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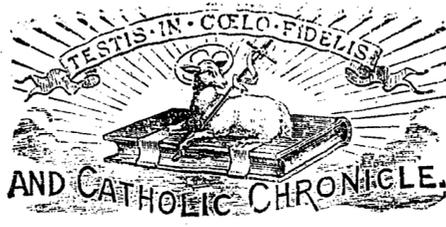
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SHAMROCK'S GREAT VICTORY.

SUCCESS IS A WONDERFUL THING—This wise observation is the result of observation, and it came about after watching results during that portion of the lacrosse season which has just ended.

Now take the case of the Shamrocks. At the beginning of the season there were not many people who would give a snap for their chances of capturing the lacrosse championship, save, of course, the handful of enthusiasts, who have followed the fortunes of the green and grey through thick and thin, and through adversity and prosperity in the past, and they had hopes. As for the rest of the sporting fraternity—well, to use a sporting expression, they wouldn't place them 1, 2, 3, in the running, just among the "also rans." But now things are changed and past results have veered many minds around to another way of thinking. After the first match with Toronto when the Shamrocks went down, it did not look as if the Shamrocks stood much chance of standing on the top rung of the lacrosse ladder. But stern measures on the part of the Executive worked wonders. They gave the younger players an opportunity, and now there are but two players on the team who can be considered "old timers." The results so far have fully justified the move, and show the wisdom of what looked like a drastic measure. Now while admitting that the older men have done much for the team, it is advisable that they should step down in favor of the youngsters. The latter may not know as many tricks of the game, but there is a willingness and a vim, and they have the stamina that their elders are beginning to lose. In the case of the older men the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

CHAMPIONSHIP IN SIGHT.—Leaving all these matters aside, and coming down to realities, it will be admitted that the Shamrocks have a splendid team, and they are at present the most likely of those aspiring for the championship. All things are now in their favor. They have not to travel again, and have got three games to play, and all of them on their own grounds. Their most dangerous rivals, Toronto, Cornwall and National, have to play away from home, and two of them have to face the Shamrocks on their own air sward. If the team keeps up its present gait, and it would not be surprising to see it, an even faster one than at present, there isn't a team in Canada, or anywhere else for that matter, that can play on one side of them, and they ought to beat every other rival and with good margins to spare.

THE VICTORY IN TORONTO was a well deserved one. This game had been looked forward to with apprehension by the Shamrock supporters, and with some good cause too. The Toronto had been looked on as formidable rivals and their record to date had been a pretty good one. They had won from the Shamrocks in Montreal, and had downed Capitals, Nationals, Quebec and Sherbrooke. And yet many of the experts thought that they were an overrated team. They were pretty cocky up West and felt a degree of confidence that appeared warranted by past results. Therefore, it was with no little fear that many of the Shamrock supporters awaited the result. But the Executive of the club and the members of the team were not the least bit intimidated, and the twelve men that went to Rosedale field last Saturday, were as plucky a lot of men as ever donned a green shirt. The party that accompanied the team were confident, too, they knew the prowess of their favorites and were willing to back them. The boys left by the Canadian Pacific Express, the following players being the party: Percy Quinn, Jack Stinson, Jack Tucker, Tom Moore, R. Finlayson, Harry Smith, J. Currie, Eddie Robinson, H. Hoobin, Albert Dade, Jack Brennan, William Henry, P. Coleman and Albert Hinton, the two latter space men. In addition to the players there also accompanied the party Mr. Henry McLaughlin, Vice-President, S.A.A.A.; Mr. William Stafford, Hon. President, S.L.C.; H. J. Triney, Hon. Secretary, S.L.C.; Mr. William P. Lunney, Sec. Treas., S.A.A.A.; Mr. Barney Dumphy, the trainer and his assistant, Mr. Joe O'Meara; Messrs. G. A. Carpenter, T. Slattery, M. W. Cuddihy, J. S. Brown, T. Ahern and several others.

It was a beautiful day when the team landed in Toronto, and the bright weather cheered the boys up wonderfully, and every man felt in grand shape. Breakfast at the Rossin House was attacked with avidity and while the party was thus engaged, they were joined by a representative of the "True Witness."

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BROTHER ARNOLD PRESENT.—The morning was spent in seeing the sights, and an early dinner was partaken of, so that the players would have their food well digested by the time they were on the field. When the boys were ready they donned their uniforms and set off for the grounds. They went up in style too, nothing less than a four-in-hand would do to bring them up and the sight of the green uniforms in the stylish Tall-Top gave the people something to look at. Before the players and party had left the hotel, for the scene of battle, the members of the Executive having learned that the venerable and widely esteemed Bro. Arnold, the great friend of the boys in green, was in the city. It was immediately arranged to send a delegation to the "grand old man" inviting him to accompany the "boys." Messrs. Lunny and Stafford were appointed for that purpose. When the veteran teacher reached the hotel, where the team and other members of the club were waiting, he received a most enthusiastic reception. The appearance of Bro. Arnold at the grounds was reminiscent of the hard matches of long ago, when he was stationed in Toronto, in the days of Hoobin, sr., and there wasn't a time that the Shamrocks were in Toronto, that he was not there to encourage them on. Perhaps, he was not pleased at the result. Why it was a sight too see him sitting in his carriage as the boys drove by, his happy countenance fairly wreathed in smiles, and it was no wonder that the boys gave those hearty cheers for their favorite. And it looked as if the brother would like to cheer, too, though, of course, you understand that would not have been dignified.

AS FOR THE MATCH, well—there was hardly a moment when it was in doubt. The first game went to the Shamrocks in twenty seconds, and from that out they had the Toronto on the go all the while. So much so that the score does not really indicate the relative merits of the two teams, and the Toronto score should in reality, be less than it was. There were a couple of fluky goals that the Toronto got that were not deserved. It was a sore blow to the hopes of the people of the Queen City, and it was more particularly felt because the Shamrocks did the trick. The fact that they had been beaten in Montreal made these people up west think that they were world beaters, but their confidence in themselves has been somewhat rudely shaken. Those Toronto men were in mighty good shape, too, and they were just as fresh as could be when the game was finally called, but the Shamrocks proved themselves to be faster players and outmarched the Toronto aggregation from goal to goal. It was a victory for the better team, and the work of the Shamrock boys was an eye opener for the inhabitants of the Good City by the Lake.

The work of the Shamrock home was marvellous, and they played with a dash that astonished the Torontonians. There was a brilliancy about this part of the Shamrock team that was astounding to those people and it was afterwards admitted that never before had such excellent home work been witnessed on a Toronto field.

Every man on the Shamrock team played wonderful lacrosse, and it would be impossible to single out any man for special mention. Every player did his best and that was all there was to it.

THE RESULT of this match gives the Shamrocks a good hold on first place, and they are likely to hold it for some time, right to the very end of the season, and any team that wants to displace them will have a mighty hard road to hoe, possibly, too hard for ploughing.

The next game the Shamrocks play will be on Saturday next when the husky Cornwall team will travel to Montreal to meet the Shamrocks on their grounds. This ought to be the best match of the season and the Shamrocks, ought to be greeted with full stands when they step upon the field. Such work as the team has done this season is worthy of encouragement, and every lover of lacrosse should turn out to cheer the home team on, and to see a good game between two representative teams. And who will win?—Jimmy.

a similar move will be taken in Ottawa.

Several prominent Irishmen, who happened to be at the Capital, were interviewed by a reporter of the Free Press, and they gave some very striking opinions—although in various tones and forms.

For the benefit of all interested in this patriotic movement we quote a few words from each of the gentlemen in question.

Senator Power did not think the matter of sufficient importance to merit attention; yet he was in sympathy with the Montreal movement.

Ald. Starrs was pleased that Irishmen were protesting against the practice. He had often been disgusted in this city with the way in which the Irishman was represented, which was far from giving a true representation of the Irish people and genius of the Irish people.

Hon. John Cosgrove said he would be made too vigorous against the mean caricaturing of the Irish nation, which was too frequently indulged in. He hoped by disseminating it that there would be little or no more of it seen in the near future.

Mr. J. M. Hurley, M.P., Belleville, said that the public taste had changed greatly in Belleville during the past few years, in this connection, only a short time ago almost any show could get a hearing in Belleville, but the three papers there started a crusade against the low-class shows and their vulgar caricatures of the Irish and other nations, and today to play of that kind would be tolerated.

Mr. Frank O'Reilly looked upon the course taken by Mr. DeLia, as justifiable. It was true that plays presenting vulgar caricatures of nations, were discouraged. In his opinion, perhaps the most effective way of stopping them would be to present the assuming comedian with a basket of eggs on a table.

A very important statement is that of Mr. James Johnson, former mayor of the City, and an Irishman by birth as well as a Protestant. After speaking of legitimate religious shows as that to which public opinion should be given, as a Church or a Cathedral, which he considers to be the way in which to get rid of the low-class shows, Mr. Johnson said:

"A very different sort of amusement and its dignity and obedience, his perfect piety and perfect chastity, his serene integrity, and remarkable austerity. To these are to be added many other virtues, incontestably avouched, consequently did His Holiness Leo XIII., accord him the honor of beatification."

Finally, on the sixth Sunday after Pentecost, the day upon which the Church celebrated the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin, after having said Mass in the Vatican Palace, the Holy Father ascended the throne, and seated thereon, summoned Cardinals Canale, Mazzeite, Bishop of Palestine, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Lucido Maria Parocchi, Vicar of Rome, Jean Baptiste Lagari, Promoter of the Faith, and Domede Pagnic, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and in their presence made the following solemn announcement:

"The solemn canonization of the Blessed Jean-Baptiste de la Salle may be safely proceeded with." It was further ordered that the decree be published, classed amongst the official acts of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and that letters apostolic be prepared regarding the solemn ceremony of canonization, which will take place some day in the patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican.

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however, are the outrageously offensive caricatures at "taking off" Irishmen in a class of illustrated journals, published in the United States, and the gross vulgar and absolutely unwarranted stage caricatures against which the present agitation is directed.

It is a false idea that the Church consists merely of the hierarchy and the Clergy, just as false as to suppose an army composed entirely of generals and high officers. The rank and file must march under the orders issued by the superior command, but rank and file are the members to depend upon for the victory, the courage, the endurance, the discipline and the various qualities of the rank and file. In the great battle of life between Truth and Error, the Church Militant has its general in the Sovereign Pontiff, its generals in the Archbishops and Bishops, its lieutenants and captains in the Priests; but it also has the vast army of the laity, without which the "good fight" of centuries could not have been carried on.

At the silver jubilee of Very Rev. Dean McEvay, of Charles City, Iowa, a grand banquet was given, and in reply to the toast of "The Catholic Layman," Mr. J. H. McConlogue, a lawyer of Mason City, delivered an address from which we take a few extracts. The words of this Catholic layman are worth reproducing in every paper on the continent. After opening with some humorous stories, which pleased his audience in good trim, he turned to the serious side of the question and said:

"Addressing myself seriously to the sentiment contained in the toast which has been assigned me, I would, frankly, say that I must, for the grandest, noblest and most patriotic layman of the Church, have ever seen, and any age or in any country."

"I speak for a laity that do not know and care not for the dogmatic pronouncements of the hierarchy, but who are not without the great virtues of Christianity, and who are, in fact, the backbone of the Church."

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THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

It has often struck us as a grand question for discussion and solution, how potent might be the influence of the Catholic laity, were our laymen as united, outside the sanctuary, as are the clergy within that sacred enclosure. It is a false idea that the Church consists merely of the hierarchy and the Clergy, just as false as to suppose an army composed entirely of generals and high officers. The rank and file must march under the orders issued by the superior command, but rank and file are the members to depend upon for the victory, the courage, the endurance, the discipline and the various qualities of the rank and file. In the great battle of life between Truth and Error, the Church Militant has its general in the Sovereign Pontiff, its generals in the Archbishops and Bishops, its lieutenants and captains in the Priests; but it also has the vast army of the laity, without which the "good fight" of centuries could not have been carried on.

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and where they end; a laity that has ever stood on the outposts, to receive the barbarous assaults of pagan enemies, and to endure poisonous furies of death-dealing by that monster of history, a laity that loved and followed the footsteps of the Lord of the World, and who have a clear understanding of the difference between the laity and the hierarchy, and who are not without the great virtues of Christianity, and who are, in fact, the backbone of the Church."

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OTTAWA IRISHMEN ON THE CARICATURE QUESTION.

By our last issue it will be seen how significant was the movement inaugurated by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, when the members of that splendid patriotic body undertook to put an end to the vile caricaturing of the Irish race. The eloquent remarks of the President should suffice to establish our claim to a goodly share in the work now apparently becoming general throughout Canada. For several years past the "True Witness" has been insisting upon this question, and it is with all the greater joy that we

perceive how lively the ball—set rolling by the A.O.H. of this city—is bounding from uplifted hand to hand of our fellow-countrymen. As an evidence of how seriously the matter has been taken up, we quote the following from the Ottawa "Free Press":

"Whether or not the frequent burlesquing of the Irish character is a matter of serious protestation on the part of the people of that extraction, is being discussed pretty generally in this city, in view of the steps taken by the Order of Hibernians in Montreal to put a stop to it. From what can be gleaned, it is not unlikely that

CANONIZATION OF BLESSED J. B. DE LA SALLE.

The "Sonne Religieuse" of last week publishes a translation of the Decree, solemnly promulgated on the 2nd July last, in the case of the canonization of the Blessed Jean-Baptiste de la Salle, founder of the order of Christian Brothers. The question before the Sacred Congregation of Rites was this:

"After the recognition of the two miracles, can the canonization of this Blessed one be safely proceeded with?" The decree then recites the leading events of the life of Blessed Jean-Baptiste de la Salle. After referring to the manner in which he conceived the idea of establishing an order specially devoted to the instruction of poor children, it mentions how in 1725, six years after the founder's death, the order had become so extensive that it was ranked with the other pious congregations by means of a Bull of the Sovereign Pontiff Benedict XIII. In the organization of his community the founder abandoned all worldly honors, sacrificed his personal property, exposed himself to contempt, suffered countless outrages that were inspired by blind hatred—especially from the sect of Jansenists, and returned only good for all the evil received.

His private virtues are then detailed.

Ritualism in Scotland.

A correspondent in the "New Era" of Dublin, speaking of the Scotch Episcopal Church, gives the following most interesting account of the very "high church" notions of that body. He says:

"I had occasion, some months ago, to quote in these columns from Dr. Dowden, Protestant Bishop of Edinburgh, a neat Ritualistic agitation in England. But nothing said by Dr. Dowden could be more explicit than the remarks made by one of his subordinates, Rev. Mr. Scholfield, on Sunday evening. To begin with the preacher took as his text II. Maccabees, vii., 2 ("We are ready to die rather than transgress the laws of our fathers.") It will be observed that Mr. Scholfield could only have got his text from a Catholic Bible as the Protestant version excludes both Books of Maccabees. And then he proceeded to vindicate the Church as fully and wholly almost as any priest I ever had the grace to hearken to. Really when I read the article first I could scarcely conceive that its author was a Protestant; I had to look and relook at the preacher's name and church to assure myself on that point. I hope shortly to have the happiness of announcing Mr. Scholfield's reception into the One True Fold. Many professing Christians nowadays, he said, wished the Church to give up its old traditions

and usages because they gave offence to some. He could fill a church three or four times the size of St. Michael's if he would give up preaching, in season and out of season, the Sacrament of Penance—or confession and absolution.

For hundreds of years, till the sixteenth century, the Church had taught the Sacrament of Penance, the offering of the Mass, the use of the sign of the Cross, and incense in the services of the Church; but now some Christians wished them to adopt the terms used by Protestants for the last 300 years rather than those introduced into Scotland by St. Columba and into England by St. Augustine. As to the Sacrament of Penance, it had been practised since the foundation of the Church, and why should it be given up simply because some professing Christians found it hard and consequently objected to it? In signing themselves with the sign of the Cross, Catholics simply meant that they believed in Christ crucified; and the use of incense at Mass or during the singing of the Magnificat, was a symbol of the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ being offered up for the sins of the world. In conclusion, he said that Catholics in our time might not be persecuted unto death as the children of God were in the time of the Maccabees, but that in the generations to come, it was still likely that Catholics would have to fight and die for their faith."

CONSECRATION OF MGR. McEVAY.

RETROSPECT.—In connection with the imposing ceremonies which took place in London, Ont., a few days ago, on the occasion of the consecration of the new bishop, Mgr. McEvay, it may prove opportune to make a few brief references to the history of the diocese and to the eminent predecessors of the present distinguished prelate. The London diocese was established on Feb. 29, 1856, and comprises the following counties in the southwestern portion of the province of Ontario: Bothwell, Middlesex, Elgin, Norfolk, Oxford, Perth, Huron, Lambton, Kent and Essex. According to this year's directory there are 53 diocesan and 16 other priests in the diocese, 49 churches with resident priests, 29 mission churches, 1 college with 176 students, 8 academies with 668 pupils, 51 parochial schools attended by 8,700 children, an asylum, 3 hospitals and a Catholic population of 60,000. The male religious in the diocese are the Basilian Fathers, who have charge of the flourishing college of the Assumption, at Sandwich; and the sisterhoods in the district are the Josephites, the Ursulines, the Sisters of the Holy Name, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Lorettes and the Hospital Nuns of St. Joseph. There is also a Franciscan convent at Chatham, in Kent County, to which are attached three friars and two brothers.

When a see was originally erected at London, forty-three years ago now, Rome selected as its first incumbent a worthy French-Canadian priest, Rev. P. A. Pinsonneault, whose consecration took place May 13th, 1856. Three years after he had entered upon the administration of the diocese, Bishop Pinsonneault, thinking that Sandwich was destined to become a more populous and important place than London, induced the Holy See to make that his episcopal city, and the bull authorizing the translation of the see bore the date of Feb. 2nd, 1859. For some reason or other the anticipations which Mgr. Pinsonneault entertained regarding Sandwich failed to materialize, and after seven years of

residence in that city he tendered his resignation to Rome, which accepted it reluctantly.

The next bishop was the Rev. John Walsh, Bishop Walsh was consecrated the second Bishop of Sandwich, on Nov. 10th, 1867, about ten months after the resignation of Bishop Pinsonneault. With his administration may be said to have begun a new era for the diocese. Bishop Walsh was not long in recognizing that it was a mistake to take the see from London and to bring it to Sandwich. Consequently he asked Rome to put it back again, and that was done on Oct. 3rd, 1869. For twenty years longer the energetic second Bishop of London governed his diocese, and then Rome selected him to succeed the famous Archbishop Lynch in the Toronto see, and made him the fourth Archbishop of Toronto on July 25th, 1889. Nine years later, after a very successful administration at Toronto, Archbishop Walsh was called to the reward of his labors after.

The third Bishop was Very Rev. Denis O'Connor, who belonged to the Basilians, was very widely known to the Ontario priesthood, many of whom studied their classics at Sandwich, and hence his appointment was pleasing to them. His consecration took place Oct. 19th, 1890, and Archbishop Walsh, his predecessor, had the pleasure of doing for him what he, in turn, did for Father McEvay, to wit, invest him with the insignia of the episcopal office.

MGR. McEVAY.—We gave some time ago, a sketch of Mgr. McEvay's life, but prior to giving details of the solemn ceremonies of consecration, we might repeat a few of the leading events in the young bishop's life: He was born at Lindsay, Ont., on Feb. 2nd, 1852, so he is now in his forty-eighth year. He made his preliminary studies in the separate schools of his native place, and then, having decided to study for the priesthood, he went for his classical course to St. Michael's College, Toronto, which is

Continued on Page Four.

FRIENDLY CHATS TO YOUNG MEN.

BY R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

A FONDNESS FOR IDLENESS.— This must necessarily come as one of the evils of bad company. "Sloth" as the old expression says, "is the mother of vice." Watch that young man as he idly strolls around the streets, with a countenance that was once lit up with the brightness of sunshine, but now covered with the mists that arise from dissipation and idleness; ask him whence came such a change over him, and he will answer, "Bad company brought me to this." He loses all fondness for home, the nursery of character, for that place, as Samuel Smiles says, "is the capital of society, the nucleus of national character; and from that source, be it pure or tainted, issue the habits, principles and maxims which govern public as well as private life; the nation comes from the nursery; public opinion itself is, for the most part, the outgrowth of the home; and the best philanthropy comes from the fireside." It is no wonder then that when a young man gives up his love for the home that he plunges into the next great evil.

LOSS OF CHARACTER.— Young men, remember that you have an honor at stake, and character to defend. In your school days you fought in on every occasion both in public and in private to maintain those things, but now they have slipped from your grasp, and you go slinking down the street, which leads you into the awful chasm of destruction. Whence this great change? Has not mankind opened your intellect to the great dangers by which you are surrounded? Has not the warning voice of conscience aroused you from your deep and lethargic slumber into which the devil's special agents, had company, have brought you? Honor, manhood, and virtue are these things gone and lost? Have you never seen half-dressed boys in the streets? Have you never seen a young man whose case was similar to yours? A short time ago a young man in this city, left company with which he was engaged in "nowadays" fast young men. He drank with them, kept late hours, and brought himself to the borders of an early grave. He contracted a disease, and was sent to one of the city hospitals. The doctors examined him, and pronounced the case a serious one, and recommended that an operation was necessary. The operation which was a very serious one, was performed, and the young man bore his awful pains with heroic fortitude. During his stay in the hospital he commenced to reflect on his sad career, and the pains he had to endure, caused by associating with bad companions. He entered into himself, and took issue with himself and said, "I have a spark of honor and ambition left in my breast, and when I'll return to my old friends, those shameless companions will never find me again." He kept his good resolve, and today is enjoying the respect and esteem of his friends. Young men if you would not reflect and take issue with yourself, you would easily regain lost ground, and stand on your feet once again. Whichever you reach the last, and most dangerous, of all the evils, resulting from company.

RELIGIOUS DUTIES.— The church weeps over the loss of her children by the force of bad example. The young man who was once a model of purity is sought for in vain at the church. The priest sees him no longer kneeling with the other penitents around the Confessional awaiting his turn to receive the purifying and regenerating sacrament, that blots his stains away. He is no longer a participant in that life-giving nourishment, the Blessed Eucharist, which would sustain him in his trials and give him fresh and renewed courage to fight life's battle honestly and virtuously to the end. No, he is far away from the church when the services are going on. He is becoming hardened in crime, because he refuses to take issue with himself. Young men be wise in time. The night will soon close in over you, and the dark and uncertain path may lead you into

the abyss of grief and pain, from which no man returns to tell of the awful sufferings of the other world. Benedict Bell, in the "Sacred Heart Review," gives an admirable story which is worth perusing, and which will at the same time form a fitting conclusion to this week's article. It is as follows:

"I was turning over some old letters not long ago, letters written to a relative of mine sixty years ago. I came across one missive detailing the course of a young man who was rapidly drifting to ruin. He was going the pace, as they say now-a-days, and the writer of the letter was regretting that a young man of such fine abilities and brilliant promise should wreck mind and body in the haunts of dissipation. Well, he went to the bad, as the correspondent suggested, that he would, and he never came back, like the prodigal son to his father's home. He died on the Isthmus of Panama many years before we had an overland railroad route to the Pacific Ocean—a broken down, prematurely-aged man. He had an excellent position, for which he was well adapted by nature, when he began his downward career, and was the light of the social occasion, where he showed qualities as a vocalist that in these times of superior musical training, might have placed him in the front ranks of concert singers. Perhaps his popularity contributed to his downfall. He was flattered and caressed, and was not strong-minded or religious enough to resist the temptations that came in his way. Sometimes it is a young fellow's curse to be an especial favorite, especially if he is so in a fast set. One should always remember that popularity of any kind is a very fleeting thing. The world admires to-day the man that it esteems to-morrow. While a young fellow has plenty of money in his pocket and spends it freely, he will not look for admirers. When it is gone, and he is hard up, they will ignore him, and forget his former butterfly existence. For one prodigal son who repents, there are thousands of wayward youths who never repent, their evil habits. Their gradual degeneration is well illustrated in Hogarth's series of 14 plates entitled, "The Rake's Progress." When the artist referred to, lived, the manners may have been a little different from what they are now, but the world, the flesh, and the devil are just as busy to-day as they were then, in destroying the earthly and heavenly prospects of young men."

THE MIDNIGHT ORGIE.— Of what avail the midnight orgie if you wake up in the morning with a headache which prevents you doing properly the work you are called upon to do? The few hours of so-called pleasure in which you have been in an unreal condition of mind do not compensate for the misery that you have to endure through this ill-fit indulgence. You are in a condition that will induce you to return to the stimulants of the night before, and this often leads to the prolonged spree by which you lose reputation, position, and everything else that respectable people esteem. And with regard to alcoholic stimulants it may be said that they are not needed by young people at all. Their spirits are high enough without being inflated by intoxicating liquor. They do not require any spur to increase their enjoyment. It is thought that old, debilitated or sick people sometimes require brandy or whiskey or wine, as medicine, though some eminent authorities do not even agree with this, but assuredly no healthy young man is in want of anything of the kind. I know that there are certain classes of young fellows, who glory in being fast, and they look with disdain upon their more sober associates, but after a few years they see that they have made a sad mistake in the courses they have pursued, for the men they despised are prosperous, while they are miserable creatures, often full of foul diseases. Don't aspire to be a fast young man. It is a pitiful ambition that leads only to misery. Be virtuous and you will be happy, and you will have a better time than the rake, notwithstanding the popular saying to the contrary."

hending one in London. It should be pointed out, however, that the Slavonic inhabitants of northern Hungary although identical with the Bohemians in respect of race, have, in the present century, developed a written language somewhat different from that of Bohemia. If these, therefore, be deducted from the total, we arrive at the result that the Bohemian or Czech tongue proper is spoken by somewhat less than 6,000,000 people."

THE EARLY WRITINGS.— In Bohemia, as in most countries, the national language was employed in poetry long before an endeavor was made to use it in prose. Latin was long the language exclusively employed by writers on history, law and theology. Even as late as the second half of the fourteenth century an author was blamed for using the Bohemian tongue in his theological and philosophical works. During the reign of Charles IV., however (1346-1378), we find Bohemian translations of Latin historical works appearing almost simultaneously with the Latin originals. It was by the order of Charles IV that Tribik, who held what may be called the position of Court Historian composed his Bohemian Chronicle, which, beginning, as was then usual, with the dispersion of the human race narrates the history of his country up to the year 1380."

"The great name in the Bohemian literature of the fourteenth century is that of Thomas of Stitny, who may be regarded as a precursor of John Huss in the sense not only that he greatly developed and improved the Bohemian tongue, but endowed it with a phraseology such as was needed for difficult theological and philosophical definitions. I might add to the above that Stitny wrote a great deal that incurred the censure of Rome, and, like many prominent Catholics of our own day, as soon as his attention was drawn to his errors, he at once submitted and repented."

PRECURSORS OF HUSS.— Among the most famous precursors of Huss was the renowned Matthew of Janovic, who also advanced reforms at Varienka with Catholic teaching and antagonistic to Christian principles, but he likewise denounced his own works, and submitted to Rome. The only members in the annals of Bohemia that are familiar to English and American readers are those associated with the Hussite works and death of John Huss. It would be impossible for me to dwell on these, but on some other occasion I may do so—because there exists very great misunderstandings regarding Huss."

"The name of Jerome of Prague was by older writers, so closely connected with that of Huss that the writer of the book before us feels it necessary to mention his name, although what influence he obtained was not through the pen, but by the spoken word, so that his place in a history of Bohemian literature is a very modest one. The death, or, as his adherents considered it, the martyrdom of Huss was followed by prolonged bloody wars, during which, for a time, Bohemia repelled the forces of a large part of Europe. The period of desperate warfare could not be expected to be fruitful of literary composition."

THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.— "One of the most original Bohemian Bohemian writers was Peter Chelcicky, who, however, was entirely out of sympathy with his countrymen during the momentous period from 1420 to 1431, when their great victories attracted the attention of all Europe. Chelcicky may be described as a Socialist, but his socialism was that of the primitive Church, as he imagined it. "The comparative tranquillity in Bohemia which was the consequence of the battle of Lipan (1434) and the agreement between the Bohemians and the Church of Rome, which is known as the "Compact," had a favorable effect upon the intellectual development of the country. The period beginning with the last years of the

fifteenth century and ending with the downfall of Bohemian independence at the battle of the White Mountain in 1620, is the one in which the Bohemian language obtained its greatest extension. In 1495 the Bohemian law courts decided to carry on their proceedings in the national language."

LOSS OF THE LITERATURE.— After the battle of White Mountain Bohemia entered upon a period of great misery, disquietude, and desolation; the result was an almost entire extinction of the country's literature. From the fatal year 1620 to the end of the eighteenth century no book appeared in the Czech tongue that is now considered worthy of notice. The nobles and educated classes of this period, if they wrote at all, used the German or the Latin tongue. Even Joseph Dobrovsky, "the patriarch of Slavic philology," who was born in 1753, did not believe that his native tongue, the Czech, would again become one of the European languages that possess an independent literature. His recollections carried him back to the time when it was little more than an idiom used by the peasantry in the outlying districts of Bohemia. Even when in the present century the movement in favor of reviving the national tongue acquired strength, Dobrovsky never sympathized with it. When he died, however, in 1829, the question whether it should live or not had already been decided in the affirmative."

THE REVIVAL.— "It was chiefly to four patriotic writers—Jungmann, Collar, Safarik and Palacky—that the revival of the Bohemian language and literature was due. At the beginning of his literary life, Jungmann made himself known as a translator, and it is an interesting fact that many of his translations into Czech are from the English. His version of Milton's "Paradise Lost," composed in five-foot trochees, obtained great celebrity. It will be recognized as a wonderful achievement if we consider that it was written in 1811, when the Bohemian language was only just awakening from a sleep of nearly two hundred years."

"The greatest poet of the early stage of the Bohemian revival was Joby Collar, who was born in 1793 in the Slav district of northern Hungary, and who died in 1852. Collar's "Slava Boga" (Daughter of Slava) seems to have contributed more than any other poetical work, to the revival of Bohemian literature. Some Bohemian patriots have boasted that they knew the whole enormous collection of sonnets by heart."

"The career of Palacky, the greatest of the Bohemian revivalists, has an even wider interest. His monumental "History of Bohemia" traces the earliest times to the accession of the House of Hapsburg to the Bohemian throne in 1526. This book is now generally recognized as one of the great historical works of the nineteenth century."

BOHEMIAN WRITERS TO-DAY.— "Emile Frida, who writes under the name of Jaroslav Vrchlicky (born in 1853), is undoubtedly the greatest living Bohemian poet. He is also a fruitful dramatist. Of the poets of the present day who are ranked next by their compatriots may be mentioned Svatopluk Cech, Julius Zeyer and Adolphus Hudak. A talented Bohemian novelist of the present day is Jacob Arves; it is said that his short novels well deserve to be translated into English."

"Among still living historians the first place belongs to Wenceslas Tomek, who has written a history of the town of Prague. Next to him should be named Josef Kausek, who has given a detailed account of the ancient Bohemian Constitution, as it existed in the days of independence. We observe finally, that the long neglected study of Bohemian folk lore has been signally promoted by the labors of Dr. Zidrt. "If the Bohemians, with a literature much younger, less developed, very inferior, but equally crushed out, can perform the patriotic work of producing an entire revival of letters in their land, what must not the sincere friends of Ireland's literary and linguistic revivals ultimately accomplish."

RANDOM NOTES ON EDUCATION.

BY A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

As I am not a teacher, nor yet what might be called an educationalist, I expect that my views regarding schools, and the subjects taught in them, cannot be very valuable. Were I obliged to do it, I doubt if I could teach a class of A. B. C's; yet I have an idea that I could give some practical hints to the professional teachers in regard to matters most useful to be taught in our schools. Of course I do not pretend to go beyond the common or elementary schools; academies, colleges, convents, universities are beyond my reach. Still, my habit of observing has enabled me to detect, here and there, mistakes in our system which are apparent to any reflecting mind. I will point out one of these, and the one I indicate must be taken as an example; there are scores of others that might equally serve my purpose.

PRACTICAL STUDIES.— If I understand it rightly the object of education—which includes instruction—is to prepare the untutored, or undeveloped intelligence for some great battle that awaits each individual. There is, for example, the general struggle between good and evil, truth and error, virtue and vice, which awaits each one in life, and which is absolutely unavoidable. This strength has for its object eternal happiness; the path that leads thither is religion; and religion, consequently becomes the main factor in the education, or instruction necessary for such a bat-

tle. In this case there are no distinctions, no exceptions—all must "fight the good fight," or else fall in attaining the ultimate end of existence. Therefore all—without a solitary exception—have need of sufficient religious training and instruction to suit the different spheres of life in which men move. The most practical of all the studies is that of religion, because it is certain to have its practical results, and such results are unending in their duration. Then there is another struggle, one that ends at the grave; it is the fight for life, for subsistence, for the necessities of corporal existence. This is a contest that awaits every person in the world; but unlike the case of religion, it is divisible into a multitude of sections, or categories.

VARIOUS STRUGGLES.— While it is universally acknowledged that every man must labor, and that all must "earn their bread with the sweat of their brows"; still there are various forms of labor, and all of these are equally honorable and equally necessary. There is the physical labor, performed with hands, which which may be divided into countless classes; there is the mental labor—which is the most severe and wearing of all—and which is likewise of different degrees. We have the ordinary day laborer, or workman, the mechanic, the trader, the merchant, the financier, the professional man—in Church, in state, or in the liberal

professions—and the literary man—be he journalist, historian, poet, or scientist. For each and all of these there is a great life-struggle ahead. Unless the exceptionally few, who inherit independence, no man is exempt from the struggle. It is equally true that only a limited number can belong to each of these categories. If all were blacksmiths, or lawyers, or engineers, or writers, the world could not go on. It is consequently necessary that the education of the masses should be carried on with a view to the probable field of labor, or of usefulness in which each one expects to earn a livelihood.

TRADE AND PROFESSION.— Taking the whole population of the country, we find that only the exceptional few belong to what may be called the professions. The vast majority of the pupils of to-day, will eventually become members of the commercial world, or else they will become tradesmen, mechanics, artisans. A very large percentage will go into the special line of book-keepers, or clerks, or small traders, I, therefore, conclude that in our elementary, or parochial schools the matters taught should be selected with a special view to equipping the majority of the pupils for the spheres of life that they are likely to occupy. Of course no cast iron rule could be safely laid down, because no institution could ever make certain of the future occupations of its pupils. But, one thing should be avoided, and that is the encroaching upon the higher branches by the lower schools. Say, for example, Greek, Latin, Astronomy, Chemistry, higher Mathematics, these may be necessary for three out of ten of the pupils, because the three will enter such professions, that demand such studies. But the other seven will never have the slightest opportunity of utilizing the knowledge required in

these branches, and they will have sacrificed the real practical studies in order to prosecute the useless and even at times injurious subjects.

AN EXAMPLE.— To illustrate my meaning I will give an example. I was recently sojourning in a small village in this Province. One day, in connection with a medical gentleman of that place, I spoke of the school. In the course of his reply to one of my questions, he made this statement: "I am very much displeased with our school this year. My boy has been attending it for three years. They had one hour per day of English, and, despite the fact that English is very rarely spoken here, my son made such progress that he could speak fairly well, could enjoy the English newspapers, and was quite prepared to go into any English-speaking community and make his way. This year they gave up the class of English, and replaced it with one of Latin. Out of all that school there may not be two boys who will go in for professions; and even should they do so, they must make a classical course, and the Latin will come with everything else. But there are forty boys attending the school, every one of whom will soon be in business, or on a farm, or at a trade; and it is almost indispensable that they should know English, while Latin is of no more use to them than would be Hebrew." It struck me that the doctor was perfectly right, and that the parochial school, especially in country districts, should be made more practical, and that the school inspectors should receive instructions from the Board of Public Instruction, or from the Superintendent of Education, to pay closer attention to this phase of their duties. What the doctor, above mentioned, said needs no comment, and it perfectly illustrates my meaning and what I wish to emphasize.

INGERSOLL'S SPIRIT NOW.

Recently, a spiritualistic meeting was held in Lyric Hall, Sixth Avenue, New York, when a medium—Dr. William Franks—engaged to convey messages from the late Col. Ingersoll, proving that there was no hell. He failed, however, to accomplish the feat, and a Mr. Craig, of Toledo, O., demanded his money back. The audience felt like Mr. Craig; the manager attempted to explain that the medium was not well, but the audience would not give private interviews with Ingersoll at his home. As this was not satisfactory, he finally went into a trance, and informed the audience that it was the ghost of George Chapman, a friend of Ingersoll, that was speaking, and that the ghost knew a Mr. Kelsey, an insurance man, of that city. At this Mr. Craig rose and said: "Anyone could read up Col. Ingersoll's history and find out that he knew a man named Chapman. I came here to have it proved to me that there was no hell, and there's been nothing but a lot of humbug." At this every one demanded his money back, but it seems that only one man succeeded in getting his 25 cents. It is quite possible that Mr. Craig was very much disappointed; he likely desired to believe that there is no hell—such being a very comforting creed—and that he wished to have good solid proof before acting in accordance. If so he must have been in a white rage when he found that Bob Ingersoll's spirit would not act for the medium. The medium had proclaimed that while he was Chapman's ghost, he had Ingersoll's spirit with him, but as the latter was "weak and unable to speak," it would be impossible to hear directly from him.

Now, we hold—without fear of contradiction—that Ingersoll's spirit was present, on that occasion, it would need to have been very weak indeed if it could not speak. In the flesh Ingersoll could speak under all and every circumstances, and it is not likely that his disembodied spirit would be ever reduced to such an extremity of weakness as to prevent its being able to deliver an oration. Possibly, Ingersoll was there, and that his spirit had said to the medium: "I guess you had better give up this show; you can't prove the non-existence of hell through me; if you force me to speak I will be obliged to confess you, and to openly proclaim that I have learned—since I migrated from earth—that such a locality does truly exist." Then the medium, very probably, made answer: "Why, in the five, then, did you keep for nearly forty years your constant speeches and writings against the dogma of eternal punishment?" "The spirit must have then whispered: "Because I was a fool, and did not know any better. Even if I had my doubts about hell, it would have been wiser had I acted just as if there were a hell. I took too many chances, and I didn't calculate upon such a sudden smash up." The medium, as a last resort, must have got vexed and said: "There are four hundred people, who don't want any hell; they have no use for it; and I promised them you would prove that they can go on living without any dread of such an ending to their careers. Can't you just say, or have Chapman say, that there is no hell?" And the medium then collapsed when the spirit replied, in determined tone, "I'll be d—d if I do."

E. S. PATENT OFFICE STATISTICS

From the recent report of the U. S. Commissioner of Patents, it appears there was received in the last fiscal year 35,352 applications for mechanical patents, 2,292 applications for designs, 91 applications for re-issues, 1,610 caveats, 1,861 applications for trade-marks, 612 applications for labels, and 112 applications for prints. There were 23,550 patents granted, including re-issues and designs; 1,406 trade-marks, 372 labels, and 76 prints were registered. The number of patents that expired was 16,670. The number of allowed applications which were by operation of law forfeited for non-payment of the final fees, was 4,021. The total receipts of the office were \$1,209,552.88, the total expenditures were \$1,143,663.48, and the surplus of receipts over expenditures, being the amount turned into the Treasury, was \$65,889.40.

that all French Catholics should unite on patriotic ground and face the attacks of the cosmopolitans and the unpatriotic who have been endeavoring to ruin the country."

The doll is probably the most antique of toys. It has been found inside the graves of the children of ancient Rome.

GLENDOWER—"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."
HOTSPUR—"Why, so can I, or so can any man."
"But will they come when you do call for them?"—SHAKESPEARE.

How quickly Hotspur's wise and witty retort tears the tragic mantle in which Glendower stalks, and shows beneath the seer's robe, the motley of the mountebank. Most people would have taken the Welchman at his word, and called him seer, without noting the difference between call and to command.

Certain points of comparison are suggested between Glendower's tragic claim and the comic claim made in some specious advertisements. "I am a woman, I know all about woman. I understand woman, and I can cure woman because I am a woman." The modern Mrs. Hotspur puts her finger right on the weak spot of that clamorous claim by saying: "Why if you can cure woman simply because you are a woman, then so can I and so can any woman." Which very plainly brings out the common sense fact that the cure of diseases does not depend upon being a man or being a woman but does depend upon being a trained and experienced physician. There is, as far as is known, no qualified woman physician associated with any proprietary medicine firm. It is certain that there is no one, man or woman, who can show an experience or record equal to that of Dr. R. V. Pierce; more than thirty years of treatment of women's diseases with ninety-eight per cent. cured out of more than half-a-million women treated. Sick women can consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely free of charge. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. All answers are mailed securely sealed in perfectly plain envelopes. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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TWO REVIEWS OF LITERATURE.

BY "CRUX."

My space in the "True Witness" would scarcely permit of an essay, or review on the double subject of the Revivals of Celtic and of Bohemian literatures. Either one of these would constitute a theme that a large volume would scarcely suffice, were it entirely devoted to the question. During several months the "True Witness" has been well supplied with material concerning the revival of the Gaelic language and of Celtic literature, and, if circumstances allow, I purpose dealing with this grand subject in future contributions. In order to lead up to that study, and to show how mistaken are the men who pretended that a revival of old Irish literature, and of the Gaelic language, was impossible, I would say that "What has been done can again be done," and what Bohemians did the Irish are far more capable of doing. I will consequently take the liberty, this week of reproducing some extracts of a criticism recently published in the New York Sun, which criticism deals with a newly published work entitled "A History of Bohemian Literature," by Francis Count Lutzev. In this work we find a very complete account of the almost unknown literature of Bohemia, of its disappearance for centuries, and of its present wonderful revival. I would

therefore, beg all readers who may be interested in the Celtic revival to kindly read these extracts carefully, and the memory of their contents will serve a good purpose, when we come to a chat upon the possibilities of an Irish revival.

THE BOHEMIAN TONGUE.—The volume criticised by the writer of the following extracts is divided into three parts, corresponding with three periods of Bohemian history. The first, extends from the earliest times to the days of John Huss; the second, from the time of Huss to the battle of White Mountain; and the third, from that battle to the present day. With the first part, which is more or less fabulous, and entirely misty, I need not deal; but it is well to know something, in general about the Bohemian tongue. We thus read:

"The Bohemian tongue belongs to the group of Western Slavonic languages, which includes the Polish and the almost extinct dialect of the Lusitians, once spoken in Saxony and Brandenburg. The Bohemian tongue is spoken by about 8,000,000 people, of whom 7,650,000 live in the Austria-Hungarian dominions, 70,000 in Prussia, 60,000 in Russia and 150,000 in the United States. There are minor Bohemian colonies, compre-

WHAT OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER HAS TO SAY

ON THE CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

OUR NATIONAL SCHOOL.—By the last issue of the "True Witness," I notice that the full prospectus of the Catholic High School is given. As I am not in a position, during this month to carry on my observations from a curbstone, I must write—

that the generosity of individuals may suggest. It is well that the public should be made aware of these facts, and they cannot be too frequently repeated.

FEES AND EXEMPTIONS.—It is not greatly mistaken the fees charged, according to the prospectus, are the lowest in the city, for such schools. At all events I have taken upon myself to examine into this question as far as all the other schools go, and I have failed, so far, to discover anyone that has as low a rate of fees as the new Irish-Catholic High School.

the preparatory branches. Any one who has had the privilege of noticing the great success that these good Sisters have yearly obtained in their own school, must come to the conclusion that the governors have been most happy in the selection. The importance of these branches cannot be too frequently dwelt upon.

OTHER PROJECTS HINTED.—No person can deny the absolute necessity of certain institutions being distinctly Irish-Catholic. This has been a note long sounded by the "True Witness," and I am sure that the vast majority of our people appreciate the contention.

Catholic High School, Belmont Park.

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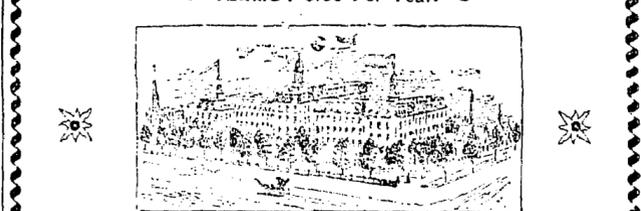
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Under Direction of REV. FATHER DRISCOLL, Director of the League of the Sacred Heart. TO LANORAIE, 36 Miles from Montreal, Per Str. "THREE RIVERS," THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1899. Leaving Jacques Cartier Wharf at 9 a.m.; Returning at 7 p.m. TICKETS—Adults 60c. Children under 12 years 30c. Tickets can be had from the Reverend Director, St. Patrick's Presbytery.

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Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada. Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology. Preparatory Classical Course for Junior Students. Commercial Commercial Course. Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department. SEND FOR CALENDAR.

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If you are not already a member of our Society, do not wait until to-morrow to join; it might be too late. Outside of our subscribers for a fee we are prepared, on the shortest notice, to undertake all classes of funerals at moderate prices.

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Live Montreal 9 a.m., 8 p.m., 10:25 p.m. Arr Toronto 9:20 p.m., 10:50 a.m., 7:15 a.m. Live Toronto 9 a.m., 10:30 p.m. Arr Montreal 9 a.m., 7:20 a.m.

Parlor-Cafe Dining Cars and Palatial Pullmans on day trains, and Pullman Sleeper on night trains. Through Sleepers for Toronto, Hamilton, London, Detroit and Chicago.

MONTREAL, PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD, SEASIDE SERVICE. Leave Montreal 8:00 a.m. and 8:45 p.m. Arrive Portland 5:45 p.m. and 6:40 a.m. Arrive Old Orchard 6:47 p.m. and 7:36 a.m.

Parlor car for Portland and Old Orchard on 8:00 a.m. train and through Sleepers for Portland and Old Orchard on 8:45 p.m. train. City Ticket Office, 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

ARE SERVANT GIRLS GOSSIPERS?

As I do not write very often for newspapers, and am very lazy in matters of correspondence with friends, I trust the "True Witness" will excuse any faults of form, and kindly accept these few lines for the sake of the spirit contained in them. We women are often accused of being severe on our own sex, and I believe we are so; in fact I know that we are more often unjust than otherwise.

of the virtues and the faults of her household staff. After this comes a whole column in which all the faults and shortcomings of servants are exposed. Above all are we told of how servants get the upper hand of mistresses by hearing all their little secrets and rattling them in the kitchen. Here is another paragraph: "Without taxing memory I can tell off on my fingers ten gentlemen in every other sense of the word whose intimate confidantes were—landings, who were strangers until they entered the employ of their respective mistresses."

AND WHAT APPLIES TO SERVANTS in general also applies to all who earn wages from employers. Men who have a number of others under them—such as master-carters and the like—not unfrequently are obliged to let their employers know more of their private affairs than they would care to make public. Go to one of these employees and ask him to tell you what passed in the family circle during the few months, or the few years that he has been in the employ, and you might as well slap him in the face; your reception would likely be similar in both cases. In fact the fidelity of certain servants has become proverbial. I am inclined to think that there is no class of distinction that could be fairly established as far as faithful servants go; but I must protest against such a libel upon the general character of now-a-days servants.—Mary Agnes S.

THIS IS THE WAY the article begins:

"Two-thirds of the scandals that poison the social atmosphere steal out, like pestiferous fogs, through servants' gossip. We discuss 'the girl' in our bed chambers, and if so much stirred up by her works and ways as to forget what is due to our ladyhood, compare notes in the parlor as to these same works and ways. Being well-bred women, the traditions of our castle prevent us from making domestic grievances the staple of drawing-room conversation and the marrow of table-talk. The electroplated vulgarian never calls attention more emphatically to the absence of the 'Sterling' stamp upon her breeding than when she chatters habitually

I HAVE NO DESIRE to excuse servants who take advantage of their surroundings to do injury to their employers, either in one way or the other, but I claim that the article quoted from is all one-sided. I can count, in my turn, a host of servants whose fidelity was almost heroic and whose lives were devoted solely to the interests of those with whom they were hired. And this is not the exception, but the rule. Take the vast number of Irish domestics, who were driven from their native land by famine, or persecution, and were obliged to accept menial positions in the new world; it is not rare to find amongst them examples of life-long devotion to masters and mistresses. I have now in my mind a score of families in which the same old servants have lived for twenty-five, thirty, and

NOTES FROM AMERICAN CENTRES.

LARGE BEQUESTS.—Generosity for God's holy house is by no means a dead virtue in Cincinnati. Some years ago Mr. Joseph Kilne donated \$16,000 for the grand altar at St. Francis de Sales church. Now comes a noble-minded member of St. Lawrence church and offers \$12,000 for a fine marble high altar. The pastor, Very Rev. Dr. Schoenhof, made the gratifying announcement last Sunday, and expressed the wish that some other generous members would now come forward and present a new organ. The name of the donor of the new altar is to be kept a secret. St. Lawrence's is the handsomest new church in the Queen City, and has the most flourishing, steadily increasing congregation.

by the nuns, are supposed to have tempted the thieves. Sixty nuns are in the monastery, who make vestments of the most costly sort for the clergy all over the world. They frequently have many of these on hand, besides a stock of gold trimmings. Several nuns were awakened at 2 o'clock on Saturday morning by noises in the shrubbery under their cell windows. They made out the forms of three men skulking in the bushes, and quickly and quietly alarmed all the Sisters in the building. A guard was set at every entrance to the building, and all the windows near the ground were securely fastened. One Sister remembered that an electric burglar and fire alarm had been put in the building years ago and connected with the Morrisania police station, two miles away. A connection was made that set it ringing at the station. The sergeant at the desk never heard it before, and it took him some time to find out what it was. Then he ordered Mounted Policeman Fink and Cahill to ride to the monastery at their best speed. After a record-breaking ride the policemen

found two lay nuns with their white faces pressed against the gate of the monastery. They said they had waited in the monastery until they thought the policeman must be near and they dashed down to the gate to admit them, and had seen no sign of intruders on their way. Fink and Cahill found Maloney hiding in an out house and arrested him. The policemen also found a place where men had climbed over the walls into the grounds. It is supposed that the other men escaped when they knew they were being watched, while Maloney could not climb out. When Maloney was arraigned in court none of the nuns appeared and he was discharged.

ROBBERS OUTWITTED.—There is little doubt that a bold plan to rob the Corpus Christi Monastery, in the borough of Bronx, New York, was foiled by the cool courage of the nuns and the timely arrival of mounted policemen, summoned from the station, two miles away, by an electric burglar alarm. Vestments trimmed with gold and of great value, made

THE CITIZENS OF PHILADELPHIA will present to the city of Paris a statue of Benjamin Franklin during the exposition next year. It is proposed to raise the money and begin work as soon as possible, so that the statue can be shipped to Paris in time to unveil it during the exposition. It is intended to locate the statue at

Continued on Page Seven.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle

Printed and Published by the True Witness P. & P. Co., Limited, 253 St. James Street Montreal, Canada.

P. O. BOX 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE

Table with subscription rates: CITY OF MONTREAL, Delivered, \$1.50; OTHER PARTS OF CANADA, 1.00; UNITED STATES, 1.00; NEWFOUNDLAND, 1.00; GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND and FRANCE, 1.50; BELGIUM, ITALY, GERMANY and AUSTRALIA, 2.00

All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

TERMS, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY August 12, 1899.

REV. FATHER QUINLIVAN.

Just before going to press a telephone from the Hotel Dieu, from the medical adviser of Rev. Father Quinlivan, informed us that the condition of the esteemed pastor of St. Patrick's was in every way satisfactory.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI.

On Tuesday last, August 8, His Grace Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, celebrated by a pontifical High Mass, and a reception, the second anniversary of his consecration.

Is there an object to be purchased, or a gift to be made, a donation to be presented, a public question to be discussed, a trying ordeal to be faced, a commercial panic to be checked, a religious profession to be conducted, a corner stone to be laid, a bell to be blessed, a church to be dedicated, a priest to be consoled as death comes on, a member of the clerical body to be buried, a difficulty to be settled, a banquet to be attended—in a word, if there be any one action of importance, even indirect—to be performed, we have found, without fail, the gentle presence of the kind, but disciplined Archbishop of Montreal.

rigid logician, his eloquent language and sympathetic phrases become all the more glowing and effective when he performs that portion of his vast duties which is expressed in the command to "teach all nations."

The Irish Catholics of Montreal have a score of reasons for rejoicing with their Archbishop on this occasion; it would be useless for us to recount the many occasions, when practical evidence of his love for the Irish people, and his desire to see them improve their conditions, both spiritual and temporal; it suffices to say that his generous sympathy, under all circumstances, is the source of a general filial rejoicing.

DR. O'HAGAN'S POEMS.

Some weeks ago we published a review of the admirable volume of poems, entitled, "Songs of the Settlement," from the pen of Dr. Thomas O'Hagan. We need not now repeat any of the comments then made, nor is it our intention to again review that unique and touching little volume.

In the first place, Dr. O'Hagan is, himself, one of the most prominent critics in Canada, and he has obtained a continental reputation as such, since his opinions are quoted all over the United States. Yet we never yet read an unjust, a harsh, an ungenerous, or a false comment from his pen.

In the next place, Dr. O'Hagan made no pretence in his "Songs of the Settlement," to the loftier strains of poetry. He merely desired to go into the forest and the field, to follow the early colonist along our rivers and lakes, and to touch with a pencil of light the hard and difficult circumstances that render the labors of the first settlers so unpoetic and so wearisome.

wishing to establish, any general comparison, we might say that Dr. O'Hagan would do for Canada's humbler children what Burns did for the sons of toil in Scotland. Therefore, it comes with a very bad grace from such a thoroughly Canadian publication as the Canadian Magazine, to attempt, to find some fault with him and his work.

THE CZAR'S ABDICATION.

M. Theophile DeLassus, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, left Paris somewhat suddenly last week, on a flying visit to St. Petersburg.

"M. De Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the Times, gives an extraordinary explanation of M. DeLassus's present mission. He asserts that it was decided upon quite suddenly, for a reason which admitted of no delay, and then gives the story, which he says he has from a source to which I am bound to attach importance.

"Emperor Nicholas is disappointed and tired of the throne. The absence of an heir excites superstitious feelings, and he connects himself with a Russian legend, according to which a czar Michael, predestined to occupy Constantinople, the death of eye Czarwitsch and the failure of the conference at The Hague led him to decide to abdicate on the occasion of his coming visit to Darmstadt.

Has the Czar any idea of abdicating? We don't believe a word of it. If asked why we don't believe it, we could make reply, "for reasons too numerous to mention." In the first place M. De Blowitz is the author of the rumor, and he is the Paris correspondent of the London Times. We have yet to learn of any of M. De Blowitz's predictions that ever came true.

But even were M. De Blowitz a prophet and the Times a sanctimonious paper, we would still have our doubts upon the subject of the Czar's future. In the name of common sense why should he abdicate? Possibly some person might suggest that he is becoming "cracked." That would not be a matter of surprise, since being "cracked" is apparently the normal condition of a good many of Europe's rulers.

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Russian Government, nor of the Czar, but we firmly believe that he will abdicate some day—and that day will be the one upon which Death's Angel touches him upon the shoulder and summons him away from his power, position, wealth, and advantages.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

CRIMELESS IRELAND. — We always like to reproduce reliable items of news of the following class. We clip these few lines from the "Dublin Freeman," and we do not think that any comment is necessary.

"Gentlemen, judicial and otherwise, who are ever pleased to deplore the capacity of the Irish people for crime must be having a bad time. Nowadays there is hardly any county court which has not its white gloves; the incident of the presentation is related every other week, with something like monotony; and their lordships who are opening the summer assizes continue the record of crimelessness indicated in the presentations.

NO PROCLAMATION RENEWAL. — As a sample of how changed are the conditions in England, regarding Catholicity, we might mention an event which occurred in the House of Commons on the first of this month. The ever ready Mr. Johnstone—of Ballykillbeg, and Orange notoriety—figures as a representative of the ignorance and bigotry of the times that are gone.

"In the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Johnstone asked the Solicitor-General whether his attention had been called to the outdoor procession in Hutton Gardens Sunday in honor of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, when various Roman Catholic clergymen walked in the procession, and whether, in view of the provisions of tenth George IV., chapter 7, section 26, which imposes a penalty on Roman Catholic ecclesiastics who take part in such processions, and also the proclamation against Roman Catholic processions issued June 15, in the fifteenth year of the reign of the Queen, Her Majesty will be advised to renew such proclamation in the maintenance of law.

"Old times are changed, old manners gone," sang Sir Walter, and truly does his line apply to-day. It is too late in the century to ask for proclamations of the class referred to; the broad light of a higher civilization has played upon the world since the days of "Pale," and Catholicity is no longer an object of ostracism in Great Britain—all the fanaticism of Orangeism notwithstanding.

A SAMPLE OF PREJUDICE. — The recent noise created through all Canada by the prompt action of the A.O. H. of Montreal, in putting a foot down on the base caricaturing of the Irish might suggest to journalists an idea that would be of general benefit if put into practice; it is to avoid and to ensure all these means and petty methods adopted by too many newspapers in regard to everything Irish.

"Bernard Kennedy, a jaunty young Irishman, who was coachman for a Massachusetts family, has wooed, won and married a member of the household who has millions of dollars in her name and at her disposal. Yesterday he was plain Barney Kennedy; to-day his post office address is Bernard Kennedy, Esq., 501 East St."

CATHOLIC HISTORIC LANDMARKS.

Boucherville, Aug. 7. ABOUT SIX MILES from Montreal, upon the South shore of the broad St. Lawrence, and directly opposite the series of verdant islands which bedeck the surface of the great river, stands the quaint, primitive, and historic village of Boucherville. Possibly no other small town in this Province is so rich in relics of the earlier times.

IN THIS PECULIAR VILLAGE—looking out upon the world from its grove of elms, poplars, and birches—with its Norman houses and quaint gables, dormer windows, and huge chimneys—there are precious monuments. The old yet beautiful church dates from 1801, and is as fresh to-day as when its stones were laid upon the foundations of the earlier temple.

Consecration of Mgr. McEvay.

conducted by the Basilians. The future bishop distinguished himself at St. Michael's by his application to his studies and by the abilities which he displayed.

In 1857, when Bishop Dowling had succeeded to the Peterborough see, in succession to Bishop Janot, Father McEvay was called in from Fenelon Falls and made rector of the cathedral, and he held that position for the ensuing two years.

The consecration ceremonies attracted an immense congregation to St. Peter's Cathedral. At 10 o'clock the impressive services began. Administrator Bayard reading the Papal Bull. This and other formal preliminaries having been concluded, the celebration of the Mass was begun by the Consecrator, Archbishop O'Connor, assisted by Bishop O'Connor, of Peterboro', and Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN IN IRELAND.

A representative of the Dublin Weekly Freeman has had a short interview with Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, who arrived in Limerick from New York recently in company with Archbishop Hennessy of Dubuque, Iowa. Their graces have gone to spend a short holiday in Ireland, and will visit several Irish bishops during their stay.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGER'S CORNER.

DOINGS IN DIV. NO. 8.—The meeting of Division No. 8 on last Wednesday evening was very numerously attended, every seat was occupied and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

trrolley drive was discussed and adopted. The date fixed is the 18th of the present month. It is the intention of the members to make it a splendid success, and there is no reason why it should not be, when bearing in mind that this branch covers a large area, having a great following in St. Anthony's, St. Gabriel's and St. Ann's parishes.

Tivnan, Marshal of Division No. 9, A. O. H., on whom such favorable comment was made, during the parade two weeks ago, is, practically speaking, a "green horn," being only out from the old land a couple of years.

THE BABY IS HEALTHY.—The regular meeting of Division No. 9, A. O. H., was held on Wednesday evening, in the York Club, St. Catherine Street, President Hannan presiding.

WINDOW DRESSING in large stores has come to be quite an art, as any reader of the "True Witness" may realize by looking at the windows of any of the large dry goods and other firms who advertise in our columns.

GIVE US A DAILY PAPER.—This is the all absorbing topic of the hour, in Irish Catholic circles. It is discussed in the public thoroughfares, and in fact every place where any Irish cluster of our compatriots congregates.

SIX IS DOING WELL.—The regular meeting of Division No. 6, on Wednesday evening, was the most important held since the Division was organized, some two years ago.

PILGRIMAGE TO OKA.—St. Ann's Catholic Young Men's Society has under contemplation the advisability of running a pilgrimage to Oka, on Labor Day, if so, there is no question but it will be a very successful affair.

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entative to the pilgrimage in order that they may be made the recipients of the spiritual favors that usually flow from such pious undertakings.

CANADIAN TEACHERS WANTED. More vacancies than teachers. Positions guaranteed. Placed 250 Canadian teachers in U. S. last term. U.S. TEACHERS AGENCIES OF AMERICA, Washington, D.C. 5-13

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL. Classical and Preparatory Courses. DIRECTED BY THE ENGLISH JESUIT FATHERS. Classes resumed Sept. 6th. REV. WM J. DOHERTY, S. J., Rector.

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are cordially invited to call and inspect our stock of Souvenir goods, also Fancy Indian Baskets, Sterling Silverware, Jewelry, Gloves, Umbrellas, Mantles, Men's Furnishings, Hosiery, etc.

LADIES' KID GLOVES. 1000 pair Ladies' 2-clasp Kid Gloves in Tan, Black, Red, White, Butter, Green and Blue. This is a very nice glove, with neat, up-to-date embroidery, made to sell at \$1.29. Special price \$1.00.

STERLING SILVER Souvenir Goods. Beautifully enameled in a variety of colors and designs, including the Coat of Arms of Montreal and Dominion of Canada on Spoons, Hat Pins, Brooches, Belt Buckles and Scarf Pins. Prices range from \$3.50 down to 40c.

Jewelry Department. Paris Watch Chains for Ladies, in an endless variety. Ladies' Black, Blue, Watch Chains, that bring in the regular way 25c. Cuff Links at 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 pair.

Indian Baskets and Slippers. A choice assortment at regular wholesale prices.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., 2343 St. Catherine Street, Corner of Metcalfe Street. TERMS Cash. TELEPHONE UP 933. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. No 175. SUPERIOR COURT. Dargé Rose de Lina Joly, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Jean Baptiste Garnier, Jeweller, of the same place, duly authorized to sue her said husband, Plaintiff, vs. the said Jean Baptiste Garnier, Defendant. An action in separation as to bed and board has been this day instituted by the said Plaintiff against the said Defendant. Montreal, 18th August, 1899. BRAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The Hibernian band recently organized by the members, is already making good progress, and Prof. Broderick has been secured for weekly instructions. They expect to have their uniforms, and be ready to lead the annual church parade in November, which it is intended will be held at St. Mary's, as it is expected that the renovation of that beautiful edifice will be complete about that time.

Y. J. L. and B. A.—The monthly meeting of the Young Irishmen's Association was held on Wednesday evening in their hall on Dupre street, President Halley in the chair. The business before the meeting was in connection with the excursion on the steamer "Three Rivers" down the St. Lawrence, on Labor Day. As is usual on such occasions, a concert will be given by the dramatic section on the return. Every undertaking of this pioneer organization of young Irishmen is worthy of enthusiastic support. It has long been in the front rank battling for the rights of our nationality. The question of how the 25th anniversary is to be celebrated will be decided on at a special meeting called for that purpose sometime during the present month.

BRANCH NO. 10, C. M. B. A.—Grand Council of Quebec at its regular meeting held last Wednesday, transacted a large amount of important business. Secretary Melver states that this Branch is in a splendid working condition. "Jim" is good authority on such matters and his statement is beyond questioning.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, DIV. NO. 1, A. O. H.—Saturday, August 19th, is the day that Division No. 1, has decided to hold its first grand annual picnic to Bon de L'Isle Park, (weather permitting). The committee entrusted with the arrangements are working with a will, to make it the event of the season. A grand open air cake walk will be one of the many attractions. Casey's Orchestra and Mr. P. O'Brien, the Irish piper, have been secured for the occasion, and a good day's outing is promised the friends of the Auxiliary, that will be present. Only tickets with the Auxiliary stamp will admit to cake walk and can be had at the following places: B. E. McGale, 2123 Notre Dame St.; T. White, 1917 Notre Dame street; Mrs. Redmond, Notre Dame street; Mrs. Martin, 2508 St. Catherine St.; Mr. Jas. King, St. Antoine street; Mrs. Allen, 329 Laval Avenue; Miss Howlett, 383 Wellington street; Miss Ryan, 469 Magdalen street; Mrs. Heaney, 11 Chateaugay street; Mrs. Mack, 62 Walker Avenue, St. Henri; Mrs. McMahon, Fullum street; Mrs. O'Reilly, 214 Panet street; Mrs. McCullough, 48 Gain street; Miss Curran, 710 St. Dominique street; B. Smith, St. Patrick's Hall; 92 St. Alexander street.

DIVISION NO. 5, A. O. H., held its regular meeting last week, a pretty fair attendance being present. Mr. M. Phelan presided. After initiating some new members, the committee's report on the advisability of holding a

SPEAK A GOOD WORD FOR US.—The readers and admirers of the "True Witness" cannot aid that paper better than by patronizing the business men who advertise in its columns. When making a purchase don't forget to tell them you have seen their ad in its columns, don't be timid or ashamed to mention it. It has stood the test of severest criticism, and except your own unshamed to acknowledge your religion or nationality, you should not be ashamed to discuss the worth of the good old Catholic journal.

NO. 3 TO HAVE A SAIL.—Division No. 3, A. O. H., held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening in their hall, 1863 Notre Dame street, President Gallery presiding. The principal topic was the excursion down the St. Lawrence, on the 23rd of this month. Complete arrangements have been made for the affair, and the committee is very sanguine about the result. All indications point to its being the most successful function held under the auspices of this popular branch. Those wishing to secure stateroom tickets should do so at once. I have already signified my intention of being on "deck" and will carry a "kotak." Other matters of interest to the members of the Division were discussed and a committee appointed to draft resolutions of condolence to be tendered Vice-President McGoldrick, on the death of his father.

PERSONAL NOTES.—Amongst the prominent Irishmen who attended the recent demonstration at St. Gabriel's Hall, to protest against the caricaturing of the Irish race were two men actively connected with every Irish movement in this city for many years, and whose names were unfortunately omitted from last issue. They were Mr. Patrick Rafferty, that whole souled Irishman from Hochelaga, and Mr. W. H. Turner of St. Lawrence street, one of the most popular and respected members of the A. O. H., in this city.

THE BANNER DIVISION.—The regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., was held on Wednesday evening in their spacious quarters on Place d'Armes Square, President Hugh McCormack presiding. Matters of general interest were discussed. A notable feature of the meeting was the many propositions received from intending Hibernians. The "True Witness" has a steadfast friend in this Division, in the person of Mr. B. Peeney, who always has a good word to say for the good Catholic organ. The delegates from the Division of the County Board, will ask permission from that body to hold their annual entertainment on the twenty-third of November, the anniversary of the execution of the Manchester Martyrs. The entertainments held yearly, on this sad anniversary, by the members of the pioneer Division are of a high standard. The celebration this year promises to surpass all previous occasions.

A GOOD MARSHAL.—Mr. John

SOME NOTES ON BUSINESS MATTERS.

BANK SUSPENSIONS.

We are not of those who sit down to write haphazard sensational articles concerning "runs" on the banks or any of the other numerous features that have marked the recent panics which have been caused by the unfortunate suspension of payment on the part of some of our local banks, which their directors deemed advisable in the interest of the creditors as a whole. But we say that the time has arrived when something must be done to render impossible these disastrous bank suspensions, and also to give to the class of people most deeply interested in the banking business the representation, direct or indirect, to which they are entitled, or at least the protection that the country by which these banks are chartered, owes to them as a matter of plain duty. Glancing over the latest report issued by the Federal Government regarding the condition of the chartered banks of the Dominion—that of June—we observe that the total subscribed capital of the banks in the five leading provinces of Canada amounts in round numbers to \$64,000,000, while the total deposits amount to \$258,000,000. These figures prove that the shareholders, whose interest is only one quarter that of the depositors, have the supreme direction, or at least the appointment of the directors and managers, in their own hands, while those who have four times as much money at stake in the banks have no voice whatever in the administration of these financial institutions. There can be no question about the proposition: that no bank should be allowed to do business in Canada, no matter what its financial strength

might be, unless on condition that its books should be at all times open to the examination of duly qualified government inspectors, with a thorough knowledge of finance and commerce in all their details and ramifications. Look at our civil service. A glance at the Auditor-General's report appals one at the number of inspectors in the customs, Inland Revenue, Post Office, and other departments, many of whom, as in the case of the customs, are clothed with powers which gives them the right to enter commercial establishments for the purpose of making an investigation. This is a very grave question, and one that should immediately occupy the attention of the Government at Ottawa.

STIRES OUT FOR HIMSELF.—Mr. J. H. Feeley, for nearly a quarter of a century foreman at Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co's, has decided to embark in business for himself. We are glad that such is the case, because Mr. Feeley is an Irish Catholic, and because it always gives us pleasure to see our people going into business for themselves. As may be inferred from his long service with this well-known establishment, Mr. Feeley is conversant with all branches of the manufacture of silver and jewellery in general, as well as with the art of electroplating. He deserves well of our people, for he has, ever since he took up his residence in Montreal, occupied prominent positions in our national and temperance societies. He also took a very great interest in the Catholic Sailors' Club, at the time of its foundation by the Catholic Truth Society. We bespeak for Mr. Feeley the

support of all the readers of the "True Witness."

ENERGY AND ENTHUSIASM.—Doubtless many readers of the "True Witness" are acquainted with one or more men, young or old, who belong to the never-do-well class, who are nearly all the time out of employment, and who complain that they cannot get any work to do. If these people would only sit down and think, or ask somebody else to sit down and think for them, the result would be the discovery of some practical means of earning a livelihood. Here is an illustration. The sponge cakes of Berwick, Maine, were once famous all over New England; and the history of the origin of the industry is a curious one.

About 1845 an employee of the Boston and Maine Railroad named William C. Briggs, had the misfortune to be caught in an accident, and lost one leg. The company were somehow to blame, and when he threatened a suit they were more than willing to settle the matter out of court. Various offers were made to him, but he would accept none of them. At last he made this proposal: "If the company would start a restaurant at Berwick, and place him in charge of it, agreeing to stop every train before his door for five minutes, he would not institute proceedings. This was agreed to, and the restaurant was started. Mrs. Briggs was one cook in a thousand, and her meals were already well known to the patrons of the road, when she set her brain at work and invented a new kind of sponge cake. She was famous before; she was immortal now. That sponge cake was lighter and sweeter and more delicate than any other known in history, and it sold. Every one passing through Berwick bought some, whether he wanted it or not. It came in enormous loaves enclosed in

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN life, and the necessity of constant spiritual preparedness, for the awful summons from time to eternity, are borne in upon us by the fatal accidents which are daily chronicled in the newspapers. The fatalities have been more than usually numerous during the past few days; and it is to be seriously hoped that the lesson they convey will not lose any of its force because of our familiarity with similar terrible occurrences through the medium of the press.

THE CAR ACCIDENT.—On Sunday afternoon last a crowded street car went over a trestle bridge near Bridgeport, Conn., falling into a pond forty feet below. Twenty-nine persons were instantly killed, and several more injured more or less severely, some of whom may die. What adds to the tragic nature of this terrible accident is that a large number of the ill-fated passengers were singing with rejoicing hearts, the weather being fine, the landscape pretty, and the ride enjoyable.

THE GANGWAY GAVE WAY.—On the same day a number of excursionists whose thoughts were, it is fair to assume, as far as possible from death, fell into the water at Mount Desert, Maine ferry, while boarding a steamer, the gang plank giving way owing to the nuts in the iron bars underneath it having gradually and finally fallen out. Those who fell into the water had all chance of escape cut off, being pinned in on three sides by the piling on the wharf and on the fourth side by the boat. At least 20 perished, the exact number being difficult to ascertain, as a number of bodies were carried away with the tide. The excursionists were on their way to Bar Harbor.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—On the previous day seventeen people were instantly killed and nearly sixty injured in a railway accident in France, the cause being a collision.

A STEAMER BURNED.—From Ma-

CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE!

Grand Double Event! INTER-PROVINCIAL LEAGUE, - Cornwall vs. Young Shamrock. SENIOR LEAGUE, - - - - - Cornwall vs. Shamrock.

SATURDAY, 19th August, 1899. Junior Game, 2 o'clock. - - SENIOR GAME, 3 o'clock. GENERAL ADMITTANCE, 25 CENTS. GRAND STAND, 50c. RESERVED SEATS, 75c. H. J. TRIHEY, Hon. Sec.

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A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY. By REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S.J.

PUBLISHED WITH THE PERMISSION OF MR. B. HERDER, PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

CHAPTER V.

Shortly after daybreak Father Montmoulin returned home, wearied out by his long journey in the discharge of his ministerial duties. He had spent the night by the side of the sick man, awaiting the return of consciousness which would enable him to hear his confession and give him the Viaticum. Extreme unction he had administered immediately upon his arrival. When midnight was past, a slight improvement had taken place in the condition of the patient—whose case appeared hopeless—and he regained his senses so far as to answer yes or no by signs to the questions the priest put to him, and to strike his breast with the hand that was not paralysed, when the act of contrition was recited. Thereupon he received absolution, and the Blessed Sacrament was administered to him.

This done, the priest wished to set out immediately upon his homeward journey, but the storm, which raged far more fiercely upon the heights than in the valley below, rendered it impossible for him to leave the shelter of the cottage. "It would be certain death for you, your Reverence," the good people told him; "even one of us would not venture by night in all this storm and rain down the precipitous paths, to Ste. Victoire."

Towards four o'clock the tempest seemed to abate, so the priest, who was anxious to be back in time for Mass at the usual hour of six, started on his way, accompanied by a sturdy peasant to act as his guide, and help him down the more dangerous declivities. No accident occurred, only when they were about half way, a heavy shower of half-frozen rain soaked him to the skin.

On reaching home, his first act was to carry the oils and wax to the sacristy, which could be entered from the cloisters, by passing the foot of the winding staircase we have mentioned; he then rang the Angelus, and began to put the things ready for the Mass, for he naturally thought the sacristan to be absent. He then opened the church, to admit a few old women who came to hear Mass. Before he could get upstairs to change his things, for he was wet through, he was asked for in the confessional, and kept there at least ten minutes listening to the súplicas of a tender conscience, and only got free by telling his penitent that he did not feel well; and in fact a shivering fit had come over him.

When he entered his own rooms, he found his mother had been up for some time. He briefly related his adventures, and heard from her, to his great relief, that nothing had happened to alarm her during the night; only once she had been startled out of her sleep, and thought she heard some one trying the handle of the door, but perhaps it was only the noise of the wind. The priest then hastily changed his things, and went down to the sacristy to vest for Mass.

Directly after Mass, old Susan had, as was her custom, repaired to the kitchen, to get breakfast ready whilst the priest made his thanksgiving. She was not in the best of tempers. The visit of her master's relatives from Aix the day before was anything but agreeable to her, for she thought it might lead to her dismissal. Besides, almost all the coffee she had roasted and ground was used up; the cups were not washed, the sugar-basin was half empty. Furthermore the large knife that she always used to cut the bread and butter was nowhere to be found! "They have set the place upside down," she grumbled to herself, "that does not suit me at all. All my life I have been used to keep things in order, and rather than be interfered with I would give notice to-day."

As Father Montmoulin, having concluded his thanksgiving, came along the corridor, he could not help overhearing part of this soliloquy, for old Susan was in the habit of thinking aloud, especially when anything had put her out. So he good-naturedly turned into the kitchen, to see if the storm could be allayed by a few soft words. He succeeded so far, that the old woman began to cry, saying she knew she did not give satisfaction, and could do nothing to please his Reverence; but he would see whether he was better served, if she were sent about her business.

"Nonsense, Susan, who talks of sending you away? Surely I may have my own mother to live with me if I like? We shall want your services all the same, for you will have to help her to keep house. There is something to dry your tears," and he slipped a couple of shillings into her hand. "Now do let us have the coffee, and as soon as you have brought it in, go as fast as you can to the shop and ask Mr. Renard if he can drive my mother to Aix to-day, and what time he will be going. Then go to Mrs. Blanchard and say my compliments and I should be glad if she could make it convenient to call this morning."

Susan wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron, and courtied in acknowledgment of the gratuity. "If I only knew what has become of my big knife!" she sighed. "Julia must have mislaid it. You will find it before long," answered the good priest as he went to his own room.

would pay her respects to his Reverence between ten and eleven o'clock.

"There is not a moment to be lost," said Father Montmoulin, taking a banknote out of one of the side drawers of his writing table. "Here are £20 for you. You must not refuse to take them. The old widow gave them to me, it is part of a legacy she had lately. I have the same sum for myself. Yes, you must really take it—it will do to pay off the rest of the debt you contracted on my behalf. I do not know how Mrs. Blanchard became acquainted with our straitened circumstances; she appears to have a special gift for discerning any case of need, and assisting it to the best of her ability. She offered me the money so very kindly that I felt I could not refuse to accept it without hurting her feelings."

"Dear old lady! May God reward her," ejaculated Mrs. Montmoulin. "We must pray for her. And now farewell for the present, mother; in a very short time I hope I shall see you here again, not to go away any more. I should like to go down to the village with you, but you know I cannot leave the house just now. Thank God, Mrs. Blanchard will be here this morning, and I shall get rid of this incubus that weighs on me, and which since yesterday afternoon has caused me real anxiety. Good-bye. Pray for me." And he kissed his mother affectionately.

"I pray for you every day, do you do the same for me, now give me your blessing before I go," rejoined the old woman, kneeling down devoutly at her son's feet. Then she looked at him with a smile, though tears stood in her eyes, and turning followed old Susan to the gate. In her hand she carried a bag containing some articles of her son's wardrobe which required repairing, for with housewifely instinct she had looked over his things that morning whilst awaiting his return. As she crossed the courtyard she looked up and nodded again to her son, who was watching her departure from the window.

How different the next meeting of those two was to be to what they imagined! And yet a sort of sad foreboding lay heavy on the young man's heart. "I feel strangely depressed," he said to himself. "I believe I have got a chill. I had better lie down a little, as soon as Mrs. Blanchard has got clear off with the money."

When Susan returned, he asked her to make him a cup of tea, telling her when she had done that, he would not want her any more until the next morning. He would go to bed, and try to sleep off the effects of the chill he had taken. As it was his habit to do this when he felt unwell, the old servant offered no remonstrance. She only asked if she was not to bring him any dinner, and on his replying that he had no appetite, and could, if he wanted anything, find a couple of eggs for himself, she took her departure, saying, "Just as your Reverence pleases."

Father Montmoulin, left in solitude, first recited his Breviary. When this was done, he wrote out a list of theological books from a catalogue, intending to order them that same day. "That comes to nearly fourteen pounds," he said with a sigh, as he counted up the price of the different volumes. "I should never have ventured to expend so large an amount on my library, if that excellent lady had not given me the money on the expressed condition that I should spend it on myself and not give it away to the poor. Well, I shall have enough left to furnish the rooms for my good mother. Dear, how my head does ache! I will sit back in the easy chair, and put a wet cloth round my temples."

Father Montmoulin had only just settled himself in his armchair when the clock struck ten, and a few minutes later a knock was heard at the door. "Come in," he cried, "Mrs. Blanchard to be sure, as punctual as clock work. I must apologise, Madam," he said as she entered, "for troubling you to come round this morning; I have been out all night, and I seem to have got rather a bad cold."

"So I see, and I am very sorry for it," answered his visitor, a lady already advanced in years, short in stature, but apparently active and robust. Her pleasant, rosy face was framed as it were, in an old-fashioned cap of quilted lace, with two carefully arranged curls of snow-white hair on each side. Her blue eyes were full of concern as she looked at the priest, and her countenance assumed a look of motherly kindness. Setting down the basket which invariably accompanied her on her visits to the sick and needy, she took the chair he placed for her on the other side of the table at which he usually sat.

"Pray do not take the cloth off your head," she entreated. "I have already heard that you had to go to the hamlet on Montalot for a sick call. To think of such an expedition as that on such a road and in such weather! It really would have been wiser not to say Mass this morning, but to have gone straight to bed. You must not mind my saying it, but indeed you do too much, you over-tax your strength; remember you owe it to us, to your flock, to take some care of yourself!"

"I will be very obedient, and drink a cup of tea and go to bed, as soon as our little business is settled," the priest answered with a smile.

"Our business is not pressing," rejoined the old lady, "that can be left for some other time. At present you need rest, and ought not to do anything to try your head."

"It is precisely that I may have my mind at rest that I beg you will take the money with you this morning," the priest replied. "We shall have done all in five minutes' time, and to tell the truth, I feel the responsibility of having so large a sum in my keeping. I am alone almost all day, long in this lonely building, and at any moment I may be called away to the sick."

"If that is so, if it will be any relief to you, I will take the money away with me most willingly. But pray, Father, do not trouble yourself to count it all over to me; I am quite certain that it is right to a penny."

Whilst she was speaking, Father Montmoulin had fetched the handkerchief containing the money, and opened it on the table. Without heeding the good lady's protestations, he counted it all over to her, and finally asked her to sign the receipt he had prepared. It ran thus: Received this day of Father Montmoulin on account of the collecting committee of St. Joseph's Guild, the sum of twelve thousand francs (£180) for the re-building of the Hospital of this place, directed by the Sisters of Charity, Ste. Victoire, 20th February, 1888, signed Marie Blanchard.

In a bold decided hand the old lady gynn. "You are an excellent man of business," she said with a smile. "One would think you had been brought up in a merchant's office."

"So I was," he rejoined. "My father was in business. Besides you know, I must have everything in black and white to lay before the Committee at its next meeting, or I shall be condemned to refund the whole sum, and what would become of me then? I should have to go all around the world on a begging expedition before I could raise so large an amount, as this. But joking apart, how do you propose to take the money to your house?"

"Nothing is simpler. If you will lend me the handkerchief in which it is wrapped, I will lay it in the bottom of my basket, the lid of which has concealed various things before now. No one will suspect that instead of articles of clothing or comestibles it contains £180. Now I will say good-bye, my dear Father. Say an Ave for your poor, useless old friend, who often troubles at the thought of the account she will have to render. We know not how soon."

"You have not much to fear. Remember our Lord's words: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father! For I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was naked, and you covered me. As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, ye did it to me.' This is what our Lord will say, when good Mrs. Blanchard knocks at the gate of Heaven with her basket on her arm, which is worth a great more than £180 pounds."

The pastor spoke so earnestly that his words brought the tears to his visitor's eyes. "Thank you, Father," she said, "what you say is a great encouragement to me. It is a delightful lesson that Christian charity teaches us to view the brethren of Christ in the poor, my Christ. Himself! Would that I could do far more for our Lord in the person of His poor, in return for all He did and suffered for my salvation. May I ask your blessing, Father?"

She knelt down; then rising she took leave of the priest. "Farewell, Father. No, I cannot let you come further than the door, I can find my way out perfectly well. You must not come down on my account. Say an Ave for me instead!"

Father Montmoulin did not persist in accompanying her. As soon as she had gone he prepared to undress and lie down to rest. He felt a vague, unaccountable disquietude; an interior voice seemed continually saying: pray for her, pray for her. He thought he would put his coat on again, and go down after her, but then again he said to himself he was a little feverish, and over-tired. Still he could not go to sleep, though he said his beads as a kind of lullaby.

We must now return to the sacristan, who had been waiting all the morning in the lumber-room in a state of suppressed excitement. He heard the Angelus rung, and he heard the priest go into the church directly after. Should he make the venture now; the old lady was probably up, and the bedroom door would be open. No, it seemed too risky, the priest might come up-stairs at any moment. Besides, he did not know for certain where the money was concealed, he might have to search some time for it. Now when once Mass had begun, he would be safe, he would slip up then, for the old lady would probably go down to Mass, and even if the old rotten doors were locked it would not matter much, a good kick and the hinges would give way. He waited therefore, until the Holy Sacrifice was being offered; but as he was in the act of issuing from his place of concealment, he peeped through a chink in the door, and who should he see but old Susan on her way to the kitchen! Now he might have two old women to deal with, and if one ran off and gave the alarm he was lost. Yet, taking off his boots, he crept up as far as the entrance of the tribune; there he saw Mrs. Montmoulin; he would have to pass her, and this he did not dare to do. "If she calls out, all in the church will hear," he said to himself, and withdrew once more to his lurking place.

Was his project to be defeated after-

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all? Must he spend his life in this remote corner of Provence with nothing but the miserable pittance of a sacristan? And he could not do that now, for all of his boasting about the legacy he could not remain in the place. And only yesterday evening he thought he was going to live in clover, if he could but get off to America with the sum of money, the amount of which his imagination greatly overrated.

The Mass was over and Father Montmoulin had gone to his rooms. Not very long after, Loser saw Susan leave the house accompanied by an old lady. "Now my worthy pastor is all alone," he said to himself. "Most men in my position would make short work of him. But what a coward I am getting! I consider there is nothing more after death, and I and my fellow men are but mere animals, and yet I have not the pluck to act on my convictions, for all the arguments of modern science. When I was in the army, I shot a couple of poor devils from behind, that was little short of murder. Yet I cannot knock down this defenceless priest, who in his way has done me a good turn sometimes."

The man tried to talk himself into a bolder mood, and at last, when he had drained his brandy flask, he resolved to go up to the kitchen and wait his opportunity. Then, just as ten o'clock struck, he heard foot-steps and saw Mrs. Blanchard entering by the cloisters. "She has come to fetch the money!" he exclaimed. "It is now or never."

With the eagerness of a beast of prey he snatched up the knife, and ran up the winding stairs, reaching the corridor just as the old lady disappeared into the priest's room. A moment later he had his ear to the key hole. "What, his Reverence is not well—all the better for me," he said to himself. "Ah, now they are coming to business"—he heard the banknotes rustle, and recognized the clink of the gold pieces—"Only £180 after all! Still, it is worth a little trouble; the old goose wants his blessing! Let her have it; now is my time."

Quickly stepping back into the dark corner close to the head of the stairs, he made ready to strike his victim. But Mrs. Blanchard went in the opposite direction, to the tribune, where she paused to say a prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. "So much the better," muttered Loser. "It makes matters easier. Now she will go down the winding stairs to the cloisters, and I can get a blow at her securely."

Slinking along upon tip-toe, he followed the unsuspecting old lady to the tribune, which, formerly the nun's choir, was shut off from the body of the church by a high wooden screen. Before this screen he saw her devoutly kneeling. "One might almost snatch her basket and make off," the man reflected. "That would be no good though, for I could not get away with the booty till night, and I should be arrested. No, I must play the man, and silence her."

After a few minutes Mrs. Blanchard crossed herself and rose from her knees. On reaching the winding stairs a means of exit wherewith she was quite familiar, she laid her hand on the rope which served in lieu of a banister and began cautiously to descend the dark steps. Suddenly she stopped. "Is there any one behind me," she asked anxiously, for she had heard Loser following at her heels.

"I suppose I was mistaken, I wish I had gone the other way, I feel so frightened, I do not know why. God is always present," she added aloud. A few steps more brought her to the narrow landing at the entrance of the lumber-room. Then all at once a hand clutched her throat from behind; at the same instant Loser thrust open the door, which stood ajar, flung his victim in and stabbed her in the side. With a stifled cry the old lady sank to the ground. Her death was almost instantaneous, but for some time the murderer did not relax his hold and stand upright on his feet.

(To be Continued.)

DRANK TOO MUCH WATER.—W. W. Lee, of Pottsville, Pa., died at the hospital there from the effects of drinking eight quarts of water in the space of ten hours. Shortly after the was seized with hemorrhages of the lungs, and soon expired. Prior to his illness Lee had been hale and hearty.

AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION.—The returns of the Victorian referendum on the question of Australian federation show a vote of 145,014 in favor and 9,605 against the measure. The vote in Tasmania shows 13,800 in favor and 800 against."

The Australasian colonies seem to be about as far advanced as was Canada thirty years ago. In 1866 Canada had voted for a confederation of the Provinces, and in 1867 the Dominion came into existence. If our "neigh-

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horns from the other side of the world," do as well during the next thirty years, under their Federal system, as Canada has done under her's. Australia will then be one of the greatest countries in the world.

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Society Meetings. Ancient Order of Hibernians. LADIES' AUXILIARY To the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday of every month at 8 o'clock, at 8 p.m. of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Stasia Muck; Financial Secretary, Mary McManis; Treasurer, Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Lizzy Howlart, 383 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, MICHAEL LYONS; Recording Secretary, THOMAS DONOVAN, 312 Hibernian street; Treasurer, J. J. HALLIN; Financial Secretary, E. J. COLLIER; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. J. CAVANAGH, D. S. MCCARTHY, and J. CAVANAGH.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3. Meets on the first and third Wednesdays of each month at No. 1801, Notre-Dame street, near Mettill. Officers: P. O'Hara, Recording Secretary; P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomlity; Treasurer, John Travers; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. Matthews, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Gouhan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, F. Gouhan; Chairman, Standing Committee, J. Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4. President, H. T. Keena, No. 32 Delorimier ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomlity; Treasurer, John Travers; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. Matthews, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Gouhan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, T. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, F. Gouhan; Chairman, Standing Committee, J. Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. Organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Durore street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, p.m. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, J. J. GALLAGHER; Secretary, J. J. POWERS; Treasurer, J. J. GALLAGHER; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchy, D. Gallery, Jas. McManis.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, REV. F. STRAUSS, C.S.C.R.; President, JOHN WHITE; Secretary, J. J. GALLAGHER; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Caser.

Catholic Order of Foresters St. Gabriel's Court, 185. Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laprairie streets. M. P. MCGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger. M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laprairie St.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JOHN F. POWERS; Secretary, J. J. GALLAGHER; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Caser.

Total Abstinence Societies. ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. ESTABLISHED 1841. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. REV. J. A. McCALLIN, Nov. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 24 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Walsh; M. Sharkey, J. H. Kelly.

SPIRITED REMARKS On the Rights of Catholics.

To the Editor of the "True Witness."

Sir,—It will be universally admitted that the enthusiastic unanimity with which the Commons and Senate of Canada passed, on last Monday, their resolutions of sympathy with the British subjects in the Transvaal, presented a spectacle at once edifying and inspiring. Whether one regards the Outlanders as a glorious band of struggling, but oppressed patriots, of purest aims and irreproachable motives, or considers them as a selfish gang of unprincipled fortune-seekers and hungry land-grabbers, bent on using the franchise to subvert the independence of the Boer Republic, it cannot be denied that the generous loyalty, the spirited indignation, and the fervid eloquence of our Canadian Parliament in their behalf, will give to distant nations, unacquainted with our recent history, an exalted opinion of our love of liberty and our devotion to the doctrine of equal rights. Not so, however, for those who know us well.

I pass over, as not pertinent to my present subject, the bitter and cruel comedy of an administration which only yesterday perpetrated a monstrous injustice on the helpless Catholic minority in Manitoba, appealing to-day to "the conscience and judgment of mankind at large" declaring about the "noble, moral, and just cause" of the South African Outlanders, and condemning in terms of indignant anger what it is pleased to call "intolerable oppression."

But, sir, I submit that if the Canadian Cabinet is honestly in search of Outlanders to befriend, there is no sort of necessity to travel for them South Africa. They may be found nearer home.

Some months ago public attention was drawn to a grievance under which the Roman Catholic subjects of the Empire have labored since the year 1792. Since that date every sovereign who has ascended the British throne has publicly, solemnly and wantonly insulted every Roman Catholic in the Empire in the following gross and outrageous terms:

"I, A. B., by the grace of God, King, or Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare, that I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any Transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, at or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation, or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other Saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of God profess, testify, and declare, that I do make this declaration and each and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read into me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without any hope of any such dispensation from any person or authority whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope, or any other person or persons, or power

whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

Now, sir, which Outlanders are the more deserving of sympathetic resolutions—those of the Transvaal who are denied the (if Canadian methods prevail there) doubtful and precarious privilege of marking a ballot, or those within the British Empire itself, whose principle religious beliefs and sacred convictions are branded by their sovereign as "superstitious and idolatrous," and whose spiritual Head is referred to in words that would not be applied to a Zulu chief?

It will not be contended that the Catholics of Canada have not asked for relief from this grievance. Numerous Catholic organizations in Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario made known their discontent by public resolution and petition. The Catholic press unanimously secured the movement. The North West Review, of Winnipeg, The Catholic Record, of London, The Catholic Register, of Toronto, the Canadian Freeman, of Kingston, the "True Witness," of Montreal, and the Basket of Antigonish, respectively, and repeatedly urged that some steps should be taken to prevent the declaration against Catholic doctrines from ever again being made by a British sovereign. Fortified by this support from so many quarters, a committee of the St. Joseph's Catholic Truth Society, of Ottawa, interviewed the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, who is supposed to officially represent in the House of Commons the English-speaking Catholics of Canada, and requested him to introduce into parliament a resolution embodying the views of his constituents. But the Honorable Gentleman could not see his way clear to touch the question at all. The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present champion of full freedom in Boerland, to whom the Catholic grievance was also referred, decided that any action in the matter would be ineffectual.

But, now, at the bidding of some mysterious emissary from South Africa, the Canadian Cabinet, which had refused to consider the petition of a considerable body of Canadian citizens, fathers a stilted resolution of sympathy with British citizens in the Transvaal, who, whatever may be their sufferings, can only come indirectly within the notice of our government.

It is difficult to suppress rather frank comments on the potent insincerity and egotism of the whole proceeding. The civility of the Canadian government would not be more equivocal, and would certainly be less filigreed, if it gave some attention to the well-founded complaints of its own citizens, and refrained from rushing off almost millions of miles to find objects for its legislative charity.

The day is coming, though we all sincerely pray it may be long deferred, when another British monarch will be by law obliged to honor his Roman Catholic subjects.

Will our Cabinet, which displays so watchful a solicitude regarding the laws of a land where Her Majesty's only subjects, have no regard for the objectionable statutes of a realm where her Majesty is the ruling sovereign?

M. F. FALLON, O.M.T. Duquoinville, Ont., August 5th, 1899.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," is an old saying, and one that, from a cursory view of it, may well be applied to the already handsome chapel of the Monastery of the Precious Blood, when the frescoing, now going on will have been completed. From all the houses of the Order in Canada and the United States have come the reverend ladies who excel in painting, and for over two months they have been giving their best efforts to adorn God's Temple, under the direction of an accomplished professional. All will be completed for the feast of the Assumption, 15th instant. At half past seven o'clock, the reverend Chaplain will celebrate High Mass. Previous to it, His Grace the Archbishop, will solemnly bless the two new altars and also the tableaux. Sermons will be preached in English and French; at four o'clock there will be a Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Canonical erection of the Stations of the Cross with appropriate sermons in both languages, will take place of Sunday afternoon, 13th inst., in the public chapel and will supply a much felt want to visitors.

The reverend Sisters of la Congregation de Notre Dame, who were attending the conference in the Gloucester street Convent visited the Sisters of the Precious Blood, and by special permission of the Vicar-General, were shown through the Monastery, on Friday of last week.

Friday 4th instant, was the feast of St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Friar Preachers. In accordance with traditional usage, Mass was celebrated in the Dominican Church of St. Jean Baptiste by one of the Capuchin Friars. When the feast of St. Francis of Assisi comes round, a Dominican will officiate in the Capuchin Church of St. Francis, thus perpetuating the friendship which always existed between the founders of the two Orders.

Mgr. Rouhier, V.C., presided at a meeting of the parishioners of St. Philippe d'Argenteuil, last week, to consider as to the erection of a new presbytery in the parish.

Rev. Fathers Murphy and Gervais of the University are spending vacation at Temiscamingue.

Rev. Father McHugh, of St. Paul, Minn., was in the city last week.

Amongst the visitors last week was Rev. Father St. Germain, of Nicolet diocese. He came to see his two sisters, members of the Order of Grey Nuns.

The "Congregation des Hommes," of the Basilica Parish have recently admitted thirteen new members.

His Grace Archbishop DuRoielle, accompanied by Very Rev. Rector Constantineau, of the University left on Friday of last week for London, to attend the consecration of the new Bishop, Mgr. McVay.

The reverend Father Superior of the Congregation of Jesus of Nainitoba, passed through the city last week on his way to attend a meeting of the Chapter in France. There is also a house of the Order at Nominigoue, Co. of Labelle, Que.

Early on Sunday morning the city was invaded by the Garde Champlain of Quebec City, about one hundred strong, accompanied by their chaplains, their brass and trumpet bands, and an immense number of citizens of the Ancient Capital. After breakfast the visitors were conducted by the Societe St. Joseph, whose guests the Garde were—to the Basilica of Our Lady Immaculate, where a special Mass was celebrated for them. In the afternoon they were joined by the Garde Leon XIII. of Hull, and together paraded through the streets headed by their bands, and proceeded to the palace where they were received and thanked by Mgr. Rouhier, V.C., in the absence of his Grace the Archbishop. In the evening they were banqueted by la Societe St. Joseph, at their hall. The Garde Champlain made a most favorable impression, and all who saw their marching could not help remarking on their perfect drill and their neat and becoming uniform, they were armed with swords only.

MANSFIELD'S Genuine Shoe Sale.

In our stock of Ladies' Shoes all odd sizes have been marked down to such a low figure that these goods cannot be duplicated for the price.

LADIES' SHOES, In Vici Kid, Black, Tan, all sizes, shapes and styles: Regular price \$1.50 to \$2.50. SALE PRICE, to clear them out, \$1.00.

MEN'S CHOCOLATE DONGOLA BOOTS, regular \$2.50. For \$1.50. MEN'S TAN, CHOCOLATE or BLACK, Califor Vici Kid, Laced Boots, regular \$3.50 and \$4.00. For \$2.00.

OPEN EVENINGS. E. MANSFIELD, The Shoest. 124 St. Lawrence Street.

HAPPENINGS IN QUEBEC.



MRS BRIDGET GLENNON Aged 107 Years Who Died Recently at Quebec

AN IRISH CENTENARIAN. — A death which has attracted more than ordinary notice in Irish Catholic circles is that of the late Mrs. Bridget Glennon, which occurred the other day at St. Bridget's Asylum, at the age of 107 years.

The venerable old lady was well known in Quebec, wherein she had resided for half a century, and was regarded as the oldest woman in the Province or may be in the Dominion. Her maiden name was Murphy, of good old Tipperary stock, frank, fearless in speech and of independent spirit. Her husband died some 25 or 26 years ago, and while that left her more dependent, it did not daunt her stout Irish heart, for she had a few hundred dollars to the good, and bravely strove to support herself, but increasing feebleness led her to seek a home in St. Bridget's where she was tenderly cared for by the devoted nuns of that well-ordered institution, wherein so many helpless members of St. Patrick's parish have found comfortable homes, and ended their days in peace. The removal to that retreat did not however quench the independent feeling of Mrs. Glennon, for she invariably made it a boast to the Irish visitors who liked to have a talk with her, that "she was not 'beholding' to anybody, for her living, for she 'paid her way,' and had her funeral expenses settled for beforehand. And she had besides a consciousness that in some ways she was worth her room, because she could knit and do 'other things. Of course the Rev. Mother Superior and the nuns humored her fancies, soothed, and tended her every want as they would do a helpless child. It was her custom to pay frequent visits to her husband's grave in St. Patrick's cemetery, and to walk both ways. On one particular occasion, she became exhausted on the return journey, and halting a carriage which overtook her, she asked for a lift, offering fair payment, as "she did not want it for nothing." It was the Lieut. Governor's state carriage, and Sir Adolphe and Lady Chapleau took her in and conveyed her to the door of St. Bridget's. She had then lived some years beyond the century mark, but still retained much vigor of body and mind, and being questioned at a still later period she stoutly denied that she was a hundred years old. True to the feminine instinct—even in extreme old age—she desired to curtail her years and cling to youth as long as she could. Nor was she satisfied to quit this world when the end came for she wished to live a while longer. Thus proving that humanity strives to hold on to life with great tenacity and that we are prone to give an imaginary value to life in proportion as its real value is no more.

\$1,000,000 grant, towards bridging the St. Lawrence has been voted by the Federal Parliament. This means a revival and a quickening of commercial projects in the Ancient Capital, and an ultimate bringing back of the shipping trade of the harbor. Such at least is the hope of Quebec's merchants and business men. The early completion of the Great Northern Railway is looked for, preparations are being made for the erection of a large grain elevator on the Louise embankment, and citizens generally are better themselves in anticipation of better times. A great many new dwellings are going up and many festering spots decayed by age have been rooted out, and cleared away to make room for modern structures. Streets are being repaired and newly asphalted, and made decent and presentable. This renewed spirit of improvement and progress is due to the hopeful outlook of the future, because it is believed that the bridging of the river will create new mercantile enterprises and commercial outlets which will increase the trade of the port and give new life and energy to the city and district. Citizens are beginning to have a better idea of the value of the timber limits of the Province, especially of the spruce forests which are the feeders of the pulp and paper factories, which are coming into existence. The products of these industries are intended for export, and will make traffic for the railways and ocean transport trade. And as soon as the remaining 88 miles of the Northern railway are completed, the route will be open to receive the products of the wheat regions of Manitoba, and the Territories, which can be cheaply transported by way of the Georgian Bay and Parry Sound Railway. Of course, Montreal will try to intercept all trade from the West, and divert it to her own wharves; but in spite of her great facilities and enterprise, she cannot handle all the products that will pour in from the granaries of the North West, and in that event Quebec port will get at least the surplus overflow. Then again our shippers are looking forward to the fast coming era of big ships of ten, twelve and fifteen thousand tons capacity, plying on the St. Lawrence route and making the port of Quebec their headquarters, for nature has

The S. CARSLY CO., Limited

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Magnificent Silk Waists!

The spirit of style and the genius of beauty have guided brain and skillful fingers in the conjuring of these exquisite silk waists, which have been hurried to add brightness and exclusive daintiness and elegance to the carefully chosen wardrobes of hundreds of stylish dressers. With what marvels of handiwork are they confined, some are corded, others pleated and ruffled, but words seem clumsy to tell of such idealized beauty-making. It is a charming array of beauty which stranger and citizen alike are cordially invited to inspect.

Read the Prices of these Silk Waists:

Table listing prices for various silk waists: LADIES LIGHT SUMMER SILK SHIRT WAISTS, LADIES PURE SILK SHIRT WAISTS, LADIES VERY STYLISH SILK WAISTS, LADIES PURE TAFFETA SILK WAISTS.

DRESS GOODS--EXTRAORDINAIRE.

Table listing dress goods: COLORED DRESS GOODS, BLACK DRESS GOODS, Fine West of England Finished Dress materials, French Corduroys, Parisian Novelties.

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bestowed this deep water privilege upon her, and her spacious harbor can accommodate the largest vessels afloat.

Unlimited capital and commercial ambition can overcome many obstacles, but they would hardly undertake to alter the decrees of Nature to such an extent as to seek to deprive Quebec of navigation for the monster ships of the future.

THE TOURIST SEASON is at its height and the hotels of the city are full of American guests, among whom are many noted tourists, who pay annual visits to Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. Boldt, proprietors of the Waldorf Astoria, New York, have been here, and under the escort of Hon. Mr. Parent, Mayor of Quebec, they have visited the scenery of Lake St. Joseph, and the Lake St. John and the varied landscapes along the line of Quebec and Lake St. John Railway. As a central point of attraction for all foreign travellers, old Stadacona continues to maintain its reputation as the most fascinating spot in the Dominion, its unrivalled situation being admitted by sightseers from all lands. No doubt its historic character adds much to its prestige in the eyes of visitors.

WM. ELLISON.

IN MEMORY OF ARCHBISHOP WALSH.

From Toronto, we learn that, on Monday, 31st July, it being the anniversary of the death of Archbishop Walsh, a very imposing ceremony took place. The account runs thus: "In memory of the late prelate a magnificent stained glass window has been placed in St. Mary's Church, in which parish the lamented Archbishop labored as a priest for some years. The window was viewed by the members of the parish for the first time on Sunday, and at the last Mass Vicar-General McCann called the attention of the congregation to it, and in so doing referred to the long services of Archbishop Walsh in connection with the parish and the loving memory in which he was held by members of it still living. "The window is the gift of Vicar-General McCann to the Church and as a mark of esteem for the dead prelate. The inscription reads: "In memory of the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, died July 31st, 1898." "The representation is that of the transfiguration of the Saviour on the top of Mount Tabor, and the artist

has beautifully and feelingly portrayed that scene of the Gospel. The transfigured Saviour is seen standing on the rocky summit of the holy mount, dazzling rays of the celestial glory emanating from His countenance. To the right of the Saviour stands the prophet Elias, the splendor of the Master reflected from his features. At the left the law-giver Moses stands, with the tables of the law in his hands. Below, gazing upon this sublime tableau, are the chosen disciples, Peter, James and John. The hands of the disciple St. James are raised in reverent awe and adoration. St. Peter kneels before his Master. The exquisite and delicate blending of colors makes the window a triumph of artistic skill. The whole is surmounted by a delicately-tinted rose-window which crowns the work, and adds to it a new feature of beauty."

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr Adams' Toothache Gum, 10 cents.

JAMES A.

OGILVY & SONS

CARPET DEPARTMENT NEWS.

As our July offer to make, lay, and line Free! all Carpets bought at our store, proved such a success we have decided to continue the inducement during August.

Our stock consists of the choicest goods, all new, and the designs and colorings are unsurpassed.

Best English Wiltons in handsome 2-toned effects, in Greens, Blue, and Red (the new Rose de Barre).

Lovely Axminsters, soft and mossy, in plain 2 tone body with fancy borders, at a trifle over the cost of Brussels.

Our assortment in Brussels is vast and varied and contains the latest novelties from the best manufacturers in the world such as Crossley, Templeton, Brintin, Cooke, etc.

Tapestry Carpets, all grades, from the best Balmoral to the cheapest grade.

Intending Carpet purchasers this fall do well to leave their orders now and we will store them till wanted.

REMEMBER all Carpets ordered this month will be made laid and lined (with superior quality wadded lining) FREE! FREE!

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ROLLING IN!

Fall Trade is here and our new CARPETS are rolling in. We have grades to suit every purse and designs for all tastes. FINE RUSSIAN VELVETS, AXMINSTERS, INGRAINS and MATTINGS, pretty and too cheap to stay long.

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QUEBECERS 'FEELING' GOOD, over the news from Ottawa that the