoted men who have been placed in charge of their spiritual welfare. They have to provide places of worship, and while the State provides schools for all, their consciences call upon them to see that the education of their children goes hand in hand with their spiritual training.

Having seen the efforts of Archbishop Ireland in behalf of the Church, of which he is so distinguished a prelate, to spread throughout this country the light of religious truth, and show to all men that there was no conflict between scientific or physical truth and divine revelation, I felt called upon to devote a portion of this world's goods with which I had been blessed, to the work of educating for the priesthood men who would be able to preach down the spirit of unbelief, and to stand as shining lights along the pathway that leads to heaven.

May the work which has been commenced here, and has today received the blessing of your Church, continue to send out men who will bear witness to all the world that no nation of people can long prosper, or even continue, without the aid and direction of living and active Christianity.

As Mr. Hill sat down, Archbishop Ireland got up and said:

"In the name of the Diocese of St. Paul, I accept your generous donation and promise that it shall be our constant duty to see that the seminary shall send out priests such as you have described as your ideal. For generations to come, I shall teach its priests that their task is to personify on earth the life of their Saviour, and that they must be worthy of the great apostle whose name the institute bears.

There were also brief addresses by Bishop Keane, Fathers Danely and Moynihan, and Dr. Soentgerath, all professors in the new seminary. Father Sheeran read the dedication poem.

The gathering dispersed after the singing of "America."

THE HOLY ROSARY.

Encyclical Letter of His Holiness Leo XIII.

His Holiness Leo XIII. has just issued an Encyclical Letter on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, commencing with the words, "Aduitricem, Populi Christiani." It is fitting, he says, that the Mother of God should daily receive greater honour and be approached with increased confidence, inasmuch as additional reasons for paying this honour and exhibiting this confidence are afforded by the copious and manifold blessings which she is continually the means of securing for the commonweal. Nor were there wanting amongst Catholics proofs of gratitude for the signal favours they obtained. Even in these days, when religion had to encounter bitter trials, it could be seen that love and devotion towards

THE BLESSED VIRGIN

were alive and active amongst every class. Clear indications of this were to be found in the solemnities that were restored and multiplied under her protection, in the splendid churches dedicated to her august name, in the numerous pilgrimages to temples under her patronage, in the holding of meetings for the purpose of tendering her further honor, and in other acts of the same kind which were inspired consolation and hope. It was particularly pleasing to observe how, amongst the many forms of this devotion, that excellent method of prayer, the Rosary of Mary, was coming more extensively into use and favor. It was, as he had said, particularly pleasing, because if he had earnestly endeavored to promote the devotion of the Rosary, he well recognized how benignly the Heavenly Queen, whose assistance was invoked, had responded to his wishes, and he trusted she would show her clemency in such a way as to relieve the anxieties which future days might bring. But he particularly relied on the Rosary of more fruitful assistance in extending the kingdom of Christ. More than once he had proclaimed that the object with which he was most eagerly concerned at present was the reconciling of the dissentient nations to the Church, at the same time declaring that a successful issue was to be sought above all by

PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION TO GOD.

Of this he gave an assurance not long ago when he recommended that during the Feast of Pentecost special prayers for that purpose should be addressed to the Divine Spirit—a recommendation which was everywhere obeyed with great alacrity. But in accordance with the gravity of a serious affair, and for perseverance in every virtue, the Apostle made the suitable exhortation: "Be constant in prayer" (Col. iv. 2); all the more so because the good beginning of an un-

dertaking appeared of itself to offer an incitement to such diligence in prayer. Accordingly, next October nothing assuredly would be more useful for the object in view, or more acceptable to him, than that during the whole month pastors and their people should with him be most dutifully constant in addressing the Blessed Virgin through the Rosary in the customary form. His Holiness then points out that there are the very strongest reasons why we should with the utmost hope place our designs and intentions under her protection. What Our Lord when dying said to the Blessed Virgin in reference to His disciple John—"Behold thy son"—the Church had always considered to be addressed through John to the human race, especially those professing the Faith. And Anselm of Canterbury in setting forth this opinion said, "What can be deemed more fitting than that thou, Virgin, shouldst be the Mother of those to whom Christ (designated to be Father and Brother" (Or. xlvii., olim xlvi.)?

THE HOLY FATHER

goes on to show how zealously devotion to the Blessed Virgin was formerly cultivated amongst the nations that are now separated from the Church, especially in the East. He refers to the steps taken by his predecessors, Eugenius IV., Innocent XII., and Clement XI., to propagate this devotion amongst the Eastern Catholics, and he mentions with much gratification the fact that the Eucharistic Congress of Jerusalem decided to erect at Patra, in Achaia, a church dedicated to the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. In conclusion, his Holiness says: Let all pastors and flocks, especially during next month, have recourse with full confidence to the protection of the great Virgin. Publicly and privately, in words of praise, prayer, and promise, let them not cease unitedly to address to her the appeal, "Monstra te esse Matrem." In her maternal clemency may she preserve her whole family safe from every danger, bring them to true prosperity, and, above all, establish them in the sacred bonds of unity. May she mercifully look down upon Catholics of every nation, bind them more closely together by the ties of charity, and make them more prompt and constant in upholding

THE HONOR OF RELIGION.

in which is to be found the highest good of States. May she look most benignly on those who differ from us, great and illustrious nations, noble souls that are mindful of their Christian duty. May she beg amongst these most wholesome desires, and nearness to these desires and bring them to fulfillment. May the warm devotion which the Eastern dissidents profess towards her, and the many and great acts performed by their forefathers for her glory, prove effectual. And amongst the Western dissidents may the same effect be attained through the memory of the beneficent protection by which she approved of and rewarded the piety of all classes towards herself, notable for so many ages. For dissidents of both kinds and for others, wherever they may be, may the united, suppliant voices of Catholic peoples be powerful, and may our own voice, which till our last breath shall cry "Monstra te esse Matrem," prove efficacious.

THE HOLY FAMILY MEETING.

Last Thursday a meeting of the Prefects of the Holy Family was held in St. Ann's Presbytery at 8 p.m. Nearly all the Prefects were present. It was stated that the attendance at the Holy Family meetings has been satisfactory. Many good men, however, in the parish and the vicinity could attend. It was insisted upon that it is for the Prefects to see the members, as the good success of the Archepiscopate depends on the zeal of the Prefects. Members who move out of the parish should not therefore give up coming to the meetings. It was moved and carried that, whenever one of the members dies, in addition to what was done heretofore, the members of the section will go to his house in the evening and recite the beads; the emblem of the Holy Family will be placed at the head of the bier, and carried to church in front of the members present at the funeral. Regulations were made for making the Stations in Cote des Neiges cemetery on November 3rd. The meeting was closed with prayer.

THE following paragraph concerning South Africa will be very interesting to a number of our readers; besides, it tells the story of a grand life of religious labor and great sacrifice in the holy cause of Catholicity:

A telegram from South Africa announces the death of Father Henry Schomburg Kerr, S.J., who in 1891 was appointed head of the Zambesi mission and who has labored since then with untiring zeal and energy in fulfilling the very serious duties of his charge. Father Kerr belonged to a noble Scotch family, which was not only well known in the history of the Lothians, but has contributed many converts to the Church, counting his own father and mother among them. He was the second son of Lord Henry Kerr, uncle to the present Marquis of Lothian and of Lady Henry, the sister of Mr. Hope Scott, of Abbotsford.

FATHER MCSWEENEY, of Mount St. Mary's College, says that the reason rich Catholics do not endow colleges is because they are not allowed to have any voice in their management. There may be a good deal of truth in this; but we are under the impression that it would require some more powerful magnet to draw endowments out of the majority of our Catholic millionaires.

A RELIGIOUS PROTEST.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE PORTA PIA.

THE EX-PAPAL ZOUAVES HOLD A DEMONSTRATION—CATHOLIC PRAYERS FOR THE HOLY FATHER—THE RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

The members of the "Union Allet," composed of Canadian ex-Papal Zouaves, held a solemn demonstration in the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Friday morning. The occasion was the inauguration of a souvenir chapel erected by them in the new cathedral. That chapel is dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and the ex-Zouaves selected this date for the inauguration, as a protest against the occupancy of Rome by the Italian troops, the twenty-fifth anniversary of which event is being celebrated to-day in Italy.

The ceremony was in the form of a funeral service for the repose of the souls of the members of the regiment who have departed this life. The ex-Zouaves present numbered over one hundred, the majority of whom were in regimental costume. The president of the association, Chevalier DeMontigny, Recorder of Montreal, being unavoidably absent through illness, Chevalier Prendergast, cashier of the Hochelaga Bank, acted as chief representative of the regiment, and among other prominent members present were Chevalier Drolet, Chevalier Hugue, chief of police; Chevalier Larocque, Chevalier Vallée, governor of the Montreal jail; Dr. H. Desjardins, Mr. L. P. Hebert, sculptor.

Archbishop Fabre and representatives from the different religious orders were also present. The Rev. Canon Archambault officiated, assisted by the Rev. Abbés J. Charrette and C. Dault, as deacon and sub-deacon. The old regimental flag, presented by the Catholic ladies of Montreal, when the Zouaves left for Rome, and now preserved in the cathedral, was held in front of the altar railing by the official standard-bearer, Zouave Bedard, during the whole of the service.

After the Requiem Mass had been chanted, the Rev. Abbe Bonrassa delivered an eloquent sermon. He referred to the glory of those who sacrificed their life for a noble cause, and among all the great causes none could be found more noble than the defence of the inalienable rights of the Church. War was in itself a most disastrous thing, but when men fought for the defence of a principle, then all the horrors of the cause, and the glory attached to the soldier's acts amply made up for the loss of life. In the present instance the Zouaves had been defeated but the rights for which they fought, and their dear flag, had remained intact and spotless. They were now assembled for their dead companions, but not for those who fell on the battlefield, for if the soldiers of Papacy who were slain while fighting were true in their hearts, they needed no prayers, having died the death of martyrs. He concluded by requesting the ex-Zouaves to always be true Christians, remembering the life and advice of the venerable pontiff, Archbishop Bourget, whose remains were buried in the vaults of this cathedral.

After the sermon, all the Zouaves gathered in the chapel just erected by them and there read an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart.

An adjournment then took place to the grand parlor in the Archbishop's palace, where a resolution of protest was adopted. The resolution read that the Canadian ex-Papal Zouaves, in general meeting assembled, lodged a solemn protest against the sacrilegious spoliation of the Popes, as operated by the Italian troops in 1870. By inaugurating their chapel on this occasion, the Canadian Zouaves wished to show that neither time nor distance could make the Catholic world forget that it is the duty of every son of the Church to recognize and support the inalienable rights of Papacy. In speaking on the motion, Chevalier Prendergast remarked that in 1870 they were weak in numbers only. However, thank heaven, their sons were now numerous, and if occasion required it, he trusted that those sons would do what they had been unable to do themselves. Before parting, let them now all unite in a hearty "Hurrah for Leo XIII., Pope and King." The cry was given with enthusiasm and the meeting then dispersed.

SYMPATHY IN QUEBEC.

QUEBEC, September 20.—Solemn services for the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope were held in the different Roman Catholic churches to-day. That of the Pontifical Zouaves was held to-night in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. Telegrams were sent to Cardinal Rampolla by the St. Jean Baptiste Society of the Institut Canadien sympathizing with the Pope in the Italian rejoicing at the anniversary of the loss of his temporal power. Replies expressive of the Pope's thanks were received from Rome to-day.

Concluded on third page.

The annual German pilgrimage to Lourdes did not take place this year owing to the anniversary celebrations of the Franco-German war.

"What the new woman wants to learn," says a philosopher, "is to buy a larger shoe and a smaller hat."

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CHOW CHOW.

One gallon of cabbage, chopped; two quarts of green tomatoes, chopped; one pint of onions, chopped; one quarter cup of green peppers, chopped; one and one-fourth pounds of sugar, one tablespoonful of mustard, one tablespoonful of ginger, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, two tablespoonfuls of salt, three tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, three quarts of vinegar. Boil till cabbage is tender.

SWEET RUSK.

One pint of warm milk, one half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one tablespoonful of salt, two thirds of a cake of compressed yeast. Make a sponge with the milk, yeast and flour enough for a thin batter. Let this rise over night; in the morning add the butter, eggs, sugar (well beaten together), then salt, and flour enough to make a soft dough; mould with the hands into balls and let them rise very light, and bake.

GINGER PEARS.

Ginger pears are a delicious sweetmeat. Use a hard pear, peel, core and cut the fruit into very thin slices. For eight pounds of fruit after it has been sliced use the same quantity of sugar, the juice of four lemons, one pint of water, and half a pound of ginger root, sliced thin. Cut the lemon rinds into as long and thin stripes as possible. Place all together in a preserving kettle and boil slowly for an hour.

SPICED PEARS.

Spiced pears are an excellent relish. To make them, place in a porcelain kettle four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and half an ounce of cloves. When this comes to a boil, add to it eight pounds of pears that have been peeled, and cook until tender. Skim out the fruit and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup until thick and pour it over them. Apples may be used in the same manner.

PICKLED PEARS.

Pickled pears are made thus: Boil together three pounds of sugar, three pints of vinegar, and an ounce of stick cinnamon. Use seven pounds of sound pears, wash and stick three or four cloves in each pear and put them in the hot syrup and cook slowly for ten minutes. Turn them into a stone jar with the syrup and cover. The following day pour off the liquid and heat and turn over the fruit again. It may require heating the second time.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A basket exposes the clothespins to dust, and the clothes suffer accordingly. The best dusters are those made of yard-wide cheese cloth cut square and neatly hemmed.

Canned sardines carefully browned on a double wire gridiron, and served with lemon, are appetizing.

Bluing added to the rinse water does not whiten the clothes, only covers dirt, and need not ever be used.

There are few better razor strops than can be made from a remnant of old leather belting that has revolved long beneath a dripping of oil from machinery. A razor first stropped on such a strip of leather and then upon a piece of calfskin is easily kept in good order.

The modern housekeeper pins her faith to charcoal and soda as summer helps. Soda dissolved in boiling water and poured into the sink daily keeps it clean and wholesome. Charcoal kept in a refrigerator in a small saucer helps to keep meat and butter unspoiled. It is an admirable kitchen disinfectant and cannot be too freely used. A tin cup filled with vinegar and placed on the back of the stove will prevent the spread of cooking odors throughout the house.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The new fall styles are putting themselves tentatively forth, and much have they created among the women of fashion. The changes are radical and are not generally regarded with favor. It seems a little hard that the fashion authorities should have taken this particular time, when woman is so deeply impressed with her own importance, to make changes which will render her appearance in public less imposing. And yet this is just what has happened. The edict comes from abroad that sleeves have diminished more than half in size. Close fitting sleeves, without the suggestion of a puff or stiffened lining, are to be the vogue. Crinolines is already a thing of the past. Skirts require the same quantity of material, but their folds show a tendency to droop demurely. The fact is, that the up-to-date woman, dressed according to the coming winter's fashions, will occupy no more space when she walks abroad than the average man. To say the least, this is disappointing. Louis XVI. styles are high in favor, and the coat of this period will be seen with all sorts of gowns. Much lace and many imitation jewels will also be the vogue.

There is one thing, however, which will help to reconcile the women of today to the fall fashions, and that is the materials of which the costumes will be made. Crepon still holds the place of honor. For fall wear it comes in many new weaves and exquisite designs. The most fashionable show silk ridges on a wool background. In black and dull green or red they are very effective. The mottled crepons are also popular and show exquisite combinations of color. There are plaid crepons, checked crepons and plush crepons, as well as those with a conventional flower design, which are among the latest novelties.

All the most fashionable fabrics for fall and winter wear show the boucle effect. Rough materials are everywhere. The chevrons, whose popularity is perennial, are seen in loose weaves and somewhat coarse effects. Brown and sage green and brown and black are favored combinations of color. The checked chevrons make durable gowns and are much in the vogue. They are made up in plain and trimmed with large buttons and wool mixtures come in a variety of designs. The soft plaids are

high in favor. A new material this year is composed of silk, wool and mohair. It has the springiness of the mohair, the sheen of the silk and the softness of wool, and is therefore in demand. It comes in all the new combinations of color. Black is a popular background.

LACE MENDING.

Now that real lace is coming into fashion, it is quite an accomplishment to know how to repair the delicate web. Lace mending requires both good eyesight and patience to accomplish it properly. Lace thread, a loose twisted thread, which comes especially for the purpose, is used; the groundwork mesh should be imitated as well as possible. To keep the lace in place it is best to baste it to a piece of enameled leather, such as is used in embroidery, repairing carefully the damaged portion. If the mesh is badly torn, take a scrap of fine Brussels net the size of the tear, lay on it a scrap of the mending tissue, procurable at a war of the dry goods shops, and pass a warm iron over it. If carefully done the mended spot will be scarcely perceptible.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

HANS THE SCULPTOR.

When the last century was still young there lived in one of the great fir forests on the northern slope of the Franconian Alps, not far from where the quaint city of Nuremberg shoots skyward its slender steeples, a family composed of the father, a man of five and thirty years, his wife, their son, already old enough to make his first communion, and two younger daughters. They were carvers in wood and eked a frugal livelihood by their handicraft in that rough kind of sculpture, not devoid withal of a certain element of homely poesy and picturesque grace, for which all that part of the valley of the Peignitz has long been famed. The subjects reproduced were mainly suggested by the surroundings. The domestic animals, those of the forest and mountain, the birds that carol their little lives away in that peaceful woodland—all claimed the tribute of our peasants' art. Landscape scenes in which pretty galleried cottages of wood with stone-stayed roofs were reproduced with faultless exactness of detail against a background of towering firs, affording a pleasing variation.

Hans Doler, the well-known sculptor, was something more than a mere artisan—he was a veritable artist. Though poor, he was content with his lot, and lived happy among those he loved. His wife, Gretchen, was like her husband, a good and pious character, an upright, pure soul. Their only ambition was to live always together, at peace with themselves, their neighbors and their God. Gretchen cherished a particular devotion to St. Joseph, the acknowledged patron of all the sculptors of the country round, and consequently of her husband, and she asked the latter to carve for their home a statue of her favorite saint. Hans eagerly acceded to her request. He selected a sound block of firwood and wrought it into a smiling image of his holy patron. St. Joseph was represented as holding the Child by the hand and making a gesture expressive of his desire that his Divine Ward might bless those who knelt before Him. Little Fritz helped his father in this labor of love, and displayed so much care and intelligence that never had a more finished studio come forth from the sculptor's studio.

Hans had never learned drawing nor studied the principles of his art further than some lessons taken in early boyhood from the celebrated Matthew Kager of Munich.

The statue was solemnly installed in a pretty niche above the shelf, and the family gathered every day before the blessed groups for their evening devotions. Meantime time was speeding on. Fritz had made his first communion with angelic piety, and although the thought sent a pang through his good mother's heart, he must soon take leave of his loving parents and sisters to serve some years as apprentice under a competent artist in Munich.

At this juncture, however, Hans fell ill and was compelled to give up the work on which he depended for means to send his son to the city. Gretchen nursed him with anxious care and loving tenderness, but his sufferings grew so intense that the malady became more alarming. The youthful Fritz did his best, indeed, to supply for his father's forced inactivity by putting his heart and soul in his work, but want of experience stood greatly in the way. His little sisters wept and sorrowed.

One night, when he suffered more than usual, and Gretchen, seated by his bedside, had dropped asleep, Hans saw a great light suddenly diffuse itself through the room, and it seemed to him that a majestic looking man and a beautiful, golden-haired boy had gone over to his work-bench, taken his sculptor's tools, and were busy working on the objects he had left unfinished.

Troubled by his vision, he was on the point of calling out, but the strange visitors seemed so worthy and calm, their aspect so little calculated to inspire terror, their looks so soothing, and their movements so noiseless that Hans, instead of being frightened, betook himself to watching them with admiring complacency, and far from doing anything to cause them to fly he feared to make the least noise lest he might disturb them. Besides these handsome figures of man and boy impressed him as not unfamiliar. After a time the sculptor saw the two strangers leave their work, and, refulgent with light, advance to where the children slept. They touched them lightly on the forehead and then extended their hands towards Hans and Gretchen, after which they seemed to become etherealized and vanished suddenly like lengthening sunbeams.

Day was just beginning to break, Hans could already distinguish the forest trees in their gorgeous garb of crystalline rime and hear the cadenced strokes of the industrious woodman's axe lopping off the branches from the giant pines the last

storm had levelled. He raised himself on his pillows and became aware that his head was free from all pain or heaviness. He stretched out his arms; they felt strong and rested. He called Gretchen:

"Wife, bring me my garments; I am cured."

Young Fritz and his little sisters awoke, and, like their mother, were amazed and delighted to see their beloved father so unexpectedly restored to health. But Hans, without speaking, led them to his work-bench. Here, to their utter surprise and joy, they saw the pieces left half completed more than two weeks before, finished with admirable skill.

How was the mystery to be explained? Was it all a dream? Had Hans himself, unconsciously and during his malady, brought his work to completion, or had some unknown friend secretly stolen into the house and given the help of his craft? Was this vision of the night a lie begotten of his fevered brain? Howbeit, there he was, calm and well. He led his wife and children before the statue of St. Joseph, and he fancied he recognized in the holy group the venerable old man and sweet Child who had appeared to him. Then he related to his family his mysterious vision. With tearful eyes and grateful hearts they all knelt and poured their souls out in fervent thanks to their deliverer.

The statue of St. Joseph and the Divine Child was elegantly gilded, and is held to this day by the descendants of Hans Doler, the sculptor, as their most precious heirloom.—*Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.*

FROM MARY'S HANDS.

[BY MAGDALEN ROCK, IN THE "CATHOLIC STANDARD."

"So everything goes to the Queen!" said Mr. Baker, the lately-arrived London butler, as he entered the housekeeper's room in Branscombe Priory for a cup of afternoon tea.

"And her has no need for it," Mrs. Jackson responded bitterly and ungrammatically. "Dear me! dear me! I never thought the master would have done it. 'Tis enough to make him turn in his grave. Look at poor Master Henry's daughter, his only child, being forced to stay in the Stag's Head till the evening train passes through!"

"She seems a nice enough young lady," Mr. Baker remarked, as he took his seat at the tea-table.

"She would be if she took after the Branscombes," said Mrs. Jackson. "And she's called after the mistress, Master Henry's mother. I always thought the old prophecy would come right."

"It would be an awful thing, a terrible thing, for idolatry to triumph in that way," was the severe reply of Mr. Baker, who greatly prided himself upon being an "up-to-date" man. "You wouldn't wish to see the place turned into a Mass-house, would you?"

"No," answered Mrs. Jackson, rather dubiously; "but, then, if the prophecy says so?"

"I wonder you believe in that sort of thing," Mr. Baker said, loftily. "I do really. You know we live in an enlightened age, ma'am."

Mrs. Jackson's round, rosy face grew a shade rosier as she remarked, with some acidity in her tone:

"Being a Londoner, you are better informed than people who have never been further north than Winchester, and—"

"No, ma'am—no, not at all!" Baker hastened to interpose; for he was not unmindful of the advantages accruing to himself from Mrs. Jackson's friendship. He paused to cut the muffin on his plate with mathematical exactness before he added, with modest complacency: "We have opportunities that you want, you must remember; and I have met some really well informed persons since I came to Hampshire. May I ask you for the whole of the story to which you have just alluded? Of course I've heard it spoken of, but I would like to hear it as I am sure you can tell it."

Mr. Baker handed his cup across the table as he ended, for refilling.

"I ought to know it," Mrs. Jackson admitted, "seeing as I've lived all my life, I may say, at Branscombe Priory. I mind well I was only a slip of a girl when grandmother—she was housekeeper—took me into the kitchen. That was in the time of the old master—the father of him that was buried to-day."

"Yes," Mr. Baker said, as Mrs. Jackson paused for a moment.

"Many a time my grandmother would talk of it all, but I don't if I'll remember it rightly. You see, the master's sudden death has upset me" (Mr. Baker nodded). "But I'll try. I must go back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. Branscombe Priory, it is said, belonged to the monks. I don't recollect their name, but no matter. When their lands were confiscated they were cruelly treated, and one of their number—he was head of them—was hung on a tree outside the door of their church. Just before he died, while the rope was being fastened on his neck, he pointed to Roger Branscombe, who headed the soldiers, and said:

and would not do as he said. He went himself to remove it, and a portion of the stonework gave away, and the statue fell on him, crushing him to death. His wife was in a terrible way; she had the statue securely replaced in its former position, and ever since the place is avoided after nightfall. It is said the old master walks."

Mr. Baker laughed cynically.

"You may laugh if you like, but I've seen him," Mrs. Jackson continued. "I was sent for one night to see a cousin who was dying; it is about six months since. There is a short cut from the village past the old Priory; and, not being fearless naturally, I returned home that way, and I plainly saw a man climbing up the statue."

"But not a ghost?" said Mr. Baker.

"What was it, then? It was a clear, moonlight night, and I saw him plainly. He was as like the old master as two peas are to each other."

"Did you speak?" Mr. Baker asked, trying to hide his amusement.

"That I did," Mrs. Jackson replied.

"Well, at any rate, Branscombe Priory hasn't gone back to the Papists yet," the butler remarked.

"No. Every one thought that the prophecy was coming true when Master Henry married a Catholic; but his father went wild. I mind as well as if it were yesterday how he called all the servants into the house, and forbade them ever to mention his son's name in his hearing. It was the next day that he made the will that was read to-day."

"And everything goes to the Queen by that?"

"Everything. You see, both the master and Master Henry was each of them an only child. Poor Master Henry! I had hopes his father would have done right—and it can't be right to wrong your own flesh and blood—at the end. He spoke of his son once or twice to me lately, and he was always writing, and getting documents witnessed; but now he's lying in the family vault, and the Priory goes to a lady that's rich enough without it."

"Where is he—the son, I mean?" Mr. Baker questioned.

"In London and dying. He wasn't able to come to the funeral; that's why Miss Beatrix—Miss Branscombe—came. It cut me to the very heart to think of her stopping at the Stag's Head like anybody else, when this should have been her own home."

"Her father shouldn't have been such an—so foolish as to become a follower of the Scarlet Woman," Mr. Baker remarked sententiously.

"He never was a follower of no woman, sir!" Mrs. Jackson replied indignantly.

"My dear lady, you don't catch my meaning." The butler rose and glanced out of the window. "I believe I'll take my evening constitutional. Nothing like a walk, ma'am, for reducing the weight."

With his head full of Mrs. Jackson's story, and a contemptuous smile on his face for her superstitious notions, Baker set out. He took the path that led to that part of the grounds where the ancient Dominican Priory had been situated.

The statue of which Mrs. Jackson had spoken stood on a pedestal formed of stone and mortar, and Mr. Baker viewed it for some time with critical eye. It was certainly not a very artistic piece of workmanship. The features were scarcely distinguishable, the hands were loosely crossed in anything but a natural manner; while the stone was covered here and there with the mosses and lichens, and stained and discolored by long years of exposure to wind and weather.

"Not a very elegant piece of work," the man said, with a superior look. He was about to turn away when he saw a lady approaching. "Miss Branscombe, as I live!" he muttered. "I won't meet her. She has come to say her prayers, likely." He slipped behind a thick cluster of rhododendrons. "Just so!" he remarked to himself as he peered through the green leaves. "She has knelt down. Ugh! the ignorance of the Papists!"

The girl knelt a few minutes in silent prayer. Suddenly there was a crash. A piece of solid stonework of the statue

had given way and fallen to the ground, and with it fell a long narrow black case from the hands of the statue.

Miss Branscombe gave a slight cry, and the butler came forward.

"Are you hurt, Miss?" he asked.

"No, no! but I was frightened," the girl answered. She had thrown back her veil, and Mr. Baker was forced to admit that she certainly was a handsome lady. "Papa often speaks of Our Lady's statue," she continued; "and as I had to wait for the evening train, I thought I would come and see it. I hope it is quite firm still."

"I think so. But about the box?"

"Oh, the box! I dare say it is of no consequence; but you had better take it to the house."

Miss Branscombe moved away with a courteous inclination of the head; and Baker, curiously regarding the box he carried, hastened to the house.

"The lucky Mr. Edwards is here yet. He's waiting for the train," Mrs. Jackson commented when she had heard the butler's words. "He's in the library; take it to him. I'll go with you."

"Give it to me, please," the lawyer said, impatiently cutting short Mr. Baker's explanation.

The case opened after a little pressure, and Mr. Edwards drew forth a folded paper.

"Another will!" he shouted; "another and a later will! This alters everything. Mrs. Jackson, the Priory is Henry Branscombe's alter all!"

"So the old prophecy came in as true as faith," Mrs. Jackson was wont to say to the neighbors who drop in of an evening to the comfortable cottage she occupies within the boundary of Branscombe Park. "I always knew it would, only that Baker did me down with his grand airs. Did you ever hear anything like it all? Of course it was the master I saw that night when coming home from seeing my cousin. Poor gentleman! He walked in his sleep, and I suppose he hid the will he made in the Virgin's hands. And well she cared for it. Oh, yes; the old prophecy came true—every word of it—so it is no wonder I'm a Catholic now. I don't deny but I'd sooner have seen Miss Beatrix married and settled in the Priory; but her heart was always set on being a nun, and it is something to have the monks back again. Miss Beatrix meant that they should have it from the first. Hark! there's the bell for Vespers!"

And Mrs. Jackson murmurs:

"The glens, the hills, our bell has echoed o'er, Back to the Church shall Mary's hands restore."

She is afraid to use Pearl-ine. She admits that it will do just what is claimed for it, that it will save her time, take away the drudgery, and do the work better; but she argues that, if it does all this it must ruin the clothes. It's a poor argument. Because the dirt is loosened and separated and brought out, why need harm come to the fabric that holds it? It's a delicate matter to arrange—but Pearl-ine does it. All its imitators would like to know how. Hundreds of millions of packages of Pearl-ine have been used—by millions of women. If it had been dangerous to anything it would have died long ago.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl-ine." IT'S FALSE—Pearl-ine is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearl-ine, do the honest thing—wind it back. 383 JAMES PYLE, New York.

A SOCIALISTIC FAILURE.

Troubles of Australians Who Tried an Ideal Plan.

The French Foreign Office has recently issued a report on a socialistic experiment begun two years ago in Paraguay. Paraguayan Government conceded to a colony of discouraged Australians just gone through the panic of 1893 a rich tract of 900 square miles on the river Tibiquari, upon condition that within six years 1,200 immigrant families should be settled there. Colonists presented themselves in large numbers, and \$150,000 was raised in subscriptions of \$300 each. Any colonist withdrawing from the scheme was to lose all. The settlement was baptized New Australia in advance. The colonists arrived upon the ground in September, 1893, and found themselves in a wilderness. Tibiquari proved to be a miserable little stream, dry half the year and in the wet season navigable only in flat boats.

Equality of pay for all was a principle of the organization, and each was to live upon the goods of the community. The abrogation of all authority was declared by the constitution of the colony, but the managers took upon themselves the right to regulate the community and to exclude without the formality of a vote drunkards and idlers. They also surrounded themselves with a strong police force.

The colony at once divided itself into two camps. One supported the energetic, though very moderately intelligent, old man that had made himself master of the colony. The other, made up of dissidents, eventually quit the colony and returned to Villa Rica, the port of embarkation. This took eighty-five persons from the community. They reported that mutual fear and incessant strife made New Australia an inferno rather than a paradise. The dissidents were on the point of returning to Australia in great distress, when the Paraguayan government conceded to them a new terri-



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Truth Must Be Honored. 10 St. Peter, Cascade Co., Mont. A young half-breed Indian was suffering from falling sickness; it was a very bad case. Through some of my acquaintances I was induced to try Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and with very good results. The boy was perfectly cured and is now one of the strongest and healthiest in his school.

Principal of the Indian School, SPREADS ITS GOOD NAME. St. Edwards College, Austin, Tex., April 22, 1895. I can have no doubts as to the virtue of Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I have recommended its use where nervous ailments with disease of the nervous system and in every result was such that my own confidence in the medicine was confirmed and its good name spread in the respective locality.

REV. P. J. BURTEL.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle of Koenig's Nerve Tonic. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856, and is now under his direction by the

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tory in the department of Gonzales. Here they began to prosper, though with small regard to the original principles of the colony.

Meanwhile there had occurred a second schism in the colony at New Australia. This time the director yielded to the schematics, and, with fifty companions, settled in another part of the country. What was left of the original colony was a prey to continual bickering, and in September, 1894, twenty-five colonists went to Buenos Ayres, where they became a charge upon the public charities. Those left behind reorganized the community and dropped the socialistic features. They chose for leaders the men they took to be the most intelligent and broad-minded, and settled down with the determination to succeed by the use of the best agricultural methods, without attempting to present to the world a society formed upon the socialistic ideal.

—*Catholic Advocate.*

HOW TO KEEP A MAN'S LOVE.

Do not buy his cigars. Do not buy his neckties. Do not create his trousers. Do not criticize his hat or ask him where he got it. Do not ask him at breakfast what he wants for dinner. Do not tell him that your boy, if you have one, takes his temper from him. Do not insist on receiving company that is ungenial to him. Do not wear a bonnet when he thinks you look better in a hat, and vice versa. Do not ask him when he comes home in the evening what he has been doing all day. Do not persist in his giving you the same attentions he gave you before you got him. Do not cross him in his opinions; let him think he is smarter than anybody else. Do not tell him what your dearest woman friend has said about her husband's good qualities. Do not tell him that every woman you know has more clothes and has a better time than you.

Pendennis: Who is the meanest man you know? Warrington: Old Clodfish: Whenever there is a crowd at the railway booking-office he always gets on the outside so as to be the last to part with his money.

He—"I hear you attend the Handel and Hayden performances. Were you present at the 'Creation'?" She (indignantly)—"I suppose you will want to know if I sailed in Noah's ark?"

Mrs. Brownstone—"I think Mary's music professor has a beautiful touch. Mr. Brownstone—"I should say he had Seven dollars a lesson."

Jack: Yes, poor John may have had his faults, but his heart was on the right side. Wadge: Is it possible? No wonder he died.

SHE HAS BACKACHE Feels sore aches and has muscular pains, and just put on that Banisher of Backaches

THE 911 MENTHOL PLASTER

J. McLaughlin, Point du Chen, writes: Nothing better for Lame Back and Lumbago than the D. & L. Menthol Plaster. A. E. McClain writes from Windsor: "The D. & L. Menthol Plaster is curing Sore Backs and Rheumatism at a great rate in this vicinity. 25c. each in air-light tin box."

WEDDING PRESENTS. CHOICE ARTICLES IN—Silverware, Cutlery, Cabinets, Clocks, Parquet, Lamps, Trunk, \$5.50, and handsome shade Rug—Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, Sterling Silver, Novelties, Jewelry. ALL AT PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. **JOHN WATSON,** 2174 ST. CATHERINE ST., Art Association Building. Opposite H. Morgan & Co., east corner. (15 years at 53 St. Sulpice Street.) **Central Millinery Parlor,** 178 BLEURY STREET. Grand Millinery Opening on 10 September following days. Hats and Bonnets of the newest and latest styles. From Paris and New York. Specialty—Old Bonnets and hats done over.



Consumption kills more people than rifle balls. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. Fully one-sixth of all the deaths in America are caused by consumption. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. The only way to get rid of consumption is to work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease. The cure of consumption is a fight—a fighting between sound tissues and the encroaching germs of disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery fights on the right side. It drives the germs back, forces them out of the body. It will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption if it is taken during the early stages of the disease. Its first action is to put the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys into good working order. That makes digestion good and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.

A large book of 160 pages, telling all about this wonderful medicine, will be mailed free on receipt of this notice and 6 cents to cover postage by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 66 1/2 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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WEDNESDAY...SEPTEMBER 25, 1895.

THE PROVINCIAL COUNCIL.

On Friday next the first Provincial Ecclesiastical Council will be opened at the Cathedral. His Lordship, the venerable and universally beloved chief pastor of this archdiocese, Mgr. Fabre, is the first to summon such an assembly of the members of the hierarchy, immediately under the jurisdiction of the Montreal ecclesiastical province, to meet in solemn conclave.

The fact of a Provincial Council is one of very great importance for the Catholics of this Archdiocese. Questions of the greatest moment—concerning the spiritual and temporal welfare of all—will be considered. There is something very attractive and at the same time imposing in the meeting of a number of the mitred hierarchy of the Church. Such an event opens out for our contemplation scenes that are now historic and which go to make up a goodly portion of the unbroken and glorious record of Catholicity.

At this moment there are many vital questions that demand the united wisdom, experience, erudition and deliberation of the first pastors of the various sections of our ecclesiastical province. When thus united for purposes of studying and pronouncing upon those important issues, the Holy Ghost lends His assistance to guide and enlighten the guardians of the Church's truth.

prayers to those of the Bishops and prelates assembled, and to ask that the Council, about to be held, may result in untold blessings for Church and people.

GRAND INAUGURATION.

On Tuesday and Wednesday next, the 1st and 2nd October, St. Patrick's Church will be the scene of a most imposing ceremony. The grand new organ, which was built to harmonize in every way with the attractive and splendid decorations of the church, will be heard for a first time, His Lordship, the Archbishop of Montreal, has kindly consented to accord his special patronage to the inauguration.

Two grand recitals and sacred concerts will take place, at eight o'clock in the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Frederic Archer, the celebrated organist of Chicago, will preside at the instrument on both occasions. St. Patrick's choir, assisted by the choirs of St. James' cathedral and Notre Dame church, will furnish vocal selections of the choicest and most attractive class.

When the solemn notes from the great organ shall float down the beautified temple, now sweeping over the worshippers in the aisles below, now entwining the gorgeous pillars and ascending into the vast vault above, finally dying away in successive waves of harmony beyond the High Altar, there will be felt a power, from beyond this world, that lifts the human heart to spheres where angels abide.

We might add that the members of the clergy are hereby cordially invited to assist at the inauguration on both evenings. As it would be impossible for the Rev. Pastor of St. Patrick's to personally invite each one—the number being so large—this general invitation is extended.

ADVERTISED PIETY.

The Independent, in a recent issue, has a very timely and sensible article under the heading, "Advertised Piety." We were pleased to read it and certainly we agree with the ideas of the writer. He says: "Piety is of the heart and is personal. It is inward and of the spirit, not outward."

Frequently we have received communications from individuals—lay and clerical—who asked us to publish most needless and even harmful contributions,

and in their letters informed us of their love for Christ, their great devotion to religion's cause, their pure lives, their own bright examples of Christian virtue and a hundred other recommendations. They should know that, with a Catholic editor, all that self-laudation goes for nothing. The contributions are taken upon their own merits, not on the striking piety of the authors.

"I have only one object, the glory of God. I have not, in twenty years, missed going to Holy Communion every week, and I swear to you by the Adorable Sacrament that I am a devout and devoted Catholic, as my correspondence will show. So, for the sake of Our Blessed Lord, and His Most Holy Mother, give my articles space in your most highly respectable paper."

The man who boasts is generally held in contempt by all with whom he comes in contact. People may not take the trouble of telling him how little they think of him and how little they believe him, but they despise him none the less and laugh at him as soon as his back is turned.

It is certainly an admirable thing to find a man, in the midst of this rushing, careless life, attending faithfully to his religious duties and setting an example of piety to all around him. But it is just as repugnant to the feelings to have that man tell every person he meets the story of all his devotions. At once he creates a bad impression and awakens very justifiable suspicions as to his sincerity.

And there are other ways of advertising one's piety that are equally as bad as the open boast. Some people only bring religion into ridicule by their ostentatious display—when it is out of place—of their crosses, beads and other insignia. Here we do not refer to those whose office, or religious rank, or position, render it necessary that they should wear the garb and the accompanying signs of their station and vocation; we speak of men of the world who imagine that they are exhibiting a Catholic spirit by exciting the curiosity or comment of others.

We wish it to be well understood that we are only expressing our individual opinion, and that we do not know what the exact intention or motives of the cemetery authorities are. We are not, therefore, criticising; merely are we giving expression to our views, and in those views hundreds participate. We have occasion, very often, to visit the cemetery. There we meet with people of all classes, rich, poor, young, old—French, English, Irish, citizens of Montreal and strangers; and in all the conversations we have had upon this subject we have not yet met with one person who approved of or admired the change in system.

It is true that the people who have already enclosed their lots and have placed monuments—some rich, some less costly, others simple—over their dead will not have their property disturbed; it is true that the new regulation will not be retroactive; but when it has been in force for a couple of years we will notice a wonderful contrast in that now magnificent and promising city of the departed. Along the slopes of the hills will look out the vaults; here and there, over the valley between, will rise shafts of marble, granite columns, cross-crowned monuments, and all the rest will appear like a huge patchwork quilt, with scarce any indication to tell where the

unbeliever or the laugh of the irreligious at the expense of his religion. This may seem plain talking; but we deem it necessary. Some may not think as we do, but the vast majority of our co-religionists will re-echo our sentiments. Above all do we hate sham or mock piety; we despise particularly the trafficking with things sacred; the utilizing of religion for purposes other than of the highest and noblest kind should not be tolerated.

OUR CEMETERIES.

Every large city in the world has its "city of the dead," and in proportion to the importance of the former is the beauty and attractiveness of the latter. The people who walk the streets of the "city of the living" take pride in the honor paid to the memory of the thousands who sleep in the silent abode of the cemetery. Generally, when the traveller finds magnificent buildings, grand streets, extensive public institutions, in the one, he discovers rich monuments, carefully guarded lots, flower bedecked parterres, in the other. We know of no city on this continent, or for that matter in Europe, that has a more magnificent and picturesque site for its cemeteries than Montreal. It would seem as if nature had built up that grand mountain expressly to serve as the necropolis of the commercial metropolis at its base.

Although we are not in a position to judge of the motives, the object, or the ultimate intentions of the Fabrique that has the cemetery in charge, yet we must confess our inability to appreciate a movement inaugurated this year. It may be for purpose of economy, of simplicity, of uniformity, or of something else; but be the aim what it may, we feel, in common with hundreds of our citizens, a deep regret that the abolition of monuments and enclosures should have been considered advisable. The system now commenced is to have all the lots uniform; four stone posts making the corners of each lot; the posts to be about three inches above ground and to bear the number of the lot and, we suppose, the name of the proprietor.

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various lots, commence or end. It is not this year, nor perhaps next year, that the effect will be noticed; it is when the several acres of ground will be thus covered with little square posts, that the first fall of snow will hide.

Where the graves were many we looked for one. wrote an English poet, when seeking for the grave of Charles Wolfe, in Clonmel cemetery; truly would he have long to look were there no other indication than those which we evidently are in future to have at Cote des Neiges.

Again, we say that there may be some very good reason for adopting such a system; but, as yet, we do not know what it is, nor can we possibly guess at it. However, without in any way wishing to find fault, we feel it our duty to let the cemetery authorities know exactly what the general feeling on the matter is. Before speaking on the subject we have made sure to become well informed as to the opinions of those most interested—and surely the most interested are the people who frequent the place through motives of devotion for the memories of their dead.

In connection with the cemeteries there are very many other points upon which we would like to touch, but with which we do not care to encumber this article. For example attention might be drawn to the loud and boisterous conduct of some people, the disrespectful manners of others, the carelessness of a few, the jovial, holiday style of pleasure-seekers and many other such like untimely exhibitions of disregard for the sacredness of the soil and the respect due to those whose dust commingle with it. We must, however, state that these things can only be corrected by educating the public to a proper consideration for the feelings of all who mourn; as far as the immediate officers of the cemetery are concerned they are most vigilant, kind, polite, attentive and faithful to their duties; their task would be rendered much more easy if people who frequent the cemetery were more respectful for the dead and considerate for the living.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS.

In connection with the report published in another page of the recent convention held in Ottawa, we think it timely to express a few ideas, that we have long entertained, regarding the Catholic Order of Foresters. That it is a thoroughly and highly approved Catholic organization admits of no question; that it has been phenomenally successful, particularly in Canada, is evident from the various reports published from time to time, and from the number of Courts established in all the principal towns of the Dominion. It is from the twofold standpoint of the individual and general benefits that it procures we now purpose considering the organization.

Apart from the social benefits that each member derives there is the insurance, if we may so call it, which he enjoys. Particularly for the working-man, or the person of limited means, is this splendid system a boon. In the hour of illness he has the services of the Court's physician at his disposal; members of the Order, who form the visiting committee, call regularly upon him; the amount of pecuniary relief to which he is entitled is given him; the sympathy and aid of many, who might otherwise have never known him or heard of his illness, are there to console, help and encourage. And when comes to him, as to each one at some time or other, the dread and final summons, he has the consolation of knowing that the "benefit" he has secured by his membership will be there for his widow and children, or whomsoever he may leave to mourn his death.

These are a few of the temporal and material benefits which the Order bestows upon, or rather secures for, each and all of its members in good standing. Alone they should suffice to show the utility and praiseworthiness of the institution. However, we do not deem it necessary to dwell to any greater extent upon advantages that are patent to every one who knows of them. We might also speak of the social ties that are formed; the friendships that are established; the pleasant relations between neighbor and neighbor that arise; the mutual assistance to be derived; and the hundred and one other very attractive features that the organization presents; but we prefer, for the present, to dwell upon the great good that the grand cause of Catholicity draws from the existence of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

In the days of Horatius or Leonidas the sword was the all-powerful weapon of the warrior and the battering-ram was his only engine of attack. Very little use, however, would such arms be in our day, when the cannon, the rifle, the "gating" gun and the terrific bomb are engaged in the struggles between armies. The nation that pretends to uphold its own by force of arms must use the weapons equally as effective, if not superior, to those employed by the

enemy. Man is by nature a social creature and does not feel happy in isolation. The consequence of this tendency in our race is a union of individuals in different forms, constituting the family, then the community, then the country, or nationality. Man feels instinctively, and is taught by experience, that it is not well for him to live apart from all his fellow-men. The exceptions to this rule are the holy hermits who made, for God's sake, and for the cause of salvation, the great sacrifice of all social life. It is, therefore, natural that men should seek to combine their individual strength in organizations of various kinds. And it is notable that with the majority of the human family, if they do not form good societies, they will form others that are either questionable or bad. One of the most powerful and dangerous enemies of the Catholic Church—is itself an organization of Divine origin—is found in the secret societies. Wonderful the influence they have wielded and still wield; and so alluring and magnetic have they become that not a few Catholics have been drawn away from the Church, and into the ranks of her enemies, by the glitter and promise of those various organizations.

No better evidence of all this than in the events the twenty-fifth anniversary of which Italy celebrated on Friday last. What brought about the persecutions to which, at various times, Pius IX. was subjected? What influence raised the standard of revolt all over Italy? What bodies of men were responsible for the robbery committed in the usurpation of the Papal States? Yes; by whose orders was Rossi murdered on the steps of the Senate? Was Palma shot on the balcony of the Papal palace? Was Pius IX. driven from the city of the Popes to seek refuge and life at Gaeta? The Carbonari, the Illuminati, the Sons of Italy, the Masonic associations, the secret conclaves presided over by Mazzini—the Knight of the Dagger, and by men equally as dangerous and often more daring. And in 1870 was it not the arm of the secret societies that burst in the Porta Pia? And to-day is not Lemmi the head-centre and grand leader of the secret organizations that govern Italy and dictate the anti-papal, anti-clerical, anti-Catholic policy of Crispi and that poor figure-head Humberto? It is the same in France, the same the world over. In one way or another, by this means or that, by hook or by crook, the secret societies strive to undermine Catholicity and upset the Church of Christ.

How, then, are we to meet such a well equipped and cleverly organized enemy? Are we going to fight with wooden swords against Krupp cannons? No; we must make use of weapons as effective for good as theirs for evil. We must meet organized force with organized resistance. It is in banding together in social strength, in the formation of associations calculated to produce Catholic unity of action, and in the mutual support of each other, with the one grand aim in view, that the fearful effects of the secret societies' work can be counteracted. And the Catholic Order of Foresters is one of those societies destined to aid in the accomplishment of that grand purpose. It offers to every Catholic all the social and material advantages that can be expected from the secret societies that are the opponents of our faith. But it does more; it affords the Catholic an opportunity of helping, in a practical manner, in the grand work of spreading and perpetuating his holy religion. It is one of the various weights cast in the balance to counteract the numerous secret, sworn organizations that have for principal aim the destruction of the Church.

We do not think it necessary to dwell any longer upon this phase of the subject. Let each Catholic carefully study the foregoing few, and too brief, arguments, and we are confident that he will feel it a duty to thank God for the existence of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

THE IMPOSING religious procession of "La Delivrande," at Dauvres (Calvados), at which the Archbishop of Rouen, with five other Bishops and 20,000 pilgrims, were present, was saddened by the fact that Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, was stricken with apoplexy. Although not out of danger, the condition of the sufferer, by latest report, is much improved.

THE Boston Republic contains the following, which might, perhaps, serve as a suggestion for other localities:

A retreat to public school teachers is something of a novelty in Catholic circles. Such a retreat, however, was given last week, just previous to the opening of the school season, by the Sisters of the Institute of Our Lady of the Cenacle, in their headquarters in New York city. The teachers were invited to attend and receive instructions on their duty to the children under their charge. Lectures were given daily on the attitude of a teacher to her pupils, as regards patience, the development of the spiritual faculties and all phases of the ethical relation between teacher and pupil. The retreat was conducted by Rev. Thomas Campbell, S.J., formerly the provincial of the Jesuit order for the New York and Maryland province. The lectures were attended by forty teachers, all but one of whom were connected with the public schools.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT.

To-day, the world over, men are organizing against the dread enemy intemperance. No establishment on earth is doing more to destroy that evil than is the Catholic Church. Some of the leading lights in the hierarchy are working with wonderful energy, and wonderful effect, in the great cause of temperance; members of the clergy in every diocese are following the example of their superiors; and the lay people are banding into associations for the same grand object. It is, as we conceive it, the duty of the Catholic press to aid in the crusade against the most destructive of vices. Each individual worker has his own way of attacking the enemy, and the combined strength of the different methods used eventually produce good results.

Sometimes it is well to give examples of the ruin worked by drink. It is not necessary to draw harrowing pictures of miserable homes, starving children, deserted wives; nor is it necessary to cite the murders, the suicides and the countless other crimes that are nearly all to be traced to the same cause. These are pictures that have been drawn times out of mind and that every person can readily imagine. We will take, however, a few examples, of the awful ruin brought about by intemperance, from the columns of an American exchange. They will suffice to show the wonderful power possessed by the demon of drink and the almost helpless weakness of the one who allows the influence of that monster to overcome his manhood.

The writer from whom we quote had visited the Washington almshouse, and there one of the first men he met "had been formerly the Attorney-General of Virginia. In his office a number of distinguished lawyers were students, and they owe much to his advice. His father had been Attorney-General of the United States, and left his son wealth. But he drank, and sacrificed everything to his love of intoxicating liquor." He then continues:—"Another pauper was an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of California, and had been esteemed as one of the most eloquent men of his time. He came to Washington to get an office, was disappointed; took to drink, and drank himself out of pocket, mind and friends, and into the poorhouse. In his company was a once wealthy newspaper editor and proprietor, a man of great political influence. This man had been for three years in the poorhouse. Sometimes his friends take him out, but he drinks so much that he lies about the street and is returned by the police."

In the same account we are told that "a man who was Stephen A. Douglass' intimate friend, and who used to speak from the same platform with him, is a Washington pauper." Coming into the almshouse, as the correspondent left it, was an old, white-haired man, who was at one time one of the leading men of the Michigan bar. "He is the man who backed Zachariah Chandler and made him, politically speaking, what he was. And this man, of great legal ability and political influence, sufficient to make and unmake men, and of much wealth, is now a pauper. Why? Because he drank alcoholic liquor."

We need quote no more. Our object in citing the above paragraphs is to show that there is no station, however exalted, from which the iron grasp of drink cannot wrench even the strongest man. It is, therefore, unnecessary to say that any person, no matter how physically strong or mentally gifted, who physically with such an enemy is sure to end in defeat. We will now give the example of a person who was saved from the curse of drink by the conception of one "awful thought," and we will leave the subject to the meditation of our readers, and particularly our younger readers.

The person to whom we refer was endowed with very special talents and had all the requirements necessary to constitute a good and a very useful citizen—perhaps, to one day become a great man. He contracted—no matter how—the habit of drink. It grew upon him; he imagined he could overcome it; but it overcame him. He could not undertake any important move without fortifying himself with liquor. His friends warned, he received many lessons, but the grip of the monster was too powerful and he was unable to resist. On one occasion he had the opportunity of securing a very good position; it was necessary that he should call upon a distinguished statesman in order to receive the appointment. The hour was named, but as usual he had to take a few glasses to brace up his courage. The result was that he staggered into the presence of the important personage. Needless to say he was informed that he could not be appointed. Broken spirited he retired; he drank some more to drown his disappointment, and he lost all consciousness. Next morning he awoke in a strange room and it was long before he could understand where he was.

While reflecting upon the past twenty-four hours he recalled the fact that he had gone intoxicated into the presence of the man from whom he had expected an appointment; then all the rest was blank. He might have been killed that night, or have suffocated, or have burnt, or blood vessel and died. All these things came

coursing through his brain. At last a terrible reflection arose: he might have reeled drunk into the presence of God! That one thought was enough; the idea of appearing intoxicated before God so frightened him, so thoroughly awakened him to the reality of his danger, that he arose and ever after lived the life of a total abstainer. To-day he is prosperous. Let the world meditate on that one thought.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is true that we have not always admired Mark Twain's writings, nor could we share his ideas and sympathies, but we must certainly admire the noble stand he has taken regarding his recent financial losses. The publishing firm with which he was connected, and in which most of the fruits of his many years of labor were placed, failed. The failure was due to no fault on his part, yet he manfully assumes the moral responsibility for debts that he has not legally contracted nor for which does the law hold him answerable. And now, at the age of sixty years, he practically commences life over again and goes forth on a lecturing tour to secure means to pay off all the indebtedness, even to the last cent. He felt that writing was too slow a process and that he is too old to expect being able to realize the sufficient amount by the publication of new works. Consequently, and with the aid of his generous and noble wife, he has set out upon a mission that he calculates will last four years. Under such circumstances the humorous writer deserves the greatest encouragement. Perhaps the lesson he is now teaching to the world, of sterling honesty, will be the greater benefit he shall have conferred on humanity.

THERE is talk of an Anti-Masonic Congress to combat the machinations of the secret societies in Europe. It is certainly time that some general and effective movement should be set on foot to counteract all the harm those evil associations are doing. The history of Italy and that of France are alive with facts sufficient to prove that at the bottom of every revolutionary upheaval are to be found the adherents of the secret societies. They seem, however, to have one grand object in view—the destruction of Catholicity; and they leave no stone unturned to attain their end. We know perfectly well that they strive after the impossible; yet in their course they may drag many a noble soul to the brink of moral ruin. They antagonize the best interests of the citizen and consequently of the State. It is to be hoped that the day is at hand when their work will be nullified and that thousands will be emancipated from their bondage.

BLONDIN, the aged rope-walker, who is now over seventy years old, has been obliged to give up his perilous feat owing to his having strained his back. Time was when Blondin considered himself safer and more at home on his rope than when walking the street. He made a great deal of money; but he had the misfortune of entering into partnership with a wine merchant, and thus undertaking a business with which he was totally unacquainted. The firm failed; the merchant grew rich in consequence and Blondin was reduced to poverty. Thus in his second childhood he was obliged to go back to his rope-walking as a means of livelihood. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Many years ago we remember seeing Blondin cross the Chaudiere Falls, at Ottawa, on his rope. It seems now like ancient history, and the revival of his name has a Rip Van Winkleism about it.

SOME one recently remarked, in one of the American periodicals, that authors usually die young. It is true that many authors do die early; but just as many live to old age. Amongst the French dramatic authors, the very hardest-worked of writers, we find Adolph D'Ennery and Eugene Carnon, joint authors of "The Two Orphans," living still at the age of eighty-seven years; Ernest Lagoune, senior member of the French Academy, is eighty-eight; and Ferdinand Dugue, author of "The Pirates of the Savannah," "The Ragpicker's Daughter," and many other melodramas, is eighty years old. The historian, Michelet, was once told, by a friend, "How young you keep in spite of your gray hairs!" For a reply the old author turned to his writing table and, pointing to the ink-stand, exclaimed: "There is my fountain of youth!"

THE physicians of the Mississippi Valley Medical Association, at Detroit, have declared "bloomers to be an abomination." It would be very interesting were those medical and scientific gentlemen to give their reasons for such a conclusion. They certainly must know what they are talking about and must have very good cause for such a sweeping condemnation. Recently scientists have shown that the riding of bicycles is most injurious to men and women and that the future generation will suffer gravely in consequence. It is too bad

that ladies should take to this sure method of ruining their systems and at the same time dressing in a manner that is "abominable."

"DOCTOR ALBERT BACH informed the Medico-Legal Congress that physicians have the moral right to end life when the patient is suffering from an incurable, painful and agonizing disease." The commandment is: "Thou shalt not kill." It does not make any exception; it does not say that for this or that reason human life may be taken. It may be only the shortening of existence by an hour, or a minute, or a second; it is all the same, we Catholics are taught by our Church that the commandment must be obeyed to its fullest extent. A physician may use means to deaden pain, to remove suffering, to put the patient to sleep—but not to directly kill. That one last minute of suffering may be more important for the dying person than all the years of life. No man has the right, according to God's law, to curtail life by even a fraction of a second—were it to deliver the sufferer from the most cruel torture.

THE recent death of Father Fulton, whom the whole press of America so laments, recalls the fact that one of Father Fulton's most devoted friends was John Boyle O'Reilly, and that when the lamented Jesuit was removed from Boston to the Church of St. Laurenceville, New York, one of Mr. O'Reilly's most exquisite little poems, called "The Vacant Niche," was written and presented to the retiring priest at a meeting of his friends, the poet reading it with a pathos that moved all his hearers, for all felt its beauty and just delineation of a noble character. It is said that Oliver Wendell Holmes once humorously said to the accomplished priest: "Father Fulton, you or I must leave here; I used to be quoted somewhat for an occasional *bon mot*; everybody now says you are the only wit in vogue."

A CONVERT and ex-minister, writing in the editorial columns of the New Zealand Tablet, strongly urges the formation of a society of converts. He complains that the cordiality of born Catholics towards their new brethren is often a doubtful quantity. There is a good deal of truth in the ex-minister's contention. We regret to say that converts scarcely ever meet with the same encouragement from Catholics as that which our non-Catholic friends extend to all who leave our Church to join their ranks. The sacrifice, therefore, made by converts to Catholicity is always much greater than the world imagines and the difficulties they encounter are far from insignificant.

MR. A. E. ROBERTS, the eldest son of the Rev. George Bayfield Roberts, Vicar of Elmstowe, Hardwicke, has been received into the Catholic Church by the Rev. Father Wilkinson, O.S.B., at St. Gregory's, Cheltenham. It is thus that hourly the progress of Catholicity in England may be marked. Conversions are becoming more and more numerous and particularly amongst the Anglican clergymen and their families. This steady advance along the Roman highway cannot fail to produce a marked effect in the very near future. It is not in one day that a nation is reconverted; but the constant drop of grace wears away the hardest rock of opposition.

THE OBLATES are always most energetic and the work they do is evidence of their zeal and courage. The building in Tewksbury, Mass., was destroyed by fire last winter, and they are now replacing it with a new novitiate. It is to be of brick and consist of a central structure with annexes. The main building is to be 75 feet long and 48 feet deep. There will be four stories above the basement. In connection with this novitiate there are seventy acres of land, the property of the Fathers. In all directions, in city and hamlet, in country and wilderness, all over this continent, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate are pushing the twofold work of education and evangelization.

WE have received quite a number of explanations of the post office address mentioned in our last week's editorial notes. The address read:

Hill
John
Mass.

The replies were all correct—"John Underhill Andover, Mass." It is true the puzzle is very simple; what was considered smart in the clerk was the guessing of the address at once in all the hurry of assorting the thousands of letters that pass through the great central office of New York.

LOUISIANA has a great number of lepers. The Board of Control of the Leper Home of the State has had to appeal to the Sisters of Charity to take charge of and nurse the lepers. No other nurses could be secured, on account of the great danger of infection. Another evidence in favor of our Catholic orders of nuns. The world may say as it will, whenever there is a necessity of any

proof of real heroism and devotedness that same world is forced to turn to the humble members of our Catholic communities. It has ever been so, yet men still decline to recognize their worth.

DURING a recent thunderstorm, a careful English weather observer, discovered that if you are near enough to a flash of lightning you can distinguish a distinct smell. Perhaps so; we prefer to believe than to make the experiment. We are perfectly satisfied with seeing the flash without smelling it.

IN LISBON, during a recent riot, several priests were attacked. The Portugal Freemasons and a certain number of politicians are striving to start an agitation for the expulsion of religious Orders. The Government has addressed a letter to the Bishops explaining its views and promising to punish severely all attacks upon ecclesiastics. There is certainly a great and widespread conspiracy in the various countries, against the Catholic Church and her institutions. It is time for the Anti-Masonic League to commence active operations.

ANOTHER attempt has been made on the life of Banker Rothschild. This time the would-be murderer tried to set off his bomb by means of a lighted



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cigarette. Even in the work of wholesale destruction of life and property the little cigarette plays its part. Soon, if the world only grows wiser, it will be as great a sign of brainless ducism to be seen smoking cigarettes as it is to be found playing the monkey in imitation of the fallen king of dukes.

IN August last, Mgr. Louis Gouzet, Archbishop of Auch, died in Paris. He was a very distinguished member of the Catholic hierarchy. He was born at Poleyzac, Feb. 27, 1827, was Cure of the Perigueux cathedral in 1870; Bishop of Gap in 1884, and became Archbishop of Auch in 1887. He was a Knight of the Legion of Honor. His loss will be long felt in France and his memory will remain green for many years to come.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

A CENTRAL AUTHORITY FOR IRELAND

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

SIR.—The fact that the London Times should have proposed the establishment of a "Central Authority" in Ireland, for the purpose of dealing with "Private Bills," is, in my opinion, an unmistakable evidence that the Unionist Government, whatever its shortcomings from a Nationalist point of view, does really intend to grant to Ireland a large measure of local government. In support of this opinion, I adduce the evidence of their method of dealing with agricultural distress and with the question of education. What their motive may be, I do not pretend to say; by what I know of this line of action in Imperial matters, I should say that they were animated with a sincere desire to benefit those for whom such legislation is intended. They may be mistaken, but they are certainly in good faith. It may prove that "Bloody Balfour" is a truer friend to Ireland than "Philosopher Morley." It is for you, sir, to say in what spirit the Irish should accept what may be offered.

FRANCIS W. GREY.

The following editorial, from the London Times, came to us in connection with the foregoing letter. Both are too late for comment in this issue:

THE "TIMES" ON IRISH LEGISLATION.

(September 3, 1895.)

We published yesterday a letter from Mr. Andrew Carnegie on the Irish question, which is interesting both for what it says and for what it overlooks. As Mr. Conway observes to-day, its humane and moderate tone disarms criticism, yet it encourages us to supply the considerations which Mr. Carnegie omits. For our own part we are more than willing to respond to his appeal to promote whatever may tend to further the true interests of Ireland and of Irishmen. The Unionist party will not shrink from legislation of the kind we have already indicated, while to our previous suggestions may be added a serious effort to improve the conditions of Irish education. The Home Rule Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone was opposed even more in the interests of Ireland than in those of Great Britain, and we note with satisfaction that in Mr. Carnegie's opinion that opposition was sound and wise. Without claiming all the influence which he so generously ascribes to our advocacy, we may, perhaps, be permitted to believe that we have done and are doing something to convince the American people that there is no real analogy between local control of local affairs, as they understand it, and the disruptive Home Rule which Mr. Gladstone sought to force upon this country. In the same way there is no real analogy between arrangements suited to a federation of many sovereign States and those which might wisely govern the relations between different portions of one kingdom. Further, there is no real analogy between the conditions of political safety and immunity from conquest in a vast and isolated continent and in a kingdom having near and powerful neighbors. Our correspondent "D." points out with undeniable force that such a scheme of Home Rule as Mr. Carnegie seems to approve would not be accepted by Irish politicians. We may go further and say that no scheme of Home Rule can ever settle the Irish question in the sense of relieving this country of care and responsibility for Irish affairs. The true solution is to be sought in another direction, and is, we believe, instinctively sought in that direction by the Irish people as distinct from agitators. It is material prosperity of which the Irish people are in search, and it is by promoting that prosperity that the Imperial Parliament can best bring about the contentment of the Irish population. Every political measure is good that helps to further this aim.

Miss Cross—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" Miss Sharp—"Turn my toes out."

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Of good China will find a magnificent choice of articles in our new importations. For Wedding Gifts, China or Cut Glass is always appreciated. Our assortment of both is large and well assorted. Beautiful new and exclusive lines in "Limoges" China, Doulton, Old Hall, and Minton's Plant Pots; "Dresden" Lumps and Candelabra; Ice Cream, Fish and Game Sets; Muffin Dishes, 5 O'clock Kettles, Fruit and Dessert Plates. Beautiful Old Single Plates, in Doulton, Cauldon, Crown, Derby, etc.
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IN THE BOOK WORLD.

COMMENT BY WALTER LECKY ON MATTERS OF INTEREST.

PAPER COVERED VOLUMES HAVE THEIR USE—BOYLE O'REILLY'S DAUGHTER SUCCESSFUL AS A SHORT STORY WRITER—THE UTTER WORTHLESSNESS OF CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

The book market is dull these days. The only thing that sells, at least the only thing I see read, is yellow-covered novels, insipid, and, not infrequently, immoral. These books are well-thumbed. If anything could warn us of the necessity of a clean Catholic literature it is these heaps of romances lying on the counters of every summer hotel.

Why not some publisher try a series of yellow covers. I am convinced that they would pay. There is no want of stories suitable for summer-better, there are authors capable of writing them, but where, O! where, is the publisher? He is turning out sloppy translations from the French or pious catch-pennies, or he is writing all over the country to bishops and priests for approbations for works better unborn.

A critic who is very fond of asking me questions, in order that he may answer them after his fashion, wants to know what we mean by the "new school." I presume he knows what was the output of the "old school" trash. Of this commodity the "new school" is an inveterate foe. It does not believe in going to the middle ages for plots or character. It finds these in abundance at every step. It believes in style as essential to artistic work. It does not hold that Catholics are different from other people. It does hold that they live like men, not angels; that they love, yea, even marry, rear families, have joys and sorrows, and as a last act die. Whilst having the deepest reverence for the men and women who lead the higher life in sacrifice, the "new school" is not so insane as to make all its characters priests and nuns in the last chapter. It eschews "the angelic," "mystic," sentimental and insipid. In this school I believe and am only too glad to advocate its theories, not that these need my advocacy, sustained as they are by more competent pens.

I read a few little stories to a critic the other day, and when I had finished he said: "Very clever, in fact, charming. That writer has what is essential to the novelist, the gift of story-telling. I notice now and then, some 'misses' I call them, in style and grammar, things that betray youth; but with time, above all with patience, I see no reason why the author of 'Pere Philippe' and 'Sister Katharine' may not do fine work."

The author," I said, "is a daughter of your old friend, Boyle O'Reilly." Her stories are as sweet and pathetic. More than this, she has struck out a new path. With a little more confidence in her own ability and a little more mastery over her creations she has a future. Miss O'Reilly is very young. She has all her father's love and sympathy for the poor and suffering.

Another writer is Anne Bozeman Lyon, who contributes a charming little story to the Southern Advocate. It is entitled "Padre Felipo," a story of strength and grasp in character drawing. Verily the South has awoke, and no man has done more for this awakening than the brilliant editor of the Advocate, Charles O'Malley.

In speaking of short stories I cannot forget Talbot Smith's "Lost, A Hundred Years," in a late number of the Rosary. This writer presents the inhabitants of Lake Champlain as they are, flesh and blood, falling and rising, passions, etc., everything that is of man. Catholic readers of "Sister Katharine," "Padre Felipo," and "Lost, A Hundred Years," may surely feel proud of the New School.

It seems that the whereabouts of Frances Waite bothers the critics. They are all off the track. She has never been an editor. Her article is convincing on that point. If she had been she would have had much more sympathy for that much-abused set of men who make their purgatory on this side. She does not live in Philadelphia. Fancy a Quaker maiden hitting so hard as a Frances Waite. She is a young writer of talent,—I can hardly write experience,—who has told the writer's side of the story. The editor has the other end of the ball of yarn. Between these the wise man draws conclusions. It has been my experience that editors were willing to do their share, but owing to the impecunious nature of the Catholic press that "share" was little. There is much truth in Miss Waite's paper, but it can have little effect until the mass of Catholics become readers. There is an old Latin axiom that most often haunts the Catholic editor: "No one can give what he does not possess." Buy his paper, fill it with advertisements, and I feel confident he will show his gratitude by giving you stories, poems, scientific articles from the best pens, and paying for them without a murmur.

This is near the time for the annual dozen articles written by nobodies, telling the Catholic editors how to edit their papers. Last year he was told that he must know Latin, Greek, German, French, Hebrew derivatives, St. Thomas; Gury and Schouppé. I believe this year they add Sanscrit, Welsh and Aristotle. These articles would be amusing if the editor had time to read, but he has, poor fellow, little amusement, and when he has, I wonder not that he lies far away from the maddening cranks.

While Dr. Foran tries to regain health in the quiet, quaint Three Rivers, the

critics are saying kind words of him. He well deserves them, as few men have done his battle. Thomas O'Hagan, a brilliant young writer, in an article on "Canadian Poets," has this of Dr. Foran:

"The editor of the Montreal True Witness has recently published a volume of poems which entitles him to rank among the best Irish-Canadian poets. Many of his lyrics in fire and passion are worthy of the poets of the Nation, whose spirit and methods he most closely follows."

The utter worthlessness of contemporary criticism may be seen by two extracts from journals professing to be masters in that art. The Critic of August 17, speaking of "The Veiled Doctor," by Varian Anna Jefferson Davis, says:

"This would be a good story from the pen of any writer, and it need not rest upon the author's unique social position for a fair share of success. What strikes us especially in this firstling is the surety of stroke, the firmness of purpose manifested on every page."

The Bookman in the September number says:

"It is a most unpleasant story, which the author seems to have had no reason for writing, and which there is surely no reason that any sane person should ever care to read."

After all, it is consoling that the intelligent readers, not the lone critics, are the last court of authors.

It may be interesting to know that Mrs. Sadler does not own a single copyright in her novels, and hence does not receive a cent on their sales. When it is known that these copyrights are sold for a nominal sum, it may be seen how little, in a pecuniary way, our pioneer novelist has made. But then it was not to make money that they were written, but as a duty, to keep green in her countrymen's hearts their love for faith and fatherland.

A critical friend of mine, an ardent lover of good literature, writes me that a well-read young working woman—a woman of influence with her fellows—has this to say about the works of Anna Hanson Dorsey: "They strengthen faith, purify morals, and tend to refinement of manners. The girls who read, myself among them, seemed to be warned and strengthened in Catholic faith."

This is praise indeed, and must be most welcome to the novelist.

Among the new books are a volume of poems by Francis Thompson, an enlarged edition of the sonnets of Blunt, and a little book of verse by Austey, the English humorist. On this side there will soon appear a notable book, The ballads of James Jeffrey Roche. In force, verse, in that quality which makes the pulse beat faster and the blood feel lighter, they are unmatched by the ballads of any other American writer. They have a ring and a swing dear to boyhood's ears, but being on American subjects, may not be popular. Literature is just now "quite English, you know."

A new book, one of paramount interest, has lately been sent to my table. It is entitled "Acadia, Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History." It is a book to read at leisure. Of it later.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

A Delegate Apostolic for Mexico is a probability of the near future.

Mr. Patrick Fox, the well known Catholic publisher of St. Louis, Mo., died recently.

The annual Congress of the Catholic Truth Society of England will be held this month.

The date of the Congress of the Priest's Eucharistic League has been changed, and will be held on October 2 and 3.

The Holy Father has approved the nomination of the Rev. Dr. Kennedy to be rector of the American College at Rome.

Paulist Fathers Elliott, Krees and Muehlenbeck will open their series of lectures to non-Catholics in Cleveland, O., in October.

Eighty Cardinals and Bishops have announced their intention of being present at the inauguration of the Eucharistic exhibition in Milan.

Recently the solemn centenary celebrations in honor of the Sacred Cinture of the Blessed Virgin preserved in that church commenced in the Cathedral of the City of Prato, in Italy. The functions lasted four days.

A fire broke out recently at the convent of Ribordone, in the province of Turin, and eight of the community perished in the flames, while four were badly burnt. An accident with a petroleum lamp was the cause.

Rev. D.J. McGoldrick, S.J., of Washington, D.C., is said to have severed his connection with the Society of Jesus and become a secular priest. He will be one of the professors at the Scranton Diocesan Seminary of St. Thomas Aquinas.

Rev. Nicholas M. Freeman, pastor of St. Francis' Church, in Metuchen, N.J., died Monday morning at the rectory adjoining the church. Father Freeman was born in Hartford, Conn., in 1860. He was educated at St. Charles' College, Maryland, and at St. Joseph's Seminary, in Troy, where he was ordained in 1885. Before he went to Metuchen he was curate at the Cathedral in Trenton and pastor at North Plainfield, East Millstone and Junction.

The corner-stone of the new marble edifice for the Church of Our Lady Help of Christians, East Orange, N.J., was laid on Sept. 1, by Bishop Wigger, who also blessed the foundation walls. The address of the day was delivered by the Rev. Patrick Byrne of Irvington, N.J.

The chapter-general of the Dominion Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Rosary was held at their mother house, St. Clara's Convent at Sinsinawa Mound, Wis., during the week commencing August 10. The assembly unanimously re-elected Mother Emily Paver to the office of Mother-General of the congregation.

The Sisters of Charity in the diocese of Pittsburgh, Pa., whose mother house and novitiate is St. Joseph's, at Seton Hill,

PROTECTION from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes PURE BLOOD.

Greensburg, celebrated on Aug. 20 the twenty-fifth anniversary, or silver jubilee, of their establishment in that diocese. These Sisters form an independent community in the diocese, and are not affiliated with the Sisters of Charity established by Mother Seton.

CAN THE SOULS OF THE DEPARTED RETURN TO EARTH?

According to St. Augustine it would be a great temerity to deny that the souls of the departed cannot, with God's permission, return to us. St. Thomas and St. Augustine both incline to the opinion that in many cases there occurs a supernatural action of angels on the mind of those to whom such manifestations are granted. Moreover, it is likely that the souls, like the angels, can manifest themselves in such a manner that they produce perceptible images on a person's mind without appearing visibly to him.

Whenever our attention is directed to the departed souls by manifestation of any kind it is a sign of the great mercy of God towards the suffering Souls and towards us. They make us aware of the great distress of the Church suffering, of which Church we on earth often have not the least conception, and which yet is entirely dependent on us for help.

A Holy Mass, a rosary, an alms, a mortification, some other good work, even a compassionate ejaculation or pious thought offered up confidently to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the suffering Souls, is powerful to create an ineffable joy in that mystic abode. At the same time, a visible manifestation of the distress of a suffering Soul is a salutary admonition for the living, whereby they are reminded most impressively amid their carelessness, frivolity and tepidity, of the severe judgments of God.

THE TOUCH OF GOD'S HAND.

All things work together for good to them that love God. The fears are not all wiped away, the sorrows are not all ended, the tribulations are not all over, but, because we know that God is love, and because we are living under His roof and with Him, we know that the sorrows and the tears are themselves God's ministering servants. We no longer think of pain as penalty, and when grief has come into our homes wonder why God has set the seal of his wrath upon us. In the blindness of our grief it is hard to realize that the pains and the troubles and the sorrows that come upon us are those that belong to the Father's house. He Himself—that is the very meaning of the Incarnation—He Himself takes all the sorrows and troubles He allows us to take. Do we know what it is to wrestle with temptation? So did He. Do we know what it is to have our veins throbbing with anguish? So did He. Do we know what it is to be despised of men? So did He. Do we know what it is to follow our loved ones to the grave? So did He.

There is no experience of pain or suffering that He did not know. No tear glistens on your eye that has not first glistened on His. There is no heart-throb in your heart that has not first throbbled in His.

The pains and sufferings of life—we do not understand them, but we know that they are the ministries of love, and we no longer either treat them as the penalty of living, nor think of them as the self-inflicted natural consequences of our own folly and misconduct. So we are able to believe, with Browning, that "all pain is gain."

Another wonderful, almost miraculous, cure to report. As usual, the afflicted one is saved by the use of Paine's Celery Compound.

Mrs. Annie Saunders, the cured lady, lives in Brimcomdale, a pleasant suburb of Toronto. Her sufferings from a trouble common to many women were terrible, and the wonder is that she now lives. To her, medical and hospital treatment proved of no avail. At a critical juncture, the doctors deemed an operation imperatively necessary.

Mrs. Saunders would not sanction the proposed operation; she decided to try a medicine that had cured thousands; she had faith in its wondrous powers to make her a new woman. Paine's Celery Compound was her chosen agent; she used it, and thanks Providence for the happy change effected. She writes as follows regarding her cure:—

"It is with much pleasure that I testify to the value of your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. I was a great sufferer from severe attacks of neuralgia in the left ovary. At times the attacks were so acute that I thought I would lose my reason.

"Several doctors treated me, and I was a patient in St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton. I obtained no relief from medical treatment. The doctors said unless I had the ovary taken away I could not be cured.

"Instead of submitting to the operation, I used Paine's Celery Compound, and I am thankful your valuable medicine cured me. I feel like a new woman, and I would like all sufferers to know just what this great medicine has done for me."

THE DOCTORS SAID A SURGICAL OPERATION WAS NECESSARY TO EFFECT A CURE.

THE LADY LEFT HOSPITAL AND DOCTORS.

SHE USES PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND AND IS CURED.

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OTHER TIMES, OTHER MANNERS.

A Review of the Religious Question in France.

Men often—not invariably—grow wiser as they grow older. M. Francisque Sarcey has followed the natural law, which is to grow wiser by accumulated experience and observation. Some fifteen years ago, and a good while afterwards, he was a very ferocious "priest-eater," as the politician and journalist in the full swing of the anti-clerical movement was then termed. From the journalistic point of view the card was a rather good one to play out, for after the rather long innings of these Republicans for temporary purposes like Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie, the desire of whose hearts was to see the Government of France established once more upon a monarchical and dynastic basis, there came with the collapse of such hopes in that final effort known historically as the 15th of May, a violent and brutal reaction.

Gambetta was the man of the hour. His clap-trap eloquence led the fashion in politics. He said that Clericalism was the enemy, and a host of satellites echoed: "Le clericalism, voilà l'ennemi!" It was the movement which reached its climax a little later under the guidance of M. Jules Ferry, who, catching the wind that was blowing, turned the Jesuits, the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and other Orders out of their convents and secularized national education. The nation became a party to all this rather from indifference than from zeal, for it is to be noted that the less active and turbulent half of the French people can always be led by the nose, no matter where, provided that the hand that pulls is felt to be strong. The temper of those who gave the tone to the public mind was irreligious in the active and persecuting sense. Those who attacked the clergy and religion daily in the press loved to call themselves Voltairians. The word has now gone considerably out of fashion, like Voltaire's works, which are only read by a few students of letters. Of the "priest eaters" of that time M. Sarcey was one of the most formidable and the most insatiable. The jocular ferocity with which he attacked the clergy in the "NIXE Siecle" caused him to be looked upon in Catholic circles as a journalist furnished with perhaps about the best pair of cloven hoofs to be found in these comparatively upper regions. His anti-clericalism, however, did not prevent him from placing himself in the care of the Brothers of St. Jean

de Dieu when he had to undergo an operation for cataract. He knew where he would be best off.

As soon as the public began to show signs of yawning over the articles of the "priest eaters," M. Sarcey's Voltairianism became less and less anti-religious. He, moreover, adopted vegetarianism, which can hardly be reconciled with "priest-eating." During the last few years "Uncle Sarcey" has looked upon the persecution of Catholics as exceedingly stupid. He has become almost the model of a good-natured, mild-mannered old gentleman, addicted to journalism as his only vice. Those who remember what he was can hardly recognize the same man in the writer of an article which appeared the other day with his signature on the municipal elections at Roubaix. A word of explanation must here be given on the subject of these elections. The religious question was intimately connected with the struggle. The Socialist Mayor, Carratte, had not only placed his veto on religious processions, as these are ordinarily understood in France, but had even forbidden the local clergy to walk through the streets accompanied by a sacristan or choir-boy, with light and bell, when carrying the Holy Viaticum to the dying. The clergy heeded not this injunction, and judicial proceedings ensued. Party feeling has run exceedingly high at Roubaix, and at the recent elections Carratte, the Mayor, and his principal henchmen on the Council were sent back to private life. This is a Catholic victory of considerable importance. Mr. Sarcey might have been expected to uphold the edict of the petty tyrant of a Mayor, instead of which he ridicules and blames it. He even calls it "monstrous and grotesque," and he sympathizes with the clergy who have appealed to the Council of State. Now this very marked change in M. Sarcey's way of seeing things indicates a change in public opinion. Having an eye for the signs of the times—in spite of his very short sight—he is too sagacious to go on playing the game of "priest-eating" to the end. And this case is by no means a solitary one. If, therefore, there are evil symptoms, such as the infamous war that is being waged officially against the religious Orders, there are others which are reassuring. The "priest-eater" who affected Voltairian polish and imitated the Voltairian smile while he murdered reputations is no longer in fashion, and atheistical socialism has been receiving some heavy blows of late.—athletic Standard.

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MONTREAL—IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Marie Louise Talbot, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Gaspard Brouillet, manufacturer of the same place, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against her husband. Montreal, 13th September, 1895. BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE & ROBERTSON, TURGEON & ROBERTSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

de Dieu when he had to undergo an operation for cataract. He knew where he would be best off.

As soon as the public began to show signs of yawning over the articles of the "priest eaters," M. Sarcey's Voltairianism became less and less anti-religious. He, moreover, adopted vegetarianism, which can hardly be reconciled with "priest-eating." During the last few years "Uncle Sarcey" has looked upon the persecution of Catholics as exceedingly stupid. He has become almost the model of a good-natured, mild-mannered old gentleman, addicted to journalism as his only vice. Those who remember what he was can hardly recognize the same man in the writer of an article which appeared the other day with his signature on the municipal elections at Roubaix. A word of explanation must here be given on the subject of these elections. The religious question was intimately connected with the struggle. The Socialist Mayor, Carratte, had not only placed his veto on religious processions, as these are ordinarily understood in France, but had even forbidden the local clergy to walk through the streets accompanied by a sacristan or choir-boy, with light and bell, when carrying the Holy Viaticum to the dying. The clergy heeded not this injunction, and judicial proceedings ensued. Party feeling has run exceedingly high at Roubaix, and at the recent elections Carratte, the Mayor, and his principal henchmen on the Council were sent back to private life. This is a Catholic victory of considerable importance. Mr. Sarcey might have been expected to uphold the edict of the petty tyrant of a Mayor, instead of which he ridicules and blames it. He even calls it "monstrous and grotesque," and he sympathizes with the clergy who have appealed to the Council of State. Now this very marked change in M. Sarcey's way of seeing things indicates a change in public opinion. Having an eye for the signs of the times—in spite of his very short sight—he is too sagacious to go on playing the game of "priest-eating" to the end. And this case is by no means a solitary one. If, therefore, there are evil symptoms, such as the infamous war that is being waged officially against the religious Orders, there are others which are reassuring. The "priest-eater" who affected Voltairian polish and imitated the Voltairian smile while he murdered reputations is no longer in fashion, and atheistical socialism has been receiving some heavy blows of late.—athletic Standard.

Gambetta was the man of the hour. His clap-trap eloquence led the fashion in politics. He said that Clericalism was the enemy, and a host of satellites echoed: "Le clericalism, voilà l'ennemi!" It was the movement which reached its climax a little later under the guidance of M. Jules Ferry, who, catching the wind that was blowing, turned the Jesuits, the Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, and other Orders out of their convents and secularized national education. The nation became a party to all this rather from indifference than from zeal, for it is to be noted that the less active and turbulent half of the French people can always be led by the nose, no matter where, provided that the hand that pulls is felt to be strong. The temper of those who gave the tone to the public mind was irreligious in the active and persecuting sense. Those who attacked the clergy and religion daily in the press loved to call themselves Voltairians. The word has now gone considerably out of fashion, like Voltaire's works, which are only read by a few students of letters. Of the "priest eaters" of that time M. Sarcey was one of the most formidable and the most insatiable. The jocular ferocity with which he attacked the clergy in the "NIXE Siecle" caused him to be looked upon in Catholic circles as a journalist furnished with perhaps about the best pair of cloven hoofs to be found in these comparatively upper regions. His anti-clericalism, however, did not prevent him from placing himself in the care of the Brothers of St. Jean

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Men often—not invariably—grow wiser as they grow older. M. Francisque Sarcey has followed the natural law, which is to grow wiser by accumulated experience and observation. Some fifteen years ago, and a good while afterwards, he was a very ferocious "priest-eater," as the politician and journalist in the full swing of the anti-clerical movement was then termed. From the journalistic point of view the card was a rather good one to play out, for after the rather long innings of these Republicans for temporary purposes like Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie, the desire of whose hearts was to see the Government of France established once more upon a monarchical and dynastic basis, there came with the collapse of such hopes in that final effort known historically as the 15th of May, a violent and brutal reaction.

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THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

AN IRISH CORRESPONDENT'S VIEWS AN ACCOUNT OF "RED JIM"—THE GRIP OF BRITISH POWER TALK IN THE PAST—AN INTERESTING OPINION.

I see by cablegrams and by the press of the United States that some parties have called some sort of a convention in Chicago the state of Ireland and to take some action on the situation here. Now some action on the situation here. Now some action on the situation here. Now some action on the situation here.

THE FIRST FENIAN RAID together, and this "Red Jim" at the very time was in the employ of the British government, a circumstance which, when I came to know afterwards, explained to me clearly why the telegrams in cipher which I sent regarding the arms which I had charge of on the schooner E. H. Pray, from Portland to Eastport, were instantly deciphered by the British officials in Portland, Boston and St. John, N.B. "Red Jim" McDermott is still in the employ of the British secret service bureau or some other such secret department, and of course his tribe are employed all the time, ready to be fully developed under favorable conditions.

The man who talks such arrant nonsense of the present time as Jim McDermott talked then, he is living in Boston, New York, Chicago, or elsewhere, is a man who should engender suspicion in the mind of anyone of common sense. Why? For the very good reason that the conditions in Ireland are very different now to what they were then. The suffrage at that time was very restricted compared to the present time, when it is substantially manhood suffrage. The incubus of the state rested heavily on the country; the 500,000 tenant farmers of the island were almost absolutely dependent on the will of the landlord or his agent; while to-day they are more independent of either than any other tenant farmers in the world, and they have a right to meet in public assemblies or conventions, a right which they did not then possess.

Somebody has sent me a marked copy of a late issue of a little blatherskite paper published in New York, which the few copies I have seen are written in bad English in which

THE FOLLOWING HIGHFALUTIN PASSAGE OCCURS: "Now is the time to prepare; now is the time to found an Irish organization, whose pronouncements will have force behind them, whose strength will command the attention of the great powers, whose influence can be felt in all the ramifications of life, and whose hand will ever be ready to strike England wherever injury can be inflicted on her. If we are in earnest we can do it; if we are not, then the loss we say about liberty the better. Men respect men. They despise gamblers!"

If the writer of the above has not studied Jim McDermott's style I am very much mistaken. One thing is certain; he is either a fool or a knave—quite probably the latter. "The great powers" and "ramifications of life" are "Red Jim's" style to a T. Le Caron, too, was quite an adept in that same sort of stuff, and probably one of the juveniles may be growing.

The Chicago convention may be of some good if it declares to the Irish people living in Ireland that the rule of the majority should be enforced at all hazards; that neither John Redmond nor his coterie nor Tim Healy nor his should be allowed to scorn or ridicule that rule. These gentlemen have been doing so in the past. The last-named gentleman has proved to be traitorous as much as it was possible for any man during the last general election here.

MR. HEALY AND THE REDMONITES furnished on that occasion the keen weapons with which Ireland's cause was most dangerously wounded. There is no denying that fact. The slight fringe of British electors who are genuine Home Rulers for Ireland were absolutely disgusted at the miserable quarrelling among the Irish here in Ireland. The Irish in England were disgusted, and some of their leading representatives have told me that at least thirty seats were lost in Great Britain by a few votes owing to Mr. Healy's charges at Omagh and John Redmond's and his paper's against the Catholic clergy. If the Chicago convention directs attention to these things it will do good—if it highlights it will become as ridiculous as an Irish faction. Let us deal with plain facts.—P. O'Neill Larkin, in Boston Republic.

beautiful granite monument, seventeen feet high, has been erected over his grave in Richmond, Va. On each side is an inscription stating that his fatal injuries were received "in heroically upholding the blue and gray of Georgetown College on the field of athletics." Just below this inscription is a set of resolutions passed by the students of the college, and above it is an excellent picture of the dead athlete, burned in china and set in granite. The inscriptions were suggested by Rev. J. Havens Richards, S. J., president of the college.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Mrs. Roche, of Woodford, mother of John Roche, M.P., died on August 17. A number of eviction notices have been served on the tenants of Lord Ventry and Mr. Hickson in the Castleisland district.

During the week ending August 17, the influx of visitors to Kilmarnock was very great, and hotel proprietors, jureys, guides and boatmen did a big business.

On Sunday, September 15, on the Yellow Furze chapel grounds, a bazaar to defray the expenses incurred in repairing the local National School will be held.

A find which may prove to be valuable has been made by laborers, who in quarrying stone at Letterkenny struck upon a quantity of silver ore. An investigation will be made.

Colonel J. Richard Malone, of Barons-ton, and Captain Cecil Howard Digby-Pedderston-Haugh, of Bracklyn, have been appointed Deputy Lieutenants for County Westmeath.

William Hanna, M.A., M.B., on the recommendation of the Queen's College, Belfast, has been appointed to a science research scholarship. It is of the value of £150 a year, and is tenable for two years.

On November 22 will be celebrated the silver jubilee of the Convent of the Sacred Heart of Mary, Lisburn. A solemn High Mass will be offered up, and Very Rev. Prot. O'Loan will deliver a sermon.

An eviction was carried out at Drogheda, at the suit of James A. Clarke against Christopher Sherlock on August 23. The writ was for over holding. Mr. Sherlock, who is a butcher, resisted the eviction.

The reception of two young ladies, nieces of the Rev. Terence Early, and daughters of Bryan Early, of Ballinaglera, took place in the convent of Drumshambo, on the 19th ult. Bishop Woodlock officiated.

An election of councillor for St. John's Ward, Kilkenny, in the room of the late Jackman, was held on August 16. There were two candidates, M. Holohan and M. Phelan. The result of the poll was—Mr. Holohan, 44; Mr. Phelan, 27 votes.

August 20 being market day a number of street preachers made their appearance in Tullamore. A force of extra police was in town for the occasion. The people took no notice of the preachers, and no disturbance of any kind occurred.

The blessing of a handsome set of Stations of the Cross, specially painted for the new church at Barney by Meyer of Munich, at a cost of £200, took place on Aug. 20, Bishop Browne of Clonmac-nois officiating. These are a gift of Mrs. Mahoney.

An evicted tenant on the Komrare estate named J. O'Connell has written to M. Leonard, J.P., agent of the estate, proposing to pay £25, being a year's rent, on condition that he be reinstated in accordance with a general order to that effect made by Mr. Leonard some time ago.

At the meeting of the Drogheda Corporation, on August 21, on the motion of Alderman Tighe, a resolution was adopted to memorialize the Postmaster-General to appoint Mrs. Morris, wife of the postmaster at Drogheda, to a country office, as her husband has been obliged to resign his position owing to blindness.

Bishop Lyster, of Achonry, has promoted the Rev. James Cullen, curate at Swinford, to the pastorate at Achonry. Vice Father Lowry, changed to the parish of Gurteen, in the room of the late Very Rev. Canon Peter O'Donohue. Father Cullen has endeared himself to the people of Swinford during his stay of ten years.

The Knight of Glin died on August 17, at Glin Castle, Limerick. Desmond John Edmond Fitzgerald was the twenty-seventh knight in succession, and the family has uninterruptedly retained its seat at Glin Castle for close on 700 years. The late knight was fifty-five years of age, and his son, Desmond Fitzjohn Fitzgerald, succeeds to the title.

At the home coming of James O'Meara, J.P., G. F. Corbett, solicitor, and R. P. Gill, C.E., on August 12 to Nenagh, their fellow-townsmen and the united trades organization of North Tipperary gave them a public reception and presented them with an address of welcome on their return after journeying through the Holy Land, Armenia, China, and Japan.

While the Erin's King steamer was in the harbor of Skerries on Aug. 22, a young lad fell off the quay wall into the water between the steamer and the wall. Daniel Egan, the engineer of the steamer, without waiting to divest himself of any portion of his attire, jumped into the water, and, assisted by the mate, Archibald Wright, rescued the boy.

Alexander Hardy, road contractor, and Thomas Benison, cabinet maker, of Riehill, assaulted James Farquhar, of Ballylincry, recently, seriously endangering his life. All three were members of a Protestant Sunday School excursion party, and a quarrel having arisen, Farquhar was very severely kicked and beaten about the head. The injured man lies in a critical condition.

The following transfers have taken place in County Monaghan constabulary: Sergeant Timothy Hanbury has been

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

transferred from Ballybeg to Clones, where he will take charge of the weights and measures, in place of Sergeant Wesley, who has retired on pension; Sergeant Reilly from Enniskillen to Ballybeg; Constable W. J. Dinsmore, from Newbliss to Ballybeg; Constable John C. Morton, of Monaghan, to Castlebane; Constable Sharpe, of the mounted police, from Monaghan to Enniskillen. He is replaced by Constable McGarry of the latter station.

At a special meeting of the Longford Guardians, on the 17th ult., the question of the amalgamation of Ballymahon Union with Athlone and Longford Unions, and the starting of a district school in the former place, came up for discussion. The consensus of opinion was in favor of amalgamation, and, on the motion of Mr. Gregg, J.P., a resolution in favor of the proposed amalgamation was adopted.

Street preachers started to preach at the end of Wine street, Sligo, on Sunday, Aug. 18, about 100 yards from the Cathedral, whither crowds were proceeding to 10 o'clock Mass. A force of police, over 200, formed a cordon round them. Between thirty and fifty persons listened for a time to the orations, but there was no hostile feeling of any kind displayed, and soon the preachers were speaking to the constabulary alone. No more attempts at preaching were made during the day.

The fund opened for the relief of the families of the victims of the disaster at Baltimore is receiving generous support. Bishop Fitzgerald, of Ross, has given three guineas and the Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, of Mitchelstown, one guinea. Among other clergymen who have sent subscriptions are Rev. D. Fitzgerald, of Leap; Rev. J. Mulcahy, of Timoleague; Rev. J. Feilly, of Clonakilty; Father Lyons, of Kilmichael; and Arnot & Co., brewers, Cork, £5; J. J. Murphy & Co., Lady's Well Brewery, Cork, and the Cork Distilleries' Company, £10 each.

A meeting of tenants on the estate of C. O. B. Kennedy, of Mullintain, Stewartstown, was held at the residence of James Martin, of Angharogue, on Aug. 22, for the purpose of making an offer for the purchase of their holdings under the provisions of the Ashbourne Act. John Kennedy, of Mullintain, the chairman, stated they had met on several previous occasions and the majority of the tenants agreed to offer fourteen years' purchase, which offer was refused. It was unanimously agreed to offer seven years' purchase on the judicial sale.

A Chamberlain, chairman of the firm of Lynch & Co., visited Arklow on Aug. 16. His six daughters and two sons arrived the evening before and took up their residence at a house near the works, where they intend remaining for a month. The workmen and their families turned out in great numbers, and Mr. Chamberlain addressed them from the hall door. He said the factory was only in its infancy, and he trusted some day it would have developed so as to give employment to a large number of the children present.

At a meeting of the Galway Town Board, on August 22, M. A. Lynch, J.P., the chairman, referred to the necessity of legislation for tenants in towns. They dare not improve their premises for fear of an increase of rent or of ejection. This matter had been brought under the notice of the late Government, and an effort was about to be made to meet the requirements of the town tenants. The matter, however, fell through when the Liberal Ministry went out, but now that there was a new government he proposed that as Mr. Balfour promised to bring in a Land Bill, the claims of town tenants should be brought before him, with the object of having a clause inserted in it, or else an independent bill, dealing with the grievances of residents in towns. Nelson Palmer, J.P., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A poor laborer named John Sheehan was evicted from his little homestead at Ballybar on Aug. 13. In the tench which encloses the plot on which Sheehan's cottage was built was an old iron gate placed there by the late Rev. P. O'Connor (tenant of the farm) as a convenient means of entrance and exit to and from his own house to the chapel at Ballybar. After the plot was fenced in, the cottage built, and Sheehan put in possession by the late board of guardians, the gate remained until J. W. Leahy, the landlord, demanded it from Sheehan, who refused to give it up. Mr. Leahy apparently laid his grievances before the vice-guardians of the Kilmarnock Union, whose clerk communicated with Sheehan to the effect that if he did not give up the gate proceedings for possession would be taken against him. This threat was cast out on the roadside. He had his rent fully paid up.

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COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR AND GRAIN. FLOUR.—Spring Patent, \$4.15. Winter Patent \$4.10 to \$4.15. Straight Roller, \$3.15 to \$3.65. Extra, \$0.00. Superfine, \$0.00. Manitoba strong bakers', best brands, \$4.00 to \$0.00. Manitoba strong bakers', \$3.40 to \$3.75. Ontario bags—extra, \$1.40 to \$1.50. Straight Rollers, bags \$1.60 to \$1.70. OATMEAL.—Rolled and granulated \$3.90 to \$3.85; standard \$3.70 to \$3.75. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.85 to \$1.90, and standard at \$1.75 to \$1.80. Pot barley \$4.25 in bbls and \$2.00 in bags, and split peas \$3.50.

BRAN, Etc.—Sales reported at \$15 to \$15.50. Shorts are steady at \$16 to \$18 as to grade. Moullic is quoted at \$20.00 to \$22.00 as to grade.

WHEAT.—New No. 1 hard Manitoba is offered at Fort William this month's shipment at 65c. West of Toronto red winter is offered at 58c to 59c.

CORN.—The market is firmer and higher at 40c to 41c in bond and 47c to 48c duty paid.

PEAS.—Peas are offered to arrive at 66c per 66 lbs, or at 1c per lb. In store they are quoted at 67c and old at 69c to 70c.

OATS.—Sales are reported of car lots of No. 2 new at 30c and 31c, old 33c to 34c.

BARLEY.—We quote malting grades 50c to 58c as to quality, and feed at 43c to 45c for new.

BUCKWHEAT.—Prices are purely nominal.

RYE.—Prices nominal at 51c to 52c.

MALT.—Prices are steady 70c to 80c as to quality and quantity.

PROVISIONS. PORK, LARD, &c.—Canada short cut pork, per barrel, \$15.00 to \$16.00; Canada thin mess, per bbl., \$14.00 to \$14.50; Mess pork, American, new, per bbl., \$13.50 to \$14.00; Hams, per lb., 9c to 11c; Lard, pure, in pulls, per lb., 8c to 9c; Lard, compound, in pulls, per lb., 6c to 7c; Bacon, per lb., 9c to 11c; Shoulders, per lb., 8c to 8c.

DAIRY PRODUCE. BUTTER.—Creamery, finest August, per lb., 17c to 18c; Creamery, fair to good, 17c to 17c; Townships, 15c to 16c; Morrisburg, 14c to 15c; Western, 13c to 14c.

CHEESE.—Finest Ontario, 7c to 7c; Eastern Townships, 7c to 7c; French, 6c to 7c; Undergrades, 6c to 6c.

COUNTRY CHEESE MARKET. Utica, N.Y., Sept. 16.—Sales at 6c to 7c.

Little Falls, N.Y., Sept. 16.—Sales at 6c to 7c.

Hagersoll, Ont., Sept. 17.—No sales.

Barrie, Ont., Sept. 17.—Sales at 7c to 7c.

Woodstock, Ont., Sept. 18.—Sales at 7c to 7c.

Pictou, Ont., Sept. 18.—No sales.

Bellefleur, Ont., Sept. 18.—No sales.

Napanee, Ont., Sept.—Sales at 7c to 7c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE. EGGS.—Choice candled at 11c to 11c, but to-day sales have transpired at 11c to 11c in lots, with single cases at 12c and a fraction over. Ordinary stock, or No. 2, is quoted here at 9c to 10c.

TALLOW.—Market is firm at 6c to 6c for choice and 5c for common.

HOPS.—Market unchanged at 9c to 10c. Yearlings are quoted at 3c to 6c.

GAME.—A few small lots of partridge have been received, and choice lots brought 50c per brace. Some lots were very gamey in the warm weather, and sold at 25c.

HONEY.—Old extracted 5c to 6c per lb. New 7c to 9c per lb in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 12c.

THE NEW IRISH MOVEMENT.

The Views of Several Leading Irishmen Concerning the Convention.

We have refrained from expressing any very pronounced opinion concerning what is called the "New Irish Movement," the convention to further which opened in Chicago yesterday.

During the past week all of the leading Irish-Americans in the city and the officers of all the local Irish societies have received copies of the official call to the "New Irish Movement" convention, which will be held in Chicago next week.

A citizen representative called on several of the local leading Irish-Americans regarding their views on the new movement, but most of them took no interest in the matter.

Hon. Peter Doyle said regarding the movement: "I do not know what the 'new movement' leaders propose to do and therefore I am unable to give an opinion regarding the matter."

M. P. Walsh, "I am unqualifiedly opposed to the 'new movement.' As for the inauguration of a force policy, it would be folly and result in injury to Ireland.

MORE EMIGRANT CHILDREN

For the Catholic Protective and Rescue Society.

We are informed by Miss Brennan, the zealous directress of the Catholic Protective and Rescue Society, that about twenty more young boys and girls will arrive by the Parisian, from Liverpool, which is due here on Sunday next.

OBITUARY.

The Late Mr. Edward McCabe

With deep regret we record the death of a widely known and highly respected gentleman, in the person of the late Mr. Edward McCabe, of Ste. Marthe, County of Vaudreuil, Province of Quebec.

BRANCH 26, C.M.B.A.

Branch 26 of C.M.B.A. of Canada met last Monday evening at Glenora Hall. Mr. A. D. McGillis presided. Two new members were elected and two applications were received.

celebration in honor of the 18th anniversary of the branch of the order, to take place early in November. A committee was appointed to arrange the entertainment, comprising Bros. Sharkey, Fitzgerald, J. H. Feely, M. Egan, L. E. Simoneau, H. J. Ward, A. D. McGillis, and S. J. Callahan.

THE CARMELITE NUNS.

An Eloquent and Instructive Sermon by Rev. Canon Savariat.

The Rev. Canon Savariat, chaplain of the Carmelite Monastery, preached the sermon at High Mass in the Church of the Notre Dame on Sunday. The object of Canon's visit was to set forth the claims of the Carmelites to public help for the construction of their monastery.

Canon Savariat then gave a brief sketch of the daily life of a Carmelite. They rise at 4.45 a.m., and do not go to bed before 11 p.m. They are allowed to speak only during two hours in the day.

At the close of his sermon, Canon Savariat took up a collection which resulted in a large sum of money.

DIED.

McCabe—At Ste. Marthe, County of Vaudreuil, Que., on the 14th of September, at the age of 55 years, Edward McCabe, son of the late Owen McCabe and Sarah McGuire, twin brother of John McCabe, of Ste. Marthe, mayor of Ste. Rosempeur, and brother of Thomas McCabe, of the Canadian Civil Service.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT.

At the last weekly concert of the above Club, in the absence of the chairman, Mr. F. C. Lawlor was called upon to preside. The following was the order:—Miss Menzies, piano; Miss Fitzgerald, piano; Miss McCauley, of Coaticook, with lady companion; piano and duet, were very good.

by special request to return. A few seamen gave a good account of themselves in song: Frank Duffy, John Conroy, Ernest Crooks, Wm. Musker, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Wm. Traynor. Messrs. Read and Milloy, who have made themselves favorites, and kindly assist at these Concerts frequently, were on hand, and pleased the audience so well with their comic duets, that they had to answer to two special calls before the close.

their valuable services in aid of the good work established in our midst by this Club. The following gentlemen comprise this musical company:—T. C. Emblem, Prof. Sullivan, J. Morgan, Thos. Sullivan, Wm. Murphy, George P. Holland, R. Hillard, J. Quinn, Geo. Parks, P. Burns, M. O'Brien, Wm. O'Brien, Prof. Casey, J. Hayes, J. Whitty, J. Rankin, P. Malone, and H. Hartford.

Merchants, ... We have Carriers. Of all Styles and at all prices, and would be pleased to quote you prices. "LAMSON" stands at the head of all. "LAMSON" is the pioneer name in Store Service. Estimates and Diagrams Furnished Gratis. Correspondence Invited. E. ST. AMOUR, TEMPLE BUILDING, MONTREAL.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

How to raise beets—Take hold of the top and pull. What people can never live long nor wear great coats? Dwarfs. The city of Hillsboro, Ill., will give a meal to any person who will earn it by breaking rock two hours.



A POLISH

brightens shoes and the sight of our new stock of autumn footwear brightens the faces of all who see it. A shining footing brightens the whole attire, and unquestionably the most brilliant representation of newness, high quality and style in shoes is to be found in our assortment of the best and latest productions of the leading manufacturers.

RONAYNE BROS., 2027 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL.

NEVER BUY FURNITURE From a poor Establishment. The largest dealers have the best stock. DON'T FAIL TO SEE OUR GOODS. RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 650-652 CRAIG STREET.

COFFEES! COFFEES! If you want to Drink the best COFFEE possible BUY ONLY ... J. J. DUFFY & CO.'S Canada Coffee and Spice Steam Mills MONTREAL. BAKING POWDER, "The Cook's Favorite," Use no other, Ladies, and be happy

WHAT IS ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER? It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

MONTREAL'S GREATEST STORE.

Mail Orders promptly and Carefully executed

New Millinery.

Just received and now being exhibited an immense stock of

New Model Millinery

in all the very latest and most novel styles for fall wear.

Novelties in Paris Models. Novelties in London Models. Novelties in New York Models.

Ladies desiring the very latest novelties should call and make selections from this large stock.

S. CARSLY.

New Felt Hats.

Thousands of Ladies' New Felt Hats in all the latest shapes and new colors in four leading lines.

LINE NO. 1.

Ladies' Felt Hats in several stylish shapes and colors, 50c each.

LINE NO. 2.

Ladies' Felt Hats, good quality, in every new shape, and in all latest colors, 75c each.

LINE NO. 3.

Ladies' Extra Quality Felt Hats, in every new shade, \$1 each.

LINE NO. 4.

Ladies' Best Quality Felt Hats, in all very latest shapes, \$1.25 each.

S. CARSLY.

New Flop Hats.

Children's New Felt Hats, 50c each. Children's Extra Quality Felt Flops, 75c each. Children's Felt Flops, all colors, \$1 each. Children's Best Quality Felt Flops, \$1.25 each.

NEW SHADED FELT HATS. In very Rich Effect.

Children's New Tam O'Shanter. Children's New Fez.

MILLINERY ORNAMENTS.

New Chenille Ornaments. New Steel Ornaments. New Rhine Stone Ornaments. New Rhine Stone Pins.

In all the very newest patterns.

S. CARSLY.

New Millinery Trimmings.

Ladies that do their own millinery should before purchasing visit our millinery show rooms and inspect the largest and best stock of Millinery Requisites in the city.

The New Shape Wings. In all the very latest shades. New Shaded Millinery Ribbons. In very Rich Effects. New Shaded Millinery Velvets. New Shaded Flowers. New Velvet Flowers. New Silk and Velvet Flowers. New Feathers and Flowers Combined. In all the newest and richest shades.

S. CARSLY.

New Bed Coverings.

An entirely new stock of Bed Coverings of all kinds now on hand, all the best qualities, all the leading makes, all the best goods.

Useful White Blankets, \$1.60 pr. Useful Grey Blankets, \$1.20 pr. Large White Blankets, \$1.90 pr. Large Grey Blankets, \$1.50 pr. Extra Quality White Blankets, \$3.55 pr. English Blankets, from \$5 pr. Real Witney Blankets. Crib Blankets, from \$1.20 pr. New Bed Comforters. New Eiderdown Quilts. New Bed Quilts.

S. CARSLY.

JUST RECEIVED New Golf Jerseys

Just received two more cases of Ladies' Golf Jerseys in Black and Colors. All very Choice Goods.

S. CARSLY.

For Rainy Weather.

The Correct Waterproof to wear is the fashionable Rigby Waterproof for both Ladies and Gentlemen.

The Store in Montreal for them is

S. CARSLY'S, Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets, MONTREAL.

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