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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THIS is the month of the Holy Rosary. As an evidence of the increase of that devotion we quote Sister Ana Brigida, who writes as follows to a religious of the Order of Saint Dominic, of the Province of France:

"The cause of my delay in giving you an account of the great increase which the Rosary has had in Denmark, is due to the time necessary to procure full returns of the number of societies in the different parishes in Jutland. You know, doubtless, that Catholicity, thanks to Divine Providence, is making here, wonderful progress and especially in the city of Copenhagen, where every year the conversions are numbered by the hundreds. At the present time, we have here twelve churches and chapels in as many different parishes. . . . In every one of them the Holy Rosary is established, and is the means of doing immense good among the people of all classes."

This special devotion, so highly recommended by the Holy Father, is certainly the source of countless blessings to humanity.

ONE of our numerous and critical correspondents would like to know how it comes that the Daily Witness reproduces our editorials from time to time. We cannot tell by the letter whether the writer is pleased or displeased with the fact of our articles appearing occasionally in the columns of our non-Catholic contemporary. In either case we have only the one answer. It so happens that while the Witness and the True Witness are diametrically opposed to each other on questions of Christian dogma, and believe very differently on important principles of religion, it is equally a fact that they agree upon hundreds of questions, and, above all, upon those affecting the morals of society. On the necessity of greater vigilance, on the part of authorities, over the civil administration, on the importance of stamping out the social evil and all that may lead to its encouragement, on the desirability of greater and wider temperance principles being inculcated and practised, on the imperative obligation upon each Christian and each Christian community to obey the decalogue, and on a host of other vital questions the two organs are in perfect harmony, and they are both ready to assist each other in the battle going on between morality and immorality, between virtue and vice. Then there is another subject upon which they are in accord—it is the doing away with those spirits of disorder and bigotry which are ever so fruitful of misfortune and failure in every good purpose. While both organs wrestle at times in the arena of religious controversy, it will not be our fault if they ever come to blows upon those other generous questions to which we have referred. The days are gone past when sneer and vituperation are tolerated in argument; the old methods—in vogue for too long a period—of abusing those who do not agree with us, of ridiculing their serious pretensions, of belittling

their honest opinions, of firing volumes of billingsgate in their faces and of living constantly in a state of hot water and ever augmenting enmity—those old methods are out of date, they are as far behind the age as the stage-coaches of fifty or a hundred years ago. Whenever the Witness gives us a helping hand in the grand work which the press should carry on for the sake of public morals and the peace, harmony and prosperity of our mixed community, we will be the first to give credit where credit is due, and to return the compliment that the Witness so often pays us. And if we are to disagree upon the fundamental principles of our faith, then surely we can do so, without becoming active illustrations of that class to whom O'Connell referred when he said "they were fighting like devils for conciliation and damning each other for the love of God."

THE famous Dr. Briggs, of the Union Theological Seminary, who gained so much notoriety by his trial for heresy before the Presbyterian Synod, has given utterance to some very striking remarks at a meeting of the Congregational Club of the Connecticut Valley. Amongst other things he said:

"For some years I have agreed with the authorities of the Catholic Church to a certain extent in the interpretation that they place upon the words 'Upon this rock will I build My Church.' Peter was the first Christian to be put in place after Christ. Others follow after."

There is something very suggestive in the acknowledgment that St. Peter was the first. It is difficult to see how Dr. Briggs can reconcile this very proper interpretation of a most important text with a persistent denial of Papal supremacy. But this may be only a first step in Romeward direction. Few men of logical minds could believe as does Dr. Briggs, and still continue in opposition to the Church founded by Christ upon that Rock.

"EGLISE DE LA CROIX" is the title of an announcement in one of our daily contemporaries, by which we learn that "Revd. Messrs. Chiniquy, Lafleur, Morin, Coussirat, Amaron, Duolos and others are to deliver a course of lectures on subjects specially interesting in our times of religious enquiry." The first named gentleman sets the ball rolling. It is a strange misnomer that heads the announcement of this galaxy of anti-Roman preachers. "The Church of the Cross," minus the cross, "the Sign of the Cross," or anything suggestive of the cross, is the establishment that these gentlemen uphold. We are sure that Catholicity will get some hard knocks during the next few weeks. Certain seabirds dash themselves against the Norway rocks and pick at the adamantine barriers—evidently with the intention of removing these mountainous obstructions to their progress. Unnecessary to say that the Norway coast has received no perceptible damage from the attacks of the poor creatures that are hurled into the sea and washed out of

sight. The headlong attacks of Chiniquy and Company upon the Rock of Peter have always had a similar result. The Rock will be there at the end of time, and the birds of enmity will have long since dashed themselves to pieces, and sunk into the waves of oblivion.

THE Kingston Canadian Freeman, which, by the way, is one of the most exact and enterprising of Catholic journals in Canada, and whose news is always fresh and reliable, gives its readers, in last week's issue, the exact wording of that peculiar prayer, of R. W. Grand Master Neild, of Sydney, New South Wales, on behalf of His Holiness the Pope. The following is the prayer:

"In our devotions this afternoon you will, I trust, bear in respectful recollection the distinguished head of one of the great divisions of the Christian Church, who is now, cable messages inform us, lying on a bed of sickness, and nearing the momentous change that awaits every member of the human family. Though there be wide divergences upon many questions between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic Churches, we all worship the same God; we alike revere the same Saviour, and we unitedly hope for the same blessed hereafter, and actuated by a community of human feeling, we may join in lamenting the suffering and expected death of a Pope who has evinced, perhaps, a greater liberality and more ready willingness to accept and comply with the enlightenment of the age than any of his predecessors. And we may well unite with our brethren of the Roman Catholic Church in praying that it may please God that the physical sufferings of His Holiness may be few, and that his going hence may be brightened by the light of Grace."

There is quite a difference between the expressed sentiments of the New South Wales Orangemen and members of that Order in other parts of the world. While admiring the spirit that actuated the man who uttered that invocation, we are happy to say that, to all appearance, the present Pope is not so near the end of his earthly journey as the cable reported. In fact he is wonderfully vigorous, and considering the circumstances of his age and labors, he is a miracle of strength.

THE notorious Pere Hyacinthe has recently been interviewed by the Journal des Debats, and while he disclaims any immediate intention of returning to the Church, he says that in "presence of the sentiments, so liberal, so evangelical, expressed by some of its leaders in America, I have more faith in the possibility to achieve real reform, if not in the present, at least in the future, than I have faith in my former antagonism, which divides us into sects." Le Temps, of Paris, referring to the interview, says:

"Every road leads to Rome. If M. Hyacinthe Loyson is converted by the bishops of America he is really converted by the Church of which they are the submissive, although relatively independent sons. Minds preoccupied by the movement of religious ideas shall certainly be impressed by this spectacle."

There are signs on all sides of a gathering strength of Catholicity, and we can attribute most of the success with which

the Church has been meeting to the grand attitude of the great Pontiff who now rules over the Kingdom of Christ on earth. Wonderful yet will be the results of Pope Leo's reign. Truly is he moving towards a union of Christianity; but that union must be the absorption of all the sections and divisions into the parent fold. Even more famous perverts than Hyacinthe-Loyson have become instruments of good through their conversions.

THE Rev. Joshua Colt, in Outlook, adds another striking testimony to the many given by different eminent Protestant clergymen, of late, in favor of the Catholic Church. He says: "The danger to our land is not from the Roman Catholic Church, but rather from those who have lapsed from this and from other churches. Let the Protestant Church, with united front, oppose, not the Romish Church, but rather the wickedness and worldliness of the millions who are outside all churches, that we may become a Christian people in fact as well as in name." It requires but very little reasoning to substantiate this great truth that the Church of Rome is not a danger to any country, but rather a safeguard and protection. We are glad to find that so many are beginning to recognize and acknowledge this truth.

THE Catholic University of Washington has received from the venerable Father James McMahon, now in his eightieth year, a splendid gift in the form of a hall of philosophy. It is built of Port Deposit, Md., granite, and is 250 feet long by 100 feet wide. It is four stories high in the centre and three on the sides. The cost will be from \$350,000 to \$400,000. Most of the construction is completed. In recognition of this princely gift the Holy Father has created Father McMahon a member of the prelates of the Pope's household, with the title of Monsignor. The honor was bestowed by Mgr. Satolli, accompanied by his secretary, Mgr. Papi, and in presence of Bishop Keane, the rector, Dr. O'Gorman, the vice-rector and the professors of the University. The Pope's message stated that this was done in gratitude for Father McMahon's liberality, as an incentive to others, and as an evidence that what was done for the University was considered a personal favor by the Sovereign Pontiff.

THAT was a remarkable prophecy of the Pope. "Have courage, my daughter, your husband will become a Catholic," said Leo XIII. to Mrs. Francis H. Throop, of Brooklyn, who led the band of ninety-three pilgrims which left that city last July for Rome and Lourdes. "And his words came true within a week," said Mrs. Throop, "although my husband had no idea of such a thing at the time." Mr. Throop, who was the only Protestant on the pilgrimage, became converted at Lourdes on the return trip and was baptized there within a week of the Pope's remark. There is something wonderful in that prophecy and its fulfillment.

IRELAND'S POOR TENANTS.

"The House of Landlords" Deliberately Seeks to Plunge Ireland Into the Horrors of Civil War.

The House of Landlords, in rejecting the evicted tenants bill, has thoroughly maintained its traditions, and has deliberately sought to plunge Ireland again into the horrors of civil war, writes an English correspondent. As far as the House of Lords itself is concerned, we are not displeased with the result, for it adds to the list of their iniquities and accelerates their downfall; but so far as the poor evicted tenants are concerned, we deplore it as the most cruel and inhuman act of which that chamber has been guilty for many years. A measure which all parties in the House of Commons agreed to be, in some form or other, absolutely necessary for the tranquility of Ireland, has been ignominiously thrown out; and the solemn warnings of men like Mr. Courtney and Mr. T. W. Russell have been superciliously ignored. We shudder to contemplate what may be the issue of this mad folly. Vast tracts in Ireland are to-day derelict and fast returning to a state of nature, while the men who brought them to a state of cultivation, built the houses, drained the farms, and made the land what it is, are still crouching by the side of their old property, with all the indignation that must rest in human beings whose rights have been filched from them by a system of legalized plunder.

Confiding in the justice-loving instincts of the British democracy, these men have borne their wrongs and sufferings with a patience and restraint beyond all criticism; but now, when the cup of hope has at last been raised to their lips, it is deliberately dashed to the ground by a horde of grasping and vengeful landowners, and the victims of landlord greed and landlord cruelty are practically told that their only hope for amelioration lies in "the wild justice of revenge." If, therefore, there be an outbreak of crime in Ireland; if the despairing tenants take the law into their own hands and deal summarily with their despoilers; if another bloody page be turned in Irish history—the responsibility will rest absolutely and entirely with that chamber which persists in meeting a grave social danger with the answer, "we will allow nothing to be done."

The responsibility for all the turmoil that has afflicted Ireland in our generation must unquestionably be laid at the door of the men who have perpetrated this latest legislative outrage. Had the Irish land question been dealt with in 1845 on the lines recommended by the famous Devon commission, we should have been spared much, if not all, of the trouble that followed; but the House of Lords was immovable in its hostility. The bills of 1853 and 1854 for securing to tenants some measure of compensation for their own improvements, and many subsequent measures with the same object, were contemptuously rejected by the same body; and in 1870 they maimed and mutilated out of all recognition Mr. Gladstone's Irish land bill of that year. The sore was then left festering till 1880, when the Land League agitation compelled the late Mr. W. E. Forster to introduce the compensation for disturbance bill, which, as usual, was rejected in the House of Lords.

We all know the result, and how conclusively it verified the prediction of the Duke of Devonshire (then the Marquis of Hartington) that "the rejection of the measure would infinitely aggravate the difficulties of Irish government." Mr. Gladstone's great land bill of 1881 was also emasculated by the same gentlemen; and just as in 1880 they "boomed" the Land League by rejecting the compensation for disturbance bill, so in 1887, by rejecting Mr. Parnell's land bill, they called the plan of campaign into being. They have, in fact, at all times sternly set their faces against all reforms, and especially Irish reforms, although they joyfully assented since 1800 to the enactment of no less than eighty-six Irish coercion acts. The record is, indeed, a shocking one; and it behooves the people of Great Britain to remember that in countries other than our own the discredit—nay, the infamy—is laid at the door, not of the House of Lords, but of the British people.

The matter cannot rest here, for it is not to be tolerated that miserly monopolists of the type of the Marquis of Clanricarde—the man who has not even seen

his estate for some twenty years, and who did not attend his own mother's funeral!—should be at liberty to plunge a whole countryside into a state bordering on civil war, of agrarian anarchy. What, we ask, is the government going to do? The Irish people feel keenly on this question, and they would be indeed fools if they tolerated the indefinite postponement of its settlement. Their representatives have—and all honor to them for it—supported the Liberals and Radicals in Parliament with a loyalty that is really splendid; but we cannot expect that they will allow us to "impose on good nature."

O'Connell once referred satirically to the advantages of a reciprocity which is all on one side; and we tell the government plainly that if they want to maintain a working alliance with the Irish party, they must show that—in Mr. John Morley's memorable phrase—"they mean business." They must shove this bill down the throats of the lords. That is what the Irish people expect, and to that they are undoubtedly entitled; and if the government shirks that plain issue, they must endure the consequences. It is their duty to make known at once their policy, and to tell the country, without any ambiguity or circumlocution, whether they are prepared to join issues with the House of Lords, and set about relieving them of the power of veto which has always been used with such disastrous results.

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

[By the Editor of the Catholic School and Home Magazine.]

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, C., Oct. 4, 1182-1226.—St. Francis was one of those wonderful men raised up by God at different periods of the world's history to be an example of great holiness, impressing a character upon the age in which they lived. His life was devoted to charity, as by this he felt drawn to serve God by denying himself the comforts of life in order to do good to others and thus draw men to God. He loved to help in the repairing of God's churches and begged from door to door for this purpose. One day at Mass he heard these words of the Gospel, "Do not carry gold or silver or a scrip for your journey or two coats or a staff," and he applied them literally to himself, gave away his money and dressed himself in the garb of the poor peasants, and this, with some slight additions, was destined to be the habit of the friars whom he was afterwards to organize. The passion of Jesus Christ was the source whence he drew his great humility and piety. He was often found bitterly weeping, and when questioned he answered, "I weep for the sufferings of Christ." Many saw his wonderful virtue and desired to be his companions and when he had allowed a few to gather about him he obtained an approbation for an order of friars from Pope Innocent IV. in 1209 and settled near Assisium. His rule was made from the Gospel counsels, and in the thought of the poverty of Christ he obliged them to live by public charity, as he valued holy poverty as most agreeable to God. "Poverty," he said, "is the way to salvation, the nurse of humility and the root of perfection. Its roots are hidden, but they multiply themselves in infinite ways." He thirsted for the conversion of souls and determined to go among the Mahometans and other infidels in order to preach Christ to them, but God seemed to have other designs upon him. He went about preaching penance everywhere, often repeating the words, "My love is crucified," referring to the sufferings of Christ. In 1219 he held a famous chapter general of the Friar Minors, as he called his religion, and it is said by St. Bonaventure that 5,000 monks were in the assembly. He entered Syria and Egypt in 1219 to preach to the infidels and went into the very presence of the Soldan, who was much impressed with his earnest pleading for the word of God. He returned to Italy, where his order was formally approved by Pope Honorius III. in 1221. Sept. 14, 1221, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, St. Francis experienced the great love of Jesus crucified for him, and what is known as the Stigmata were impressed on him. His body appeared to have received the image of the Crucifix, as if his flesh, like soft wax, had received the mark of a seal impressed on it. The marks of the nails began to appear in his hands and feet and a wound was in his

side, as if our Saviour had imprinted his wounds upon his body. This great favor and miracle was a recompense for his love toward the passion of Christ. St. Francis died Oct. 4, 1226, after he had caused the history of the passion to be read. This great Saint is the Founder of the Franciscan Order and from him St. Clare received the habit of the Poor Clares, whom he instituted as a community of non-Catholic women to practice holy poverty. Some recent authors, led to an admiration for the Saint's life, have attempted to show that he was a reformer in the Church, against the Church, that he despised priestly orders, for he was only a deacon. But they entirely misunderstand the spiritual life and are ignorant of the sources of his piety. They mistake humility for contempt, and poverty for criticism. They exalt the human side of his character, as some infidels speak of Christ and divest his life of its great merit, which is the supernatural. St. Francis was a Saint of the Catholic Church, made such because he imbibed the lessons she taught and not in spite of her, as one of his recent biographers falsely says. The passion of Christ was the source of his sanctity and his love for mankind in its sufferings.

DEATH OF JAMES MACKEY.

FATHER OF REV. THOMAS J. MACKEY PASSES TO HIS PEACEFUL REST.

The Tipperary (Ireland) Nationalist of recent date contains the following notice from its Templemore correspondent of the death of Mr. James Mackey of College Hill:

After an illness of about six weeks' duration the above named gentleman passed peacefully away on last Saturday evening at the good old age of 78 years. For a time it was hoped that he would recover, but fatal symptoms having developed themselves, it was the opinion of his medical attendant then that the worst was to be apprehended.

A devout and practical Catholic during life, he received his approaching dissolution with all that calm serenity which ever betokens the close of a well spent life. His death was truly edifying. Deceased was the senior surviving member in this locality of the old and patriotic Mackey family, in whom love of faith and fatherland have been inherent virtues. It was on Mr. Mackey's land that the celebrated monster meeting was held by Dan O'Connell when the Duke of Wellington was on a visit to Tipperary.

Many of its members have been called to the exalted dignity of the priesthood. Many, too, have diffused the spirit of their sanctity from the convent's cloisters. Rev. Michael Mackey, P. P., Belleville, Ont., Canada, is a brother, and deceased's son, Rev. Thomas J. Mackey, at present officiates at the Cathedral, Duluth, Minn., U.S. To this clergyman the people of Templemore stand deeply indebted, for he collected and remitted a sum of £3,400 towards the building of their beautiful church. His daughter Johanna (in religion Sister John the Baptist) and six of his nieces are nuns in St. Joseph's Convent, Lansingburgh, N.Y., U.S.

In all the walks of life Mr. Mackey was admired and respected for the sterling qualities of his generous nature. Frank, honest and outspoken, he hated chicanery in every form, a true friend, a sympathetic neighbor, he was ever ready to alleviate the misfortunes of others. In the domestic circle he was the beautiful ideal of husband, parent and director of the household. His afflicted, sorrow-stricken widow in feeble health and his beloved children will now sadly miss his presence. To them we tender our most sincere sympathy.

On Monday morning the remains of the deceased were conveyed to the church of the Sacred Heart, Templemore, where the solemn office of the dead was chanted and high mass celebrated for the happy repose of his soul. The Rev. John Kelly, C. C., was celebrant; Rev. P. Godfrey, deacon; Rev. Michael Finn, subdeacon; master of ceremonies, Rev. James Hickey; cathedral Thurles. In the choir: Very Rev. Canon Meagher, P. P., Templemore; Rev. Edward Kenrick, P. P., Borrisoleigh; Rev. Thomas Hackett, P. P., Loughmore; Rev. T. Murphy, Templemore; Rev. P. C. Ryan, Drum; Rev. M. Cleary, Templemore, and others from many parts of the diocese.

The sacred ceremonies having concluded, the remains were borne to their last resting place in the new cemetery,

followed by a tremendous concourse. The funeral was one of the largest seen here for years. The chief mourners were Michael Mackey (son) and Mrs. Mackey, Mrs. Lanigan (daughter) and Mr. Thomas Lanigan, Mrs. Fogarty (daughter) and Mr. Ed. Fogarty. The funeral arrangements were excellently carried out by Mr. Edward Mullally, undertaker and general merchant, Main street, Templemore. R. I. P.

ROMAN NEWS.

The Minister Ferrari has just ordered Rome and Naples to be connected by telephone. The communication will be opened next November.

The Association at Rome called "La Fedelta" celebrated to-day (Saturday) in the Church of the Angel Guardians its titular festival of the Madonna, known as the Virgo Fidelis.

Mgr. Caprara, Promotore of the faith, has been named Canon of the Vatican Basilica. The post left vacant by him at Santa Maria Maggiore has been occupied by Mgr. Quaroni.

A colossal statue of His Holiness Leo XIII. from the chisel of the sculptor, Chevalier Luchetti, of Perugia, has been conveyed to the Benedictine monastery at present being constructed on the Aventine Hill at Rome. It was executed on the commission of an opulent American.

The Holy Father has received this week a group of sixty pilgrims from the most Catholic, gallant, true-hearted tract of the Austrian dominions—Tyrol of the mountains—which fought for freedom under Andreas Hofer, and gave Garibaldi's followers such a dressing in our own days.

The Tribune alarmed us last week by a detailed statement of the arrest by the Pontifical gendarmes of certain individuals supposed to be anarchists, burglars, thieves, assassins—anyhow, bad characters of some description—in the gardens of the Vatican. Were it not that the story turns out to be one of the cock and bull order, we should be inclined to say that the suspects were correspondents of London daily papers in quest of back-stairs gossip about the Holy Father.

His Holiness has received in audience lately His Eminence Cardinal Lange-nieux, Mgr. Lorenzelli, Apostolic Nuncio in Holland; Mgr. Szabo, Greek-Romanian Bishop of Armenopolis; Mgr. Valensise, Bishop of Nicastro; Mgr. Carrano, Archbishop of Aquila; Mgr. Cosenza, Bishop of Caserta; Mgr. Auguard, titular Bishop of Sinide, Apostolic Vicar of Oubanghi; Father d'Aurillac, Procurator-General of the Minor Observants; Mgr. Tescari, Bishop of Borgo St. Domino; and Merry del Val, Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See.

Among the audiences recently granted by His Holiness was that of Father Zahn, Congregation of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, Professor of Sciences at the College of Our Lady in Indiana, U. S. He received the Apostolic blessing, and then went to the Scientific congress in Brussels, where the reading of a discourse by him was an item on the programme. Before leaving Rome he visited the Vatican observatory, with which he was so struck that he has determined to make it the subject of a future publication.

ABSENT RELATIVES.

Mr. Richard Colliver, of Montreal, would be glad to hear, in any way, from, or about, his brothers and sisters, Thomas, William, Susana, Milly and Lydia. In 1866 their father died in Portland, Cornwall, England, and since then the gentleman in question has not heard of their whereabouts. It is probable that they are all in America; if so any information regarding them or any one of them will be thankfully received at the TRUE WITNESS.

His Holiness, upon the demand made by M. Fiat, Superior General of the Priests of the mission, has just granted to the two religious families of St. Vincent de Paul, the Lazarists, and the Sisters of Charity, and to all bishops who shall make the request to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, permission to celebrate each year, upon the 27th of November, the feast of Our Lady called the feast of the "Miraculous Medal," with a proper mass and office.

A MINISTER'S TRIBUTE

To the Grandeur and Mission of the Church.

Rev Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, pays the following tribute to the Church: The Catholic Church has tried to throw its encircling arm around all classes, from pauper to emperor. It sought to rear the crucifix in every latitude and in all longitudes. Its dream is as comprehensive in time as it is in space. Its venerable arches seek to bridge the chasm between the ancient and modern worlds. Its vernacular reaches from the most barbaric tongue of the South American Indian to the classic tongues of Greece and Rome.

Dull indeed is the mind that can contemplate such an ideal unmoved. And then think of the devotion and toil that for eighteen hundred years have struggled for the realization of this inclusive ideal. Shallow and hard is the mind that can dismiss with flippant contempt or sarcasm the Catholic Church, in the presence of its stupendous history. How beautiful is its dream of spiritual life—a power that can silence worldly ambition, quell the storm of human passion, bid the inquisitive agitations of reason be still, wrap the soul in a mantle of trust, and fill the heart with communion with the unseen and eternal verities of heaven.

This ideal spirituality is what has given a charm to the Church. This is the Church that gave final rest to the masterly but vagrant intellect of Orestes A. Brownson, one of the greatest metaphysicians this country has produced. It gave peace to the great intellect of Cardinal Newman. It wooed into its arms in the years of her notoriety the sweet singer, Adelaide Procter.

It is not given to the human soul to realize its ideals, but the Catholic Church has succeeded in embodying more of its ideals than are given to most human dreams. Its antiquity is in question. Would that we might realize what this means. How rare are the things that survive a century; and yet here is a church that has strung seventeen centuries upon a continuous thread and wears them like a necklace of pearls upon her bosom.

More than any other institution, the Catholic Church has succeeded in breaking down the aristocracy of blood and the pride of wealth. A peasant has worn and may still win the mitre and the triple crown. Maid and mistress, master and slave, do kneel side by side at her altars to-day, as they do not in any other church in Christendom.

Nor has her dream of the reign of the spirit been all a dream. The violence of Viking and Goth was somewhat curbed by the persuasive power of Rome, a power, as I believe, not wholly of dogma, not tyranny of ecclesiastics, but the sweet persuasion of consecrated souls. Stand as far as you please from the thought basis of the Catholic Church—and you can scarcely stand farther away in this respect than I do—hold all religions and religious influences cheap as you please, and still, if you but respect the canons of culture, the excellencies of literature and the unquestioned verdict of history, you cannot read the story and words of Augustine, Savonarola and Kempis, St. Patrick, St. Francis and Loyola, of St. Catherine, Joan of Arc and Madame Guyon, and regard them other than representatives of a majority power that did make souls more genuine, lives more consecrated.

Out of the Catholic Church has come a large percentage of the devotional literature of Christendom. In times past the Catholic Church has enabled thousands upon thousands of passionate men and women to live apart from and above the life of senses. What we proudly boast of as modern civilization would be a civilization less civilized had these not been.

I am simply true to history when I say that this monastic life stood, from the fifth to the tenth or twelfth century, for what intelligence there was in Christian Europe. The monks were the conservators of letters in the fullest sense. They preserved to us not only the Christian Scripture, but much, if not most, of what we call classic literature. The Catholic Church shares with the persecuted but fertile and indomitable Jews, the honor of establishing most of the great university systems of Europe. We see chemistry rising out of the crucibles of the monkish alchemists. The Catholic Church has done more for the science of geography than all the other forces of

modern learning. Catholic missionaries have been the great explorers of history. Modern civilization rests not only upon letters and science, but upon the industrial arts; The modern artisan is the direct descendant of the monks. The artisan grew into the artist, and modern art is the child of the Papacy.—*Providence Visitor*.

AT LOURDES.

Mrs. Throop Describes the Visit of the Pilgrims to the Holy Shrine.

A number of the American pilgrims who went to Rome and Lourdes last August, have returned to New York. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. F.H. Throop. Mr. Throop was the only Protestant in the party of pilgrims. He was converted to the Catholic faith at Lourdes.

In speaking of the pilgrimage, Mrs. Throop said:

"We had an audience with the Holy Father the day after we arrived in Rome. There was a great deal of ceremony to go through with. Each of us had to have a special invitation made out to us in our own name.

"The Pope was to celebrate Mass, and he went to the Consistory Chapel in the morning.

"Mgr. Briseldi said a Mass of thanksgiving after the Pope's Mass, and the Holy Father knelt through it all. He had his hands folded, and never raised his head once. I tell you it was a lesson to us in devotion.

"At the close of the Mass a bright red chair was placed for the Pope on the altar steps, with a cushion for his feet, and then he received us one by one. The Holy Father was most gracious all through the audience.

"The priests in our party were received first, Father Porcile, our chaplain, taking precedence. He speaks Italian so fluently that the Holy Father asked him if he was an Italian. When told that although he had attended an Italian college he was French by birth, the Pope insisted upon speaking in that language.

"Oh, he was most courteous. He told how pleased he was to have the pilgrims come, and made Father Porcile promise to conduct another party. He granted to all the priests of parishes or communities the Papal blessing, to bestow upon those in their charge. "I went up after the priests, and then the Holy Father called for my husband, too, and, taking our hands in his he joined them, saying: 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Then he pronounced the benediction over us. Was it not beautiful?"

"Can you bring others to the door of the Church and not enter it yourself?" the Pope asked of my husband. Then turning to me, he said: 'Have courage, my daughter; your husband will become a Catholic.'

"As the different pilgrims went up, the Holy Father asked what State they came from and the names of their Bishops.

"Each of them asked his blessing for friends at home—young girls for their parents, wives for their husbands, and parents for their children. They were all granted blessings for their homes in America.

"The mass and audience lasted from 8 o'clock to 11. The Pope invited us then to visit the garden of the Vatican, and we spent a long time there.

"The Holy Father was so thoughtful about our welfare in every way. There were sofas in an anteroom, in case any one was ill, and a physician and six sisters were in attendance.

"After leaving Rome, we stopped at Toulouse, on our way to Lourdes. We had a mass of thanksgiving there in the Church of Notre Dame de Garde, away up in the mountain. We reached Lourdes in the afternoon.

"The greater part of the first day was devoted to services. There was mass in the basilica, a sermon by Bishop Keane of Washington in the afternoon, and in the evening the pilgrims took candles, formed a torchlight procession, and winding in and out among the paths, went to the grotto where we had service.

"That was on August 15, and it was Bishop Keane's sermon that settled all my husband's doubts. Two days later he was received into the Church and was baptized by the Bishop."

The pilgrimage proper broke up before the arrival of the national pilgrims from France—the lame, the halt and the blind sent on at the expense of the public—

but Mrs. Throop staid longer to see the full extent of the work, and, by the courtesy of one of the priests, to serve personally at the grotto, the pool, and the hospital of Notre Dame de Salute. She wore a little red cross as a badge of service.

At the hospital there were regular nurses' duties to be performed. At the grotto, where the invalids were carried in chairs and on stretchers to receive the sacrament before being taken to the pool, Mrs. Throop carried her little can of water, with a picture of Our Lady of Lourdes and views of the place on the outside giving refreshment to one another, and helping them when they were almost too weak even to open their lips. At the pool they were taken down to be cured.

"I never saw such devotion," said Mrs. Throop. "One poor man, who looked as though he had been a strong, healthy laborer, was paralyzed from his waist down. He sobbed and cried when the sacrament was carried by, and seemed to have perfect faith that he would be cured. One man was cured who had been actually at death's door. He had consumption, and I saw him walk away well.

"We took with us 400 petitions to present to Our Lady of Lourdes for those ill at home. They were put in the letter box on August 15. Since he came home Father Porcile has received fourteen letters from people who told him they had been cured on that day. He told me so this afternoon, and we do not know how many more there are to come. One young girl who could not leave her house before was seen to enter the church that day. They knew when we would present the petition.

"Father Porcile is to hold a special thanksgiving service at his church, St. Francis de Sales, on Sunday after next, and then, in his sermon, he will give a full account of all the petitions granted at Lourdes, and bestow the papal benediction upon his people.

"We made arrangements at Lourdes to take a chapel in the Chapel of the Rosary for the United States. It will be called the Chapel of the Crucifix, and we are going to raise money for it immediately.

"The pilgrimage was perfectly satisfactory in every particular, and we shall have a larger one next year. I am to serve two weeks then, and a bronze medal that is to be sent me soon will be exchanged for a silver one. The pilgrimage was for the benefit of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, in Brooklyn.

"The priests who went with us were the Rev. Father E. H. Porcile, Father Gebhard of Minnesota, the Rev. Father Dinahan, of New York, Father Hogan of Illinois, and Father O'Gorman and Father Brady of New Jersey. There was mass every morning on board the steamship. The priests were in their robes, and a profitable altar, crucifixes, and candles furnished by Father Porcile were used."

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

The young men of St. Mary's Society held their usual meeting on Friday evening last at 8 o'clock, Father O'Donnell presiding. After the usual business of the meeting and the initiation of new members had been completed, the recreative part of the programme was inaugurated by an address on Chaucer, given by Mr. Laurence Clarke. A vote of thanks to the speaker was proposed by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, seconded and carried. Father O'Donnell spoke a few words on the value of good literature and the many benefits that may be derived from a judicious acquaintance with good authors. Speaking of the society he said that splendid work might be done among them if they set their minds to self improvement. Mr. H. J. Codd then read from a very interesting paper on the Canadian and Pacific Railway, written by Father Devine; the reader was accorded a hearty vote of thanks by the members. The programme for the next meeting will be a very interesting and instructive one, and will include an original literary paper, recitations, an original article on the Law of Contracts which will be written by a member specially competent to handle the subject; an original humorous story will also be read. The members have decided that during the winter months special programmes will occasionally be presented and outside friends invited.

The next meeting will take place in St. Mary's Church Hall, on Friday, October 26th.

A CARD OF THANKS.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR—Now that the season of navigation is drawing to a close, I would beg a small space in your columns to tender the sincere thanks of the Catholic Truth Society, and of the sailors, to one and all who have assisted, during the past summer, in helping on the Catholic Sailors' Club.

We tender our thanks to each and every one of those who have contributed books, magazines, papers, etc.; to each and every one who have donated articles of devotion, such as beads, scapulars, prayer-books, pictures, etc.; to each and every one who have subscribed towards the support of the Club; and above all to those good kind people who have come, week after week, fair weather or foul, to help us, by their talent and by their presence, to entertain the sailors.

To those who are in the habit of sending reading matter, I would just mention that there is a great demand for the little Messenger of the Sacred Heart. These dear little books are pounced upon by the little ones when the sailors reach home, in fact they tell us they dare not go home without them now.

To see the necessity of this Club, let anybody take a stroll down there any evening, and he will find the club room is already becoming too small to accommodate all who make use of it, and that numbers have to wait their turn at the game tables.

H. J. CODD,
Sec. Treas. C. S. Club.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. JAMES MURRAY.

This week we have the sad duty of recording the death of Mr. James Murray, of St. Columban, one of the oldest and most highly respected inhabitants of the County of Two Mountains. Mr. Murray was in his seventy-sixth year when called away from the field of his labor to the reward that is the portion of all good and faithful Christians. When we say from the field of his labor we mean it literally as well as figuratively; for only a few days prior to his death the respected deceased was seen at work on his farm and apparently in the enjoyment of vigor and health. The deceased was a native of the County of Sligo, Ireland; at the age of six years he came to Canada with his parents, and since then, for the allotted space of three score and ten, he has labored faithfully in the land of his adoption. For over thirty-five years he was mayor of the parish in which he lived, and he won for himself the respect, esteem and deep friendship of all who came within the circle of his acquaintance. He leaves no children, but his bereaved widow will have the deep sympathy of her vast number of friends and will find consolation in the hour of her sorrow, in the gratitude and love of their affectionate and adopted children, Mr. Mathew Power and Jessie Keiss (Mrs. W. Lafond), who are nephew and niece of the deceased. Mr. Murray was of a kindly nature, a great advocate of temperance, and one whose frankness, honesty and other fine qualities are generally acknowledged by all who knew him. In bidding farewell to an old friend of THE TRUE WITNESS we can only say, "May his soul rest in peace."

Wanted to know—In what tone the voice of Nature speaks.

PIERCE CURE
Guarantees a
CURE
OR MONEY IS RETURNED.

The woman who is tired, and has heavy, dragging-down sensations, pain in the back, and headache, should take warning in time. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic and nerve at this time. It's a positive remedy for all irregularities, weaknesses and derangements of the female system.

The "Prescription" cures Ulceration and Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea and Uterine debility.

Miss MAGGIE CROWLEY, of Jamestown, N. Y., says: "I feel as if I had a new lease of life since taking the 'Prescription.' I trust that others will find the same benefit from your wonderful medicine as I have."



THE PLAN OF SELLING MEDICINES
ON TRIAL
IS PECULIAR TO PIERCE

NOW!

"Now" is a strange heading for an editorial; yet often a small word, according as it is used, has a great deal of meaning. A writer in London Truth recently summed up in a somewhat humorous, but very graphic manner, the social state of the world to-day. He asks a number of questions and answers them all with the simple word "now." It is thus the article runs:

"When is a child not a child? Now. When is a woman not a woman? Now. When is a lady not a lady? Now. When is society not society? Now. When is a sovereign not a sovereign? Now. When is a farmer not a farmer? Now. When is a servant not a servant? Now. When is art not art? Now. When is life not life? Now. When is everything nothing? Now."

What an amount of truth in these few lines. Look around this very country and we find the each one of those questions illustrated in the different walks of our social, commercial, domestic or political life.

There are no longer any children "now." Before boys and girls are in their "teens" they know more of the world than their grandparents knew when fifty years of age. The nursery is becoming an institution of the past; fairy tales are no longer credited by the young; toys and dolls are too childish for children; in a word, we are rapidly reaching a period when there will be no longer a child in the world. This is certainly regrettable, and speaks ill for the manner in which the little ones are trained. There is something so charming so loveable, so inspiring, in the sweet innocence of childhood, that people naturally cherish the delicate being confided to their care. But when the child is already a man, or woman, full of a certain impertinence that some call smartness, and ready to dictate lessons to grown-up persons, the admiration for the young being changes into a wonderment or surprise, and the magic attractiveness gives place to a real dislike. For goodness sake let us have children of the old nursery kind, and not premature sages. The longer a child plays with toys and enjoys "Jack-the-Giant Killer," or "Little Red Riding Hood," the longer its real life will be. The more years of innocent confidence that the child lives, the less will its life be darkened by the worries and miseries of responsible existence.

We would like to go over the whole list of those questions and show how truly the answer "now" applies in each case. But having analyzed the first one, we leave to our readers the pleasant occupation—if any feel sufficiently interested in the state of the world to-day to take it up—of going through all the others. However, there is one that it may not be out of place to turn over in our minds at present. "When is a servant not a servant?" Now.

"There is more truth than poetry" in that question and answer. In fact experience daily teaches that there are no longer any servants—unless they be the master and mistress of a house. The people who pay the wages seem to do so for the luxury of serving those who receive the pay. We remember a story told of a wealthy Scotch country gentleman, who had an old serving-man, a real fixture in his establishment. Sometimes the master and servant would have a spat, when, of course, Donald (the servant) would be discharged, only to be taken back in a few hours. Once, however, Donald pushed his audacity beyond all reasonable limit and the laird became furious. "Donald," he said, "I can stand this no longer; I won't submit to be tyrannized over by my paid servant; I have put up too long with your presumption; either you or I must leave this

place—and at once." Matters looked serious; but Donald was equal to the occasion. He allowed the tempest to break, and then calmly replied: "And sure, good laird, where could you ever be better off than in your own house?" It never, for a moment, flashed upon Donald that he could be the one to leave. In fact the servant was the master, and he knew it. Characteristic as the yarn may be, it is simply illustrative of tens of thousands of cases all over the world to-day. But in the situation of Donald and his master there is a touch of something agreeable; we see the unflinching fidelity of the old family domestic, and the time-honored affection of the old-fashioned employer for his servant. In our day it is the same story of the servant governing the master, but not through love, or respect, or attachment—merely through a determination of getting all that can be got out of the wage-payer. It is a heartless tyranny that the servant "now" exercises. Right was Scott, when he sang:

"O'd times are changed, old manners gone."

If you see two persons driving out in a private carriage and are told that one is the lady who owns the "turn-out," and the other is her servant, or maid, it would puzzle you to guess—by their dresses and style—which is the domestic and which is the mistress. In fact the most elaborately dressed of the two is likely to be the lady's maid. When the once famous Benjamin Butler was alive he used to tell of a girl who once worked as a cook for him, and who called one afternoon at the residence of another prominent lawyer, a friend of Butler's. When ushered into the parlor she informed the lady of the house that she was looking for a situation. Being asked her name and where she last worked the applicant replied: "I am Miss Delia Donaldson; I've been stopping a couple of years with Ben Butler's wife." Needless to say that the lawyer's wife did not desire Miss Delia's companionship; so the application was refused. It is no use, however, giving illustrations of axiomatic truths; nor is it necessary for us to analyze any more of those questions. We would advise any person desirous of practicing composition to write an essay upon each of the subjects that the item above quoted suggests. There is a text in each question and in the answer, "Now."

In our last issue we published a letter, signed "H. J. C.," on the subject of the immoral and anti-Catholic publications recently imported into Canada. We did not exactly agree with the tenor of the letter, and editorially commented upon it. When the letter was handed to us it had simply the initials of the writer subscribed thereto. Knowing the gentleman most intimately and being aware that he was secretary to one of our most prominent and active Catholic organizations, we took upon ourselves (supposing it to be an oversight on his part) to add the words indicating his official capacity. We have since learned that it was merely as a private citizen and on his own and sole responsibility that he wrote the communication, and not as secretary of the society in question, nor in consequence of any understanding or concurrence of its members. We regret exceedingly having taken upon ourselves to make the addition, and desire to disclaim any intention of holding the society referred to responsible for a purely personal correspondence.

FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS.

The feast of St. Francis was celebrated at the Franciscan Church on Dorchester Street, on Thursday last, with great solemnity; there was a very large attend-

ance and the beautiful ceremony for the occasion was performed, as has been the custom for centuries, by Fathers of the Dominican Order. The reason for this custom is that St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic were friends while on earth.

A large number of the members of the Third Order of Franciscans attired in their brown habits were present at the ceremony, and an unusual number of clergy assisted in the sanctuary.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

AN ELOQUENT SERMON AND AN ENCOURAGING MEETING.

In our last issue we gave the full text of Rev. Father Quinlivan's magnificent address in St. Mary's parish, on the subject of the apostolates of the Word, of Prayer and of the Press. On Sunday last, Rev. Father O'Meara, the genial, energetic and popular priest of St. Gabriel's, invited Rev. Father Quinlivan to visit his parish. In consequence the Reverend pastor of St. Patrick's preached at the early and High Masses in St. Gabriel's, and made strong appeals in favor of the "Apostate of the Press." It is unnecessary that we should repeat this week what Father Quinlivan so ably, clearly and emphatically stated on both occasions. Suffice to say, that after High Mass a great number of the St. Gabriel's parishioners came into the vestry, and, at the request of the Reverend preacher, subscribed both for THE TRUE WITNESS as readers, and to the stock of the paper. While this assembly was taking place, Dr. Foran, editor of THE TRUE WITNESS, visited the St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, whose meeting was taking place in the splendid school house of the parish.

On the arrival of Dr. Foran the members of the society kindly allowed that gentleman—who came to carry out the work commenced by the Reverend preacher—to state his business, and to take precedence of the ordinary affairs of the society. Mr. T. W. Kane, the able president of that grand and flourishing association, stated, in a few words, the object of the visit paid by that gentleman, and asked the attention of the members to the remarks that he would make. Dr. Foran then took the stand, and in a short, but comprehensive address, unfolded the absolute necessity of a thorough Irish Catholic daily paper in Montreal. He said that no superstructure, however magnificent, could resist the shocks of time unless the foundation were solid. The grand object now in view was the placing of the weekly paper, THE TRUE WITNESS on such an immutable basis that the moment a daily was built thereon, no danger could be feared as to its ultimate success. He pointed to the example and influence of the Dublin Nation, showing all that it had done for the amelioration of the condition of the Irish people; and then proved most conclusively that without an organ, or suitable and reliable mouth-piece, our people here must suffer in every department of life. For over three years he had dedicated his time, energies and whatever gifts God gave him, to the propagation of the sacred truths of Catholicity, and to the elevation, in every sphere of the Irish Catholic people, individually and collectively. They did not want a partisan paper; rather one that would be ready at any moment, and no matter who was to be dealt with, that would assert the rights and defend the privileges of the Irish Catholic element. He declared that his pen would be broken before it ever traced a line that was not for the greater glory of the Catholic Church and the greater benefit of the Irish people; and while consecrating that time and energy to such a magnificent cause, he only sought the co-operation of the Irish Catholic public in carrying on the work and in bringing it to a successful issue.

Mr. Kane, the President, thanked Dr. Foran for his remarks, and emphasized some of the praise previously given, by Father Quinlivan, to the TRUE WITNESS. The meeting was most successful, and the TRUE WITNESS owes a debt of gratitude to the people of St. Gabriel's, not only for the interest they manifested on that occasion; but for the promises of support and further assistance that they gave. It was pleasant to note the success of the St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, and its officers and members deserve the highest credit for all they are doing in the cause of temperance and religion.

To look at the exterior of that magnificent new church alone suffices as a tri-

bute to the energy and great devotedness of the good pastor, Father O'Meara. He is a true Irish priest, imbued with the spirit of our forefathers, and bent upon the propagation of our faith, the elevation of our race and the amelioration of the condition of our people in this new land. May success attend his grand efforts and ultimate triumph crown his works.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE GOES TO AYLMER.

The Archbishop of Montreal—Mgr. Fabre—will attend the blessing of the new Catholic Church, at Aylmer, P.Q., on Thursday next, in company of Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa; Bishop Laurin, of Pontiac; Bishop Emond, of Valleyfield, and several other dignitaries of the church.

THE HEAD OF THE C. O. F. TO VISIT THE CITY.

Thos. H. Cannon, of Chicago, High Chief Ranger of the C. O. F., is expected to visit Montreal in a few days. The visit will be an official one and will probably be made with a view to the settlement of the question of government of the various courts of the Province.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHOIR.

The members of St. Anthony's choir will begin their special practice for the Christmas services on Friday evening. The choir is constituted of some very excellent singers and some of the most difficult music is rendered by them with unusual ease. On Sunday last Fauconnier's splendid *Messe Noel* was sung and done full justice to.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

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This season the stock it contains is larger than ever. It embraces thousands of Garments gathered from all the leading centres of vogue. It can meet the requirements of every purse, and satisfy the individual taste of every buyer. For the three F's—Fit, Finish and Fashion—its assortment are unsurpassed. Its prices are invariably less than wholesale, as a visit of inspection will show.

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- Ladies' Long Capes, for evening wear, \$8.50.
- Ladies' Long Capes, with warm linings, \$6.75.
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- Ladies' Beaver Cloth Jackets, only \$4.75.

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Thousands of Children's Ulsters, at and below wholesale prices. Children's Ulsters, all-wool and Daep Capes. Prices from \$3.50.

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FATHER MATHEW

GRAND ANNIVERSARY CONCERT TO NIGHT

A grand celebration of the Anniversary of Father Mathew will take place under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society in the Victoria Armory Hall this evening. An appropriate programme has been prepared for the occasion. The concert will be under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler. The St. Patrick's choir, composed of sixty voices, will take part in several choruses, and amongst others who are also to take part, are Miss Mo Andrew, Miss May Milloy, Miss A. Sharpe; Messrs J. J. Rowan, Frank Feron, J. Greenwood, Thomas Earle and the Holland family. The dramatic section will produce the laughable farce, "Dr. Killorcure." Hon. Senator Murphy, lay president of the society, will preside, and addresses will be delivered by the Rev. J. A. M. Callen, reverend president, and Mr. Frank J. Curran, B.C.L.

The above splendid attractions will be sure to bring a large audience, and the members of the concert committee are to be congratulated on the successful manner in which the arrangements have been carried out.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

OLD STUDENTS MEET.

The students of class 1884 of rhetoric of St. Mary's College have just held a convention at the residence of Mr. Henri Masson, of Terrebonne. The old class decided to meet again together in five years from date, the location of the next convention to be decided later. The election of officers for the next five years resulted as follows:—President, Mr. John Jooks; vice-president, Dr. Joseph Masson; secretary, Mr. J. A. Foisy, notary.

C. M. B. A.

DELEGATES GO TO PHILADELPHIA.

P. O'Reilly and G. P. Nugent, of Montreal, and G. B. Drouin, of Quebec, left Sunday evening by the Central Vermont railway for Philadelphia to represent the Grand council of Quebec at the convention of the Supreme council of the C. M. B. A., which opens in that city on Tuesday, the 9th instant. A large number of friends and members of branches of the C. M. B. A. assembled at the depot and gave the delegates a hearty send off.

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

St. Ann's Charity Bazaar opens on Wednesday next, October 17. Nearly all arrangements for the opening have been made. The following ladies will take charge of the various tables:—

THE ROUND TABLE.—Mrs. E. Brennan, the President.

FISH POND.—Misses M. A. and K. Kane.

FANCY TABLE.—Miss Cullinan, Miss Drew, Miss Mulcair.

FANCY TABLE NO. 2.—Misses E. and A. McCarthy, Miss M. O'Brien.

LOTTERY TABLE.—Miss L. Brennan.

HARBOR OF FORTUNE.—Miss Enright.

SELLING TABLE.—Misses Cloran and E. Martin.

REFRESHMENT TABLE.—Misses O'Connor, Finn, Gilles, Cullinan and M. O'Connor.

TRY YOUR LUCK.—Miss A. Gareau.

FORTUNE TELLING TENT.—Misses Walsh and O'Neill.

BAZAAR JOURNAL.—Miss Kate O'Brien. The entertainments will be under the direction of Miss Johnstone and Miss L'Esperance.

ST. MARY'S CADETS AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

The kermesse in aid of the St. Jean Baptiste society closed on Saturday night. The success of the affair nets the society \$4800. On the competition for the cadets Mount St. Mary won. The prize was a handsome silk banner, made especially by the ladies of the Deaf and Dumb Institute.

BAZAAR AT ST. GABRIEL'S.

A grand bazaar for the benefit of the church is being projected in St. Gabriel's parish. In past years the bazaars in St. Gabriel's parish have, through the efforts of the parishioners, always been a distinct success. This year the bazaar will take place in December, and the ladies

who have undertaken the preliminary arrangements are already working with characteristic vigour to make it a success. The bazaar will probably be held in the new church.

THE SAILORS' CLUB.

There was a large attendance at the sailors' weekly concert on Thursday evening. The usual first-class programme was presented, the seamen assisting with occasional songs in their characteristic enthusiastic manner. As the season advances the sailors spend more and more of their leisure time in the club room, and often during the week there are nearly a hundred men in the room in the evening, either passing the time playing the many games that are provided or reading the periodicals that are there in abundance.

THE LAST LACROSSE MATCH.

On Saturday the Shamrocks and Capitals met for the last time of the season to play for a valuable trophy. The game was a short one owing to the early darkness, but the play was phenomenal. To the Shamrocks, the game was not vastly important, as they had won every league match, but the Capitals were not content after their own grand play of the year to let the Shamrocks claim every match, and they fought hard for victory and gained the next best to it, a draw. Despite the cold weather there were several thousand spectators of the game, whose enthusiasm was boundless.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

On Wednesday evening there was a meeting of the committee of the Catholic Truth Society, in the Sailors' Club room. Among the subjects discussed were: The best means for combating the evil of immoral anti-Catholic literature, also, means for the comfort of the sailors who visit the club room. The concert committee reported that arrangements for the coming grand concert were progressing rapidly, and tickets of admission were distributed. Tickets may be secured at the Sailors' Club room and at the TRUE WITNESS office.

WILL ERECT A MEMORIAL WINDOW.

At the last meeting of St. Gabriel's Court 185, C. O. F., the society resolved to take into consideration arrangements for placing in the new church a memorial stained glass window, which will bring to mind in future generations the present Court of Foresters and its members.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.

On Saturday evening next the St. Ann's Young Men's Society will give the first progressive euchre party in their hall; this pleasant mode of passing an evening will, no doubt, prove one of the most attractive items on the programme of winter pastimes.

ORDAINED ON SUNDAY LAST.

Archbishop Fabre last Sunday conferred the priesthood upon J. B. I. Clement, G. Gauthier, Z. Descaries, Z. Therrien, G. M. Jancon, A. B. urgeois, Montreal, and J. Lindsman, Syracuse.

ADDRESS TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

On Saturday next, the Roman Catholic clergy will present an address to Archbishop Fabre, on the occasion of the feast of St. Edward, his patron saint.

DONAHOE'S FOR OCTOBER.

One always is sure to find something timely in Donahoe's Magazine. The October number, coming out in the midst of the political campaign, has for its leading features, three articles in answer to the question, "Which Party Should be Supported?" Josiah Quincy, ex-assistant Secretary of State of the United States, answers the question for the Democrats, Eliot Lord, the journalist, for the Republicans, and George H. Cary, Populist candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, for the People's party. The articles are strong and good-tempered. Dr. Thomas Dwight, in a striking article on "Sham Science," attacks Prof. Drummond; and Rev. John Talbot

Smith analyzes the character and works of Archbishop Corrigan in the first of a series of articles on "Eminent American Prelates." All things considered, this is probably the most brilliant paper in the Magazine. It is clear and fearless, yet careful and just. The other articles, by Father Smith, will be awaited with interest. Next month he will consider Archbishop Ireland. If Father Smith keeps up the standard set in this article in his treatment of the other prelates, he will, as a critic, take a place among American Catholic ecclesiastics, much the same as Sainte Beuve occupied in the French literary life of the last generation. Donahoe's Magazine will be eagerly read by Catholics and Protestants for these articles, if for nothing else. In this October number, there is also a complete story by the English novelist, Robert Barr, and many other artistic attractions, stories, poems, and pictures.

MONSTROUS BIGOTRY.

A painful example of the low religious rancour that, despite the civilizing influences of the age, has managed to keep hold on the squires of Ulster has been witnessed in Downpatrick. The county infirmary being in that town the Sisters of Mercy have been in the habit for some time of paying a visit on Sunday to the Catholic patients in the institution. Of the utility of these visits to the poor sufferers, and of the pure charity and sympathy that moved the Sisters to undertake the duty there can be no question. The majority of the patients in the institution are Catholics, and the visits which the good nuns made to them were of quite a private nature.

The poor patients longed for the Sunday visit of the sisters as a relief from the dull monotony of the place, and their relatives at home were in joy to think how these visits would give their friends the advice and consolation which they themselves were not in a position to give them. Both to the patients and to their relatives the place was beginning to assume a less grim aspect. The good Sister, as she passed noiselessly from bed to bed to press the sickly hand and to whisper words of kindness to a sufferer, might assuredly have fallen in line with the humanitarian purpose of the institution.

The first time the Sisters visited the infirmary was at the request of a patient who could not otherwise be consoled. As no objection was made to their admission, and as the requests on the part of the Catholic patients and their friends were numerous, the Sisters continued the pious practice. There was no proselytising in question. There was neither preaching nor praying aloud, and visits were strictly confined to those registered as Catholics and who desired to see the nuns. But a surprise was in store.

Yesterday there was a meeting of the governors, and subsequently the register of the infirmary was despatched to inform the nuns that they could not in future be allowed to visit the institution. No complaint was made against them, no reason for the peremptory order was given, but the nuns were to be informed that, while other ladies in Downpatrick may visit the infirmary, they were to be excluded.

It is not necessary to enter into any further details of this proceeding. Not only have the governors been hostile to the Sisters of Mercy, but they have been harsh to the Catholic patients in the institution. It need not be said who were present at Saturday's meeting, but it is well known who are the governors of the infirmary, and as such are responsible for the character of the place. Needless to say, this attitude to the Sisters of Mercy will recoil on those who exhibited it.—*Catholic Times.*

American Editor:—What can I do for you, miss? **American Girl:** Oh please, may I examine your waste-paper basket? I know a man who sends you poems, and whose feeling towards me I should like to ascertain.

St. Clair: as delicately as possible: How much is our father worth? **Gerardine:** A little over two millions. **St. Clair:** Oh, dear! I love you more than I thought I did.

"Can you show me the way to the dentist's?" "Yes; go down that little street, then turn the corner, and you will hear the shrieks of the patients."

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THE WORLD AROUND.

The dock district of Portland, Ore., suffered a loss of \$1,500,000 by fire on Sunday.

A strike of the garment workers of Boston is on, and 15,500 employees of the sweat shops are out.

During the past week there were 212 failures throughout the United States, against 321 the corresponding week of last year.

The gold reserve in the National Treasury continues to increase, being now \$58,005,027, against \$52,000,000 July 28, when it was down to the lowest point.

At the new track at Galesburg, Ill., the mare Elix broke the world's trotting record of 2:04 held by Nancy Hanks, by covering the distance in 2:03 1/2.

The Hebrew-speaking shirtmakers of New York to the number of nearly 3,000, went on strike Saturday, and 200 shops, which had not in the past year or more known a Sabbath quiet except Saturdays, were deserted.

The Chinese are concentrating troops in anticipation of a great battle on the Yalu river, in which they are determined to retrieve the Ping Yang disaster. On the other hand, Japan is said to have 100,000 more troops under arms and ready to go to Korea.

Mgr. Fermose, an eastern missionary, says of the Japanese that every mother's son is steeped in patriotism. In China a Viceroy and a number of soldiers are hired to defend the country. They might be so many Hessians for all the patriotism they possess.

It is reported at Warsaw that the impending departure of the Russian imperial family for the Crimea is due to the fact that the condition of the Czar has grown much worse and to the critical state of his second son, the Grand Duke George, who was thrown from his horse a few days ago, with the result that he has since suffered from hemorrhages.

Not to be Recommended.—Griggs: Don't you think Dr. Bliss is a pretty good physician? Briggs: Good physician? Well, I should say not. Why, the man couldn't cure a ham.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Bishop Neraz, of San Antonio, Texas, who has been seriously ill, is greatly improved.

Corpus Christi church, Newport, Ky., will celebrate its golden jubilee next Sunday.

The Order of the Most Holy Trinity since its foundation, has redeemed 200,000 slaves and counts 9,000 martyrs.

There is a talk of a Catholic Church near Harvard University for the accommodation of Catholic students attending the college.

The cause of the beatification of Christopher Columbus will again be brought before the Congregation of Rites in October.

The King of Portugal has ordered by a decree, signed by all the ministers, that the Centenary of St. Anthony of Padua be a national feast.

Brother Maurelian, the former secretary of the Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, sailed on the 10th inst. for Paris.

The official census of Ireland gives 3,949,738 Catholics and 1,186,696 Protestants. This brings the population up again to a little over 5,000,000.

Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has returned to Rome after a short stay in Switzerland. His Eminence is now enjoying good health.

It was announced in the four Catholic churches of Pekin, China, recently that the government had taken measures for the protection of Christians throughout that kingdom.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the ladies' section of the World's Fair, has sent the Pope a letter of thanks for the effective patronage with which he forwarded the work of that department.

Twenty-seven million francs has already been spent on the great church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, and the building is far from complete. The money has been raised entirely by voluntary contributions.

If the cable correctly outlines the character of the letter which the Holy Father is said to be about to address to the American prelates, an important change in the government of the Church in this country is impending.

The oldest Catholic Church in New England is at Damariscotta Mills, Me., and was built more than 100 years ago. It is still occupied for religious purposes one Sunday in each month. The interior is said to be decorated and furnished like a drawing-room.

The San Salvador extradition cases have been decided by Judge Morrow, of San Francisco, who holds that Gen. Czeta, Bolonas and Basementa committed only political offenses. Col. Juan Cienfuegos, however, can be extradited, he having committed murder.

The Chinese officers responsible for the recent outrages upon missionaries have been condemned by the government of China to have their heads cut off, while the rioters are made to rebuild the chapels. Liberal compensation will be given the families of the victims.

The Order of the Most Holy Trinity since its foundation, has redeemed 200,000 slaves and counts 9,000 martyrs. In the last Chapter General held in Rome it was decided, when the number of religious should be sufficient, to resume the work of redemption of slaves in Africa.

There are in England 5,250 Tertiaries under Capuchin jurisdiction. So say the statistical papers just issued from the offices of the Father General, Rome. In Bavaria there are 80,000 Tertiaries, in Paris 8,200, in Ireland 1,600, in the North Tyrol 65,200, in Umbria 2,750, and in Trent 20,010.

The Polish Roman Catholic Union, which some days ago met in annual session at Cleveland, Ohio, passed a resolution condemning in severe terms the Kolaszewski schism. The union is composed of 169 societies and represented in twenty-three states of the union.

Dr. Bouquillon, the eminent professor of moral theology at the Catholic University, reached New York Tuesday morning from Antwerp on the Noordland in

excellent health, after a three months' absence in Europe. The professor spent the greater part of his vacation in travelling about France, Belgium, Holland and Germany, attending congresses and investigating the systems of education employed in the universities of those countries.

The cornerstone of the new forty-five-thousand-dollar church at College Point, L. I., was laid Sunday afternoon in the presence of about four thousand persons. Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, Bishop of the Diocese of Long Island, laid the stone. He was assisted by ten priests. Rev. H. Mitchell, chancellor of the diocese, delivered a sermon in English and Rev. P. Dauffenbach one in German.

REV. J. G. B. CARRIER, C. S. C.

Perhaps one of the most noted scientists of America, and one whose reputation as a scientist is synonymous with that of pastor, college president, writer and philosopher, is the subject of this sketch. The soul of gentleness, he was among the first to offer his services to the Government during the late Rebellion, and remained for two years ministering to the spiritual wants of the soldiers, until finally recalled by his superiors to a position of trust in the great University of Notre Dame, Ind.

Joseph Celestine Basil Carrier was born in France in the year 1833, and was the youngest of a large family. His parents were distinguished for their intelligence, probity and piety. He was taught the elements of the French, Italian and Latin languages by a private tutor of great repute and learning, and at the age of nine years he entered college, carrying from the start all the first prizes, and graduating at the age of seventeen. Soon after, he accepted the professorship of the physical sciences in his alma. His early training gave him a peculiar fitness for the arduous duties of after-life, while his association with the most distinguished scholars and servants of the day enabled him to acquire that wonderful facility of research which has enabled him to accumulate the vast stores of knowledge for which he is justly famed, and from which so many have benefitted. At the age of twenty-one, he resolved to come to this country, with the intention of becoming a missionary; but unwilling to become a secular priest, he made application and was received into the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at Notre Dame, Indiana. The following year, he made his religious profession and was raised to the priesthood. His first appointment was that of professor of classics in the University of Notre Dame. From there he was installed as pastor of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Indiana.

In 1863, at the urgent request of Mrs. General W. T. Sherman, whose sons were at that time attending Notre Dame, Father Carrier was sent by his superiors to visit the Federal Army then invading Vicksburg, where General Sherman and two brothers of his wife were in command of an army corps and brigades. While there he was offered the official position of U. S. Chaplain, which he accepted and held for two years until finally recalled from the seat of war and appointed as Assistant Superior to the late Very Rev. Edward Sorin, at that time President of the University of Notre Dame. In 1866 he visited France in the interest of his Community, and while there was received in private audience by the Emperor Napoleon III., for whom he had dispatches from the French Minister at Washington. The Emperor, at parting, presented him with many valuable gifts for the University. Amongst others was a magnificent telescope and a colossal ostensorium, while the Empress Eugenie gave a gold chalice of exquisite workmanship and a crown studded with precious stones for the statue of the Blessed Virgin which had just been placed in position on the dome of the main building of the University. Father Carrier relates the following incident of his visit to the Emperor. "On arriving at the entrance to the palace, I was met by one of the chamberlains who demanded to know my business; 'I wish to see the Emperor,' said I. 'Are you a soldier?' asked the guard; 'greater than that!' I responded. 'Perhaps you are a lieutenant?' 'Greater than that!' said I. 'Can it be that you are a General?' 'Greater than that!' said I; drawing myself up to my full height." "Are you a Prince?" questioned the guard; "Greater than that!" I again replied;

"Surely you are not a King?" said the mystified guardian. "Ah! far greater than that!" I replied; "Pray who are you?" asked the much puzzled man. Looking him square in the face, I answered with all the dignity I could command: "I am a citizen of the United States!" It is needless to say that I was soon piloted into the private apartments of his Majesty, and that later on, when I related to the Emperor the joke I had played on the guard, he enjoyed it greatly.

In 1867, in addition to his professional duties he was appointed Superior of the Scholasticate and Director of the Scientific Department of the University of Notre Dame, which position he held until 1874. During this time, a number of young men who have since risen to great prominence were his pupils. Among them may be mentioned the scholarly Rev. J. A. Zahm and A. M. Kirsch, of the University of Notre Dame, the accomplished editor of the Ave Maria, the Rev. D. E. Hudson, and the late Rev. John O'Connell, all of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. In 1874, Father Carrier was appointed President of St. Mary's College, Galveston, Texas, where he remained for two years; and, his health failing, he was recalled North, and for the last seventeen years he has taught in St. Laurent College, near Montreal, Canada, where he organized the Scientific Department, prepared the way to affiliation with Laval University, taught the physical and natural sciences and the higher mathematics, besides founding one of the largest museums and libraries to be found in the Dominion.

Father Carrier is a member of a number of learned societies, both in this country and in Europe, and is a Master of Arts and a Licentiate of Science, besides being entitled to write a string of letters after his name which would puzzle the ordinary student to determine. He has published numerous scientific lectures and essays, besides contributing many articles for different French and English magazines. He was awarded a diploma of Honor and a medal by the World's Fair Commissioners for an Herbarium which is now in the University of Notre Dame; he was also awarded a medal and a diploma at the Provincial Exhibition, held in Montreal in 1892, for a classified collection of Canadian plants.

In appearance, Father Carrier is above the general height, with keen, piercing blue eyes, a splendid physique and martial bearing. In appearance, he has been likened to Von Moltke. He retains all the suavity, diplomacy and politeness of the Parisian; and, in addition, glories in the fact that he is a citizen of the United States. He is still a close student and when not actively engaged in class duties is to be found delving with all the enthusiasm of a novice into the scientific problems of the day: "There is so much to be learned," he says, "and as yet I am only on the threshold of that vast storehouse which contains all the wisdom and treasures of the universe!"

His students of to-day are as active and energetic as those of earlier years, and never weary of listening to his learned dissertations. Above all, he is the true priest, the counsellor of the young, the thorough religious with whom the service of God is the chief affair of life, all else is subservient to this. A walk of ten or twelve miles does not fatigue him in the least; and it not unfrequently happens that those students who accompany him on his rambles for specimens, find themselves exhausted, while their instructor is as fresh as at the start. He is a man easy of access, a brilliant conversationalist and thoroughly in touch with the times.—B. O. *In the New World.*

Irish News.

J. J. Harding, of Ballincollig, and Edward Rice, of Strawhill, Fermoy, have been appointed justices of the peace for the County Cork.

The death occurred on September 7, at the Convent of Meroy, Ballinamore, of Mother Mary Joseph Holohan, aged seventy-five years.

John Noble, of Lurgan, was loading one of his carts on Sept. 10, when his horse moved forward and he fell on the pavement, sustaining injuries to the head and spine. Mr. Noble died the next day.

The monthly meeting of the governors of the Monaghan and Cavan District Lunatic Asylum was held on September 18 in Monaghan. There were two appli-

cations for the position of head nurse—one from Miss E. A. Johnston, of Poplar Vale, and the other from Miss Keogh, of the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Dublin. Miss Keogh was appointed.

William Joyce, of the Royal Irish Constabulary of Meath, and Miss Bridget Mills, daughter of the late Patrick Mills, of Balmullet, County Mayo, were married in the Catholic church in the latter place on September 6, by the Very Rev. Henry Hewson, V.F.

The election held at Thomastown, on the 14th ult., for the purpose of returning a member to represent South Kilkenny in Parliament in place of P. A. Chance, resigned, resulted in the unopposed return of Samuel Morris, J.P., of New Rath, Nationalist.

The death took place at Roscommon on the 12th ult. of F. J. Finlay. He always took an active part in Irish National politics. Mr. Finlay was for many years a town commissioner of Roscommon, and since the Irish Education Act came into operation he filled the position of inspector under the committee.

John Barry, residing at Ballylongane, ten miles from Middletown, died on Sept. 9, at the age of 112 years. He well remembered the stirring episodes of 1796 and 1798. Barry's principal occupation was "bagging" fowl for the sporting gentry, whom he regularly attended on their annual excursion trips in the district.

A parishioner of St. Peter's Church, Drogheda, Mr. John Kelly, of Fair street, has presented an altar to the new church to the memory of the martyr Primate, Oliver Plunkett, at a cost of £1,000. This is only one of the many generous acts of Mr. Kelly in the interest of religion and charity in his native town.

The death of the Very Rev. Father O'Reilly, O. S. F. C., of Dublin, took place on Sept. 3. Father O'Reilly was born at Castlepollard, County Meath, sixty-three years ago. He entered Carlow College at an early age, and made his preparatory studies for the priesthood there. He joined the Capuchin Order under Father Theobald Mathew, and proceeded to Belgium to complete his ecclesiastical course. He was ordained priest in 1854, and since then his career has been most distinguished. For over twenty years he was Superior of the Capuchin Convent in Dublin, and for several years Provincial of the Order. He was a very eloquent preacher.

A painful example of religious rancor was in evidence in Downpatrick on Sept. 8. The County Infirmary being in this town the Sisters of Mercy have been in the habit of paying a visit on Sunday to the Catholic patients who are the majority. There was no proselytizing, preaching nor praying aloud, and the visits were strictly confined to Catholics and those who desired to see the nuns. However, there was a meeting of the governors and subsequently the registrar of the infirmary was despatched to inform the nuns that they could not in future visit the institution. No complaint was made against them; no reason for the peremptory order was given.

A scene of a remarkable character occurred at the butter market in Tipperary on the 12th ult. It was discovered that amongst the butter offered for sale were a lot of ten firkins, the produce of the evicted farms on the Cloncurry estate, near Murroe, from whence Father Humphreys, of Tipperary, and the late Matthew Duhay had been evicted, and which were grabbed some time ago. When this was learned, the butter merchants, without exception, refused to recognize it, with the result that the sellers and itself were made the objects of much jeering and other unfriendly demonstrations. The police kept a vigilant eye on the grabbers, but they were unable to assist them any further, and eventually the butter had to be re-carted back again to Murroe.

JUDICIAL NOTICE TO ANN DOYLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to Ann Doyle, whose maiden name was Ann Cassidy, and who was the wife of Thomas Doyle, in his lifetime of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, deceased, and who went to the City of Montreal about 19 years ago, and who was, when last heard from about 18 years ago, a cook on a steamboat sailing from the said City of Montreal, if she be still living, to communicate, on or before the first day of December 1894 with MESSRS. GORMAN & FRIPP, 74 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Solicitors for the Administrators of the estate of the said Thomas Doyle, deceased; or in default thereof she will be excluded from all claim to dower or otherwise in said estate.

Dated 22nd September 1894.
W. M. MATHESON,
Local Master at Ottawa, Ontario;

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

**Successful Career of a Versatile Worker
in Catholic Fields.**

Miss Katherine E. Conway is an indefatigable worker. She toils in various ways ten or twelve hours out of every twenty-four. Of course, most of her time is devoted to the duties of assistant editor of the Pilot, one of the leading Catholic and Irish-American journals published in the States. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche—to whose life and work so far I purpose devoting an article later on in this series, is the editor of that newspaper and, with the aid of his assistant's talents, keeps it well on a level with that of the high order of literary merit it enjoyed when its editorial chair was filled by the ever-to-be-lamented John Boyle O'Reilly.

Miss Conway's work is not, however, devoted exclusively to her press duties, such as editorials and reviews of books and magazines, and a series of papers appearing occasionally in the Pilot, and signed by her initials, entitled, if I mistake not, "Writers Who are Catholics." She labors for the greater honor and glory of God and His church in other departments as well.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MISS CONWAY.

Miss Katherine E. Conway is a native of Rochester, N. Y., where she began her journalistic career and literary work on the Rochester Union, corresponding at the same time for several New York papers, writing short stories and poems for the Catholic Record of Philadelphia, then under the editorial management of Charles A. Hardy, and editing for five years, at the request of the Right Rev. Bishop of Rochester, a little church magazine, The West End Journal. During most of the interval between 1878 to 1883 she was assisted by Father Cronin, editor of The Catholic Union and Times of Buffalo, N. Y. She gave me no souvenirs of her girlish years. She had no harsh or pitiful struggle with fortune; for she was always in good luck from the very start of life's race. She was never an infant prodigy, nor a model of precociousness, nor anything else out of the ordinary run of girls, except being a diligent worker, and a close observer of human life, supplementing her school education by her personal intercourse with mature and cultured minds, and preserving a grateful recollection of the many persons who gave a helping hand in her early days on the rugged path that leads to fame in the Bohemia of Letters.

The best result of the visit she paid to Boston for her health in the summer of 1883 was an entirely unsought and unexpected offer of a post, caused by a vacancy in the editorial staff of the Pilot, from the late Boyle O'Reilly, who for some years previously had shown much interest in the literary work and poetical contributions of Miss Conway to his journal. With the acceptance of that offer she commenced her editorial work on the Pilot, and the success with which her labors have been rewarded, is too well known to be dwelt upon here.

HER LITERARY AND PRESS CAREER.

Of those, to whom she owes the most for encouragement in letters are John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. De Forrest, Edmund Clarence Stedman, and, in her earlier years, Father Cronin of Buffalo. She had read literary papers on Catholic and other subjects on nine important occasions, among them being the Convention of the Apostolate of the Press in New York city in 1892, the Catholic Summer School in New London, Conn., in the same year; the Convention of the Religious Press in May, 1893 in Chicago, and the Columbian Catholic Congress in September of the same year in the same city, at which, by the trustees of the Catholic Summer School she read on the second evening of the congress a paper on "The Catholic Summer School and the Reading Circle Movements." She is a member of the New England Women's Press Association since 1888, and she is one of the few active Catholics in that body. For three years she has had charge of the social element of the literary meetings, and is at present first vice-president of that society. She has found time to contribute to the Reading Circle Review, the Catholic World, the Rosary, Donahue's Magazine, the Providence Journal, and other secular dailies. She has had considerable success in the reading of papers, and she always fills the hall in which she lectures.

Her published prose and poetical volumes are: "On the Sunrise Slope," a collection of Poems, issued by the Catholic Society Pub. Co., of New York City, in 1881; "A Dream of Lillies," a collection of religious poems, published by Cuffies & Co., Boston, in 1893; "Christmas Symbols, and Stories of the Saints," a prose work in which she collaborated with the distinguished writer, Clara Erskine Clemmer, published by the House of Ticknor, Boston, in 1886. All these volumes were financially successful. Other books, in contemplation, are a companion-volume to "A Dream of Lillies," containing poems of a different character; a volume of prose essays on "Social Ethics" and the "Christian Gentlewoman." The Catholic Circle movement was inaugurated in Boston in 1889, when Miss Conway was appointed president of the Circle, which she organized, now known as the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, in grateful memory of that great poet's interest in the movement.

MISS CONWAY'S POETRY.

Miss Conway, unlike some other contemporary poets who belong to the Browning school, and whose effusions are wildly incoherent as well as incomprehensible to their readers, prefers to express her thoughts in the simple language of the heart, which is understood by the learned and the unlearned alike. The form of her sweetly melodious poems is, however, not only simple, but it is also elegant, and her style has an exquisite polish about it given to but few poets. Naturally enough, owing to the profoundly religious convictions which are the leading characteristics of her nature, her poems on the truths and glories of the Catholic Church, and divers other religious poems are, to a certain extent, better than her secular lyrics. Yet she has written some very beautiful effusions on these latter themes, too, such as "Only Friends," which appeared from her pen in Donahue's Magazine, Christmas number, 1893, and which evidenced her powerful dramatic talent.

I cull the following verses from a remarkable poem of hers, entitled,

THE VIGIL SONG.

They closed my eyes, they folded my hands,
They said, "This sign of grace—
See how the look of her childhood comes back
To her poor, dead face!
Forgive her, forget her—after all, her lines
Were hard, at best;
Surely, her sorrow outweighed her sin; poor
Heart, at welcome rest!"

At rest! there is no more rest—there is no
More night nor sleep.
It is always day, it is always noon, and a fear-
some watch I keep,
Unsetting sun in the cold blue heavens—sun on
The snow-fields wide;
Sun on sharp cliff and frozen sea and steep
White mountain-side;
Glint and gleam and dazzle and glare—cloud-
less, shadowless light—
My God, my God, for an hour of sleep—my
God for the blessed night.

This is my drear atonement, who loved the
Shadows well,
Who shrank life-long from the sound of life
And the ways where the sunlight fell—
In the glare of God's wrath and the scorn of
Men till the end of time to dwell;
Through an age-long day, through an age-long
Noon, my fearsome watch to keep,
With never any more night, and never any
More sleep—
While of all the eyes of heaven and earth that
Look reproach on mine,
Not God's, nor brother's, nor old heart-friend's,
So stern and strange as thine.—EUGENE
DAVIS in the Catholic Columbian

AN OCTOBER THOUGHT.

(By the Editor of the Catholic School and Home Magazine.)

October, in her beauty, comes with her rich garlands of harvest flowers, to make our hearts rejoice and send forth thanks givings to the good God who has so decked nature with all its magnificence. How we admire the gorgeous coloring of the trees, the delicate tinting of the leaves with their everchanging hues. How refreshing to wander through field and meadow and wood, and feel the hardening touch of autumn. How happy the harvesters bearing home the sheaves of a rich harvest! Earth has yielded of its abundance and the granary teems with wealth for the coming days. How sweetly the poet sings of the autumn, how varied his pictures in all their richness of thought and color. What a lesson of life there is all around us! A bountiful Creator provides all for his children? He would have us see his love in all his works, and leaf and tree and autumn sheaf should tell us of our heart duty to Him. How beautiful the prayer thought that October brings, October with our Lady's Rosary. What autumn flowers more varied in their hues than the flowers of Christian devo-



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To Improve the Appetite,
To Act as a Food for Consumptives,
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tion, showing all the loves of the human heart? What harvest more abundant than that gathered by the sickles of Mary's love? What flowers more fragrant than the roses of our Blessed Mother's devotion? Sweet-scented roses, whose roots are in heavenly gardens, carrying to earth the fragrance of the divine. Red roses, red with the blood of Jesus, and white roses, white with the purity of Mary. They tell us that their life is from the very life of God. Oh! how full the garden is with these roses! We have but to enter and gather as we will! The Rosary of Our Lady, is it not the plucking of the roses of love, the gathering of them to our breasts, the harvesting of the graces they bring! What Catholic child cannot count the beads and recite the Hail Marys. How many garlands we wreath from day to day as we pray. Angels stand near us and as the flowers are gathered they form the wreaths and place them at Mary's feet as tributes of love and reverence from devoted children. Jesus smiles as men love Mary, for Mary is the best loved of all His creatures. Heaven is filled with the fragrance of the Rosary. Earth is brought nearer to Heaven by its sweet practices. God is better known and Jesus is better loved as the Rosary is recited.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

BY J. Q.

(In Catholic School and Home Magazine.)

Perhaps no one of the names, familiar as belonging to Catholic men of letters, was more missed from the list of the talented lecturers at the Catholic Summer School, than that of George Parsons Lathrop. His absence prevented hundreds of students from listening to his memorable lectures on literary topics. No one was better fitted than he to discuss any subject connected with contemporary literature.

We all remember the wide-spread sensation caused by his conversion to the faith some three years ago, hardly to be wondered at when we reflect upon his antecedents and his career. He is a descendant of Reverend John Lathrop, a separatist minister, who came to this country in 1634, and was one of the first rectors of the Old North Church in Boston. His wife is Rose, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, herself a writer of marked ability. However, one expects the literary faculty to be conspicuous in the Hawthorne family. Lathrop's name is well and favorably known as poet and novelist. That he is essentially of a poetical temperament, nobody can doubt who has read either of his books, "Rose and Roof Tree," or "Dreams and Days." His national poems and war verses have a ring and fire that appeal irresistibly to one's patriotism, while his love verses, though full of music and tenderness, are free from maudlin sentiment.

Lathrop's novels are more or less psychological studies. "An Echo of Passion" is perhaps the most widely known. "Afterglow," one of his first publications, appeared in the "No Name Series," and is the poetical name of a book whose dismal realism finds its excuse in the numerous bright remarks and clever epigrams the story contains. The youthful hero is severely handicapped from the start by a prosaic crop of freckles. In this instance they may have been touches of art as well as of nature, destined to emphasize the kinship between the real man and the ideal character. Unfortunately, Allen Bishop shares the fate of our living friends. If we love them it is not because, but in spite of their freckles. To compensate for his commonplace appearance, nature has been lavish to Allen in the matter of heart, providing him with an expansive organ, large enough to accommodate two

lovely heroines at once. Ellen Lorother is a shadowy creature, who seems to dwell in an atmosphere of sadness and remoteness. Her conduct is slightly puzzling, as she declines Allen's attentions and then retires to a convent because his attentions cease. Lily Daggett is a very different sort of a girl. Her chief charm would seem to lie in her eyes, which are "dark, like outlets into some unvisited realm of night," and a fetching and effective way of clasping her hands to her heart. After several months' intercourse with Allen and a German captain, she makes things interesting by becoming engaged to Allen and eloping with the captain. Allen dies a tragic death, and his father and Lily's mother celebrate the occurrence by marrying each other, the ceremony being marked by an appropriate tinge of sadness.

While one cannot take Allen seriously, he undoubtedly belongs to the same type as Oliphant, not only the highest conception of Lathrop's, but one of the finest characters of modern fiction. Without being in the slightest degree overdrawn, or in the least a typical hero, his strength, frankness, chivalry, and unconscious heroism mark a character, manly in the noblest sense of the word. Oliphant is a widower. The trials of his early life, due to an unfortunate marriage, must have had to a man of his character the bitterness of death. His words concerning his estrangement from his dead wife are what first attract you to him, "I know there was too much weakness and resentment and longing for present happiness in me to make me deserving in the sight of the Highest." These same words prepare you for the end, when he forfeits the happiness so late in coming to him, to succor a woman and a stranger. One's eyes fill with tears at the death of this man whom destiny has checkmated at every turn. After the vessel on which he is a passenger has taken fire, within sight of Newport, he, not being a swimmer, clings to a floating log. A woman, with a child in her arms, is about to sink, forced from a similar refuge by the brutal Thorburn. With one look at the quiet and tranquilly shining summer stars; with a vision of that happiness, which to him would have more than compensated for his past sorrows; he forces her to take his only chance of salvation, and sinks to rise no more, as unconscious of heroism as he has been throughout life. It has been said of Lathrop that his best efforts are yet to come. The future is indeed to be congratulated if he holds in store for it characters superior to Eugene Oliphant and Olivia Clifford, the central figures in "Newport." A friend of mine once likened them to ivory carvings, in their delicacy of conception and perfection of finish. No one short of an artist could have made the love affair of a man of forty and a woman past her first youth so perfectly charming and romantic, without in the least bordering on the sentimental.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1894.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

This being the month of the Holy Angels, as well as that of the Holy Rosary, and having referred last week to each of these devotions, we think it well to write a few lines, in this issue, upon the subject of the Precious Blood. It is a subject that is of perpetual interest to Catholics, and should equally be one of moment to non-Catholics. Every Christian knows that the seal of his redemption is the Blood of Christ; but all do not equally acknowledge the debt due to that sacred flood; nor do all seek to leave their troubles in its waves. In the opening of a little volume, issued by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, at St. Hyacinthe, and entitled, "Devotion to St. Michael the Archangel and to the Holy Angels," there are a few lines, the most touchingly beautiful of their kind that we have ever read; they contain a whole sermon in themselves:—

"L'ange, au ciel, ébloui de ta gloire ineffable,
T'adore et te beuit, Sang trois fois adorable;
Il te doit sa beauté, son éclat immortel
Qui le fait resplendir comme un astre au ciel.
Il sait bien quel trésor nous cachent tes mer-
veilles,
Et, découvrant son Dieu sous tes gouttes ver-
meilles,
Il emprunte aux élus leur chant toujours nou-
veau;
"Honneur, louange, amour, a toi, Sang de
l'Agneau."

We will not attempt a literal translation of these lines, but we will seize upon the sense of them, and ask our readers to grasp it. The angel in heaven, the pure spirit that came from the hand of God in all its perfection, is dazzled by the unspeakable glory of the thrice blessed Blood, and at once adores and praises that source of so much happiness. From that Blood does the angel draw the brilliancy and grandeur that cause it to glitter, as a star, in the firmament of God's glory. Knowing all the riches that are hidden in that stream of divine bounty, and beholding God Himself in each of its crimson drops, the spirit teaches the elect to unceasingly repeat that undying canticle, "Honor, praise, love, to Thee, Blood of the Lamb."

What a glorious conception was that of Father Faber; a procession in which we behold the Blood of Christ coming forth from the eternal thought of God, circulating through all time, and re-ascending to heaven, after having, in its passage, taken up or absorbed each creature of the Almighty that owes its beauty and perfection to Him!

In the physical order is it not the blood, circulating freely through the system, that imparts life and sustains the human frame? So is it in the spiritual order; the Blood of Christ gushing through the soul keeps alive that animating portion of our being and gives to

it all the beauty, grandeur, strength and glory that it possesses. From the hour of the circumcision to that of the agony in the garden, from Pilate's scourging pillar to Calvary's cross-crowned summit, the Blood of Christ was shed, in one way or another, for the redemption of man. And on the top of Golgotha it not only trickled down the cross, bedewed the soil and stained the implements of death, but it gushed forth over the world, washed the centuries to come, penetrated every artery of humanity, rushed through every system that the ages were to know, and imparted an eternal vitality, or immortality to the race of man. It surged around the base of the Roman Empire, and soon flooded the palaces of pagan power, obliterating the might of the Cæsars, even as the waters of the deluge effaced the mountain ranges of the world. It arose, as a barrier, against the tide of barbarism that swept down upon Christendom, and turned back the billows of destruction even in the hour of its greatest strength. It leaped in crimson glory down the hill-slopes of time, and kept expanding, fructifying, invigorating, and saving the soil of generations. In the wake of the pilgrim's vessel it reddened the seas; on the path of the missionary it assumed the form of a pillar to guide his footsteps; over the ruins of the past it glowed in triumph; upon the highway of the future it shone in splendor. And, to-day, all over the great Catholic world, from thousands of sacred altars, does it ascend to its source, carrying with it the needs of humanity and depositing them before the throne of all graces.

Not only is that Blood universal in its workings, but it also permeates each particular soul on earth. Countless are the miracles performed by that mighty instrument of redemption, and unnumbered are the favors received through its medium. Knowing, then, how much is due to that fountain of happiness, it is no wonder that the Catholic Church—which owes its origin and strength to the Blood of Christ—should call upon the faithful to practise a special devotion in honor of that Precious Blood. While, during the month of October, special honor is paid to the Angels who sing God's unending *Glorias*, and special attention is paid to the prayers of the Holy Rosary, it must not be forgotten that the Precious Blood is the source of the Angels' beauty and of the Rosary's power. Let your barque of life float out upon that mighty crimson stream of Divine bounty, and it will be wafted, infallibly, into the great ocean of eternal happiness. Let the sunset of your life—come when it may—be reddened with the tinges imparted from that source, and it will surely be the forerunner of a day-dawn of glory.

READING CIRCLES.

We understand that in a couple of sections of Montreal serious steps have been taken to establish Reading Circles. Nothing could be more praiseworthy and profitable. All over the United States to-day have the Catholics commenced to thus bind themselves together by literary and refining links, and the immense chain of Reading Circles that is gradually extending over the Republic has for its central point the grand institution of the Catholic Summer School. We have not space, this week, to say much upon this subject; but we would like to fling out a few hints for the benefit of all interested.

The first advantage of a Reading Circle is that it brings persons of congenial taste together and affords an opportunity of a constant interchange of ideas. In the next place, it is a source of amusing instruction; it aids in developing a taste

for higher literature and serves to establish mutual educational facilities. Then the members of the Circle enjoy the benefits of each others reading; the comments made upon chosen authors, the essays written and read for the circle, the criticism—of a friendly and emulating nature—all go to add interest to the beneficial assemblies. Then, again, the Reading Circle will fan into activity the latent ambitions of the cultured and of those who seek a greater culture than they yet enjoy. As a rule, a library—small as it may be, but select—is the natural outcome of those reunions. And what is richer and more profitable than a choice library; be it ever so humble? In one of his admirable essays, in the columns of the Dublin Nation, Thomas Davis thus speaks enthusiastically of libraries. And of course he means libraries for use, not for ornament:

"Beside a library, how poor are all the other great deeds of man—his constitution, brigade, factory, man-of-war,—how poor are all miracles in comparison! Look at that wall of motley calfskin, open those slips of inked rags—who would fancy them as valuable as the rows of stamped cloth in a warehouse? Yet Alladin's lamp was a child's kaledoscope in comparison. There the thoughts and deeds of the most efficient men during three thousand years are accumulated, and every one who will learn a few conventional signs—24 (magic) letters—can pass at pleasure from Plato to Napoleon, from the Argonauts to the Affghans, from the woven mathematics of La Place to the mythology of Egypt and the lyrics of Burns. Young reader! pause steadily and look at this fact till it blaze before you; look till your imagination summon up even the few acts and thoughts named in the last sentence; and when these visions—from the Greek pirate to the fiery-eyed Scotchman—have begun to dim, solemnly resolve to use these glorious opportunities, as one whose breast has been sobbing at the far sight of a mountain, resolves to climb it, and already strains and exults in the purposed toil."

This simple quotation should inspire the organizers and proposed members of our Reading Circle to go into the work with a heart and an ambition. There is one thing above all to which attention should be paid, and that is to the selection and purchase of books. Next week we will drop a few hints upon this subject, and they may prove of use to all who are ambitious of establishing this splendid means of self-improvement. Meanwhile we wish every imaginable success to the Reading Circles, be they on a larger or smaller scale. Keep them up and all will benefit ultimately—both the members of the circles and the whole community.

It will be seen by our columns that the number and importance of our advertisements are considerably augmented. We desire to thank, individually and collectively, all our friends who seek the medium of THE TRUE WITNESS to make known their business to the public. And we particularly ask of our readers and subscribers in general to assist us by encouraging the people who encourage this paper. Read our columns carefully and you will find that almost every branch of business is advertised in them. We can go further and say that we are in a position to heartily and conscientiously recommend all whose establishments are noticed in our pages. We trust that the old saying, "one good turn deserves another," will find an illustration in the patronage our advertisers shall receive.

THE CZAR.

The rumor is abroad, and is strongly confirmed, that the Ruler of Russia is lying under his death-stroke. In any case it is not probable that the present Czar can see many more days of power or life. The event of his death must be considered as of great importance both to Russia and to Europe. The peaceful disposition of the present Autocrat of all the Russias has served to keep away the European war-cloud that has so often loomed upon the horizon during the past ten years or more. Many a serious complication has been obviated by the suffering monarch, and it has been better so. There is considerable press speculation regarding the probable attitude that the Czar will assume when the moment comes that power shall fall into his hands. It is well known that he is not of as peaceful and tame a disposition as his father, yet it is questionable whether he would find it advisable to precipitate a great conflict. Taking it for granted that the days of the Czar are numbered, we cannot afford to jump to any conclusion regarding his successor.

As far as the Czar is concerned there are many things to be taken into consideration. As a rule the Russian potentates have been more or less circumscribed in their actions and limited in their experience of the world. Between the duties of a Czar's high post, that necessitate an almost constant attention on his part, and the continuous fear of violence in which he lives, and on account of which he is hedged in from his subjects to a great extent, he has little opportunity of taking personal cognizance of affairs going on around him. He rules according to traditional practice, more than through observation. He hears of the systems in other lands, of the freedom enjoyed by subjects or citizens, of the power of the *vox populi*, and he reflects upon all, learns in this indirect manner just as one would reflect upon a novel—but never with the idea of putting into practice what the fiction or the story contains. Provided Nihilists can be kept down, bombs captured and the personal safety of the ruler secured, it matters little how the great mass of the Russian population may get along, or how the world abroad may be governed. Of course all this is due to that spirit of barbarism that clings ever to the skirts of Russian civilization. It is true—as the conquering Corsican said—"if you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar."

But the century draws to a close, civilization is advancing with giant strides, invention and progress are revolutionizing the earth, and the means of international communication are becoming daily more perfect; Russia, no more than any other nation, can afford to keep outside the ever growing circle of modern influence, of democratic sentiment. Considering all these facts we must also remember that the future Czar, although yet a young man, has seen a great deal of the world. Besides the very liberal education which he has received, he has sojourned in almost every civilized land. With his deep interest in the subject of statescraft, and his natural ability, he must have had his eyes opened and his mind considerably enlarged, when passing through monarchies, republics and constitutionally governed countries of almost every kind. He has seen, and felt, and experienced what freedom means; he has also had ample opportunity of judging of the effects of the different systems of government. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, it might not be improbable that, on assuming the helm of state, the young Czar, instead of turning

his attention to gigantic military movements and the opening out of struggles with the other nations, might look to the internal government of his own land and strive to put into practice—for the benefit of Russia, the Russians and the Czar—the lessons that he learned when abroad amongst the peoples of the earth. It does not absolutely follow that because the present Czar has been inclined to a policy of peace that his successor should necessarily be warlike. In fact we fail to see how those numerous correspondents of the great daily press of England and America can form any just estimate of the Czar's intentions or probable course. Still it is evident that France—so recently clinging around the neck of the Northern Bear and striving to keep the monster from using his paws—looks on with some anxiety and anticipates nothing good in the expected death of the Czar.

We are under the serious impression that no matter what dispositioned monarch rules in Russia, the day is not distant when that land will be swept by a political hurricane far more terrific than the storm which recently ploughed up the Sea of Asov.

THE INQUISITION.

We have been writing about Galileo and St. Bartholomew, and we think that in the short space at our disposal we have most clearly shown that the accusations brought against the Catholic Church, in both cases, are entirely unfounded in fact. This week we will take up, in a few words as possible, that other "big gun" that is constantly turned against the Church of Rome—the Inquisition. In the first place we purpose dealing with the subject exactly as we did with the other two. We do not pretend for a moment to excuse individual Catholics for any wrongs they have done, no matter by what circumstances they were surrounded. While circumstances may often seem an excuse to deeds that might not be justifiable, still we are not pleading the cause of persons. If Catholics have ever committed wrongs, they are not to be excused on the ground that they belong to a certain Church; but the Church is not to be held responsible for them, simply because they happen to claim communion with her. We do not mean by this that we have any special accusations to lodge against members of our Church—far from it; we simply wish to again emphasise the difference between the practice of individuals and the precepts of the Church.

In order to get to the bottom of this vexed question of the Inquisition, we must firstly find out what was the object of that institution. History shows most clearly that it was founded by a Spanish King for a certain purpose. What was that purpose? It was two-fold; to resist the treason of Judaism and Islamism, and to oppose the immoralities of the Manicheans or Albigenses. We know that the social order of the Spanish Kingdom was endangered considerably by the combined efforts of Judaism and Islamism; while the Albigenses or Manicheans did all in their power to corrupt and degrade the morals of the people. Some of their teachings were the assertion that Christ was an evil being, that marriage was a sin and that the begetting of children was contrary to the law of nature. It is easy to foresee what results would follow if such doctrines were allowed to grow.

It is notorious that these people lost no opportunity of murdering—publicly and privately—the clergy, and of destroying Church property on all sides. Mosheim says: "Their shocking violation of decency was a consequence of their per-

nicious system; they looked upon decency and modesty as marks of inward corruption." The Council of Lateran, 1179, affirmed: "They respect neither the Church nor the monasteries; they spare neither orphans, age or sex." Nearly every power in Europe sent an envoy to the Council to aid in securing the obliteration of that sect—not on account of any heresy it taught, but on account of the immoral practices it created. The action of the Council in condemning them was considered on all sides as a measure for the safety of the public. The Church was not alone in this; all Europe combined to stamp out the abominable preachers of the most unholy of doctrines. If this can be called "religious persecution," then it was well for the world, at that time, that it was inaugurated. But it was far from being a religious persecution; it was a moral purification.

Taking the Inquisition in Spain—when it is generally supposed to have been the most powerful and cruel—it was not an entirely ecclesiastical institution; nor did it punish or condemn people for their opinions. It was a royal tribunal. There were thirteen laymen and two clergymen on the board of the Inquisition. And the records show that the two representatives of the ecclesiastical section were always in favor of a greater mercy. As an evidence that the teachings as well as practice of the Church are antagonistic to persecution, or to bloodshed, we have the powerful fact, staring us for centuries in the face, that the Church will not admit any man to the priesthood who has in any way been connected with the death of a fellow-being. A person who has participated in the execution of a sentence of death, as judge, as executioner, or as assistant in any form, cannot be ordained by the Church. And when the Jews were persecuted in almost every land and driven from almost every city in Europe, it was only in Rome that they found refuge and protection. The truth is that the Inquisition was actually a gigantic political engine, used by the state, in days when a species of barbarism was abroad in the world, when undercurrents of treason were rendering treacherous the streams of nationality, and when men in power trembled for their safety, to protect itself against the dangers that sprang up in all directions. Very naturally, when such sects as the Albigenses came upon the scene, the Church was interested—for the sake of public morals—to aid in checking them, and the State was only too glad to associate, with its officers, members of the ecclesiastical branch who could aid by their advice in the carrying on of the work for which the tribunal was created. And if, at times, the judgments were what to our modern eyes appears severe, it was invariably found that the ecclesiastical members of the court were against the severity. Guizot said: "L'Inquisition fut, d'abord, plus politique que religieuse; et destinee a maintenir l'ordre, plutot qu' a defendre la foi."

One of the principal accusations is based upon the fact that Jews were punished by the tribunal. The author—Mr. Marshall—from whose synopsis of these questions we have quoted, says: "Accordingly the Inquisition only punished those relapsed Jews who persisted in trying to corrupt Christians; nor did it punish them at all, if they would repent; it even allowed them to leave Spain, though it did not suffer them to remain in Spain except on the assurance that they would be harmless. What other tribunal in the world ever dealt so leniently with rebels? What other tribunal ever said to a law-breaker,

"you can do penance if you will, you can frequent the sacraments, you can hear Mass; and if you do so, you shall be allowed to go scot free; but should you persist in your intention of breaking the law you shall either be banished or imprisoned?" The Count de Maistre considered the Inquisition "the most lenient tribunal in Europe." Montalembert said that "its compassion and forgiveness were always pushed to the farthest possible point." Marshall says again: "We should insist then, that neither in object nor in process, neither in spirit nor in act, neither in its beginning nor in its ultimate development, did the Inquisition—so far as Catholic authority was concerned—sanction religious persecution. And towards the end of its history, when the Popes ascertained that there was a danger of its original purpose being abused, they requested that it should cease altogether."

There are several other points from which we would like to treat this question, and which we shall take up in future articles. For this week, however, we must confine ourselves to the general statements above written. Therefore we repeat that the Inquisition was originally, and ever principally, a political institution. But it gave a very good pretext to the enemies of Catholicity to use its judgments as arguments against the Church. And as far as the ecclesiastical connection with the tribunal is concerned, cannot we say: since the Church is the sole depository and interpreter of revealed divine truth on earth, ought she not use every legitimate means to prevent the propagation of error? Yet the Inquisition never sought to force a profession of Christianity on infidels or Jews; in order that heresy should be punishable, it was necessary that a sufficiently instructed Christian should persevere in error, and manifest in action his opposition to the authority of the Church. To show that the crimes punished by the Inquisition were considered as civil and not religious, we will quote from the "Maestruzza"—a summary on the Sacraments and Commandments, written in 1338 for the use of the inquisitors, by the Dominican Bartholomew de San Concordio. With this we will close for this week. It runs thus: "According to the civil law, soothsayers and witches should be burned; but, according to the Church, they should be deprived of Communion, if their crime be notorious; if it is secret, they should receive a penance of forty days. (C. 42.) The inquisitors cannot interfere with soothsayers and sorcerers, unless heresy is plainly to be feared. Those who relapse into heresy after having abjured it, should be delivered to the secular power, (C. 91)." The inquisitor had only to declare the person a heretic and separated from the Church; from that moment the State took him in hand.

THEOBALD MATHEW.

This is the 104th anniversary of the famous Irish apostle of temperance, the Rev. Theobald Mathew. In the course of his life that wonderful priest, patriot and reformer, administered the total abstinence pledge to over five millions of people. Perhaps in the annals of the world no greater reformer ever arose than Father-Mathew. When the Christian faith was persecuted in the East and the tomb of Christ was under the heel of Mahometanism, it became necessary to awaken Christendom to a sense of the insults hurled against the Redeemer and the degradation to which the members of the Church, in the far Orient were reduced, God at once stirred up a man in the land, and Peter the Hermit went

forth, and with potent voice made Europe ring with the dangers that menaced Christianity.

The result was the mighty crusades that have caused so many brilliant historic pages to be written, and which proved to the world the power of faith. It was even so, when the infidel and destructive influence of alcohol swept over the land, took possession of the race of men, and succeeded in wrenching Christians from the tomb of the Savior in whom they alone found salvation, that the same Almighty Power was exercised, and that His Eternal arm was stretched forth to save humanity.

As of old He raised up Moses to guide the erring Israelites through the Desert of Sin; as he raised up Peter the Hermit to stir into life the latent Christian energies of monarch and peasant; so did He raise up Theobald Mathew to carry abroad the banner of temperance and to crush forever the hydra of drink that was poisoning the aspirations of youth and the hopes of age.

What a magnificent apostle was Father Mathew. Alone; with his cross in one hand and his pledge badge in the other, he went forth into the byways and highways of the land and checked the demon at its every step, and inculcated those grand, God-inspired, lofty principles of temperance that serve to make man a human being, breathing the spirit of God, his Creator, and not a mere creature reduced to the degradation of the brutes. Irrespective of creed, the name of Father Mathew shall go thundering down the vestibule of time. Of all the great reformers, certainly he was one of the mightiest, and God blessed his work and will eternally bless all who aid in its continuation and propagation! In our next issue we will speak more fully on this subject. But this being the anniversary we cannot allow it to pass without saying at least a word in honor of the noble Catholic Irish advocate and apostle of temperance.

FATHER DENIS MURPHY, S.J., whose name has long been connected with important work in the field of Irish history, has issued a little volume that will certainly be most instructive and useful. It is a sketch of Irish history from the year 2680, before Christ, down to the year 1893 of our era. The volume is small, but most complete. It is in the form of short paragraphs, each one upon a special topic. It is a chronicle of events, without comment, criticism, or bias. It will surely be acceptable amongst all those readers who have preconceived prejudices regarding Ireland and her history. We trust that this careful compendium will receive strong encouragement, a hearty welcome and a deserved success.

EVEN in France, infidel as the country's government is to-day, there are at times some glowing examples of credit done to those heroic workers in the field of existence—the nuns of the Catholic Church. At Pau, recently, the funeral honors paid to the deceased Sister Eufrasia, Superiress of the Sisters of Charity, in that city, gave evidence of the respect and affection in which the illustrious religious was held by the people. A company of infantry, with flag and band, rendered military honors—for Sister Eufrasia belonged to the Order of the Legion of Honor. Badges of mourning were worn by the most eminent civil and military authorities and the Mayor of Pau pronounced a glowing funeral ovation. It was a scene worthy the Ages of Faith.

The creation of a Legation of the Argentine Republic to the Holy See is affirmed to be immediately expected.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon," etc.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A NEW ARRIVAL.

Though the dinner-party that day at Kilgobbin Castle was deficient in the persons of Lockwood and Walpole, the accession of Joe Atlee to the company made up in a great measure for the loss. He arrived shortly before dinner was announced, and even, in the few minutes in the drawing-room, his gay and lively manner, his pleasant flow of small talk, dashed with the lightest of epigrams, and that marvelous variety he possessed, made every one delighted with him.

"I met Walpole and Lockwood at the station, and did my utmost to make them turn back with me. You may laugh, Lord Kilgobbin, but in doing the honors of another man's house, as I was at that moment, I deem myself without a rival."

"I wish with all my heart you had succeeded; there is nothing I like as much as a well filled table," said Kearney.

"Not that their air and manner," resumed Joe, "impressed me strongly with the exuberance of their spirits; a pair of drearier dogs I have not seen for some time, and I believe I told them so."

"Did they explain their gloom, or even excuse it?" asked Dick.

"Except on the general grounds of coming away from such fascinating society. Lockwood played sulky, and scarcely vouchsafed a word; and as for Walpole, he made some high-flown speeches about his regrets and his torn sensibilities—so like what one reads in a French novel, that the very sound of them betrays unreality."

"But was it then so very impossible to be sorry for leaving this?" asked Nina, calmly.

"Certainly not for any man but Walpole."

"And why not Walpole?"

"Can you ask me? You who know people so well, and read them so clearly; you to whom the secret anatomy of the 'heart' is no mystery, and who understand how to trace the fibre of intense selfishness through every tissue of his small nature. He might be miserable at being separated from himself—there could be no other estrangement would affect him."

"This was not always your estimate of your friend," said Nina, with a marked emphasis of the last word.

"Pardon me, it was my unspoken opinion from the first hour I met him. Since then, some space of time has intervened, and though it has made no change in him, I hope it has dealt otherwise with me. I have at least reached the point in life where men not only have convictions but avow them."

"Come, come: I can remember what precious good luck you called it to make his acquaintance," cried Dick, half angrily.

"I don't deny it. I was very nigh drowning at the time, and it was the first plank I caught hold of. I am very grateful to him for the rescue; but I owe him more gratitude for the opportunity the incident gave me to see these men in their intimacy—to know, and know thoroughly, what is the range, what the stamp of those minds by which States are ruled and masses are governed. Through Walpole, I knew his master; and through the master I have come to know the slipshod intelligences which, composed of official detail, House of Commons gossip, and Times leaders, are accepted by us as statesmen. And if—"

A very supercilious smile on Nina's mouth arrested him in the current of his speech, and he said: "I know, of course I know, the question you are too polite to ask, but which quivers on your lip—'Who is the gifted creature that sees all this incompetence and insufficiency around him?' And I am quite ready to tell you. It is Joseph Atlee—Joseph Atlee, who knows that when he and others like him—for we are a strong coterie—stop the supply of ammunition, these gentlemen must cease firing. Let the Debats and the Times, the Revue de Deux Mondes and the Saturday, and a few more that I need

not stop to enumerate, strike work, and let us see how much of original thought you will obtain from your Cabinet sages! It is in the clash and collision of the thinkers outside of responsibility that these world-revered leaders catch the fire that lights up their policy. The Times made the Crimean blunder. The Siecle created the Mexican fiasco. The Kreuz Zeitung gave the first impulse to the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio; and, if I mistake not, the 'review' in the last Diplomatic Chronicle will bear results of which he who now speaks to you will not disown the parentage."

"The saints be praised, here's dinner!" exclaimed Kearney, "or this fellow would talk us into a brain fever. Kate is dining with Miss Betty again—God bless her for it!" muttered he, as he gave his arm to Nina, and led the way.

"I've got you a commission as a 'Peeler,' Dick," said Joe, as they moved along. "You'll have to prove you can read and write, which is more than they would ask of you if you were going into the Cabinet; but we live in an intellectual age, and we test all the cabin boys, and it is only the steersman we take on trust."

Though Nina was eager to resent Atlee's impertinence on Walpole, she could not help feeling interested and amused by his sketches of his travels.

If, in speaking of Greece, he only gave the substance of the article he had written for the Revue de Deux Mondes, as the paper was yet unpublished, all the remarks were novel, and the anecdotes fresh and sparkling. The tone of light banter and raillery in which he described public life in Greece and Greek statesmen, might have lost some of its authority had any one remembered to count the hours the speaker had spent at Athens; and Nina was certainly indignant at the hazardous effrontery of the criticisms. It was not, then, without intention that she arose to retire while Atlee was relating an interesting story of brigandage, and he—determined to repay the impertinence in kind—continued to recount his history as he arose to open the door for her to pass out. Her insolent look as she swept by was met by a smile of admiration on his part that actually made her cheek tingle with anger.

Old Kearney dozed off gently, under the influence of names of places and persons that did not interest him, and the two young men drew their chairs to the fire, and grew confidential at once.

"I think you have sent my cousin away in bad humor," said Dick.

"I see it," said Joe, as he slowly puffed his cigar. "That young lady's head has been so cruelly turned by flattery of late, that the man who does not swing incense before her affronts her."

"Yes; but you went out of your way to provoke her. It is true she knows little of Greece or Greeks, but it offends her to hear them slighted or ridiculed; and you took pains to do both."

"Contemptible little country! with a mock army, a mock treasury, and a mock Chamber. The only thing real is the debt and the brigandage."

"But why tell her so? You actually seemed bent on irritating her."

"Quite true—so I was. My dear Dick, you have some lessons to learn in life, and one of them is, that, just as it is bad heraldry to put color on color, it is an egregious blunder to follow flattery by flattery. The woman who has been spoiled by over-admiration must be approached with something else as unlike it as may be—pique—annoy—irritate—outrage, but take care that you interest her. Let her only come to feel what a very tiresome thing mere adulation is, and she will one day value your two or three civil speeches as gems of priceless worth. It is exactly because I deeply desire to gain her affections, I have begun in this way."

"You have come too late."

"How do you mean too late—she is not engaged?"

"She is engaged—she is to be married to Walpole."

"To Walpole!"

"Yes; he came over a few days ago to ask her. There is some question now—I don't well understand it—about some family consent, or an invitation—something, I believe, that Nina insists on, to show the world how his family welcome her among them; and it is for this he has gone to London, but to be back in eight or nine days, the wedding to take place toward the end of the month."

"Is he very much in love?"

"I should say he is."



SURPRISE SOAP

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"And she? Of course she could not possibly care for a fellow like Walpole?"

"I don't see why not. He is very much the stamp of man girls admire."

"Not girls like Nina; not girls who aspire to a position in life, and who know that the little talents of the salon no more make a man of the world than the tricks of the circus will make a fox-hunter. These ambitious women—she is one of them—will marry a hopeless idiot if he can bring wealth and rank and a great name; but they will not take a brainless creature who has to work his way up in the world. If she has accepted Walpole there is a pique in it, or ennui, or that uneasy desire of change that girls suffer from like a malady."

"I cannot tell you why, but I know she has accepted him."

"Women are not insensible to the value of second thoughts."

"You mean she might throw him over—might jilt him?"

"I'll not employ the ugly word that makes the wrong it is only meant to indicate; but there are a few of our resolves in life to which we might not move amendment, and the changed opinion a woman forms of a man before marriage would become a grievous injury if it happened after."

"But must she of necessity change?"

"If she marry Walpole, I should say certainly. If a girl has fair abilities and a strong temper—and Nina has a good share of each—she will endure faults, actual vices, in a man, but she'll not stand littleness. Walpole has nothing else; and so I hope to prove to her tomorrow and the day after—in fact, during those eight or ten days you tell me he will be absent."

"Will she let you? Will she listen to you?"

"Not at first—at last, not willingly, or very easily; but I will show her, by numerous little illustrations and even fables, where these small people not only spoil their fortunes in life, but spoil life itself; and what an irreparable blunder it is to link companionship with one of them. I will sometimes make her laugh, and I may have to make her cry—it will not be easy, but I shall do it—I shall certainly make her thoughtful; and if you can do this day by day, so that a woman will recur to the same theme pretty much in the same spirit, you must be a sorry steersman, Master Dick, but you will know how to guide these thoughts and trace the channel they shall follow."

"And supposing, which I do not believe, you could get her to break with Walpole, what could you offer her?"

"Myself!"

"Inestimable boon, doubtless; but what of fortune—position or place in life?"

"The first Napoleon used to say that the 'power of the unknown number was incommensurable; and so I don't despair of showing her that a man like myself may be anything."

Dick shook his head doubtfully, and the other went on:

"In this round game we call life it is all 'brag.' The fellow with the worst card in the pack, if he'll only risk his head on it, keep a bold face to the world and his own counsel, will be sure to win. Bear in mind, Dick, that for some time back I have been keeping the com-

pany of these great swells who sit highest in the synagogue and dictate to us small Publicans. I have listened to their hesitating counsels and their uncertain resolves; I have seen the blotted dispatches and equivocal messages given, to be disavowed if needful; I have assisted at those dress rehearsals, where speech was to follow speech, and what seemed an incautious avowal by one was to be 'improved' into a bold declaration by another, 'in another place'; in fact, my good friend, I have been near enough to measure the mighty intelligences that direct us, and if I were not a believer in Darwin I should be very much shocked for what humanity was coming to. It is no exaggeration that I say, if you were to be in the Home Office, and I at the Foreign Office, without our names being divulged, there is not a man or woman in England would be the wiser or the worse; though if either of us were to take charge of the engine of the Holyhead line, there would be a smash or an explosion before we reached Rugby."

"All that will not enable you to make a settlement on Nina Kostalergi."

"No; but I'll marry her all the same."

"I don't think so."

"Will you have a bet on it, Dick? What will you wager?"

"A thousand—ten, if I had it; but I'll give ten pounds on it, which is about as much as either of us could pay."

"Speak for yourself, Master Dick. As Robert M'caire says: 'Je viens de toucher mes dividendes,' and I am in no want of money. The fact is, so long as a man can pay for certain luxuries in life he is well off: the strictly necessary takes care of itself."

"Does it? I should like to know how."

"With your present limited knowledge of life, I doubt if I could explain it to you, but I will try one of these mornings. Meanwhile, let us go into the drawing-room and get mademoiselle to sing for us. She will sing, I take it?"

"Of course—if asked by you." And there was the very faintest tone of sneer in the words.

And they did go, and mademoiselle did sing all that Atlee could ask her for, and she was charming in every way that grace and beauty and the wish to please could make her. Indeed, to such extent did she carry her fascinations that Joe grew thoughtful at last, and muttered to himself: "There is vendetta in this. It is only a woman knows how to make a vengeance out of her attractions."

"Why are you so serious, Mr. Atlee?" asked she, at last.

"I was thinking—I mean, I was trying to think—yes, I remember it now," muttered he. "I have had a letter for you all this time in my pocket."

"A letter from Greece?" asked she, impatiently.

"No—at least, I suspect not. It was given me as I drove through the bog by a barefooted boy, who had trotted after the car for miles, and at length overtook us by the accident of the horse picking a stone in his hoof. He said it was for 'some one at the Castle,' and I offered to take charge of it—here it is," and he produced a square shaped envelope of common coarse looking paper, sealed with red wax, and a shamrock for impress.

(To be Continued.)

AT REST.

A Story Written for the "True Witness."

I.

I have sent for my landlady, Mrs. Winter, in order to arrange for the reception and entertainment of my friend and guest who is shortly to arrive. You, who are snugly sheltered within the walls of Home—with all the liberty and comfort which the name implies—can have but little idea of the agitation and absurd tremor in which I await her advent.

My name is Thomas Strong, (perhaps this is assumed—but no matter), and I am the second son of a well-known county family in the Midland district.

As a youth my education followed the traditional lines observed by the sober, respectable classes whose thrift and strength of purpose, it is claimed, has evolved the wealth and greatness of the British people. I am likewise another not uncommon result of this order of things. I am the scapegrace of the family.

It would be interesting, perhaps, to give you a sketch of my earlier days. I will only say, just now, that the governess, the tutor and the Public School first tried to set my footsteps straight upon the path of life, and that the University attempted to complete the work. In due time, thereafter, I came to London intending to enter for study at the Bar. But just here, (to be brief) I broke right down. Some crook in my nature asserted itself and instead of pushing the fortunes of the future Justice Strong, fortune pushed poor Tom to a merciless degree. I was not dissolute or wild, as the saying goes; simply an exaggerated notion of personal freedom possessed me, and I could settle to nothing requiring steady application. Parental remonstrance assailed me in vain. Home correspondence, at first fierce and frequent, dwindled to a few formal letters and then ceased. Finally, gathering together what monetary possessions I could call my own since coming of age, I parted company with all old ties and for many years, up to this moment, I have known no home but these few rooms.

I could better tell you what I do not do for a living than what I do. I am truly a Bohemian of the second class. I am a Publishers' hack, a musical critic, a penny-a-liner for the cheap press. I know a little of Painting—I decorate china cups for the trade. Being tall and of athletic build, I have even served as a model for Sir Joseph Foreground's great masterpiece the "Brigand Chief." Sometimes I get up cheap Concerts for the benefit of the poor—myself. When times are good I speculate at races and at fairs. I have been assistant to a conjuror. I am everything—your humble servant—and nobody's enemy but my own.

II.

Mrs. Winter has arranged everything to her own satisfaction, if not entirely to mine. She has rented me this floor, *en suite*, while the occasion lasts, and assures me she can make things comfortable enough for any two gentlemen. She hints at a little further mural decoration and consents to withdraw the portrait of the late Mr. W., (he was an actor), as "Second Gravedigger," from our gaze as not quite suitable. Poor soul, she tripped a little over the money part of the matter, although I made a brave noise in my pocket with a bunch of keys, a brace buckle and two pennies. And so, this part being settled, I can sit down and wait until to-morrow.

This is the very first time I have received a visit from anyone belonging to my native place.

Paul and I were boys together and as far as I remember,—so old and jaded do I feel,—we were comrades good at school and college. But when the separation came, it was final and complete. I could never more, or so I thought, come betwixt the wind and his nobility. His noble father, in his only recorded reference to myself, was pleased to say, "not only had I disgraced my family, but the Church in which I was baptized." As the worthy man could never speak without a purely personal meaning, doubtless he implied the actual church and congregation of which he was the noble and reverend Rector. Let me see. I think I can quote an old Whittaker Clergy List from memory. It ran a trifle like this:—"Trueman—Right Hon. and Rev. Sampson, M. A., Baronet, Rector of Hartfield-cum-Bluften, Chaplain Bluften Yeomanry, Chairman Hartfield Quarter

Sessions, Hon. Pres. Bluften Ladies' Guild, &c., Eldest son of the late ——" and so on, through half a page of the book. Well, well, and now I am to entertain the son, who comes, too, upon a very interesting mission. But here, read his letter in full if you like:

The Rectory, Hatfield, Oct. 5, 189—.

"My dear old Friend,—Dare I hope that you have still some recollection of myself. Truly I am to blame that time has placed so long a separation upon us! But you, Tom, have hidden yourself so carefully away that I am surprised I was fortunately able, at last, to find you. You remember my father, and the course he took during that dreadful time which resulted in—yes, I will say it—which resulted in your being driven from home Tom, you never knew how, in your absence, I defended you. I shall never forget your mother when she came with streaming eyes, in spite of stern command, to thank and bless me. But, why stir up these bitter memories. Time is the Great Consoler, Tom. Surely, your father, with his weight of years, and your mother with her gentle faith, deserve, and will surely get, reward. But now to write in lighter mood, and the object of this letter.

You know the course of life which has been marked out for me. That I should follow the example of my father and become a clergyman of the Church and in due time, at his decease, a titled parson. Also, which perhaps you do not know, that in order to perpetuate so desirable a family affair I should marry early, and marry money. This latter has already found for me in the person of Miss Julia Dimer, a young lady of great beauty, whose father is immensely rich and something in the Calico Printing line. They reside in London, and I am given to understand not a hundred miles from your abode.

Well, to this fair lady I am engaged. Nay more, wedding preparations go on apace and I suppose a few weeks more will see the marriage day securely fixed. According, however, to strict Church Law the contracting parties must reside for a given period within the limits of the same parish. As my bride-to-be lives in London, to London I come, first writing, however, to my old friend Thomas Strong, begging his hospitality for the time.

Tom, lad, take me in. I am sick at heart, not in the way you think I mean,—but take me in, and over clasped hands we will tell our stories, and pray that good may follow.

Faithfully yours,

PAUL TRUEMAN."

A pretty letter you say? Yes. I telegraphed him, "come to-morrow."

III.

Paul has been with me for some weeks now, much longer than necessary for the object in view, and yet he makes no sign.

I know he spends nearly every evening with the Dimers, but, so far, I have received no invitation from them. Surely he would mention me and common courtesy would demand some recognition. He is strange too. Greatly altered from his former self. Different, even from the day he first came here. Perhaps I have offended him.

I never care to talk theology with anyone, but not very long ago he undertook to chide me for what he called my free thought views, and then we had a fair, square fight. I confess to you he nearly got the best of me. Once, however, I found a way to silence him. "You," I cried, "you the son of your father, destined to follow in his footsteps, look at that old hypocrite—do you call him a preacher of the Gospel, nay, do you call him a follower of the Man, Jesus, do you, do you?" He turned perfectly livid—I thought he would faint—shrinking as from a blow, he paused and then gasped out "I do not," and quietly walked away.

I followed him to his room, but the door was locked. Never do I wish to hear such bitter sobs come forth from heart of man again. "What had I done, what had I done?"

Next day, however, he greeted me cheerfully as usual.

IV.

The long looked for invitation has come at last. A formal evening reception at which I presume will be a fair proportion of fashion and commerce.

Paul does not seem at all elated at the prospect. Our cards came yesterday whilst we were seated at dinner. He had been absent all day, his usual cus-

tom for some time past. On one occasion I offered to company him, but he answered rather curtly, "I had better stay at home and mind my own business—if I had any," and he would take himself out of the way in order that I might the better do so. Since then, I have let him have his own way, although I cannot see what pleasure he can have sightseeing all alone. However, this party may shake him up a little.

"Quite a swell affair," I said, "apparently Miss Dimer wishes to close her days of maidenhood in a perfect whirl of splendor." And you, I suppose, will be the envied one of all."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "Dimer likes to spend money when there's anything to show for it. The affair will cost a small fortune."

"What sort of people shall we meet there?"

"That's what I'm curious about myself, because, you see, the occasion—to quote this miserable cross between a tradesman's circular and a dancing assembly permit—is 'to celebrate the coming nuptial of Miss Julia Dimer.' Now, as everyone knows, she is engaged to a future Apostle of the Church Militant, and as this Apostle is a representative of the titled aristocracy, and as Dimer simply represents Calico, the problem is how to harmonize this interesting and unique trinity with the rest. The compilation of the guest-list must have been a truly difficult task. But, as Mrs. Dimer would say—"You wait and see."

I laughed, although I could see he spoke more than half in earnest, in fact this little outburst confirmed my impression of some subtle alteration in him.

"By the way," he continued, "what date do they give, oh, yes, a week from to-night. That will just give me time to fulfil an appointment—business which cannot be further delayed. Tom, you won't mind my leaving you for a few days. I fear, lad, I have already overstayed my welcome."

Thinking, of course, that he intended to run home and give them all the news to date, receiving in return a hint as to what early day he should urge the fair one to fix the wedding, I smiled consent, adding that I supposed he might bring the Pater back to London with him in order to officiate at the great event.

"Time enough for that," he said, "the old gentleman don't like London since he missed the appointment of Canon of St. Paul's."

"When do you start?"

"Some time to-morrow, I think, and then after a few more words and a silent smoke, we separated for the night. Next morning, early, he was gone.

V.

The night of the reception was one of the finest I ever beheld. The moon and stars were out in all their splendor, and even the city atmosphere was, for once, swept clear by a gentle and persuasive breeze. We stood in the hall, waiting for Mrs. Winter, who had gone for our conveyance. In full dress Paul always looked well—true test—at least in outward seeming, of a gentleman. To-night he looked grand. Flushed, yet perfectly calm he stood, slightly stooped, apparently lost in thought. His eyes gazed steadily upon the palm of his gloved hand, as if he thought how soon it was to take, for better or for worse, one other—fair and fragile—within its grasp.

Suddenly, he said, "let us walk. We can throw our ulsters on, and the foot-path is quite dry. You know it isn't far and the style of our arrival will not be noticed in the crush." So we arranged with Mrs. Winter about the carriage, and stepped out into the cool night air. Just as our feet touched the last step there burst out a most beautiful chime of bells. "Some Catholic Saint Day," I said, "and now I think of it, there is a Church of some description near here, you must have noticed it. We shall pass it directly." "Yes, I know," he replied. And we marched along keeping time to their gentle cadence. As we turned the corner we came upon the Church, looming large and stately, casting fantastic outlines upon the open space. The moon shone high over the spire and cast the shadow of the Cross athwart our path. When we approached the main entrance, Paul said, very quietly, "Let us go in and rest." Silently we opened the door, and silently we passed in, I leading some few steps. I took him about half way up the centre aisle and then crept into a pew, he following.

Bolt upright I sat taking in the novelty of the situation. Truth to tell, I had never set foot in a church for years.

There were but few present, and the dead calm of the place was hateful even to me. We must have been there for some time, when all at once the altar seemed to gather light, and people rapidly filled in. I turned for the first time to look at Paul. He sat with his head bowed upon his arms, his hands were clasped together in advance, and, as I live, there, glinting between his fingers, creeping over and across his wrists, the little Cross swaying gently underneath, were a chaplet of beads, the silver flashing like tiny bracelets in the gloom. I put my hand upon his shoulder. "Come."

VI.

"Yes, Tom, the people thought me drunk, or a madman—and she thought me a fool—and told me so. Beauty can be very impolite at times. I'm sorry I spoilt your evening. The patronage of a man like Dimer would have been of use to you. But to this pass it had to come and all is over now.

You did not guess what took me out so much both day and night. Truly not Dimer or his daughter, as you thought. I have been most strangely led. And yet so simple is the story that I marvel at so great a result. What began it all? you ask. My father, from the very first. Surely you must see how doctrines taught by such as he react against themselves. But when experimental practice is tried upon an only son it is time indeed to test them. And this I did.

Obediently I followed out his plans, reserving to myself the right to judge them as a free and honest man. True to my pledge, I came to London. You know how faithfully I tried to carry out the scheme. But the more I tried the more I failed. I soon found out the hollow heartlessness of her I sought to be my wife. In this regard, thank God, there is no damage done on either side. As for Dimer and his money—my father and he, I suppose, are sworn foes now.

Well, in my great and sore perplexity, chance, (as you would say) brought to my aid a friend and counsellor who taught me the only true and manly way to end all doubt and difficulty. Lest you think, Tom, that I sermonize, let me tell you simply this: Into that Church I had been a dozen and a dozen times before, and that blessed night it was your own hand that led me into the self-same place where I had sat and fought and gained the victory.

And now, think you, what are my future plans. With my father I shall make my peace as best I may. As a son, I offer him all filial obedience except in matters of conscience and of right. From my mother I shall crave her blessing e'er I go. For to this end I am resolved. I purpose shortly to depart for Canada, where, free from all old influences, I may find that peace for which I search."

VII.

How strange it all turns out. Paul has not sailed alone, for in the language of the immortal jester, "here we are again." We are steaming up the St. Lawrence. At daybreak, they say, Montreal will be in sight. Yes, it is true, I see the city now rising up as through a mist. Paul, come here, it is a glorious sight. We are edging in closer and closer. A little knot of sailors gather around us and we stand silently watching. At length, as if by magic, sharply outlined against the reddening sky, a figure appears with open arms as if in blessing. All heads are bowed. Paul stands close by my side. I slip my hand in his. "Paul, my brother, I too, would be at rest."

ROBERT B. MAY.

A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY SAYS:

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

[In our last issue we stated that this column would be open for young boys and girls desirous of trying their pens. We are pleased to find that already we have had a few communications from our youthful readers. We give them below, and hope that next week the whole of the Youth's Department will be filled with original matter.—ED. TRUE WITNESS]

A DIALOGUE.

TOMMY—Well, Mickey, how much are you going to spend at St. Ann's bazaar?

MICKEY—Well, Tommy, I really don't know; but whatever one spends at a bazaar is well spent.

TOMMY—Why do you say it is well spent, Mickey?

MICKEY—Well, Tommy, it is so well spent that you never see it any more.

TOMMY—Well, Mickey, I think your views on this point are somewhat erroneous, because what is spent at a charitable bazaar is given to the poor; what is given to the poor is lent to God; and what is lent to God will be repaid one hundredfold in this life and in the next.

MICKEY—You are right, Tommy; I thank you for your kind correction and clear explanation; this is the true idea of a Catholic bazaar.

[We trust that the older parishioners will come to the same conclusion as have Tommy and Mickey.]

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

MONTREAL, October 8, 1894.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—Wonderful things have taken place here since I last wrote you. One of the most important is the enrollment of all the boys as members of the League of the Sacred Heart. This I consider a most important event, as it involves the dearest of our interests. It is the greatest devotion in the Catholic Church, and especially the devotion of the nineteenth century. Rev. Father Nolan gave us a most interesting instruction on the subject of this devotion last Friday. This was very kind of the Rev. Father, and it shows what a great desire he has to promote this devotion, and if we are faithful with its practices it will be a great source of benediction to our school.

JAMES PHELAN.

[James does well to draw the attention of his young friends to such an important subject. It is thus that really beneficial practices are encouraged and made successful.]

A SAD ACCIDENT.

MONTREAL, Oct. 8, 1894.

MY DEAR CHARLIE—I have sad news to give you. Eddy Mahar was accidentally killed on Saturday. He was preparing to become a conductor on the street cars, and was to assume the position to-day. But "man proposes and God disposes." While he was stepping from one car to another, he slipped and fell between the cars and was run over and horribly mangled. Poor fellow, I am so sorry; he was a former pupil of our school and always conducted himself as a true Christian young man. Though his end was sudden, I hope he was found prepared. It is our duty to pray for the repose of his soul. It is also a great warning to us to practise the gospel precept: "Be ye always ready."

J. MANNING.

[This is a loving and Catholic tribute, and young master Manning deserves high praise for his thoughtfulness and the pious sentiments that he expresses.]

OUR LANGUAGE.

MONTREAL, Oct. 8, 1894.

DEAR JOSEPH,—If I may take the liberty to give you a word of advice, I would recommend you the study of our language. It is a precious study, but this labor thus spent will be amply rewarded. It is while we are young that we should endeavor to speak and write; simple and beautiful language as it can never be acquired in after life. Ours is a noble language, spoken to-day in every quarter of the globe. It is destined to exercise a great influence in the future

of the world's history and literature. I would recommend you "Lessons in English Literature," by John O'Kane Murray. It is a small work, but very interesting and instructive for elementary schools.

J. M. SCOTT.

[This is good sound advice and we would be glad to find Master Scott's remarks reproduced for the benefit of every school in Canada. He is a wise boy and good student.]

FATHER'S VACATION.

Nobody had thought of the possibility of father having a vacation. As soon as the hot weather began, father made arrangements for mother and the children to go into the country. It had been his custom for years, and he was happy in the thought that he was able to have them take this outing, which the children looked forward to with pleasant anticipations the whole year round.

But what of father in the meantime? He slept in the deserted house in the city, and took his meals at restaurants. Of course, he was lonely and weary with the depressing state of the weather, and his food did not relish as it did when it was cooked at home. But he did not mind that, as long as his family were having a good time in the country. He could not spend over two Sundays with them during the whole season, as it was necessary for him to look closely after his business, for there was much competition in his line of work.

Of course, father would enjoy a stay in the country, too. He likes to fish and walk in the woods, or drive over the pleasant roads, and when he was a boy, boating was his especial delight. He enters into the children's good time with his whole heart when he reads their letters, or hears them give an account of the fun when the summer was over. But, poor man, he must feel in his heart, like Glory McQuirk, "so many good times, but I can't be in 'em."

Now, girls and boys, do you realize all your father sacrifices that you may have a good and happy vacation? Do you appreciate his goodness enough to put your wits to work to devise ways and means to have him get an outing, if only a short one? Could not you, older brothers, who are having the advantages of college and travel at his expense, give up part of your vacation to help him in the store or office, so he can get off for a change and rest? It seems as if there might be some such arrangement made. Perhaps he will say that he cannot afford it; then let the girls give up some extra expenses, that he may have the surplus for his car fare and board bill.

All honor to the self-sacrificing, hard-working father, who sees that his family has so many pleasures and comforts, notwithstanding he suffers discomforts in consequence.

I never saw a crowd of school children going along the street, well clothed and shod, that I do not think what a persevering and patient class of hard-working fathers they represent. Many of the fathers have small incomes, too, and

even the one item of buying shoes for the little ones is considerable. Don't you all wish that every dear father could get a vacation this year?—*Young Catholic.*

Babies

ought to be fat. Give the Thin Babies a chance. Give them

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, with hypophosphites, and watch them grow Fat, Chubby, Healthy, Bright. *Physicians, the world over, endorse it.*

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES DEAD

THE GREAT AUTHOR PASSES AWAY AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY FIVE.

By the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes another great man has passed for ever from the stage of life. Dr. Holmes, famous poet and author and most genial of philosophers, died in Boston, at noon, on Sunday last. He was born at Cambridge, Mass. August 29 1809, graduated at Harvard College, in 1829, and began the study of law but later abandoned it for medicine. In 1838, Dr. Holmes was elected Professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College; and in 1847 was appointed to a similar professorship in the medical school of Harvard University, from which he retired in 1852. As early as 1831 his contributions in verse appeared in various periodicals and his reputation as a poet was established by the delivery of a metrical essay entitled *Poetry* which was followed by others in rapid succession. As a writer of songs, lyrics and poems for festive occasions he occupied first place. He was for many years a popular lecturer. In 1857 he began in the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of articles under the title of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which were followed in 1860 by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," in 1882 by "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." It is by these three works that the public know him best brimming with geniality as they are, there is, in every line, full evidence of the perspicacity of the strong intellect that conceived them. Quip and epigram nestle quietly for a time among the gravest thoughts on their pages and then sparkle suddenly forth enhanced to double brightness by the gravity of the context. Holmes was not only a writer of genial philosophical prose, like the Poet at the Breakfast Table, the Professor at the Breakfast Table, and the Autocrat at the Breakfast Table, but was also a writer of the most charming verse, a poet fully American in sympathies, yet a poet who was read with equal pleasure in all the English speaking world. Holmes may not be counted one of the greatest verse writing poets of the century, but his pathetically humorous story of the "One Hoss Shay" would alone have kept his memory green for generations in the minds of thousands and his prose works will always stand unique and inimitable. In the beginning of the century there came into the world some half dozen men who were to see life in every decade of the century, and who, as they lived, were to gather increasing honors with every year that passed them by, Oliver Wendell Holmes was in America the last of this grand sextette of eminent men, whose names for generations will stand brightest in the history of our century. In Europe, there are still living, Gladstone, Bismarck, and His Holiness the Pope. But now that Dr. Wendell Holmes is dead, America has lost one of the founders of her literature and the world has lost its most genial and most lovable poet.

THE MONTH'S MIND.

The "Month's Mind" for the late Hon. C. F. Fraser was celebrated on Wednesday last, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Brockville. The Very Rev. Vicar-General Gauthier presided in the sanctuary; and the Rev. Father Collins, curate St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, sung the solemn High Mass. The ceremonies throughout were most impressive; and the several members of the choir rendered their parts with much taste and feeling. A large number of the faithful came to offer their prayers during the Holy Sacrifice for the repose of the soul of the departed statesman.

A biography of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., has been published in two large volumes at Paris. It is written by Mgr. De T'Sercias, President of the Belgian College in Rome, Domestic Prelate of His Holiness. The preface is written by Mgr. Bannard, Doctor of the Catholic Faculty of Lille.

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THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He Had Over-drawn His Health Account—How he Met the Crisis and Returned to His Duties With Renewed Health.

From the Springfield, Ill., Journal.

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill. there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin, whose 72 years are crowded with noble deeds in the Christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as is too often the case, I overestimated my physical resources, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eighteen years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my friends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physically and mentally. I had so lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. About two years ago, to intensify matters, I was seized with a severe attack of la grippe. I recovered only partially from it and had frequent returns of that indescribable feeling which accompanies and follows that strange malady. I looked in vain for something to bring relief and finally I read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something seemed to tell me that they would do me good and I commenced using them. They gave me additional strength from the start and toned up my system from a condition of almost absolute prostration so that I was able again to resume my duties as a minister. The improvement was simply marvellous, and the credit is due Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mrs. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself. I have been troubled for years with what our Physician, Dr. Hewitt, called rheumatic paralysis, and since taking the Pink Pills I have been stronger and the pain in my right arm and hand is less acute. We keep the pills in the house all the time, and they do me a great deal of good in the way of toning up my system and strengthening me."

In all cases like the above Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or \$2.50 for 6 boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of substitutes and nostrums alleged to be "just as good."

THE STAGE.

SHAKESPEARE'S GRAND CONCEPTION.

This week we have in Montreal, in the person of Mr. James O'Neill, one of the leading histrionic characters of the present time. He is here to unfold for us the characters of Virginius, Richelieu, Monte Cristo and others, in a thoroughly classical and novel light. The best testimony of Mr. O'Neill's powers that we could produce is that of Rev. Father Cornelius Kelly, of St. Charles Church, Woonsocket, R.I., who, on a recent occasion, being called upon to address a number of gentlemen assembled to do honor to Mr. O'Neill, said:

"It is only degradation that fosters abuse. There never was a time when

the legitimate stage was not fitly respected and lauded by both public and pulpit, that is at least that class of the pulpit that is broad enough to appreciate art in any form. When actors like Mr. O'Neill produce plays like Virginius, one of the strongest lessons in virtue, they ought to be encouraged in every way.

"My first visit to the theatre was fourteen years ago to see Julius Cæsar, with E. L. Davenport as Brutus, Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, and Frederick Warde as Mark Antony. The performance took place in Fall River, and ever since that time I have been a constant patron of the legitimate drama. In fact, I may say that my best moments are those spent in enjoying a classical play by a good actor, such as has been my fortune to witness to-night.

"I never understood the opposition of some clergymen to the stage. In my opinion the pulpit and the stage are one; they both teach lessons, and both have the same mission. I have many fellow clergymen friends who like the legitimate drama, and I can say for them, as I say for myself, that a few more performances like the one we have seen to-night would be of inestimable value for any community."

We welcome Mr. O'Neill most heartily, for we know how much the theatrical profession requires an elevation of tone and a grander ideal for guidance. And if ever such are to be attained, it is through the instrumentality of men like Mr. O'Neill, who have a lofty conception of their profession, and who seek to exalt rather than debase the public taste. As we need good literature to counteract the influences of evil literature, so do we need great, good and grand artists—of O'Neill's stamp—to crush out the pernicious influence of degraded theatres so prevalent in our day.

ST. ANNS READING CIRCLE.

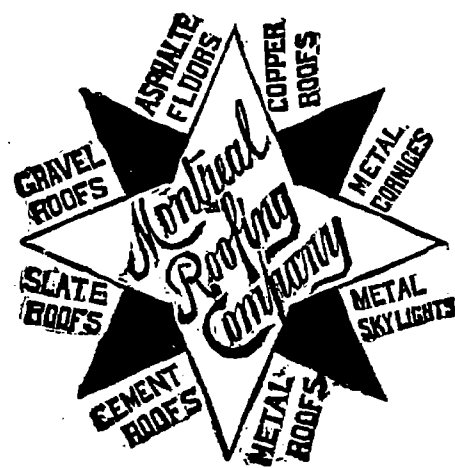
The young men of St. Ann's Reading Circle met on Sunday afternoon. There was a fair attendance, and a large number of young men entered their names as students in the class that will be formed in connection with the reading circle. This class will have for its purpose the dissemination among the young men of a better appreciation of literary masterpieces. The interest the young men are now taking in it augurs well for its future success and utility.

ST. MARY'S FANCY FAIR.

The cake and candy competition has proved to be a most interesting feature of the Fair and a large number of ladies have already signified their intention of entering for the prizes. In the general matters of the fancy fair the committee ladies are working more energetically than ever, and their efforts without doubt will be crowned with every success.

ARNOLD READING CIRCLE.

The Arnold reading circle met on Sunday afternoon in St. Ann's school. Essays were read by R. Hart and C. Simon. The historical subject was the House of Plantagenet; the following members took part in the debate:—W. Scott, J. O. Dowd, G. Gummersoil, J. Quinn, F. J. Burns.



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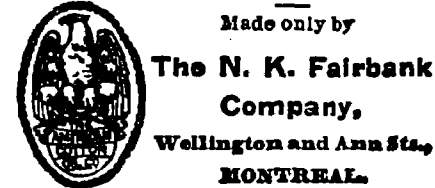
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Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—

Patent Spring.....	\$3.20 @ 3.40
Ontario Patent.....	2.95 @ 3.05
Straight Roller.....	2.65 @ 2.85
Extra.....	2.40 @ 2.60
Superfine.....	2.15 @ 2.35
City Strong Bakers.....	3.25 @ 3.30
Manitoba Bakers.....	3.10 @ 3.20
Ontario bags—extra.....	1.25 @ 1.30
Straight Rollers.....	1.85 @ 1.45

Oatmeal.—We quote as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Standard, \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.90 to \$2.00, and standard at \$1.85 to \$1.95. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are quoted at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls. and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.40 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—We quote \$18 to \$18.25, with a good demand. Shorts are scarce and wanted, with sales of car lots last reported at \$17.00 to \$18.00, as to grade. Moullie is steady at \$20 to \$22 as to quality.

Wheat.—West of Toronto red winter wheat has been delivered at mills at 48c and 49c, and white do has sold at 50c to 51c. Manitoba No. 1 hard is said to have been placed at 53c, Fort William, which is equal to 6c to 6c laid down here.

Corn.—Market quiet at 61c to 62c duty paid, and 55 to 56c in bond.

Peas.—The market has declined 3c to 4c per bushel since our last report, with sales of 5 or 6 carloads in store at 67c per 60 lbs. They are offered freely in the Stratford district at 50c (c.o.b. per 60) lbs.

Oats.—No. 3 are quoted at 53c to 54c per 34 lbs. The market is easier in the West at 26c f.o.b. at Western points, but there is no export demand.

Barley.—We quote malting grades No. 1 at 56c to 58c, and feed at 47c to 48c.

Rye.—Last sales were reported at 52c in car lots in store.

Buckwheat.—Last sales reported at 48c in store, and we quote 48c to 49c.

Malt.—Prices are quoted at 72c to 80c as to quality and quantity.

Seeds.—The market for alfalfa is easier and 20c to 25c lower in sympathy with the West, and timothy and red clover are easier.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote prices as follows:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl....	\$20 00 @ 22 06
Canada short cut, light, per bbl....	19 00 @ 20 00
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl....	18 00 @ 18 50
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl....	18 00 @ 18 50
Extra mess beef, per bbl....	10 00 @ 10 50
Plate beef, per bbl....	14 00 @ 14 50
Hams, per lb.....	11 @ 11 1/2
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....	9 1/2 @ 10
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....	7 1/2 @ 7 3/4
Bacon, per lb.....	12 1/2 @ 13
Shoulders, per lb.....	9 @ 9 1/2

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—

Creamery, September.....	20c to 21c
Creamery, August.....	19c to 19 1/2c
Eastern Townships dairy.....	16 1/2c to 16c
Western.....	14 1/2c to 16c

Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.

Cheese.—We quote:—

Finest Western, colored.....	10 1/2c to 11c
" white.....	10 1/2c to 10 3/4c
" Quebec, colored.....	10 1/2c to 10 3/4c
" white.....	10 1/2c to 10 3/4c
Under grades.....	9c to 10c
Cable.....	50s

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of fresh fall eggs at 13c to 14c in round lots. A good many culis have been sold in this market at 12c to 13c.

Beans.—The market is quiet at \$1.20 to \$1.45 for fair to choice stock.

Honey.—There is a fair demand for extracted at 7c to 7 1/2c, choice bright stock in single tins bringing 8c. New comb 11c to 13c per lb as to quality, the latter for choice white clover.

Baled Hay.—No. 2 quiet, with sales at country points at \$5.50 to \$6.50 f.o.b. as to quality and position. Alongside ship sales are reported at \$7.00 to \$7.50 for No. 2. No. 1 hay \$8.50 to \$9.00.

Hops.—New early varieties are quoted at 9c to 10c. Yearlings at 6c to 7c.

FRUITS, Etc

Apples.—Very slow at \$1.50 to \$2.00 for recent stock and \$2.00 to \$2.50 for fancy red fall varieties.

Oranges.—Jamaica oranges are commanding fair sales at \$3.50 to \$6.00 per barrel and Rodi \$4.50 to \$5.50 per box.

Lemons.—Prices have advanced fully \$1 to \$1.50 per box for new stock, and we quote \$2.50 to \$3.50 for choice, and \$4 to \$5 for fancy.

Bananas.—We quote 75c to \$1.00 per bunch with only a limited demand.

Peaches.—Canada and peaches are selling at 75c to 9c per basket. California peaches are only in fair demand at \$2 per box.

Pears.—We quote prices as follows:—Canadian pears \$3 to \$7 per barrel, \$3.50 per keg and 50c to 75c per basket. California pears are selling at \$4 per box.

Grapes.—We quote the following prices:—Blue 2c to 2 1/2c, Niagara 2 1/2c, Delaware 3c to 3 1/2c America \$5.00 per keg.

Cranberries.—Prices are very high, namely \$10 to \$10.50 per barrel.

Potatoes.—Potatoes are reported to be selling very slowly at 52c per bag on track, and we quote jobbing lots at 5c to 6c per bag of 90 lbs.

Sweet Potatoes.—There is a good demand for sweet potatoes at \$2 to \$3 per barrel.

Onions.—The supply of Spanish onions so far has been very limited, and they are meeting with ready demand at 90c to \$1 per crate.

FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—Newfoundland shore herring have been placed at \$4.00 to \$4.50 per bbl. Cape Breton herring have sold at \$5.00 to \$5.50 as to quality. Salmon is quoted at \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small in bbls, and at \$14.50 to \$15.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia is quoted at \$9 to \$10. Dry cod \$4.50. Green cod in large supply, and quoted at \$4.25 to \$4.50.

Canned Fish.—Lobsters \$6.50 to \$7 per case. Mackerel \$3.60 to \$3.70 per case.

Oils.—Jobbing lots of steam refined seal oil are quoted at 35c to 36c. Cod oil is quoted at 34c to 35c for Newfoundland and 31c to 33c for Halifax and Gaspe. These prices would be shaded for round lots. Newfoundland cod liver oil 65c to 70c.

-THE-

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The footsore wanderer will find solace in a footbath of hot-salum water every night before going to bed. With the best of care the feet are apt to be tender and troublesome in the warm months, and this simple treatment will be then found most efficacious.

Do not wear the paint and varnish from woodwork and furniture with soapy water and scrubbing-brush, in order to remove the fly-specks; use instead a cloth saturated with kerosene; the specks and dirt will quickly disappear, and the furniture will not be injured.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The cheviots which are selling for fall and winter gowns show more beautiful combinations of color than ever before. The warm understones of red give charming effects, and the dashes of bright color on a dark background are extremely stylish. The new cheviot gowns are made with vests of a contrasting color and trimmed with conspicuously large buttons. One stylish costume recently imported was of brown cheviot flecked with heliotrope in a rather indistinct manner. The skirt was made plain, with the fulness drawn toward the back in box plaits. The bodice was slightly gathered over the corsage and worn with a vest of dark heliotrope cloth.

A stock collar and deep cuffs of heliotrope velvet completed the effect. The cheviots of brown and tan are woven in any number of stylish designs. Bronze buttons with a mother-of-pearl ornament are chiefly used as their trimming.

Draped skirts are fighting for distinction. They are in reality overskirts idealized. The majority of new silk gowns are made with draped skirts, and they are graceful and charming to behold. Cloth skirts, however, are still plain.

The corn-flower blue heads the list of fashionable colors. A soft magenta shade of red known as Francais is new and popular. In greens Lincoln is the latest. It is a rather bright green and combines effectively. A touch of it is used in many of the dark hats. Perhaps bronze brown is really the color of the hour. Almost every gown displays a shade of brown. A soft chocolate tint is even showing itself in evening silks. Pale shades of blue, violet or old rose are striped or flecked with it.

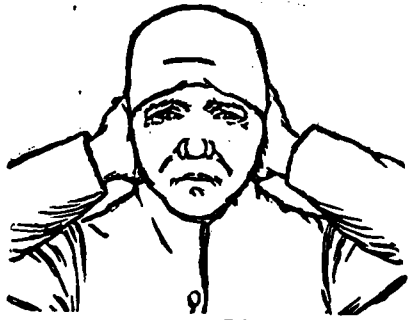
French toques of velvet jauntily fashioned are the favorite headgear for autumn. Those of black velvet are most in demand. Many of them look like an indented puff. Frequently they are framed by a band of black feather trimming and glisten in front with a jet aigrette. The feather trimming will give place to a band of fur later in the season.

The tight-fitting bodice is vanishing from the world of fashion. Madam rarely designs it unless the beauty of a woman's figure commands it. The bodice up-to-date is usually draped over the corsage or a full vest is worn. Trimming in abundance is useful.

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The parents are requested to send the pupils as early as possible. 5-13

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Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

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D. MARSOLAIS, M. D. Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1895.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Félix de Valois.

I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, as it was in youth, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principle ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise in a high degree an emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.

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CANADA: PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 278. Dame Alice Jane Swail, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, wife of George W. Clarke, Trader, of the same place, gives notice that she has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband.

HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

[From London Catholic Times.]

Last evening the Catholic Truth Society Conference was opened in the Public Hall, at Preston. 5000 people being present. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Vaughan, presided. Cardinal Vaughan, who had selected as the subject for his opening address "The Reunion of Christendom," observed that one of the happiest signs of the times was the growing desire for the reunion of Christendom. This noble aspiration manifested itself outside the Church in societies at home and conferences abroad. It witnessed to a state of dissatisfaction with the religious divisions which covered England, and it recognized, at least in some degree, the incalculable evils which sprang from the sin of schism. The pressure of grace and the Catholic instinct carried the minds of some still further. No movement towards the reunion of Christendom was to be found among the French, the German, or the Scandinavian Protestants. A Divine grace had been poured out over England for which they could not be too deeply thankful. There were some among the promoters of reunion who thrust aside as intolerable all idea of communion with the Catholic Church. Now any proposal for the reunion of Christendom, which did not include the Apostolic See and the 240,000,000 of Christians in communion with it, would be self-refuted and meaningless, for there could be no reunion of Christendom with more than half the Christian world left out. (Hear, hear.) It was said that the Catholic Church was intolerant and uncompromising. She certainly could not accept reunion on a basis of common formularies or creeds while each one was left to give to doctrines expressed in them his own meaning and interpretation. Unity of this sort the Catholic Church repudiated as dishonest and mechanical. Secondly, she could not accept reunion based upon an exclusive belief in the historical Christ, human and Divine. The unity must be based upon Christ as a living Divine Teacher, and it must be one of true discipleship. Thirdly, the Catholic Church could not accept reunion or communion were it even to unite the whole human race on the condition of change, or modification, or compromise in her own Divine constitution, the charter of which was drawn up by her Divine Founder. But the Church was free, for the sake of some greater good, to admit changes and modifications in her discipline and in legislation which concerned times and circumstances. Nor would she hesitate again to make concessions, as she did in times past for the sake of some great good, could they be shown to surpass in value adhesion to the points of discipline to be relaxed. No question of reunion could be seriously entertained without a recognition of the principle and the fact of the unity of the Catholic Church. Our Divine Lord before He went out to supper offered up publicly, within hearing of His Apostles, a prayer to His Eternal Father. The prayer was that a visible mark of unity should distinguish His Church. The unity of the Catholic Church was visible and tangible, and there was nothing like it in the world, for it was neither geographical nor racial, but a

standing miracle before the eyes of men. Contrast this with Anglicanism. The Church of England had failed to maintain unity in spite of the enormous influence of wealth, the prestige of social station, and in spite of most generous recourse to fines, imprisonments, tortures, and executions. And now, as one of their own Bishops had declared, Anglicans were more widely separated in doctrine from one another within their own Church than they were separated from the Nonconformists who were without. He would beseech those Anglican friends who boasted of their continuity of doctrine of the old Church of England, and who professed to desire reunion, to take into serious consideration the teaching of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers as to the vital necessity of union with Rome. What, then, were the prospects of reunion? There could be only two bases of reunion so far as doctrine and authority were concerned—(1) compromise, that was, federation and mutual recognition; (2) submission, that was individual or corporate absorption. The first was inconsistent with the Divine constitution of the Church; there remained only the second. Their hopes of a gradual submission by an ever-increasing number of Anglicans rested on the following evident facts:—1. The growing realization of the Catholic, and therefore of the non-national, character of the Church of Christ and the increasing distrust of national limitations in the idea of religion. 2. The growing appreciation of Catholic doctrines and devout practices, and a sensible diminution of the difficulties and prejudices that have hitherto obscured them. Their hopes also rested upon the growing acquaintance of the people with the past history of the Catholic Church, the opening up of its records, the increasing fairness of writers and readers, the dropping away of ancient prejudices, and the constant growth of an open mind as one generation handed down its experience to another. (Cheers.)

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