

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

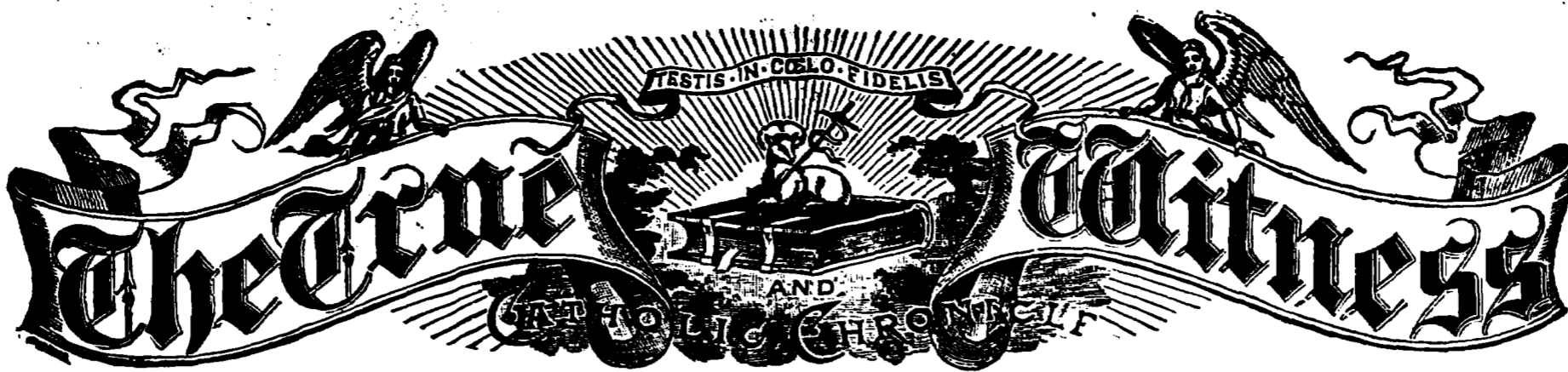
Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

"Mind moves matter." Therefore, exercise your mind to advertise so as to stir the gray matter of the brains of the people and affect the The Senate



If you have something that the people need 'advertise with courage and faith,' and the people at home and abroad will respond to your profit.

VOL. XLVI., NO. 1.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE DUBLIN CONVENTION

To be Held in Leinster Hall.

Great Interest Manifested by Irishmen the World Over in this Undertaking—What the Canadian Delegates may Accomplish—Many Names Suggested as the Representatives of Montreal—The Delegates Appointed by Hamilton.

The Dublin Convention will be held in Leinster Hall, the largest available building of the kind in the capital of Ireland. English, Irish and Scotch papers all devote leading articles to the coming meeting of Irishmen from all quarters of the globe. It is pleasing to notice that the English press admits that the effort to be made is a purely legal and constitutional one for the benefit of Ireland.

A prominent gentleman in this city received, a few days ago, a very important letter on the subject of the approaching Convention in Dublin. We are permitted to publish the following extract, which we do with very great pleasure:—

"The plan of the Convention is this: That the United States, Canada, Australia, England, Scotland, etc., should send their best men to advise with the representatives of Ireland as to the best means of restoring unity in the Parliamentary Party. The visiting delegates will not vote in the Convention; but their presence will undoubtedly work upon public opinion both in England and Ireland, and if their views—in insisting on unity—be the means of eradicating dissension from the ranks of the people, the battle will be won. With this end in view, it is proposed that the delegates from abroad, in addition to speaking in the Convention, should deliver a series of addresses to the people themselves in the principal cities and towns of Ireland, and perhaps in London, Liverpool and Glasgow."

tions had been sent to leading Irish societies in all parts of the United States, Canada and Australia, as well as individual invitations to well-known sympathizers abroad, in the struggle of the Irish people for Home Rule. It is hoped that the convention will be productive of many suggestions from the ablest legislators of the countries represented, both as to the way in which the present struggle should be pressed and as to the mode of government to be adopted when the movement is crowned with success.

"The intention is," continued the doctor, "to show our friends in Ireland what our free institutions are like, and also the methods of self-government, as practiced in Canada, the States and Australia. Irishmen had made a success of legislation in other countries, and they should be able to do the same in their own country."

The main resolution of the evening was then moved by Rev. Father O'Reilly and seconded by James O'Brien:

Whereas we consider self-government to be among the inalienable rights of all peoples, the right to choose their own rulers who shall be responsible to them for legislation and the administration of affairs; who shall live among them sharing in their fortunes and understanding their necessities; and

Whereas, our native land, Ireland, has been deprived of this right for almost a century, being governed by another land, many of her rulers living abroad and drawing millions annually from the sweat and toil of the tenant to enrich a country already suffering from a plethora of wealth; legislation also having been forced upon the country that a local parliament would have known to be contrary to the genius, the political, religious and social predilections of the people, and calculated only to disappoint, irritate and alienate; and

Whereas, the desire for self-government has never weakened, but has died out among our countrymen, but on the contrary has grown into an unchanging determination to pass its claims till our rights be restored, counting all things else but dress compared with the one great principle, therefore,

education he has in a separate school, publicly challenged Mr. Robert Watson, M.P., of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a defamer of the separate schools, to a contest in reading in English and French, spelling in English and French, English grammar, history of England, Canada and the Middle Ages, geography, the arithmetic, algebra up to equations, book-keeping, writing, dictation, mental arithmetic, music—notation, vocal and playing on the organ, in writing a synopsis of an article read aloud, the elements of Latin, including the first book of Cæsar, and translation from Latin into English, French and Greek, and back again. Mr. Watson has not accepted the challenge. Prudence sometimes is the better part of valor. Good for Gladu!—Catholic Review, N.Y.

A. O. H. ANNUAL CONVENTION HELD AT DETROIT, MICH.

eloquent opening address by his Lordship Bishop Foley.

The fortieth annual convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians opened last week and was a splendid success. Nearly 600 delegates assisted at the proceedings which were conducted in a manner which reflects the highest credit upon the organization. At the religious ceremonies His Lordship Bishop Foley delivered the following eloquent address of welcome to the delegates:—

Gentlemen of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Brothers: We are instructed by our faith that in all undertakings, be they great or small, important or insignificant, that they should be commenced by an obligation to the Almighty God, who created and endowed us with such noble faculties. In accordance with this article of our faith, the Ancient Order of Hibernians through its delegates to this annual convention came and gather around the altar to invoke the spirit of the Almighty upon your deliberations and works about to commence.

It is fitting that this should be the case. Men native to Ireland or descendants of Irishmen compose the ancient order, and the strong characteristics of that land is its loving and unifying firm. We are united in a goal and a purpose worthy work, and what we cannot accomplish individually we may accomplish by union, just as the individual drop of water in little consequence, but millions of drops united become a torrent which is irresistible. By the ties of unity, friendship and charity, Irishmen are gathered with the fold of the ancient order, whose membership rolls show names of citizens from one end of this glorious Republic to the other.

It is now of great importance entering into an elaborate discussion upon the works, the aims and objects of the Ancient Order. It objects are unity, friendship and true charity. Union that binds us together in a bond of love and sympathy for our native land, Ireland, the love of which in no way lessens the feeling of affection to this land of ours that, opening its bosom to us, has made us equal to any citizen of any land; friendship founded on that true and divine precept, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself"; that friendship binds us of the Ancient Order together, and reminds us that we must fulfil that law upon which all other rest, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart, thy whole mind and thy whole strength, and thy neighbor as thyself."

Since the last convention of the order we have grown in numbers and will continue to increase our membership as long as we are bound together by the ties of unity, friendship and true charity. Enter, then, brothers, upon your work actuated by this spirit, and this convention and its deliberations will be another gem in the crown of the Ancient Order.

It now devolves as a most pleasant duty upon me, as your national chaplain, and as bishop of the diocese of Detroit, to bid you a most hearty welcome to our fair city. If the arrangements for your welcome are in any way imperfect, remember it is not due to the heart but a want of time or opportunity to entertain you during your brief sojourn here."

After the sermon Bishop Foley gave his blessing to the vast audience; the priests and altar boys filed back, in perfect order into the vestry, and the congregation dispersed at 12 o'clock noon.

As to the likelihood of a practical result, Mr. Dillon says: "And observers of the present political situation see that the Liberal tide is returning, and Home Rule being maintained as the foremost plank of the Liberal platform, a Home Rule Government is probable within a few years. But Home Rule is impossible unless the Irish Party unite to demand it and fight for it. In the United States, in Australia and elsewhere, the plan of a Convention has been generally unanimous. In fact, commended as the most direct road to unity. In addition to this the impression that will be made on British opinion is incalculable. You see that Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton and St. Catharines have elected their own best men. Halifax is at work, and Montreal is an absolute necessity in the Canadian representation. But Montreal never failed, and we expect you to have the banner delegation of the Dominion."

With reference to the delegation to be chosen for the Dublin Convention, it has been suggested to us, and we cordially approve of it, that a selection should first be made from amongst the Irish Catholic parish priests. The names of the following gentlemen are freely mentioned—Hon. Sir William Hingston, Hon. James O'Brien, Hon. Marcus Delbert, M.J.F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., Dr. Goerrin, M.L.A., M. Fitzgibbon, B. J. Cogan, Dr. P. Brown, T. C. Collins, P. Mullin, W. H. Cunningham, J. D. Davis, M. Delahanty, T. Delahanty, John Hatcherette, ex-Adv. Farrel, M. Hicks, J. J. Milloy, E. Halley, Patrick Wright, Adv. B. Cunningham, Adv. T. Kinsella, F. J. Hart, C. F. Smith, W. E. Doran, J. G. Kennedy, Henry Kavanaugh, Q.C., Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, Dr. Devlin, R. J. Anderson, P. J. Coyne, Q.C., P. McCreary, T. Butler, president of the S.A.A.N. These are only a few of our available men.

We may call attention to the fact that Senator O'Brien and Messrs. M. Hicks and J. G. Kennedy are now in Ireland on a visit.

We take the following report of the meeting in Hamilton, for the purpose of selecting delegates to the Irish National Convention, from the Hamilton Evening Times:—

Harmony, with a big H, prevailed at the meeting of Irishmen held in St. Lawrence Hall, at Hamilton, on Thursday evening, to decide on the steps to be taken to show the feeling of Hamilton Irishmen regarding the Home Rule movement, and also to have the city represented in the Convention of representative Irishmen from all parts of the world, to be held in Dublin on Sept. 1st. On the platform were Rev. Monsignor McEvay, Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Brady, Hinchey, Rev. Dr. Burns, Messrs. M. D. Nelligan, J. B. Nelligan, Wm. Magill, James O'Brien, John Ronan, P. J. McBride, James Shea, M. Foley, A. O'Brien, J. B. Mulvale and M. Flaven. Rev. Dr. Burns was appointed chairman and Rev. Father Hinchey acted as secretary. Rev. Mgr. McEvay announced that Bishop Dowling was unavoidably detained, but sent his regrets for his inability to be present.

Rev. Dr. Burns made an excellent speech in describing the object of the meeting. At a meeting of leading men of the National Parliamentary party of Ireland, and the Council of the Irish National Federation held in Dublin on Nov. 14th of last year, the letter of Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, suggesting the holding of a convention of Irishmen from all parts of the world, was considered and the convention decided on. Invita-

A SPLENDID TRIBUTE

OF LOVE, LOYALTY AND REVERENCE

OFFERED BY THE PRIESTHOOD TO HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE—PRESENTATION OF ADDRESSES IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH, AND COSTLY VESTMENTS—A MEMORABLE GATHERING.

This morning the St. James Cathedral was the scene of one of the most beautiful and impressive ceremonies which has taken place in this city for many years.

The occasion was the gathering of more than three hundred of the priests which His Grace Archbishop Fabre had ordained during past years, and who in fullness of a deep sentiment of gratitude desired to mark their appreciation of the service which the venerable and distinguished prelate performed at an important stage in their career.

The sacred office was also occupied by a large number of the religious society associated with the various Orders in the city, many of whom had taken their vows before His Grace.

The ceremonies, opened by His Grace High Mass, at which His Lordship Bishop Emond officiated. The singing of the choir, under the direction of Fr. George Cochrane, was superb. Since the latter gentleman has assumed the direction of the musical services in the cathedral, the choir has performed the most credit upon the cathedral treasury, who marks scores of the most beautiful music.

Mr. Leitch, who was appointed organist of the choir, was heard with advantage on this occasion, and his excellent organ has been a great asset to the cathedral choir.

At the close of the Mass, the following address in English was read by His Grace Archbishop Fabre:—

Dear brethren, this morning we are gathered together to offer you a splendid tribute. I have the honor to say that this is the first time that a gathering of more than three hundred of the priests of the diocese of Montreal have gathered together to mark their appreciation of the service which the venerable and distinguished prelate performed at an important stage in their career.

The sacred office was also occupied by a large number of the religious society associated with the various Orders in the city, many of whom had taken their vows before His Grace.

The ceremonies, opened by His Grace High Mass, at which His Lordship Bishop Emond officiated. The singing of the choir, under the direction of Fr. George Cochrane, was superb. Since the latter gentleman has assumed the direction of the musical services in the cathedral, the choir has performed the most credit upon the cathedral treasury, who marks scores of the most beautiful music.

Mr. Leitch, who was appointed organist of the choir, was heard with advantage on this occasion, and his excellent organ has been a great asset to the cathedral choir.

At the close of the Mass, the following address in English was read by His Grace Archbishop Fabre:—

Dear brethren, this morning we are gathered together to offer you a splendid tribute. I have the honor to say that this is the first time that a gathering of more than three hundred of the priests of the diocese of Montreal have gathered together to mark their appreciation of the service which the venerable and distinguished prelate performed at an important stage in their career.

The sacred office was also occupied by a large number of the religious society associated with the various Orders in the city, many of whom had taken their vows before His Grace.

The ceremonies, opened by His Grace High Mass, at which His Lordship Bishop Emond officiated. The singing of the choir, under the direction of Fr. George Cochrane, was superb. Since the latter gentleman has assumed the direction of the musical services in the cathedral, the choir has performed the most credit upon the cathedral treasury, who marks scores of the most beautiful music.

Mr. Leitch, who was appointed organist of the choir, was heard with advantage on this occasion, and his excellent organ has been a great asset to the cathedral choir.

At the close of the Mass, the following address in English was read by His Grace Archbishop Fabre:—

NO MORE HORSEBACK RIDING

We publish a notice in our advertising columns from the cemetery which sets a stop to horseback riding upon the grounds. When informed of the subject, the superintendent of the cemetery stated that the Church Warden had been repeatedly compelled to adopt this measure on account of the conduct of a number of riders who were reported to have made the cemetery a playground and even to have passed through the numerous paths and byways. These persons have made it a practice to use the cemetery as a race-course, crossing over the graves in every direction and taking the railings and fences around family lots as so many hurdles. Remonstrances have been of no avail, and in some instances where arrest was threatened, the offenders managed to escape at full speed. Large holes can now be seen on many graves, and as the proprietors of the lots have expressed their just indignation at this state of things, the cemetery authorities have decided to prevent all further desecration by prohibiting horseback riding.

The action of the Church Warden is very timely, as in the Protestant Cemetery the most stringent rules are in force which prevent any such disgraceful scenes being carried on within the precincts of the city of the dead.

MURDER ON SHIPBOARD.

CAPTAIN NASH AND WIFE AND THE SECOND OFFICER OF THE SHIP HERBERT FULLER MURDERED.

The barquentine Herbert Fuller arrived yesterday at Halifax, N.S., and it was quickly reported that several murders had been committed on board.

Captain Nash, his wife, and the second mate, it was soon learned, had been murdered, and their bodies were in a boat alongside the vessel.

Brane, the first mate, is the man charged with having committed the crime. When the police went on board the cook told them Brane, who was then handcuffed, was the murderer. One of the sailors also accused Brane and said he saw the first mate murder the captain, as he (the sailor) looked through the window.

Brane, on being questioned, said he did not know who committed the deed.

THE CENTRE OF CATHOLIC CULTURE.

AN INTERESTING OUTLINE OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

A FULL REPORT OF MANY IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES AT WHICH HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP FABRE ASSISTED—ELOQUENT DISCOURSES AND PHILOSOPHIC DISSEMINATION BY PROMINENT CATHOLIC DIVINES—THE SUGGESTION THAT MONTREAL SHOULD HAVE A COTTAGE HEADQUARTERS—THE MARVELOUS GROWTH OF THE INSTITUTION.

Only two hours ride by train, eastward from Montreal, is the American city of Pittsburgh, famous not only for its historic associations, but equally so for that now firmly established and prosperous institution, the Catholic Summer School of America, the expensive buildings of which occupy a position of great natural beauty, about two or three miles from the city. The trolley cars of the Pittsburgh Traction Co. cover this distance every fifteen minutes, and a ride from the city to one of these modern educational centers takes us past the elaborate and extensive grounds of the United States Hotel, where blue uniformed men are engaged in the labor and industry of their hotel of Liberty, as they are called, and which is situated on the banks of the Allegheny River, and where the buildings are of a grand and imposing character. It is here that the Summer School of America has been held since its foundation in 1882.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

Only two hours ride by train, eastward from Montreal, is the American city of Pittsburgh, famous not only for its historic associations, but equally so for that now firmly established and prosperous institution, the Catholic Summer School of America, the expensive buildings of which occupy a position of great natural beauty, about two or three miles from the city. The trolley cars of the Pittsburgh Traction Co. cover this distance every fifteen minutes, and a ride from the city to one of these modern educational centers takes us past the elaborate and extensive grounds of the United States Hotel, where blue uniformed men are engaged in the labor and industry of their hotel of Liberty, as they are called, and which is situated on the banks of the Allegheny River, and where the buildings are of a grand and imposing character. It is here that the Summer School of America has been held since its foundation in 1882.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

Only two hours ride by train, eastward from Montreal, is the American city of Pittsburgh, famous not only for its historic associations, but equally so for that now firmly established and prosperous institution, the Catholic Summer School of America, the expensive buildings of which occupy a position of great natural beauty, about two or three miles from the city. The trolley cars of the Pittsburgh Traction Co. cover this distance every fifteen minutes, and a ride from the city to one of these modern educational centers takes us past the elaborate and extensive grounds of the United States Hotel, where blue uniformed men are engaged in the labor and industry of their hotel of Liberty, as they are called, and which is situated on the banks of the Allegheny River, and where the buildings are of a grand and imposing character. It is here that the Summer School of America has been held since its foundation in 1882.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

Only two hours ride by train, eastward from Montreal, is the American city of Pittsburgh, famous not only for its historic associations, but equally so for that now firmly established and prosperous institution, the Catholic Summer School of America, the expensive buildings of which occupy a position of great natural beauty, about two or three miles from the city. The trolley cars of the Pittsburgh Traction Co. cover this distance every fifteen minutes, and a ride from the city to one of these modern educational centers takes us past the elaborate and extensive grounds of the United States Hotel, where blue uniformed men are engaged in the labor and industry of their hotel of Liberty, as they are called, and which is situated on the banks of the Allegheny River, and where the buildings are of a grand and imposing character. It is here that the Summer School of America has been held since its foundation in 1882.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

Only two hours ride by train, eastward from Montreal, is the American city of Pittsburgh, famous not only for its historic associations, but equally so for that now firmly established and prosperous institution, the Catholic Summer School of America, the expensive buildings of which occupy a position of great natural beauty, about two or three miles from the city. The trolley cars of the Pittsburgh Traction Co. cover this distance every fifteen minutes, and a ride from the city to one of these modern educational centers takes us past the elaborate and extensive grounds of the United States Hotel, where blue uniformed men are engaged in the labor and industry of their hotel of Liberty, as they are called, and which is situated on the banks of the Allegheny River, and where the buildings are of a grand and imposing character. It is here that the Summer School of America has been held since its foundation in 1882.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

Only two hours ride by train, eastward from Montreal, is the American city of Pittsburgh, famous not only for its historic associations, but equally so for that now firmly established and prosperous institution, the Catholic Summer School of America, the expensive buildings of which occupy a position of great natural beauty, about two or three miles from the city. The trolley cars of the Pittsburgh Traction Co. cover this distance every fifteen minutes, and a ride from the city to one of these modern educational centers takes us past the elaborate and extensive grounds of the United States Hotel, where blue uniformed men are engaged in the labor and industry of their hotel of Liberty, as they are called, and which is situated on the banks of the Allegheny River, and where the buildings are of a grand and imposing character. It is here that the Summer School of America has been held since its foundation in 1882.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

Only two hours ride by train, eastward from Montreal, is the American city of Pittsburgh, famous not only for its historic associations, but equally so for that now firmly established and prosperous institution, the Catholic Summer School of America, the expensive buildings of which occupy a position of great natural beauty, about two or three miles from the city. The trolley cars of the Pittsburgh Traction Co. cover this distance every fifteen minutes, and a ride from the city to one of these modern educational centers takes us past the elaborate and extensive grounds of the United States Hotel, where blue uniformed men are engaged in the labor and industry of their hotel of Liberty, as they are called, and which is situated on the banks of the Allegheny River, and where the buildings are of a grand and imposing character. It is here that the Summer School of America has been held since its foundation in 1882.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

The school is now held in the city of Pittsburgh, and it is the largest and most complete of its kind in America. It is a place where the students of the American Church can receive a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and where they can also receive a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts. The school is open to all who are desirous of receiving a thorough education in the sciences and letters, and who are also desirous of receiving a practical training in the various branches of the liberal arts.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB CONCERT

There was a large attendance of sailors and landmen (ladies and gentlemen) at the weekly concert in the rooms of the Catholic Sailors' Club, on Thursday. Mr. P. J. Gordon presided. The programme was a very fine one, to which the following contributed: Mrs. Tighe, Misses Wheeler, Sharpe, Mabel Effe, and Moffat; Prof. Bernstein, T. G. Embley, T. M. Sharp, J. Stewart, J. C. Milroy, A. E. Read, C. A. Bernstein, C. Williams, H. Jones, Holmes, C. V. Cranston, J. Sanderson, Robert Williams, Lake Huron; Joseph Bruce, Sardinian.

Professor J. A. Fowler, organist of St. Patrick's Church, leaves to-morrow night for a trip to the Lower Provinces, and will return in a month by Boston and New York. His pupil, Mr. L. Barolet, will preside at the organ, and Mr. G. A. Carpenter will take charge of the choir, during the professor's absence.

WATSON AND GLADU. A half-breed boy, Clemens Gladu, fifteen years old, who received all the

education he has in a separate school, publicly challenged Mr. Robert Watson, M.P., of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a defamer of the separate schools, to a contest in reading in English and French, spelling in English and French, English grammar, history of England, Canada and the Middle Ages, geography, the arithmetic, algebra up to equations, book-keeping, writing, dictation, mental arithmetic, music—notation, vocal and playing on the organ, in writing a synopsis of an article read aloud, the elements of Latin, including the first book of Cæsar, and translation from Latin into English, French and Greek, and back again. Mr. Watson has not accepted the challenge. Prudence sometimes is the better part of valor. Good for Gladu!—Catholic Review, N.Y.

education he has in a separate school, publicly challenged Mr. Robert Watson, M.P., of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a defamer of the separate schools, to a contest in reading in English and French, spelling in English and French, English grammar, history of England, Canada and the Middle Ages, geography, the arithmetic, algebra up to equations, book-keeping, writing, dictation, mental arithmetic, music—notation, vocal and playing on the organ, in writing a synopsis of an article read aloud, the elements of Latin, including the first book of Cæsar, and translation from Latin into English, French and Greek, and back again. Mr. Watson has not accepted the challenge. Prudence sometimes is the better part of valor. Good for Gladu!—Catholic Review, N.Y.

education he has in a separate school, publicly challenged Mr. Robert Watson, M.P., of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a defamer of the separate schools, to a contest in reading in English and French, spelling in English and French, English grammar, history of England, Canada and the Middle Ages, geography, the arithmetic, algebra up to equations, book-keeping, writing, dictation, mental arithmetic, music—notation, vocal and playing on the organ, in writing a synopsis of an article read aloud, the elements of Latin, including the first book of Cæsar, and translation from Latin into English, French and Greek, and back again. Mr. Watson has not accepted the challenge. Prudence sometimes is the better part of valor. Good for Gladu!—Catholic Review, N.Y.

education he has in a separate school, publicly challenged Mr. Robert Watson, M.P., of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a defamer of the separate schools, to a contest in reading in English and French, spelling in English and French, English grammar, history of England, Canada and the Middle Ages, geography, the arithmetic, algebra up to equations, book-keeping, writing, dictation, mental arithmetic, music—notation, vocal and playing on the organ, in writing a synopsis of an article read aloud, the elements of Latin, including the first book of Cæsar, and translation from Latin into English, French and Greek, and back again. Mr. Watson has not accepted the challenge. Prudence sometimes is the better part of valor. Good for Gladu!—Catholic Review, N.Y.

education he has in a separate school, publicly challenged Mr. Robert Watson, M.P., of Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, a defamer of the separate schools, to a contest in reading in English and French, spelling in English and French, English grammar, history of England, Canada and the Middle Ages, geography, the arithmetic, algebra up to equations, book-keeping, writing, dictation, mental arithmetic, music—notation, vocal and playing on the organ, in writing a synopsis of an article read aloud, the elements of Latin, including the first book of Cæsar, and translation from Latin into English, French and Greek, and back again. Mr. Watson has not accepted the challenge. Prudence sometimes is the better part of valor. Good for Gladu!—Catholic Review, N.Y.

Concluded on fifth page.

The Seventh Step.

By L. S. MEAD AND CLIFFORD HALIFAX, M. D.

[FROM THE STRAND MAGAZINE.]

A PLEASURE yacht, of the name of Ariadne, was about to start upon a six weeks' cruise. The time of the year was September—a golden, typical September—in the year of grace 1893. The Ariadne was to touch at several northern ports; Christiania, St. Petersburg, and others. I had just gone through a period of hard and anxious work. I found it necessary to take a brief holiday, and resolved to secure a berth on board the Ariadne, and so give myself a time of absolute rest. We commenced our voyage on the second of the month; the day was a lovely one, and every berth on board had secured an occupant.

We were all in high spirits, and the weather was so fine that scarcely anyone suffered from sea sickness. In consequence, the young ship's doctor, Maurice Curwen, had scarcely anything to do.

The passengers on board the Ariadne were, with one exception, of the most ordinary and conventional type, but a girl who was carried on board just before the yacht commenced her voyage aroused my professional sympathies from the first. She was a tall, dark-eyed girl of about eighteen or nineteen years of age—her lower limbs were evidently paralyzed, and she was accompanied by a nurse who wore the picturesque uniform of the Charing Cross Hospital.

The young girl was taken almost immediately to a deck cabin which had been specially arranged for her, and during the first three days of our voyage I had not an opportunity of seeing her again. When we reached the smooth waters of the Norwegian fjords, however, she was carried about every day on deck. Here she lay under an awning, speaking to no one, and apparently taking little interest either in her fellow-passengers or in the marvellous beauties of Nature which surrounded her.

Her nurse usually sat by her side—she was a reserved-looking, middle-aged woman, with a freckly face and thin, sandy hair. Her lips were perfectly straight in outline and very thin, her eyebrows were high and faintly marked—altogether, she had a disagreeable and thoroughly unsympathetic appearance.

I was not long on board the Ariadne before I was informed that the sick girl's name was Dagmar Sorensen—that she was the daughter of a rich city merchant, and was going to St. Petersburg to see her father's brother, who was a celebrated physician there.

One morning, on passing Miss Sorensen's cabin, my footsteps were arrested by hearing the noise of something falling within the room. There came to my ears the crash of broken glass. This was immediately followed by the sound of rapid footsteps which as suddenly stopped, as though the inmate of the room was listening intently. Miss Sorensen's nurse, who went by the name of Sister Hagar, was probably doing something for her patient, and was annoyed at anyone passing near the door. I passed on quickly, but the next moment, to my astonishment, came face to face with Sister Hagar on the stairs. I could not help looking at her in surprise. I was even about to speak, but she hurried past me, wearing her most disagreeable and repellent expression.

What could the noise have been? Who could have moved in the cabin? Miss Sorensen's lower limbs were, Curwen, our ship's doctor, had assured me, hopelessly paralyzed. She was intimate with no one on board the Ariadne. What footsteps had I listened to?

I thought the matter over for a short time, then made up my mind that the stewardess must have been in Miss Sorensen's cabin, and having come to this conclusion, I forgot all about the circumstance.

That afternoon I happened to be standing in the neighborhood of the young lady's deck chair; to my surprise, for she had not hitherto taken the least notice of me, she suddenly raised her full, brilliant dark eyes, and fixed them on my face.

"May I speak to you?" she said. "Certainly," I answered. "Can I do anything for you?"

"You can do a great deal if you will," she answered. "I have heard your name; you are a well known London physician. I have a large practice in London," I replied to her.

"Yes," she continued, "I have often heard of you—you have doubtless come on board the Ariadne to take a holiday?" "That is true," I answered.

"Then it is unfair—" She turned her head aside, breaking off her speech abruptly.

"What is unfair?" I asked. "I have a wish to consult you professionally, but if you are taking a holiday, it is unfair to expect you to give up your time to me."

"Not at all," I replied. "If I can be of the slightest use to you, pray command me; but are you not under Curwen's care?"

"Yes, oh, yes; but that doesn't matter," she stopped speaking abruptly; her manner, which had been anxious and excited, became suddenly guarded. I looked up and saw the nurse approaching us. She carried a book and shawl in her hands.

"Thank you, Sister Hagar," said Miss Sorensen. "I shall not require your services any more for the present."

The nurse laid the shawl over the young lady's feet, placed the book within reach, and, bestowing an inquisitive glance on me, walked slowly away.

When she was quite of sight, Miss Sorensen resumed her conversation. "You see that I am paralyzed," she said.

I bowed an acknowledgment of this all-patent fact.

"I suffer a good deal," she continued. "I am on my way to St. Petersburg to see my uncle, who is a very great physician. My father is most anxious that I should consult him. Perhaps you know my uncle's name—Professor Sorensen?"

"I cannot recall the name just now," I said, "but that is of no consequence. Have no doubt he is all that you say."

"I have seen him," I replied, gravely. "He kindly consents to waive all ceremony. I can make an appointment to see you at any hour you wish."

"Pray let it be to-morrow morning—I am anxious to have relief as soon as possible."

"I am sorry that you suffer," I replied, giving her a sudden, keen glance—"you don't look ill, at least not now."

"I am excited now," she answered. "I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

"I am pleased at the thought—"

SEW WITH Harper's Needles

Finlayson's Linen Threads

...AND... THEY ARE UNEQUALLED

board the Ariadne. For God's sake don't keep me now. If I am discovered, all is lost."

"We receive no mercy, and we give none. Your doom was nearly fixed when you found out the secret of my false paralysis on board the Ariadne. It was absolutely and irrevocably sealed when you saw my real name on the packet of letters which fell out of the brass-bound box to-day. The secret of my return to Russia is death to those who discover it unbidden."

"It is decreed by those who never alter or change that you do not leave this palace alive. It is utterly hopeless for you to try to escape, for on all hands the doors are guarded; and even if you did succeed in reaching the streets, we have plenty of emissaries there to do our work for us. You know enough of our secrets to make your death desirable—it is therefore arranged that you are to die. I like you and pity you. I have a heart, and you have touched it. If I can, I will save you. I do this at the risk of my life, but that does not matter—we hold our lives cheap—we always carry them in our hands, and are ready to lay them down at any instant. I may not succeed in saving you, but I will try. I am not quite certain how your death is to be accomplished, but I have a very shrewd suspicion of the manner in which the final attack on your life will be made. Your only chance of escape—is to appear to know absolutely nothing—to show not the ghost of a suspicion of any underhand practice; to put forth all your powers to fascinate and please Professor Sorensen and the guests who will dine with us to-night. Show no surprise at anything you see—ask no impertinent questions. I have watched you, and I believe you are clever enough and have sufficient nerve to act as I suggest. Pay me all the attention in your power—make love to me even a little, if you like—that will not matter, for we shall never meet again after to-night. After dinner you will be invited to accompany Professor Sorensen to his laboratory—he will ask no other question of you. On no account refuse—go with him and I will go with you. Where he goes and where I go, follow without flinching. If you feel astonishment, do not show it. And now, all that I have said leads up to this final remark. Avoid the seventh step. Bear this in your mind—it is your last chance.—DAGMAR."

"I read this note over twice. The terrible feeling of horror left me after the second reading. I felt braced and resolved. I suspected, what was indeed the case, that I had fallen unwittingly into a hornet's nest of Nihilists. How mad I had been to come to Professor Sorensen's palace! I had fully made up my mind that Miss Sorensen had told me lies, when she gave me her feeble reasons for acting as she had done on board the Ariadne. No matter that now, however. She spoke the truth at last. The letter I crushed in my hand was not a lie. I resolved to be wary, guarded—and when the final moment came, to sell my life dearly."

I had a box of matches in my pocket. I burnt the note to white ash, and then crushed the ashes to powder under my foot. I then went downstairs. Servants were standing about, who quickly directed me to the reception-rooms. A powdered footman flung the door of the great drawing-room open and called my name in a ringing voice. Professor Sorensen came forward to meet me. A lady came up at the same moment and held out her hand. She was dressed in black velvet, with rich lace and many magnificent diamonds. They shone in her sandy hair and glistened round her thin throat. I started back in amazement. Here was Sister Hagar metamorphosed.

"Allow me to introduce my wife, Madame Sorensen," said the Professor. Madame Sorensen raised a playful finger and smiled into my face.

"You look astonished, and no wonder, Dr. Halifax," she said. "But, ah, how naughty you have been to read our secrets." She turned away to speak to another guest. The next moment dinner was announced.

[Concluded on seventh page.]

WANTED—SCHOOL TEACHER.

An English-speaking Catholic Teacher, male or female, holding a Model School Diploma, and having a thorough knowledge of French, is required for the St. Lambert (opposite Montreal) R. C. School. Applicants to state where last engaged, and how long, age, and salary expected. Address: the Secretary-Treasurer, R. C. School, St. Lambert.

COLLEGE NOTES DAME:

COTE-DES-NEIGES, MONTREAL, CAN.

This Institution, directed by the religious of the Holy Cross, occupies one of the most beautiful and salubrious sites in Canada. It gives a Christian education to boys between the ages of 5 and 18 years. They receive all the care and attention to which they are accustomed in their respective families, and prepare for the classical or commercial course. French and English languages are taught with equal care. Boys received for vacation. L. GEOFFROIN, C.S.C., P. 13

BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P.Q.

(Near the Ottawa River.)
CLASSICAL, ENGLISH, COMMERCIAL AND PARVATORY COURSES.
Board, Tuition, Board and Washing only \$120 a year. Short-hand, Type-Writing, Telegraphy and Music. Diplomas awarded. Studies will be resumed on Sept. 2nd. Communications by rail and water. For prospectus and information, address to REV. J. CHARLEBOIS, C.S.V., President. 62-4

for going through this extraordinary act of deception? Are you not aware that you are acting in a most reprehensible manner? Why do you wish the passengers of the Ariadne to suppose you to be paralyzed, when you are in reality in perfect health?"

"In perfect health?" she repeated, with a shudder. "Yes, I am doubtless in perfect bodily health, but I am in—oh, in such bitter anguish of soul!"

"What do you mean?"

"I can no more tell you that than I can tell you why I am in Sister Hagar's power. Pray forget my wild words. I know you think badly of me, but your feelings would be changed to profound pity if you could guess the truth. Now listen to me—I have only a moment or two left, for Sister Hagar will be back almost directly. She found out yesterday that you had guessed my secret. I hoped that this was not the case, but, as usual, she was right and I was wrong. The moment my eyes met yours, when I first came on deck, I thought likely that you might see through my deception. Sister Hagar also feared that such would be the case. It was on that account that I avoided speaking to you, and also that I remained so silent and apparently uninterested in everyone when I went on deck. I asked for this interview yesterday for the express purpose of finding out whether you really knew about the deception which I was practising on everyone on board. If I discovered that you had pierced through my disguise, there was nothing for it but for me to throw myself on your mercy. Now you know why I was so desirous of seeing you without Mr. Curwen."

"I understand," I answered. "The whole matter is most strange, wrong, and incomprehensible. Before I leave you, may I ask what motive influences you? There must be some secret reason for such deception as you practise."

Miss Sorensen coloured, and for the first time since she began to make her confession, her voice grew weak and faltering—her eyes took a shifty glance, and refused to meet mine.

"The motive may seem slight enough to you," she said; "but to me it is, and was, sufficiently powerful to make me go through with this sham. My home is not a happy one; I have a step-mother, who treats me cruelly. I longed to get away from home and to see something of life. My father's brother, Professor Sorensen, of St. Petersburg, is a very celebrated Court physician—my father is proud of him, and has often mentioned his name and the luxurious palace in which he lives. I have never met him, but I took a curious longing to pay him a visit, and thought of this way of obtaining my desires. Professor Sorensen has made a special study of nervous diseases such as paralysis. Sister Hagar and I talked the matter over, and resolved to feign this disease in order to get away from home and to pay my uncle a visit. All went well without hitch of any sort until yesterday morning."

"But it is impossible for you to suppose," I said, "that you can take in a specialist like Professor Sorensen?"

"I don't mean to try—he'll forgive me when I tell him the truth, and throw myself on his mercy."

"And is Sister Hagar a real nurse?" I asked, after a pause.

"No, but she has studied the part a little, and is far too clever to commit herself."

Miss Sorensen's face was no longer pale—a rich colour flamed in her cheeks, her eyes blazed—she looked wonderfully handsome.

"And now that you have confided in me," I said, "what do you expect me to do with my knowledge?"

"To respect my secret, and to keep it absolutely and strictly to yourself."

"That is impossible—I cannot deceive Curwen."

"You must—you shall. Why should two—two be sacrificed? And he is so young, and he knows nothing now—nothing. Oh, do have mercy on him! Oh, my God, what wild words am I saying! What must you think of me?"

She paused abruptly, her blazing eyes were fixed on my face.

"What must you think of me?" she repeated.

"That you are in a very excitable and over-strained condition, and perhaps not quite answerable for your actions," I replied.

"Yes, yes," she continued; "I am over-strained—over-anxious—not quite accountable—yes—that is it—but you will not tell Mr. Curwen—Oh, be merciful to me, I beg of you. We shall soon reach St. Petersburg. Wait, at least, until we get there before you tell him—promise me that. Tell him then if you like—tell all the world, then, if you choose to do so, but respect my secret until we reach Russia."

As Miss Sorensen spoke, she laid her hand on my arm—she looked at me with a passion which seemed absolutely inadequate to her very poor reason for going through this extraordinary deception.

"Promise me," she said—"there's Sister Hagar's knock at the door—let her in—but promise me first."

"I will think the whole case over carefully before I speak to anyone about it," I replied. I threw the door open as I spoke, and went out of the little cabin as Sister Hagar came in.

That afternoon Curwen asked me about Miss Sorensen—I replied to him briefly.

"I will tell you all about the case," I said, "in a short time—there is a mystery which the young lady has divulged, and which she has earnestly implored of me to respect until we reach St. Petersburg."

"Then you believe she can be cured?" said Curwen.

"Unquestionably—but it is a strange story, and it is impossible for me to discuss it until I can give you my full confidence. In the meantime, there is nothing to be done in the medical way for Miss Sorensen—I should recommend her to keep on deck as much as possible—she is in a highly hysterical state, and the more fresh air she gets the better."

Curwen was obliged to be satisfied with this very lame summary of the case, and the next time I saw Miss Sorensen, I bent over her and told her that I intended to respect her secret until after we arrived at St. Petersburg.

"I don't know how to thank you enough," she said—her eyes flashed with

OUR PARAGRAPHER'S

POINTED REMARKS ON QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR

THE JESUITS AND THEIR ENEMIES—THE ELECTIONS IN QUEBEC—GODLESS SCHOOLS AND THEIR EFFECTS—THE GROWING TENDENCY OF DISRESPECT FOR SACRED THINGS—AND OTHER SUBJECTS.

Where are Dalen, Essery, Margaret L. Wallace, and the rest of the combination? Have they been so busy that they have even for one moment allowed their eagle glances to wander from the irrepressible Jesuit? Some yellow-bagged sentiment must be neglecting his duty some part of the machinery is evidently "out of gear." At the reception given by the Ladies' Committee of the Catholic Sailors' Club, a Jesuit, a real live Jesuit, wore the badge of the Committee, a miniature Union Jack. What's the world coming to? In the great Republic to the south of us a grateful nation honors the memory of the heroic Marquette, the Jesuit Missionary and explorer, and here in Montreal, on the same street on which the only religious daily grinds out its diurnal portions of spleen and bigotry, a well-known Jesuit shocks the "Ultra Loyals" by wearing on his heart the flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze. Ah me, that such things should "come upon us like a summer cloud and cease to excite our wonder," "No surrender" and "Lining the ditches" would be good scare-words if all the world did not know that the only time the members of the saffron-hued society would do any "lining" would be when they wanted to hide, but now, when the enemy seizes the very flag of the country, it's about time to wake up, make a new war cry, and kick a certain piece of head-gear into that historic Irish river. No time to be lost, or first thing we know "them 'ere Jesuits" may prevent that royal game of foot-ball!

The noise and excitement of the elections are over and quietness again reigns supreme. Much surprise is expressed in certain quarters at the Liberal majority in Quebec. Looking at it from an impartial point of view, it could not be otherwise. The date of the elections was fixed for June the 23rd. The eve of the great feast of St. John the Baptist, the national holiday of French Canada, a clever French Canadian was pitted against an equally clever man of another nation and language. Had the result been different, French Canadians might be accused of lack of patriotism. As it is, one cannot but admire their spirit in the matter. Think for a moment! If Quebec was an Irish province and a clever Irishman asked the political support of his countrymen on St. Patrick's Day, how many votes would the "other man" get? They could be easily counted.

When the French Government caused the name of the Creator to be expunged from the books in the schools of France, evil was prophesied for that country and the prophecy came true, when France's brilliant ruler was, in the zenith of his fame, struck down by the hand of an assassin who boldly proclaimed that he derived his theories of murder and treason in his country's Godless schools. With this evil staring them in the face, is it any wonder that Manitoba parents insist on their right to give their children a religious education, in order that they might become loyal and true citizens. But here in Montreal a worse evil threatens the children, viz., a growing indifference to holy emblems. In this Rome of America a child cannot purchase a pennyworth of candy, but it receives it wrapped up in a miniature copy of one of the old masters. Walk along the streets and here and there you will find, scattered at your feet by childish fingers, pictures of Madonnas, Saints, Le Bon Pasteur, Ecce Homo, etc. Is not this teaching the children indifference to sacred things? Once holy pictures were given as rewards of merit to deserving children, and were cherished as such with the beautiful love of childhood. Now this is all changed, the picture is still bestowed, but is it appreciated as of yore? I think not. It would be inconsistent to think otherwise, when a boy can secure a St. Alphonsus with a package of cigarettes, or a little girl a St. Theresa wrapped round a stick of chewing gum. Not long ago the writer was on a street car, a number of First Communicants were seated at one end laughing and talking and demolishing several packages of candy, evidently given them by their chaperon who sat near them. The paper that held the candy was scattered on the floor, the car stopped and a pedlar, an Assyrian woman, entered and took her seat near the white robed children. Suddenly her swarthy face grew crimson with mingled sorrow and indignation; stooping, she picked up the discarded pictures from the floor, carefully wiping the dust from each madonna and saint. She reverently pressed them to her lips and placed them in her bosom. The children laughed at her "uncouth" actions, not understanding her devotion nor her beautiful act of reparation, and yet that very morning they had partaken of the Bread of Angels. Montreal is called "The City of Churches," and it would be scarcely believed that "the blessed image of Mary" would be treated indifferently by her little ones. Is there no remedy for this evil, this carelessness? How true it is. Evil is often wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.

"Donahoe's" and "The Casket" have been "having words," and in consequence they never speak as they pass by." This lamentable state of affairs is bad enough in itself, but is made worse by our Ottawa poet pouring balm into the wounds of the Bostonian. "Better leave 'em alone, Maurice!" Editors are like scissors, they may cut at each other, but it is extremely dangerous to go between.

The Globe-Review seems to be a thorn in the flesh of the Boston College Stylus. In a recent number it criticizes with a Daniel-come-to-judgment air the literary style of the scholarly editor of the Re-

view, and accuses him of egotism. Now, this is too bad, and the Review is henceforth an object of pity. Alas! That one can so easily get out of the way of an elephant and not be able to dodge a mosquito.

BADETTE.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Cardinal Logue will lay the foundation stone of St. Brigid's Church, Faughart, the birthplace of the Saint, on Sunday, Oct. 18. Very Rev. Dr. Keane, O.P., D.D., of Dublin, will preach the sermon.

Some of the influential residents in Mohill have started a movement to present Daniel Curley, station master at Dromol, with an address and testimonial, previous to his departure to Ballinrobe.

While two farmers at Mullafarnagh, were shooting rats on the 25th ult., the gun accidentally went off, and one of them was killed, the pellets penetrating the brain. Deceased's name was Clughan.

Many years ago William Murphy left Ireland and went to Spain to grow up with the country. He is now Conde di Morphi, private secretary to the Queen Regent of Spain, Chamberlain of Alphonso XIII, and a grandee of the first class.

An agricultural tenant named John Crotty was evicted on the 25th ult., from his holding at Ballyannon. The holding contains twenty acres, and the amount of rent due was £50. The landlord is Lord Middleton. David Crotty, who occupied a house on the lands, was also evicted.

John Alexander Burns, of Newry, died on June 23, in his twenty-eighth year. He was the son of the proprietor of the Newry Reporter. He had passed all his examinations in medicine save the final, when, nine months ago, he went to Cork with the view of enlarging his knowledge of the practical side of his profession, preparatory to presenting himself for the license of the Scotch College of Surgeons.

Among those lost in the wreck of the Drummond Castle was Surgeon C. J. Fallon, of Dublin, who formerly resided at Mountbellew Bridge, Ballinasloe. About Christmas Surgeon Fallon was in Dublin, and left shortly afterwards, having obtained an appointment as medical officer on board one of the Donald Currie Company's steamers for a journey to South Africa. He was returning on the homeward journey in his official capacity on the ill-fated Drummond Castle.

James Leahy, ex-M.P. of Dublin, died on the 25th ult. He was a follower of Isaac Butt in the early days of the Home Rule agitation, and afterwards of Charles Stewart Parnell. Always ready to aid the tenant farmers in their struggle against rackrenting landlords, he was prominently identified with the Land League from its inception. In 1885 the Nationalists of South Kildare elected him to Parliament. Since 1890 he had been a Parnellite. He was rejected at the general elections of 1892. Mr. Leahy was a native of Athy, and made a large fortune there. He died after a short illness at the age of seventy six, fortified by the rites of the Church.

Henry Lambert, the once great magnate of Carnagh House, Carnagh, died on June 22, at the age of sixty years. His mother was a daughter of the late John Talbot, a member of one of the leading Catholic families in Ireland, and his father was Henry Lambert, one time M.P. for the county. The deceased succeeded to the property, which included the townlands of Carnagh, Cushinstown, Terremah, and Aclamon, and married a Miss Williams, of the Island of Anglesey, whose property he acquired. By this lady he was predeceased by about four years, and of their union were two children, a boy and a girl. The former, Mr. George Henry Lambert, succeeded to the property. Deceased was high sheriff of Wexford in '64, and in '68 held a similar office in the Island of Anglesey.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The new Catholic insane asylum at Dubuque, costing \$100,000, was recently dedicated by Archbishop Hennessy.

His Grace Archbishop Croke has laid the foundation stone of a new chapel for Rockwell College, Tipperary, the erection of which will cost £3,000.

Some conception of the manner in which the Catholic Church is spreading throughout the world may be derived from the fact that in Pagan, Protestant and schismatic countries the number of Catholics has increased from 5,000,000 to 30,000,000 during the present century. It is estimated by a writer in a recent issue of the New York Press that in the past year there have been something like one hundred thousand converts to the Catholic Church in the United States. These figures were obtained from the Faustian Fathers, whose missionary work among Protestants has already borne such a wonderful fruit.

ADMINISTERED CONFIRMATION.

[Duluth Evening Herald, July 13.]

Yesterday, at St. James', West Duluth, a large number of children of the parish received their first holy communion, and immediately after high mass Bishop McGolrick, assisted by Rev. Dean Corbett and Father T. J. Mackay, administered the sacrament of confirmation to about eighty candidates, many of whom are converts to the Catholic faith. The bishop preached an eloquent sermon, in which he strongly recommended to the faithful the reading of Catholic literature and magazines, so essentially necessary for the spiritual profit and enlightenment of the youth of the rising generation. The altars and sanctuary were beautifully decorated with potted plants and cut flowers, and everything presented a very pleasing and gratifying appearance.

OSTRACISM OF BLAND

Mr. Bland, who was decidedly the most prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination until the Bryan wave struck the convention, belongs to the Methodist Church, but his wife and son are Roman Catholics. It is said that the religious prejudice was used

against him effectively. We are sometimes told that religious prejudices play no part in the political life of the United States, but there are quite a number of recent incidents that make it difficult to hold to that view.—Toronto Globe.

SHAMROCK LACROSSE CLUB.

Mr. W. J. McKenna Retires and Mr. M. J. Polan Takes His Place, as Captain of the Team.

Mr. W. J. McKenna, for the past two months Captain of the Shamrock Seniors, was forced very reluctantly to tender his resignation, as he found the exercise on the field during the progress of a match a little too violent for his present state of health. Mr. McKenna has a unique record as a player and



MR. W. J. MCKENNA.

executive officer of the Shamrock Club and the greater organization, the S.A.A.A., which embraces a period of more than a decade. He has occupied every known office in these institutions from the humble rank of a junior committee man to that of the president of the Association. When the time arrives for the work of writing the history of the Shamrocks in the great cause of athletics in this city, the name of Mr. McKenna will occupy a place of distinction, as he has been one of the most unselfish, the most devoted and manly of those whose enthusiasm has urged them to interest themselves, without any hope for personal gain, to promote a true spirit of interest in physical culture. Mr. McKenna will be succeeded by another veteran of long and successful service, Michael J. Polan, for many years Captain of the team.



MR. M. J. POLAN.

Mr. Polan has a splendid record in lacrosse circles to which he can point with a just degree of pride.

In 1889 he was the chief factor in promoting an interest among the members of the Junior Shamrock Club, who were then composed of the present Seniors. The Juniors of about that period won many noble victories.

In 1892 Mr. Polan was Captain of the Seniors, and every lacrosse enthusiast will remember the great final saw-off, on the M. A. A. Grounds, when the Shamrocks played the Capitals to a stand-still and won the championship.

Again, in 1894, Mr. Polan came to the front and achieved the signal victory of leading the Shamrocks to a triumph, through one of the hardest and most hotly-contested games ever played on a lacrosse field, which resulted in the first defeat of the Capitals on their own territory. Of course Mr. Polan was supported in 1892 by such a well-known clever executive officer as Mr. J. P. Clarke, who then gained the sobriquet of the "Little Napoleon of Lacrosse."

There is no doubt that Mr. Polan has few superiors in the lacrosse field as a general. Few captains of our lacrosse organizations manifest such deep enthusiasm in their work, or devote such earnest thought and care to the men who surround him on the field as does Mr. Polan.

He entered upon his duties last week, and if the Shamrocks do not defeat their opponents in all future league matches, it certainly will not be the fault of Mr. Polan, as he will do his duty in a way which will leave no room for doubt in that respect.

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. F. M. Barral, Hamonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice souvenir of Hamonton Missions.

The Society of Arts of Canada, 1666 Notre Dame street, Montreal. Distributions every Wednesday. Value of prizes ranging from \$1 to \$5000. Tickets 25 cts. Value of prizes ranging from \$2 to \$2000. Tickets 10 cents. 50TF

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SELFISHNESS.

"It is a common belief," writes the editor of the New York Tribune's "Home and Society," "that unselfishness is promoted and cultivated by the daily demands of a large family upon the patience and consideration of the various members, one with another, and doubtless it is true that selfishness is equally developed, for there are always the givers and the takers in every household, and the latter become more and more exacting in proportion to the self-annihilation of the former. That an unselfish mother produces a selfish child has often been commented upon; but selfish mothers and devoted, self-denying daughters are quite as frequently met with, although seldom recognized as the outcome of an affectionate parent's exaction. Nevertheless it may be truly said that perhaps there is no more intensely selfish individual in the world than the soft voiced, gentle, loving, hypochondriac who rules the family with a rod of iron cased in the softest of velvet, and whose devoted unmarried daughter and admiring husband believe her to be a saint in patience and long-suffering. Such a woman frequently spoils the life of her daughter all unwittingly, taking it for granted that the latter should give herself up to be her own constant companion and attendant. The mother's very belief in her own ailments, as well as her undoubted love for her slaves, causes her to be blind to her own egotism and injustice. Sometimes, on the other hand, a whole family is so unselfish that with the best intention they succeed in making each other thoroughly uncomfortable.

"An amusing story is told of the C's, who were so eager each to please the other and deny themselves that they very nearly succeeded in doing what was absolutely repugnant to each member of the household. The project discussed was a trip through Wales on bicycles, and the idea was first mooted by the paterfamilias in a moment of enthusiasm (temporary aberration, he called it afterwards) it was accepted with apparent delight by his sympathetic wife and daughters, each suppressing her individual objection because she thought the others seemed so pleased. So it was decided that this should be their summer's outing. By the time the preparations were fully made the father of the family regretted beyond measure his rash proposition; but being unwilling to disappoint his wife and daughters, who talked continually of their anticipated pleasure, he made up his mind to bear the consequences of his rashness in silence rather than mar the general anticipation. The girls meanwhile confessed to each other that they knew it would be dull to a degree, but 'poor papa' seemed so pleased that it would never do to let him know how very much they would rather go to Narragansett as usual. As for the poor little mother, who secretly hated her bicycle, which she positively feared as if it were a living, vicious brute, and who had compelled herself to learn to ride to please her family, she actually lay awake at night dreading the dreadful excursion. 'To think,' she wrote plaintively to a friend, 'that I should have to spend dear William's vacation, which I have always so enjoyed, pedalling up and back-peddalling down those dreadful Welsh hills, seated on a brass nail! It is too dreadful!'

CONDUCT AT THE HOLY TABLE.

Priests who have spent years of service in the care of souls can relate many objectionable singularities and reprehensible practices on the part of people when receiving Holy Communion. Such singularities are, to say the least, not edifying; sometimes they are decidedly unbecoming and disrespectful to the Blessed Eucharist.

Some communicants, for instance, incline the head, instead of holding it erect or throwing it slightly backward, in consequence of which the officiating priest finds it difficult to place the Sacred Host upon the tongue.

Others scarcely open their mouth and do not place the tongue upon the lower lip—how can the sacred minister, under the circumstances, administer Holy Communion in safety and without perturbation?

Others, instead of having the eyes cast down, stare at the priest in a most repulsive manner.

Others, instead of decorously waiting in a reverent attitude, till the Sacred Host is placed upon the tongue, snap the consecrated species from the bands of the priest.

Others seem to make a frantic effort to thrust the tongue out as far as possible, as if for a doctor's inspection. It is not an agreeable spectacle.

Others again keep the mouth closed to the last moment, and then suddenly pinch the Sacred Host from the hands of the surprised priest, so that there is danger of its either breaking or of its falling to the ground.

Sometimes it also happens that devout, but eccentric souls, at the very moment before reception make what they desire to be, a reverent inclination of the head and thereby knock the sacred Host from the fingers of the priest.

Such eccentricities or peculiarities make the administration of Holy Communion rather difficult, especially when there is a large number of communicants, and sometimes grave irreverences are the result. Why cannot every communicant act according to the plain regulations of the catechism?

Hold the communion cloth under the chin and, while the eyes are cast down, throw back the head, put out the tongue and extend it a little upon the lower lip and then most reverently receive the Sacred Host. Reflect, dear reader, whether you have not been guilty of one of these or of similar singularities, when receiving Holy Communion, and resolve to improve your conduct in the future.

seen a woman make a wound in a man's heart that another woman couldn't heal. The modern young man is as tough as well. I can't think of anything tougher enough to compare him to. I've always thought it a pity that the material with which men's hearts is made couldn't be utilized for manufacturing purposes; think of the value for hinges or for the toes of little boys' boots or the heels of their stockings!"

ABENAKIS HOUSE, ABENAKIS SPRINGS, QUE.

LIST OF ARRIVALS.

James Withell Mrs. Withell, S. J. Ornstein, Mrs. Ornstein, Mrs. W. H. McDonnell, J. C. Rose, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Lafflamme, Mrs. P. Henderson, Miss Gertrude Henderson, Miss Sadie Bordeaux, Miss Roy Bordeaux, Mrs. John Henderson, Master Harry Henderson, Mrs. J. G. Holden, Miss Smith, Mrs. J. B. Layton, Ch. Sheppard, Mrs. Ch. Sheppard, Mrs. W. Angus, John Hyde, Mrs. Hyde, Louis Dutil, J. G. Lanthier, A. Brunelle, Miss Rothwell, Miss Gilmore, Mrs. C. Sheppard, jr., Miss Gertrude Sheppard, J. B. Layton, H. B. Cohn, Montreal.

Wellington Bocher, Mrs. A. C. Kneeland, Bedford.

Mrs. R. Leggat, L. Elwes, Farnham Centre.

Mrs. Henry E. Steel, Ottawa.

Thomas Hyland, Mrs. Hyland, Concord, N.H.

Emilien Remillard, Rev. H.O. Loiselle, Miss Helen Bates, Miss Kate Denis, Pierreville.

Leopold Verville, Victor Robillard, St. Francis du Lac.

T. E. Tourigny, Miss Beauchemin, Yamaska.

E. L. Beauchemin, Gently.

Mr. Steward, Toronto.

J. Harvey Roy, Back River.

C. L. McDougall, Mrs. C. L. McDougall, Lemoyville.

Archdeacon Lindsay, Mrs. Lindsay, Waterloo.

Mrs. W. F. Anderson, Huntingdon.

A gentleman having prematurely gray hair remarked that he would give \$1000 to have it restored to its original black. "I'll buy you a champagne dinner," said a friend. "Lulu's Parisian Hair Restorer will accomplish the desired result in a month." The other accepted the bet. Incredulously, but nevertheless lost it, to his intense delight. Sold by all chemists.

Incense for Churches.

Extra Fine \$1.00 per box.

Burns No. 1 75c "

Burns No. 2 50c "

Artificial Charcoal

Box containing 20 tablets 75c

Large Wooden Box, Inclosed \$2.00

Collated Roman Collars and Caps.

Collars, sizes 14 to 16, 25c each.

Collars, sizes 17 and 18, 35c per pair

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

Catholic Publishers, Bookbinders, and Stationers,

Church Ornaments, Vestments, Statuary and Religious Articles.

1668 Notre Dame St., (123 Church St.), Montreal, Toronto.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS

FOR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS & OTHER PURPOSES

BY MONTREAL & C. BELLEFRETTE

WEST MOUNTAIN, QUEBEC

baby growth

The baby's mission is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort! Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good nature, baby beauty.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, is the easiest fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies just what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. 50c and \$1.00

Sadlier's

Perfected Sanctuary Oil.

The Original! The Cheapest! The Best!

The only pure & dry oil in the market. It gives constant light, without smoke, without waste.

The Wonderful 8 Day Taper

Burns 8 days with Sadlier's Perfected Sanctuary Oil

Tapers for one year, 500 "

Ring for Glass, 40c "

S. P. S. Oil per Jar, 70c "

Box Glass, 25c "

Box Glass, 25c "

Paraffine Wax Candles, Moulded Bees Wax Candles, Wax Tapers, Unbleached Wax Tapers, Stearic Wax Candles, Gas Lighter and Extinction-gasher, Flats, etc.

Flats for Sanctuary Lamp, 75c doz

Milton Flats, \$1.00

Incense for Churches.

Extra Fine \$1.00 per box.

Burns No. 1 75c "

Burns No. 2 50c "

Artificial Charcoal

Box containing 20 tablets 75c

Large Wooden Box, Inclosed \$2.00

Collated Roman Collars and Caps.

Collars, sizes 14 to 16, 25c each.

Collars, sizes 17 and 18, 35c per pair

D. & J. SADLIER & CO.,

Catholic Publishers, Bookbinders, and Stationers,

Church Ornaments, Vestments, Statuary and Religious Articles.

1668 Notre Dame St., (123 Church St.), Montreal, Toronto.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS

FOR CHURCHES, SCHOOLS & OTHER PURPOSES

BY MONTREAL & C. BELLEFRETTE

WEST MOUNTAIN, QUEBEC

Thompson's

Pure Bedding

445 St. James Street.

INSTITUTIONS SUPPLIED AT SPECIAL RATES, WITH COMBINATION IRON BEDS, MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS.

SEND FOR PRICES.

The Thompson Mattress Co

10 lbs.

Is all You Need

WITH OUR NEW

Refrigerators!

You see, we are careful to put good work into them. And then, they are so cheap.

G. W. REED, 785 Craig St

We have a few odd sizes that we are selling from \$400 up.

PIANO AND TYPEWRITER.

You can rent a piano in New York cheaper than you can rent a typewriter. Either there is a greater surplus of pianos than usual or there is a marked falling off in the demand. You can get a piano as low as \$2 a month. A very good instrument can be had for \$3. And these prices can be applied on the purchase of a new one. A typewriter—second-hand at that—will cost you \$5 a month. Is there any significance in this? Have women begun to give up the piano for the typewriter? The latter can be bought for from \$85 to \$125, while a piano costs from \$500 to \$1,000. On the basis of the typewriter the piano ought to rent for at least \$25 a month. On the basis of the piano the typewriter ought to rent for 50 cents a month. The piano has unquestionably received severe setbacks recently. Not only has the typewriter opened a more useful field for young women than was before offered by the piano, but it has been supplemented by the increasing mania for outdoor sports. Instead of twisting a piano stool, the modern young woman mounts her wheel and takes a spin in the park. Flat-lie, too, is death to the piano. The limited space forbids a musical instrument that encroaches so materially on the necessities of the family and makes as much noise as a brass band.

HEARTLESS GIRL.

"Proud beauty" said he, striking an attitude he had learned by constant attendance at the 10, 20, 30 drama— "proud beauty, I go from here to the river, where I shall end my sorrows by jumping in."

I wouldn't go to the trouble of jumping in and having to be searched for with grubhooks," said the girl who had rescued him. "Just take a drink of the water. That will do."—Chicago Journal.

ESTABLISHED 1848.

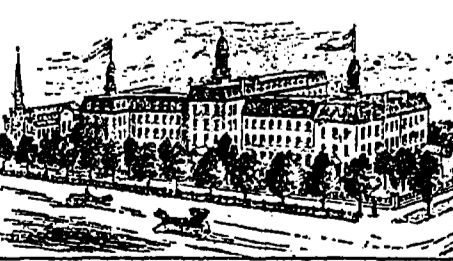
STATE UNIVERSITY 1866

Created a Catholic University

BY POPE LEO XIII. 1889.

TERMS:—

\$160 PER YEAR.



Catholic University of Ottawa, Canada.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE OBlates of MARY IMMACULATE.

Degrees in Arts, Philosophy and Theology.

PREPARATORY CLASSICAL COURSE FOR JUNIOR STUDENTS.

COMPLETE COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Private Rooms for Senior Students. Fully Equipped Laboratories. Practical Business Department.

SEND FOR CALENDAR.

REV. J. H. McQUOIN, O.M.I., RECTOR.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co. (LIMITED) 253 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.

MS. and all other communications intended for publication or notice, should be addressed to the Editor, and all business and other communications to the Managing Director, True Witness P. & P. Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 1138. The Subscription price of True Witness is \$1.50. Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Canada, United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00. Terms payable in advance. New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year. Money for renewal and new subscriptions should be sent to Managing Director, P. O. Box 1138. You may remit by bank cheque, post office money order, express money order or by registered letter. Silver sent through the mail is liable to wear a hole through the envelope and be lost. We are not responsible for money lost through the mail. Discontinuance.—Remember that the publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid. Returning your paper will not enable us to discontinue it, as we cannot find your name on our books unless your post office address is given. The date opposite your name on the margin of your paper shows you up to what time your subscription is paid. We recognise the friends of The True Witness by the prompt manner in which they pay their subscriptions. Always give the name of the post office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done. When you wish your address changed, write us in time, giving your old address as well as your new one. If you fail to receive your paper regularly, notify us at once by letter or postal.

WEDNESDAY,.....JULY 22, 1896

THE DUBLIN CONVENTION.

The meeting for the choosing of delegates to the Dublin Convention, from the City of Montreal, is about to take place. We cannot urge too strongly, upon our national and benevolent societies, the importance of the duty incumbent upon them. Friends of Ireland in Toronto, Hamilton and Ottawa and other cities of the Dominion, have already met and chosen delegates from amongst the best men in their midst. Montreal has always been foremost in its zeal for the Home Rule cause. Here the first Home Rule Association organized on the American continent had its birth, with the late lamented Hon. Ed. Murphy as its first president. During the long years of struggle from the inauguration of the movement by Isaac Butt, to the date of the unfortunate split in the Nationalists ranks, no city contributed more freely to the success of the cause, in money and sympathy, than our own. The Convention, now about to assemble, will be a memorable one and have a determining effect upon the fate of the Irish people. From all parts of the world the children of Ireland and their descendants will be sent, to take part in this great meeting of conciliation. If we should fail to do our duty, in the present instance, it would be a blot upon the reputation of our people. There is no lack of good men from whom to make a wise selection. Naturally our foremost and best Irish Canadian citizens should be chosen. We have representative men in every walk of life—senators, members of Parliament, members of the Local Legislature, men eminent in professional and commercial life, and those good and true, who have always been faithful to the cause. From these six or eight could easily be chosen, and in the coming meeting of the children of Ireland, Montreal Irishmen will occupy the place to which they are justly entitled. We hope next week to be able to announce the names of those who have been chosen for this important mission.

OUR CATHOLIC SUNDAY.

The members of the Sunday Society have been glorying over the victory which enables those who are so inclined to visit the British Museum, the art galleries and other institutions on the Christian's Day of Rest. The controversy which has reached this experimental stage has been going on for many years. On the one side were the stricter members of the various Protestant denominations, ministers and prominent men in their flocks, who argued that to open such places on the Lord's Day (which they identify entirely with the Jewish Sabbath) would be a breach of one of God's commandments, and that, the choice being thus offered between hearing a sermon and seeing pictures by old masters, a great many persons would choose the latter alternative. On the other side there was at least one bishop of the Established Church, and some pastors of Presbyterian and Independent congregations. There were also some who belonged to one or other of the advanced schools. On the whole, however, the advocates of some measure of relaxation of the rigorous Puritan "Sabbath" were men of position and respectability and not marked by extreme views of any kind. Their argument was that to pre-

vent the working classes, who are engaged in more or less arduous labor during the week, from enjoying the opportunities which they would otherwise be denied altogether, would savor rather of cruelty than of piety. They maintained that the Sunday, as a Christian institution, was a day of rest, of joyous worship and grateful acknowledgment of all God's good gifts, the essential festival of the Christian week, and that to turn it into a day of penance by forbidding every kind of recreation was wholly against the intention of Christ and his apostles. To this argument the replies were various, according as the advocates of closed museums and libraries belonged to the stricter or less strict school of Sabbath observance. On one point, however, all the clerical upholders of the old legal Sunday were agreed, namely, that the rival attraction would gradually draw away many people from the places of worship and thus dishonor God's house. This is an argument that could only proceed from Protestants, and it may be observed that the controversy, so far as we are aware, was confined to non-Catholics. In the Catholic Church, the Sunday, as a weekly recurring festival, is in one sense of stricter obligation than the Puritan Sabbath. For, whereas many Protestants attend church or stay at home as they feel in humor, and not a few of them make it a day of rest in a go-as-you-please, lie-a-bed fashion, the Catholic hails it at once as a day of solemn religious duty, when he has the privilege of being present at the supreme act of Christian devotion, and as a day of reasonable recreation for body and mind. No Catholic priest fears that any rival attraction will seduce his flock from a service which crowns the Sunday as the king of the ordinary week. Nor does he find fault with his people for indulging, at such portions of the day as they are not engaged in divine worship, in harmless and healthful relaxation and in the pleasures of innocent social intercourse. How many but for Sunday would never see their friends, save as bound like themselves to the wheel of labor; how many would never have a walk in the fields or the sight of flowers, or a chance of breathing the pure and bracing air of the country, if Sunday did not bring them the boon?

Nevertheless, though the controversy may not concern us directly, it affects us indirectly. Should Protestants in the old country use their liberty as license, and the restraints on sin and crime which even mere assent to the belief in an all-seeing God implies should be relaxed, Catholics could not help feeling the sad revolt. Their duty in the premises is to set the best example within their power. Our Irish Catholics have their peculiar temptations owing often to a genial social temperament, to good nature and generosity. The cup that cheers but which also, alas! inebriates—need we say that it has drowned many an otherwise fair career. To use the blessing of Sunday, which is meant to be a day of refreshing to the soul and of rest and renovation to mind and body, as a time of revelry and drunkenness, is a terrible sin of the consequences of which few of us are unaware. But the Catholic Sunday piously and reasonably used must bring a blessing to communities and individuals.

The death of ex-Governor W. E. Russell deprives the United States of one of its most promising public men. He was chosen as Governor of Massachusetts from his striking personality and acknowledged worth. One of the leading American papers says: "He won his position by his honesty, his sincerity, the confidence he inspired in the people by his sound judgment, youth of but a few years over thirty as he was. The example of Gov. Russell to the last was that of a firm adherence to principle, and if he himself is lost it remains an instructive memory to those who have acted with him and looked to him for counsel and guidance."

The London Daily News says:—A zealous Nationalist recalls the fact that Prince Charles—Princess Maud of Wales's prospective husband—has Irish blood in his veins—the blood of the famous O'Clerys of Tyrconnell. A hundred years or so ago, so the story runs, a member of this family amassed wealth in Marseilles, and dying left his two daughters handsome dowries. These were the two sisters Clary, one of whom afterwards became, as Joseph Bonaparte's wife, Queen of Naples. The other married Bernadotte, the soldier of whom Napoleon was jealous, and who became Charles XIV., King of Sweden. Prince Charles is Bernadotte's great grandson.

MR. JOHN P. ROCHE, Sporting Editor of the Montreal Gazette, who is well and favorably known for his able and impartial reports of athletic events, has contributed a highly interesting article on Canada's National Game to the current number of Massey's Magazine. Mr. Roche is an old Trinity College boy, who writes elegant and forcible English with a facile pen. He stands easily at the head of his profession and by his genial manners has become a general favorite.

A GREAT IRISHMAN.

Among those who suffered for the same cause that brought Robert Emmet to the scaffold was "the pure-minded and chivalrous Thomas Russell." Not far from Downpatrick, where he bade farewell to friends and foes, was born a generation later another Russell for whom, in the designs of Providence, a far other fate was reserved. Yet, notwithstanding the diverse destinies of these two namesakes, each in his heart was and is a genuine friend of Ireland. To them both the same fairscenes were familiar; they climbed the same heights; they bathed in the same bay; fished in the same stream; loved the same old love, and, though in different ways, and under different conditions and with different results, so far as they were personally concerned, they served the same motherland, the one dying, the other living for her. We may even say that the failure of the earlier contributed to the success of the latter Russell. If Thomas had not dared even unto death for the principles that he held sacred—duice et decorum est pro patria mori—if he and others of like courage had not abandoned all the hopes of youth and gifted manhood at the call of patriotic duty, would it have been so easy for Irishmen of to-day, who cling with national fervor to the old Faith, to win recognition and advancement and honors? Those who enjoy freedom's privileges ought never to forget what they owe to those who fought for freedom's battle and shed their blood in her hallowed name. Not without significance was it that Charles Russell had for tutor the scholar who in his enthusiastic youth was inspired to sing, "Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight? Who blushes at the name?" The poet of the Nation and the future Lord Russell of Killowen had spent their boyish years, though with an interval between, in the same neighborhood and drank the warm wine of patriotism from the same mountains and the same seaboard and ocean. Lord Russell is heir to the best traditions of his own name as well as of that Ireland to which his family has been ever faithful. He belongs to a stock that has given martyrs to the cause of liberty in both islands—to a race for which in Ireland there are only the kindest feelings—the race of Anglo-Norman settlers who have regarded Ireland not as a conquered country but as their own land to which they owed supreme allegiance. Such as these, of whatever blood, have Irish hearts and some of them have been among Ireland's most devoted sons. And when, like the Russells, they have remained steadfast to the old faith as well as the old land, is it any wonder that Irish Catholics should feel a special *gratia* for them? Is it surprising, after the long years of occultation, if we feel a peculiar pride in the stars that rise with more than ordinary brilliance above our horizon, and herald to our hopes the grand sunburst of the new dawn of national independence?

Lord Russell, of Killowen, is one of those Irishmen who, without taking a leading role in Irish politics, have assisted the Irish cause in the exercise of their professional gifts and have done honor to the Irish name as citizens of the British Empire. He is one of those Irish lawyers who, having chosen the larger sphere of action, have astonished and surpassed all their English rivals and won the prizes of their calling by determination and courage in the use of rare innate endowments. We find the names of Irishmen of this stamp of frequent occurrence on the pages of modern history not in England only but in the colonies, in the United States, in South America, and in every country in Europe—great soldiers, great statesmen, great diplomatists, great administrators. All such names we hail with pleasure—sometimes not unmingled with regret that such talents should be diverted from their natural goal of service to Ireland herself—because they do honor to the old sod. There was a time, indeed, when some of the proudest names on Ireland's roll of honor could be found only in the official lists of foreign courts or governments. Lord Russell, of Killowen, makes a new departure or rather one of the most marked features in a new departure of sweeping significance, which has made the ruthless and reasoners reign of disability for religious convictions a thing of the past. An example of what was the only path not merely to legal eminence but to the legal profession at all, under the old repressive system, is the fact that the father of Fitzgibbon, Lord Clare, one of the ablest, though assuredly not the most beloved, of Irish Lord Chancellors, abandoned his faith in order to pursue the career by which he left his more famous son a fortune. A system which made apostasy the only alternative to obscurity was simply infamous, and it is to the eternal honor of the Irish people that, under such circumstances, so few proved recreant. The name and career of the great Irish Catholic lawyer who succeeded John Duke, Lord Coleridge, as Lord Chief Justice of England, are so familiar to our readers that, in connection with his share in the coming Bar Association meeting at Saratoga, we need only mention the sequence of his promotions and dignities. About forty

years ago he was a young Belfast solicitor. A few years later he was a barrister of Lincoln's Inn. Less than twenty-five years ago he "took silk," and henceforward his rise into the upper air of legal distinction was of a sure and sustained flight. In 1880 he entered Parliament as member for Dundalk, and as he began, so he continued, a Gladstonian, with the courage of his convictions. He followed his leader in 1886 (when he was elected for South Hackney) on the Home Rule question, and became Attorney General in the two succeeding Gladstonian administrations. When Lord Bowen died, in 1894, he was appointed to take his place as Justice of Appeal in Ordinary, with a life peerage, and before the year was ended he had succeeded Lord Coleridge as Chief Justice. But much as his Irish compatriots all over the globe will rejoice in these well-merited honors, it is to his vindication (as Sir Charles Russell) of the Home Rule party from foul slanders that Irishmen turn back with most profound satisfaction. There was not another lawyer in England that could have assumed his masterly attitude before the Times and its prejudiced and powerful backers on that eventful occasion. Alas! that the leader whom he caused to triumph should have forfeited the advantages of the victory! But let the dead sleep! Sir Charles did his part, and lasting gratitude is his due.

Lord Russell is happy in a wife worthy of his honors. She is a sister of Rosa Mulholland, a daughter of Joseph Mulholland, M.P. It was the rare distinction of Miss Mulholland to have her first poem published by Thackeray and illustrated by Lord Leighton's successor in the presidency of the Royal Academy. What the author of "Pendennis" deemed worthy of type and Sir John Everett Millais of his pencil, must have been of merit above the common. Lady Russell, therefore, if not the "clever woman of the family," is a member of a family in which all are clever above the average. It would be a shame to conclude this sketch without acknowledgment of the part that Lord Russell's mother had in his training and for life's duties. A Catholic lover of rare virtues, to her piety and motherly devotion her illustrious son owes a debt he can never repay. Her three daughters entered the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, and the one brother of the great chief justice has also given his life to the greater glory of God. He is a member of the Company of Jesus. Such is the man, such is his family, such has been his career, who is to open the Bar Association meeting at Saratoga on the 20th of next month.

THE FOES OF WAR.

Just three hundred years ago the learned circles of the city of Leyden were discussing the extraordinary precocity of a boy of thirteen who had not only distinguished himself by Latin verses of striking ability, but was already contemplating some editorial tasks that called for no slight erudition. He had attracted the attention of Julius Scaliger, who at once recognized his great intellectual powers. Five or six years later this boy, after enjoying some advantages of travel and intercourse with the leading men of Europe in that age, wrote an essay of considerable power, on a subject which had long been discussed, but on which there had never been a decision, which all concerned were willing to recognize. It seems that a sea captain in the service of the Dutch East India Company had captured a Portuguese treasure ship, and the question of the lawfulness of such a prize was much controverted even in Holland. For, although the Company represented the Netherlands in the eyes of foreign states, there were then in Holland a good many who were jealous of its influence, just as in England, to-day, there are many who denounce Mr. Cecil Rhodes's South African Chartered Company. Religious scruples had also something to do with the matter. Some of the new Protestant sects, such as the Mennonites, whose creed is represented in Manitoba—condemned war in any form, but thought it especially odious on the part of an organization whose main object was gain. Associated with this problem of the right of plunder (which seems almost a contradiction in terms) was another question—that of property in the sea. This arose from the plea of the Portuguese that the strait of Malacca, where their galleon was captured, was a part of their maritime domain and was in fact virtually a lake, being bordered by shores that were Portuguese territory. Thence arose another controversy, which lasted down to our own day, and was, in fact, one of the matters on which the Behring Sea arbitrators had to pronounce judgment. By some chance the treatise written by the clever young Dutchman who was astonishing Leyden just three hundred years ago with his Latin verses, was lost sight of and remained unknown until some thirty years ago, when it was brought to light, as (in the opinion of some writers) the very starting point of modern international law. For, an examination of it made it clear that it was practically a first draft of the

famous work, *Le Jure Belli ac Pacis*, of Hugo Grotius. Little Huig Van Groot was, indeed, the clever boy of Leyden University.

There is a romance connected with the publication of the work with which his name is chiefly connected, that is all the more interesting from its international character. Grotius had become a man of position and influence in Holland, when some utterances of his disclosed to the party in power opinions which they were determined not to tolerate. The factions were religious—Armenians and Gomarists or Calvinists. Grotius and Oldenbarnevelt, scenting danger from their successful foes, who had carried out a *coup d'etat*, attempted to escape, but were captured. After trial Grotius was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, with confiscation of his property. He was then thirty-six years old, and his chief solace was in his favorite pursuits of study and literary composition. He was blessed with a devoted wife who planned his escape in a box in which his linen was wont to be sent to the laundry. For months this chest was rigorously overhauled, but at last the guards looked upon its ingress and egress as a matter of course. Books were from time to time conveyed to and fro, so as to mislead the unwary. At last Grotius committed himself to the ark of possible safety—only possible—for the risk was great and the torture of confinement almost unbearable. It had to go its journey to Gorcum (its ordinary destination by canal, and thence it was carried on horseback to a friend's house, and the prisoner was released. He reached Antwerp and thence made his way to Paris, where the King (Louis XIII.) befriended him. A high official lent him a house, and thus Grotius was able to complete the work that he had planned some twenty years before.

His *De Jure Belli* is looked upon as the foundation of international law in a divided christendom. When Europe was all or nearly all in obedience to the Holy See, the Pope himself was the constant umpire in peace and war. But when a sacred shiam, in some senses more grievous than the Greek, had broken the bond of unity, one of its most untoward consequences was to deprive the nations of a central tribunal of appeal acknowledged by Latin and Celt, by Teuton and Slav. The work of Fr. F. Suarez, S. J., "De Legibus et Deo Legislatore," and the later works of Ayala and of Gentili, an Italian who lectured at Oxford, were published before the *De Jure* of Grotius, while the law of nations had also been dealt with in the *Controversies of Vasquez*. But the name of Grotius long stood high with lawyers as well as with men of letters for the richness of his quotations from the classical writers. His tone is humane, and doubtless exerted some influence in mitigating the horrors of war, but it did not make war less frequent than before. In an old Dutch edition of the work, Justice bandaged sits in the judgment seat; on her left is a brawny Mars, with spear and shield, while at his feet, amidst cannon and bomb-shells, a lion shows his teeth; opposite is Peace, leading a lamb and bearing the olive branch and horn of plenty. During the next two centuries a great many works were published on the same theme—Puffendorf, Leibnitz, Vattel, Hubner, Martens, Klueber and Wheaton, being among the most important authors. To the present reign belong the works of Manning, Heitler, Phillimore, Twiss, Fiore, Calva, Hall, Lorimer, Martens, and several others, not to speak of monographs on neutrality treaties and other special points. Some works, such as those of Bluntschli, Frelo and Levi, were meant as attempts to reduce the principles of international law into the form of a code. The efforts of jurists and moralists, as well as of economists and philanthropists, diplomatists and statesmen, have been of late largely directed to the prevention of war. In 1856, at the Paris congress, the first formal wish was expressed by the great powers for the settlement of international disputes by the friendly aid of a neutral state. It was not the first time that arbitration had been proposed as a substitute for war. In ancient times the Persians, Carthaginians, Greeks and Romans, in the Middle Ages several of the Supreme Pontiffs, and some Italian and other princes, and in modern times the Congress of Vienna, had resort to this pacific plan of settlement. In our own time the Alabama claims were thus settled, and a few years ago Pope Leo consented to act as umpire between Spain and Germany in the matter of the Caroline Islands. The Behring Sea dispute was also submitted to an arbitral tribunal. The recent unanimous proposal of the Catholic Cardinals of Great Britain and the United States is a memorable instance of the Church that lasting peace should be maintained between the Empire and the Republic. The Arbitration Conference held in Washington in April last shows that the best class of American citizens are in favor of permanent peace and the friendly termination of controversies. There are still other indications of a like feeling widely prevailing, in spite of Jingoism and racial antipathy, land hunger, and international vendettas. These last have, it is true, too often had

their way, and unhallowed greed has not spared even the estates of the Church. But the tendency to acknowledge the decision of some appointed umpire or to restore the perpetual umirage of the Holy See (a solution which has gained support even among Protestants) gaining more and more every day, and whatever may be the ultimate result, the movement is not the least noteworthy of the tendencies of our time. In view of these considerations no little interest is felt in the address to be delivered by Lord Russell, of Killowen, at the Saratoga meeting of the Bar Association next month. For with characteristic appropriateness the great Irish Catholic jurist, who is Lord Chief Justice of England, has chosen International Law for the theme of his inaugural discourse.

THE MUNSTER NEWS.

The Munster News has just reached us, with a violent article against Mr. John Dillon and the Irish National Convention. We trust the News is an exception in Irish journalism. If the people abroad, who have been taking an interest in Irish affairs, were once convinced that the temper of any considerable section of the Irish people is voiced by the paper in question, then, indeed, would they abandon all hope of ever witnessing the realization of the legitimate aspiration of our fatherland. The article in question has been sent to us marked, and for that reason we deem it a duty to express our strong disapproval of the tone and spirit in which it is written. The Irish and their descendants here are disgusted with such productions. They have no personal predilections either for Mr. Dillon or for any other member or members of the National Party. Our people want a United Ireland under one chief. We trust that may be the result of the Convention. Those who are exerting themselves, not for unity, but to keep alive insane jealousies and personal bickerings, will be branded as traitors in *secula seculorum*.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Church of St. Mary, in Kilburn, a suburb in the northeast of London, has had an unknown benefactor for over nineteen years. On a certain day every year an envelope is found in the collection box containing \$500. It was found there as usual a few days ago.

PROF. J. A. FOWLER, the talented and energetic director of St. Patrick's choir, has been at work on the composition of another Mass, and judging by the portions of the "Kyrie" and "Gloria" which we had the pleasure of listening to a few evenings ago, it will surpass in merit any of his previous masterly efforts in the same direction.

It was a graceful and timely compliment which was offered to the Very Rev. Father Captier, Superior General of the Society of St. Sulpice, in placing his name on the roll of honorary canons of the St. James Cathedral. The St. Sulpician Order occupies a leading rank in the service of the Church in this country.

The Standard and Times very properly calls the New York Times and Tribune to account for using the words "Romanism" and "Romish," and says that the use of vulgar nicknames is not creditable to newspapers that claim to be respectable. There are a number of journals in this city which have the same nasty habit.

The movement set on foot for the erection at Viterbo of a monument commemorative of the Holy Father's first Communion is making good headway. The students of the Irish College have opened a subscription, others have joined in, certain newspapers have likewise taken up the matter, and between them all they have now over 15,000 francs in hand.

The annual convention of the Ontario Alliance, an organization whose chief aim is the propagation of the cause of Temperance, was far from being a harmonious gathering. There are too many politicians intimately associated with the executive administration of such undertakings, and as a result the ever selfish end of personal interest is uppermost, and the cause suffers.

THERE is a good deal of discussion going on in the circles of England's public men regarding the probable early retirement of Mr. Balfour from the leadership in the House of Commons. The name of Mr. Joe Chamberlain is mentioned as the coming man who will likely succeed Mr. Balfour. It will not assist the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, if Mr. Chamberlain should manage to climb into the position of the leadership. He will have to do some very clever diplomatic work, however, before he attains that rank, as the hard shell Tories have no confidence in him for many reasons.

OUR OBSERVER

REVIEWS A NUMBER OF SUBJECTS.

THE PROSPECTS OF AIR SHIPS—A HINT TO MAYOR WILSON SMITH REGARDING THE EXHIBITION—THE SILVER QUESTION—THE RECENT PARADE OF ORANGEMEN—THE TRIALS OF A CANDY DEALER.

How odd a horse-car would appear upon our streets to-day, and yet electric transportation is but a recent innovation and the crawling horse-car a reality of yesterday. This is an age of rapid advancement and startling evolutions.

Self-satisfaction is quite a convenient article to carry around with you. Of course, it may annoy and irritate other people somewhat, and you may be occasionally referred to as being "chuck full of conceit," but what boots it when you are satisfied and at peace with yourself and wax fat?

What has happened to the 1897 Exhibition boom? Has the bottom dropped out of it since the elections? Little things like a political reverse, even if it did hit hard, shouldn't divert great minds from commendable channels.

You have no doubt met the man who knows everything worth knowing. He is posted on all subjects and is never reticent. On the contrary, he throws his knowledge broadcast to the winds with a reckless confidence that the supply will never be exhausted.

If all the people who by their writings and talk would lead us to believe that the silver question was a. b. c. to them, really had any tangible knowledge on the subject, this part of the terrestrial globe would contain thousands of wiser men than it does at present.

Some one has said "haste is not dignified." Perhaps not, but haste catches an electric car occasionally while dignity poses on a corner and loses valuable time waiting for the next one.

Many a good house-keeper gazed at her kitchen floor in despair, after inspecting the decks of Her Majesty's ships "Tartar" and "Intrepid."

One of the funniest things seen in Montreal since the antics of the two "chiefs in "Erminie" was not the clown in the recent circus, nor yet the young man on the unmanageable bicycle who collided with a stout lady on Beaver Hall Hill, but, by long odds, the parade on the "glorious" Twelfth. Masquerades and Brownie shows were cast into the shadowy recesses of the deepest shade by the moving double file of prodigious curiosities.

The average citizen who thinks his lot an unhappy and burdensome one should enquire from the Grecian candy and fruit seller, on McGill street, when he shuts up shop. The answer will be in effect that, this stand is open for business every hour in the twenty-four, not because trade is rushing or the shelves rolling merrily in all night, but for the simple reason if he went away an opposition vendor would "jump his claim."

WALTER R.

MR. THURMAN PROTESTS.

Allen W. Thurman is very indignant at the attempt to make it appear that he initiated an attack on Mr. Bland because of the latter's religious convictions. He says he was misrepresented in an interview which was printed.

"I was asked," said he, "whether I thought the fact that Mr. Bland's wife and son were Catholics would in any degree weaken him as a candidate. I replied emphatically that it was an outrage that a man's religious connections should be talked about. No one has denounced the A. P. A. organization more openly on the stump than I. I have no religious prejudices. I was sorry, I said, that the matter was talked about, but I admitted that such prejudices did exist and might weaken his chances of election if nominated. Religious bigotry could not be controlled."

Mr. Thurman sent the following telegram to Mr. Bland: Hon. RICHARD P. BLAND, Lebanon, Mo.: The report that I started an attack

upon you on account of your wife's religion is absolutely untrue. What I said was in reply to a question by others, and many things are now put into my mouth which I never thought of, much less said. Your letter, when a candidate for Congress, on the subject expresses precisely word for word my sentiments and convictions.

ALLEN W. THURMAN."

OBITUARY.

MR. FELIX CALLAHAN

Sometime ago we announced the sudden illness of Mr. Felix Callahan, the well known printer and publisher, who had been stricken with partial paralysis. It was then hoped that, despite the gravity of the attack, with skill and care he would be once more restored to health.

Unfortunately we are now called upon to announce his death, at the early age of 54 years.

Deceased was a warm and true-hearted Irishman and a good Canadian citizen. Full of energy he devoted himself to business, and overcoming great opposition always held his own.

He was an enterprising man. Some years ago an attempt was made to organize a Company, for publication of a daily paper in the interests of Irish Catholics. Mr. Callahan was the leading spirit amongst those who launched "The Sun." In that venture he sank the savings of years.

Our readers will also remember that he was for sometime the publisher of the Harp, a well-known Magazine devoted specially to Irish Canadian literature. In its columns, if referred to, will be found the early efforts of many men who have since made their mark in the history of our country.

St. Patrick's society has lost one of its pillars in the death of Mr. Callahan. He was one of the most zealous and assiduous members; for years he held a position



THE LATE MR. FELIX CALLAHAN.

tion on the committee of general management, and in all its undertakings for national or charitable purposes he took a prominent part.

Mr. Callahan's faults were few, if any, and they were inherent to his virtues.

He was an ardent Irishman—his friendship was of a trusting character. When once he was convinced of anything as being right, he felt strongly and acted promptly. He entertained no enmity, and was of a forgiving disposition.

Mr. Callahan leaves a number of talented children, who will do honor to his memory. To Mrs. Callahan and family we tender our heartiest sympathy.

The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon last from his late residence, on University street, and was very largely attended by the friends and acquaintances of the deceased. The floral offerings were numerous. Amongst those on the casket were a wreath of roses from the directors and members of the Shamrock Athletic Association, an anchor of white roses and carnations from the St. Patrick's Society, and a pillow from the relatives of the deceased. The principal mourners were William H. Callahan, J. R. Callahan, Felix Callahan, Robert E. Callahan, Joseph D. Callahan and Edward Callahan, sons of deceased, and James F. Curtin and Thomas Curtin of Rochester, N. Y., brothers-in-law. The pallbearers were Hon. James McShane, Dr. Kennedy, Samuel Cross, Geo. Murphy, P. F. McCaffrey and P. Reynolds. Amongst those who attended the funeral, which was very large, were noticed, M. C. Malone, P. J. Heffernan, D. J. Donovan, J. O'Neil, W. O'Neil, J. Quigley, M. Britt, Hon. Judge Curran, Ald. Connaughton, F. B. McNamee, R. J. Anderson, D. Britt, W. Britt, C. A. McDonnell, G. A. Carpenter, Professor J. A. Fowler, E. H. Twohey, Thomas Waddell, John Dwyer, Daniel McEntyre, M. J. McGrath, Wm. Clendenning, sr., John Rafter, T. C. O'Brien, J. McRae, Chief Detective Cullen, B. Tansey, John Patton, E. McEntyre, Frank Gormley, W. H. Clancy, F. T. Duncan, Edward Hutton, R. McCleary, R. B. Brown, Chas. Dellier, J. C. A. Des Trois Maisons, Michael Butler, T. Butler, Jas. Butler, John Wilson, James Wilson, P. O'Neill, Thos. Kearns, F. C. Lawlor, P. McCaffrey, James Meek, D. Cameron, Henry Gagnon, Wm. Crowe, T. Kinsella, P. H. Bartley, J. D. Baker, J. Murray, L. Harris, John Twohey, James Twohey, Jas. Hayes, A. L. Friedman, Robert Jacobs, Thomas Doherty, M. Cochenhaler, M. F. Sheridan, John Burns, M. J. McDandrew, J. O'Neill, J. Malone, Edward Auld, J. D. Davis, Thos. Larkin, Wm. Kearney, W. H. Kearney, Enoch James, E. McCaffrey, Dick Kelly, E. Mansfield, E. P. Bonavay, M. Arnhill, Wm. Britt, P. Ross, Wm. Stafford, Thomas Brown, John Shinnick, E. A. Wilson, G. Egan, and many others.

After leaving the residence of the deceased the funeral proceeded to the Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where a short service was held by the Rev. Father Superior of the Cote des Neiges College, after which the interment in the family lot took place.

An American exchange, in referring to the recent series of splendid victories won by the plucky master of the little Canadian yacht, says:—

The beating which the Canadian halibut-rater Glencairn has administered to the pick of the Seawanhaka fleet has been so thorough that in order to retain the trophy in the United States it has suggested that we annex Canada.

THE CENTRE OF CATHOLIC CULTURE.

The evening lectures were devoted to "Christian Archaeology," and Rev. James Driscoll, S.S., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, was their exponent.

Mexico—"Ancient and Modern," was the subject of a lecture delivered by Marc F. Valleite, LL.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre, our venerable prelate, was the distinguished guest of the Summer School Executive on Saturday and Sunday. Rev. Dr. Conaty, President of the Summer School, escorted His Grace over the grounds and through the principal buildings. Archbishop Fabre expressed himself as well pleased and highly interested with the work undertaken and wished it continued progress and success.

Saturday was a day of recreation, and the lecture of the evening, "The Adirondacks from the Mountains to the Sea," delivered by Prof. S. Stoddard of Glen Falls, N. Y., was very pleasant finale for a delightful day.

The lecture hall had been prettily decorated by the ladies during the afternoon, and the Papal colors and American Stars and Stripes made a harmonious and elegant setting for the beautiful views that illustrated the Adirondack and Hudson scenery. Prof. Stoddard told his audience, in his introductory remarks, that he would permit the pictures to do the talking and he himself be almost silent. The first shadow on the canvas dissolved into a map of the Adirondack region, and after this picture followed picture in increasing beauty, until the Professor kindly forgot his first threat of silence, under the influence of well-known scenes, and for two hours he delighted his audience with an uninterrupted flow of eloquence, poetry, anecdote and wit. The wonders and peculiarities of the great health mountains were expatiated on, and with the accurate views before us we could well imagine ourselves in the heart of the Adirondacks, filling the foreground of a picture of Saranac Lake or peering into the crevices of Au Sable Chasm, sitting near the shores of Mirror Lake or sympathizing with the pallid invalids who occupy the piazza of the hotel on a January morning.

Professor Stoddard explained that if you met anyone in the Adirondacks doing anything that would kill an ordinary mortal, be sure that he was doing it "according to the doctor's orders." Thus it was quite a common thing to find invalids stretched out on the piazzas in mid-winter, inhaling the frosty air, sleeping with open windows, etc., for the benefit of diseased lungs.

Passing on to brighter scenes, the old trapper and guide appears before us. We see him in his camp, and again laden with the spoils of the forest or half hid beneath a canoe which he is carrying over some portage—hard-visited and uncouth, but withal active and intelligent. Pile on pile the mountains rise, enclosing in their bosoms tiny lakes that shine like gems, and again when viewed from a lofty peak seem like a drop of water in a little green cup; now rock-ribbed precipitous heights are seen, and again gently sloping hills and valleys; often a bare waste where stunted spruce clings to the harsh soil, and, saddest of all, the mighty monarchs of the forest, stricken and dead, stretching their gaunt skeletons around as if in agony of protestation against the law that permitted the damming of the streams that gave them life.

The Hudson, which has been called the Rhine of America, was next visited, with the Professor as a guide, and traced from its cradle in the mountains till in its gathered strength it joins the mighty sea. A descriptive poem of great beauty was recited by the Professor in explanation of the passing views, and at its close a well-pleased audience re-echoed the Professor's good-night that flushed from the canvas with an added measure of gratitude for a pleasant evening's entertainment.

Pontifical Mass and Sermon on Christian Unity.

The services at St. John's church on Sunday, were of unusual solemnity and grandeur. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at 10.30, with Most Rev. Edward Charles Fabre, D.D., Archbishop of Montreal, as celebrant, Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, high assistant priest; Rev. Daniel J. O'Mahony, O. S. A., of Lawrence, Mass., and Rev. Joseph Williams, of Syracuse, Deacons of Honor; Rev. Daniel A. Morrissy, of Philadelphia, Deacon of the Mass; Rev. John M. Flennning, O. S. A., of Lawrence, Mass., sub-deacon; Rev. E. Provost, Secretary to Archbishop Fabre, and Rev. Dr. Conaty, president of the Summer School, masters of ceremonies.

During the Mass Rev. Alexander P. Doyle, C.S.P., of New York, delivered an able sermon on "Christian Unity." For three-quarters of an hour the reverend gentleman held the large congregation spell bound. Among other things he said:—

The sentiment in favor of Christian Unity, he said, is growing stronger among all religious bodies. The days of theological scalping have gone by, and people are becoming tired of religious controversy. Along with this sentiment towards the reunion of Christendom, there is coming an awakening of the religious spirit. The intellectual activity of the age is developing a keener research into and more thoughtful meditation on the deep things of God, for there is no passion in the human heart so strong as the love for religion. Very few men have been entirely without it and most men have been stirred to the highest heroisms by its promptings.

It has never even seemed to die out; like the grass on the prairie, though burned over year after year and trampled down by the hoofs of myriads of cattle, yet the next spring it covers the landscape with verdure, so the religious sentiment, though it be beaten down by revolution and trampled on by rampant vice, yet surely and inevitably it will assert itself.

To the watchers on the hills, top the gray streaks of this dawning day of a

deeper spirituality are visible. What else is the decline of the blatant infidelity of the last fifteen years but the scurrying away of the clouds of the night? What else is the decay of agnosticism but the returning to religious standards, symbolized in the Christian deathbed of Romanes and the dissipating of the mists of darkness?

In this religious awakening comes the opportunity for Christian unity.

Even if some people of this generation may not be willing to give up their traditional beliefs, still we can take means that are best calculated to break down prejudice. The seeds that are sown now will bear fruit in the years to come.

The Holy Father, in his luminous encyclical letter on Christian unity, calls the attention of all religious minds to the one faith and one baptism. He explains the ideal of the Christian church, and makes it very plain that the church was to be an organism deriving its life and strength from the indwelling of the holy spirit. "I am the vine; you are the branches." To be cut off from the vine is spiritual death, is to wither away. To be engrated on to the vine is life. "Other sheep there are that are not of this fold, them also must I bring that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

The Dedication.

At 4 p.m. the exercises began with the blessing of the temporary chapel by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels, assisted by Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D.D., and Rev. James T. Loughlin, D.D. Most Rev. Charles Fabre, D.D., of Montreal, was present, and many other clergymen and a large gathering of people who more than crowded the pretty little chapel. After the blessing of the chapel, the ecclesiastical dignitaries proceeded to the lecture hall from the front piazza of which the Bishop blessed the school grounds. Then entering the hall he blessed the building, saying in all the ceremonies the ordinary prayers for such objects. The entire audience then joined in the hymn of thanksgiving, "Holy God We Praise Thy Name." The spacious hall was crowded to repletion, many being obliged to stand. Seated on the platform were the following gentlemen: Archbishop Fabre, Bishop Gabriels, Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Rev. Thos. J. Conaty, D.D., Rev. E. A. Pace, D.D., Rev. Fr. Lavoie, O.M., Rev. E. Provost, Hon. John B. Riley, Major John Byrne, Warren E. Mosher, A. M., Conde B. Pallen, Ph. D., LL. D. Rev. Dr. Conaty opened by welcoming the distinguished guests to the school, which was now indeed prepared to receive its friends and extend to them its hospitality.

Rev. Dr. Conaty gave a forcible, direct and eloquent explanation of the aims and objects of the Summer School. The reverend gentleman said the Summer School was a new idea, and yet not new, for the development of truth was its fundamental aim, and this was the teaching of the Church from the beginning, Jesus Christ was Truth, and all true knowledge was of Him and in Him, and the march of science was to bring us nearer to Him in the knowledge of the wisdom of His works. In the heavens above us, in the forests around us, in the waters of this lovely lake, the evidences of Christ's truth are visible, and it is for us to develop within us our intellectual powers that we may have a higher, clearer, nearer view of Christ in His works. Deus illuminatio mea, God is my light; this is the motto of our Summer School, and beneath this light it shall advance, casting the glory of higher knowledge over the length and breadth of the land, illuminating the darkness of prejudice and false reasoning. The dream of years has already passed into a reality, and the projects of the Summer School are proud of the success which has already been attained. They had worked hard for this moment, but its realization inspired them with gratitude to the Giver of all things. He had directed and fostered their plans; they felt that they were doing His work, and that His Light would diffuse itself and the spirit of Christ reign in the land.

Rev. Dr. Conaty's strong and eloquent countenance was aglow with the enthusiasm and feeling that consumed him, and his ringing words were the outcome of a heart firmly devoted to the great and grand work of christian education, fostered and developed in the Catholic Summer School. The reverend gentleman closed his remarks by the formal presentation, in the names of the trustees, of the grounds and buildings to His Lordship the Bishop of Ogdensburg.

Bishop Gabriels made a graceful reply, and wished the School a success even beyond the hopes and expectations of its zealous and devoted President.

Hon. John B. Riley of Plattsburgh, chairman of the executive, was the next speaker. He spoke of the improvements made since last year, and promised that at the opening of the next session the School would be one of the most attractive spots in that portion of the country; and not only would intellectual tests be provided, but also innocent amusements of all kinds. In conclusion, he desired the co-operation of all present in the work, by enlisting the interest of all Catholics and encouraging the erection of cottages.

Mr. Loughlin, of Philadelphia, was next introduced, and in a very pleasant and amusing way, which is all his own, told of the erection of the Philadelphia cottage, and gave his definition of a true Summer School student.

Major John Byrne of New York, a member of the executive committee, spoke of the material considerations of the Summer School work and the efforts that had been expended in furthering the movement. At first it was up hill work, but the future was full of promise, for a lively interest had been awakened in Catholic circles as was amply testified by the large assembly that filled the hall. Of the intellectual side of the undertaking, there was no voice but of praise and congratulation to be used. The most eminent men of America had come to impart the knowledge they had garnered in their different pursuits to the students of the Summer School, and we were privileged to meet and to know men whose fame had long preceded them.

Dr. Pace, Dean of the Catholic University of Washington, was the next speaker. Dr. Pace spoke of the Univer-

sity and its true mission, which was the extension of its privileges, that they might reach the masses of the people as well as the comparatively few. Dr. Pace pointed to the Summer School as it stands to-day as an evidence of the power of co-operation. Shoulder to shoulder work would advance the interests of education, and he emphasized the fact that scientific truth was an elucidation of the teachings of Mother Church, and a strengthening of the tenets already held.

Prof. Conde B. Pallen, of St. Louis, when introduced, turned his attention to the duty of Catholic parents in fostering any latent talent their children might possess, and when in their power to do so, to advance them to the highest pinnacle of culture and learning, instead of turning them as raw youths into a commercial sphere. Prof. Pallen spoke with great force and distinctness on this subject and was warmly applauded at the conclusion of his remarks.

Rev. Dr. Conaty, ever happy in his introductory remarks, then introduced His Grace Archbishop Fabre, tendering him a hearty welcome from all friends of the Summer School, and referring to early reminiscences of his own career under the tuition of the venerable Archbishop in Montreal. Rev. Dr. Conaty desired the Archbishop to speak in English, encouraging His Grace with the remark that they had banished grammar from the Summer School and taken to higher flights of attainment, so that any error of speech in that language would pass unheeded. Archbishop Fabre, however, addressed the audience in his native tongue and expressed his goodwill and interest in the work, and congratulated the friends of the Summer School in their possession of so able, zealous and efficient a director as their honored president, whom he had long known.

Archbishop Fabre was heartily applauded, and received every mark of respect and honor from the large and intelligent assembly present. At the conclusion of the addresses Bishop Gabriels bestowed his blessing on all those present, and immediately they repaired to the newly dedicated Chapel, where the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to the kneeling multitude, the greater part of which, unable to gain admittance, surrounded the building, humbly waiting for the blessing of Him who is the Light of the world.

NOTES.

John J. McGee, Mrs. McGee, the Misses McGee, and Mr. D'Arcy McGee, of Ottawa, occupy a cottage here during the season. Mr. McGee is a brother of the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee, the renowned orator and statesman.

The Misses Loomie, of Buffalo, the Misses Scanlan, and the Misses O'Toole, of Le Roy, New York, and Miss Arnold, of Lakewood, New Jersey, are among the guests of the past week.

The Misses Feron, of Montreal, are visitors to the Summer School. The Misses Feron arrived last Saturday.

Rev. Father Doyle, the preacher of last Sunday, whose sermon on "Christian Unity" was so favorably commented upon, is a fanlist, and editor of the Catholic World Magazine.

Rev. Dr. Conaty, in introducing His Grace Archbishop Fabre, at the Dedication exercises, paid a high compliment to "that northern city, the Home of America, that had educated and sent out an army of ecclesiastics to battle for truth on the American continent."

K. Dolans.

THE STATUE IN THE SQUARE

'Twas in that old historic day, Of France the Grand Monarque held sway. Of favouring winds their sails availed, Of their native port they sailed; Across the deep and unknown sea, To seek and found our Villomarie, They went a goodly company.

With brave M. de Maisonneuve! The perils of the deep they brave, They fear not wind, they fear not wave; They heed not tales of savage foe, That lie concealed in woodlands low. Nor bitter, frosty winds that blow, Nor yet the deep Canadian snow, Can make their sturdy hearts grow cold, Those pioneers that came of old, Those pioneers that came of old, With brave M. de Maisonneuve!

'Twas on the eighteenth day of May, In sixteen, forty-one, they say, They reached our shores, an altar raised, And Heaven's King with anthem praised. By Vimont the first Mass was said, To thank the Lord, whose hand had led Him o'er the deep, to this far land, Him and his brave, devoted band, The good M. de Maisonneuve!

In prayer upon the shore knelt he, The cross he reared, that all might see; The Flag of France, with onward fling, Next claims the land for God and King, The holy water sprinkling earth, The Baptism at the City's birth. "In honor of God's Mother, we Do name this city Villomarie. Thus said the colonists that came Over the wild and stormy main With brave M. de Maisonneuve!

Those heroes of the olden time, That came with good de Maisonneuve! Now in their place a city stands, With port for ships of many lands. Where stood the old French church, we're told, Sole place of prayer in days of old, In chiselled bronze, henceforth stands he To tell Canadians yet to be How well he ruled the Colony, The wise M. de Maisonneuve!

J. A. S.

Montreal, July 15th, 1896.

Boils and pimples are due to impure blood. Remove them by making the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Cripple Made Well

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. "Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism. Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and healthy and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." UMAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

The CHAUVENET ULTRA SEC.

Sparkling White Burgundy. Quarts \$20, pints \$22 per case; less 3 per cent. discount for cash and special discounts for quantities.

Tampier's Sparkling Saint Piere

Sparkling White Burgundy. Gout Feinboise (Raspberry Flavor), quarts \$18, pints \$20 per case, less 3 per cent. discount for cash and special discounts for quantities.

Sparkling Saumur Wines.

ACERMAN LAURENCE. Sparkling Wines, within the reach of all.

Table with wine names and prices: Carte Noire (Black Label), Carte Blanche (Blue Label), Dry Royal (White Label), Carte d'Or (Gold Label), etc.

Claret Wines. Special Values.

Table with wine names and prices: St. Estephe, St. Julien, Chateau Belgrave, Chateau Belleville, Chateau Larose, etc.

300 Kegs Salt Herrings.

Genuine Loch Fyne Herrings, in kegs, \$1.50 per keg. Aberdeen (East Coast) Herrings, in kegs, \$1.00 per keg. Holland Herrings, in kegs, \$1.00 per keg. All Full Herrings, with Roe and Milts.

THE KAISER BEER.

Direct from the German Empire Brewery, Bremen, Germany. Quarts \$2.50, pints \$1.50 per dozen, or in original cases containing 4 dozen quarts, \$9.00 per case and in original cases containing 8 dozen pints, \$11 per case.

FRASER, VIGER & CO., 207, 209 and 211 ST. JAMES STREET.

TWILIGHT.

D. J. DONAHOE, IN DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

With odors soft and soothing
And bird-songs loud and clear,
The summer day is dying.

Then filled with rising rapture,
I pass through field and grove,
And sing, amid the sweetness,

FOR UNITY.

IRELAND'S GREAT CONVENTION.

[New York Freeman's Journal.]

DUBLIN, July 1.—The forthcoming convention of the Irish race in Dublin is the principal theme here at present.

The hope of Ireland is from abroad, and from nowhere more than from the United States and Canada does she expect that sympathy and wise counsel which shall aid her children at home in prosecuting their wearisome and difficult battle for faith and Fatherland.

Already the Unionists are beginning to talk of the "dead horse" rising to life, but before many weeks are over they will be wholesomely reminded that nothing connected with the Irish cause has died except enmity and factional disputes.

A QUEEN GAVE UP HER CARRIAGE TO A PRIEST GOING TO A DEATH-BED.
A beautiful act of the Queen of Spain is being very favorably commented upon throughout the entire Spanish press.

A NEW MARINE CRAFT.

[Boston Herald.]

A French marine engineer has invented a new type of water craft which is to be tested in the English channel in a few weeks more, and which, if successful, bids fair to revolutionize ocean navigation.

can pass through the water leaving hardly a trace of disturbance. One of the best naval authorities in France, after witnessing a series of tests made, has given it as his opinion that a vessel built on this type would consume, in making a stated number of miles at a given speed, not more than 1-25th of the fuel that would be consumed by an ordinary vessel having the same weight.

VASTNESS OF ST. PETER'S.

IT PRODUCES ALMOST THE EFFECT OF TERROR ON THE MIND.

The building is so far beyond any familiar proportions that at first sight all details are lost upon its broad front. The mind and judgment are dazed and staggered. The earth should not be able to bear such weight upon its crust without cracking and bending like an overloaded table.

The vastness of the structure takes hold of a man as he issues from the street by which he has come from San' Angelo. In the open space in the square, and in the ellipse between the colonnades and on the steps, two hundred thousand men could be drawn up in rank and file, horse and foot and guns.

Taken together, the picture is too big for convenient sight. The impression itself moves unwieldily in the cramped brain. A building almost five hundred feet high produces a monstrous effect upon the mind. Set down in words, a description of it conveys no clear conception; seen for the first time, the impression produced by it cannot be put into language.

Should Churches Be Taxed?

Often you hear good, honest people express the idea that the exemption of churches from paying tax is all wrong and that such laws should be repealed. They argue, just as well exempt a man's summer cottage at the lakes, the parlor and spare room of his residence, his nice front yard or the carriage and team he uses on Sunday.

NOTED IN PARIS.

Katherine de Forest writes in Harper's Bazaar of the things seen in Paris. As for the gowns, foulards, white batistes, and embroidered muslins, taffetas, mohairs, bures—all the pretty materials that have already been spoken of for the summer wear divided favorably equally.

mer gown was of blue and white striped taffeta, made with a bodice finished with tiny basques. These, which were very much gilded in the back, were edged on the bottom with a ruche of black tulle—what might almost be called a Tom Thumb ruche, it was so narrow. The front of the bodice was of white mousseline de soie, with little bolero points on each side, edged with two ruches of tulle.

A Dream of Union.

Speaking of the proposed union of all Catholic young men's societies on the plan of the Young Men's Christian Association, Father McMillen says:

"First of all, the idea of a big building and a coalescing of parish societies into one general association has been a dream with many for years. It cannot be realized. Work for young men must be done through parish societies. Several attempts have been made by boys and young men to establish and conduct societies independent of parish and pastor, yet calling themselves Catholic. They have in each instance that has come to my notice amounted to naught. The most successful societies are such as result from the Sunday school, and are based upon friendships formed in the parochial school and Sunday school.

"The Young Men's Christian Association is founded upon entirely different methods from our young men's societies. Usually a few rich men combine and provide a sufficient sum to erect a large and finely-equipped building for the association, whose membership takes in all classes and denominations united under the common standard of Christianity. A Board of Directors and salaried officials conduct the finances, and the general members have very little concern as to the ways and means question. Our young men, on the contrary, must proceed slowly, and there are scarcely any munificent donations from generous millionaires to help put up and support magnificent buildings."

PECULIAR IN COMBINATION.

peculiar in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great curative value. You should TRY IT.

LUBBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER. RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY. FOR THE HAIR. IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle. R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL. PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIERNE, ROUEN, FRANCE.

Mount Melleray Seminary.

At the close of the session of Mount Melleray Seminary, His Lordship the Bishop of Waterford, delivered the following address to the students:— I desire you will all agree with me that we should not separate to-day without giving expression to our thanks to the young gentlemen who have contributed so much to our entertainment, and to the zealous teachers of the fruit of whose year's labours we have been privileged to day to witness a small share. We always expect at these annually recurring distributions of prizes in this school to be pleased and not a little instructed also, and, no doubt, those who came here to-day did not come without feeling confident that they would derive from their visit something of the profit which in former years it was their pleasing memory to think that they had enjoyed. And I believe they have not been disappointed (applause). Every visitor here to-day will go away I think with very agreeable recollections of what he has heard, and he will go away, too, feeling that the Monks of Melleray have added yet another to the claims which they possess on the gratitude of the people of Ireland by the instruction which they are giving in their schools (applause). What we have witnessed to-day is, no doubt, only a very small share of the results of the year's work, but at the same time there was one pleasing item, the importance of which it would be very difficult to exaggerate in these days of ours (hear, hear). The young men trained in the seminary are taught, as we have reason to know from years past as well as from the work of to-day, to express their thoughts in a manner that is graceful and eloquent also; and this is no small work when we remember the frequent calls that are made upon our young men to speak in this country and other countries in which it may be their lot to be cast (hear, hear). I will only ask the young men who so creditably acquitted themselves to-day to carry with them through life, and each in his own sphere, the sentiments to which expression was so often given, and to cherish ever in their souls the memory of every righteous cause and not be afraid to speak out either here or elsewhere when the cause of their country or the cause of their religion demands it (applause). Nor was it without a special pleasure that we were made to observe how these exercises closed with a hymn of praise and loyal reverence to the Sovereign Pontiff (hear, hear). For it is also good in these days that his cause is the highest cause and the holiest cause on earth, and that the dearest memories of our race and the most cherished feelings of our heart are bound up with the name of the Sovereign Pontiff (hear, hear). My Lord Abbot and Brothers of the Monastery, your friends are glad to assemble here to-day—I make bold to tell you—that they may have yet another opportunity of telling you how grateful they feel to you for all you have done and are doing for this country, and particularly for this Southern Province of it (applause). And if I may be allowed to say a personal word, it would be to express how much and how deeply I feel, remembering the labors of the Fathers of Melleray within the walls of this Monastery, and I believe in my heart that this diocese is blessed day and night by the possession of such an institution (applause). And there is yet another reason why at least the Bishop and priests of this diocese—should feel grateful to Melleray, and that is for the continuing and practical help they have given to our Diocesan College (applause). Now, young gentlemen, we wish you what I am sure you will all enjoy, a very pleasant vacation, and we pray that those who are leaving the school for the last time to-day may carry, indelibly written on their minds, the memory of the training they have here received, and that in their future lives they may prove not unworthy of it (hear, hear). This much, at all events, we may safely prophesy, that they will carry with them, wherever their lot may be cast—as many another has carried before them—for years and until their dying day the sweet memory of the home in which they received so much affection and so many blessings fruitful for time and eternity (applause.) Others will come back in due time, and the premiums they have received and the example they have witnessed in their labors will be, we hope, an incentive to them to follow in the footsteps of those who have gone before them, and thus the young and old alike will continue according to their opportunities to perpetuate the name which should be so dear to them as it is to all of us—the Monastery and the School of Mount Melleray (loud applause). The proceedings then terminated.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER. THE SWEETEST MOST FRAGRANT MOST REFRESHING AND ENDURING OF ALL PERFUMES FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET OR BATH. ALL DRUGGISTS, PERFUMERS AND GENERAL DEALERS.

Railway Time Tables.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Leave Windsor Street Station for: Boston, 8.00 a.m., 8.20 p.m.; Portland, 9.00 a.m., 12.20 p.m.; New York, 8.10 a.m., 8.45 p.m.; Toronto, Detroit, 8.20 p.m., 8.50 p.m.; St. Paul, Minneapolis, 8.10 p.m.; Winnipeg and Vancouver, 8.50 a.m.; St. Anne's, Vaudeville, etc., 8.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m.; St. John's, 8.15 a.m., 6.35 p.m., 9.00 p.m.; St. John's—8.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 8.20 p.m., 12.4 p.m.; Newport—8.10 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 8.20 p.m.; Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., 12.40 p.m.; Sherbrooke—4.05 p.m. and 12.4 p.m.; Beauharnois and Valleyfield, 8.10 a.m., 11 a.m., 8.25 p.m., 7.10 p.m.; Hudson, Rivaud and Point Fortune, 1.30 p.m., 8.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m. Leave Dalhousie Square Station for: Quebec, 8.10 a.m., 8.30 p.m., 10.30 p.m.; Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m.; Ottawa, Lechate, 8.30 a.m., 6.05 p.m.; St. Lin, St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.; St. Jerome, 8.30 a.m., 5.15 a.m., 5.30 p.m.; St. Agathe and Lacolle, 8.30 p.m.; St. Rose and Ste. Theres, 8.30 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.25 p.m.; Saturday, 1.45 p.m., instead of 3 p.m. Daily except Saturdays. *Run daily, Sunday included. Other trains week days only when shown. †Parlor and sleeping cars, 2 Saturdays only. ‡Sundays only. (a) Except Saturday and Sunday. CITY TICKET and TELEGRAPH Office. 129 St. James st., next to Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXCURSIONS. Sunday Schools and Societies should make early applications for their summer excursions, as the choice dates for Otterburn Park, Clarke's Island, Valleyfield, Ormeau, Ierville, Routes Point, etc., are being rapidly secured.

Moonlight Excursions Through Lake St. Louis. The above can now be arranged for with societies, clubs, military and other organizations.

OIL FOR EARACHE. If the presence of earache is suspected, just a drop of sweet oil dropped in either side will frequently give relief, because it softens the wax that sometimes accumulates in the ear. Nature does not often provide too much, but now and then an extra quantity is

Hot Weather Blues.

secreted. No one must ever be permitted to poke anything, not even the corner of a handkerchief, into an infant's ear. Syringing very gently with warm water and dabbing dry with a soft handkerchief may be resorted to if there is no doctor within reach; but the ear is such a very delicate organ that professional advice should always be sought if there appears to be anything wrong.

The Most Costly Materials Used in the Manufacture of Diamond Dyes.

The best and most costly ingredients and materials are used in the manufacture of Diamond Dyes. No experiments are ever made with cheap colors with the view of increasing the manufacturer's profits. Diamond Dyes are the world's standards, and will be kept as such no matter what the cost may be. The cheap and imitation dyes sold by some dealers are never twice made from the same grade of materials, therefore, they vary and are not reliable. Diamond Dyes give perfect results when used by a child as they do when handled by an individual of experience.

P. A. MILLOY, MANUFACTURER OF GINGER ALE, GINGER POP, GINGER BEER, CREAM SODA, PLAIN SODA, CIDERINE. Sole Agent for Plantagenet Waters. 119, 121 ST. ANDRE ST. TELEPHONE 6976.

Montreal Roofing Company. ASPHALTE FLUIDS, COPPER ROOFS, METAL ROOFS, SLATE ROOFS, CEMENT ROOFS, METAL SKYLIGHTS.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION. Binding, \$2.00. Out Map, \$2.50. Tanagra Books, \$1.75. Mill Block, 3000 copies, \$1.50. J. C. MACDIARMID, Richmond Square, Tel. 4353.

Polished Hardwood Refrigerators from \$8.50 to \$32.50, and 10 per cent Discount for Cash. ICE CREAM FREEZERS also very Cheap at L. J. A. SURVEYOR, 6 St. Lawrence Street.

[CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.]

The Seventh Step.

As we sat round the dinner table, we made a large party. Men and women of many nationalities were present, but I quickly perceived, to my own surprise, that I was the guest of the evening.

Excuse me, Dr. Halifax, but we never talk politics in Petersburg. She had scarcely said this before she began to rattle off some brilliant opinions with regard to a novel which was just then attracting public attention in England.

As I listened to her and replied as pertinently as possible, a sudden idea came to me which brought considerable comfort with it. I began to feel more and more assured that Miss Sorensen's letter was but the ugly result of a mind thrown slightly off its balance.

When you saw my real name to-day, your doom was irrevocably sealed," she said. "Avoid the seventh step," she continued. "Could anything be more utterly absurd? Miss Sorensen was the acknowledged niece of my courtly host—what did she mean by attributing another name to herself?—what did she mean by asking me to avoid the seventh step? In short, her words were exactly like the ravings of a lunatic."

My heart, which had been beating uncontrollably high and strong, calmed down under these reflections, but recollecting a queer, cold, uncomfortable recollection touched it into fresh action as if with the edge of bare steel.

It was all very well to dispose of Miss Sorensen by treating her wild words as the emanations of a diseased brain; but what about Madame Sorensen? How was I possibly to account for her queer change of identity? I recalled her attitude on board the Ariadne. The malevolent glances she had often cast at me. The look on her face that very morning when I had saved her from falling, and picked up the papers which had fallen out of the brass-bound box. She had seen my eyes rest upon the name "Olga Krestofski." I could not soon forget the expression in her cold eyes when I returned her that packet. A thrill ran through me even now, as I recalled the vengeance of that glance.

The ladies withdrew, and the men of the party did not stay long over wine. We went to the drawing-rooms, where music and light conversation were indulged in.

As soon as we came in, Miss Sorensen, who was standing alone in a distant part of the inner drawing room, gave me a look which brought me to her side. There was an imperious sort of command in her full, dark eyes. She held herself very erect. Her carriage was queenly—the lovely carnation of excitement bloomed on her cheeks and gave the finishing touch to her remarkable beauty.

"Uncle Oscar," said the young lady, "Dr. Halifax insists upon leaving us early; that is scarcely fair, is it?" "It must not be permitted, Dr. Halifax," said the Professor, in his most courteous tone. "I am looking forward with great interest to getting your opinion on several points of scientific moment."

REAL MERIT is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S.

"You will permit me to say that your name is already known to me," continued my host, "and I esteem it an honor to have the privilege of your acquaintance. I should like to get your opinion with regard to the bacterial theory of research. As I told you on board the Ariadne to-day, I have made many experiments in the isolation of microbes."

"In short, the isolation of those little horrors is my uncle's favorite occupation," interrupted Miss Sorensen, with a light laugh. "Suppose, Uncle Oscar," she continued, laying her lovely white hand on the Professor's arm—"suppose we take Dr. Halifax to the laboratory? He can then see some of your experiments."

"The cultivation of the cancer microbe, for instance," said Sorensen. "Ah, that we could discover something to destroy it in the human body, without destroying life! Well, doubtless, the time will come." He sighed as he spoke. His thoughtful face assumed an expression of keen intellectuality. It would be difficult to see anyone whose expression showed more noble interest in science.

"I see all my guests happily engaged," he continued. "Shall we follow Dagmar's suggestion, then, and come to the laboratory, Dr. Halifax?" "I shall be interested to see what you have done," I said.

"No," I replied; "I am going with your husband to the laboratory. He has kindly promised to show me some of his experiments." "Ah, then, I will say good-night, and farewell. When Oscar goes to the laboratory he forgets the existence of time. Farewell, Dr. Halifax." She touched my hand with her thin fingers; her light eyes gave a queer, vindictive flash. "Farewell, or, au revoir, if you prefer it," she said, with a laugh. She turned abruptly to speak to another guest.

To reach the laboratory we had to walk down more than one long corridor—it was in a wing at some little distance from the rest of the house. Professor Sorensen explained the reason briefly. "I make experiments," he said; "it is more convenient, therefore, to have the laboratory as distant from the dwelling-house as possible."

"Beneath here flows the Neva," said the Professor; "but here," he continued, "did you ever see a more spacious and serviceable room for real hard work than this?" He hung open the door of the laboratory as he spoke, and touching a button in the wall, flooded the place on the instant with a blaze of electric light. The laboratory was warmed with hot pipes, and contained, in addition to the usual appliances, a couple of easy chairs and one or two small tables; also a long and particularly inviting-looking couch.

"I spend the night here occasionally," said Dr. Sorensen. "When I am engaged in an important experiment, I often do not care to leave the place until the early hours of the morning." We wandered about the laboratory, which was truly a splendid room and full of many objects which would, on another occasion, arouse my scientific enthusiasm, but I was too intensely on my guard just now to pay much attention to the Professor's carefully worded and elaborate descriptions. My quick eyes had taken in the whole situation as far as it was at present revealed to me; the iron bands of the strong door by which we had entered; the isolation of the laboratory. I was young and strong, however, and Professor Sorensen was old. If it came to a hand-to-hand fight, he would have no chance against me. Miss Sorensen, too, was my friend.

"I will show it to you," said Dr. Sorensen. "Dagmar, my love, light the lantern." "Is it not here?" I asked. "No; I keep it in an oven in a small laboratory, which we will now visit." Miss Sorensen took up a silver-mounted lantern, applied a match to the candle within, and taking it in her hand, preceded us up the whole length of the laboratory to a door which I had not before noticed, and which was situated just behind Dr. Sorensen's couch. She opened it and waited for us to come up to her.

"Take the lantern and go first, Uncle Oscar," said the young lady. She spoke in an imperious voice, and I saw the Professor give her a glance of slight surprise. "Won't you go first, Dagmar?" he said. "Dr. Halifax can follow you, and I will come up in the rear." She put the lantern into his hand. "No, go first," she said, with a laugh which was a little unsteady. "No one knows your private haunts as well as you do yourself. Dr. Halifax will follow me."

The Professor took the lantern without another word. He began to descend some narrow and steep stairs. They were carpeted, and appeared, as far as I could see through the gloom, to lead into another passage farther down. Miss Sorensen followed her uncle immediately. As he did so, she threw her head back and gave me a warning glance. "Take care, the stairs are steep," she said. "Count them; I will count them for you. I wish, Uncle Oscar, you would have this passage properly lighted."

Best for Wash Day USE SURPRISE SOAP Its remarkable lasting and cleansing properties make SURPRISE most economical and Best for Every Day

"I really must count them, or I'll fall," she began to count immediately in a sing-song, monotonous voice, throwing her words back at me, so that I doubt if the Professor heard them. "One," she began, "two—three—four—five—six." When she had counted to six, she made an abrupt pause. We stood side by side on the sixth step. "Seven is the perfect number," she said, in my ear—as she spoke, she pushed back her arm and thrust me forcibly back as I was about to advance. At the same instant the dim light of the lantern went out, and I distinctly heard the door by which we had entered this narrow passage close behind us. We were in the dark. I was about to call out: "Miss Sorensen—Professor Sorensen," when a horrid noise fell upon my ears. It was the heavy sound of a falling body. It went down, down, making fearful echoes as it banged against the sides of what must have been a deep well. Presently there was a splash, as if it had dropped into water.

That splash was a revelation. The body, whatever it was, had doubtless fallen into the Neva. At the same instant, Miss Sorensen's mysterious words returned to my memory: "Avoid the seventh step." I remembered that we had gone down six steps, and that as we descended, she had counted them one by one. On the edge of the sixth step she had paused, had pushed me back, and then had disappeared. The Professor had also vanished. What body was that which had fallen through space into a deep and watery grave? Miss Sorensen's mysterious remark was at last abundantly plain. There was no seventh step—by this trap, therefore, but for her interference, I was to be hurled into eternity.

I sank back, trembling in every limb. The horror of my situation can scarcely be described. At any moment the Professor might return, and by a push from above, send me into my watery grave. In my present position I had no chance of fighting for my life. I retraced my steps to the door of the upper laboratory and felt vainly all along its smooth, hard surface. No chance of escape came from there. I sat down presently on the edge of the first step, and waited for the end with what patience I could. I still believed in Miss Sorensen, but would it be possible for her to come to my rescue? The silence and darkness of the grave surrounded me. Was I never to see daylight again? I recalled Madame Sorensen's face when she said "farewell"—I recalled the passion of despair in Miss Sorensen's young voice. I had touched secrets inadvertently with which I had no right to meddle. My death was desired by the Invincible and the Merciless—of course, I must die. As I grew accustomed to the darkness and stillness—the stillness itself was broken by the gurgling, distant sound of running water—I could hear the flow of the Neva as it rushed past my dark grave.

At the same moment the sound of voices fell on my ear. They were just below me—I felt my heart beating almost to suffocation. I clenched my hands tightly together—surely the crucial moment had come—could I fight for my life? The Professor's thin, polished tones fell like ice on my heart. "We had better come back and see that all is safe," he said. "Of course, he must have fallen over, but it is best to be certain."

"No, no, Uncle Oscar, it is not necessary," I heard Miss Sorensen say. "Did you not hear the sound—the awful sound—of his falling body? I did. I heard a splash as it fell into the Neva." "Yes, I fancy I did hear it," answered the Professor in a reflective voice. "Then don't come back—why should we? It is all so horrible—let us return to the drawing-rooms as quickly as possible."

"You are excited, my dear—your voice trembles—what is the matter with you?" "Only joy," she replied, "at having got rid of a dangerous enemy—now let us go!" Their voices died away—I could even hear the faint echo of their footsteps as they departed. I wondered how much longer I was to remain in my fearful grave. Had I the faintest chance of escaping the doom for which I was intended? Would Miss Sorensen be true to the end? She, doubtless, was a Nihilist, and as she said herself, they received no mercy and gave none. My head began to whirl—queer and desperate thoughts visited me. I felt my nerves tottering and trembled, for a brief moment, for my reason. Suddenly a hand touched my arm, and a voice, clear, distinct, but intensely low, spoke to me.

"Thank God, you are here—come with me at once—don't ask a question—come noiselessly, and at once. I rose to my feet—Miss Sorensen's hot fingers clasped mine—she did not speak—she drew me forward. Once again I felt myself descending the steps. "This way," he said, in a muffled tone. She felt with her hands against the wall—and we found ourselves in a narrow passage, with a very faint light at the farther end. Miss Sorensen hurried me along. We went round a sort of semi-circular building, until at last we reached a small postern door in the wall. When we came to it she opened it a few inches, and pushed me out.

"Farewell," she said then. "I have saved your life. Farewell, brave Englishman." She was about to shut the door in my face, but I pushed it back forcibly. "I will not go until you tell me the meaning of this," I said. "You are mad to linger," she replied, "but I will tell you in a few words."

Professor Sorensen and his wife are no relations of mine. I am Olga Krestofski, suspected by the police, the owner of important secrets; in short, the head of a branch of the Nihilists. I shunned illness and assumed the name under which I travelled, in order to convey papers of vast importance to our cause, to Petersburg. Professor Sorensen, as Court physician, has not yet incurred the faintest breath of suspicion—nevertheless, he is one of the leaders of our party, and every individual with whom you dined to-night belongs to us. It was decreed that you were to die. I decided otherwise. There was, as you doubtless have discovered, no seventh step. I warned you, and you had presence of mind sufficient not to continue your perilous downward course beyond the edge of the sixth step."

"But I heard a body fall," I said. "Precisely," she replied; "I placed a bag of sand on the edge of the sixth step shortly after my arrival this morning, and just as I was following Professor Sorensen through the secret panel in the wall into the passage beyond, I pushed the bag over. This was necessary in order to deceive the professor. He heard it splash into the water, and I was able to assure him that it was your body. Otherwise he would inevitably have returned to complete his deadly work. Now, good-bye—forgive me, if you can."

"Why did you bring me here at all?" I asked. "It was your only chance. Madame Sorensen had resolved that you were to die. You would have been followed to the ends of the earth—now you are safe, because Professor and Madame Sorensen think you are dead." "And you?" I said, suddenly. "If by any chance this is discovered, what will become of you?" "There was a passing gleam of light from a watery moon—it fell on Miss Sorensen's white face. "I hold my life cheap," she said. "Farewell. Don't stay long in Petersburg." She closed the postern door as she spoke.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress. PAIN-KILLER is a sure cure for Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Gout, Gravel, Stomach, Throat, Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Hoopla, Cholera, Colic, and all kinds of Complaints. PAIN-KILLER is THE BEST remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Gravel, Stomach, Throat, Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Hoopla, Cholera, Colic, and all kinds of Complaints. PAIN-KILLER is INFALLIBLY THE BEST REMEDY for all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc. PAIN-KILLER is the best friend of the Merchant, Farmer, Planter, Miller, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief. Sold everywhere. See the genuine Perry Davis' Pain-Killer, and beware of cheap imitations. Take note by the genuine "PERRY DAVIS" and every bottle has the big bottle. Very large bottles 50c.

Have You Tried STEWART'S English Breakfast Tea At 35c per lb. IF NOT DO SO.

D. STEWART & CO., Cor. St. Catherine & Mackay Streets TELEPHONE NO. 3835.

Professional Cards. M. J. DOHERTY Accountant and Commissioner INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENT. Money to Lend! NO. 8, FOURTH FLOOR. SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS.

O. A. McDONNELL, ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE. 150 ST. JAMES STREET. Telephone 1182. MONTREAL. Personal supervision given to all business. Rents Collected, Estates administered, and Books audited.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour IS THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

MONUMENTAL IGNORANCE

DISPLAYED BY REV. MR. GUMBART, A BAPTIST MINISTER. We have refrained from reproducing the many tirades delivered by extremists, because we believed they were only calculated to engender a feeling of bigotry and hatred. But it is well, occasionally, that our readers should know what some of these modern iconoclasts have to say about Catholicity.

Rev. Dr. Gumbart preached in the Dudley street Baptist Church, Boston, last week, on "Is It Wrong to Antagonize Romanism?" His philosophy was very much modern and peculiar in its scope, because, while he was willing to treat a Catholic as a brother, he hated the Catholic Church, and grew furious when he tackled the subject of Purgatory. To oppose an "ism," he said, is not necessarily to oppose the man who holds the "ism." While we may oppose Catholicism, we have no right to persecute or to abuse the Catholic, or to treat him other than as a brother.

I believe it is right to oppose Catholicism because it is contrary to the Scriptures. Its Mass and beads, its confessional and purgatory, holy water and indulgences, relics and penances, its altars and candles, its incense and vestments, its crucifixes and scapulars, are as unlike the religion of the New Testament as garlic is unlike a tuberose. Dr. Gumbart also paid his compliments to the doctrine of purgatory, the saying of prayers to Mary, and the hope of salvation through good works. He showed from the Scriptures that the love of God, through the atonement of Jesus Christ, offers a free and complete salvation to all who will receive it by faith.

Dr. Gumbart opposes Catholicism on the ground that his duty to the Catholic is to bring to him the truth of the New Testament, and thus to deliver him from a slavish bondage to superstition. He also denounced the claims of the purgatorial societies who charge a registration fee of 50 cents for prayers offered on behalf of souls in purgatory.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S EXPERIENCE.

"For six months," said the struggling young author, "I had been sending out manuscripts to the publishers only to have them returned; in all that time I had never a line accepted. Some of them were returned, as it seemed to me, with precipitancy; I would send them out one day and get them back the next; it seemed as though they wanted not only to return the manuscripts, but to get them out of the way as speedily as possible. And then there were some that were kept so long that I built hopes of their acceptance, and when finally they did not come back I fancied that they had been kept for politeness sake, so that I should not be pained by their too hasty rejection; though sometimes I fancied they were kept so long only to stave off as far as possible the coming of the next manuscript, which they must have come to know was in vidence. Two weeks ago, however, from a most unexpected source, I received, from a manuscript returned, not the usual printed form, but a most courteous letter, saying that the editor had read with enjoyment the manuscript I had sent, and that he returned it with regret, but that taking all considerations into account it was not found exactly available. A week later, from another unexpected quarter, I received a letter of similar tenor and of equal courtesy. "For six months the darkness had been unbroken, but in these letters I see the glimmering of my literary dawn."

A CARDINAL ON BOXING.

MOST REV. DR. VAUGHAN LOOKS FAVORABLY UPON WELL CONDUCTED CONTESTS. Speaking at an exhibition given recently in the schools of the English Martyrs, London, by two branches of the Catholic School Union, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster (Dr. Vaughan), who presided, in the course of his remarks said God had given them bodies and souls, and both should be taken care of and both should be well trained. In these clubs they were occupied in training the body, muscles, sinews and nerves, and they had shown what they could do, and all would agree that they deserved a high meed of praise. There had been some amusing and interesting turns with the boxing gloves. Some people supposed that little could be said for boxing. He thought a great deal could be said for it. First it was called the "noble art of self-defense." [Laughter.] Young and indeed old men sometimes found themselves, without any fault of their own, in difficulties, and they ought to be able to defend themselves. [Hear, hear and laughter.] That was one of the objects for which boxing was learned. But there was another advantage which he thought would be seen in the exercise—it was a splendid training for the temper. Young men stood up to each other, and from time to time inflicted heavy blows upon each other, and they finished by shaking hands and kissing each other.

Are You Nervous? Horsford's Acid Phosphate Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

to show that it had been done in good will and in good temper. [Laughter.] Whatever blows they might have sustained they never for a moment lost temper, but received them with patience and calmness, and determining good humoredly to return them as well as each could, and they did it when they were able. [Hear, hear and laughter.] This he considered a great training in patience.

Drugs and Perfumery. TRY A BOTTLE OF GRAY'S EFFERVESCENT Bromide of Soda and Caffeine Calms the nerves and removes headache. Students, non-vivants and neuralgic people will find it invaluable. 50 Cents Bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Street. P. S.—A large assortment of fashionable perfumery and toilet soaps always on hand.

Business Cards. R. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker, Government, Municipal and Railway Securities Bought and Sold. First Class Securities, suitable for Trust Funds, always on hand. 1724 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. TELEPHONE 8393.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils, 137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa. PRACTICAL PLUMBER. Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitter. Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

M. HIGGS & CO., AUCTIONEERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. (Near McGill Street) MONTREAL. Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Damaged Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Consignments. Charges moderate and returns prompt. N.B.—Large consignments of Turkish Rugs and Carpets always on hand. Sales of Fine Art Goods and High Class Pictures accepted.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians, Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers. 705 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation specialty. Charges Moderate. Telephone 1834.

LEGALLEE BROS., General Engravers, ENGRAVED BRASS SIGNS White Enamel Letters, METAL AND RUBBER STAMPS SEALS, BRANDS, STENCILS. Sole Agents in Province for the Public's Patent Stamp Machine. 474 Lagardere Street. BRIL TELERPHONE 2438.

LORGE & CO., HATTER AND FURRIER, 81 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL. ESTABLISHED 1864

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER. Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 645 Dorchester St. East of Bligny. Office, 647 MONTREAL.

DANIEL FURLONG, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON & PORK. Special rates for charitable institutions. 54 PRINCE ARTHUR STREET TELEPHONE 6474.

GALLERY BROTHERS, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS. Bread delivered to all parts of the city. CORNER YOUNG AND WILLIAM STREET TELEPHONE 289F.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Special low rates for the season for advertisements under this head. ABENAKIS HOUSE, Abenakis Springs, Que. OPENED JUNE 1st. The Most Delightful Summer Resort in Canada. Capital fishing and boating on St. Francis and St. Lawrence Rivers and Lake St. Peter. Beach Bathing. Use of boats, bath houses, tennis courts and pool tables free to guests. Abenakis mineral spring Water certain Cure for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Salt Rheum, General Debility, etc. MINERAL WATER DATHS. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.'s steamer "Berthier" leaves Bonsecours Market Wharf, Montreal, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY 8 p.m. for Abenakis Springs, connecting at Sorel with steamer "Sorel," arriving at the Springs at 7 p.m. Parties coming to Montreal by rail of steamers can connect with steamer "Berthier" for the Springs as stated above. Also parties coming to Sorel by rail or boat, can connect with steamer "Sorel" for the Springs on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 p.m., and on Saturdays at 2 p.m. Send for Circulars. Rates reasonable. RUFUS G. KIMPION, Proprietor. For circulars and information call L. HARRIS, No. 118 St. James Street, Montreal. 48-13 THE ELMWOOD, ADIRONDACK Mountains, Jay's Brook Co., N. Y. Beautifully situated in the Adirondack Park, affording a quiet restful place for summer months. Spring water; large, airy rooms; bath; broad piazza; good boating, fishing, walking and drives. HOME COOKING. C. B. SWEENEY, Prop. 47-13



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC
Wonderful Effect.
 St. Louis, Mo., June, 1896.
 I was treated by the best doctors of this and other cities without any relief for ten years' suffering, but since I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I have not had a single nervous attack; its effect was wonderful.
 CAROLINE KERRILL.

Finished His Studies.
 BALDWIN, Conn., August, 1896.
 It is about three years since I had the first attack of epilepsy, for which several physicians treated me unsuccessfully, but advised me to discontinue my theological studies. I was not disappointed by Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, as after using it I finished my studies and am now an assistant. I know also that a member of my congregation was cured by it.
 THE WIEBEL, Pastor, 357 Central Av.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any afflicted person. For particulars see the medicine free.
 This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Since 1874 and is now under his direct supervision.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
 49 S. Franklin Street.
 Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle, 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 12 Bottles for \$9.

For sale in Montreal by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame Street, and by B. E. McGALE, 212 Notre Dame Street.

FRANK HURD DEAD.

THE EX-CONGRESSMAN PASSES AWAY AT TOLEDO, O.

Ex-Congressman Frank Hurd died at a few minutes before 9 o'clock last Friday morning at his home in Toledo, O. His death was caused by apoplexy.

Mr. Hurd was a strong Catholic. As a lawyer he ranked among the leaders of the bar in this country and as a statesman gained national distinction when in congress as the leading free trader in that body. Of his death, the Chicago Chronicle says:

"Frank Hurd of Toledo, a Democratic statesman of national distinction, a great lawyer and publicist, died at the comparatively early age of 55 years. Except Allen G. Thurman, he was the greatest Democrat that Ohio has produced."
 "Above all other American statesmen of the period Frank Hurd represented the constitutional doctrine of free trade. He was its most powerful advocate and interpreter in debate, in congress and before the public."
 "Mr. Hurd served three terms in congress. He was first elected in 1874, and served alternate terms until 1888, when on his last defeat he retired from political life. The republican legislature of Ohio gerrymandered his district repeatedly in order to pack the vote against him. At two or three elections his personal popularity secured his success over the Republicans."

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

A BOY'S SCALP AND SKULL REMOVED AND HIS BRAIN DOCTORED.

WINDSOR, July 15.—Charles Robb, a Toronto boy, has just passed through a remarkable operation in the General Hospital here.

A year ago Robb, while watching a fight in Toronto, was telled to the ground with a baseball bat. He was unconscious for ten days. When he recovered it was found that his left hand was useless, and that he had no control over one side of his mouth. In this condition he came to Winnipeg and entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company. Shortly afterwards he was taken with epileptic fits and went to the General Hospital. He consented to undergo an operation, and nine weeks ago his head was shaved, his scalp entirely removed from the top of the head and his skull sawn through. Then the doctors went right into the brain and removed several pieces of dead matter, finally closing up the skull and the scalp. Robb is recovering. He has regained the use of his hand and his mouth has been restored to its former condition.

RECOVERS HIS SIGHT.

AN OLD MAN IN PEMBRROKE SHOCKED BY THE EXPERIENCE.

Blind people's first experience of sight are curious. An old man at Pembroke Ont., who was born blind, received his sight, by the removal of a cataract. When the bandage was first removed, the patient started violently and cried out as if with fear, and for a while was quite nervous from the effects of the shock. For the first time in his life he looked upon the earth. The first thing he noticed was a flock of wild sparrows. In relating his experience he said that he thought they were teacups, although a few moments afterwards he readily distinguished a watch which was shown to him. It is supposed that this recognition is owing to the fact that he heard it ticking. The blaze from a lamp excited the most lively surprise in his mind. He had no idea what it was, and when it was brought near wanted to pick it up. When night approached upon the day when he first used his eyes, he was in a fright, fearing that he was losing the sight which he had so wonderfully found after sixty years of darkness.

A PARISH PRIEST'S HEROISM.

An example of Christian heroism and fortitude was recently given to the world by a well digger in Lorain and by his parish priest. The well digger was working at the bottom of an old well when suddenly the scaffolding above him collapsed, which was followed by a caving in of sand and gravel. Luckily there remained a small opening through which the unfortunate man could breathe and speak. Some of his neighbors immediately went to the rescue, but all their efforts rather tended to have more sand and gravel loosen itself from the sides of the well and still further cover over the man at the bottom. When he noticed that his chances of being recovered were only slight he shouted to his rescuers to call a priest. Father Richards, the parish priest, although he had been sick in bed with inflammatory rheumatism for three weeks hardly able

to move, dragged himself to the scene of the accident, and in spite of his condition and of the warnings of the people, with a heroic devotion descended the ladder, and twenty-two feet below the surface he heard the confession of the doomed man and remained with him for about fifteen minutes. After that the well digger seemed resigned to his fate. His prayers could be heard until a large mass of gravel and sand caved in and ended his suffering.—F. P. K., in the New World.

A Rose Between Thorns.

The Catholic Universe gives the following—

Rev. Robert A. Tuft, a Protestant Episcopal divine of Baltimore, delivered a special discourse to the Orangemen of the Monumental city last Sunday, in commemoration of the Battle of the Boyne. Amongst other things, he said: "I believe in religious liberty—the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Consequently, I have nothing to say against the Roman Catholic Church as the Church of Christ. I plead for fairness and breadth. I detest bigotry. I abominate narrowness. I can admit that Church even though I cannot agree with it."

"I cannot help remembering that it was the Roman Catholic Church that wedded art to religion; that it was she who employed the scholars and copyists of the ages to preserve the literature of antiquity; that for ages she was the patron of knowledge, and that it was she who alone championed the rights of the people and brought all alike to kneel before a common throne."

"And even to-day, who are more active in the field of charity than the Roman Catholics? Go where you will, wherever there is poverty and misery, wherever crime and vice are rampant, there you will find the priest or nun allying the evils of society and dispensing help and hope with a lavish hand. To the ignorant she is at once a comfort and a stay; to the deserted she is a haven; to the bereaved she is a consolation; to the learned she is a warning."

As a counter-irritant, the orator wound up with a fervent plea for the preservation of the public schools from sectarian influence. We shall not be surprised to learn that Rev. Mr. Tuft has fallen under suspicion of Jesuit taint, his fairness being so entirely foreign and strange to the history and character of Orangemen.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY.

Donahoe's for July contains a number of things especially suited for a summer number, with other material well adapted for a studios hour. The lighter reading embraces articles of literary, historical, and contemporaneous interest, such as "A Hundred Years of Robert Burns," "Bernard Morzan's 'Mary Stuart,'" "A Saint," "A. G. Murray's 'The Fan in Church History,'" "Frederick T. Hodgson's 'Celtic Art in Modern Ornamentation,'" and Rev. John Talbot-Smith's discriminating critique of Manager Augustin Daly and his influence upon the development of matters dramatic in America and England. Several of these articles are accompanied by fine illustrations which considerably enhance their interest to readers. "Coronation Day at the Vatican," by Mary Donegan Walsh, a writer living in Rome, is a glowing description of the pomp and circumstance and high personages attending the eighteenth anniversary exercises of Pope Leo's assumption of papal power. Hon. Wm. Sulzer, congressman from New York, contributes a short, strong paper on the interference of recent legislation with individual rights; the writer's trenchant presentation of this matter will make his readers wish for more from him on the same subject. Rev. P. Griffy in his closely argued essay on "Can Protestants prove the Inspiration of the Bible," answering his query in the negative, proves himself a keen

polemic. Professor Stockley's finely illustrated contribution on "Trinity College" contains much that is suggestive on universities in general, besides a complete survey of the special institution discussed from inside study. There are three excellent contributions of fiction by Mary F. M. Nixon, Alan Adair and Sophie Hammond, a number of unusually good poems, and more than the customary complement of pertinent editorial, women and children's reading. Donahoe's forges ahead with every issue, and this number, beginning the thirty-sixth volume of the publication, shows the publishers to be keenly alert and alive to all that makes magazine reading enticing to the general public.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete weekly up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors in the following countries, which is prepared especially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Laberge, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, Head office, Temple Building, Montreal. Branch offices, Ottawa, Washington and London, from whom all information may be readily obtained.

CANADIAN PATENTS.

52680, J. S. Hughes, wood pulp squeezers; 52682, G. Robidoux, imitation persian lamb; 52683, F. Guay, merry-go-round; 52700, Mde Dr. Guertin, medical compound; 52001, W. Bohrer, pipe; 52704, M. Dalton, liquid fuel burner; 52715, L. Gaucher, sap bucket cover and spout comb; 52723, W. G. Lane, coal dumping car.

AMERICAN PATENTS.

562,797, paper feeding machine, T. A. Briggs and W. A. Philpott, jr; 562,803, canopy attachment for hammocks, William H. Croft; 562,841, farebox, D. S. Macquogdale; 563,169, car coupling, M. J. Grady and R. McMillan; 563,739, (design) radiator, F. Clare.

BRITISH PATENTS.

608, road vehicles, L. Houghton; 1087, organs, etc., O. Bissonnette; 2125, brushes, C. W. Roche; 2273, vehicle wheels, H. & I. Wood.

THE KOLAPORE CUP.

CANADIAN BISHLEY TEAM AGAIN VICTORIOUS.

The shooting competition for the Kolapore Cup took place at Bisley on Friday last, and was participated in by the British, Canadian, Guernsey and Jersey teams of eight men, each firing seven shots at distances of 200, 500 and 600 yards. The Canadians won with a total score of 674. That of the British team was 648.

MRS. PARSELL SAILS.

Mrs. D. T. Parsell will sail for Ireland on June 25. She will go on the American liner Walsland, which leaves Philadelphia. Mrs. Parsell's physicians consider their patient sufficiently strong to bear the voyage across the ocean. She has disposed of the famous Ironsides mansion and lands, comprising 215 acres, for \$52,000, including a mortgage for \$7,000.

DO NOT DO THIS.

Do not be induced to buy any other if you have made up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. Do not give up in despair because other medicines have failed to help you. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and you may reasonably expect to be cured.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

A Witty Irishwoman—Thackeray tells of an Irishwoman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out: "Put the blessing of God follow you all the days of your life; but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added, "and never overtake you."

LOST FORTY POUNDS.

AN ILLNESS THAT ALMOST CARRIED AWAY AN ONLY CHILD.

SEE SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM PAINS IN BACK, HEART TROUBLE AND RHEUMATISM—HER PARENTS ALMOST DESPAIRED OF HER RECOVERY—HOW IT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

From the Armorial Chronicle.

Perhaps there is no better known man in Arrprior and vicinity than Mr. Martin Brennan, who has resided in the town for over a quarter of a century, and has taken a foremost part in many a political campaign in North Lanark. A reporter of the Chronicle called at his residence not long ago and was made at home at once. During a general conversation Mr. Brennan gave the particulars of a remarkable cure in his family. He said: "My daughter, Eleanor Elizabeth, who is now 14 years of age, was taken very ill in the summer of 1892 with back trouble, rheumatism and heart disease. She also became terribly nervous and could not sleep. We sent for a doctor and he gave her medicine which seemed to help her for a time, but she continued to lose in flesh until she was terribly reduced. When first taken ill she weighed one hundred pounds, but became reduced to sixty pounds, losing forty pounds in the course of a few months. For about two years she continued in this condition, her health in a most delicate state, and we had very little hopes of her ever getting better. Our hopes, what little we had, were entirely shattered when she was taken with a second attack far more serious than the first. This second attack took place about two years after the first. We now fully made up our minds that she could not live, 'but while there is life there is hope,' and, seeing constantly in the newspapers the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we decided to give them a trial. Before she had finished the first box, we noticed that

her appetite was slightly improving, and by the time she had used the second box, a decided improvement had taken place. By the time she had used four boxes more she had regained her former weight of one hundred pounds and was as well as ever she had been in her life. Her back trouble, heart affection, rheumatism and sleeplessness had all disappeared. She now enjoys the best of health, but still continues to take an occasional pill when she feels a little out of sorts, and so it passes away. Mrs. Brennan, together with the young lady, who is an only child, were present during the recital, and all were loud in their praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Brennan also stated that he had used the pills himself and believed that there was no other medicine like them for building up a weakened system or driving away a wearied feeling; in fact he thought that as a blood tonic they were away ahead of all other medicines. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

COLUMBIA, S.C., July 16.—Miss Addie Tillman, eldest child of Senator Tillman, and her escort, the Rev. Robert A. Lee, pastor of the Episcopal church at Yorkville, were killed by the same bolt of lightning at Bevard, N.C., last week. They were caught in a rain storm and sought shelter under some bushes near which was a large oak tree. Miss Tillman was 20 years old.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO.
 OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.
 Assets Exceed . . . Investments in Canada:
Forty Million Dollars. . . \$1,783,487.83.
 MONTREAL OFFICE, 117 St. Francois Xavier St.
 WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent.
 Losses Settled and Paid Without Reference to Home Office.

BICYCLES,
 SOILED AND SLIGHTLY USED.
 \$25.00, \$30.00, \$40.00, \$50.00.
 NEW—\$50.00, \$60.00, \$70.00, \$80.00.
 Just what others ask \$100.00 for.
 You can't mistake this is the place to buy.

Family Carriages.
 \$75.00, \$80.00, \$90.00,
 \$100.00 to \$250.00.
 Express Waggon.
 \$40.00, \$50.00, \$60.00,
 Very Heavy, \$100.00.
 Carts.
 \$16.00, \$20.00, \$25.00,
 \$30.00, \$40.00, \$50.00.

Open Buggies.
 \$50.00, \$55.00, \$60.00.
 Covered,
 \$60.00, \$65.00, \$70.00.
 Specials,
 Rubber Tires and Ball
 Bearings, \$75.00.
 Beau'ful Doctors Phaetons,
 \$100, \$110, \$120.
 All Leather Trimmed.

Farm Implements
MOWERS. . . . \$36.00.
RAKES. . . . 16.00.
REAPERS. . . . 50.00.

Every man his own agent. Send your Cash and Order and save all Discounts and Commissions.

R. J. LATIMER, 592 St. Paul St., Montreal.

WHAT IS
ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other witnesses of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER. Lack of space allows us to re-produce only the two following

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, M. D., Lavaltrie.
 I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot say otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, extremely calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth. A substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.
 D. MARSO LAIS, M. D.
 Lavaltrie, December 4th, 1895.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.
 I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, at the same time, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principle ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise a high degree of emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.
 G. DESROSIERS, M. D.
 St. Felix de Valois, January, 10th 1896.

One complaint
 that we heard of was from a woman who said that Pearlina hurt her hands! We knew that this couldn't be. But we looked into the matter, and found that she was using one of the poorest and most dangerous of bar soaps with her Pearlina. When we induced her to use Pearlina alone, without this soap, everything was lovely. Use no soap, when you do any washing or cleaning with Pearlina. It's needless, and more expensive—and it may do harm.

Millions USE Pearlina
 NOW USE **HAMILTON'S**

Are now offering special values in Boys' Wear.

Boys' Galatea Striped Suits, made with Blouse Waist, regular, \$1.35. Our July Price 98c.

Boys' Fawn and Grey Tweed Blouse Suits, "wear like iron," regular \$1.39. Our July Price 98c.

Boys' Navy Blue Sailor Caps, with band, sold usually at 85c. Our July Price 23c.

50 Boys' American Cotton Tweed Shirt Waists, imported, to sell at 55c. Our July Price 25c.

Similar reductions have been made in everyone of our Forty-three Departments for this our Great Annual Clearing Sale.

HAMILTON'S
 St. Catherine and Peel Streets, Montreal.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S
ADVERTISEMENT.
MORE BARGAINS
 —FOR OUR—
JULY SALE
SHAWL DEPT.
 Full range of Black Cashmere Shawls, in double and single, with Silk or Wool fringe.
 SINGLE SHAWLS, from \$2.50 to \$7.
 DOUBLE SHAWLS, from \$4.75 to \$10.
 Less 20 per cent discount.
 BLACK CASHMERE FICHUS, with Silk Fringe and Richly Embroidered with Silk at the following reductions: \$4.50 for \$3.00 \$5.00 for \$3.50, \$6.00 for \$4.00, \$6.75 for \$5.00.
 HEAVY WOOL WRAP SHAWL, worth \$1.50 for 95c.
 FINE WOOL WRAP SHAWLS, marked \$2.25, for \$1.50.
 FINE WOOL WRAP SHAWL, for Travelling, from \$2.50.
 HEAVY SCOTCH PLAID RUG SHAWLS, only \$3.00.
 FANCY SCOTCH CHEVIOT WOOL and FUR FINISH SHAWLS, all latest designs, at 20 per cent discount.
 For the Largest Assortment of Shawls come direct to our store.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
 2343 St. Catherine St.,
 CORNER OF METCALFE STREET.
 TELEPHONE No. 3488
TERMS CASH.
 NOTICE.
 Our store closes at 1 o'clock on Saturday, during July and August.

The Live Stock Markets.
 MONTREAL, July 21.—Since our last very discouraging report of the live stock trade abroad a turn for the better has at last taken place, which will doubt be very welcome news to those interested in the Canadian live stock export trade. Several cables received from Liverpool all indicate that the market was stronger, but they varied somewhat in regard to prices. The general opinion of the trade is that prices have touched their lowest point for this season, but of course this remains to be seen. The market abroad for sheep has been steadily improving late and in consequence of which, shippers here have commenced to turn their attention more to this branch of the trade, as the shipments of last week are the largest in any one week so far this season. The steamship Parkmore, of the Dominion Line, which sailed from here last Wednesday for Liverpool with a cargo of head of cattle and run ashore the miles west of Heath Point, will return to Quebec for a survey before proceeding to sea. The demand for ocean freight has not been so good of late, owing, no doubt, to the recent discouraging cables from abroad, and in consequence a little space is offering for this week, especially so to London, but this had no effect upon rates up to the present engagements having been made at Liverpool at 47s 6d; London, 42s 6d, and Glasgow, 45s, insured.

At the East End Abattoir Market the offerings of live stock were 450 cattle, 20 sheep, 250 lambs and 225 calves. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather the attendance of buyers was large, and as most of them were pretty well cleaned out of beef there was an improved demand for cattle and a more active trade was done. The general tone was steady, and the slight improvement in prices noted last week was maintained. There was also some demand from shippers and a few small lots of the choicest stock were picked up at 3c. The supply was not so large as usual and a good clearance was made. Choice beeves sold at 3 1/2 to 3 3/4; good, 3c to 3 1/4; fair, 2 1/2 to 2 3/4, and common to inferior, 2c to 2 1/4 per lb. live weight. The demand for sheep for export is improving somewhat, which is no doubt due to the favorable reports from abroad. A fair trade in this line was done to-day and all the good stock met with a ready sale at 3c to 3 1/4, while butchers' paid 2 1/2 to 2 3/4 per lb. live weight. Lambs were in demand and prices ruled steady at \$1.75 to \$1.50 each. The quality of the calves offered was better and sales were made at from \$1.50 to \$1.00 each as to size and quality.
 The run of cattle at the Montreal Stock Yards, at Point St. Charles, was large, but the bulk of it was on through shipment for export account, and in consequence only a few loads were offered to local buyers, for which the demand was slow, and trade on the whole was quiet. The tone of the market, however, was steady, and values showed no material change from a week ago, sales of butchers' stock being made at prices ranging from 2c to 3c per lb. live weight. A few small lots of export stock were also picked up at 3 1/2 to 3 3/4, the latter price being for really choice steers. The recent steady decline in prices for live hogs, and the steady low figures that are now ruling, has been the means of checking receipts almost completely; in fact there were only one or two very small lots on this market to-day, and what they sold at would not be a fair quotation to give for car lots.

COTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY
 The Churchwardens of Notre Dame give notice that, from this date riders on horseback will not be allowed within the precincts of the Cote des Neiges cemetery.
 July 20, 1896.

DROPSY TREATED FREE
 Positively CURED With Vegetable Remedies. Have thousands cured. Many thousands rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. See BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. 10 testimonials of irrefragable cures sent FREE. G. H. Green & Sons, Specialists, ATLANTA, GA. 1-9