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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE

Takes Formal Possession of the Archdiocese.

Important Sermon by Very Rev. Superior Colm, S.S., and Touching Reply by His Grace.

Sunday evening the Cathedral of St. James the Greater was thronged to the doors by not only the clergy of the city of Montreal, but by all the Catholics of the Archdiocese who could possibly be present. It may be said to have been the first happy solemnity held within its walls. It is true St. James Cathedral has been the scene of many important functions of the Church, but the great majority of them were funeral obsequies of the revered and beloved dead. Archbishop Fabre, Canon Bourgeault and almost a score of notable and devoted priests received the last blessing of the Church on their mortal remains before their altars, so, therefore, when the faithful assembled on Sunday evening to see Archbishop Bruchese take formal possession of the throne of the archdiocese, they came together to attend what might be designated as the first joyous ceremony of importance which had taken place within the walls of the sacred edifice.

The ceremony commenced in the reception room of the Archbishop's Palace by Archbishop Bruchese signing the document which makes him Archbishop of the Archdiocese. The Papal Briefs were then read by the master of ceremonies, the Rev. Father Perron. His Grace then left the Palace and proceeded to the Cathedral, followed by all the members of the Chapter. On entering the chancel the Archbishop, attired in the robes of a simple priest, knelt on the first step of the altar and kissed the holy stone containing the relics of the saints, arose and took possession of the Episcopal Throne.

The Te Deum was then intoned by the choir, after which Rev. Father Colm, Superior of the Seminary, delivered the sermon for the occasion, speaking in French. He chose as his text, "I shall give you pastors after your own hearts." In the course of his sermon Abbe Colm bestowed a splendid panegyric on the new Archbishop in stating that he was indeed a pastor after the hearts of his faithful of Montreal. "The love and trust of your people," he said, turning to Mgr. Bruchese, "is well exemplified in the motto you have selected: 'In Domino Confido,' 'In God I trust.' You are beloved of your people already." The speaker then proceeded to define the power and authority of an Archbishop of the Catholic Church. An Archbishop could execute sacred functions but the power to govern lies in the words of the Pope alone. In conclusion he referred to the anxiety that the Pope had displayed ever since the Archdiocese became vacant by the death of the late lamented Mgr. Fabre to see that his successor should be chosen with care and forethought, and it was only after weighty consideration that the choice fell on Mgr. Bruchese.

The Archbishop-Designate then addressed the congregation. He said that he felt a spirit of diffidence when he considered the eminent prelates whom he had been called upon to succeed and he could only pray that God would give him the same spirit that animated Bishop Lartigue, Bishop Bourget, and Archbishop Fabre, those devoted servants of Christ who had gone to their reward. When God in the effluxion of time would call him to Him-self, his great consolation would be that he had followed faithfully in their footsteps. He thanked all for the kind sympathy expressed by all to him on his elevation to the Archbishopric and particularly those who, belonging to a different faith, had sent him their good wishes.

The ceremony was concluded with the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, the Archbishop-Designate being the celebrant.

Bishop Emard of Valleyfield attended at the function.

The following letter accompanied the delivery of the Papal Briefs by Canon Decelle. It is from the hands of Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe:

"I had last night the great honor and the sweet consolation to receive the Apostolic letters appointing you Archbishop of Montreal. To the Papal Brief was attached a letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Ledochowski, dated the 5th inst., requesting me to communicate to you this Papal document and to convey to you the felicitations of the Holy Congregation of the Propaganda.

"To-day I fulfil that agreeable mission, in sending to your Grace Canon P. Z. Decelle, chancellor of the diocese, who will deliver the present and the Apostolic bulls.

"With lively gladness I renew to Your Grace my most cordial congratulations upon your elevation to the sublime functions of the episcopate, of which you are so worthy. I renew the perfect satisfaction that I feel at this, so providential, occurrence, and my entire devotion to your person and to all your episcopal works.

"What a happy coincidence! Your bulls are dated the very day of the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. May our

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Timely Suggestions Regarding Reviews of Books.

The Responsibility of the Novelist Dwelt Upon—Summer and Its Joys.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—What a pity it is that the reviews and notices of books are not delayed for a year or two after the publication of the book reviewed and noticed. Of course, such a thing is not possible in this period of mental fever, but the gain will be beyond telling when, in the growth of truth, sincerity and unselfish interest in "the elevation of man," such a state of affairs prevails. The most candid and impartial of critics, he of the finest perceptions and clearest insight, is sometimes hurried into a written judgment that is not, after all, exactly what he thinks; and the taste, and the time, of these readers who depend upon the critics is wasted, and, perhaps, worse than wasted. On the other hand, an unfair or an unfinished condemnation of a fine work may be hurried before the public, and that public thus deprived of what it would have prized throughout a lifetime. If two years were expected to pass before the decision of the masters of literary taste, the sifting and the survival would add value to each printed page. And how few would survive! The task of the reader from duty—the reader who must "keep up with the times," would never reach the overwhelming magnitude it now assumes. A test of one's mental growth and strengthening is the re-reading of a book remembered as impressive on a first perusal, or of a book long held in high esteem by others, but "a dead letter" to one's self. Few novels stand the second reading favorably. The world's poets gain in honor by each return to their poems. It is well to wait, uncertain of the taste and judgment which does not agree with the decision of the generations. In the end, unless one is committed to adverse and sharp criticisms, there comes the conviction that

Irish News Items.

The bicycling craze has taken a thorough hold all over Ireland. Balinrobe is one of the latest places to be affected, and it is preparing to hold a two day's tournament of "cycling" and other athletic sports.

Among the notable deaths this week was that of the fifth Earl of Roden, in his seventy-fourth year. The deceased was formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the Scots Guards and Deputy Lieutenant for County Down, where he was well known. Tullymore Park, in Down, was one of his residences.

Rev. Father Duffy, of Longford, who left on his summer holidays last week in good health and spirits, has been killed by a fall of his bicycle at Moyne Cross Road, within three miles of Arva. No particulars of the accident are to hand, but the most intense sorrow is felt here for his untimely end, as he was a great favorite with all creeds and classes here.

The death is announced of John O'Brien, Esq., High Constable and Baronial Cess Collector, which took place on the feast of St. Peter and Paul at his residence, Shannon View, Ruskey, Co. Roscommon. His large funeral was a proof of the high esteem he was held in by his many friends in the County Longford and surrounding counties. During the fifty-one years he was a public official, he was never known to do an act of unkindness.

The following resolution was passed recently by the grand jury of the County Mayo:—

"As Her Majesty's Government, in connection with the Canadian Government, have subsidized a quick line of steamers from Canada to Great Britain, we, the grand jury of County of Mayo, assembled at summer assizes, 1897, would urge upon Her Majesty's Government the desirability of making Blackrock Bay a port of call for this line of steamers, as being not only a most excellent harbor but as the shortest route between the two countries. Copies of this resolution to be sent to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Sir W. Laurier, Premier of Canada, and Sir Donald Smith, Agent General for Canada."

The Connaught Telegraph thus comments upon the personnel of the Royal Commission on the working of the Irish Land Act:—

"In the House of Commons last week, Mr. Balfour announced the names of the members of the Royal Commission on the working of the Irish Land Act. The Commission will consist of Sir Edward Fry, Mr. Robert Vigers, Mr. George Gordon, Dr. Traill, and George Fottrell. Mr. Cherry will act as Secretary to the Commission. The Commission, it will be seen, consists of five members. The chairman is a retired English judge and a Tory. Messrs. Vigers and Gordon are two British land valuers. Dr. Traill is a Fellow of Trinity College, an Ulster landlord, and a notorious landlord partisan, and a member of the Landlord Convention. Mr. George Fottrell, ex-Secretary of the Land Commission, is Clerk of the Crown for the City and County of Dublin. It will be thus seen that it is a Commission on which the Irish tenants have not a single representative, and in which they can have no confidence."

DEATH OF REV. FATHER McPHILLIPS.

STAYNER, Ont., July 27.—Rev. Father McPhillips, parish priest, Uptergrove, died this morning at 1 o'clock. Father McPhillips was born in Milwaukee, Wis., in 1862, studied at Our Lady of Angels, Niagara Falls, and completed his studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal.

He was ordained at Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto, in 1886, by Archbishop Lynch. His first appointment was assistant at St. Paul's, Toronto. He was also at Flos and Brookton. He was appointed to the mission of Orangeville and transferred to Uptergrove, where he has been in charge for the past two years.

An electric contribution box is the latest Connecticut invention. The minister touches a button and small silver cats lined with velvet visit each pew simultaneously, running in a slender rail back of each pew. Each car returns to a lockbox at the pew entrance, and the deacon collects the receipts after the service.

Mr. John P. Dowling is in town spending some weeks with his family. He has been in the employ of the C.P.R. in Hong Kong for the past six years and is now on his way to Tacoma, Wash., where he has been appointed to a prominent position with the Northern Pacific Railway. Mr. Dowling is the possessor of a Royal Humane Society medal, which he received for the gallant rescue from drowning of a gentleman in Hong Kong.

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"VOICE OF THE PEOPLE."

was the voice of the wise, at least. Wordsworth was not a poet to be taken to the heart of every reader on a first perusal—and there are always many lines which drag—but Wordsworth becomes dear and valued after study. The more one has seen, the more one has felt, the more one has thought, and the greater one's longing for expression and the relief of expression, the closer to one's heart, the higher in one's esteem stands Wordsworth. For he expresses all men's feelings and emotions, he describes all nature's loveliness, he recalls hopes, ambitions, inspirations, and he soothes their failures and paints their happier substitutes. There was a time—when I was nothing in comparison even to the little I have acquired—when I found Wordsworth "dull as ditch-water" in every mood and every environment. Now there is not an hour I cannot beautifully with some memory of the scenes he has passed through and left in word paintings for me. Even the oft-quoted "yellow daffodils" have a new loveliness in my fancy, for I see them dancing in the wind with "my mind's eye" when the sights and smells and the steaming heats of the city are all around me. I forced myself to read what men whom I trusted for other things pronounced good, and I am repaid. Father Faber brought me my first firm determination to understand what stood for so much to him, and I have that to thank him for, as well as the deeper meanings and higher truths I always find in his writings. There is something most exhilarating in the discovery of an appreciation in one's self of a beauty others have perceived and honored. It far exceeds the superficial pride in an opinion which is one's "very own," and altogether different from others.

THE FEW NOVELS

that bear re-reading after two, five, ten, or twenty years, are to be compared to the sounding line with which the sailor measures the depths and shallows of the vessel's course. A first reading did not reach the still waters; it only skimmed the shallows of an untried nature, and made part of the pleasure of youth and the hour. But when a second reading repeats one, the plummet strikes deeper. Unsuspected treasures rise to the surface with each cast of the line. Characters like the first time develop wonderfully, and often the finest character of all, having been misunderstood in the first reading, stands forth with a nobility and grandeur that awakens all the earnestness of a longing for better things than have yet been compassed. This is a test of growth—mentally, morally, and even spiritually. For a good novel is one of the works wrought for God, sometimes unknowingly, and self-communion and self-examination have been brought about by such means even as by the reading of the lives of the saints. The altogether unprepared and thoughtless must sometimes be reached in that way, now-a-days, at least, for few are the readers who seek amusement, or anything but spiritual advancement (which presupposes a certain spiritual growth already attained)

THE GOLD CRAZE.

Fortune Hunters Now on the Way to Klondyke.

Warning Notes to Enthusiasts from Lieutenant-Governor Mackintosh and Others—Returners of Certain Movements in the United States.

SEATTLE, Washington, July 25.—Seattle is wild with excitement over the Klondyke gold find.

The first ship to leave port after the announcement of the discoveries had gone forth was the Alki, which sailed at midnight Sunday for Juneau. Besides provisions and mining implements the Alki, which is of only 78 tons burden, carried 125 passengers, 800 sheep and 50 horses. Thousands of persons stood on the docks. The majority of them had been there all day. There were faces there that are not familiar in Seattle. The surrounding towns contributed their share, for every town, village and hamlet in this State and British Columbia hearing the news from the Klondyke is in the same fever of excitement that has been raging in this place. There were men on the ship who would be better off at home. Those who have come down from the great gold fields admit that there is room for more, but insist that none but the healthy should undertake the trip. Dozens who are making the trip on the steamer are in bad health. One man who was a passenger made the assertion that he was a victim of lung trouble, but that he might as well die making a fortune as remain on the shores of Puget Sound or die in poverty. Two other steamers which sailed since the Alki left port have been similarly loaded.

TOWNS ALREADY DESERTED.

Sitka and Juneau, two thriving towns of the State, are already practically deserted, every male inhabitant capable of walking having started overland for the Klondyke. A letter from Benjamin Shaw, of Dawson, to a prominent Seattle merchant, says among other things: "It is not uncommon to see men coming in with all the gold dust they can carry. You would not believe me when I tell you that I went into one cabin and counted five five-gallon oil cans full of gold dust, but it is a fact. It is the result of the work of two men during the winter, and the dust is not much more than half worked out. Some of the saloons take in from \$2,000 to \$3,000 a day. All pay is in gold dust, and nothing less than fifty cents. A glass of beer costs fifty cents. There are plenty of provisions here."

OTHER LUCKY GOLD CAMPS.

Information comes that several strikes have recently been made in the neighborhood of Forty Mile Camp. It has been christened Minute Creek. Another discovery on American Creek, fifty miles below Forty Mile camp, is said to be paying well, and a great number of men have flocked there during the last few

THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

Rev. Father Burry's Eloquent Address.

To the Conference of Catholic Guardians at Liverpool—Some Features of the Work of Organization.

Rev. Father Burry, in a recent address to the Conference of Catholic Guardians, at Liverpool, delivered the following able and eloquent address, the report of which we take from the Catholic Times:—

When I was asked to speak before this responsible and highly-trained audience upon a subject which in so peculiar a way belongs to them my first impulse would have led me to decline. For what was there which I could say to them that they did not know much better than I know it. Nevertheless, something there was which I had long been thinking over, not from their precise point of view, but from my own—a truth at once bearing upon the methods of philanthropy, benevolence or charitable effort, and upon the facts which those methods, if they are to be successful in any large measure, cannot and ought not to overlook. This truth may be expressed in modern language as follows: What we call society—the people, the nation, the commonwealth, as we say in other terms—is not a mere collection of atoms and accidents, but a living organism, every part or member of which affects and influences every other. It is, therefore, something extremely complicated and very liable to get out of order; all the more so, that not only does it live from age to age, but it likewise changes and adapts itself even for a few years together in the same condition. It grows or declines; it increases in numbers, wealth, and civilization; it carries new trades and forgets the old ones; it ceases, perhaps, to be agricultural and becomes commercial; it runs through periods of moral prosperity or sinks into luxurious decadence; but while it lives it must change; and since it changes, the methods of conduct which suited its condition yesterday cannot be suitable for it today. Law itself is in a perpetual state of reform and adaptation. And, to come at once into my subject, the process of repairing waste and making good damage that I have here called by its Christian name, the "Applied Art of Mercy," is just as much bound to follow a course of development as that other process of building up, in politics, industry, commerce, trade, and so forth, by which the resources of a great country are successfully managed.

THE GROWTH OF MODERN ENGLAND.

Thus, it has been pointed out that before the monasteries fell, in the first years of Henry VIII, and even earlier, a revolution had begun to replace one chief characteristic of which was that the large towns and the trading classes became wealthier and more important; the country interest declined; there was a remarkable outbreak of pauperism such as Sir Thomas More pictures for us in vivid and suggestive language; and the ancient order of things henceforth was done. We may date our problem of "pauperism" from sometime before the year 1520. How notably it was aggravated by the events which followed during the next forty years I need not explain. A great and sacred treasure, intended to be a reserve against the evils of old age and infirmity, was scattered to the winds, and passed into the hands of the new nobles; and it is to the reign of Edward VI, especially that we have to trace back a scandalous and utterly unjust confiscation of those goods which the modern poor state endeavors, though feebly, to make up for, and of which the union workhouse presents but a miserable shadow. Leaving this aside, however, just now, my point is that the great double movement of commerce, on the one hand, and of the growth of a middle class upon the other, began at the period of the "Reformation." And its miraculous increase may be assigned to a period yet more memorable; to the opening years of this century, when steam and the telegraph, manufactures and reform, created the New England which has now some thirty millions of inhabitants, the immense majority of them engaged in other tasks than those of agriculture, and the larger portion of them living in towns; while of these again a very considerable proportion are compelled to share tenement lodgings at high rents, and the number that own their own dwelling, or can be said to have a permanent home, is exceedingly small. Formerly these multitudes would have had a real stake in the country; but the disappearance of monasteries, almshouses and common land has left them with one single institution, and one alone, upon which they have a legal claim. Of that institution you, ladies and gentlemen, are the elected but voluntary guardians. Into your hands the charity of England has been devolved; you represent its merciful provision for the defeated and disinherited; and it is not too much to say that you have upon your shoulders the burden of those duties which were discharged during centuries, first by the clergy through the Order of Deacons, and then by the monasteries and other religious establishments, to which were given in trust "the goods of the poor."

CATHOLICS AND THE POOR LAW.

Thus your occupation as guardians is essentially Christian. It is not mere philanthropy, or simple "charity" paid over to escape more desperate inconveniences, but it is the department of mercy

A MILLION PEOPLE ARE BLIND.

It is stated that there are 1,000,000 blind persons in the world, or 1 to every 1,500 inhabitants. Latest reports show 23,000 blind persons in England, or 870 for each million inhabitants. Blind infants of less than 5 years, 186 for each million; between 5 and 15, 288; between 15 and 25, 422; between 25 and 50, 185; and above 50 years, 7,000 for each million. Russia and Egypt are the countries where the blind constitute the largest proportionate number of total population in Russia, on account of the lack of experienced medical attention, and in Egypt because of ophthalmia, due to irritation caused by movements of the sand by the wind. There are nearly 200,000 blind persons in European Russia, the larger number being in Finland and the northern provinces. This is ascribed to the flat country and imperfect ventilation in huts of the peasantry. Though more than half of the blind population of Europe is found in Russia, there are only twenty-five asylums for the blind in the empire, one-tenth of the total number in Europe. —From the London Mail.

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CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA

Visit of the Most Reverend Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

Eloquent Sermon, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, "The Poetry of Religion."

Reception to Apostolic Delegate, etc.

An unusually large number of persons were attracted to St. John's Church on Sunday last, the attendants including many non-Catholic citizens of Plattsburg and many from out of town.

The Poetry of Religion.

The sermon, which was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, O. Columbus, on the Poetry of Religion was one of the most powerful, eloquent and scholarly yet heard by a Summer School audience.

This he did in a masterly manner giving many beautiful portrayals of the beauties of the Church in her history and literature.

The following abstract will give but a faint idea of the strength, eloquence and beauty of the discourse.

The Bishop has a noble presence and a splendid delivery. In the course of his beautiful sermon, he said: "I give me great pleasure to be at the Catholic Summer School of America, as representative of the Holy Father Leo XIII."

While as students in general and members of this Catholic Summer School in particular, we are devoting ourselves to what, by way of antithesis, we may call the prose of religion in the application of its principles to our own wants and to the intellectual and moral needs of modern society, we should not lose sight of the poetic aspect of our holy faith and of the many forms of beauty in which it is ever appealing to the aesthetic as well as to the intellectual side of our nature.

The Bishop then developed the proposition that the truth, the beauty and the good in their last analysis are one. What is true is good both in the metaphysical and the moral sense, and what is true and good is beautiful, and in God these three are one.

Whatever therefore in the moral or religious world reflects most faithfully the divine perfections must combine within itself the true, the beautiful and the good in the highest degree.

If then the true and the beautiful are one, religion which deals with the highest truth must have the highest beauty; and religion from the standpoint of beauty was thus the subject of the discourse.

The poetry of religion was illustrated from the old and the new Testament, and the history of the Church was outlined and skilful touch as a great epic poem.

The Bishop also showed how the Church has adopted and utilized the spirit of poetry in her magnificent organization, the harmony of laws, and in all that concerns her mission to mankind, and especially in her homage to the Blessed Sacrament, the central mystery of Christian worship, round which the rest all cluster and to which they all do deference, for it is the mystery of the Emmanuel, the man God perpetually dwelling among man in the tabernacle of His love.

The liturgy of the Church from the beginning to the end of the ecclesiastical year was next presented as a great dramatic poem, in which through her offices and festivals the Church sets before us, scene by scene, the glorious drama of her history, presenting vividly to our view the beginning, the progress, the accomplishment, the continuation and the application of the wondrous work of our redemption.

This was one of the most effective parts of the discourse, giving the key to the purpose and the meaning of the various ceremonies of religion and exhibiting the ritual of the Church in all its beauty and impressiveness.

The Bishop next showed how the Church not only addresses the sight, the hearing and the imagination by calling all their activity into play through the grandeur of her architecture, the magnificence of her painting, the glory of her sculpture, and the sublimity of her music, but by her teachings provides also for the wants of the understanding, and through it appeals to the will and the heart, and rouses the holiest affections.

prose of the very poverty and misery of life. Thus through her truth and beauty the Church satisfies the whole nature of man the aesthetic as well as the intellectual. And the coming time is hailed, when her voice will be more widely heard, her truths more widely known, her goodness more widely loved and her beauty more widely felt, and truth and beauty and goodness will walk the world together once again, and fervent hearts rejoice in the beauty and poetry of religion.

When Bishop Watterson had finished, Bishop Gabriels called attention to Sanitarium Gabriels at Paul Smith's station, pointing to this as an exemplification of the beautiful work pointed out by Bishop Watterson. He said that the formal dedication of the Sanitarium would take place on August 21st.

Reception to Archbishop Martinelli.

Yesterday afternoon, the Auditorium was the scene of one of the grandest events of this session of the Summer School, it being the place of the reception given in honor of His Excellency, Archbishop Martinelli and Bishop Watterson, D. D., of Columbus. After a charming vocal solo by Miss Power, President Lavelle gave the address of welcome, and said in substance: The School of America is one which has spread throughout our whole land, and which has met with a very large share of approbation and encouragement, and is an institution which is very dear to those who have been struggling to build up the work which is so far reaching.

We appreciate every word and every act that has been done to forward the movement, but the greatest encouragement has gone to-day from the representative of Christ our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. in the person of the Apostolic Delegate Archbishop Martinelli.

He then gave the idea and aim of the School, which may be summed up in a word—to make better citizens in this grand republic and to make better members of the Catholic Church.

In conclusion he said that it would be a great pleasure to hear just a word from the voice of M. R. Martinelli.

And great applause, the Apostolic Delegate arose and said: "I give me great pleasure to be at the Catholic Summer School of America, as representative of the Holy Father Leo XIII. You all know what interest he takes in education. I think I am not mistaken in saying that the Catholic Summer School of America is one of the greatest institutions of the country and I was very glad to be welcomed to it, and to be invited to say a word. Surely you will meet with difficulties, but you must remember that every good thing in the beginning meets with difficulties. And such things as meet with difficulties in the beginning, we may be sure has come from good. I hope that you will continue in the good work and that God will protect you in this your very good work. And as the representative of our Holy Father, I give you with all my heart, the blessing."

Father Lavelle next called upon Bishop Watterson, who said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will just let you hear my voice and nothing more, because I said all this morning that I have to say, except that it gives me a great deal of pleasure to be here and to see the great progress the Summer School has made since my last visit. I think I had the honor of making the first opening address at Plattsburg. Then the meetings were held in the Theatre building. But now I am glad to see that they are held on grounds of your own. You have made great progress in the year, and it is always a good sign to see great progress and earnestness. And I hope that the Summer School will meet with great success."

Bishop Gabriels responded to the President's call. He said he had come here to-day to tender the respects of the diocese of Ogdensburg to the representative of the Holy Father, whose presence honored the school and the diocese as well. He said the diocese was honored and brought into prominence by the school. He hoped Mgr. Martinelli would visit the school and diocese frequently.

Mr. C. V. Forens was the next to speak. He gave an impromptu but spirited talk. Among other good things he said that it was the duty of all to follow their leaders, and that "we ought to follow willingly the orders which are given to us and to do it in a very agreeable manner." He hoped to see the ideas of the Summer School carried out, and education more widely diffused.

Hon. John B. Riley, of Plattsburg, at the conclusion of Mr. Forens' remarks, added a few very appropriate words. After a brief introduction, he talked at some length on the fitness of Cliff Haven, upon historic Champlain, as the location of the Summer School of America. He spoke of the many great men, both of the intellectual and religious world, called to this valley because of the Summer School, and of the great honor to day of having in our midst the representative of the Pope, the most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli.

A vocal solo by Mr. Chambers ended the program, after which a hymn was sung and the blessing of the Apostolic delegate received.

THE POPE'S SUMMER RESORT.

The Holy Father installed himself a few weeks since in the gardens of the Vatican. Near the Tower of Paul IV, there is a palazzina built, and here it is that the Holy Father must perforce spend his summer, though we are being continually told by the Italian Press that he is not a prisoner—he is free to go out wherever he pleases. He is of frugal, quiet, and regular habits, is our Holy Father, in his summer palace as well as in his rooms at the Vatican. He rises early, very early, and goes to celebrate his Mass in the exquisitely beautiful chapel in the palazzina. There is the hour for walking. The Pope takes his breviary and recites his Office under the

shadow of the grand old oak trees. Against the black trunk of the tree and the dark ground he makes a striking contrast, as he walks slowly up and down reciting his Office aloud. There next follows an audience with the Cardinal-Secretary of State, who brings the Holy Father his daily report, and then commences the series of audiences. And after a frugal meal and another promenade, Leo XIII. retires to his oratory for prayer, and afterwards talks on various matters of interest with the Bishops and prelates who are invited by him. And a curious contrast to this is that these who have organized the captivity of the Pope fly from Rome and declaim against its fatal climate! The Holy Father received the other day in his palazzina Mgr. Della Volpe, the major-domo; Fr. Ehrle, of the Society of Jesus, prefect of the Vatican library; and Mr. Henry Stevenson, the principal director of the numismatic museum at the Vatican. These visitors presented to the Holy Father a magnificent volume showing the progress of the work of restoring the celebrated Borgia Apartments. The Holy Father also received in the palazzina the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Mgr. Piava. The indefatigable Pontiff is making all preparations for the consistory in the autumn. Then will he give the hats to the three new Cardinals of France, and create more Cardinals. It is probable that he will receive the monster pilgrimage from France, organized by Leon Harmel, which should arrive at the beginning of next month, in the palazzina.—Catholic Monitor.

FASHIONABLE IRISH WEDDING

The marriage of Captain Graham Wynne (10th Royal Irish Regiment), of Cloghneagh, Co. Sligo, nephew of Sir Henry Gore Booth with Miss Anna, daughter of Lord Morris, of Spiddal, Co. Galway, took place in St. Mary's Church, Cadogan street, Liverpool, on Wednesday afternoon, July 7. The bride was given away by her father and was attended by six bridesmaids: the Misses Kathleen, Frances and Eileen Morris (sisters), Miss Julia Morris (cousin), and Lady Rachel Wyndham (Quin and Miss Gore-Booth, (cousins of the bridegroom.) The bride wore a gown of ivory-white satin, with plain skirt embroidered in pearls in a design of wheat-ears, and full Court train of white satin brocade from both shoulders. The train was carried by Miss Audrey Courtenay, cousin of the bride. Mr. H. E. Wynne, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Davies, assisted by Rev. Mark A. Kelly, Lord and Lady Morris afterwards gave a reception to a large number of friends at their house, 26 Grosvenor Place, W., which was largely attended. Captain and Mrs. Graham Wynne left in the course of the afternoon for Walls, Cumberland, lent by the Earl and Countess of Errol. The presents, which were of a very costly nature, numbered over 400.

CATHOLIC NUNS DECORATED BY THE QUEEN.

A function which is particularly interesting to Catholics took place at Windsor, Friday afternoon, July 7. Four Sisters from the Convent of Mercy, Great Ormond street, were decorated at the hands of Her Majesty with the Royal Red Cross. This particular decoration is in recognition of the splendid services rendered by these same Sisters in the Crimean War. The names of the four nuns are: Sisters Mary Helen Ellis, Mary Stanislaus Jones, Mary Anastasia Kelly, and Mary de Chantal Huddon. A Royal carriage met them at Windsor station and conveyed them to the Castle, where they were entertained to lunch, and afterwards Her Majesty bestowed the much coveted decoration on the Sisters. The Royal Red Cross was instituted in 1883, and in connection with this it is interesting to recall the fact that the four Sisters went out to the Crimea in company with Miss Nightingale, returning when the war was over with the same lady.

THE IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The suggested release of the Irish political prisoners has found favor in an unexpected quarter. The Saturday Review says if the amnesty were granted it would do much to soften hearts. It regards the refusal of the Irish members to participate in the address to the Queen to go to Windsor as "a very real and significant fact," and believes that a little generosity would pave the way for the acceptance of reforms the Government is offering to Ireland. It seems that it is the obstinacy of the Home Secretary that blocks the way. That may or may not be so, but, as we hinted, if a little gentle pressure from a higher quarter was put upon Sir Matthew White Ridley, he would probably relax his rigidity. Better late than never, imprisonment is intended to be punitive and reformatory, not vindictive. Many people of various shades of politics regret that these men were not amnestied before Jubilee day. Ireland would, then, have very likely been spared the riotous scene recently witnessed in Dublin.—Catholic Monitor, London.

SAVAGE ATTACK ON A CHURCH.

On Saturday evening, July 3rd, an Orange mob, led on by a band, made a cowardly attack with sticks and stones on St. Patrick's Church, Donegal street, Belfast, at the very time when people were inside attending to their religious duties. It is not easy, observes the Freeman, to understand how such a thing was allowed to occur. St. Patrick's Church is close beside a police barrack, and also adjoins a Catholic district.—Carrick Hill—which has been repeatedly the scene of Orange attacks. Yet this lawless gathering was permitted to pass and re-pass through this district, under the very eyes of the police, who could not help seeing it from their barrack windows.

THE VALUE OF SUCH WORK.

Who can doubt the value of such work? We make much fuss when a dozen ladies go out to nurse the sick and wounded in a war between Turks and Greeks, but we take comparatively little account of work just as nobly done amongst the sick and wounded in a great battle of life going on immediately around us. I, for my part, am very grateful for the opportunity I have enjoyed during the past few weeks of seeing how the great Mother Church cares for the poor; and if these sketches of the charitable work of the Catholic Church in

SISTERHOODS IN LONDON.

A Protestant Minister on the Labors of These Ministering Angels in the Metropolis.

Writing in the Glasgow Observer, Rev. Harold Rylet, a Protestant minister, says:

Life in London is very much what it is elsewhere, only there is a great deal more of everything. And if it be true of the small provincial town that one-half the people know not how the other half live, it is much more the case in London. London strikes me as a huge battlefield, where the struggle for life is proceeding with a fierceness and even a savagery that I never dreamed of before. One-half of the population probably gets along fairly well on the average. It includes the very rich, the small shopkeepers and the skilled artisan. But the other half is probably in a chronic state of poverty—a chronic condition of uncertainty as to where the next meal is to come from. There is no obvious struggle between these two halves of the population for the good things of life, but the struggle is going on sure enough. The result is that there are always vast numbers of wounded in both camps who need attention.

THE MORALLY WOUNDED.

There are, we must never forget, the wounded of other kinds—the morally wounded—who especially require help; the lost sheep, who so sorely need the Good Shepherd's loving care.

And the Catholic Church meets both those needs in a most perfectly wonderful manner. At East Finchley, away in the north of London, there is a convent, known as the convent of the Good Shepherd, where the Sisters devote themselves to the care of no fewer than two hundred and forty lost sheep, whom they have found wandering far from the fold and have carried to safety. Another convent of the same Sisterhood exists at Hammersmith, in the west of London. Here, again, the Sisters have charge of as many as two hundred and thirty or more poor unfortunates. Many of them, of course, through sickness and infirmity, are so reduced as to be unable to do work of any kind, and the Sisters maintain them as best they can. Both convents are in great need of financial aid, and the Hammersmith institution is in some debt. But the good Sisters are full of faith that the necessary funds will be forthcoming to enable them to clear off their liabilities and afford them a prospect of becoming self-supporting by means of laundry and needle-work. How can such work be spoken of? I frankly confess my own inability to speak of it in such terms as it deserves. I can only say that I know no more Christ-like work than this of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd (beautiful name!). They bear of a lost sheep and away they go, after the manner of the Good Shepherd Himself, and they open their arms and their hearts, and the poor, forlorn, broken hearted creature finds shelter and comfort and tender love and care.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, however, are not alone in this work. There are the Poor Servants of the Mother of God and the Poor, whose London home is at No. 4 Percy street. The Sisters here residing visit the poor of several missions and have charge of the Refuge of Our Lady of Pity for Penitents. I say no more Christ-like work is conceivable. And now, when, as often happens, I meet a couple of Good Sisters making their way through the crowded London streets, I quietly thank God that some poor wounded creature in the great fight is about to be succored.

NURSING SISTERS.

But these are not by any means the only functions of Catholic women who have devoted themselves to the religious life. There are, for example, the Sisters Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a congregation of Sisters having establishments in France, Belgium, Germany and Austria, and of which the provincial house in England is at Hasset Road, Homerton, in the east of London. The Sisters take a special vow to devote themselves to nursing the sick among the working classes, going to the people's homes both day and night, and doing this regardless of the religious denomination to which the people belong. In England these Sisters undertake the care of day schools attached to missions, and at Hasset Road they carry on a middle class school for girls similar to that already described in connection with the Sisters of Charity at Lower Seymour street, and an orphanage for girls taken from workhouses, the work being of the same character as that going on at the Hammersmith Orphanage. These nursing Sisterhoods are scattered all over London. The Sisters du Bon Secours have one home, for example, at 166 Westbourne Grove, in the west of London, and another at Upper Park Road, Haverstock Hill, in the northwest. The Sisters of Hope have their home at Hope House, Quex Road, Kiburn, N.W. Both Sisterhoods devote themselves to nursing the sick at their own homes, regardless of religious distinctions. Then there are the Little Sisters of the Assumption or Nursing Sisters of the Poor. These ladies spend their lives in nursing the sick poor both day and night, also without regard to religious differences. They assume the entire management of domestic affairs wherever necessary, looking after the children, sending them to school, and so on, and in fact constitute themselves for the time being domestic servants of the poor and of their families. They accept no payment for their services and return to the convent always for their own meals, taking care, however, in cases of necessity to leave another Sister in charge of the patient at the house meanwhile.

London have served to interest any one or have moved any one to think more kindly of their poor fellow-creatures, or have stirred the hearts of any and impelled them to give a little more generously to the support of the several institutions I have endeavored to describe, I shall be greatly gratified.

THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

One thing I have learned in particular. I am afraid we Protestants are very generally impressed with the idea that the life of the Sister or nun is a joyless sort of existence. Now, my recent experiences have quite removed that impression from my mind at all events. I have not seen the nuns under Arcadian conditions, but under conditions the very reverse of Arcadian. I have seen them engaged in all sorts of occupations in the heart of this great city of London. The casual visitor might find one Sister acting as kitchen maid and another as cook. He might find still another on her knees scrubbing the floor.

But he would find all happy. They are leading the life beautiful. It is not the only life beautiful, of course. But it is in a special sense the life beautiful, because it is a voluntary renunciation of the ordinary way of life and the deliberate adoption of the life of self-sacrifice, devoted service to the poor, the suffering and the sinful and I repeat what I have so often said before, that while our present social system lasts and one half the world knows not and cares not how the other half lives, it is evidence of Divine Redemptive Power that all over this vast metropolis the Catholic Church maintains institutions to which the prodigal and the penitent may retreat and find peace and healing, and where helpless children or infirm and forlorn old men and women may have loving care, and other institutions from which women with hearts brimming over with love will go to the help of the poor and suffering. I thank God that this good work is being done. I pray that it may be abundantly blessed; and I frankly confess that the Church that does such work has no occasion to apologize for its existence, but is, on the contrary, entitled to the respectful consideration of all right-minded men and women.

HAMMER THROWING.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Tom Carroll, the local athlete, broke several hammer throwing records yesterday in an exhibition at Central Park. Starting with the eight-pound hammer, he threw it from a nine-foot circle with one hand 241 feet 10 inches. He then threw a sixteen-pound hammer from a seven-foot circle 159 feet 3 1/2 inches, and from a nine-foot circle hurled it 153 feet 11 inches. His next effort was with the 21 pound hammer from a seven-foot circle, from which he threw it 112 feet 1 1/2 inches. From a nine-foot circle he created a record of 121 feet 10 inches.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

There is no doubt that, as a rule, great decision of character is usually accompanied by great constitutional firmness. Men who have been noted for great firmness of character have usually been strong and robust. There is no quality of the mind which does not sympathize with bodily weakness, and especially is this true with the power of decision; which is usually impaired or weakened from physical suffering, or any great physical debility. As a rule, it is the strong physical man who carries weight and conviction. Any bodily weakness, or lassitude, or lack of tone and vigor, is, perhaps, first felt in the weakened or debilitated power of decision. Nothing will give greater confidence in a young man, and bring assistance more quickly from the bank or from a friend, than the reputation of promptness. The world knows that the prompt man's bills and notes will be paid on the day, and will trust him. "Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw; that there is some iron



THE WHEELS OF HEALTH.

There is no better exercise for a young woman in thoroughly good health than bicycling. On the contrary, if she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organs, if she rides, at all, such exercise should be very sparingly indulged in. Women are peculiarly constituted and their general health is peculiarly dependent upon the health of the specially feminine organism. It is the health of these delicate and important parts that "makes the wheels of general health go round." Their strength and vigor are as important to a woman as a man's is to a watch, or a sprocket and chain to a bicycle. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for delicate women. It makes them strong where they most need strength. Taken during the "interesting interval," it banishes the usual squeamishness and makes baby's admission to the world easy and almost painless. It fits a woman for in-door work and out-door sports. Honest druggists don't advise substitutes.

It cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as it has undoubtedly saved my life," writes Mrs. Florence Hunter, of Corley Logan Co., Ark. "I miscarried four times; could get no medicine to do me any good. I tried the Favorite Prescription and after taking several bottles, I made my husband a present of a fine girl. I think it is the best medicine in the world."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers.

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in you." "Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision, once made, is final—no wavering, that, once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated."

THE NICK OF TIME.

Some minds are so constructed that they are bewildered and dazed whenever a responsibility is thrust upon them; they have a mortal dread of deciding anything. The very effort to come to immediate and unflinching decision starts up all sorts of doubts, difficulties, and fears, and they cannot seem to get light enough to decide nor courage enough to attempt to remove the obstacle. They know that hesitation is fatal to enterprise, fatal to progress, fatal to success. Yet, somehow, they seem fated with a morbid introspection which ever holds them in suspense. They have just energy enough to weigh motives, but nothing left for the momentum of action. They analyze and analyze, deliberate, weigh consider, ponder; but never act. How many a man can trace his downfall to the failure to seize his opportunity at the favorable moment, when it was within easy grasp, the nick of time, which often does not present itself at once.

If we told you that your baby was starving, that it actually didn't get enough to eat, you might resent it. And yet there are thousands of babies who never get the fat they should in their food or who are not able to digest the fat that they do get. Fat is a necessity to your baby. It is baby life and baby beauty. A few drops of Scott's Emulsion for all little ones one, two and three years of age is better than cream for them. They thrive and grow on it.

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SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

He: Darling, will you love me when I'm gone? She: Yes, if you're not too far gone.

Friendly Criticisms—First: I think I put my soul in that face. Second—It would improve it if you put your sole clear through it.

Bride (just after the wedding): John, you promised me a great surprise after we were married. Say, what is it? Bridegroom (a widower): I've got nine children, my pet! And then she fainted from sheer surprise.

He: We are coming to a tunnel; are you not scared? She: Not a bit if you take the cigar out of your mouth.

Love-mitten Swain (just introduced to mother of adored one): Your face, madam, seems somewhat familiar to me; can it be that we have met before? Mother of Adored One (sternly): Yes, sir, we have. For about three miles the other day I hung on to the strap in a tram, while you sat opposite to me reading a paper.

"Oh, would you mind doing me a favor?" "With pleasure; what is it?" "Kindly remove that costly mantle out of your window."

"Why, pray?" "I shall be passing your shop with my wife in half an hour."

Mr. Homeymoon (making up his first gift): Now, Fanny, let us declare it a drawn battle.

Mrs. Homeymoon: No, our married life must be a fight to a finish.

Young Author: Can you tell me how to become a good poet? Editor: The very first thing for you to do is to die. All the good ones are dead.

Pure, rich blood feeds the nerves. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures nervousness.

COUNTY COUNCILS IN IRELAND.

Can English Promises be Relied On?

A Forecast of the Measure Proposed Next Session—An Estimate Formed from the Provisions of the English Acts.

[From the Dublin Freeman.]

WE are at the last minute of the eleventh or twelfth hour. I admit that one of the reasons we rejoice in this, that whatever local government they do establish in Ireland must assist the Irish people in the demand for their national rights. Every popularly elected body in Ireland, whatever you may call it, will be a new focus of thought, and will give a new vent to its expression. You may say it will be one of excitement or of agitation; but a focus it will be of something or other which will tend in the direction of the fulfilment of the national wish.—Speech of Mr. Gladstone at New castle-on-Tyne, October 2nd, 1891.

This speech was delivered by Mr. Gladstone before the wretched Local Government scheme of 1892 was produced by Mr. Balfour. Without the alteration of a comma the Grand Old Man might make it again to-morrow in reference to the Bill promised for next session. It is true we are promised a Bill on the lines of the English Local Government scheme carried in 1888, and extended to every parish by the Parish Councils Act of 1894; but we ought by this time to be able to appreciate the true value of a promise of this character made by English party leaders. Most of us are familiar with promises of a more or less definite nature made with respect to the amendment of local government in Ireland for a great many years past. It may be alleged that the promise by Mr. Balfour a month ago was more distinct and definite than any ever given before, and that this time the old corrupt grand jury system will for a certainty be swept away. Unfortunately this allegation would not be in accordance with the facts. The late Lord Randolph Churchill, who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, in August, 1886, stated that Ireland, in the matter of local government, would be treated with "similarity, simultaneity and equality," as regards England and Scotland. Was that a definite promise binding the Government of the day? Some said it was; others denied it, and said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer only spoke for himself. In 1888 Lord Randolph (who was not then in the Cabinet) was challenged upon the declaration he had made, and from his reply, as given by Hansard, I call this remarkably clear and persuasive passage:—

It has been supposed—and this supposition I have never before noticed, although it has been rather widely alluded to in the Press—that in the declaration which it was my duty to make at that table in August, 1886, I was stating that which was much more my own opinion than the opinion of Her Majesty's Government. Sir, I think it right to say that that was not so in any degree whatever. The declaration which I made at that table at that time was, so far as it related to Ireland, a written declaration. Every sentence of it—represented the opinions of the Government, and had been submitted to and assented by the Prime Minister himself, and by the Chief Secretary for Ireland of that day. More than that, the declaration which I made in regard to Ireland—I recollect it as well as if I had made it yesterday—I made without one dissentient voice, and without one dissentient murmur being raised among the gentlemen who belonged to the Tory Party. More than that, I was given to understand in the plainest way that the declaration of the Government thus made received the full and entire approval of the leaders of the Unionist Party. Twelve years have passed, and that pledge, made with the assent and approval of the Prime Minister and the leaders of the Unionist Party, remains unfulfilled. It is little to be wondered at that so little faith is put in English pledges in Ireland. They have been made only to be broken.

I am not forgetting, of course, that in 1892, when the Tory Government of 1886 had run its course, "at the last minute of the eleventh or twelfth hour," as Mr. Gladstone expressed it, Mr. Balfour introduced a measure of Local Government for Ireland; but he never intended to pass it, and it was withdrawn in the month of June of that year, "unwell, unhonoured, and unused." That measure was introduced to carry out the Tory pledge of giving to Ireland an act of the same character as had been passed four years previously for England; and as a matter of fact it was announced towards the close of the previous session of '91, just as the measure to be tabled next year is announced towards the close of this session. But when it saw the light a more worthless Bill was never put before Parliament. Mr. Justin McCarthy, on behalf of the Irish Party, told the First Lord of the Treasury to throw it into the fire, and Mr. J. Redmond, who has never shown, to say the least of it, any unreasonable hostility to Tory reforms, described the Ministers' proposals as a mockery to the Irish people. Mr. Sexton moved the rejection of the Bill on the second reading in a masterly speech, full of destructive criticism, averring that the only power a County Council would possess under it was a limited one of breaking stones, and under some restrictions, dealing with destructive insects under the "Destructive Insects Act, 1877." Hence it is only wise on the part of the Irish people not to be too certain that next session they will be put upon an equality with England and Scotland as regards Local Government, for promises made with as much authority, and equally binding on the leaders of the same party, have been shamefully broken in the past.

Once again the promise has been made. A measure embodying the principles of that already in force in England is to be passed for Ireland next year. The Bill is to be a real affirmation of the principle of equal rights, and hence, if we may put

faith in these assurances, we can at once form a fair estimate of what the proposals of the Government next year will be, the changes they will produce, and the effect they will have on the rural life and present institutions of this island.

A system of county councils was established in England and Wales by a very comprehensive measure passed in 1888, which established a popular county government in every county, and effected a large saving in local taxation. The structure of local government was completed by the Parish Councils Act of 1894, the greatest democratic measure which Parliament has passed since the reforms of the early thirties. It brought local government to the doors, so to speak, of every agricultural labourer and village workman, and provided that after the day's work was over they should meet in their village hall or schoolroom, and under the secrecy of the ballot elect the men who should attend to the needs of the people and the parish. It would occupy too much space to detail and describe the powers and duties which are entrusted by law to these councils. Dr. Spence Watson, in his admirable preface to Mr. Corrie Grant's book on the Local Government Act of 1894, tabulates them as follows:—

- (1) The right to choose the overseers of the poor.
(2) The compulsory purchase and compulsory hiring of land for allotments and other purposes.
(3) The control of village charities.
(4) The obtaining of a proper water supply and the bringing of it to the houses.
(5) Lighting the dark corners in village streets.
(6) Fencing off ponds and places dangerous to children.
(7) The right to hold meetings in school rooms.
(8) The erection of village halls.
(9) The protection of village greens, rights of way, and roadside wastes.
(10) Keeping in repair footpaths and by-roads.

(11) The removal of nuisances and other conditions hurtful to health.
(12) The provision of village libraries, reading rooms and wash houses.
The County Council also has authority to deal with county administration, poor laws, county property and lands, county officers, presentments, assizes, registration, and generally speaking the functions similar to those now discharged in Ireland by the Grand Jury. The circumstances of Ireland are peculiar in many respects, and something more would be necessary than to declare that the provisions of the English Act shall apply to Ireland on and after a certain day. There is chaos as regards the authorities. In some towns one body is responsible for the footpaths and a wholly different one for the roadway. There is also chaos as regards areas, forms of election, &c., all of which will require to be considered, and, being a preliminary step to the very starting of a scheme of local government, it may be assumed that these anomalies will be in the first place rectified. In Irish counties, under the present law, the initiative as regards county works or projects does not rest with the grand jury, which meets twice a year, but with the baronial sessions, a body consisting of magistrates and cesspayers selected on an extremely absurd plan. This body makes their proposal to the grand jury, who, as every one knows, is selected by the sheriff, and the grand jury may accept or reject such proposals. The Bill of 1892 did not abolish the grand jury entirely, but preserved a committee of seven grand jurors with the sheriff of the county to act with seven county councillors as a standing joint committee, the source of all power and authority, practically speaking, under the act. Any anachronism of this kind would not give to Ireland the same system of local government that has been conferred on England. Two further warnings are necessary. The provisions of the measure must deal with malicious injuries and police. The greatest grievances which the Irish people labor under in respect of county administration are embraced under the former head, and it may be stated once for all that if a radical reform is not introduced, if the present system is not completely swept away, the promised Bill will be worthless. There is no need to review for Irish readers how the present system is worked. There is not a county or barony where the land or grass grabber did not get compensation for some injury to his property which the neighbors know to be a gross scandal and perversion of justice. The police of England and Scotland are subject to local control, and powers ought to be given to the county councils to deal with them, to have some voice in the expenditure on the force. Both of these subjects were reserved from the Bill brought forward in '92. Mr. Sexton took up a very strong attitude on both, and with reference to the latter he said:—"I submit that not even for a moment can a scheme of local government for Ireland be considered by Irish members, as an acceptable basis for dealing with that question, which ignores the essential and fundamental matter of the management of the police."

The Irish measure, according to Mr. Balfour's statement, is to be accompanied by provisions for the payment of the landlords' half of the Poor rate by the Government, and also half of the grand jury rate, which now altogether falls upon the tenant. It is being stated in some quarters recently, and it was urged by many Tories in the discussion of the Bill of 1892, that the landlord pays half the county rates in a great number of cases, but the cases in which he does so are so few that they may be put entirely out of account. Tenant purchasers now pay all the rates, and the relief proposed will be very welcome to them.

Beyond doubt an application of the principles of English local government to Ireland would be satisfactory to the Irish people. They long to see an end to the grand jury system, which is not only wasteful and corrupt, but demoralizing as well. The English system would place in every district a popular authority; it would bring interest and responsibility in public affairs to the cottage door of every working man, and it would result, in what Mr. Chamberlain in his "Radical days" declared he would like to see, "the whole country covered with a network of popular representative bodies, which would do nothing to diminish the strength of Ireland's demand for a native Parliament; but every local council, on the contrary, as Mr. Gladstone so well observed, would be "a focus of something or other that will tend in the direction of the fulfilment of the national wish."

Referring to Mr. Laurier's great success in England and the favorable impression which he created everywhere, the "Signal" says: "The imperialistic views attributed to him are not founded. In none of his speeches did Sir Wilfrid Laurier advocate the idea of imperial federation, but he simply said that Canada would be a gainer by having representatives in the British House of Commons, the same as it gains by having a high commissioner in London. Between that and the conclusion that Laurier is in favor of imperial federation there is quite an abyss. No, Sir Wilfrid

Laurier never prostrated himself before Albion; on the British soil as well as on Canadian soil, he has been the same man, following the same path, speaking the same language, preaching the same doctrine, professing the same views, a Frenchman in his heart, loyal to the British Crown, and a Canadian before all."

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Pope says: "Some men to business, some to pleasure take, but every woman is in heart a rake." This is far too harsh an attack of femininity, but then Pope's life, embittered by his deformity, had to ever find a victim for his acidulated satire. There are however women who go to show how ever great the capacity of men's great consoiler is for good it is equally as great for bad. Mrs. Mary Hansen, of New York, is a case in point. During a varied career she has succeeded in swindling men out of \$250,000. In 1895 and 1896 Mrs. Hansen lived in Greene avenue, Brooklyn, with William Simpson, her son-in-law, and his wife. Their residence was not far from Dr. Lett's home in Reid avenue. Mrs. Hansen, it is alleged, posed as the wife of Admiral Johann Carl Hansen, of the Danish navy, still in active service. He was said to be a man of great wealth who had deposited in the United States Treasury sums varying from \$6,000,000 to \$60,000,000, believing it would be safer there than in the institutions of his own country. She had trouble in getting the money, Mrs. Hansen maintained, and it cost her much for lawyers' fees to prosecute her claim. She is alleged to have induced Dr. Lett, who attended her, and Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, at different times, to advance various sums, aggregating \$10,000, to satisfy the lawyers. She also managed to get from Miss Shea, a professional nurse who lived with her, about \$800 for some purpose.

The North American Review has chosen for one of its leading articles a paper entitled "Are American Parents Selfish?" It is from the pen of a woman, and the writer has evidently given her subject not a little careful study. She concludes that there was a time when Daisy Miller and her brother were fitting prototypes of the American child, but things have altered since that book was written, and American parents have begun to see that the true interests of their children require a wholesome and strict control. "Conditions in America," continues the writer, "are constantly assimilating themselves more and more to those existing in the older countries, where the conflict for existence is close and intense, and where the prudent, the careful, and the far-sighted inevitably crowd out the weaker and more careless individuals and families. An almost unmistakable sign of "aroid family" in America is conservatism in expenditure and modes of life. The newly-rich, who set the pace of public luxury, are always amazed at the probates of the wills of these quiet citizens. They cannot believe that one who spent so little should have so much, not realizing that the simplicity of life made it possible to solidly invest a surplus. The heirs of this solid wealth have been bred to prudence and self-denial. Such a family survives, while in all probability the offspring of the other type may in two generations be hopelessly trodden into the mire."

The article is cleverly written, but it has one fault. It completely ignores the influence of Christianity on the child and how far its saving influence reflects on both parent and offspring.

The Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association were in session all last week in Chicago, with headquarters at the Clifton House. There were three hundred delegates in attendance, and in the unavoidable absence of Bishop McQuaid of Buffalo, Rev. Father M. J. Fitzsimmons, rector of the Cathedral, celebrated the Grand Mass, which ushered in the proceedings. The annual report showed a membership of fully 25,000 members and a revenue fund of \$26,834.

The United States of America are getting their share of visitations of God. We in Canada should thank Providence that our lines have been cast in such pleasant waters, and that here at least we have been spared the terrible natural disturbances which have convulsed the face of nature on the other side of the line. The recent cloudburst in Youngstown, Ohio, is the latest disaster heard of. The details so far are very meagre, but unhappily there is every reason to believe that in addition to the destruction of property there has also been heavy loss of life.

What pluck, judgment and untiring energy can accomplish is proved by Frank M. Phelps, the bright New Yorker who has been spending a few days in Montreal. In April, 1895, he left New York on a wheel and in a paper suit. He was given three years to fit himself up and earn three thousand dollars. One of the conditions of the agreement into which he has entered is that he must also travel 12,000 miles on his bicycle in each hemisphere. He claims to have some \$2,000 already earned and to have ridden over 18,000 miles. He has whirled through the greater part of Africa, Asia and Europe and has endured many hardships. In Russia he claims to have been imprisoned four days because he had no passport. During his tour he states that he has worn out two bicycles and 18 sets of tires. From Montreal he goes to Cuba, Mexico and South America and thence back to New York.

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Mrs. Amelia Kohler died yesterday at Mount Vernon. Had it not been for Mrs. Kohler, Tim Moore might never have written the line "Tis the last rose of summer." The poem was of her suggestion and the first line was from her lips. She was, early in the century, a close friend of Moore's sister, who kept a private school in London. While walking in the garden of the school with the poet one day Mrs. Kohler, so the story runs, plucked a rose, remarking: "Tis the last rose of summer, why not write about it, Mr. Moore?" The incident suggested the thought that was afterwards so beautifully woven into verse, and the poem was dedicated by Moore "To Amelia," which is Mrs. Kohler's first name. Mrs. Kohler's life was of interest in more ways than this, however. She was ninety-two years when she died. Her maiden name was Amelia Offergeld, and her father was an officer under General Blucher. The family home was in Aix-la-Chapelle. Mrs. Kohler frequently spoke of having seen Napoleon in her girlhood.

Lieutenant-Colonel White, Deputy Postmaster-General, has been superannuated after fifty-one years of service, partly under the Imperial Postmaster-General and partly under the Canadian. Dr. Robert Miller Coulter of Aurora has been appointed Deputy Postmaster-General.

It is proposed to amend the constitution of the "Union Ait" of ex-Papal Zouaves, so as to render sons and grandsons of the Zouaves eligible to membership, in order to perpetuate the memory of the papal army.

Mr. Georges Adolphe Tue while De-Guerry Languedoc for over fifty years an officer in the sheriff's office, Montreal, died on Sunday last at his residence Outremont, at the age of sixty-nine years, after a long and painful illness.

KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

There is an absolute craze in some quarters over the discovery of the new gold fields in the Yukon. At Seattle a Washington despatch described the condition as follows:—

"On the streets, in the houses, everywhere here, is heard nothing but Klondike gold talk. The whole town is feverish and agitated as never before over the Alaskan gold discovery. A man who cannot go are forming mobs to grab stake men who will. Ex-Governor John H. McGraw will leave on the next steamer General E. M. Carr, of the State militia, who at one time camped within seven miles of the rich placer, will go. Colonel Joseph Green and A. J. Billiet, the Yale carman, are packing their effects, and attorneys, doctors, clerks and laborers, are all scheming to secure a share of the vast wealth in the north."

"Police men are resigning from the force to go to the goldfields. Every street car man who can raise a stake has given notice to his company. In fact, all classes of society are represented in the feverish rush to get north. Men neglect their business and congregate in groups on the streets in excited discussions. People are telegraphing friends and relatives in the east to come and join them in the new Eldorado."

"The steamers' offices are rushed with business, and outfitting stores are taxed to their utmost capacity to supply the wants of those who are getting ready to make the trip. Merchants are fearful that their help will leave them and they will be unable to fill their places."

Many will rush away without heeding the warning voice and thus come to certain grief. For one who will make a fortune in the gold fields hundreds will perish from absolute want. An idea of the necessities of the situation may be gleaned from the following statement by returning explorers:

"Passengers returning home all advise and urge people who contemplate going not to think of taking in less than one ton of 'grub' and plenty of clothing. While it is a poor man's country, yet the hardships and privations to be encountered by inexperienced persons unused to frontier life are certain to result in much suffering. They should go prepared with at least a year's supply."

EXPERIMENTS IN THE CARE OF INSANE.

The managers of the St. Elizabeth's insane asylum in Washington are engaged in an experiment that will be watched with great curiosity by those who are interested in the care of that class of unfortunates. A farm has been rented near Oxen Hill, Md., which contains fifty acres of good garden soil, twenty acres of hillside, sixty acres of corn and wheat land, with about 100 acres of woodland and pasture. New buildings have been erected, modern implements and machinery have been secured, and skilled farmers have been employed, who have the patience and judgment to deal with men and women who

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are mentally distracted. Under these conditions an attempt will be made to solve the problem of the labor cure for the insane. Each patient will be intrusted with a certain degree of responsibility, and persuaded but not compelled to undertake a certain amount of labor, which, with a diet carefully regulated and regular hours of sleep and recreation, will furnish an experiment under the best conditions possible. As Dr. Godding, the superintendent of St. Elizabeth's, put it: "It is the intention to establish a pioneer colony of insane men, carefully selected from the quiet class of inmates, to whom a home where they can sit under their own vine and fig tree, enjoying the fruit of their labor, will be something hitherto unknown to their hospital life. A moderate outlay for inexpensive farm cottages, a little patience in the development of the work, and an abiding faith in the result, is all that is needed to take them away from the hospital atmosphere, and out of the new farm vistas to open wider horizons to the every day life of the insane."

PERE MARQUETTE.

Unveiling of a Statue to the Memory of the Great Jesuit Missionary.

MARQUETTE, July 25.—The citizens of Marquette turned out en masse last week to do honor to the founder of their city, that noble hearted Jesuit priest, Pere Marquette. The long looked for event, the unveiling of a statue of this great missionary in the city to which he had given a name has been at last accomplished, and the proud abbot looks over the bay on which the missionary sailed to reach the haven of rest, now a flourishing business community. Hon. Weldon M. Dickenson of Detroit was the orator on the occasion of the unveiling and his words of burning eloquence shows how deeply the citizens of Marquette and in fact all Michigan revere the memory of the venerable priest. He said:—

"More than 220 years ago a man, his eyes resting upon the sacred emblem of Christianity, died with a radiant smile upon his face. This event set down in all our country's history as our country's glory. Since that time the name of that dead but never buried man has been a byword of our people with large and small. His designs, worth 100 yards; July sale price 50c. 195 pieces Rich Crepons in new shades of Pink, Blue, Yellow, Red, Green, in Dresden and scroll designs; most stores would sell this line at 10c; July sale price 6c. 195 pieces Elegant Crepons in rich shades of Blue, With this lot are many pretty Crepons in light colors with bright stripes; usually sold at 10c; July sale price 6c. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Wash Fabrics.

150 pieces Good Wash Prints, suitable for Dresses, Wrappers and Shirt Waists, regular value 7c; July sale price 4c. 200 pieces Light Green and Prints with large and small Chiffie Designs, worth 10c yard; July sale price 5c. 195 pieces Rich Crepons in new shades of Pink, Blue, Yellow, Red, Green, in Dresden and scroll designs; most stores would sell this line at 10c; July sale price 6c. 195 pieces Elegant Crepons in rich shades of Blue, With this lot are many pretty Crepons in light colors with bright stripes; usually sold at 10c; July sale price 6c. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Wash Crepons.

135 pieces Fashionable French Crepons in Pink, Blue, Mauve, Red, Black, Yellow, etc., with white and tan-colored stripes. This lot was sold at 15c yard; July sale price 9c. A large center-table full of Handsome Linen Colored French Crepons with colored stripes, also in black grounds with fancy seril patterns, in White, Mauve, etc., regular value 20c; July sale price 12c. 110 pieces pretty Dimity Muslins in White Grounds, with fancy colored stripes, regular value 25c; July sale price 15c. Another table heaped up with Crepons, Satens, Cincques, Piques, Ginghams, etc., regularly sold at 25c to 35c; July sale price 15c. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Dress Goods Bargains.

25 pieces Fancy Summer Dress Goods in choice Tweed Effects and good colorings, regular value 16c; July sale price 10c. 15 pieces Como Cloth, all new shades, with zigzag pattern on small diced ground; regular value 35c; July sale price 18c. 12 pieces Escorial Dress Goods in a splendid combination of colorings and latest designs; regular value 65c; July sale price 39c. 15 pieces New Silk and Wool Dress Goods in changeable grounds and beautiful effects; regular price \$1.25; July sale price 65c. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Silk Bargains.

There are a few odd lines of Japanese Summer Silk, in stripe, left over, which we are desirous of clearing. All Pure Silk and sold at 35c; July sale price 15c. 30 pieces new Dresden Taffeta Silks just received in the very latest novelty designs and newest colorings; regular value \$1.10; July sale price 77c. 50 pieces just received new Changeable Taffeta Silks in all the most fashionable shades; we have been selling this line at 35c; special sale price 68c. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Linens for Dresses.

New Linen Crash for Ladies' Costumes, 36 inches wide, worth 20c yard; to-morrow 14c. Hand loom Russia Crash for Ladies' Costumes; regular value 19c; to-morrow 14c. White Pique for Ladies' Skirts and Costumes, 40 inches wide, worth 21c; to-morrow 14c. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1897

LOYALTY.

It is needless to say that the Irish Canadian Catholic section of our Dominion is second to none in its loyalty to Canada. Every reason that can induce men of sense to be faithful to their allegiance exists here. The vast majority of those who left Ireland some years ago, and who have made Canada their home, if prudent, sober and industrious, have found here, if not great wealth, at least solid comfort, whilst not a few have risen to be classed amongst the very fortunate. In every respect Irish Catholics in this country have reason to be satisfied with their lot, and they are satisfied with it. It is sufficient to cast a glance around and about us to feel an honest pride in the success of Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen who have achieved the highest positions in the country, and who fill them with benefit to the Dominion and with honor and credit to their race. The Irish Canadian can point to the Confederation tables, and in that historic picture single out, amongst the most able and eloquent of the fathers of our New Dominion, men of Irish names and blood who professed the faith of our fathers. In the Dominion Parliament Irish Catholics have always held their own, if not by numbers, certainly by distinguished ability. It would require many newspaper articles to do justice to the prominent roles honorably played by our people in the Legislatures of the different Provinces. To-day in all parts of the Dominion, in commerce and industry, as well as the learned professions, Irish Catholics also hold foremost place. All this is the result of honest effort, under the beneficent aegis of Home Rule, Canada governs herself. There are occasional injustices done here as elsewhere, but our country is, upon the whole, singularly free from bigotry. We advocate Home Rule for Ireland and we admire the progress and prosperity, yes, and the loyalty of Irish Canadians, as arguments in favor of granting to the dear Old Land the privileges that have been productive of so many blessings in this country. To those who claim that Home Rule for Ireland means separation from England and the disintegration of the Empire, the response is given: "Look at Canada with its French Canadian and its Irish Canadian Catholics, where can you find a more loyal people?"

These remarks we deem not out of place, in view of certain things that have transpired in connection with the celebration of the Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen. Irishmen, the world over, approve of the action of the Irish representatives in the British House of Commons in relation to the Jubilee. Ireland had nothing to jubilate about. She had fought a great constitutional battle for Home Rule, and whilst winning to her side England's foremost statesman, failed in the effort, and saw her friend driven from power because he had sought to do her even partial justice. In Canada things are different. During Her Majesty's reign the rebels of 1837, by a judicious administration of affairs, were converted into warm supporters of the formerly hated régime, and to-day children of the patriots claim front rank as ardent supporters of Imperial connection. Irish Canadian Catholics, altogether apart from respect for the voice of the Church, which inculcates rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, as sensible men, enjoying the protection of good laws, enacted and administered by themselves as an integral part of the community, wishing to be known as true to our constitution, did their part to make the celebration here a success. For that worthy and sensible course they have fallen under the displeasure of that most contemptible of scribblers, the anonymous correspondent of a foreign newspaper. No doubt the persons whose names have been mentioned, and whose characters

have been traduced, many of them gentlemen who have sacrificed time, money and energy for the Irish cause, can afford to smile at the impotent media of a correspondent who is too cowardly to publish his slanders over his own signature. The man who comes out boldly and proclaims his views, assuming all the responsibility for his acts, however mistaken these views may be, will always command respect; whilst he who stabs in the back, under the cover of darkness, is simply an assassin. We have a good constitution, we are a free people, self-governed and fairly prosperous; we are loyal, and we are not ashamed to proclaim it; and those who take the trouble to make our sentiments known by honestly coming to the front on appropriate occasions, deserve our thanks and shall get them, even at the risk of being stigmatized by anonymous scaplers as untrue to the grand old cause.

GOLD FIELDS.

The love of gain, and more particularly the desire to become suddenly wealthy, is one of the diseases of the age. Nowadays people cannot wait; the idea of earning one's bread by the sweat of the brow is more galling than ever. In such a condition of things, it cannot be wondered at that nearly every scheme for making riches rapidly should find a host of gullible people ready, despite all warning and experience, to become victims of their rash desire to avoid the safe but tedious path. It must be admitted that, to a considerable extent, the sensational tone of our daily press is very much to blame. The prominence given to every new raid is frequently little less than criminal. Not many months have elapsed since about a hundred heads of families, with their wives and children, were allured to Brazil, under the promise of easily acquired wealth. In that instance, no amount of warning availed. The dupes of the speculators were told that they were going to a land altogether unsuitable, that they were venturing into a climate that meant death, even should they escape the hardships, it was clearly pointed out to them, they must endure. Yet off they sailed, many of them to the death that had been predicted for them, others to return here objects of charity, after most terrible experiences. Within the past week the flaming headlines of daily journalism have been proclaiming the discovery of untold gold, in an extreme corner of Canadian Territory. King Solomon's mines are not to be compared, it appears, to the Klondyke country, and the Yukon and its tributaries are literally teeming with the precious yellow metal. True, the unwary are informed, that the country has its peculiarities, that it is not a good place to go to without a year's provisions ahead, that this is not a good time to leave. All the same, the danger is that many young and inexperienced people, will be led away by the glowing accounts of the hundreds of thousands of dollars that have been found by a few fortunate individuals, whilst little or nothing is said of the hundreds who have left their bones to whiten the soil of the new Eldorado. The note of warning given by the Minister of the Interior is timely. Venturesome people are not only warned of the danger attending the journey and the privations that may be expected in the mining regions, but notice is given, that the Government cannot be expected to come to the rescue, even were such a thing feasible, of any band of imprudent people who may place themselves in imminent danger of starvation by recklessly joining the race of fortune hunters.

THE MISSION OF THE LAY CATHOLIC.

For some time past the Catholic Summer School of America has been in session at Cliff Haven, near Plattsburg. The good work is being carried on with vigor, and the best results may be anticipated. In the field of secular learning, the names of the lecturers command the confidence of the whole people, whilst its Sunday discourses are of a very high order. The opening sermon by Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O.S.A., on "The Mission of Lay Catholics," has a noble effort well worthy of more than a passing notice. In his introductory sentences the eloquent preacher thus placed the question before his hearers:— "The Church is a vast army marshaled in the cause of humanity under the banner of the Crucified. On her side are truth, justice and God. Against her are arrayed all the forces of ignorance, hatred of religion, human respect, worldly ambition, moral depravity, guided by the spirit of pride under the banner of Satan. Man's soul is the prize; life or death the result. "Need it here be asked, what are the duties of lay Catholics in this great army? What are the duties of rank and file in any army? Do they discharge their obligations simply by wearing the uniform of the soldier or cheering for their flag? No. The lay Catholic must do the fighting. He must advance the outpost of the Church in every field held by the enemy. In the literary, scientific, commercial and social field it is the duty of the lay Catholic to plant the standard of the cross and defend it. "Priests have their own portion of the work. It is theirs to lead, to preach, to exhort, to threaten at times, to offer sacrifice, to dispense the mys-

teries of God's grace, but there is great struggle going on, and the questions of the day, affecting man's social and religious life, are being discussed in the forum of the shop, the street, the club, the steamboat and the railway train. There the lay Catholic must uphold his honor and the honor of the Church. In the arena of every-day life the voice of the layman alone is heard. It is nonsense, eye, cowardice to plead that it is not good taste to intrude your religion on the attention of others. You cannot help it; you are forced to either compromise, which is tantamount to denial, or defend it. Religion is the one great question which is argued everywhere and by every one.

Having developed the ideas thus set forth he resumes the position in these words:—

"The first duty, then, of the lay Catholic mission is to carry the teachings of our holy religion into the every-day life of the world. This means loyalty to the standard of the cross, obedience to divinely constituted authority, generous use of the sacraments and a deep sense of responsibility arising from membership in the Church of God."

These remarks were, of course, addressed to a distinguished and cultured audience of learned Catholics. For the well-informed Catholic to listen to the truths of his religion being lightly treated there is no excuse; but where the culture and information necessary to carry on a religious discussion are wanting, then indeed is silence golden. The Reverend Orator was happiest in his treatment of the subject, when he launched forth upon the duties of laymen in the political field. Daniel O'Connell said that nothing would be politically right that was morally wrong. Dealing with the duties of Catholic laymen in matters political, from that standpoint Father O'Reilly said:—

"In this country the political duties of the layman are not the least of his responsibilities. The purity of our politics rests upon the virtue of the citizens and the security of the republic depends upon the purity of its politics. The lay Catholic owes it to himself, his Church, his country, to prove the fallacy of that accepted doctrine that man may be a good man, pure and honest in his private life, and at the same time crooked in politics. If a man is crooked in politics he is a dishonest man, and it only needs temptation and opportunity to prove it. We should always oppose the election to office of corrupt men, especially if they use the name Catholic to help them, and we should never allow men to represent us as Catholics unless we are satisfied that they can be endorsed as practical members of the Church. Too many weak, selfish and unprincipled men have ridden to power on a Catholic vote, only to bring disgrace on themselves and the Catholic name by their dishonesty and political corruption.

"It is not enough for the Catholic to be no worse than other men; he should be better than other men because he is a Catholic. A Catholic representative in any position should be a man upon whom we can rely always to stand firm in defense of right and in opposition to wrong. Again, it does not follow because State and Church are separated and each has its own field in which to work, that the State alone shall monopolize the use of political methods and that the Church shall confine itself to prayer—God helps those who help themselves. It often happens that the enemies of holy religion make use of political power to check our progress, to enact iniquitous laws, to derive Catholics of their civil and religious rights. We should not be too timid about using the same instruments to combat them. We should never be ashamed to combine as Catholics and to make our influence as a body felt at the polls in defense of religious and moral rights.

Nor did the Rev. Lecturer forget the laywoman in his admirable discourse. Her duties, he said, may be summed up in one word—mother. He said the sanctity of the home is threatened all along our social life. No human influence but the example of strong, virtuous Catholic womanhood shall be able to stem the progress of secret immorality.

He urged well informed Catholics to make use of the press, not so much for controversial purposes, which he deprecated, as to disabuse the minds of others of the errors that are being constantly circulated, and the misstatements that abound concerning the Church; and he made a special plea to avail ourselves of our religious associations, so as to do the work for which they are specially organized and propagate the faith through the noble example of Catholic efforts.

The sermon treated the subject, in all its branches, with vigor and thoroughness, and must have made many laymen conclude that in the past they have fallen far short of the performance of their whole duty to the sound cause of Catholicity.

ORANGE fanaticism must be growing apace in Louisville, Kentucky, according to the following paragraph in the Midland Review of that city, under date July 22nd:—

The columns of the Times, of this city, for several days have been a battleground between the defenders and assailants of Orangism. The struggle is now over, yet it must be admitted that the latest Catholic champion boldly warded his Scotch antagonist. Another Orangeman named Murdock now leaps to the front and beseeches some one to tell him, who invaded Canada and killed a preacher named Hackett. The next thing we know some one will be digging up the ancient quarry and the murderer of Cock Robin. By the way, who was it gave orders to put down "the contumacious Orange rebels" after the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act? Who was it conspired to prevent Victoria from ascending the English throne?

THE GODLESS SCHOOL.

A recent despatch from New York brings us the following:—

Benjamin Simon, a 14-year-old school-boy, because he failed to pass the examination at the College of the City of New York, being deficient in drawing, drowned himself in the Hudson river on Saturday night. His body was recovered next day and taken to the home of his parents at 80 Suffolk street. Before committing suicide the lad mailed this note to his home:—

"My dear Parents,—I notify you that I will commit suicide. The reasons are that I had no opportunity to carry out my resolution to study an account of our circumstances. I have but few regrets that I must part with the world at such an age. The most important is that I have not held my resolution to agitate among the working masses for their emancipation from wage slavery by the overthrow of the capitalistic system and for the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth advanced by the Socialist-Labor party. I am grieved at the idea that you will grieve, although the hand that you will grieve, will at last be executed. I cannot write more. My hand is trembling, but, if you want to do the last request for your son, who is now dead to you and to the whole world, grieve not. I am wholly prepared to die, the death I myself have sentenced.—Your son, BENJAMIN SIMON.

The telegraphic report states that overstudy had affected the boy's brain. No doubt, but the godless system of education which the boy was undergoing was the direct cause of the calamity that befell him. His poor little head was crammed full of secular knowledge ill digested. At the early age of 14 he had already sought to solve the great problem of emancipation from the bonds that enslave society. He was anxious for the working masses, and the unfortunate child had evidently no idea of a Supreme Ruler. No lesson had been taught him from the inspired book. The school in which he had received his instruction is the much vaunted National Common School. There no time is wasted in learning how to know, love and serve God, and a little brain brought up out of all contact with Divine light, face to face with human misery, seeks, quite naturally, the ending of its slavery in suicide. "I have few regrets that I must part with this world at such an age." No thought of the eternity beyond. The godless school produces the godless scholar. If the suicide of this unfortunate youth will only cause some men to think for a moment, does it not offer a terrible lesson. What is to become of the country that excludes God and the teachings of Christianity from the curriculum of its schools?

VICTORIA SQUARE, of all places in the city, should be kept as a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It is true that the Parks and Ferries Committee make it their business to see that the Square is kept in proper condition, but there is something so much in evidence as to demand the intervention of the powerful arm of the law. Beautiful as it is in itself, the effect of the square is spoiled by the number of idle and, in not a few instances, questionable characters, whom the police allow to frequent it. It is a matter of surprise that these people are not asked to move on. Of course, everyone is entitled to a seat in a public square, but that does not carry with it a license to be all day on a bench in a drunken sleep, or when awake use filthy language.

CANADA has at last swung into the path of her destiny, and every recurrent year impresses on the pages of the world's history the immense importance to the future commercial prosperity of the Empire of the great North American continent. Lumber, coal, iron, copper, and other valuable commercial products Canada possesses in abundance, and now to, as it were, cap the climax of the immense resources with which Providence has blessed us comes the news of the discovery at Klondyke of gold mines in comparison with which the fables of the great Golconda ones fade into insignificance. With every attribute required by a prosperous country, the near future may be a big increase in immigration.

LADY SOMERSET, for so many years the head and front of the W. C. T. U., has resigned her proud position as president because her fellow members refused to endorse her views in connection with renewal of the Contagious Diseases Acts for India. The nature of these Acts are not apparent but there is little doubt as to the nature of the President of the W. C. T. U. There is a saying that a wilful man must have his way, but how much more true to nature the aphorism would have been if only the word "woman" had been substituted for that of man.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Western journal says that he views with alarm the increase of the French Canadian race in Ontario. He says that they are now masters of Northern Ontario, and five years hence at the rate of progress already made will reach 300,000 in strength. Fifteen years ago there were none or very few French Canadians in Northern

Ontario. He adds that where the French Canadians go they stick, and no hard work is too hard to discourage them, whereas the average Ontario settler is becoming educated above hard work.

The Utica Globe, in its issue of July 23rd, contains a fine picture and short sketch of the career of Judge J. D. Purcell. It is interesting to observe American newspapers beginning to take interest in our public men, and in the case of Judge Purcell they could not have chosen a better subject. His many excellent qualities of head and heart have endeared him to the people of Montreal, and his elevation to the Bench was hailed with satisfaction by all who knew him.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY has signed the Dingley Tariff Bill, and it now remains to be seen what effect this famous measure will have on the business interests of the country. The United States newspapers dwell with enthusiasm on the ceremonial attending the signing of the bill by the President. It is to be hoped that they will show the same enthusiasm when the new measure shows its practical results.

THE Midland Review rises to remark that "the papers are filled with an account of the destruction of missions and churches in China. Five missions have been wrecked and three churches burned to the ground, it appears, within the last two weeks. At this juncture perhaps it would not be amiss for Mr. McKinley to inquire who introduced the A. P. A. among the Chinese pagans."

THERE is a man, or rather an apology for one, in Louisville, Kentucky, who has been nominated for the office of coroner by a so-called convention of Republicans, and in accepting the nomination he is credited with using the following language:—

"I want to state unequivocally that I am opposed to Catholicism, a religion which violates the Second Commandment. I am opposed to the confessional. I am opposed to the man who sits in the Papal Chair in Rome, and calls himself Lord God. I want to say that if I am elected the first duty I shall perform will be to find out who dies in the convents, and how they die."

THE New York State authorities have a very difficult problem to solve, and there is little doubt that whatever its solution it is being eagerly looked forward to not only by their States but also in Canada. It is how to treat convicts so that while undergoing punishment for their crimes they may still preserve their faculties. Seven convicts in Kings County Penitentiary have been adjudged insane and removed to the asylum at Matteawan, and this wholesale destruction of intellect is ascribed to the rule of the State, which compels on its prisoner enforced idleness. In January the prison contract labor law was revoked and now these wards of the Government sit in their cells all day until the inactivity and horrible sameness of their existence saps away their reason. Commissioner Eurtis, speaking on the subject, says:—

"I have no hesitation in saying that this is the worst law that was ever enacted in this State. I don't know that I favor the Contract Labor law altogether, but this doesn't help matters much. For instance, we used to make mail bags here and sell 'em to the Government. They're made in Trenton prison now, and the Government gets 'em there. The same contractor that used to be here is now selling goods in this State made in the State prisons of Massachusetts and Connecticut. I don't know that the labor union men are much better off. There is one thing certain, however, we're turning out here, at an awful rate, a supply of lunatics."

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

SPECIALLY ORGANIZED FOR ENGLISH SPEAKING CATHOLICS, TO TAKE PLACE NEXT SATURDAY, JULY 31.

On Saturday next the pilgrimage for English speaking Catholic men and youths to St. Anne de Beaupre will be held. The arrangements are in the hands of the Rev. Fathers of St. Ann's parish, and that is the best guarantee of the success of the undertaking. The reliable and commodious steamer Three Rivers will leave the Richelieu pier at 7 p. m. This is probably the last opportunity of the season for English speaking Catholics to visit the famous shrine under the immediate direction of their own pastors and it should be made good use of.

POPE LEO'S PROTEST.

HIS HOLINESS DEMANDS THE RESTORATION OF HIS RIGHTS.

ROME, July 15.—A letter from the Pope to Cardinal Oreglia di San Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, was published to-day. His Holiness thanks the bishops who assembled at the recent organizations and signed an address declaring their attachment to the Holy See. The Pope exhorts the bishops to inculcate this feeling upon the Catholic world, and concludes: "Every day the necessity appears greater for replacing the Holy See in the position Providence assigned to it. As long as the difficulties which oppress us endure we will continue to complain of the violence done the Papacy, and to demand the rights safeguarding our liberty."

MRS. SABLIER TESTIMONIAL.

Subscriptions may be addressed to the chairman, Sir William Hingston, M.D., Montreal, P.Q.; or the secretary, Mr. Justice Curran, Montreal, P.Q.; or to the treasurer, Mr. Michael Burke, 275 Mountain street, Montreal, P.Q.

Subscriptions received by the Treasurer. Amount already acknowledged, \$1024 75

Table listing names and amounts: Rev. J. J. Connolly, S.J., Sault St. Marie, Mich. 5 00; Mrs. Geo. Dawson, Sault St. Marie, Mich. 5 00; C. J. Ennis, M. D., Sault St. Marie, Mich. 5 00; J. R. Ryan, Postmaster, Sault St. Marie, Mich. 5 00; T. J. Quinlan, Montreal, Que. 5 00; Mrs. Bishop, Montreal, Que. 1 50; Rev. John Scully, S.J., St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia, Pa. 10 00; Rev. T. P. Linehan, P. F., Biddeford, Me. 5 00; St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Montreal. 20 00; Right Rev. J. Sweeney, Bishop of St. John, N.B. 25 00; Cash. 1 00; Rev. Father Ryan, rector St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto. 10 00; Thomas O'Hagan, Ph. D., Arthur, Ont. 1 00; P. F. Cronin, Toronto. 3 00; M. & D. O'Shaughnessy, Montreal. 5 00; Mrs. Bernard McNally. 5 00; Madame Ryan. 5 00; J. D. McElderry, Guelph, Ont. 5 00; Rev. T. F. Fleming, Bracebridge, Ont. 2 00; R. v. F. O'Reilly, Hamilton, Ont. 2 00; Miss Durack, Montreal. 5 00; A Friend from Wisconsin. 10 00; Rev. P. O'Connell, Grey Nunnery, City. 5 00

A. O. H.

Division No. 2 to Hold its Annual Excursion on August 5.

The members of No. 3 Division have secured the steamer Three Rivers for their fourth annual excursion on Thursday, August 5th, 1897. The Ancient Order of Hibernians is an organization of a national spirit; whose thoughts are Irish, whose hearts are Irish whose teachings are Irish, one with all the people of their race, reflecting all their feelings, animated by all their national and religious desires, and its objects are to keep in touch with all our Irish Catholic citizens. It is the desire of the Committee to bring together a galaxy of Irishmen and women (and their descendants) that they may participate in the amusements afforded them on this occasion. They have secured the services of H. Murphy, (of Chicago) the Irish champion piper of the World, as well as Casey & Davis' Orchestra, also an Irish Glee Club, composed of members of the Order, whose rendition of ancient song, of the combats, and the virtues and the sorrows of the Gael, will be a feature in itself to warrant the occasion an enjoyable one. The personnel of the Committee who have kindly offered their services, in cooperation with the Committee of Management, will be a guarantee to every excursionist who will avail themselves of the coming event of Division No. 3, on the 5th August, 1897.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The annual picnic and games of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, at Isle Gro Bois, Saturday, July 17th, was a complete success. The weather was all that could be desired and over 1200 people availed themselves of the fine day and accompanied the members on their annual outing. Music for dancing was supplied by Prof. Casey's orchestra and the want of the people in that respect were well looked after by the music committee. The following programme of games was carried out. Children's race, 8 years and under, 1, M. O'Callahan; 2, L. Feeley; 3, A. Hayes; 4, F. Costigan; 5, F. Hickey. Three quick leaps, for boys of 15 years and under, 1, D. Kelly; 2, F. Lukeman; 3, J. Stevens; 4, F. O'Callahan. Children's race, 50 yards, five prizes. Boys' race, 8 years and under, 1, E. Newbold; 2, Jas. Lukeman; 3, J. Loisele; 4, Joseph Doyle; 5, John Costigan. Girls' race, members' daughters, 12 years and under, 1, Rose Kelly; 2, N. Brown; 3, Lily Costigan; 4, Annie Doyle; 5, H. Bresolo. Boys' race, members' sons, 12 years and under, 1, D. Kelly; 2, J. Stevens; 3, W. Cusack; 4, John Doyle; 5, John Costigan. Boys' race, 15 years and under (open), 1, J. Stevens; 2, F. O'Callahan; 3, D. Kelly; 4, F. Lukeman; 5, R. Quigley. Girls' race, 15 years and under (open), 1, Ethel Cheeketts; 2, N. Brown; 3, F. Johnston; 4, C. Levesque; 5, M. Bradley. 100 yds. race, members of the Society of over 12 years standing, 1, J. H. Kelly; 2, P. Connolly. 100 yds. open, 1, F. Kerr; 2, H. F. McDonald. Quarter mile, open to all members of the society in good standing, 1, W. F. Doyle; 2, J. Nolan; 3, J. Blanchfield. Bean game, 1, J. J. Bolster; 2, J. J. McEhgan; 3, Mrs. J. McCaffrey. Irish jig, 1, J. Edwards; 2, F. McDonald. The grand hurley match, 17 married vs. 17 unmarried members, was won by the latter, by a score of three games to two.

The Exhibition of Sacred Art, which is going to be held at Turin next year, has been generously aided by His Holiness. It has just been announced that he will give a prize of about £400 to the holder of the best painting of the Holy Family. The Holy Father is also taking much interest in the Raphael Exhibition, which is going to be held at Urbino; the birthplace of the immortal painter. He has given a precious cameo to be drawn for by lot, in order to defray some of the expenses of this exhibition.

THE SHAMROCKS WIN.

A Glorious Victory in the Queen City.

The Boys in Green Now Only Follow the Capitals in the Championship Struggle.

The Shamrocks, despite the forecasts of a few local pessimists, won a glorious victory on Saturday last, in Toronto, over one of the best aggregations which the Toronto Lacrosse Club has put in the lacrosse arena for a period of a quarter of a century.

The Shamrocks were not the least troubled about the rumors, but, on the contrary, encouraged to enter with a new spirit of enthusiasm in their preparations for the match.

The Toronto Globe, in referring to the match, says:—

"Before one of the most brilliant gatherings that ever assembled on the beautiful grounds at Rosedale the home team went down before the Shamrocks in the closest match played this season on Saturday.

The Shamrocks were without the services of their brilliant fielder Dick Kelly, who is still suffering from the effects of a broken finger, while McKenna was absent from between the flags, but they certainly had a good substitute in Stinson, who was moved back from point.

A peculiar incident happened between the fourth and fifth game. The Toronto claim to have entered a protest against Murphy and Kavanagh on the 30 days' rule, but Referee Carlind states positively that no such protest was handed to him.

The Shamrocks now have an excellent chance of winning the championship. They are only two games behind the Capitals and each have six games to play in the series.

Referee—T. Carlind. Umpires—Dr. Roberts and James Garvin.

SUMMARY OF GAMES. First—Toronto, Moran, 1 1/2 minutes. Second—Shamrocks, Wall, 1 1/2 minutes.

Third—Shamrocks, Tucker, 1 1/2 minutes. Fourth—Toronto, Smith, 1 1/2 minutes. Fifth—Toronto, Moran, 4 1/2 minutes.

Sixth—Toronto, Burns, 1 1/2 minutes. Seventh—Shamrocks, Tucker, 4 minutes. Eighth—Toronto, Smith, 1 minute.

Ninth—Shamrocks, Tucker, 1 1/2 minutes. Tenth—Shamrocks, Tucker, 1 minute. Eleventh—Shamrocks, Dade, 1 minute.

The Shamrocks now have an excellent chance of winning the championship. They are only two games behind the Capitals and each have six games to play in the series.

The Shamrocks and Toronto engaged in a battle royal on Saturday afternoon. It was the hardest, fastest kind of lacrosse, and the thousands who saw the game had splendid entertainment.

The Mail and Empire, in its report of the great battle, says:—

steadiness. They are all veterans, and showed the kind of spirit that wins, because it will not give up until the very end. The Toronto, with a little more of this spirit, could lead the league.

The teams and officials were as follows: Toronto—Allan, goal; Patterson, point; Wheeler, cover point; Griffiths, 1st defence; Murray, 2nd defence; Moore, 3rd defence; R-ad, centre; Gale, 3rd home; Moran, 2nd home; Burns, 1st home; Smith, outside home; Nolan, inside home.

Shamrocks—Stinson, goal; Murphy, point; Dwyer, cover point; Cavanagh, 1st defence; Sparrow, 2nd defence; Hayes, 3rd defence; Hinton, centre; Danaher, 3rd home; Dade, 2nd home; Wall, 1st home; Tucker, outside home; Wells, inside home.

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from letters in his pockets the police put him down as William Schoening, or Brother Bernard, for the part of the story that tells of his downfall is credited by Acting-Inspector O'Brien, who doubts only the penance. The prisoner was carefully dressed in severe black, with the clergyman's collar and stiff, plain black cravat.

Robert Burns, who on Thursday night found a rail on the tracks of the Long Island Railroad a short distance from the Riverhead station, has confessed that he placed the obstruction on the track.

REAL ESTATE IN NEW YORK. Real estate is worth something in New York, as can be guessed by the following figures:—A lot on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty Second Street has just changed hands for \$63 per square foot.

KILLED BY FRIGIT. During the storm of Friday evening, Leonardo Brostello, a shoemaker, living on the third floor of 611 East One Hundred and Forty-eighth Street, died of fright.

OBITUARY. We regret to have to announce this week the death of Mrs. W. H. Turner, (Marguerite Christiana Renouf), wife of Mr. W. H. Turner, furniture dealer, St. Lawrence street.

THE LATE ANDREW F. PHELAN. The funeral of the late Andrew F. Phelan, the lad drowned in the quarry at Cote St. Louis, took place on Friday morning, July 23rd, from the residence of his father to St. Mary's Church, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated.

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OUR REVIEWER.

Something About the Magazines of the Month.

The July Magazines, just to hand, contain some very interesting summer and other reading. The Victorian, published by the pupils and Brothers of St. Viator College, Kankakee, Ill., has a well thought out discourse on "Liberty," from the pen of J. Devane.

The opening article in the Catholic World, July number, is "The Development of Dogma," by the Rev. David Moyes, D.C.L. In his article Dr. Moyes has, in terse and vigorous English, swept away the claims of the English Church to an unbroken line of succession from the Apostles.

Donahoe's Magazine for July has some specially entertaining features. "Men and Things," from the pen of Henry Austin Adams, M.A., the editor contains in a comparatively short article many things both true and true. Here are a few samples:—

Change is not progress unless it is a return to truth. Leo XIII. has compelled the world to know that the Church is ready to meet the Twentieth Century whether that coming giant proposes to do battle with brains or with brass.

More women than men are being educated, refined and lifted toward true culture. They read more, work at their own advancement more, and hence know more and are more. Does this mean that marriage for most women will be "decline on a range of lower feeling?"

Among the surprises of the next world, and, perhaps, later on in this world also, will be the discovery that the truly "progressive women" of this century were to be found in the convents of the religious orders.

Seventy millions of people economizing is the damning up of forces capable of turning all the wheels of industry and honest progress for many moons to come.

Confidence has been scarce of late; talk about it, however, is a drug on the market. This dear old land of ours will come out all right; not through some shallow, and therefore heard-of "leaders of the people," but in spite of any and all such; not through some miracle of legislation, but because God sleeps not. And therefore—

Among the other articles in Donahoe's, all of which are worth attention, several of the writers have chosen peculiarly entertaining subjects. Marie Donegan Walsh describes the "Procession of the Amantiate," in St. Peter's, Rome, on Corpus Christi. Thomas Gaffney Taft imparts much valuable information in his paper on "The Champlain Assembly"; and Felix March gives a graphic sketch of a "Recent Revolt."

A continued story by Henry Austin Adams, M.A., "A Jesuit in Disguise," begins in this number, and "The Visitation Order in the United States," by Lydia Sterling Flintham, is concluded with sketches of M. de Sales, M. de Chantal, Monte Marie, and many other foundations instituted by the Visitation.

CHANGES AT M'GILL. In the McGill Medical Calendar for 1897-98 two changes are noticed in the teaching staff. One is that of Dr. Wyatt Johnston, last year lecturer in bacteriology and medico-legal pathology, has been made assistant professor of public health and lecturer in medico-legal pathology. The other is the appointment of Dr. J. Anderson Springle, formerly of Bishop's College, to be lecturer in anatomy.

Rev. Father Peter Havermans, one of the oldest priests in America, died on Thursday last in Troy, N.Y., at the ripe old age of ninety-one. Father Havermans was born in the Province of North Brabant, Holland, March 27, 1806, and was educated in the common schools of his native town, and for a time was under the tutelage of his uncle, Rev. John Beysersveld. He later studied at Thurnhout, in the school of Dr. De Nell, and in the academy of that city. At the age of 17 he entered the Seminary at Hoeven, where he studied philosophy for one year and the Scriptures for four years. He was ordained by Bishop Von de Velde at Ghent, June 6, 1830, and came to America in the October following, at which time there were but twelve Catholic priests in the United States.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS DIVISION NO. 3. Fourth Annual Grand Excursion To Lake St. Peter, by Steamer "Three Rivers" THURSDAY, August 5, '97. Boat leaves Jacques Cartier Wharf at 1.30 p.m. CASEY & DAVIS' Orchestra will be in attendance. Parties desiring steamers can see plan of Boat at Gallery Bros., 265 Notre Dame Street. Tickets, 50c. Children, 25c. 1898—GOD SAVE IRELAND—1898.

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WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE FASHIONS.

Fashion, decked out in the daintiest of summer gowns, has moved on to the various seaside and mountain resorts, bearing not even so much as a hint as to what she may have in contemplation for the near future. Meanwhile we can simply ring the changes on the many designs worked out with lace insertion to trim over thin gowns, the variety in skirt trimmings, and the diverse modes of fashioning the rapidly diminishing sleeve to bring it up to date and still retain a little of the comfortable fullness at the top. The sleeve made early in the spring with a very moderate puff is already beginning to have an old-fashioned appearance, and the one thing in prospect which seems absolutely certain for the coming season is the close sleeve. There are tucked, shirred, and puffed sleeves; sleeves with little frills of lace the entire length, with rows of insertion set on around, in points or lengthwise between puffs; sleeves with rows of braid or ribbon striping them from shoulder to waist; but there is very little extra fullness at the top. A small cap effect over a close sleeve is noticeable in some of the latest gowns, and this is made with either a narrow double puff, or various shaped pieces in epaulette form, trimmed on the edges, and falling over a little fullness caught up closely to the shoulder seam. Sleeves which have the puff so much used earlier in the season can be improved by trimming them just below the puff with bands of satin, velvet ribbon, or insertions of lace finished at the top with small bows or tiny buckles. The plain mutton leg, so large last season, is quite transformed by taking it in several inches at the seam from the elbow up and cutting off almost enough for another sleeve at the top.

Costumes of pure white, from parasol to shoe, are one of the prevailing fashions in summer dress, and they are worn morning, noon, and night, in all the varying grades of elegance or simplicity.

New and beautiful satin foulards of delicate quality and gay coloring are made into stylish costumes with pointed bodice and Marie Antoinette fichu of the foulard, with scarf ends that either fall on the skirt front or tie at the back. The seven gored skirts are trimmed with narrow triple ruches or frills of the fabric set on about ten inches apart.

Among the myriad of comfortable things for the summer girl is the improved summer corset of silk net, with soft, elastic gores, simply edged with feather stitching in silk floss. There are no fripples nor extra frills to take up any room, or become frayed, but the corset itself is a gem. It is the perfection of shape, and the manufacturer claims that it will wear better than any of the "ventilation" corsets of heavier fabric. Stout, short-waisted women have quite made up their minds that the short, graceful tennis or cycling corset is a boon for them for constant wear.

Short boleros and Etons made of cut-work and embroidery, lined with thin tinted silk of some becoming color, are considered very smart with any sort of light summer gown. They give a pretty finish that is both chic and dainty.

Batiste laces wrought on a delicate net ground are much used to trim (corn) lawns, linen batistes, and similar transparent fabrics. With these toilets, late in the afternoon at the summer resorts, are worn very pretty ruches of chiffon or batiste, finished with long scarf ends of the same, bordered with batiste lace insertion bands.

A handsome imported jacket is made of box cloth, showing a white sailor collar and revers. The model is open-fronted and extremely short. The jacket is a pale shade of cream, and is called the Redfern beach jacket, and other models are in pale green, mauve, tan, sage gray, silver gray, and also deep currant red.

There has been a wonderful demand for linen of every tint and quality this season. Both men and women find the material so serviceable that the quantities that have been sold have surprised even the merchants themselves. Formerly there was an objection against linen on account of its propensity to shrink greatly the first time it went to the laundry. Now this difficulty is removed, for all the best qualities of linen crash and linen homespun are shrunk before they leave the hands of the various manufacturers.

Last week a prominent French milliner of New York sent out an announcement of an extra display of midsummer millinery, and those in town and from out of town who saw the exhibit saw some of the very daintiest and fascinating round hats and bonnets that have been displayed or worn this season. First were the Victorian and other beautifully shirred models in tulle, India mull, net, gauze de soie, crepe de Venise, and Spanish lisse in pale velour. Bluets, tea-roses, and black-hearted meadow daisies combined with tulle or various shades of dark velvet ribbon were fastened in clusters on stylish hats of Neapolitan zephyrs of Leghorn braid. Beautiful hats of soft light openwork satin straw had tiny borders of flowers at the extreme edge, and at one side of the crown were set up long stemmed briar or Mermet roses and foliage or red and blue plox on shaded velvet. The creamery Italian braids were crinkled and bent into very odd shapes and trimmed with pleated tulle ruches, Venetian lace, and snowy quill feathers. Pretty (corn) braids were trimmed with réclaire velvet (corn) lace, and dark velvety nasturtiums, pink peach blossoms, or pale-blue myosotis.

Frits of Fashion.

A Parisian touch is given to the regulation white puff Eton coat and skirt by wearing a white tulle vest and a black (corn) scarf, which fastens underneath the jacket on either side of the front,

crosses at the waist, and ties behind with long such ends. The front of the jacket should be cut out in some odd shape to display the vest, and with a stiff white linen collar and a bright plaid necktie, the effect is stunning.

Pink and white gowns prevailed at the Queen's garden party, and one very striking dress of pink muslin over white silk was trimmed with cream lace insertion in wavy lines around the skirt, all edged with a little frill of black chiffon. Other pink muslin gowns were trimmed with frills of Valenciennes lace from the hem to the waist.

Bright dark blue veils are very much worn in Paris, but white cross-bar net with black chenille dots is more generally worn here with the light-colored straw hats. A fine black lattice net powdered with tiny spots, and all the new Russian nets without any spots at all, are equally famed.

Shoes must match our hats in color this season if we would be extremely chic, so there are all kinds of colored kid shoes in the fashionable young woman's outfit. White kid shoes are very much worn, and there is a mouse-colored brown kid which is very pretty with thin gowns.

The latest reefer jacket has a short basque, a high standing collar in the back and white revers, and is slashed on either side of the front where the belt passes through and fastens over the remaining portion. A simple coat sleeve with wide cuffs completes this stylish, trim little jacket, which requires a very fluffy, much befrilled vest to give it the desired effect.

An occasional poke bonnet, made of colored tulle, wired and shirred into shape, tied demurely under the chin with tulle strings and trimmed with small roses, is seen at the fashionable garden parties; but it is the exceptional face that can resist the effect of suddenly added years which this old-time shape is almost sure to produce.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Among the recent jubilee souvenirs are some that are useful for decorative purposes. One is a silver tankard ornamented with silver coins representing each period of English history from the reign of William the Conqueror to that of Queen Victoria. The coins are arranged according to their size, the largest at the bottom and smaller pieces toward the top. Over each coin is engraved the name of the sovereign at that time, and underneath the year is given.

The defacing of the polished wooden edges of the bathtub by brushes, soap, and other articles laid upon it can be readily avoided by the use of a convenient receptacle for such things, fitly named a bathtub tray. It is made of perforated white enamelled zinc of suitable size, and bound around the edge with a slat of nicely finished hardwood, thus making a framework about two inches deep. Fastened to the sides of this frame are supporting arms of the same kind of wood sufficiently long to reach across any bathtub. In this tray can be placed all cleaning materials.

Proper attention must be paid to the brushes one uses if one values her hair. To begin with, brushes should be kept spotlessly clean. Have them made of moderately stiff bristles, not too long and put in singly, that is, not close together. Closely set long bristles are very liable to assist in spoiling the hair. They are apt to split at the ends and catch the hair as it passes through them and break it off. Watch your hair brushes closely, and when a split bristle is found it should be removed at once.

It is said that when linens are badly scorched the spot can be removed if treated in the following manner: Extract the juice from two peeled onions and put it into an agate or granite vessel. Add to it half an ounce of white castile soap cut into small pieces and two ounces of fuller's earth. Mix them together and then stir in one cup of vinegar. Stand the vessel over the fire and let its contents thoroughly boil. When the mixture has become cool spread it over the scorched linen, and let it dry upon the cloth. When well dried wash out the linen.

An unusual and new dinner table decoration that seems to be received with much favor, particularly where the table is large, is as follows: Over a white damask tablecloth is arranged a lattice-work of leaves, leaving a margin wide enough for the plates, glasses, and table furnishings. Here and there in this green lattice-work are stuck flowers. One blossom and possibly two kinds of blossoms may be used in this decoration.

Eggs poached in milk afford not only a pleasant variety to the invalid's menu, but the dish, besides offering a slight increase in nourishment over the usual way. The milk should come to the scalding point, when the egg is dropped in and cooked, as if in water. A little of the hot milk is poured over the toast to soften it before the egg is slipped on.

Inkstains on white material may be removed most effectually by washing first in a strong brine and then wetting the spot in lemon-juice. This is harmless as well as dependable.

A strong solution of potash should be often used in rinsing out the kitchen sink. It is excellent for dispelling the grease which has such a mysterious affinity for the waste-pipes, and will save many a plumber's bill if rightly employed.

A light, easily portable screen is a necessity in every bed-chamber. It practically cuts one room into two, by the convenient privacy which it gives, and fences off a portion of the apartment into a dressing-room, which is especially to be desired if the whole space is large and perforce occupied by two persons.

It is said that among the Arabs the custom prevails of drinking water only in the evening. This, it is maintained, has none of the evil effects consequent upon quenching one's thirst freely dur-

ing the hours of the hot sunshine, and, moreover, that the thirst is satisfied for the following day to the extent of preventing the necessity of frequent and copious draughts of water.

Physical culturists set their faces against the popular habit-waist fashion for misses and growing girls. Convenient as it is, it is not hygienic, say these authorities. The most beautiful clothes for children are blouses and princess dresses. Where the former is used the skirt to which it is attached should be sewed to a sleeveless waist, thus hanging the weight from the shoulders, as in the case of the princess design. The faults of the shirt-waist costume for young girls are more noticeable when their wearers are off for their summer's outing. The freedom of movement which the romping in fields and woods, tramps over country roads, and other occupations of the summer al fresco life demand is not secured with the separate skirt and waist, needing the snug girdle to keep the two in place. All advocates of rational dress inveigh against the girdling of the waist at any age or any season; in active youth and tempting summer outdoor life, it is a positive cruelty.

Iced stuffed tomatoes is one of Mrs. Rorer's suggestions for an appetizing luncheon or Sunday night relish. Scald and peel six small solid tomatoes. Cut off the stem end in a slice and scoop out the seeds before standing the tomatoes on ice for two hours. When ready to serve chop one small bit of parsley rather fine. Pour over this mixture a dressing made from a half teaspoonful of salt, one quarter teaspoonful of pepper, and three tablespoonfuls olive oil beaten together with one tablespoonful vinegar, and fill it in the tomato shells. Serve each on a lettuce leaf heaped round with finely cracked ice.

It is one of the tenets of the priestesses of the chafing dish that she shall have her materials measured and prepared before hand as much as possible; she likes, too, to be well provided with the tools of her trade, and thus equipped, her skill will be at its best. The chafing dish knife is a late addition to the list of needed implements, supplementing the spoon, which has long been indispensable; the knife is long and thin with a smooth, broad blade tined to a round ebony handle. It is most useful in turning an omelet, its flexible blade performing the service with great deftness. A summer dainty on the chafing-dish menu is that of an orange omelet. Three oranges, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, two of butter, four eggs, and a tablespoonful of salt are required. Pare and slice two of the oranges and sprinkle with three tablespoonfuls of the sugar; grate the rind of the other orange and squeeze out the juice; beat the yolks of the eggs thoroughly and stir into them the rest of the sugar, the orange rind, and juice. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff and fold lightly into the mixture. Have the butter very hot in the blazer and pour in the omelet, spreading in the sliced oranges after the omelet thickens. Fold over the omelet, cover the dish, and let the omelet set and brown over the hot water pan.

SUMMER DRINKS.

COOLING BEVERAGES THAT MAY BE PREPARED WITH THE AID OF FRUIT JUICES.

When the mercury is not satisfied to remain at summer heat, but creeps up until almost out of sight, there arises a mighty desire for cold drinks—something cooling, refreshing, and palatable. With the markets filled with tempting, juicy fruits, one need not be at a loss to have wholesome and refreshing beverages always at hand.

To make strawberryade, wash half a pound of sound, ripe berries and bruise them with a silver spoon. Rub into them four ounces of sifted sugar and one gill of water. Press the mixture through a sieve, add a pint of water and the juice of half a lemon; filter through a piece of cheesecloth into a glass jar and stand beside the ice until wanted. Then mix it with ice-cold seltzer, apollinaris, or plain iced water.

For a fruit temperance cup, cut the yellow rinds from four lemons, very thin, and drop them in a large earthen bowl. Squeeze the juice from one dozen lemons onto the peel and add two pounds of granulated sugar to the juice; cover and let it stand over night. Into another bowl put a peeled and shredded pine apple and one quart of small fruits such as strawberries, cherries and raspberries, taking about an equal amount of each fruit. Cover the fruit with sugar and let it stand over night. In the morning crush thoroughly the fruits and strain the liquid into the lemon syrup. Add one pint of freshly made cold tea and put the mixture in a cold place for several hours. When it is desired for use add two quarts of iced water for this amount of fruit juices. Charged waters may be used in place of plain iced water if they are liked.

To make a refreshing summer drink, to two pints of water add one pint of granulated sugar. Place over the fire long enough to entirely dissolve the sugar; take it from the fire and add to the syrup the juice from three fine lemons and the grated peel of one, the inside of one orange and one pineapple peeled and picked into pieces. Let the liquid mixture stand until partly cooled and then strain through a coarse sieve, rubbing as much of the fruit through as possible; then place it where it will become perfectly cold. At serving time add to the liquid a pint of ice-cold apollinaris water.

An excellent drink is made from raspberry juice. To one quart of fresh, perfect fruit add the juice of one lemon and one tart orange. Bruise the fruit with a spoon and add one pint of water. Let it stand two or three hours. Meanwhile dissolve three fourths of a pound of granulated sugar in one quart of boiling water

and let this become cold. Rub the fruit through a fine sieve and add it to the cold syrup and serve with shaved ice in the glasses. Strawberries and oranges may be used in the same way, only with the latter fruit more sugar is required.

For a fruit lemonade put one and one-half pints of sugar into a saucepan with one quart of water. Place the pan over the fire and cook until the sugar is dissolved. Peel and grate one pineapple, and add to this one banana, sliced, half a cup of cherries, from which the stones have been taken, and the same quantity of grapes cut into halves and seeded. Add the prepared fruits to the syrup when it is taken from the fire, and when the mixture is cold add the strained juice of two oranges, half a pint of lemon juice, and the same quantity of the juice from berries. When perfectly cold add shaved ice and some water. Serve in glasses with a spoon.

There are many desirable cold drinks that may be kept at hand which are not made of fruits. Iced chocolate is an especially good one. To prepare it put into a porcelain-lined or granite kettle four ounces of finely powdered, unsweetened chocolate and six ounces of granulated sugar. Add one quart of water and when they are well mixed place the kettle over a moderate fire and allow the contents to boil until the liquid is of the consistency of a thick syrup. Take it from the fire and stir the mixture frantically while it is cooling. When cold favor it with vanilla extract and serve in tall tumblers partly filled with cracked ice, adding a couple of spoonfuls of whipped cream to each tumbler. This chocolate syrup can be kept in glass jars in a refrigerator and will remain good for a long time.

Among beverages flavored with something more than the juices of fruits the following is excellent: Into a pitcher put the yellow rind of a lemon, cutting it as thin as possible from the fruit and rejecting the white, bitter part. Add the juice of the lemon and a tablespoonful of good Jamaica rum. Blend with these ingredients two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar. Place a good sized piece of ice in the pitcher, pour over the whole a bottle of ginger ale, mix well and serve at once.—N. Y. Sun.

PRESENTS FOR SUMMER BRIDES.

To send some personal gift to the bride is allowable if she so desires in the sending of a wedding gift. It is perhaps a greater pleasure, though, to the bride if her presents are for use in her new home, which is to be her future world of happiness. Silver is everyone's first choice, but if one cannot afford a solid silver gift it is better to avoid plated ware. A true gift, and one in good taste, should always be the best of its kind. Cut-glass and chinaware are next most usual gifts, but it is well always for some people to be unusual.

The gift which others do not think of is the happy choice. Avoid the selection of those things which the jeweller or bric-a-brac dealer assures you is at the time "just the fashion in wedding presents." Let your choice be to the bride not only "another vase" or "a lamp No. 7," but in stead a dainty surprise according to your means. A curio of some sort, a piece of tapestry or a quaint clock, if you can afford luxuries, or a simple gift, with a character of its own at any rate, if its price is to be a small one.

A piece of furniture is always welcome and is not expensive. A small table, an odd chair or carved stool, a picture for the wall, a tiny mirror in an old fashioned frame; all of these things bespeak usefulness as well as beauty. The walls in the house are perhaps the most forgotten spot, so wall decorations are most timely. A few old fashioned plates of the days gone by, a bas relief, in plaster, or, as mentioned before, a well selected picture, a wall clock or a sconce will help the perplexed little housekeeper. And for timely gifts, when the thought is willing but the purse is small, why not the dainty embroidery, needed in every home, the simple doily or dowered centre piece, the jardiniere with its growing ferns or palm, to add beauty to the home, or the necessary soft cushion with its invitation to comfort? Then, too, remember, the need of a library in every household. "Every book is a fresh day light," and there is never too great an abundance of volumes in a home which needs the years to give it perfection.

So let your gift bespeak its value to thought and the love with which it is sent, even if it must bear the stamp of simplicity. Thought is so easy to bestow, but it is precious. The little note lying a love wish to a present, the sweet acts of others magnifying the great love in her heart toward one to whom she is giving herself, all these bring their own little thrill of joy to add to a bride's happiness on her wedding day.

IDEAS IN DECORATION.

The latest development in wall paper shows neither flowers nor figure nor stripe nor circle. It is simply an all-over watered or moire ground, like a piece of silk or satin moire, and is brought out in all satisfactory tints and shades. Panels of this moire paper used particularly on a kalsomined wall surface the panels being defined with a narrow gilt moulding, afford an effective treatment for a drawing-room. A sample lately seen was in leaf green moire paper, put on in up-and-down panels three-quarters of a yard wide on a wall surface, tinted in a paler shade of green. The gilt mouldings that edged the panels were chased and ornamented, and not even a very close observer would have discovered that the moire was paper and not silk.

Other new papers show the delicate exactness and finely wrought figures and flowers of the Louis XVI. broches and draperies, but most of the lately set up papers have large, bold patterns, either in scrolls or conventionalized designs. A new treatment for these large flowered papers is to have a very deep dado and frieze of narrow striped paper of the two main colors of the pattern. A room decorated in lavender paper, in which the floor de la on an ivory ground formed the main coloring, had a very deep dado

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of lavender and cream striped paper, marked by a white moulding and a frieze of the same striped lavender and white paper above. By using dadas of either striped or plain-colored cartridge paper, the boldest patterns in flowered or figured wall paper may be employed successfully without detracting from the size of the room.

LADY PATENTEES.

Communication from Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, 185 St. James street, Temple Building, Montreal:—

KNIFE SHARPENER.—An important attachment to a sewing machine has been patented by Mary H. P. Cox, of Kirkham, Md. It consists of a very wheel grinder for knives, scissors and the like, geared to the treadle so that it may be run independently of the rest of the machine. It may be readily attached or detached at will, and from the variety of uses to which it may be put will, no doubt, have a large sale and be highly appreciated.

HAIR CURLER.—An article considered an important adjunct to a ladies' toilet was very properly patented by a lady, Laura W. Meach, of Buffalo, N. Y. It is a hair-curler composed of a flexible roll, with a flap or apron attached, receding from each end of the roll towards its centre, so that when rolled it forms a compact and secure receptacle for the stand or braid.

TOILET APPLIANCE.—In apartment houses, flats and other dwellings where economy of room is desired, the invention of Minnie Rhine, of Wilmington, will be particularly appreciated. The wash-basin has an arm attached, which hinges to the wall and holds the basin in a horizontal position when in use, after which it is folded downward, resting against the wall. The whole appliance is surmounted with a soap cup, towel hangers, etc. Patented March 23.

BUTTON HOLE GUIDE.—A handy appliance to render accurate work in the stitching of buttonholes was recently patented by Bertha J. Newenschwander, of Vera Cruz, Ind. It consists of a clamp or guide whereby each stitch shall be exactly in line, thus greatly adding to the convenience of the work and beauty of its finish. It is instantly applied or disengaged by simply compressing a spring with the thumb and finger.

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A SHUFFLE OF EXPEDIENTS.

To indolent, shiftless, listless people, life becomes a mere shuffle of expedients. They do not realize that the habit of putting everything off puts off their manhood, their capacity, their success; their contagion infects their whole neighborhood. Scott used to caution youths against the habit of dawdling, which creeps in at every crevice of unoccupied time and often ruins a bright life. "Your motto must be," he says, "Hoc age."—do instantly. This is the only way to check the propensity to dawdling. How many hours have been wasted dawdling in bed, turning over and dressing to get up! Many a career has been crippled by it. Burton could not overcome this habit, and, convinced that it would ruin his

access, made his servant promise before he went to bed to get him up at just such a time; the servant called, and coughed, but Burton would beg him to be left a little longer. The servant, knowing that he would lose his shilling if he did not get him up, then dashed cold water into the bed between the sheets, and Burton came out with a bound. When one asked a lazy young fellow what made him lie in bed so long, "I am employed," said he, "in hearing counsel every morning. Industry advises me to get up; sloth to lie still; and they give me twenty reasons for and against. It is my part, as an impartial judge, to hear all that can be said on both sides, and by the time the cause is over dinner is ready."

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The God of Battles.

FROM THE WEEKLY BOUQUET, BOSTON.

"Severin of the world... these sabres held another language to-day from that they held yesterday."

It happened so unexpectedly, so abruptly, that she forgot to scream. A moment before she had glanced out of the pantry window, and she saw from her faded pink apron, and she saw the tall oak motionless in the field, and the sunlight sifting through the corn. In the heated stillness a wasp, creeping up and down the window pane, filled the dim house with its buzzing. She remembered that; then she remembered hearing the clock ticking in the darkened dining room. It was scarcely a moment; she bent again over her floor pan, wistful, saddened by the summer silence, thinking of her brother. Then again she raised her eyes to the window.

It was so sudden; and she did not scream. Had they dropped from the sky, these men in blue, these toiling, teeming, crowding creatures? The corn was full of them, the pasture, the road. They were in the garden; they crushed the cucumbers and the sweet peas. Their muddy trousers tore tendrils from the melon vines. Their great shoes, plodding across the potato hills, harrowed the beaten earth and levelled it to a waste of beaten mould and green stuff. They passed, hundreds, thousands, she could not tell, and at first they neither spoke nor turned aside; but she heard a harp, a subtle vast as winds at sea, a nameless murmur that sweeps through brains of marching men, the voiceless prophecy of battle.

Breathless, spellbound, she moved on tiptoe to the porch, one hand pressed trembling across her lips. The field of oats shimmered a moment before her eyes, then a blue mass swung into it and it melted away, sheered to the earth in a shimmering swathes as gilded grain falls from the sickle's sparkle. And the men in blue covered the earth, the world—her world, which stretched from the orchard to Benson's Hill, nearly a mile away.

There was something on Benson's Hill that she had never before seen. It looked like a brook in the sunshine. It was a column of infantry, rifles slanting in the sun.

Somebody had been speaking to her for a minute or two, somebody below her on the porch steps, and now she looked down and saw a boy, slim, sunburnt, wearing yellow gauntlets and spurs. His dusty uniform glittered with gilt and yellow braid. He touched the visor of his cap and fingered his sword hilt. She looked at him listlessly, her hand still pressed to her lips.

"Is there a well near the house?" he asked. After a moment he repeated the question.

Men with red crosses on their sleeves came across the grass, trailing poles and rolls of dirty canvas. She saw horses, too dusty and patient, tied to the trout gate. A soldier with a yellow chevron on his sleeve stood at their heads holding a red flag in one hand.

Something tugged gently at her apron, and "show me the well, please," repeated the boy beside her.

She turned mechanically into the house. He followed, caking his rag carpet with his boots' dry mud. In the woodshed she started and turned trembling to him, but he gravely motioned her on, and she went, passing more swiftly under the trees of the orchard to the vine-covered well-curb.

He thanked her. She pointed at the dipper and rope; but already, blue-clad, red-faced soldiers were lowering the bucket, and the orchard hummed with the buzz of the wheel.

She went back to the porch, not through the house, but around it. Across the little lawn lay crushed stalks and drying flowers, and the potato patch was a slough of muddy green.

Soldiers passed in the sunshine. She began to remember that her brother, too, was a soldier, somewhere out in the world. He had been a soldier for nearly a year, ever since Tim Bamis had taken him to Willow Corners to enlist.

She remembered that she had cried and gone into the pantry to make bread and cry again. She remembered that first night, how she had been afraid to sleep in the house, how, at dusk, she had gone into the parlor to be near her mother. Her mother was dead, but her picture hung in the parlor.

All around her thousands of men burst into cheers, a deeper harmony grew on the idle breeze, the solemn tolling of cannon. The flags—the bright flags—spread rainbow wings to the rising breeze. They were breathing the hills everywhere. The din of the rifles, the cheering, the sudden, swift, human wave sweeping by on every side, thrilled her little heart until it beat out the long roll with the rolling drums.

In the orchard the rattle of the bucket and the creak and whirr of the well-wheel never ceased. A very young officer sat on his horse eating an unripe apple and watching the men around the well. The horse stretched a glossy neck toward the currant bushes, muzzling twigs and sun curled leaves. A hen wandered near peering fearlessly at the soldiers.

The girl went into the kitchen, reached for her sun-bonnet dangling on a peg, tied it under her chin, and walked gaily into the orchard. The men about the well looked up as she passed. They admired respectfully. So did the very young officer pausing, apple half-eaten. So, perhaps, did the horse turning his large, gentle eyes as she came up.

The officer turned in his saddle and leaned toward her deferentially, anticipating, perhaps, complaint or insult. In Maryland, "Dixie" was sung as often as "The Red, White and Blue." Before she spoke, she saw that it was the same officer who had asked her about the well. He was very young.

"I am sorry," he said; and as he spoke he removed his cap, "I am very sorry that we have trampled your garden. If you are loyal, the Government will indemnify you."

The sudden bellow of a cannon somewhere among the trees drowned his voice. Stunned, she saw him, undisturbed, gather his bridle with a deprecatory gesture. His voice came back to her through the ringing in her ears.

"We do not mean to be careless, but we could not turn aside, and your farm is in the line of advance."

Her ears still rang as she spoke, scarcely hearing her own voice.

"It is not that. I am loyal. It is only I wish to ask you where my brother—where the 60th Maryland is."

"The 60th Maryland! Oh, why, it's in King's Bridge, Walden's Division. I think it's yonder." He pointed toward the beech woods.

"Yonder? Where they are firing?" Again the cannon thundered, and the ground shook under her. She saw him nod, smiling faintly. Other mounted officers rode up. Some looked at her curiously, others glanced carelessly. The attitudes of all were respectful. She heard them arguing about the water in the well and the length of the road to Willow Corners. They spoke of a turning movement—of driving somebody to White-Hall Station. The musketry on the hill had ceased; the cannon, too, were silent. Across the trampled corn troops moved listlessly to the tap-tap of a drum. On the road that circled Benson's Hill mounted soldiers were riding fast in the dust. Several little flags bobbed among them. Metal on shoulder and stirrup flashed through the dust, burnished by the mid-day sun.

She heard an officer say that there would be no fighting, and she wondered, because the musketry began again—little spattering shots among the beeches on the ridge and behind the house the drums rolled; and a sudden flattery of bugle music filled the air. Other officers rode up, some escorted by troopers, who bounced in their saddles and grasped long staffed flags, the butts resting in their stirrups.

She reached up and bent down an apple bough studded with clustered green fruit. Through the leaves she looked at the officers.

The sunshine fell in brilliant spots, dappling flag and cap and the broad backs of horses. There was a jingle of spurs everywhere. The hum of voices and the movement were grateful to her, for her loneliness was not of her own seeking. In the pleasant summer air the distant gunshots grew softer and softer. The twitter of a robin came from the ash tree by the gate.

Out on the road by Benson's Hill the cavalry were still passing. The little flags sped along, rising and falling with the column, and the short clear note of a trumpet echoed the robin's call.

But around the house, the last of the troops had passed. She could see them not yet far away, moving up among the fields toward the ridges where the sun burned on the bronzing scrub oak thickets. The officers, too, were leaving the orchard, spurring on, singly, or in little groups, after the disappearing columns. From the main road came a loud thudding and pounding and clanking—a battery of artillery, the long guns slanted, the drivers swinging their thongs, passed at a trot.

When she raised her head it was dark. She heard the murmur of wind in the trees, and the chirp of crickets from the field. She sat up, peering feebly into the darkness, and she heard the clock ticking in the kitchen, and the rustle of vines on the porch. After a moment, she arose, treading softly, and felt along the wall until her hands rested on her mother's picture.

And, no longer afraid, she slipped silently across the room and through the hall way to the pantry.

It was nearly moon rise before she had cooked supper, and when she sat down alone at the long table the moon, huge, silvery, stared at her through the window.

She sipped her tea, turned the lamp-wick a trifle lower, and ate, slowly. The little grey, dusk moths came humming in the open window and circled around her. The porch dripped with dew. There was a scent of night in the air.

When she had sat silent a little while dreaming over the sins of a blameless life, there came to her a peace, so sudden, so perfect, that she could not understand. How should she know peace? What thought of the past might bring comfort? She just remembered her mother, that was all. She loved her picture in the parlor. As for her father, he had died as he had lived—a snarling drunkard. And her brother? A lank, blue-eyed boy, dissipated, unwholesome, already cursed with his father's sin. What comfort could he be to her? He had gone away to enlist. He was drunk when he did it.

She thought of all these things, her fingertips resting on the edge of the table. She thought, too, of the soldiers passing, of the crash of rifles, the drums, the cheering, the sunlight flecking the backs of the horses in the orchard.

There was a creak at the gate, a click of a latch, and the fall of a foot on the moonlit porch. She half rose; she was not frightened. How she knew who it was, God alone knows; but she looked up timidly, peacefully, understanding who was coming, knowing who would knock, who would enter, who would speak. And yet she had never seen him but once in her life.

All this she knew, this child made wise in the space of time marked out by the tick of the kitchen clock. But she did not know that the memory of his smile had given her the peace she could not understand. She did not know this until he entered, dusty, slim, sunburnt, his yellow gauntlets folded in his belt, his cap and sabre in his hand. Then she knew it. When she understood this, she stood up, pale, uncertain. He bowed slightly, then stepped forward, muzzling with his sabre hilt. She motioned toward a chair.

He said he had a message for the master of the house, and glanced about vaguely, noting the single plate at table and the single chair. She said he might give the message to her.

"It is only that—if I do not inconvenience you too much," he smiled faintly—"if you would allow me—well the truth is, I am billeted here for the night."

She did not know what that meant and he explained.

"The master of the house is absent," she said, thinking of her brother.

"Will he return to-night?" he asked.

She shook her head. She was thinking that she did not want him to go away. Suddenly the thought of being alone laid hold of her with fresh horror.

"You may stay," she said faintly. He bowed again. She asked him if he cared for supper, with a gesture toward the table, and when he thanked her, she took courage, and told him where to lay his cap and sabre.

There was a small room between the parlor and the dining room. She offered it to him, and he accepted gratefully. While she was in the kitchen toasting more bread, she heard him go to the front door and call. There came a clatter of hoofs, a quick word or two, and as she re-entered the dining-room he met her smiling. "My orderly," he explained; "he may sleep in the stable, may he not?"

"My own bedroom is all I have here," she said.

"Not—not the one you gave me?" he stammered.

known. All at once she realised, dreaming in the lamplight, that she was a woman to him, like other women—a woman to be spoken to with gentle deference—a woman to be approached with courtesy. She had read it in his eyes. She had heard it in his voice. It was this that brought to her a peace as gracious, as sweet as the eyes that had met her own in the orchard.

He was coming back from the stable now. She heard his spurs click across the grass by the orchard. And now he had entered, now he was there, sitting opposite, smiling vaguely across the table. A rush of tears blinded her, and she looked out into the night where the white moon stared and stared.

She found herself in the parlor, after a while, silent, listening to his voice. And all at once she was peace, born of the peace within her breast.

He told her of the war. She had never cared before, but now she cared. He spoke of long marches, of hunger and of thirst, with a boyish laugh. And she laughed too, not knowing how else to show her pity. He spoke of the land, and now, for the first time, she loved it. She knew it was also her land, and she loved it. He spoke of the flag and what it meant. In her home she had no symbol of her country, and she told him so. He drew a penknife from his pocket, cut a button from the collar of his coat, and handed it to her. On the button was an eagle and stars, and she pinned it over her heart, looking at him with innocent eyes.

She told him of her mother. She could not tell much, but she told him all she remembered. Then, involuntarily, she told him more about her life, her hopes long dead, her brother bearing his father's name and curse. She had not meant to do this at first, and as she spoke she had a dim idea that he ought to know who it was that he treated with gentleness and deference. She knew that it would not change anything in him—that he would be the same. Perhaps it was a vague hope that he might advise her, perhaps be sorry. She could not analyze it, but she felt the necessity of speaking.

There is a time for all things, except confession. But to the lonely soul long still, a time is chosen for confession when God sends the opportunity.

She spoke of honor, as she understood it. She spoke of dishonor, as she had known it.

When she was silent he began to speak, and she listened breathlessly. Ah! but she was right. The God of Battles had sent to her a messenger of peace. Out of the smoke and flame he had come to find her, and pity her. Through him, she knew she was worthy of honor. Through him, she learned her womanhood. From his lips she heard the truths of youth, which are truer than the truths of age.

He sat there in the lamp light, his gilt straps gleaming, his glittering spurs ringing true with every movement, his bronzed young face bent to hers. She knew he knew everything that man could know; she drank in what he said, humbly. When he ceased speaking, she still looked into his eyes, fascinated. Their brilliancy dazzled her. The lamp spun a halo behind his head. Wondering at his knowledge, she wondered what those things might be that he knew and that he told. He was smiling now. She felt the power and mystery of his eyes. It is true he had not told her all he knew, although what a boy of eighteen knows is soon told. He had not told her that her brother lay buried in a trench in the beach grove on the ridge, shot by court-martial for desertion in the face of the enemy. Yet that was the very thing he had come to tell.

About midnight, when they had been whispering long together, he told her that her brother was dead. He told her that death with honor wiped out every stain, and she cried a little, and blessed God—the God of Battles, who had purified her brother in the flames of war.

And that night, when he lay asleep on the musty hair cloth sofa, she crept in, white, silent, and kissed his hair. He never knew it. In the morning he rode away.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

A RAILWAY MANAGER SAYS: "In reply to your question: Do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion? I say no! On the contrary, they are fond of it, and it keeps them pictures of health."

PRACTICAL NOTES ON FRUIT GROWING.

By Mr. ALEX. McD. ALLAN, in the Canadian Horticultural Magazine.

THINNING FRUIT.—Taking for granted that all preliminary requisites have been attended to for the purpose of producing a perfect growth of tree, and abundant crop of choice fruit, I know of nothing so necessary, and that will yield the grower such large returns, as attention to proper thinning out at the proper time. We all desire to perfect the crop, and have it of prime quality and size. How shall we arrive at this?

Certainly by past experience, not by allowing our trees to over bear in any year. We know the result of this is disastrous alike to tree, size of fruit, and quality of crop, as well as future prospects. Growers will find that trees can be trimmed into regular bearing habits, especially if attended to from first blooming, by judiciously thinning out, not only specimens that appear imperfect in form or size, but also removing many others, which good judgment tells us would cause too great a strain upon the vitality and feeding power of the parent. It is comparatively easy to thin out from an over crop upon a small tree, and if this is followed for three or four years, even those varieties that naturally over bear will submit to such training, and come into bloom yearly. It is much more profitable to have an average crop yearly than a large crop one year, and little or none the following. An imperfect fruit contains generally as many and as large seeds as a fine specimen, hence they call upon the tree and soil for substance, equal, or nearly, to that of a perfect fruit. Doubtless the apple requires more attention in this respect than any other fruit, but it will pay in all kinds. Any grower will admit that specimens



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will be larger and color and flavor better, with a medium crop, than in the case of an over crop. But I think the largest value to the grower comes in the fact that in building a tree down to what I may call a reasonable crop, he may look for this class of crop every year; and from experiments my conviction is that this desirable end can be reached with a little care and attention at the proper season.

Of course untimely frosts and blights will vary the success, and where the crop is thus cut off extra care must be used the following season in case the tree may attempt to over bear.

Thinning out fruit is a matter of judgment, and I take for granted that every worthy grower is possessed of this. Those who lack in this quality will soon learn from their neighbors.

Our pears are formed new, and weak settings have dropped, but the crop is still so large, and we are nipping out according to size and age of tree, and as far as we can judge of its capabilities. In another ten days apples will demand our attention. In only a few instances do plum and peach trees need attention in this respect, as last year's crop was large, and settings this year are not excessive; but enough to ensure grand results in size, form, color and flavor.

I am satisfied that if growers combine the scientific with the practical, we will advance the fruit growing interests of our grand country, and go into the world's markets without fear of competitors. But we must act as honestly by our own home markets as in our exports, and thus increase consumption; for a good article is always in demand, while an inferior soon glutts any market.

SPRAYING PAYS.—Yes, it pays well. Today, I find by trying that I can scarcely find a curculion upon any tree that has been sprayed, whereas, upon one tree that I purposely left I find them in large numbers. This tree, too, will be treated to an application of the good Bordeaux in the morning. Besides I find my trees benefited by the application of this excellent mixture; they are clean and free from fungus, the foliage strong and glossy, and buds stronger in the fall. I believe this application is in the best interest of growers, even where there is no fruit upon the tree now, as it prepares the buds for future development by warding off disease.

BUT FEED THE LAND.—Don't forget this above all things, as our other efforts will avail but little if we neglect this. Regular, systematic manuring, and opening the soil to allow the sun and air to enter, is always necessary.

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[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

that no modern State, since the Gospel brought in new and divine principles, can omit from its constitution. You have this ancient English foundation whereupon to build, and the law, as I understand, leaves you no little discretion as touching the ways and means whereby you will administer so difficult an estate. For it is an estate, burdened and beset with responsibilities. Yet, as being an estate, secure in its rights and capable of wisely expanding its beneficence, the Poor-Law system has advanced that no private charity can equal. Above all, it combines in the admirable fashion of which this country has set so bright an example, those two things, elsewhere sundered and divorced, the management of public funds by private persons without fee or reward. The English tradition—and long may it flourish—is that every individual man or woman should be ready, when occasion permits, to serve in those many and effective committees by which the best work is done and self-government is preserved from sinking into an idle name. What can be more gratifying than to see Catholics associated in this noble task with their fellow-citizens, bringing their own sound principles to bear on every question which may arise, and without partisanship or any touch of sectarian feeling, zealous to administer carefully and kindly these goods of the unfortunate. Here is common Christian ground upon which all may meet; where knowledge, experience, character, will be sure to tell, and prejudice cannot fail to be overcome by acquaintance and sympathy. Our wisdom will be to take for granted in those with whom we have to deal, whether guardians or officials, the high average of public duty and honourable motives which we know to exist among Englishmen who occupy these arduous posts. Whatever may be charged upon the Poor-Law system of half a century ago, it cannot be said, on the whole, that today it falls below the level of other parts of the public administration. There has been a decided and most encouraging change in this respect, and the spirit of mercy, as well as the desire of light, has entered into its dealings and inspired them. All these things tend to restore the Christian elements which it had lost or forgotten; and in the same degree they make it more and more advisable that Catholics should take their place in the upward movement.

THE BEST KIND OF GUARDIAN. Now this movement again is, I think, two-fold. While it proceeds from the warm heart, the passion of pity, which is certainly characteristic of our noblest men and women, it demands the cool head of science, well furnished with information, not dull, as regards the latest teaching of medical and economic masters, and possessed of the conviction that our questions of mercy must be looked at as a whole. The best sort of guardian is the man who keeps abreast of knowledge, who compares foreign systems with our own, and who searches into the causes and conditions to which we owe it that our helpless population decreases, if at all, so slowly. Such a man will take into his general view all the institutions that serve as shelters and a refuge to these millions—for amid the sunshine of prosperity, millions they are who lie under a heavy and disastrous cloud. He will, then, brace himself up to the study, painful though it be, of the prison, the hospital, the asylum—he cannot turn away from the statistics of intemperance; and he will scrutinize keenly the results of that elementary education which has now moulded our children during the long space of twenty-seven years. He will endeavor to keep before him as a pattern the model city, the Christian family, the Catholic home; and he will ask himself, as he looks around, how far the cities, families, and homes, with which he is acquainted, come up to that pattern. He will, in short, live all day long with the social problem as a reality in his sight. I do not ask him to be a Utopian; but I do implore of him to be a Christian—a steady, convinced, and resolute believer in the New Testament, persuaded that it was never meant to be a dead letter, and sure that its principles are as sound in the market place, the workshop, and the street, as they are declared to be in the pulpit. I know that I am asking no small thing; for the modern, unreformed system takes not the least notice of the New Testament. And yet to the New Testament we must come back—yes, in the name of science; as the only hope of progress; and in order to establish an equitable and humane distribution even of this world's goods among the members of society, to that code of the Heavenly Teacher we must return.

TEMPERANCE AND TECHNICAL TRAINING. But all these measures, dictated by our Christian axioms, tend, as it seems to me after much reading and consideration, to fall within two classes—they will be largely measures of prevention, and they will aim at a treatment of individuals one by one, rather than in masses and as numbers. The barrack-system, the indiscriminate herding, the hard commercial view, these things are already judged and will go their way. And as regards prevention, think what may be done in the single great matter of temperance. England would combine in throwing light upon the connection in detail of the public-house and the workhouse; it is impossible that the liquor traffic should remain in its present state, a menace to civilization, unchecked and chaotic. Were it once realized that "property is a social function," how could this kind of property escape the responsibilities which now, in cities like Liverpool, or Glasgow, or London, it does manifestly evade? The guardians of the poor might well, as guardians of morality, look into the conditions under which they receive so many ruined creatures, sent to them direct from the establishments that have traded upon their bodies and souls. But, again, look at education and the training of children! It has been lately held that the number of youthful criminals in this country has been decreasing. How far, as I can learn, the figures have with certain exceptions, a much

more lugubrious story to tell; and it would be hard, and even impossible, to prove that crime has diminished as education has increased. But what does this mean? It means that a training in books is not a training for life. It means that some serious blunder has been made in our scheme of education. It means that by developing the brain and not forming the character this mere literary system is helping to create a large class of the unemployed who will swell the ranks of the destitute and yield their proportion to the workhouse and the prison. Clearly, as regards the thousands of our Catholic people that which would help them more than aught else is the strenuous inculcation of temperance and technical training. Upon these conditions, I venture to say, their advancement in the scale of citizens will more and more depend. How to accomplish so desirable a consummation is the Catholic social problem. Many here present will have observed that the number of boys in prison, in reformatories, and in industrial schools, is at least five times the number of girls. And a bitter experience has taught us that of the lads in question no slight contingent are our own—many more than the proportion of Catholics ought to be, indeed. Now the explanation is, nearly always, the intemperance and desertion of one or both parents. But neither intemperance nor desertion is strongly marked in the classes that have been so fortunate as to acquire a sound technical training; they are worst, as we should be prepared to learn, in the class of unskilled labour. That, ladies and gentlemen, is the source of our manifold evils—due to circumstances in the past for which our people deserve not blame, but the highest praise and admiration; for, had they chosen to turn their backs on the Catholic Church, they would have entered as Protestants into a land flowing with milk and honey. They chose otherwise; but the time has arrived when a thoroughly sensible system of education—a discipline of the hands as well as of the brain, and a well-grounded practice of temperance from their childhood onwards—would recover all that they have lost, and enable them to prosper in England as they do in other countries, across the Atlantic and beneath the Southern Cross.

PROTECTION OF THE YOUNG.

I cannot forbear saying that in this protection of the young from an evil tradition lies the success or the failure that is in store. Even now the results obtained from industrial schools point a moral which we should lay to heart: they are schools, and, for a plain reason, that in them discipline is kept up, and the home and the street do not ruin the influence of the teacher. How shall we make the home and the street what they ought to be in a Christian land? I am under no delusion. Yet again, there is much to make us hopeful; much that we have never counted upon has come to pass. We are all, I trust, awakening to the great truth with which I began, that society—which is in its essence a divine institution—has claims upon us, sacred and inviolable claims upon the best we can give of our intelligence, our affection, our interest, our leisure, and our energies. In working towards its elevation and advancement, we are truly endeavoring to bring about the Kingdom of God. This philanthropy which the Englishmen prize, and so many among them nobly practise, how could it exist if Christian teaching had not created the atmosphere in which it breathes? The history of the Poor-Law system—what is it except a melancholy but now brightening chronicle of efforts to organize and to distribute that benevolence the very name of which was unknown to the heathen? Now, the darkest hours of an evil day are past. There is a call for enthusiasm directed by knowledge; for women who will help their weak or fallen sisters; and for men alert and practical who know what life is, and who will insist upon making childhood and youth a preparation for manhood.

LEADERS AND HELPERS.

Above all, I discern that the hour has come when Catholics must gird their selves up to join in the task of social reconstruction, when our patron saint shall be St. Vincent de Paul; our heroes, priests like Father Mathew, Dom Bosco, Father Hecker, and Cardinal Manning; leaders among laymen such as Frederic Ozanam, Decurtius, Leon Harmel—and why should I not add such as Mr. Britten and Mr. Costelloe, or the indefatigable secretary to whose efforts we owe these meetings? A hundred questions await solution; but we need not fear any of them if we have once resolved that to the Catholic Church belongs this Apostolate of Mercy; that to be a Catholic means for each of us that he has enlisted in the army of human progress and of Christian civilization.

Whether we will or no, ladies and gentlemen, the scheme of life, labor and training which you help to administer, is a collective one, not as yet founded upon the family, but upon the community, and subject to all the disadvantages of that principle. If you would develop the character, you must give scope to the affections; but you never will do this except by creating a home, or series of homes, in which the young can feel that they receive individual care, and which may serve them as a school of good conduct. In like manner the old whose only crime is their poverty have a just claim not to be compelled to spend their last days with the idle and incorrigible, whose treatment requires, even for their own sake, a stern severity which it has not, in these latter days, received at the hands of English law. Other countries—Belgium, Holland, Germany—have set us examples the study of which is pressing and imperative, as regards this dangerous class. But all comes back, as I said, to prevention and discrimination; therefore, at length, it comes to a demand for many helpers who shall bring their experience to bear upon the proposals that are made, and who know what is doing in Europe and America to meet this universal problem. For such in fact it has grown to be. And it will task the wisdom of our wisest so to deal with the production

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and distribution of wealth, with urban overcrowding, with the unequal pressure of pauperism, with the dangers that threaten family life, and with the too rapid emancipation of the young, so to lessen the misery now chronic in all countries framed upon modern commercial principles, and to draw out from phenomena so complicated and compromising the simple Christian life, which is best for us all. Yet the long tradition of mercy as well as truth is still to be found in the Church that began by calling slaves no less than freemen into one Divine Communion. We have our teaching orders, our nursing orders, our rescue societies, our schemes of emigration, our League of the Cross; and in so many ways the opportunities of joining our forces with those which the nation sends out to do battle against crime, ignorance, and misery. If everyone will do what in him lies to take up this crusade, he will be helping men towards a right understanding of the Catholic principles and commending their acceptance in the most fruitful way possible, and he may comfort himself with the reflection that he will leave the world more Christian than he found it, and therefore a deal less unhappy than in ages past.

HELPLESS FOR A YEAR.

Now I Down With Rheumatism and Sciatism. From the Post, Sackville, N. B. Records like the following carry conviction with them, and in a practical sense it might be said that this is still the age of miracles. Mr. Edward Downey, of Macaan, N. B., says:—"I have been a resident of Cumberland Co. some years. I have been a great sufferer for upwards of ten years with sciatic rheumatism. I was tortured with severe pains which at times would become almost unbearable, and I think I suffered almost everything a man can suffer and live. I was so crippled that I could not work and part of the time was not able even to move about. I became so weak, and my system so run down that I despaired of ever getting better. My case was an almost hopeless one, and as I had abandoned hope I was almost helpless for over a year. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I was induced to at least give them a trial. In a short time I began to recover, and the agonizing pains left my back and limbs, so that I was enabled to walk out of doors. Before I had used more than half a dozen boxes I was almost entirely well and could do a hard day's work. I had a good appetite and began to gain flesh and feel like a new man. I am free from aches and pains and have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to thank for it all." The reporter could not help feeling that Mr. Downey's case was a striking one, as he now presents a stout well built figure, straight limbed and as smart in his movements as a young man of twenty.

BUTTER EXPORTS.

[Canadian Trade Review.] The Government are somewhat disappointed that after all the pressure put on them to provide cold storage plants for Canadian butter, in order to extend its use in Great Britain, the farmers should have taken so few steps to avail themselves of their installation. Although the shipments of butter from this port from the commencement of the present season are nearly three times the amount exported during the corresponding period of last year, it is known that this is not due to any expansion in Canadian butter exports, but to shipments of American butter made in bond via this port in order to secure the cold storage facilities which our Government has supplied. In other words, the American butter shipper has quickly realized the advantages offered by the Canadian route, and has availed himself of them with a promptitude which contrasts very forcibly with the apathy and indifference manifested by those for whom these advantages were provided at the public expense.

Not only this, but butter-makers in both the Eastern and Western States are copying our Canadian creamery in order to secure the benefit of its popularity on the English market. They are employing Canadian factory men to make their butter and are even importing Canadian tubs in which to ship it. A short time ago an order was received in this city from Wisconsin for a shipment of empty Canadian butter tubs to be copied by the local factories and thus render the imitation of our methods more complete. This butter is made by Canadians and shipped by the Canadian route in Canadian tubs and British vessels. It figures in our export returns as Canadian butter and politicians point to it as proving the boom in our trade caused by Government. But it is an American product in its entirety, and so soon as it shall have captured the British market, it will cease to masquerade as Canadian creamery and come out in its true colors as American butter.

It will be our farmers own fault when this takes place. Of course they claim that it pays them better to put their milk into cheese instead of butter. But, if this be so, why does it not pay the American farmer also? The price of butter is lower with him than with us, and yet he apparently prefers to put his milk into it and not into cheese. The fact is he has laid himself out to capture the British butter market, and with characteristic promptitude and sagacity he seizes the best opportunity he can find for doing so. Since Canada has provided such excellent facilities for landing his product in good shape in Britain he readily avails himself of them. While we are talking, he is doing. And thus the advantage of our refrigerator facilities is being reaped by alien shippers, while our own stand by with their hands folded waiting for the plum to fall into their mouths instead of reaching out boldly and gathering it for themselves.

PROVISION MARKET.

There continues to be a good demand for hams and bacon, and trade on the whole is fairly active, with prices fully maintained. We quote—Canadian pork, \$14.50 to \$15.00 per barrel; pure Canadian lard, in pails, at \$3.00 to \$3.25, and compound refined at \$3.75 to \$4.00 per

lb; hams, 11c to 13c, and bacon 11c to 12c per pound. In the Chicago provision market pork was about steady, closing \$7.70 July, \$7.72 1/2 September; \$8.50 October. Lard was weaker, and prices declined 2 1/2 c to 5c, closing \$4.12 1/2 September; \$4.20 O. C. tober; \$4.22 1/2 December; \$4.30 May. Short ribs closed \$4.60 July; \$4.62 1/2 September; \$4.65 October.

J. S. Bache & Co., of Chicago, wires:—Provisions opened stronger on 8,000 less hogs than expected, and higher prices for the same. New York houses bought, and packers were free sellers of September ribs from \$4.67 to \$4.67 1/2, and the American Packing Company was the best buyer of September lard. The market closes easy at about the lowest prices of the day.

There was a stronger feeling in the Liverpool provision market for lard and bacon, and prices for the former advanced 3 1/2, and the latter 6 1/2. Pork closed at 45s; lard, 21s 9d; boneless long cut heavy bacon, 27s. long cut light, 25s 6d; short cut heavy, 24s 6d, and tallow, 17s 3d.

RETAIL MARKET.

The fine, cool weather of yesterday induced householders generally to attend the markets in large numbers. Supplies of all lines of produce were abundant, for which the demand was active, and a brisk business was done. The attendance of farmers and gardeners was unusually large and every available spot on and around the various markets was occupied with heavily laden loads of grain and vegetables. The demand for grain, which consisted chiefly of oats, was good and prices were maintained at 65c to 75c per bag. All kinds of vegetables were abundant and values generally are lower. The market was literally glutted with potatoes, cabbages and cucumbers, and prices ruled much lower than last week; in fact, gardeners in some cases stated that it hardly paid them to cut the stuff and sell it for such low prices. An active demand was experienced for fruit, but as the supply was large, buyers had no difficulty in filling their wares. In dairy produce, poultry and game a good business was done at fair prices.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS.

The tone of the egg market is remarkably firm for this season of the year, and under a good demand business is fairly active. Selected near-by stock sold at 10 1/2c to 11c, ordinary No. 1 at 9c to 9 1/2c, and No. 2 at 8c to 8 1/2c per dozen. The demand for maple product is almost nil, and holders would probably shade present prices in order to make sales. We quote—Maple syrup at 4 1/2c to 5c per lb., and 45c to 55c per tin; sugar, 6c to 6 1/2c per lb.

There is no change in honey. White clover comb is offering at 10c, and dark at 7c, bright extracted at 6 1/2c to 7c, and dark at 4c to 5c per lb. The demand for beans is dull, and prices are nominally quoted at 55c to 60c in car lots, and at 65c to 70c in a jobbing way.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The cheese market exhibits little change. Values hold steady on this side of the water, and finest goods are all the more so just now, inasmuch as the bulk of the current receipts do not show any acceptable quality. For this reason there is a rather wider range in values than usual, and it is understood that there was considerable shopping around to-day for Quebec stock that could be bought at a concession on our extreme price. Offers were made around 7 1/2c, but the goods in question were not acceptable to buyers. Aside from the hunting around for bargains, the volume of new business was light, but the general tone is firm.

Finest Ontario cheese.....8 1/2c to 8 3/4c
Finest Townships cheese.....7 1/2c to 8c
Finest Quebec cheese.....7 1/2c to 7 3/4c
Under grades.....7 1/2c to 7 3/4c

The butter market rules steady on spot, with a fair enquiry from operators, who continue to put finest creamery into store, so that the accumulation in this connection must be considerable at present. There is demand from exporters for seconds that show a reasonably good flavor, and such easily finds buyers around 16c to 16 1/2c. Dairy stock does not appear to be wanted.

Finest Creamery.....17 1/2 to 17 3/4
Seconds.....16 to 16 1/2
Dairy butter.....12 to 12 1/2

BELLEVILLE, Ont., July 27.—At the cheese board to-day 17 factories offered 1,125 boxes white and 100 colored. The following are the sales: Wm. Cook, 315 white at \$1.16c; A. A. Ayer & Co., 150 white at 8c.

INGERSOLL, Ont., July 27.—Offerings on the cheese board to-day were 1,688 boxes; sales, 740 at 7 1/2c; 73c refused for several lots. Good attendance; several salesmen present did not board their cheese.

CAMPBELLFORD, Ont., July 27.—At the cheese board meeting here to-night 450 white were boarded; Cook bought 340 at \$1.16c; Ayer & Co., 60 at 8c; balance unsold.

MADOC, Ont., July 27.—At the cheese board meeting to-night 13 factories boarded 890 boxes, all white. Sales: Cook, 275 at \$1.16c; Watkin, 305 at 8c; Bird, 260 at 8c.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

LONDON, July 26.—Although the trade was slow the feeling in the market for cattle was slightly firmer, and prices show a slight advance as compared with last week. Choice States sold at 10 1/2c, choice Canadians at 10c, and Argentine at 8 1/2c. Canadian sheep sold at 9c, and Argentine at 9 1/2c.

LIVERPOOL, July 26.—The market was firmer for cattle, and prices show an advance of 1/2 for American steers, while Canadians are unchanged. Choice States, 10 1/2c; choice Canadians, 10c; sheep, 9 1/2c.

LONDON, July 26.—A private cable quotes choice Canadian cattle at 10c; medium at 9c to 9 1/2c, and sheep at 9c. Messrs. John Old & Son, live stock salemen of London, Eng., write W. H. Beaman, live stock agent of the Board of Trade, as follows, under date of July 19th and 15th:—A moderate supply of beasts was placed on the market this

morning. The cattle met a firmer trade at slightly higher prices for States cattle, and a rise of 1/2 for South American cattle. For Canadian cattle there was very little difference. The numbers included 1,885 from the United States, which made from 5 1/2 to 5 1/2; 620 from Canada; at 5 1/2 to 5 1/2, and 393 from South America, at 4 1/2 to 4 1/2. The sheep trade was without alteration; 4,154 were offered for sale from South America, which realized from 5 1/2 to 5 1/2. The enquiry was slightly better than the supply at D. pford to day was pretty heavy for a Th. radey market; the demand was not so good, and the price a little lower all round. There were 3,012 head of cattle offered for sale and 4,102 sheep, of which 1,477 cattle were from the States, realizing 5 1/2 to 5 1/2; 781 head of cattle from Canada at 5d to 5 1/2d, and 212 sheep at 4 1/2d; 751 cattle from South America at 4 1/2 to 4 1/2d, and 3,890 sheep at 4 1/2d for clipped sheep to 4 1/2d for wool sheep.

MONTREAL July 26.—There has been no important change in local export live stock circles during the past week. The ocean freight market is firm and the advance in rates noted this day weer has been fully maintained. The demand for space is somewhat limited for the present, but considerable has been engaged ahead by some of the large shippers, which is probably the reason of the inactivity. Rates to Liverpool are quoted at 47s 6d to 50s, with engagements at the outside figure, and London 35s to 40s. Cables to day from Liverpool and London were firmer in tone for cattle at a slight advance in prices, which was welcome news to shippers, but they doubted if the outside price would be realized freely. At present prices ruling the losses that are being met are heavy, and one of the largest exporters stated that the season on the whole so far had been a bad one, as double the amount of money on the same number of cattle shipped last season has been lost. In reference to sheep, the trade of late has also been bad and private cables received to day from London reported sales that did not average 9c per lb. In regard to the Northwest cattle Mr. Ironside, of Messrs. Gordon & Ironside, states that there will probably be about 25,000 head to go forward this season, of which the condition are generally poor owing to the excessive rains of late and flies, in consequence they have been going backward in condition instead of improving, as they should do at this season.

The offerings of live stock at the East End abattoir market this morning were 600 cattle, 300 sheep, 200 lambs, 150 calves, 25 hogs and 50 young pigs. The market was without any new feature to note, except that there is still a scarcity of really choice cattle, there being only one load of such offered, which cost in Toronto 4 1/2c per lb., and the holder was asking 4 1/2c, but up to a late hour no sale had been made at this figure. A few shippers were present and wanted some stock to make up equipments, but there was nothing suitable offered outside the above load, and considering the state of the markets abroad they were not disposed to pay high prices, about 4c being their limit; in consequence no business was done in this line. The attendance of butchers was large, however, and the demand from them was good. Trade on the whole was fairly active and prices ruled steady. The supply was large, but not in excess of requirements. Choice beefs sold at 4c to 4 1/2c good at 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c, fair at 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c, common at 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c, and inferior at 2c to 2 1/2c per lb., live weight. There was an easier feeling in the market for sheep to day, and the outside figure shippers would pay was 3 1/2c for choice stock. The receipts were small, and in consequence only a few small lots were purchased at the above price, and the culls sold at \$2 to \$3 each. The demand for lambs was good, and as the offerings were small, prices ruled higher at \$2.50 to \$3.75 each as to size. Calves met with a fair sale at from \$1.25 to \$3 each. Lean hogs sold at \$2 to \$2.50 each, and young pigs at 75c to \$1.25 each.

At the Point St. Charles Stock Yards trade in live stock was dull on account of the small offerings, there being only three loads of butchers' cattle, no sheep and no hogs. The cattle were forwarded to the above market.

THE CROP OUTLOOK.

The condition and prospects of staple crops, particularly wheat, the world over, are beginning to attract fresh attention, and it is becoming plainer every day that this continent is likely to be called upon to even a greater extent than last year to supply the rest of the world with subsistence. Last year Australia and India, as well as European countries that usually depend upon this country to an extent for a portion of their bread stuffs, took large amounts of wheat and flour. The indications are that during the present crop year the demand will be even more extensive than it was last year. France, which rarely imports wheat, is already, according to trustworthy accounts, importing that grain indirectly; and the chances are that Brazil will have to depend upon its northern neighbour for a large amount of the same product. Exporters of grain are apparently so sure of their position that they are now selling bills against wheat for future delivery on a large scale for September, as well as August delivery. They are able to obtain good rates for them, because the foreign exchange market is temporarily sustained by remittances against heavy imports of merchandise in anticipation of the enactment of a new tariff measure and also by remittances against securities that Europe is steadily disposing of in the American market. These sales are based upon exaggerated notions regarding the importance of currency reform and fears that nothing will be done in that direction by the present session of Congress. It is interesting to note that the new winter wheat crop is of unusually good quality, and is, therefore, likely to be especially sought for by foreign consumers.

"Ah!" sighed Jones, "this life is full of disappointments." "Yes," replied Beecher, glancing significantly at Mrs. B., "and some disappointments are full of life." Mention this paper when you write.

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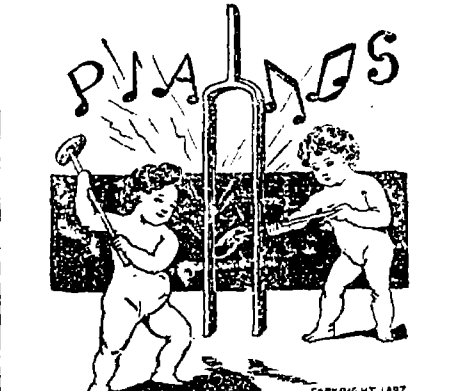
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Matlo Pinik, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, separated as to property, of Savaio Nuzimisky formerly of the said City of Montreal, and now of parts unknown, duly authorized to enter as a Plaintiff, vs. Savaio Nuzimisky, formerly of the City and District of Montreal, and now of parts unknown, Defendant. The Defendant is ordered to appear within two months. Montreal, 27th July, 1897. L. A. BEDARD, Deputy Prothonotary.

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