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ECHOES FROM CLIFF HAVEN.

Fourth Week of the Catholic Summer School.

REV. FATHER WOODMAN, C. S. P., DELIVERS AN ABLE SERMON.

The Wages of Sin is Death.

Reception at the New York Cottage in Honor of Mgr. Farley—His Lordship Speaks on the Great Progress Achieved by the School—The Social Happenings During the Week.

CLIFF HAVEN, N. Y., Aug. 6.

The fourth week of the Champlain Summer School of America was marked by many new features of amusement, and the most ideal weather prevailed to carry out all the functions. The week was favored by clear moonlight nights, and this alone is sufficient to fill the soul with happiness in this paradise of peaceful nature. No more sublime beauty in the world is known to the traveller than upon Lake Champlain. The opalescent rays of the silent moon, gently kissing the shimmering water of the glistening lake and bathing hill and dale in quiet rest, is awe-inspiring. And so nature harmonized with human-kind to make the fourth week of the season the grandest and greatest thus far.

The Sunday services were the usual pomp and ceremony attendant upon Pontifical High Mass and the Rt. Rev. Coadjutor Bishop of New York, John M. Farley, was the celebrant. He was assisted by the Rev. Dean McKenna, of Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. H. T. Henry, of Philadelphia, Pa., as deacons of honor. The deacons of the Mass were the Rev. Wm. Quinn, of New York, and the Rev. J. Crowley, of Plattsburgh, subdeacon. Rev. M. J. Lavella, President of the School, was the master of ceremonies.

The sermon was preached by the Rev. C. E. Woodman, one of the famous pulpit orators of the Paulist fathers of New York. The text was Romans vi., 23, "The wages of sin is death." Holy Scripture contains no plainer lesson than this—and the lesson is confirmed by history and by experience. It is as true now as it was at the first commission of the sin of all, when God said to our first parents, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Remember, death was a new experience for them. While they have witnessed decay and dissolution in the lower orders of plant and animal life, they had never fathomed that awful reality with which we are so familiar. And in what guise did death come to them? Their second-born lay dead by his own brother's hand. We try in vain to picture their grief and horror—their utter stupefaction and heart-breaking amazement. They have never seen death as we have seen it. And with all our familiarity with death, it is as awful still as when a brother's blood cried from the ground. It is still death, the awful mystery—the most infinite of mysteries next to God himself. We in our day have not the excuse of unfamiliarity that our first parents had. With us death is so common an experience, that it begets in us that familiarity which broods contempt. With all the teeming millions now on this earth, there are countless millions and millions more buried beneath its surface—departed brethren of our race. Whatever death may be for the rest of God's creatures, for us human beings, made in His image, with his ineffable gift of an immortal soul, it is the consequence of sin. "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die." It is an inevitable consequence. "Your sin shall find you out" is as true now as when God first uttered it. The sinner may not realize this; he may whisper to his cringing soul, "peace, peace, when there is no peace"; but he can find no escape from the immortal law—'as by one man, sin came into this world, and by sin death; so death hath passed upon all men, for all have sinned.' Whether the death be sharp and sudden, or lingering with leaden foot steps down the lingering valley of disease, it strikes down in the end every son of Adam. "Vultures and worms, ulcers and sores," all the hours wound us, the last one kills. It is a perfectly natural consequence. There are, no doubt, such things as 'special providences'; but for the vast majority death comes as the inexorable effect of a well known cause. We speak with exaggerated reverence of the 'laws of nature,' what are they but the ordinances of God? Why should the laws of one part of His infinite realm be more powerful than any other part? The laws of the mere world are by the same maker and are invested with the same authority and sanction. Just as the man who trifles with the laws of his physical being must inevitably pay for it in the end; so he who disobey the laws of the same God in the moral order must pay the price thereof—even to the uttermost farthing. God has no favorites. "He is no respecter of persons." Knowing, as we do, the inexorable consequences, how do men commit sin? Many from a careless indifference, trusting that time will work their salvation. There is no moral influence about time; it is only the blind sequence of events. By itself time can save nothing—and nobody. Many from an ungodly love for the world, the flesh and the devil, trusting to repentance at the hour of death.

There is no more frightful risk than this. How is it with most of men at death's door? The mind is obscure and confused; the heart troubled and distracted; the soul weary and inert; the tongue stammering and failing; the memory entangled in the mazes of sinful life. A real, true, valid contrition is well nigh impossible in such a state, and if it is possible, then what follows? No miracle is wrought by death. It is a purely physical, natural act. "As the tree falls so it lies." It is the voice of our Divine Saviour Himself, that tells us of the "sliding worm," of the "unquenchable fire," of the "outer darkness." There is no room for over-confidence as to the hereafter. Sin and punishment are bound together by an indissoluble bond, both in this life and in the life to come.

Sunday evening's reception at the New York cottage, in honor of Bishop Farley, was the finest thus far given. The impromptu entertainment was of an unusual order, and introduced a number of new artists to the brilliant audience which gathered there. The opening number of the programme was a piano selection entitled "Barantelle," and was rendered in a masterly manner by Miss M. Reid, of Yonkers, N. Y. The piece required agile fingering and this Miss Reid accomplished with the greatest of ease. Her expression of the piece bespoke a delicate ear and her technique was that of a delicate student. The Rev. Father Quinn of New York, sang the 'Holy City,' and was received with warm applause. Miss I. Dunphy of New York, accompanied him. The Rev. Father Kiernan, of Rochester, gave two numerous readings from 'Emerson Brookes.' Miss E. Power, of Phil., sang 'Sunset,' and was accompanied by Miss Agnes Kelly, of Phil. Miss Power was accorded the usual reception of her audience, who have grown to appreciate the generosity of this lady, and her melodious voice has been the source of many a delightful moment. Mrs. D. J. O'Mahony, of Lawrence, Mass., read a poem entitled 'The Beautiful City of Derry.' Then came Miss Katharine Gearty's song of 'None ver,' accompanied by Miss J. Gearty, of New York. Following on Miss Gearty's song a cornet solo by Miss Finney, of New York. Her first selection was 'God of the Fatherless,' and she followed this by 'The Star Spangled Banner,' when the entire audience arose and sang in chorus the words. Miss Finney was very warmly received, and as it is Miss Finney's debut at the School, the surety of her success was the applause. We hope to hear more of Miss Finney at these impromptu entertainments. Miss M. Keenan, of Phil., sang a 'Lullaby,' and was very warmly received. Then followed Mr. Leo O'Donovan of New York, with a mandolin solo, entitled 'I have been a moving,' from 'The Wizard of the Nile.' Miss I. Dunphy accompanied him on the piano. Arthur R. Ryan gave a burlesque on Hamlet's immortal speech of 'To be or not to be,' entitled 'Hamlet Frigates.' The Rev. Dr. H. T. Henry and his brother Dr. Henry, both of Phil., sang a duet entitled, 'Good Night.' The Rev. Dr. Henry accompanied them and the piece was warmly welcomed, for they are old time entertainers of the School. The next number was by request, and the suddenness upon the entertainer was rather startling. The artist was Prof. Arthur Dundan of Normal College, New York, and his selection was a poem by himself, called 'The Old College Text Book,' and appeared in the College Echo last February. The idea was suggested from the appearance of an old text book lying upon his desk, and the poem is fashioned after the immortal lines of Samuel Woodworth's 'Old Oaken Bucket.'

The conclusion of the reception and entertainment was left to Rt. Reverend Bishop Farley, who honored the Summer School guests with his presence. He spoke of the progress, activity and sociability of the School. Its pleasures, amusements, intellectual, and physical features, were all touched upon, and much stress was laid upon the educational spirit dominated by the religious faith of God.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop told very nicely now the first propositions and projections of the School were met, by the more conservative element of the clergy and laity, as being rather premature. The time was not ripe for such an innovation. But to-night, said the Bishop, I am thankful to know, as I always maintained, that the school is a success far beyond my picturing. I am further assured that when we Catholics take hold of anything we have always made a success of it. He spoke of how the grand cathedral of this continent was first decried and how in spite of the conservative element it was a success. The Bishop quoted from Emerson that 'Great men are the conscience of the World,' and the reason for the quotation was the fact that the Athenaeum Club of London, which has some 1,200 members, contained the great men of the British nation, yet take away its bishops and how much religion is left in the remaining members. This was a sad state of affairs in the intellectual advancement. 60 years ago, 41 per cent of the English population were illiterate and now but 7 per cent were wanted in education. Before this steady and rapid growth of knowledge, faith and God were receding. It was indeed marvelous to know that in the advancement of the Church and her knowledge, God ruled all and our faith in Him was paramount. The old French proverb, 'Perfection is the death of good,' Ruskin's comment on the fact that the world had just learned to talk and speak; in the mechanical illustrations of Railways of Electricity; Diesel's remark, to 'Rub your back up against the walls of the University,' was better than not to do so, and the Bishop added, 'Rub your noses up against the book shelves of the Library,' were all aptly quoted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and he retired amid rousing applause.

The lecturers of the week were: Prof. John M. Hearen, Principal of Public School No. 10, Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y., who looked after the pedagogical course; Rev. Dr. Hugh T. Henry, of St. Charles School, Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa., 'English Literature'; Miss Anna Caulfield, of Grand Rapids, Mich., 'Art Studies'; Rev. Henry O'Keefe, C.S.P., of New York, 'Coventry Pat-

more.' Prof. Arthur Dundan, of Normal College, New York, upon 'Influences of the Imagination'; Rev. John F. Mullany, treasurer of the School, upon the 'Reading Circles'; and Mr. W. Wren E. Mosher, secretary of the School and editor of the Reading Circle Review, upon 'How to form and spread Reading Circles.'

Saturday evening a sketch was given, entitled the 'Charms of Music.' The cast was made up from the talent of the Assembly grounds, and the leading part was played and the piece directed by Arthur Ryan. The aquatic tournament of Saturday afternoon was highly entertaining and was watched by the entire School and a large number of people of Plattsburgh. Swimming and rowing races were in order, and tub, egg, and duck races in the water were a source of no end of amusement. Mr. Jas. E. Sullivan, of New York, and secretary of the American Athletic Union, had the sports in charge, and they were, in consequence, a great success. The field day sports will follow in a week. The largest number of guests yet to arrive upon the grounds are now on hand, and the number of boarders and lodgers is nearly 600, and the average attendance at all functions, games and lectures, varies from 500 to 1,000. The aspect of the School is brilliant, and the watchword on all sides is 'Enjoy Yourself,' and everybody is doing it.

Bishop Harkins, of Providence, R. I., and Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, are the guests of the School.

A. R. R.

Note and Comment

Ireland has suffered much from visits of enquiry, says The Speaker, London, Eng., undertaken for political purposes, and undertaken too often by travellers who, knowing little or nothing even of her recent history, are completely at a loss to interpret their experience. Witness, for instance, Mr. S. W. Stevens, whose letters to the Daily Mail from the west of Ireland have had quite an appreciable effect in checking relief for distressed districts. When he opened by declaring his inability to believe in the existence of a famine because he saw so many cattle in the green pastures about Killala—unaware that the cattle were, in a sense, one of the causes of the famine, unaware that during the great famine of fifty years ago Ireland was steadily exporting more food in corn and cattle than would have maintained her entire population—the ignorance which made his brilliant word-pictures so misleading became apparent. The writer then proceeds to give a pen-picture of the country and its inhabitants, the former which he describes as a land of enchanting beauty and the latter as a people full of originality and attraction.

In comparison with the ecclesiastical discipline which takes force in the Catholic Province of Quebec may be taken a recent utterance of the Bishop of Salford on mixed marriages. As is well known Lancashire is the most Catholic County in England, and Salford diocese embraces the most thickly populated part of the county, with the exception perhaps of the diocese of Liverpool. The Church in England has always steadfastly set its face against an indirect source of evil, the mixed marriage, but in rare cases, peculiarly circumstanced, the practice has been tolerated. How unfavorable the Church looks on this class of wedlock even in Protestant England may be gathered from the following episcopal mandement from Dr. Bilborough:—

At their annual meeting in Low Week, the Bishops agreed to the following regulations being carried out in their respective dioceses concerning the celebration of mixed marriages:—(1) No flowers, plants, or shrubs are to be allowed on the altar or in the sanctuary; (2) the Nuptial Mass and the Nuptial Blessing are not to take place; (3) no Mass of any kind is to be said or sung in connection with a mixed marriage; (4) the bride, bridegroom and witnesses to the marriage must not enter the sanctuary; (5) the priest officiating at the marriage must not wear cope or stole, but only a cotta (or surplice); (6) no bells are to be rung; (7) no Bishop is to be present, either to officiate or even to act as a spectator; (8) no vocal music is to be allowed either before, during, or after the service—at the most a little instrumental music may be tolerated, when asked for, while the bridal party is leaving the church; (9) the above being the uniform discipline which all the Bishops agreed to have observed in their respective dioceses, I hereby enjoin that the same discipline be strictly observed and enforced in every church in my diocese, no matter whether one of the diocesan clergy or a stranger officiate at the marriage; and in every case, but more especially the latter, the conscience of the rector in whose church the marriage takes place is burdened with the duty of seeing that the diocesan law on these points is faithfully observed.

Hon. John J. Keating, of Chicago, National President of the A. O. H., speaking at a recent gathering of Irishmen in that city, delivered a spirited address, during the course of which he referred to the proposed Anglo-Saxon alliance. He said:

'We are opposed to the alliance between England and America because England has everything and America nothing to gain. England to day recognizes the fact that she is alone. She knows that we are competitors of hers in the field of commerce, and she feels that if we enter into Eastern trade our

large production and our great superiority in manufactures will soon enable us to drive her from the market, and she also knows that we are at the great food supply nation, and that if at any time Russia ceases to ship wheat to England or interferes with the shipping of wheat from India or Australia, with our help and crops here, she would laugh at all the efforts of other nations to interfere. She also knows that we are the two great coal producing nations of the world and that by our refusing to supply coal, should she be at war with any Continental power, their fleets would be almost at her mercy. She knows also that she cannot any longer raise soldiers in Scotland or Ireland, and that the physique of her own population is not up to the standard to supply good fighting material, and the only people she can turn to would be America. An alliance, offensive and defensive, with this country, would mean that we supply the men to fight for her. We believe that the 'belt of red' that surrounds the globe is weak in some points, and she wants to strengthen these spots by combining them with the red, white and blue.

'They say England expresses great pity for Cuba and her suffering people. Cuba is suffering from the natural results of war, and Ireland, to day subject to English rule, is supposed to be at peace, and yet over 300,000 people are reduced to abject destitution and famine reigns over one-third of their island. England is hypocritical in her compassion for the Cubans.

'England knows and fears that her time has come when she will be judged and punished as Egypt, Greece and Rome have been, and as Spain is being punished at the present time. She feels that she can no longer hold together her immense colonial possessions. The position of the Irish-American in the Irish question is that the arguments which were used by the fathers of the republic, and as laid down by the immortal Declaration of Independence, are the arguments and the platform on which he stands.

REFERRING to the appointment of Lord Aberdeen's successor, the Belfast Irish Weekly says:—

The appointment of Lord Minto to the Governor Generalship of Canada places the coveted post for twice in succession in the hands of a Scotchman. The Earl of Minto will be the third Canadian Governor appointed in the past thirty years who hails from the 'land of brown heath.' In the same period there have been two Irishmen occupying the post—Lords Dufferin and Lansdowne—and one Englishman—Colonel Stanley. Many thought an Irishman would have succeeded the Earl of Aberdeen, and the name of Lord Arthur Hill was mentioned; but the popular ex-Whip of the Tory Government seems destined to wait a long time for his reward.

C.M.B.A., PROVINCE OF QUEBEC

Prominent Officials of the Local Administration

Present a Congratulatory Address to Archbishop Bruchesi—The Occasion Being the Anniversary of His Elevation to the Chief Pastorship of the Archdiocese.

The Advisory Council of the City and District of Montreal waited upon Archbishop Bruchesi, at the Palace, on Saturday evening last, and presented His Grace with a beautifully framed Illuminated Address, on the occasion of his first anniversary as Archbishop of the Archdiocese of Montreal. Some of those present were:—Bros. T. F. Mace, F. C. Lawlor, J. Lappin, C. Curran (Committee on Address), Grand Deputy J. Meek, Supreme Deputy P. Flannery, G. Pajcs and his Rev. brother; A. A. Archambault, J. Warren, J. Rourke, J. Kavanagh, J. Tierney, H. McGlynn, J. Lynch, P. Morning, J. McIver, J. Gallery, J. McElroy, J. F. Petit, W. Howlet, Wm. Davis; and representatives from the city branches.

His Grace received the delegation in his usual happy and genial manner. After the presentation he examined the Address with its splendid frame, and admired the exquisite coloring of the border, and the Bishop's crest at the upper corner and his monogram at the lower corner, and otherwise ornamented, and declared it a fine piece of work, remarking that indeed it would be a souvenir for him. The Bishop then kindly made a circuit of the parlor, and gave his blessing to each one separately.

Bro. F. C. Lawlor, Secretary of the Council, who is also Secretary of Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., was entrusted with the preparation and reading of the Address, which was greatly admired. His Grace replied in a happy manner, and gave some good advice. The following is the full text of the Address:—

THE ADDRESS.

To our own Beloved Archbishop BRUCESI, of the Archdiocese of Montreal:

May it Please Your Grace, Most Rev. and Dear Father,—After long waiting indeed, we, the members of the Advisory Council of the Province of Quebec, a representative body of English and French-speaking Catholics only, being composed of three delegates from each of our city sister Branches, now respectfully ask your Grace to grant us an interview. Believing that this, the celebration of the first anniversary of your consecration to the sacred and dignified office of Archbishop of the Archdiocese of Montreal is certainly a most happy occasion upon which to gratify our long felt desire, we gladly seize this opportunity, and deem it our duty to beg permission to offer your Grace our humble address, to give expression, as best we can, to the joyful

thanksgiving of our hearts, and to congratulate you, Grace, upon the great and signal success you have achieved during the first year of your exalted position and responsible authority through your marked executive ability and wise judgment. In your Grace's administration is not a question with you, but that unity and the progress of Catholicity, pure and simple, is the key-note which you have sounded so loudly and shrill that it has sped swiftly along, bounding from heart to heart, and reaching everywhere, far and near,—throughout your archdiocese.

In closing this simple address, we admit feeling at a loss how to thank your Grace sufficiently for the very kind and prompt recognition you were pleased to accord our Association in the Province of Quebec, immediately on assuming your great charge as Chief Pastor. At the same time we are most anxious to inform your Grace that our many Branches existing throughout this Province form, combined, the only Canadian organized body legally affiliated with the well-known great American Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, established twenty-one years ago, by the late Archbishop Ryan, of Buffalo, U.S., and ever since encouraged by Bishops and Clergy, several of whom are members of this great fraternal body today, which has distributed over seven millions of dollars in benefits to the widows and orphans of deceased brother members, and has a Reserve Fund of over \$400,000 and a membership in the United States and Province of Quebec of over 45,000 members.

As a parting word, may we be permitted to recall the fact that we are happy and rejoice in the possession of a written acceptance, dated at city of Quebec, 26th October, 1898, from His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, most kindly becoming Grand Spiritual Adviser of our C.M.B.A. in the Province of Quebec.

May God be graciously pleased to bless your Grace with a long life to continue the great and responsible work He has entrusted to your care, which you are so nobly performing, in the humble prayer, Most Rev. Father, of your devoted children, and we most respectfully ask Your Grace to bless our Quebec Grand Council of C.M.B.A.

Signed on behalf of the Advisory Council, C.M.B.A., of the City and District of Montreal.

- BRO. T. F. MACE, President.
 - BRO. F. C. LAWLOR, Secretary.
 - BRO. J. LAPPIN, Treasurer.
 - BRO. C. CURRAN, Chancellor.
- Committee on Address.
Montreal, 6th August, 1898.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

A Familiar Sketch of a Dialogue Between the Pessimistic and Optimistic Christian.

One remarked, as they were coming back from the burial of the dead: 'What a sad life our departed friend lived! How unfortunate he was! He never seemed to prosper in his business relations, and at last died poor.'

'Had he not some little success?' asked the one to whom the remark was addressed.

'No,' was the reply. 'His life was a failure. While others about him prospered he did not succeed; his whole life seemed but a struggle with adverse circumstances.'

'I do not agree with you,' said a voice which had thus far been silent. 'I knew him well in life and I was with him in his last moments, and should say he died rich.'

'You are mistaken,' said the first speaker. 'All his lifetime he barely had enough to get along, and the estate he left is almost nothing.'

'But surely he was respected and honored by all for his excellence of character, and he left a good name and a legacy of generous and noble deeds, a faithful Christian example, and lessons of patience in affliction, of hope in adversity, and of calm and heavenly trust when no sunbeams fell upon his path. His family, too, always found his presence a joy and a blessing, and his children were faithfully trained up in intelligence and duty and a Christian life.'

'Then he died rich,' was the responsive and emphatic declaration of another, 'richer than if a millionaire, his only possession the gold that he could not take with him and the covetous and selfish use of which were but a sad preparation for his final account.'

'Who has the surest and most blessed inheritance hereafter, the one who lives for self and the world or the one who lives for God and heaven? Possess the whole world, if it were possible, and we must soon leave it. 'Shrouds have no currency in eternity. So live as to form character approved alike by God and men, and you will not only die rich, but all your riches will bear with you to eternity.'—Catholic Review.

BRANCH 54, C.M.B.A.

At a meeting of this Branch, held on August 3rd, the following was passed:— Moved by Bro. T. McDonnell, Treasurer, seconded by Chancellor O'Brien, That the members of this Branch tender their sincere sympathy and condolence to Bro. H. B. Schulze, on account of the death of his much esteemed and greatly lamented father.

Be it further resolved,—That we record this on our minutes, and publish it in the Catholic press; also, that we forward a copy of this minute to our beloved and popular brother, praying that God may comfort him in his affliction.

FRANCIS D. DALY, Sec

THE IRON CHANCELLOR.

Extracts From the Editorial Reference of the Catholic Press.

The Man of Blood and Iron Now a Memory—His Life Went Out Amid Excruciating Pain.

SACRED HEART REVIEW. Bismarck is no more, as a mortal. His power as a public man passed long ago, and was a just retribution for his tyrannical and oppressive acts. He believed himself all-powerful, and that Kaiser and people must bow before his imperious will, but he found in the young Emperor, whose grandfather and father he had virtually dominated, a purpose as stubborn as his own. He had to retire before the assertive young man who occupied the German throne, one whom he regarded as a boy—a youth in his salad days, green and raw in judgment. It was a pitiful but deserved ending to a wicked career which commanded the attention of the world.

ANTIGONISH CASKET.

Bismarck is gone, and the Catholic Church in Prussia not only survives him but is stronger to-day than when he, ignoring all the lessons of history, undertook its destruction. How true the words of a Doctor of the Church with which Pius IX. consoled his oppressed children in Prussia: "How many tyrants have sought to oppress the Church! Where are they now? Gone to silence and oblivion. Where is the Church! She shines in splendour surpassing the sun." And yet foolish men will continue to forget this universal fact, and in every age the lesson must be repeated.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Bismarck, who was once upon a time, not so long since, the most colossal and conspicuous figure in European politics and statecraft, has gone the way of all flesh. His immortal remains occupy no more space of earth than that of the most obscure and insignificant of his race. The Iron Chancellor, already stripped of power that at one period of life seemed invincible, has yielded to the inexorable master of mortality. The man of 'blood and iron' has become but a memory.

CATHOLIC WITNESS DETROIT.

His death weakened the influence and power of the man of 'blood and iron' and prepared the way for his retirement from active politics under the young emperor. His death will be much deplored in the nation that he fashioned, but there are many there, as elsewhere, who can see but little permanent good in the policy pursued by him, whom his feel was justly called the 'Mad Bismarck.'

CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES.

One more theme for the moralist on the vanity of human greatness: Bismarck the mighty, Bismarck the colossal, Bismarck who, like another Prometheus, made war upon Heaven in warring against the Church—Bismarck who made an Empire and destroyed one—Bismarck the all-puissant in European politics for wellnigh forty years, has gone the way of all greatness. He who so long supped with Kings and Emperors is now at supper with the worms—a poor, pitiful handful of clay. When we look back upon the marvelous career of this masterful Teuton, plunging his States and thrones of Europe and trampling them remorselessly under his feet, we realize in all their meaning the force of the royal moralist's plaint, "Oh, vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!"

CATHOLIC UNION AND TIMES.

The death of Otto Von Bismarck at his rural home in Friedrichsruhe, last Saturday night, removes from the strife, victories and failures of earth one of the ablest and most conscienceless political leaders that have appeared in this or any other age. His life went out amid excruciating pain and without taking leave of his family; and we are told that his groans and agony were such that the women fled from the room.



Walking the Floor.

When a business man gets to the point where he cannot sleep at night, where he is so situated of nerves that it is torture to even remain in his bed, and he has to get up and pace the floor—it is time for that man to bring himself up with a round turn. If he does not, it means nervous prostration and mental, if not physical, death.

For a man who gets into this condition there is a remedy that will brace him up, put him on his feet and make a man of him again. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It goes to the bottom of things. It searches out the first cause. When a man is in this condition you can put your finger on one of two spots and hit the first cause, the stomach or the liver or both. This great medicine acts directly on these spots. It promptly transforms a weak stomach into a healthy one. It facilitates the flow of digestive juices and makes digestion and assimilation perfect. It gives an appetite like a boy's. It invigorates the liver. It fills the blood with the life-giving elements of the food, and makes it pure, rich, red and plentiful. The blood is the life current, and when it is filled with the elements that build new and healthy tissues, it does not take long to make a man well and strong. It builds firm, muscular flesh tissues and strong and steady nerve fibers. It puts new life, vigor and vitality into every atom and organ of the body. It cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. Nothing "just as good" can be found at medicine stores.

"I had suffered about eleven years with a pain in the back of my head and back," writes Mr. Robert Hubbard, of Varner, Lincoln Co., Ark. "I suffered for years, and I spent a great deal of money for doctors and medicine, but did not get relief. Then I tried four bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and improved greatly. I sent for five more and now am glad to tell everyone that I am in good health."

All 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., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY.....AUGUST 13, 1898.

CONFERRING THE PALLIUM.

The ceremony of the investiture of an Archbishop with the Pallium is always solemn and imposing; but that which took place in the Church of Notre Dame, Montreal, on Monday, when our revered Archbishop received the sacred symbol of his exalted office, was, as Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, declared, probably the most imposing solemnity with which the ceremony was ever accompanied. The ceremony of the Benediction of the Church of Guadeloupe, with its miraculous statue of Our Lady, at which no fewer than forty prelates, including His Grace the Archbishop of New York, assisted, was, not so imposing.

It is unnecessary for us to dwell on all the details or on the significance of the solemn occasion. The lucid and eloquent sermons delivered by the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, S.S., of St. Patrick's, and his brother, Rev. Father James Callaghan, S.S., of the Hotel Dieu, as well as that delivered by the Rev. Abbé Lacombe, S.S., in the Church of Notre Dame, may be said to have exhausted the interesting subject. It was a happy thought which led the Rev. Fathers Callaghan to devote their eloquent discourses to so instructive and so opportune a theme on the day and evening previous to the ceremony.

Great and holy as has been his predecessors, Archbishop Bruchesi is a worthy successor to them; and in the history of this large and important diocese it is safe to say that his name will occupy no less distinguished a place than them. Ad multos annos.

A NEW YORK MIRACLE.

The New York World devotes a great deal of space to the establishing of the authenticity of a miracle which was recently wrought at the grotto of the Blessed Virgin in the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Brooklyn. Amongst the details that it publishes is an affidavit sworn to by a witness of the cure. To Catholics the occurrence of miraculous cures at such shrines as those of Lourdes, in France, our own famous Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and the Church of Notre Dame de Lourdes, Brooklyn, is so frequent as to present no cause for surprise. Thankfulness to the Almighty is the only sentiment these miracles evoke, besides an increase of faith in Divine mercy.

Miracles, both of grace and of a physical nature, have been occurring constantly since the creation of the world; and they have been frequent amongst the faithful since the foundation of the Church. They excite, of course, much wonder amongst non-Catholics. They are, however, simply tangible witnesses of the truth of the Catholic Church to a cynical and an unbelieving generation.

THAT VACANT JUDGESHIP.

There is every reason to believe that in a few days there will be a vacancy on the magisterial bench of this city. Judge Dugas is to be nominated to the position of Chief Justice of the Yukon Territory, from which Judge Maguire has retired of his own free will. For the judicial position which this well earned promotion of Judge Dugas will create, there are several capable French-Canadian candidates in the field, any one of whom is well qualified to fill it with credit and distinction. It is also proposed to appoint a third magistrate, who is to be English-speaking. This appointment is rendered necessary by the increase in the population of the city, which has more than doubled since two magistrates were appointed. Certain secular newspapers

...sitting forward the name of an English-speaking Protestant for the position. Now, what right have the English-speaking Protestants to this magistrature? None at all. That section of our population have more than their fair share of public positions; while the English-speaking Catholics have far less than their share of them. When will our people arouse themselves from the lethargy that paralyzes their energies, and stand forth united in demanding their rights? We are wearied in endeavoring to wake them up to a sense of their duties and responsibilities in this connection. It is the rising generation which will be the principal sufferer from this criminal neglect. Why is it we have not heard of any representations being made by the English speaking Catholic Societies of the city in the proper quarter on this subject? Surely a representative meeting of English speaking Catholic citizens should be held without delay to formulate publicly their views and demands in regard to the appointment of this English-speaking magistrate.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

We invite the attention of our readers to the interesting articles which we are publishing from a special correspondent in Newfoundland. They are well written; and they abound in facts regarding Britain's oldest colony, many of which must be new to Canadians. The article which we published last week was of special interest. Such communications are opportune at the present moment, when an important international conference is about to meet in the city of Quebec, at which Newfoundland will be represented, and when—the question of greater importance—the question of the entry of Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation is being openly discussed once more. It is only a few days since the British Secretary of State for the Colonies expressed an ardent desire that the colony should throw in its lot with Canada, and thus "round off" Confederation, as a distinguished Canadian statesman once expressed it.

The advantages of such a project are obvious. Indeed, Newfoundland, with its finances at present in a muddle, and with its ever-troublesome French shore question, has everything to gain and nothing to lose by joining the Dominion. Events are so suaping themselves of late that it is not improbable that the French shore difficulty will be easily settled once for all. Canadian capital, on the other hand, would flow into Newfoundland to develop its undoubted resources; and Canada as a Nation would gain considerably in prestige by so large an acquisition of territory, which would, amongst other advantages, give her dominion over the whole northern half of this Western Continent.

JOURNALISTIC LACK OF PRINCIPLE.

Modern "yellow journalism" has, it is true, found its extremist expression in the World and Journal, of New York, especially in their colored supplements; but it has also found its vilest expression in the pen pictures by which the new management of the New York Sun endeavors to cast odium upon the Irish citizens of the Empire State. Until the death of the late Charles Dana, the gifted managing editor of the Sun, those New York Catholics opposed to the establishment of a Catholic daily paper were in the habit of saying: "What is the use of starting a Catholic daily in New York as long as we have the Sun?"

There was reason for the remark. During Mr. Charles Dana's editorial management of the Sun nothing was too good for the Irish or for the Catholics, according to that paper. Now the policy of the paper has been completely changed. Nothing is too vulgar and too insulting in its columns for the Irish or the Catholics. It has gone out of its way to insult Irish Catholics by publishing a series of sketches which have as their subjects men and women who are insultingly called "Pat" this, "Tim" that, or "Biddy" the other. The evident object is to belittle as well as to insult the Irish. The Sun has also suddenly changed its politics. But it will find that the Irish, who have ruled New York for two generations, and who were elected to rule Greater New York by a majority of a hundred thousand, and who will probably rule it for many generations to come, are capable of effectually crippling whatever little influence it has left. No more potent argument could be used in favor of the establishment of a Catholic daily newspaper in the American metropolis.

Mr. HEATON, who has succeeded in securing the Imperial penny postage, announces his intention of endeavoring to bring about a system that will secure penny cables. At present, owing to the high rates, the use of the cable is practically confined to Government messages, to the needs of business-houses and to newspapers. The percentage of social and domestic messages transmitted over the wires to distant parts of the Empire under the present tariff shows a figure as low as one to 100.

RITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

Constitutional freedom of the subject is supposed to go hand in hand with religious liberty, and in most matters it does. In England a man may be anything from an anabaptist to a theosophist and be let alone. Catholics are permitted to follow their religion in peace. There is no chance of proselytizing them. But let some Anglican pastor show any tendency to turn into the road that leads to Rome and immediately he is the subject of persecution, mostly, it is true, at the hands of the mob, whose ignorance is the only excuse for their brutality.

In the enlightenment of the true Church Catholics may be inclined to be amused at the ceremonial used at Ritualistic services. They are apt to recognize in it only an apeish imitation without an understanding of the grand truths which are represented by every formula and every vestment used in the Catholic Church. Still these men should be looked at in all charitableness, for they see a faint glimmer of the light that eventually will lead them in the right direction. Some of the greatest men of the English Catholic Church have travelled along this same road and become princes of the Church. In England at the present time there seems to be a revival of the spirit of intolerance towards the Ritualistic High Church people. A case in point occurred in Liverpool at the morning service on Sunday a fortnight ago, at St. Catherine's Church, of whom the pastor is the Rev. Mr. Underhill. In derision he is called "Father" Underhill. While morning service was in progress a mob of about three thousand assembled at the church and amused themselves by disturbing the congregation with the bellowing of Sankey hymns, varied at intervals with hoots, groans and hisses. Not satisfied with this they laid in wait for the curate and when he appeared they belabored him over the head and shoulders and the poor man was badly used up before he was rescued by the police. This is just the sort of persecution that will eventually open the eyes of a man of Mr. Underhill's stamp. Like Saul, the scales will drop from his eyes and he will embrace the true faith.

In London very much of the same spirit exists. There is one John Kensit who would pose as a miniature Luther in a cosmopolitan puddle. This man Kensit has been frequently heard of. His only business in life seems to be to mind everybody else's business and not his own. On July 29 "Father" Dolling, a member of a well known Protestant family in Dublin, was "instituted" to the vicarage of St. Saviour, Poplar, by the Bishop of Stepney. Mr. Dolling is known as a zealous and good man, but he, unfortunately for himself, has walked into the Ritualistic path, the end of which almost invariably is in the Eternal City. This, of course, is enough to stir the soul of the righteous or riotous Kensit, and from the depths of the pool where his zeal and his bigotry have lain quiescent for sometime, the inflated frog comes to the surface, hops into the Bishop's residence in Amen Court and deposits the following fearful document:—

To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Stepney:

I, John Kensit, a baptized, confirmed and Communicant member of the Church of England, of 15 Paternoster row, within the Archdeaconry of London, hereby protest against the institution, on behalf of the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, of the Rev. R. W. R. Dolling to the vicarage of St. Saviour's Poplar, without taking security that he shall not carry on practices and preach doctrines such as those which brought him into collision with the Lord Bishop of Winchester at Landport and prevented any bishop licensing him to a curacy prior to his departure for America. "Father" Dolling's earnestness and self-denial are beyond question, but they only make his appointment a more dangerous one at the present crisis, unless his zeal is tempered by discretion. I, therefore, give notice to the Right Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of London, the Rector of Poplar, "Father" Dolling, the churchwardens, and all whom it may concern, that I intend to qualify as a parishioner in order that I may be legally entitled to take exception to illegal ornaments or services should they unfortunately be introduced.

JOHN KENSIT.

No attention was paid to this protest by the bishop. Now, if Mr. Kensit could ever settle down to thinking like a rational being (heaven save the mark) he would recognize that his own action is the happiest conception in the world of how not to do what he wants to do. Men who suffer like martyrs for conscience sake will go forward. They never go backwards. Persecution only show to them the bigotry of the belief they are gradually leaving and opening out the way to the only true goal to them. Instances like these bring forcibly to mind the heartfelt hymn of prayer of a great churchman whose soul yearned for the truth, and who wrote with the spirituality of an inspired being—"Lead, Kindly Light."

Many people express surprise at the action of the Municipal Council in Dublin in refusing to contribute to a monument to Mr. Gladstone at the present time. It should be remembered that it was very late in the day when Mr.

Gladstone's eyes were closed, and he adopted the policy of Home Rule. True, when he did adopt it, he did it in a whole souled way, and was thorough in the bill proposed. But at the same time, it should not be forgotten that there was a greater champion of Ireland's rights in the person of Charles Stewart Parnell, who for years was Gladstone's political enemy, and who suffered under Gladstone's Coercion Acts. The reason given in the Dublin resolution seems feasible enough. Gladstone will be remembered by a monument, but only after Parnell's life work has been commemorated in like manner.

THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

The Hispano-American war is over to all intents and purposes, as yesterday orders were sent from Washington to Generals Miles, Shafter and Merritt to discontinue offensive operations. Of course it will be some days before Gen. Merritt can possibly receive his instructions, and in the meantime there may be bloody work in the neighborhood of Manila.

In fact judging from the last engagement, when the Spanish troops were the aggressors and were driven back with severe loss, it is more than probable that another pitched battle, and perhaps a decisive one, will have been fought before instructions for an armistice will reach their destination. The mission of M. Cambon, the French ambassador in Washington, has been distinctly successful. Hitherto he has been acting in a friendly relation between the two belligerents, but on Thursday he was armed with full ambassadorial powers to act in behalf of Spain and sign the protocol.

With the signing of the protocol the foundations for the establishment of a permanent peace will have been laid. And then when it is all over the American people will have an opportunity to sit down and quietly figure out how expensive an amusement running a war is. They will also have an opportunity of a fuller study of the beauties of governing a liberated nation of Cuban patriots and semi-civilized Philippines.

The officers, soldiers and correspondents who have come into personal contact with these hybrid people do not seem to be favorably impressed with their characteristics, and are now wondering whether the game was worth the candle.

ONE of the difficulties which already are being thought of in the peace arrangements between Spain and the United States is an important one and relates particularly to the Catholic religious Orders in the Philippines. The London Standard says: "The fate of the religious orders in the Philippines excites much interest, because it is believed that both the Americans and the natives will insist upon, if not the expulsion of the orders, certainly a curtailment of their influence and a disestablishment of their property."

The Tribune of Rome says that the Vatican is in constant communication with Archbishop Ireland, Monsignor Martinelli, apostolic delegate in the United States, and Duke Almedovar De Rio, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, endeavouring to secure clauses in the treaty of peace that will safeguard the religious interests of Catholic residents in countries to be ceded by Spain to the United States.

Under the constitution of the United States, which guarantees religious liberty, no provision is made for the confiscation of church property, and such procedure as seems to be feared would scarcely meet with the approval of the American people, and certainly would not be in keeping with the generous manner in which the war has been conducted.

REV. FATHER BEAUSOLEIL, of St. Ann's Church, Ottawa, has commenced a crusade against the Sunday liquor trade, which he denounces in a vigorous manner. Liquor, said the Rev. Father, was sold to young men under age and to men already under its influence. He asked the fathers of families to punish their young men when they commenced to go wrong so as to prevent them from committing greater offences. He had seen several of the hotelmen in the vicinity, and they had promised to conform strictly to the laws in the future. He hoped they would do so, and if not he would be the first to take action against them.

In Montreal we are suffering from the same vicious practice of open saloons on Sunday. In the very centre of the city, during the morning hours, there are several of these establishments which are crowded by young men on all Sundays throughout the year, and strange though it may be, they are within hailing distance of the police station.

PRESIDENT KRUGER, says The Universe, London, Eng., has not read his Bible carelessly. Solomon's judgment in regard to the baby, who somehow got into the enviable position of having two mothers, seems to have come back to the mind of the humorous Oom Paul. A question between two brothers as to property was recently referred to him as

...evidence, was that the senior brother should have the dividing of the property, and that the junior brother should have his choice of the two portions. If this shrewd decision does not beat 'banasher,' it is certainly equal to Solomon.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW have played important roles in this world, sometimes for good, and occasionally in the other direction. The experience of a Magistrate at Kentucky, however, would serve to show the many aided accomplishments of this important and much abused member of the family. The facts of the case are as follows:—

Miss Barbara Daughterty and Mr. Thos. Dewitt were married in Elizabethtown, Ky. recently, by Magistrate Quince Johnston. When the Squire had reached the middle of the ceremony, Mrs. Lapre Daughterty, mother of the bride, made a rush for him and kissed him squarely in the mouth. Amid laughter the embarrassed magistrate concluded the ceremony.

The health of the Prisoner of the Vatican is a matter of such importance to the whole civilized community, that every little ailment is magnified ten fold before the news has been flashed round the world. His Holiness is a very old man, physically feeble with age, but mentally strong as in his prime. On Thursday he was taken with a chill and his physician recommended rest. Immediately the telegraph wires were hot with the news that the Pope was seriously ill. In order to allay public anxiety, the Osservatore Romano publishes the following:—

There is no cause for anxiety; but rumours are current that the Pope is suffering from extreme physical weakness, and that all business is practically left to Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal Secretary of State.

Later—Dr. Lapponi, and all the Vatican authorities, confirm the statement that the Pope's illness is slight. The doctor did not stay through the night at the Vatican. The Pontiff shows symptoms of gastric inflammation, but he partook of nourishment yesterday evening, and was in excellent spirits. He rose this morning at 5.30, and celebrated Mass. Dr. Lapponi visited the Pope at 8 o'clock this morning.

When his Holiness gets up at five o'clock in the morning and celebrates the holy sacrifice of the Mass, his devoted children may have no fear of his immediate passing away.

OUR contemporary at Toronto, The Catholic Register, appears in a bright and attractive dress this week. The change is a step in the right direction, and one which should ensure for the sturdy advocate of Catholic claims in the Queen City a future full of years of success and prosperity.

WE desire to repeat again for perhaps the one hundredth time that we take no notice whatever of communications which are unsigned or unaccompanied with the name and address of the writer. This week we have received three letters from anonymous correspondents, all of which deal with important matters, but the rules of our office, as stated above, make it necessary for us to refrain from noticing them. If our correspondents have not confidence enough in us to send their name and address with their requests it cannot be expected that we should have confidence in them.

SOME of the comparisons made in our day are indeed odious. Take for instance that of recent date of uniting the names of Bismarck, Gladstone and His Holiness Leo XIII., and comparing their work.

POINT ST. CHARLES NOTES.

Mr. John S. Shea, the recently appointed manager of the new branch of the Jacques Cartier Bank at Point St. Charles, opened for business on Monday last, and his first transaction was a deposit from His Honor Lieut.-Governor Jette.

WHELAN-KEARNEY.

On Tuesday morning, August 2nd, St. Gabriel's Church was the scene of a pretty wedding, when Mr. Patrick Whelan, of Whelan Bros., wood and coal merchants, and Miss Katherine Kearney, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P., and was witnessed by a large concourse of friends of both parties.

After the ceremony the happy couple proceeded to the residence of the bride's father, where a reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Whelan left by the 10.30 a.m. train on an extended tour through the Western States.

The death is announced of Rev. Louis Clermont, at the Hotel Dieu. He was born in St. Martin, January 10th, 1856, and was left an orphan when about nine years of age. At 22 years of age he undertook a classical course in pursuance of his idea of becoming a priest. He graduated in 1885 at the Montreal College with honors, then studied philosophy and theology in the Grand Seminary, and received tonsure and minor orders from the hand of Archbishop Fabre, and completed his theological studies in Baltimore Seminary, Md., and received Archdeaconship from Right Rev. Bishop Curtin, in the Baltimore Cathedral, and the Deaconship from the hand of Cardinal Gibbons. He was recalled by Right

...Vermont, to be ordained priest, and work as missionary. In St. Albans, Enosburg, Barkshire, Richmond, Montross, Carleton, Lowell, and lately Richmond, Vermont, where he took sick. In September last an operation was performed, and he languished and died yesterday. Interment will take place at Richmond, Vermont, after a funeral service on Tuesday, 16th August.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

THE PALLIUM: ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

Nowadays the archbishop may adjudicate in all cases of appeal coming from the diocese of his suffragans. He may call a provincial synod in which his suffragans must take part and preside over the deliberations of these august assemblies. The archdiocese of Montreal has many titles which rank it amongst the principal archiepiscopal sees of the American continent and the western hemisphere. Should it not be sufficient to allude to the practical faith of the laity, and the untiring zeal of the clergy—to the manifold flourishing institutions of learning and charity—to the celebrated nurseries where the germs of vocation are fostered and developed, and to the architectural splendour of the edifices dedicated to the Most High.

The pallium has a twofold lesson. It tells the archbishop that he should have the closest resemblance to the Lamb of God. He should be like Him in purity and self-devotion. He should be unblemished in his morals and prepared to sacrifice himself for all those committed to his charge. You have now an idea of what is understood by the pallium and by the dignity which it represents. Is not the Catholic hierarchy deserving of your liveliest admiration? Has it not stood the test of centuries and answered all its purposes? It is a chain which is nothing less than a divine masterpiece. All its links have been formed, disposed and welded to gether in the most perfect manner.

The hierarchy of the Church is a blessing which we cannot overrate, and for which we should always thank God. It is the vehicle by which all the graces of the Redemption are transmitted over all the points of the globe—from east to west, from north to south. Never was the governing body of the Catholic Church so imposing and efficient as in this last decade of the nineteenth century. Its majesty is unsurpassed. It wields a kind of omnipotence in promoting all that tends to the spiritual welfare of humanity. Who could imagine all that is doing for the spread of truth and the growth of virtue, for the advocacy and indication of the principles which affect the happiness of the individual, of the family and State.

We should hasten to congratulate His Grace upon the approaching event which will be celebrated in Notre Dame—the parent church of our metropolis. This magnificent structure will to-morrow admit into its precincts a multitude of all ranks and conditions, hailing from near and afar, most eagerly bent upon laying at the feet of our new Archbishop the tribute of their appreciation and the homage of their most cordial sympathy. Though he is one of the youngest mitred dignitaries in the world, still he has secured for himself a prominent place amongst his seniors in the episcopal office by his knowledge of men and things, by the ripeness of his judgment and the tenderness of his paternal affection, by his intellectual and moral attainments, by the many striking evidences of his uncommon qualification for the exalted position which he holds. His popularity is not by any means undeserved. It can be satisfactorily explained by his being the choice of an all wise and ever loving Providence, by the brilliant record of the years which he spent before his elevation to the episcopal dignity, and by the marvels which he has achieved during the first year of his administration.

May it pave the way to a higher and more signal honor beside the pallium—which is in the gift of the Papacy.

On all occasions show him your esteem, love and confidence. Help him to carry into effect all that may be suggested by his wisdom, prudence and zeal. Often lift your hands in fervent prayer to the throne of mercy so that he may for many long years rule the archdiocese with which he is entrusted—so that he may be blessed in all the sublime functions of his sacred ministry. Console him in all his trials and encourage him in all his undertakings by complying with all his injunctions, and by steadfastly walking in the paths of right counsel. Shun all your dangers. Be diligent in the accomplishment of all your duties and generous in corresponding with all the graces of your respective callings. Serve God in the day of your life, and in return the joys of eternity will be yours.

Rev. Father James Callaghan at the Cathedral.

In the evening, at the Cathedral, on Dorchester street, Rev. Father James Callaghan also delivered an eloquent sermon on the same subject. He reviewed, in a clear and lucid manner, the different features of the ceremony, and dwelt at length on the importance and grandeur of the high office to which His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi had attained. He congratulated the Archbishop upon his elevation to what he called the Eden of Canada's fair and spiritual vineyard and expressed the hope that the same benign Providence that guided him so far would bless his labours in the field of the Lord, and multiply his plentiful harvest of souls, that the investing with his insignia of office would be the harbinger of concord throughout the entire archdiocese and that the glorious event would be recorded in history side by side with the restoration of universally desired peace between the two belligerent Powers, and that the Stars and Stripes of our neighbouring Republic would blend and entwine with the olive of sunny Spain.

"What is the greatest war story you ever read, Grumps?" "My own diary since I married."

RECEIVES THE PALLIUM.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi Invested With the Sacred Emblem of Archbishopal Dignity

At Notre Dame Curch--Mgr. Duhamel Officiated, and Prelates from the United States and Canada Assisted at the Ceremony--Rev. Father Lecocq, S.S., Preached the Sermon--Banquet and Reception in the Afternoon and Evening.

MONTREAL has been the scene of many notable religious ceremonies, but seldom, if ever, in the history of the Catholic parishes, has such a magnificent spectacle been witnessed within the confines of any of our churches as that beheld in the spacious area of the grand old historic Cathedral of Notre Dame, the leading sacred edifice of the Sulpicians of this city.

The occasion was the imposing ceremony of conferring the Pallium of the emblem of archiepiscopal dignity upon His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. This is the third time that such an impressive ceremony has been held in this Church, the two other occasions being when the late Cardinal Taschereau, of Quebec, and the late Archbishop Fabre received the great dignity.

There was an immense gathering of the faithful from all parts of the diocese, and a fair representation of parishioners from outside parishes in the archdiocese.

The ceremony began shortly after ten o'clock and lasted until nearly one o'clock. The Gros Bourdon and the chimes of bells were rung and the sanctuary of the church was decorated and brilliantly illuminated by myriads of electric lights and the main altar was loaded with flowers and ornaments customary upon great occasions. Two hundred seats in the main body of the church were occupied by the clergy, while every seat in the sanctuary was also taken up, and there were not less than three hundred priests present.

The officiating prelate was Mgr. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa, and was specially designated in the papal bull. His Grace was assisted by Rev. Canon Beauchamp, of Ottawa, as assistant priest, and Rev. Abbe Carpentier and Rev. Abbe Therrien acted as deacon and sub-deacon. The two latter are former college mates of the Archbishop of Montreal.

The Archbishop of Ottawa, vested in his magnificent pontificals, first entered the sanctuary and took his seat in front of the main altar. Shortly after the procession of prelates entered the church from the seminary headed by the beadle and marched through the church to the sanctuary, where they took seats upon either side. Among those present were Archbishop Corrigan, of New York; Bishop Healy, Portland, Me.; Bishop Lukken, Syracuse; Bishop Descloux, coadjutor of St. Hyacinthe; Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke; Bishop Michaud, of Burlington; Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke; Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield; and Bishop Hurlb, of Dacca, Bengal. Mgr. Moreau, of St. Hyacinthe, was at the seminary, but, feeling unwell, was unable to attend to the service. All the religious orders in the diocese were represented, as well as all the dioceses in the province. The mitred abbot of Oka was present, as well as Rev. Dr. McCann and Rev. Dr. Tracy, of the diocese of Toronto, and Mgr. Valois, representing the Archbishop of Quebec, Rev. Canon Duhamel, of St. Hyacinthe, Rev. S. Brissette, Queneel, Beauharnois, Sault au Recollet; Geoffroin, Larocque; Viger of St. Charles College, Balmore; Leonard; Canon Baril, representing the diocese of Three Rivers; Bernard, of Sorel; Brady, Durocher, Filiabault, S. J.; Piche, Lachine; Decarie, Leclerc, Ecrement, Laberge; also Revs. J. A. McCallen, Martin Callaghan, P. Fallon, N. J. Driscoll, E. McDermott of St. Patrick's; Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, Bishop of the Palace; Rev. James Callaghan, Bishop of Dieu; Rev. J. E. Donnelly, P. P., St. Anthony's; Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, P. P., St. Mary's; Rev. E. Strubbe, P. P., St. Ann's; Rev. William O'Meara, P. P., St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Heffernan, Rev. Father Casey; Rev. Dr. Lynch, Utica; Rev. Father Condon, and all the members of the Order of St. Sulpice, and many others.

At the sanctuary railings sat His Honour the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, accompanied by Lieut. Col. Labelle, A.D.C., and Madame Jette, Madame Bruchesi, mother of the Archbishop; Hon. F. G. Marchand, Premier of Quebec; Mayor Prefontaine, Rev. Canon Racicot, V.G., and Vice Rector of Laval, and all the professors of Laval, wearing their gowns.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Abbe Lecocq, superior of the Seminary of Theology, who took for his text, St. Luke, chapter xxii, v. 26: "Be you not so; but he that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger, and he that is the leader as he that serveth." The reverend gentleman, who spoke for nearly an hour, divided up his discourse in three parts: the pallium and its nature; its raison d'être and bearing; and, finally, its symbolism. The first portion of the discourse was historical. The origin of the pallium was disputed, but it is certain that it goes back to the early ages of the church; some claiming that it was worn by St. Peter himself, the first and greatest of all the Popes. It was an emblem of authority and jurisdiction, and, presently, belongs to the Sovereign Pontiff; and when it is distributed to the

Archbishops of the world it is only done so through his absolute and free choice. The smallest act of ecclesiastical jurisdiction must proceed from Papal supremacy, therefore, the pallium came from the fountain head of the church. The pallium was a symbol of humility. Whereas other ornaments of the church had in the course of ages been decorated, the pallium had remained as it was at its origin, the same pure white fleece, taken from the shorn lambs of St. Agnes at Rome. The pallium was worn on the shoulders of the Prelate, and signified the yoke of the Gospel. It was not an ornament, but a yoke, and was emblemical of the burden which the Saviour had borne on his shoulders when carrying the stray lamb back to the fold. Being a yoke imposed upon its recipient patience and forbearance in trial, as the crosses upon it were emblems of suffering. The yoke was made sweet and the burden light by the love of the pastor of the flock, and by the return in affection on the part of the flock for the pastor. The pallium was not a sword, which was given to the Prelate, with which to destroy the enemy, but an emblem to reform him and bring him to a better view of Heavenly matters. The reverend gentleman concluded by a glowing description of the principles of the Gospel.

At the conclusion of the Pontifical Mass the ceremony of conferring the Pallium proper took place. Mgr. Bruchesi, who had been seated on his throne, attended by Rev. Abbe Colin, Superior of the Seminary, and Rev. Canon Martin and Dauth, vested with the violet purple and red "Magna Cappa," put on the gilded and sacerdotal vestments and the mitre, and assumed the crozier after having first put on white satin slippers. Mgr. Duhamel was now seated on the platform of the main altar, and before him was laid out the oath which Mgr. Bruchesi was to take. His Grace of Montreal, in a clear and deliberate language with an ideal pronunciation of Latin, read the oath, while the thousands in the church listened with hushed breath.

The oath is divided into four parts: Fidelity to the flock; obedience to the Holy See; an engagement to visit the Holy Father every three years, or to report to him through a messenger on the state of the Diocese, and lastly not to alienate the property of the Diocese. Then His Grace kissed the Missal, and the Archbishop of Ottawa placed the Pallium upon the shoulders of his brother Archbishop, and Mgr. Bruchesi arose, and ascending to the high altar pronounced the benediction to the assembled multitude, who received it kneeling. It was the first benediction which the Archbishop of Montreal gave as a fully ordained Archbishop, and this on the first anniversary of his consecration. The ceremony was then at an end, and the immense gathering dispersed.

The musical service in the church was especially fine, some two hundred voices taking part under the leadership of Mr. McMahon. There was organ and orchestral accompaniment, the selections of the Mass given being taken from Guilmant, Riga and Rheinberger. The soloists were Messrs. Robitaille, Renaud, Labonte, Scherer, Bruyere, Morin, Pelletier, Dupuis, Payette, and Mr. Dusault was at the organ.

The clergy at the close of the ceremony retired to the gardens of the Seminary, adjoining the church, to partake of dinner offered by the gentlemen of the Seminary. There were four hundred covers laid under an arbour gaily decorated. His Grace presided, having the visiting prelates to his right and left.

After dinner His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal thanked the American Bishops for their presence, as well as the American and Canadian clergy, but more particularly the Archbishop of New York, and announced that he had decided that in future all clerics of the Diocese of Montreal, that is to say all young men studying for the priesthood, would have to spend three years in the Seminary under the guidance of the Order of the Sulpicians. Then His Grace announced that he had selected Notre Dame for the ceremonies of the day, because he had been baptized, made his first communion and been confirmed in that church, and he therefore considered himself a child of Notre Dame. A number of anecdotes which he gave aroused great applause.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was called upon, and was received with great applause on rising to address the distinguished company. He said that he had accepted the invitation to attend the ceremony of conferring of the pallium because the archdiocese of Montreal was next geographically to the archdiocese of New York and a sister diocese; because all the old missionaries in the diocese of New York came from Canada, and, lastly, because the first time the sacrament of confirmation was administered in the diocese of New York, it was by the hand of Mgr. Pontbriand, whose jurisdiction then extended over Montreal. His Grace said he felt he voiced the sentiments of all in extolling the great work of St. Sulpice for the education of the clergy. The ceremony of the morning had been exceedingly pleasing to him; in fact, none had so impressed him in his past life. He remembered having been present at the benediction of the statue of Notre Dame de la Guadalupe, at Mexico, with Mgr. Begin and thirty-nine other bishops, but it had not impressed him more, great as was that ceremony. The great impression made upon him this day was due to the profound spirit of religion which has been impressed upon the clergy and laity of Montreal by the Order of St. Sulpice.

Mgr. Begin, of Quebec, was ill in bed and unable to be present. In the evening Mgr. Bruchesi held a reception at the Palace, at which all the visiting prelates assisted.

"Little Boy: Isn't fathers queer?"
"Auntie: In what way?"
"Little Boy: When a boy does anything for his papa he doesn't get anything; but if another man's boy does it he gets a penny."

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

Division Number One Welcomes President Hugh McMorrow.

After a Sojourn in Ireland of Two Months--Presentation of an Address--Mr. Rawley, County President, Presents a Report of the Proceedings at the Recent National Convention.

Division No. 1 Ancient Order of Hibernians held a very largely-attended meeting at their hall, Place d'Armes Square, on Wednesday. Much routine business was gone through and the various reports submitted were of the most satisfactory character. The principal feature of the meeting was the presentation of a beautifully-illuminated address to Mr. Hugh McMorrow, the worthy and hard working president of the division. The occasion was the return of Mr. McMorrow from an extensive trip to Ireland. Over two months ago he left for the Old Country as a delegate to '98 celebrations which were held all over Ireland. During his sojourn Mr. McMorrow made extended visits to Dublin, Belfast, Enniskillen and other large cities, and paid particular attention to the state of the country and the opinions of the people. There was a decided improvement in the north and west in the condition of the people, who had become more united than ever, this feeling being greatly fostered by the national celebrations of the centennial year. The local government bill, too, was received with satisfaction by the great mass of the Irish people, who saw in it a partial recognition of their rights and an augury for better things in the near future. Mr. McMorrow also reported that in the majority of districts the crops were good.

At Wednesday night's meeting there were large delegations from various divisions and sister societies. Mr. William Rawley, county president, was present and delivered an instructive address to the meeting as well as a report of the Trenton convention, at which the two wings of the order were amalgamated. The reports of the picnic committee were very satisfactory, and after all the regular business had been disposed of, Mr. George Clarke, past county president of the order, presented the subjoined address to Mr. Hugh McMorrow, who was evidently taken by surprise. He made an eloquent speech in accepting the address and was loudly applauded. The address was very handsomely illuminated. The arms of the provinces were quartered in each corner and drawn together by a running border of harps and shamrocks, interlaced, while in the center is the coat of arms of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Following is the text of the address:--

To our President, Hugh McMorrow, Division No. 1 A.O.H.

Dear Sir and Brother,--Some two months ago, inspired by the love inculcated in your heart by the natural and longing desire of the exiled Celt, you expressed a wish to behold once more the scenes of your childhood, to re-visit again with affection and embrace your dear father and mother, who watched over you with pride in the days of your infancy, to visit the scenes of your youth, to view the hills and vales, the mountains, lakes and rills of your glorious, though unfortunate and down-trodden country, to step once more upon the soil made sacred by the blood of martyrs too numerous to mention, to visit the scenes made holy by the blood of the patriot heroes of 1798, by the famine-stricken but gallant rebels of '47. When we bade you bon voyage, though sorry at parting, we prayed and hoped that your visit would be one of pleasure, commingled with the youthful aspiration of the days of your boyhood. We, therefore, feel we cannot adequately express to you the joyous satisfaction it affords the members of good old No. 1 Div. that you have returned to your family and to us with safety, ready to continue in the advocacy of the grand principles of our noble Order--friendship, unity and true Christian charity. It is, therefore, in appreciation of past good services in carrying out the cause of our motherland that we hail with pleasure your presence among us again, and we pray God that your years of service to the national cause of Ireland may be many. Accept, therefore, dear sir and brother, the grateful wishes of this division, whose members to night unite in bidding you, in the native tongue of their motherland, a most cordial and generous God Mille Fadhé. Signed, on behalf of Division No. 1.

GEORGE CLARKE,
JOHN LABELLE,
JOHN MCGRATH,
Committee.

A SUCCESSFUL FIRM.

The well-known firm of John Burns & Co., whose advertisement appears in this issue, has recently placed in the Bellevue and Jesu-Marie Convents of Quebec, and Pointe Aux Trembles Convent (Order of the Congregation de Notre Dame), six celebrated Ranges. The fact that, after a critical enquiry being made into the merits of the many Ranges offered for sale, the orders were placed with Messrs. John Burns & Co., is proof positive that his perfect Ranges are superior in material, improvements, workmanship and finish. To those who contemplate the purchasing of a stove for domestic purposes, we would say, call at either of the warehouses of Messrs. Burns & Co. An examination into the merits of their Range, which will be fully explained, will convince the most exacting that, from an economic and serviceable standpoint, the difference in price would be more than saved in fuel and satisfactory cooking. Out-of-town orders will receive prompt attention.

THE LACROSSE CHAMPIONSHIP.

A Forecast Which is Favorable to the Shamrock.

They may yet Secure the Pennant--The Reasons Given for the Success of the Nationals.

The Shamrocks, to the great surprise and astonishment of their friends, suffered a second defeat at the hands of the Nationals, on Saturday, on the grounds of the latter. Of course, Stinson and Dade were absent from their places, and their services were very much missed. The true inwardness of the success achieved by the Nationals, it may be said, is owing to the fact that they succeeded in inducing several players of last year's Shamrock team to join their ranks.

These Shamrock deserters were all conversant with the inner methods of the men with whom they had played and practised, and in consequence, when the day of battle dawned, and they were ranged on the side of the opposing forces, they were familiar with the effective ways of dealing with their old companions.

The Nationals, although nominally recognized as a French-Canadian organization, it will be seen by a glance at the names given below, is, practically speaking, an offshoot of the Shamrocks. The names of some of the best players are:--Foley, Murphy, White, McKeown, Brown, Welsh, Kavanaugh, Wells and Brennan--all of whom have at some period of their career played on the team of the boys in green. From this it will also be seen that there are only three French Canadians on the National aggregation. Their names are Joe. Valois, N. Valois and P. Marcelin.

It seems strange that there is not a little more spirit of loyalty manifested by the rising generation of young Irish Canadians towards their own organizations. Occasionally it happens that disputes arise which render it imperative for a young man to sever his connection with an organization, but in such cases it would rebound more to his credit if he remained quiet for a time. This at least in such an emergency as that of leaving the Shamrocks and joining the Nationals would seem to us the proper course to follow.

There are a great many pessimists who follow the Shamrock Club, and as soon as the team meets with a few reverses they begin to play their old vocation of decrying the organization. This class never do any thinking for themselves. They read the sporting columns of our morning and evening journals, and swallow the opinions therein with as much relish as a thirsty toper would quaff of a pint of beer. It would be surprising for these pessimists if the Shamrocks were now, even at this late hour, to buckle on their armor, and yet win the championship. Many more unlikely things have occurred.

The position of the different teams in the championship struggle, games won and games to play, is as follows:--

Team	Won.	To Play.
Capitals	4	3
Nationals	4	2
Torontos	2	3
Cornwalls	2	3
Shamrocks	1	3

The Capitals, who are, as appears from the above summary, the leaders, have to play the three hardest matches of the series in as far as they are concerned. They are all away from their own territory, and all with the best clubs in the league. In the first place they have to face the Torontos in the Queen City this afternoon, and when it is remembered that they were nearly defeated by the Torontos some weeks ago, it will be granted that there is good ground for expecting they will meet with a reverse in this encounter.

In the second battle they will have to face the Nationals in Montreal, and judging from the vast improvement that has taken place in the playing capabilities of this team, as well as the enthusiastic manner in which they are backed up by the immense throng of followers that go to a match to cheer them on, the Capitals will again meet with another defeat which will somewhat cool their enthusiasm, and lessen their chances for the pennant. Finally, they will have to confront their old opponents, the Shamrocks, also in Montreal. The followers of the game in this city will always remember the great struggles for supremacy between these teams, when ten thousand spectators were holding their breath at frequent intervals during their progress, so keen was the contest and so exciting were the encounters between groups of players.

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"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post."
WILLIAM HASKETT, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad Depot, Brantford, Ontario.

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REFRESHMENTS ON THE STEAMER.

This last battle will also be a Waterloo for the visitors, because by the time it comes around the Shamrocks will have recovered their old time vigor and cleverness. This forecast of the chances of the Capitals is not by any means an overdrawn one, it is within the realm of possibility.

The Shamrocks have to meet the Cornwalls, in Cornwall and Montreal, the Capitals in Montreal and in all probability the Nationals on a neutral ground, as the last match has been protested and the League will be called upon to decide it. In such case the Shamrocks would have four matches yet to play, which if all won would place them on equal terms with the Torontos, which has three wins, and two games to play that are regarded as being quite safe to register for them as triumphs. Under any circumstances the closing days of the lacrosse season in Montreal will surpass in interest all previous years, and the Shamrocks will be in the midst of the fray to the close.

NEWFOUNDLAND LETTER.

Tourist Travel to the Historic Old Colony Increasing.

Means of Access to the Island now More Easy--Some of the Beauty Spots in Bay, River, Lake and Mountain Scenery.

ST. JOHN'S, AUG. 1.

Having already communicated a few articles on the varied aspects of Newfoundland scenery and on its many advantages as a sporting country and a pleasure resort, I may flatter myself that enough interest has been awakened in the minds of your readers to hear a little more on the 'Ancient Colony.' This year, owing to the facilities for reaching the country afforded by the steamer Bruce, placed by the Messrs. Reid, and plying between Newfoundland and Sydney, the tourist influx has been immensely increased, and just a few 'pointers' from a resident may be useful for any intending visitors amongst your readers. The American traveller to Newfoundland comes say by S.S. Bruce, landing at Parls au Basque and crossing the country to St. John's. This route is every day becoming more popular, as first-class accommodation may be had on the train--and very good hotel conveniences at different places along the route.

Nothing can be more varied or interesting than this transinsular journey. Every variety of scenery both of bay, river, lake and mountain, delights the eye; the route passes through the heart of the country--and in summer time the climate of Newfoundland, especially through the interior, is most agreeably tempered, having the heat of a bright blue sky and the never failing breeze. Within reach of the coast the Ocean freshens the air--and in the inner regions the great lake system spread over the face of the country acts favorably in keeping down the heat, so that a trip through Newfoundland is just the ideal one for those who would exchange the overheated atmosphere of the continent for an island in the ocean--but within easy reach of the mainland. To mention only a few of the points of interest along the route: The first part of the journey is northerly, viz., from Parls au Basque to Bay of Islands--skirting along the western Gulf side of the country. Many of this region the garden of Newfoundland. It is certainly favored in a high degree in climate, soil and scenery. The Gulf does not generate any quantity of fog--in fact no part of Newfoundland is so foggy as is supposed. The antiquated idea that Newfoundland is the land of fog is now regarded as a myth--and justly so--the fogs occasionally hang round the coast but never get far inland; however, west Newfoundland does not suffer at all from them--or at least in no appreciable degree. At Bay of Islands the route strikes across country and the scenery around this bay has to be seen to be appreciated. The mouth of the bay is studded by an archipelago of islands--hence the name. Into the bay flows the River Humber, which may well be called the 'Newfoundland Rhine.' The varied aspects of this magnificent water course as it flows now deep and dark around the base of a lofty dark marble mountain, or at another place as it tumbles over the ledge of a cliff--or again broadening out into silver 'Steadies,' are so beautiful and so imposing that the Humber has won the enthusiastic praise of persons who have travelled the world for sight-seeing. Farther on the train takes you by the great inland sea called 'Grand Lake,' sixty miles in length. You pass through the great deer region around 'Gaff Topsail' hills, and, if you like, you may stay off to have a shot at the cariboo or continue the journey and cross the Grand Falls on the Exploits River and come down Exploits Valley, emerging on the north-east coast of the country at the splendid outlet of the Exploits known as Norris Arm. Thence you go south, passing many a rising settlement till you reach St. John's.

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give you an account of our annual regatta, which takes place to-morrow on Quidi Vidi Pond, St. John's. The day of the regatta is our great holiday, so it will bear a special sketch.

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IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

THE August number of St. Anthony's Messenger contains the following series of striking paragraphs on the subject of family life. They are thoughtful, yet simple, and convey a pen picture of the happiness which exists in an ideal Christian home. They are as follows:—

If there is anything which makes life worth the living, it is to be one of an affectionate family. Strange to say, however, most people could count up on the fingers of one hand the really nice families they know; the families, that is, in which there is not only a tender care for each other, but an unselfish department and a kindly interest always manifested by every other fellow member.

The daughter will always fetch the mother anything she may want, and brush the brothers' top coats and hats for them before the male members of the house start off for work in the morning.

The lads, too, will often take their sisters for a walk, or pay little attentions which cost nothing and mean a great deal.

This is the household into which a young man, who wants a good wife, will do well and wisely to marry. There may not be much show about the girls, but he will find they are compassionate, and that their dispositions stand the test of wear.

It is easy enough to fall in love with a girl when she is arrayed for a party, and feels the flush of pleasure at the luncheon.

When life deepens and darkens, however, and little family worries come in, a man wants something more than a pretty drawing-room ornament for a wife; he needs a real, good hearted, honest, womanly soul and helpmate.

Evidences of the tenderness and courage of devoted wives are not wanting. The following instance of the devotedness and self-sacrifice of the wives of two Premiers of England are now related:—

Once when Gladstone was making an outdoor speech it began to rain. Gladstone, most motherly face in the world, and who always accompanied her husband, stood up and, opening a domestic-looking umbrella of the Gump species, held it over him. The spectacle which the old couple presented there standing together was so touching and appealing so thoroughly in the good feelings of the crowd, because of the striking picture of a man and a woman domesticity, that when a burly caterwauler, who had been loudest in his catcalls and nothings of Mr. Gladstone up to that moment, suddenly shouted, "Three cheers for the Grand Old Woman!" every one responded with a will.

Lady Brasenfield showed similar devotion to Gladstone's great rival on more than one occasion. She, too, was devoted to her husband, and many old Parliamentarians recall the story of how, after having her hand terribly crushed in the carriage door while driving down to the House of Parliament with Disraeli, she refrained from uttering a cry or from saying a word about her injury lest his mind should be diverted from the great and important speech which he was to deliver that night. It was not until he reached home and found the doctor at her bedside that he was made aware that she had sustained any hurt.

Many of our contemporaries have been publishing articles pointing out the many advantages to be derived by women who are employed in factories and manufacturing establishments, by entering domestic service. The Sunday Democrat refers to the subject as follows:—

There are several classes of women workers who are wretchedly paid, and in the competition for the work the weakest are crowded to the wall. When American born women learn that domestic service is as lady-like as sewing on a machine or attending store there will be fewer victims of the needle and better for all who live by it.

Keeping House for One's Own Comfort.

He was wise who wrote:—Half the sting of poverty or of small means is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort and not for the comment of one's neighbors. Deny it as we will, few of us have the moral force to set up a standard of our own, based upon our own incomes and our own particular home environment. We commit the folly of regulating our expenses by the income of some one else. If the Browns across the street hang up expensive lace curtains, we are discontented until lace curtains have gone up to our windows, no matter how much smaller our income may be than that of the Browns. If the Smiths put down a velvet carpet, our neat and pretty ingrain becomes an eyesore to us. We are extremely mindful of what our neighbors will think about many things that ought not to concern them in the least.

Let us have a standard of our own, based upon our own incomes, our own needs, and let us cheerfully and bravely adhere to this standard, heedless of that dreadful bugbear: "What will the neighbors say?"

In Denmark a girl never knows the pure, unadulterated joy of receiving a diamond engagement ring, remarked a returned traveler. "She gets a plain gold band known as a wedding ring in that country, and it is worn on her left third finger. On the day of her marriage the bridegroom changes it to her right third finger, which is the marriage finger in that country of queer customs. When the husband dies his widow changes her ring again to her left third finger, and everybody knows that she is a widow. Being a girl can't mean a great deal of happiness in Denmark any way you take it. A girl is never under any circumstances permitted to see her betrothed one minute alone."

For cuts take a piece of common brown wrapping paper like that which butchers use for meat. Cover with shoemaker's wax (which melts with a match) and bend it over the wound. Always keep a stick of shoemaker's wax in your medicine closet. It is invaluable for all wounds and will prevent blood poisoning if applied at once.

A very good remedy for a cold on the lungs is a syrup made of the juice of onions and sugar; simmer some onions in a very little water, strain and add the sugar, or the sugar may be added at first.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

WHEN a man endeavors to solve the little mysteries surrounding the cooking department he invariably becomes somewhat mystified. As an evidence of this a New York householder, in the course of an interview with a local writer on domestic subjects, said:—

"I suppose the housewife or the cook or the baker must know about it," said a householder, "but I don't. I buy rolls every morning at the baker's, always of the same kind, if they have them. Sometimes when the kind I usually buy is all gone I have bought another kind, which is made from the same dough, and is different only in shape, but the rolls taste different to me. Of course, it may be that the difference exists in my imagination only, but I don't think so. I think they are different. I think it may be that the different handling required to put them into the different shapes results about in some way different results, but that's the thing, as I said, I don't know about myself; the housewife or the cook or the baker perhaps does."

In nearly all families, at intervals, some member is suddenly stricken with illness, and as a writer on domestic topics says, it is well in such emergencies, when it is difficult to secure the services of a medical practitioner, to be able to prepare some simple remedy. The following suggestions in this regard are considered by competent judges to be effective in most cases:—

Scarlet Fever.—An eminent physician says that if he were confined to one single remedy in cases of scarlet fever, he should choose lard. Rub the little sufferer with it thoroughly and often. It allays the fever and softens the parched skin. The amount thus absorbed is simply astonishing.

Inflammation of the Bowels.—Of course the safe way is to send for the doctor without delay. But in the country, one is often obliged to wait a long time. Anxiety makes the time seem long any way, and simple remedies are often very efficient helps. So, while you are waiting, make a paste of lard and salt, add a wide pillow-case (as that is always at hand) into a large square, spread on the paste and lay the cloth smoothly, paste side down, over the bowels, stomach, sides and as far toward the back as you can. When the inflammation is severe, the lard will be absorbed in a very short time. Be prepared to change the paste as often as needed. Never mind wasting the salt. There is no particular rule, only be sure to stir it enough. All that is not needed will remain on the cloth. One always has this remedy in the house. Salt can be made ready in a moment, and the quicker the better is the order in such cases. I have used it where the patient was in a perfect agony of suffering and the doctor far away. The result was always more than satisfactory, there being a very perceptible decrease of pain in a wonderfully short time. Of course the doctor smiled knowingly when I told him, but then I was quite willing he should smile, for the patient was comfortably sleeping when he arrived.

A successful American medical practitioner recently said that one of the most beneficial features of a sea bath is the salt water inadvertently swallowed by bathers. It is a wonderful tonic for the liver, stomach and kidneys. In many cases it will cure biliousness when all drug preparations have failed. It is particularly effective in ordinary cases of indigestion, disordered stomach and insomnia, and has been known to produce excellent results in many cases of dyspepsia.

Clean sea water, such as is to be had at any of your numerous fashionable seaside resorts, is full of tonic and sedative properties. It won't hurt anybody. Indeed two or three big swallows of it would be of positive benefit to nine bathers out of ten. It is not, of course, a palatable or tempting dose to take, but neither is quinine or calomel. You seldom, if ever, see an old sailor who is bilious or dyspeptic, or a victim of insomnia—and why? For the reason that an ocean of good medicine spreads all about his sky and he does himself copiously with it whenever his physical mechanism becomes the least bit deranged.

In another case all other remedies failed, and it was said that the patient must die—but she didn't.

Croup.—Cover the throat and chest with the lard and salt paste, adding to it a sprinkling of mustard or yellow snuff.

Pleurisy.—Apply flannel cloth a wrung out of hot mustard water and change often, or a mustard paste.

Cool the blood by drinking cold water in which a little pure cream of tartar has been dissolved.

For a severe cold on the lungs use the following excellent remedy: A teaspoonful of strained honey, one half teaspoonful of olive oil and the juice of one lemon, cook all together and take one teaspoonful every two hours.

For cuts take a piece of common brown wrapping paper like that which butchers use for meat. Cover with shoemaker's wax (which melts with a match) and bend it over the wound. Always keep a stick of shoemaker's wax in your medicine closet. It is invaluable for all wounds and will prevent blood poisoning if applied at once.

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WHIMS OF FASHION.

THE comments of the editors of the New York Sun, in dealing with the subject goes to prove, in some measure, the truth of the observations. They are as follows:—

Women who follow all of fashion's guises cannot take the hot weather coolly. Why? Because when the time comes for them to revel in their diaphanous gowns of crepe de chine, organdie, muslin, silk and the like, they have to turn their attention to autumn styles or else fall hopelessly behind the procession of the well dressed. Man and woman are different in their ways of looking at everything, even clothes. Man supplies himself with a hot weather wardrobe suitable to his position in society and then proceeds to enjoy it. Not so with woman. She supplies herself with no end of clothing that makes her fairly cool to look at, but she does not enjoy it, for when the mercury is at the sizzling point she is racking her brain to know what will be worn in the fall.

Fashion rules the world, says a writer in the Catholic Witness of Detroit, and a most tyrannical mistress she is—compelling people to submit to the most inconvenient things imaginable for her sake. She pinches our feet with tight shoes, and chokes us with a tight neckerchief or squeezes the breath out of the body by tight lacing. She makes people sit up by night when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes it vulgar to wait upon one's self and genteel to live idly and uselessly. She makes people visit when they would rather stay at home, eat when they are not hungry and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades our pleasures and interrupts our business. She compels people to dress early, whether upon their own property or upon that of others—whether agreeably to the word of God or the dictates of pride.

One might suppose that it was still too early to prophesy concerning the styles for the next season. Before woman learns how her next season's gowns are to be made she wants to know what they are to be made of. An authority who has just returned from London and Paris says that broadcloth of an exquisite quality is in great demand for early fall gowns and that it will play a prominent part in fashion's domain all winter. Mixed Meltons and Venetians are high in favor for what are known as severe costumes, which, by the way, are far less severe than ever before. What the trade calls piece goods have a decided preference over the novelties so fashionable during the spring and even at the moment. True, a few extreme things in novelties are promised as the cool season advances, but they will not be used for entire dresses. They will be combined with plain materials. For instance, the frill of a skirt or its apron-like overskirt and the sleeves and trimming of the waist will be made of fancy material, while the rest of the costume will be plain.

In point of color light grey holds its own for dressy gowns, and castor effects prevail for street wear and for general use at fashionable autumn resorts. Blue is a cold color, and will not be used in all of its varying shades as it has been since early spring. The conventional blues, reds, greens, and browns will, of course, be in vogue for those of a practical turn of mind, as they always are. A feature of the new materials is the lightness of their weight, which manufacturers have succeeded in procuring without loss of body.

The garterless stocking is the latest thing in the way of hosiery. It is made with eyelet holes on either side, which are crossed and laced like a shoe. The stockings keep up admirably, and are pretty to look at.

Pink is the color that leads just now for evening wear. When prettily managed, no other shade lends itself to such charming contrasts.

The very latest thing in millinery is the halo. It is a large plaque of straw, with the outer edge gathered Tam o' Shanter fashion. The trimming is placed underneath instead of on top and usually consists of plumes, which hug the hair closely.

Shaded feather boas and also coarse white net ruffles wrought in big chenille dots are much used.

Parisian women are wearing shoes and stockings to match their gowns. In mastic and cream tones this will do, but when it comes to bright greens, red and blues the women of really refined taste shudder at the mere thought of such a fad.

This notion of a plain velvet band passed through a paste buckle so noticeable in summer millinery, has extended to woman's arms. She now wears a piece of black velvet, fastened garterwise through a small jeweled buckle, as an armband. It heightens the whiteness of the arm wonderfully.

Cream serge is getting in its inning now. Gowns of this material are frequently made with a plain skirt and a short saque coat with deep sailor collar, over which is worn another collar of rich cerise fish lace.

Fashion permits great audacity in the matter of color in London and Paris. A hyacinth blue gown, with touches of light green introduced in the trimming,

is frequently worn with a rose pink toque and a parasol to match. Orange is also blended with royal blue and scarlet or violet with sky blue.

The tan shoe, so far as woman is concerned, has about had its day, writes an American authority. For the last two or three years it has held its own over all others for summer wear, but this year finds its popularity on the wane. Like everything else in life, the tan shoe has its good and its bad points. It does not show dust and mud like other shoes, and is admirably adapted to country and seaside wear, but there is something in the dressing of tan leather which draws sensitive feet into almost double and twisted bow knots. Perhaps this is the reason that so many women have discarded tan shoes for plain black or linen-colored ca. shoes and ties this season. At any rate, swell bootmakers say that the tan shoe does not occupy the place in the estimation of womankind that it once did, and chiropodists and boot-blacks, who profited by this fashion, are mourning its departure.

A SISTER'S HELP

BROUGHT RENEWED HEALTH TO A DESPONDENT BROTHER.

HIS HEALTH HAD FAILED AND MEDICINE SEEMED TO DO HIM NO GOOD—WHERE OTHERS HAD FAILED DR WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS MET WITH GREAT SUCCESS.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.:—GENTLEMEN,—A few years ago my system became thoroughly run down. My blood was in a frightful condition; medical treatment did no good. I surfeited myself with advertised medicines, but with equally poor results. I was finally incapacitated from work, became thoroughly despondent, and gave up hope of living much longer. While in this condition I visited my father's home near Tara. A sister, then and now living in Toronto, was also living at the parental home. Her husband had been made healthy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and she urged me to try them. I tried of trying medicines. I laughed at the proposition. However, later on she provided me with some of the pills and begged me to take them. I did so, and before I had used two boxes I was on the road to restored health. I am commending their good qualities almost every day I live because I feel so grateful for my restoration, and I have concluded to write you this letter wholly in the interest of suffering humanity. I am carrying on business in Owen Sound as a carriage maker. This town has ten my home for twenty-eight years, and any one enclosing a reply three cent stamp can receive personal information of the foregoing. This much to satisfy those who cannot be blamed for doubting after taking so many other preparations without being benefited. You may do just as you like with this letter. I am satisfied that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would not be able to attend to my business to day. Perhaps I would not have been alive. Yours very sincerely,
FREDERICK GLEVER.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only complete report of patents granted this week to Canadian inventors by the American Government. This report is especially prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, New York Life Building, Montreal:
608 514—Harold J. Bell, Niagara, Can. Acetylene gas generator.
608 442—George Cronmiller, Welland, Can. Casket stand.
608 209—James McAllister, Owen Sound, Can. Gang way doors for box cars or steamboats.
611 086—Charles Pickering, Richmond, Can. Smoke stack (re issue).
608 527—David Ross, Vancouver, Can. Door for closing steam retorts.
29 138—Cyrille Leveque, Toronto, Can. Index book. (Design).

SUCCESSFUL AT LAST.

"I was a sufferer from neuralgia in my side, and headaches. I followed numerous prescriptions without benefit, and was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken only one bottle I realized it was doing me good, and I continued taking it until I was cured." Mrs. CARRIE PRICE, Georgetown, Ontario.

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

A contributor to the New York Post writes. Persons who have spent time in the waiting-rooms of medical specialists must have remarked the general absence of reading matter to while away the time. In point of fact, there is an important reason for this. The most careful physicians do not permit any literature in their offices for the handling of patients, for fear of contagion. One up town doctor, who leaves two or three daily papers lying in his waiting room, to be taken out each day, never allows a member of his family to touch the papers after they have been in his office. It is wise to give these instances of possible danger from contact the widest publicity. They should be a lesson to every one toward cultivating the habit of touching things as little as possible. It was found not long ago that serious diseases were communicated through the medium of a speaking tube used in a manufactory by a number of persons. The mouth piece of a public telephone is, when under proper care, frequently disinfected. The danger of the moment to the physical world is contact, and the more complete the practice of personal isolation can be made the better for everybody.

SCROFULA in its worst form yields to the blood cleansing power of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of cases have been perfectly CURED.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. August 13, 1898.

IMMENSE SALE OF Hand Loom Linens

EX. SS. VANCOUVER.

A large shipment of Hand Loom Linens received per SS. 'Vancouver,' consisting of 1500 pieces Hand Loom Linens of singularly good quality. They come in 3 1/2 yard lengths, and in the regular way are worth 90 cts. per piece. The Big Store have sold thousands of pieces of these Linens this season and are just in receipt of the last lot that can be had this season. The Management would call special attention to this fact, and advise an immediate selection.

3 1/2 yards Hand Loom Linens, worth 90 cents, for 45 cents.

GREAT TOWEL SALE.

The Season Towel Sale and values will reach a stage in the school of economy never before dreamt of. Here they are:

Huckaback Linen Towels, fringed and red borders, special size, 14 by 24 in., 4c.

Huckaback Linen Towels, special grade, size 15 by 36 in., 6 cts each.

Huckaback Linen Towels, 16 by 31 in. Special 7 cts.

Huckaback Linen Towels size 18 by 32 in. Special 9 cents.

Huckaback Linen Towels, size 21 by 45 in. Special, 12 cents.

BARNESLEY LINEN CLOTHS.

Last week the announcement of The Big Store told you about an immense purchase of a m-kers' stock of Barnesley Linen Table Cloths at a low price. Well, there's about 150 more cloths to dispose of.

You'll find them in magnificent patterns and rich pure quality. Size 2 1/2 by 2 1/2 yards. Regular, \$1.85. Special, \$1.40.

2 by 2 1/2 yards. Regular price, \$2.25. Special, \$1.85.

2 by 3 yards. Regular price, \$2.50. Special, \$2.35.

EXTRAORDINARY VALUES IN

Summer Wash Fabrics.

This morning at 8 o'clock there will be a great rush for the Wash Goods Department, the Thousands of Pieces Stylish Summer Muslins, etc., that have been prepared for that day's selling will eclipse in Value and Beauty anything The Big Store have ever attempted in Bargain giving.

The display of Muslins, Prints, Satens, Gingham, Silver Silks, etc., best all records, and the price story is told in the following items:

WASH FABRIC PRICES.

Cambric Prints, Fin. Dy. 31c
Fancy Dress Prints..... 5c
Fine quality Muslin..... 5c
Gauze Dress Muslin..... 4c
Checked Dress Gingham..... 5c
Scotch Gingham..... 5c
Dimity Dress Muslin..... 6c
Oriental Dress Muslin..... 9c
Organdy Dress Muslin..... 12c
Fancy Sport d Muslin..... 12c
Fancy Checked Lawn..... 12c
Fancy Dress Gingham..... 12c

WASH FABRIC PRICES.

Swiss Spotted Muslin..... 12c
Oxford Sairting special..... 12c
White English Duck..... 12c
Coloured French Plique..... 12c
Silkenette, special..... 12c
Scotch Zephyre..... 12c
Special White Duck..... 12c
White English Plique..... 12c
Fine Oxford Sairting..... 12c
Galatese, first quality..... 12c
Fine Black Grenadines..... 12c
Superior White Plique..... 12c

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FAST EXPRESS TRAINS—TORONTO AND WEST.

Ex. Sun. Daily. Ex. Sun. Daily.
Lve. MONTREAL 9:00 a.m. 10:25 p.m.
Arr. TORONTO 5:40 p.m. 7:15 a.m.
Arr. HAMILTON 6:45 p.m. 8:45 a.m.
Arr. NIAGARA FALLS 8:40 p.m. 10:55 a.m.
Arr. BUFFALO 10:00 p.m. 12:00 p.m.
Arr. LONDON 3:00 a.m. 11:25 a.m.
Arr. DETROIT 6:45 a.m. 1:30 p.m.
Arr. CHICAGO 2:00 p.m. 9:40 p.m.
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NEW YORK'S LANDING STAGE.

Where Hundreds of Ireland's Sons and Daughters First Step Upon America's Soil.

PATHETIC SCENES OF DEAR ONES LONG SEPARATED.

The Zeal and Kindliness of the Officers in Charge—Watchful and Solicitous Vigilance of the Priest, and Many Other Interesting Features of the Arrivals.

Edith S. Tupper, of the New York World, thus pathetically describes the scenes which are being enacted at the Barge office, the landing place at New York, where hundreds of Ireland's sons and daughters are landing from week to week.

They say there's bread and work for all, And the sun shines always there; But I'll not forget old Ireland Were it fifty times as fair.

In this month more Irish immigrant girls have landed in New York than in any other July since 1846.

The majestic brought over 400 immigrants last week, half of whom were some Irish girls with cheeks like apples and lips like cherries.

What is the meaning of this sudden influx of immigrants from Erin?

If you ask Commissioner McSweeney he signs and shakes his head and says: "It's because they can't live in Ireland. Times are constantly growing worse there. There is no hope for the Irish peasant. If you travel in Ireland everywhere you hear the question, 'When are you going to America?'"

"It's not the question, 'Are you going to America?' but when. And the answer always is, 'When I've saved enough money,' or 'when mother dies,' or 'when my sister sends over my passage.' They are always looking forward to it from their childhood. They expect to go as much as they expect to go to heaven.

"And you wouldn't wonder at their eagerness if you could see the barren and desolate Ireland they are leaving.

"Last summer I went to Ireland. I travelled with a priest who had not been home for thirty years. I knew him as a genial fellow to whom I supposed tears were unknown. As we drove through the country toward his boyhood home what was my amazement when suddenly he burst into tears. The sight of desolate Ireland broke his heart.

"So these young men and women who see no future in Ireland turn instinctively from their own loved island and sorrow to America. And how do they save enough to come with? Let me tell you a fact. Six and one-half per cent. of all the passage money of Irish immigrants is furnished from this side.

"What do they expect here? Poor creatures, for one thing they expect to pick up gold in the streets. They expect to improve and rise in the world. Yes, many of the girls expect to marry young mechanics or artisans who have got a good start in life."

If you ask Agent Patrick McCool, who looks after these pretty Irish girls as a shepherd guards his lambs, who is here, there and everywhere—a tireless, honest, sincere worker—his gray eyes flash and the red in his ruddy cheeks grows deeper as he says proudly: "Irish people love liberty. As they are burdened by unjust and grievous taxation—taxation that even the English Tories themselves condemn—they come here to escape it and enjoy liberty."

If you ask Father Cahill, one of the priests at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, the harbor of friendless Irish girls in New York, he will gravely say: "The primary object of these girls is to earn money to send back to their parents, perhaps to save the old homestead, to keep their fathers and mothers in comfort in their last days."

And so, whether in search of bread and gold, or on the glorious quest for liberty or the sacred errand to save the old home, these troops of clear-eyed, red-cheeked, honest-hearted lassies are pouring into the country this summer in greater numbers than ever.

When the majestic landed the immigrants at the Barge Office last week hundreds stood waiting in lines, eagerly watching for the familiar faces to come up the stairway from the steamer. Every sturdy young man in frieze jacket and tweed cap, grasping his bag as though he expected to have it torn from him by force, every blushing, shy maid, frightened at the throng and the newness and strangeness of everything, was anxiously scanned by the watchers.

Suddenly a cry of, "Michael, me boy, God bless you!" or "Nora, me darlint!" was heard. Strong, red, hard-working hands grasp the travellers. Brawny arms snatched them to faithful hearts. Years leaped to fond eyes and rained down longing faces, and everybody else groaned in sympathy.

Annie Ryan, thin, sorrowful, with hands that showed the marks of ceaseless toil, was looking earnestly for her little sister Beatrice.

"Shure, she's only a child. I'm wild wid thinkin' somethin' may have happened her," she was saying to a friend. The faithful, anxious eyes devoured every young girl that came up the stairs. A bright red spot appeared on either

pale cheek. The roughened, knotted hands nervously clasped and unclasped. At last there came jauntily tripping up the stairs a typical Irish beauty. Scarcely sixteen, she was as round and plump as a patridge. Her dark, curly hair fell over her shoulders. Her eyes glowed like stars and her cheeks were like the blush of an apricot.

Annie Ryan gave a great, dry sob and caught her baby sister, the whom she had been tending about the old home, to her breast. "Oo, acushla, mavourneen!" she murmured brokenly. And everybody in the crowd murmured, too, and wiped their weeping eyes.

A big, stalwart, ruddy-cheeked young Irishman stood looking, not at the pretty girl as they passed before him, but at every old woman. Tim McPartland was there to find his old mother.

She came at last, a tiny, wrinkled little old woman, with a broad white cap and coarse, clumsy shoes. "Peasant" was emblazoned all over her.

But the well dressed, Americanized young Irishman was not ashamed of her looks. He did not care a rap about the droll cap and the awkward shoes. With a mighty laugh he lifted the little old woman clean off her feet and held her as if he would never let her go.

Sweet Nora Sullivan, from County Down, with hair the color of amber and cheeks like satin, shyly condescended to tell me a little of herself.

"Yis, ma'am, Oi've lift brothers an' sisters in Ireland. Oi've a good place waitin' me in New Haven. Oi'm to find for the others as soon as iver Oi get home. Homeick? Oh, no ma'am!—very bravely—Oi'm not after bein' homeick. Oi've friends to mate me whin Oi get to New Haven."

Close by, Ellen Dolan, with a face like a Madonna crowned by a quaint, bell-shaped hat, crunched over her luggage. She raised her heavily lidded eyes pathetically. "It's homeick Oi am, ma'am," she murmured, and buried her face in her shawl.

Pretty Maggie Maguire, sweet as a bit of sweet briar, modest and shy as a violet, came timidly along. Her sister was to meet her, she told the officials.

A fishy dressed woman, with blond hair and hard face, stood waiting with a man of sinister features and insolent eyes.

"There she is," said the woman as she caught sight of the child.

Rushing to her, she embraced her with exuberance and introduced her cousin.

Pretty Maggie's eyes grew larger as she took in every detail of her sister's appearance. "It's foine yez are," she said; "but phat is it yez have done to your hair, Rose?"

Rose tossed her head and laughed and said: "Come, child; you shall look as fine as I do before long. I've got a splendid place for you in my cousin's boardinghouse. You won't have to work hard, and we'll fix you up grand."

"Fot cousin is he, Rose?" the little girl asked. "Oi don't remember him at all, at all."

"Of course not, stupid," returned her sister. "He left Ireland when you were a baby. Come, make haste now."

The conversation made me uneasy. Some way I did not like the look of this pair. I wished somebody would interfere. I looked around. Was there no one?

There was some one. Directly in their path was the imposing figure of a black-robed Catholic priest.

His usually kindly face had grown severe. His stern eyes searched the little group before him. The yellow-haired woman quailed and dropped her eyes.

"What is your name, child?" said Father Henry, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

"Maggie Maguire, father," said the little one, dropping a timid curtsy.

"Where from?"

"County Kerry, father."

"Sne is my sister, father," put in the woman glibly. "I'm taking her to my cousin's."

"Oh, you are," said the priest, freezing the woman with an icy glance. "The little one will not go to your cousin's. Come with me, child."

"You've no business"—stormily began the woman.

"Take care," said the priest quickly, but with warning in his cold voice.

The woman slunk back.

The frightened child was taken to the shelter of the mission across the park— one more saved by the vigilance of the good fathers whose special province it is to look after these innocent wayfarers.

After a dramatic little scene I made myself known to Father Henry.

"That's only one of many," he said in answer to my questions. "These poor, ignorant girls would be the prey of designing people were we not on hand to watch over them."

But pre something pleasanter to do now, which perhaps you would like to witness. There is to be a marriage at the mission. A young man and his sweetheart have come over together and leave for Montana this afternoon, and wish to be married before setting out."

So we went over to the mission, and there, sitting side by side, sheepish and blushing and blissful, were Michael Sweeney and Kate Harrington, sweethearts from babyhood.

Nine years ago Michael came to this country and went to Butte, Mont., where he has worked ever since in the mines, earning his \$3.50 per day.

Six weeks ago he went back to Ireland to find his boyhood's sweetheart and bring her over to share his lot.

Michael was red-faced and twinkling-eyed. He flaunted a gay green necktie and an American flag on his coat, and he beamed and glowed and glistened with happiness.

As for his, sweet Kate, she could scarcely speak above a whisper and kept her eyes fastened upon the ground.

"Niver a swateheart nave Oi had barrin' Kate, Michael confided to me. 'Twas her face wur always beyant me when Oi wur diggin' away in thim durty old mines. It's savin' Oi wur from the first day to go back after me Kate. She's a bit strange, ma'am, but she'll loike it when wance she is there."

TOOTHACHE STOPPED IN TWO MINUTES with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10c.

The mountains is grand, and th' air so foine. 'Tis a dandy place, is Montany. 'Finer than Ireland?' He moved uneasily. 'Oo, no, ma'am' he said. 'There's no place like the ould sod. God save it!'"

In the cool, dim chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary the little romance had its fitting end.

The noble white head of Father Cahill towered above the Irish lovers as the stately priest in long black cassock prayed over them and sprinkled holy water upon them, and made the sign of the cross in the air above them, and pronounced them man and wife.

And then, hand in hand, the Irish immigrants set their faces toward the sun set, to begin anew the search for gold in a strange land where the sun always shines.

But they'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair.

The Story of A Tired Soul.

BY FRED. D. ENGELBACH.

AH! how apt we human beings are to judge our fellow-creatures' actions by the standpoint of our own feelings, and how terribly we err sometimes in consequence. I think one reason why the medical profession is so attractive to men of thought is that the doctor sees daily human nature with the society mask off. He learns early, if he be wise, that in no case is it safe to prophesy in what course a man's brain may impel him when in trouble.

One case, which after an interval of years stands as clearly before my mind as though it had occurred yesterday, is so unique in its details that I have ventured to record it.

I was in practice at a small town called Darlington, in the North Riding, a little place where we know each other's business far better than our own, and fought as desperately over the equipment of the fire brigade and such like matters as if our lives depended on the issue.

I was driving one day, when suddenly my groom, eager to impart information began:

"Do you know, sir, that Tasker has taken on an assistant?"

Now, Tasker was our village grocer, and suffered from heart disease, and was, in addition, a man of the most irritable temper.

"I'm glad of that, Tom; it's advice I've given him scores of times. What is the new man like?"

"I don't know, sir; he keeps himself so much to himself, and hardly goes out unless at night. Fancy Tasker keeping him a month already!"

So saying, the subject dropped, and I dismissed Tasker and his affairs from my mind, only to find, on my return to my house, that a message had been left requesting me to visit him without delay.

I hurried down to the shop and out of curiosity went in by the public entrance. I wondered, as I entered, how Tasker had lived in that atmosphere of cheese, bacon, and onions so many years, and glanced quickly at the new shopman.

He was a middle-sized man with a remarkable face. Forehead was fairly good, the nose straight, and the jaw very square and determined looking. In my brief glance I decided that the new man was not a shopman by training, and wondered what freak of fate had brought him to his present humble position.

After seeing my patient in the little back parlour, I said:

"Well, Tasker, you are a sensible man."

"Why, sir? I don't think you'd think so if—"

"Man alive! you've done the very thing I've told you for years to do—taken help."

The man looked rather confused, and, glancing around to the closed door, said:

"Well, sir, a month ago, during that hot spell, I thought I should have died in the shop. One day I nearly did, and was leaning against the counter, when I noticed a man staring at me from the door."

"He hurried in and nudged my collar, sat me down, and fanned me with a paper. When I came round, he told me that I'd kill myself if I wasn't careful. I said I thought I should, and then he told me that he had no character, no references, and wanted work. He didn't care—so he said—about wages if I'd feed him and give him enough money to buy tobacco with. Well, sir, they say I'm a hard man, but I took him on."

"He's like a son to me. Does my books, talks when I want to talk, and says nothing when I'm grumpy. Do you think I did wrong?"

"Well, it wasn't very wise, Tasker; but you've got a good man. I can read faces as well as most men, and I'll bet that man hasn't been brought—"

"No, sir; I won't talk about it. It's his affair, not mine; and if so be he wants to be a grocer, I'll treat him as one as long as he wishes."

I left the room allowing the snub the choleric little man had given me. Long residence in the country does me no good; gossip, and I find it very difficult to avoid, even now, discussing local affairs and people when on business. As I left, the assistant was busily making up packets of tea and did not look up. This piqued me, so I said:

"How do you like Darlington, my man?"

"He looked up, and I was struck with the sad expression of his face.

"Very well, thank you, sir," he replied in a cultivated voice; "your carriage is outside, sir."

Once more I found myself pulled up, and hastily retired from this strange, uncommunicative pair.

In six months I got no further with the new man. I offered to lend him

PAINT YOUR CHEEKS.

Not with paint on the outside that is easily washed off. Put the color on from within. Scott's Emulsion fills the cheeks with rich, red blood. It is a color that stays too.

EASY QUICK WORK SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES. SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

books, and tried him in many ways—for I was interested in him—but to no avail; and doubtless but for an accident I should never have known his story.

One Friday—our neighboring city's market day—I was hurriedly summoned to go to Tasker's, the message being 'that the new man had but his back cruel.'

On my arrival I found that Tasker had gone to York for the day, and had left the shop in charge of the assistant. An hour before he sent for me he had been mounting a high pair of steps to get down a ham for a customer. Suddenly the connecting cord gave away, and the steps fell with a crash. The heavy ham overbalanced him, and he fell backward, falling across a box on the floor.

I found that the neighbors had, with their invariable kindness to each other, carried the poor fellow into the parlor, where he was lying when I saw him. On carefully examining him, I found that he had broken his back very high up, and was completely paralyzed up to his neck. One bone higher and he would have died instantly, owing to the phrenic nerve, controlling the respiration, being injured. As I finished, I wondered how to break it to him, when, looking up at me with a whimsical look in his eyes, he said:

"It had been better for me had that phrenic nerve gone, doctor."

"I started—I did, indeed—had he read my thoughts?"

"Don't look so startled. I knew my back was broken high up, and—well, it's too late now to mind much. I was a doctor myself not long ago."

I drew a deep breath. I felt that I was on the verge of some startling confession and controlled as best I could my curiosity. In all human probability he had about twenty-four hours to live, and hence he could do himself no harm.

I gave him a little brandy, and then waited patiently.

"I'm afraid you will despise me when you hear my story; but as sure as I am dying, it is true, and I wish it were not."

"Don't worry yourself," I said. "It's no affair of mine; who am I to judge any man? I often feel, when I see or hear of any life spoiled, that there, but for the grace of God, goes John Derrin."

"Thanks; would you mind holding my hand? Although I cannot feel, it gives me a little courage to tell my sad tale."

I propped him up a little, and taking his nerveless hand, I rested it on the couch and placed my own on it in full view of his eyes.

"I am now just thirty years old, and I feel as though it were eighty. You'll hardly believe it, but I've been in practice for nine years, starting when I was twenty-one."

"My whole life has been a mistake from my earliest boyhood. They always put me in classes too advanced for me, because they said I was clever. Eager to justify this faith in my ability, I got into the way of acquiring information by the most superficial reading. Every one prophesied a great future for me, and I was sent to a great hospital to learn medicine. There again my reputation grew by no effort of my own. I looked a student, and a few lucky hits made my name there. I tell you that when I started practice, my knowledge, like hundreds of others of my year and other years, was very superficial. In short, I mistrusted myself."

"From that year until now I have striven to hide my ignorance from the world. My wife, a lovely and a charming woman, believed in me as a genius; my child—for I have one nearly eight years old—adored me, and my parents respected me, and yet I was unhappy. I was the only one who knew how I had erred. I was of all the respect I had erred. It was one long piece of acting. It's hard work to simulate confidence in yourself when you do not feel it, and I did it for years. I never gave myself time to think, for I found to be always doing meant happiness."

"Hence, one after the other, I took up my hobbies, carving, painting, photography. All in turn I tried of. Then I tried to tire myself out with football in leisure moments. One year I felt so worried that I exposed myself, worked doubly hard, and hoped I might die; but to no avail. Then, fortunately for my brain, literature absorbed my spare time. Such was my fatal facility that I was doomed to learn nothing from that hard task mistress, for my stories were taken from the first. After earning what would have been a year's livelihood to many people, I tired of that hobby and cast round for another. I was persuaded to lecture on various subjects which my great superficial knowledge had made familiar to me, and this proved my ruin."

"All last winter my work had been hard and I had not spared myself, and then the lecturing in the evening, I suppose, acted on my brain. I know I did not make any mistakes, but I got apathetic, and my wife was worried about me."

"One night in midwinter I had to ride over Dartmoor, which was close to my

village home of Newton Pynns, and the thoughts which had oppressed me for years flooded my brain.

"I was riding beside Cranmere Pool, an unfathomable morass, when the thought suddenly struck me. Why not get rest and oblivion in its depths? A touch of the spur and a tug at the reins would solve all my difficulties. I hardly remember now all that I did—I suppose I was mad—but I remember getting off the horse and looking in the moonlight at the bright, green, slimy surface of the bog. I decided not to weight my soul with my suicide, and determined to die to the world, in fact, to commit moral suicide."

"I dragged the horse to the edge of the morass, grimed him with dirt, and turned him loose. Off he galloped, the sound of his hoofs ringing dully in my head. I almost hear them now. Then I threw my hat and stick on to the bog, and tramped off to Plymouth, eighteen miles."

"You'll say I cheated people; yet I did not. I owed no man anything; I was not insured, and I loved my wife and child devotedly; only I needed rest and oblivion."

"I got work there as a laborer, and read of my death in the paper. Read, too, of my veritability and of my skill until my heart grew sick. Then I tramped up here and got work, and now it's all over—perhaps for the best, as who knows my darling wife might have married again. I've been happy, really happy, these six months. I've worked at mechanical work until I have been tired, and I have read and slept."

"A weak brain, you'll say. Well, who knows?"

"At any rate, I tried for nine years and failed to get the peace and rest I had here. No doubt I've been wicked as the world judges; but perhaps it was a mercy I left my happy home before I had time to see it brought low by some ignorance on my part or by my brain giving way and leading to a catastrophe. Good-bye, friend; guard my secret, and bury me decently. I've said enough for that."

"Put on a head-stone, 'F.A.G.' and 'Requiescat in Pace,' for I shall be at last at rest."

"A few months later I stood in the square at Newton Pynns, to which place I had devoted a day of my short holiday. There facing me was a drinking fountain, with the following inscription on it:

1886. THIS FOUNTAIN WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK GEORGE ANGEL, SURGEON, WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE EXECUTION OF HIS DUTY, MARCH 16, 1886. He was respected and beloved by all.

I turned to an aged pauper who was gazing at the fountain, and said:

"What sort of a man was this Doctor Angel?"

"Lor' bless ye, sir, he was a proper gentleman. He fed the poor, and was real good to us; but he disappointed us sore at last, he did."

"Why—how? I queried.

"Well, he might have given us a chance to bury an unproper. Why, I tell 'ee, sir, the weakest on us would have turned out to bury 'un; but his body never was got back, and so us couldn't show what we felt."—The Hall Herald.

The sick man knocking at the door of health gets in if he knocks the right way, and stays out if he doesn't. There are thousands of ways of getting sick, but only one way to get well. Do what ever you will, if you do not put your digestion in good order, and make your blood rich and pure, you will not get well. Rich, pure blood is the only thing that can bring perfect health. Constitution is a disease of the blood. A large part of all diseases are traceable directly to impurities in the blood, and can be cured by eliminating them with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The first thing it does is to put the weak digestive system into perfect order. It stimulates the appetite, excites a copious secretion of the digestive fluids and promotes assimilation. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be, kills them and forces them out of the system. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has been used with unvarying success for over 30 years.

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COLEMAN'S Salt THE BEST

Our subscribers are particularly requested to note the advertisements in THE TRUE WITNESS, and, when making purchases mention the paper.

Society Meetings.

Young Men's Societies.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. Organized April 1874. Incorporated Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Dunce street, first Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, RICHARD H. BEE; Secretary, M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchey, D. Galloway, Jas. McElhannon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1855. Meets in its hall, 17 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month at 8 o'clock, P.M. Spiritual Advisor, REV. E. STRIBBLE, C.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Cases.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

DIVISION No. 2. Meets in vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month at 8 o'clock, P.M. President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS SMITH; Treasurer, JOHN TRAYNOR. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and S. Connaughton.

A.O.H.—Division No. 3. Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernian Hall, No. 202 Notre Dame St. Officers: B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Rec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshall John Kennedy, T. P. Stanton, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file.

A.O.H.—Division No. 4. President, H. T. Keavns, No. 32 Deloraine Avenue; Vice-President, P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finner; Treasurer, Financial Secretary, P. J. Finner; Chairman of Standing Committee, P. J. Finner; John Traynor, Sergeant-at-Arms; D. Mathewson, Sentinel; D. White, Marshal; P. Gochan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: T. A. Donaghy, P. O'Hara, P. Gochan; Chairman Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 1 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

C. M. B. A. of Canada.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74.

Organized March 11, 1883. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's new Church, corner Centre and Laprairie streets, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. Applications for membership, or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Rev. Wm. O'Malley, P.P., Spiritual Advisor, Centre Street; Rev. Wm. H. Evans, President, 75 Fire Street; Mr. J. M. Kelly, Financial Secretary, 75 Borlar Street; Wm. J. Treasurer, Bourgeois Street; Jas. J. Foster, 25 Prince Arthur Street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26.

Organized 18th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month at 8 o'clock.

Applications for membership or any one desiring information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Rev. MARTIN BAIGAN, President, 57 Cadieux St.; J. H. PEELEY, Treasurer, 715 Sherbrooke St.; G. A. GADBOIS, Fin. Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St.; JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 328 St. Urbain St.

C. M. B. A. of Quebec.

GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC

Affiliated with the C.M.B.A. of the United States. Membership 43,000. Accumulating Reserve of \$1,300,000. Present Assets, \$1,500,000. Branch No. 1 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month. For further particulars address JOHN LAPPIN, President, 18 Brunswick Street, P. O. LAWLOR, Recording Secretary, 93 Shaw St.

Catholic Benevolent League.

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 P.M. M. SHEA, President; T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 417 Berri Street.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

St. Gabriel's Court, 185.

HAPPENINGS IN NEW YORK.

To Honor the Memory of Heroic Father Kessler.

A New Church for the Parish of St. Matthew.—The Brooklyn Bridge Soar—Interesting Statistics—Large Bequests to the Church—A Big Strike Threatened—Other News.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.

There is a movement being organized to pay a just tribute to the memory of the heroic priest, Rev. Father Kessler, who perished in the terrible disaster which befel the French transatlantic steamer Bourgogne, about a month ago. It is proposed to erect two marble statues of the brave priest, one to be placed in St. Joseph's Church, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Columbus avenue, where he labored so faithfully for more than thirty years, and the other in the adjoining school house. The project is apparently the simultaneous thought of many of his parishioners as well as of those who had only known him by reputation as a most devoted priest. A number of prominent citizens of Harlem, including Magistrate Bramm Eugene Sweeney, M. A. Lickler, Hugh McCormick, D. G. Martin and Charles Luce, organized an informal committee, and subscription books were distributed throughout the upper part of the city. The result, it is said, was surprising. Nearly \$500 was collected within a few hours and from all parts of the parish came requests for subscription lists.

One of the priests at the parish house said yesterday to a representative of a local journal:—"St. Joseph's is not a wealthy parish, but every one, rich and poor old and young, is sending in his mite." The deed of heroism for which Father Kessler is to be honored is fresh in the minds of all New Yorkers. Early on the morning of July 4 when the Bourgogne was sinking off Cape Sable, there was a scene of the wildest confusion on the big steamer. In all the bitter struggle for life Father Kessler, who was seeking a little rest after thirty years of continuous labor, made no effort to save himself, but remained on deck till the vessel sank, calmly giving absolution to those around him.

Father Kessler, who was born sixty years ago in one of the Rhine provinces, was the son of an officer who served in the army of Napoleon. A magnificent new Catholic Church is to be erected for the parish of St. Matthew, on the corner of Utica avenue and Douglas street at a cost of nearly a quarter of a million of dollars. It is expected that this sacred edifice will surpass all other churches in this city in its wealth of architectural beauty. It is to be built of Indiana limestone, French Renaissance in style, and is to have a seating capacity of twelve hundred. The feature of the interior is to be an immense barrel vault that springs from wall to wall, making a span of seventy feet. The tower, which is 125 feet high, is situated in the centre of the Douglas street facade, and is especially in keeping with the style of the church. The new St. Matthew's has a frontage of 75 feet on Utica avenue, and runs 160 feet deep in Douglas street.

The Herald by its reference to the recent accident to the Brooklyn Bridge has created no little feeling of anxiety in the minds of the thousands who are obliged to make use of it daily. The article is as follows:—

The public has received a severe shock through a loss of confidence in the stability of the Brooklyn Bridge. There is no other similar structure in the world that sustains so heavy a traffic and upon which so many people depend for the performance of daily duties and the enjoyment of daily pleasures. If any serious flaw is discovered in this structure it will reduce the importance of Brooklyn to New York and vice versa by at least one-half, to say nothing of a possible disaster that would appall the world.

The Herald is not inclined to believe that any serious damage has been yet sustained, but there is always a last straw that breaks the strongest back. The Bridge has been shuddered up to the danger point. The rules and regulations established by skilled engineers have been deliberately violated by greedy corporations, until on Friday night, while a long line of trolley cars was stalled, there was a "a sound like a shot, and the structure vibrated and groaned in a way that was terrifying to all persons."

The Bridge authorities declare that the structure is as safe as the street, and that the only reason for the snapping of an immaterial "bottom chord" was the accumulated weight of the stalled trolley cars.

The public is not in harmony with bottom chords. It knows nothing about them. When important bits of mechanism snap and the whole Bridge sags perceptibly the people demand a rigid investigation and will not be satisfied until a competent board of engineers reports that the Bridge has not yet reached the last straw condition.

Even if strong enough, the Brooklyn Bridge is no longer big enough to accommodate the traffic thrust upon it. What has become of those plans for the East River bridge which we heard so much about? Now is the time to rush them to completion.

Manhattan and the Bronx, 382,000; Brooklyn, 276,692; Queens, 80,000; Richmond, 13,500. The total enrollment of pupils in the schools was 462,329, divided as follows: Manhattan and the Bronx, 270,507; Brooklyn, 163,636; Queens, 21,047; Richmond, 10,145. The average daily attendance was as follows: Manhattan and the Bronx, 187,833; Brooklyn, 120,654; Queens, 18,621; Richmond, 6,026; a total of 334,184.

The expenditures for all school purposes for the year ending June 30, 1898, were \$10,576,770 80, of which Manhattan and the Bronx had \$5,926,544 03; Brooklyn, \$2,694,615; Queens, \$600,000, and Richmond, \$355,611.67. The per capita cost for the whole city was \$22.48. The total number of teachers and principals employed was 9,452, of whom 722 were men. To house all the children, 405 schoolhouses were provided, with a total seating capacity of 384,091. The value of these schoolhouses is put at \$29,235,299.28, and the school sites at \$12,055,544.40. The value of all other school property is put down at \$1,807,710. The number of new schools erected during the year was thirty-two, and fifteen additions, of which Manhattan and the Bronx had seven schools and ten additions; Brooklyn, two schools and one addition; Queens, twenty-one schools and four additions, and Richmond, two schools.

A pitiable case was brought to the attention of police officials last week when an old miser was conducted to the Oak street station. He had been taken sick at Roosevelt and Front streets. He said he was Edward Ryan 78 years old, and that he lived at the Glenmore House, 3 Chatham square. His vest was closed over a soiled shirt by a single button fastened by a piece of coarse wrapping twine. In the inside vest pocket, wrapped in a dirty and torn newspaper, were nine bank books, showing deposits for more than \$5,000.

The old man cried when the books were taken from him. They were returned to him, and he kissed them, patted them and rubbed his cheeks against them. He thanked the police in a broken voice for returning them. He was then taken to Bellevue Hospital, and died there yesterday of old age and lack of proper nourishment.

Ryan was well known by sight to frequenters of the Bowery. He lived apart from them. Of his past nothing is known by the police. He never had been arrested for vagrancy or for begging. His money is held for his relatives by the Public Administrator.

At intervals some of our wealthy Catholic men and women realize the necessity of assisting the cause of religion and education. A notable instance of this character was made public on Tuesday last, when the last will of Julia D. De Forest, widow of Frederick L. De Forest, who was known for his benevolence, was filed for probate. The generosity she evinced in her bequests may be inferred from the following particulars:—

To the Rev. Father Van Hamme, curé of Notre Dame de la Chapelle, Paris, she gives \$1,000 towards the erection of an altar to Notre Dame de la Misericorde in that church; to the rector of St. Marguerite's Church of Paris, M. Paradis, \$20,000, to be employed by him for the benefit of Christian schools for boys lately erected in his parish; \$8,000 to a Catholic orphanage in Turin, Italy, and \$1,000 to Father Etienne, of Brussels, to say masses for the repose of her soul and that of her husband. The rest of her estate is left to Archbishop Corrigan, to be employed by him for the benefit of the Catholic Seminary and the Roman Catholic Christian schools of the city of New York.

Many large sums are also given to relations. The will was executed on Nov. 19, 1892, while Mrs. De Forest was on a visit to Brussels, before the United States Consul, George W. Roosevelt.

The clothing industry, which is surrounded with the very worst features of the sweating system, is threatened with a general strike. The preliminary step was taken two days ago when six thousand men and women went on strike. Of the strikers 2,500 are children's jacket makers, 2,000 knee breeches makers and 1,500 cloakmakers.

Four thousand trousers makers also held a meeting and their leaders announced they will join their companions. The demands of the strikers are for higher wages and the abolition of sweating conditions. From 4 to 7 cents is paid for making a child's jacket. Expert workmen get sixty jackets to make in four days, but they say they cannot finish that amount in less than seven days, even when they work fourteen hours a day.

A dispatch from London, Eng., announces that Lord Mayor Davies and daughter are coming to this country during the month. He is a retired business man and very rich. The salary of the Lord Mayor of London it is said is \$50,000 per annum, but it is generally supposed that it costs not less \$100,000 to maintain the dignity of the office.

After coughs and colds the germs of consumption often gain a foothold.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not cure every case; but, if taken in time, it will cure many.

Even when the disease is farther advanced, some remarkable cures are effected.

In the most advanced stages it prolongs life, and makes the days far more comfortable. Everyone suffering from consumption needs this food tonic.

According to the report of City Superintendent Maxw-ll of the public schools, for the year ending July 31, 1898, the estimated number of children in Greater New York between the ages of 5 and 18 years was 702,162, distributed as follows:—

STEEL CEILING FOR CHURCHES. HALLS, THEATRES, PUBLIC BUILDINGS, PRIVATE RESIDENCES, SCHOOLS, LODGE ROOMS, STORES. Not a Substitute. But superior to lath and plaster, will not crack and fall off, absolutely fire proof, handsome in appearance. Send for our beautiful catalogues showing three hundred designs; free for the asking. Estimates furnished on receipt of plans. THE Pedlar Metal Roofing Co., ONTARIO, Ont.

HOSTILITIES ARE AT AN END.

Admiral Cervera Blanes Captain-General Blanco for Disaster to His Fleet.

Some of the Lessons of the War—The Part the Navy Played in the Struggle.

The Boston Herald, in summing up the results of the war with Spain, attributes the speedy and successful termination of hostilities to the manner in which the navy swept the Spanish fleet out of existence. It says:—

The end of the war with Spain is virtually reached. Spain's acceptance formally of our terms of peace is expected. In fact, very much attending this war has come in the nature of a surprise. We raised between 200,000 and 300,000 soldiers, and had contemplated raising even more, but the most of our land forces had little to do in ending the war. It was not practicable for us to increase our navy to any considerable extent in its more formidable features, and on the eve of operations one of our best ships was destroyed, while another was many thousand miles away from the theatre of war. Yet an intelligent survey of what has been done leaves no doubt that we owe to the navy the disablement of Spain, which made her further resistance futile. The raising of the army has not been without its use and its lesson. It made plain the resources of the country in the way of soldiers should occasion call for them. It showed Spain the power with which she would have to contend, and it was a splendid exhibition to the people of our country of the military spirit that could be invoked here; but in actual employment the exploits of our navy left little call for it.

The navy of the United States swept the navy of Spain from the seas. Wherever it met her ships it exterminated them. There were hardly the conditions of an encounter. The contest was more in the nature of a pursuit, except at Manila, and there not a man in our ships was killed. Our superiority in mechanism and in aim did the work. It brought Spain to submission, and conquered in the war before our army, except in the single instance of Santiago, got into employment, and even then the navy brought the Spanish garrison to an apparently premature surrender. Spain was bereft of her ships, and without them she recognized her helplessness. With these destroyed, Cuba was an isolated land. She had formidable fortifications, and she had a large garrison there. What was seen at Santiago showed the practicality of prolonging her resistance at Havana, if Havana could be supplied with the means of holding out at her hands. But her navy was gone, and she could not reach it. It must be starved out from the impossibility of conveying provisions there in any event. There was nothing left her in which to transport men or ammunition. Had Cuba not been isolated from Spain, the war might have extended over a year, and perhaps more, instead of a quarter of that time. No one has ever doubted that our nation would have conquered in the end. There was the certainty in it of a mathematical proposition, and Spain herself could not have been so blind as to fail to see it. The most she hoped to do was to make the problem a difficult one in our hands, or at least to place obstacles in the way of its early solution, thus rendering us tired of the war, and ready to concede terms of peace that would be less onerous.

We did not reach a stage in the war in which such a situation of affairs began to be in sight. The disappointment to our soldiers is that there has not been more fighting, and that they have not had a more active hand in bringing victory to the nation. But we are inclined to think that they will agree with the sensible portion of the people that this was fortunate. If the contest in Cuba had been prolonged, it would have been largely a contest against climate. Men were ready to encounter this in their country's service, but it was something to be avoided if possible. Nobody wanted fighting itself for the sake of fighting. Our soldiers did not enlist in the war in the spirit of gladiators. They volunteered because they thought they were needed to serve their country. If all that was to be achieved in their country's interest could be attained without them,

A TAN SHOE SALE.

Tan Shoes are not desirable goods to carry from one season to another. It never pays. We have made up our mind not to carry ours. We have made the price so low that they must go. LADIES' TAN SHOES, worth \$2.00 and \$1.75, \$1.50. Others with Silk Tops, worth \$3.00, for \$2.25. MEN'S CHOCOLATE COLOR, Serge Tops, Kid, Dress Boots, worth \$2.00, for \$2.50. E. MANSFIELD, The Shoecost, 124 St. Lawrence Street.

they were saved from sacrifice. Especially was it fortunate that they had escaped from that insidious foe, disease.

We have just had an example of what war in Cuba might have been in its effects upon our own ranks. When there are several times decimated by over there is cause for thankfulness that our men can be with safety removed from its atmosphere, and that other men are not to be called to encounter it. This must have been a cruel war in its continuance in another aspect, also. Assured starvation had, perhaps, more than anything else to do with bringing it on. That starvation, in the nature of affairs since its commencement, have been aggravated. It was not Spaniards who were its worst victims, either; they were innocent non-combatants to a great extent. The tales of their suffering long ago invoked horror. Unless we have been misled with regard to it, it is worst of all now and every day of the prolongation of the war added to its misery. On every account, we should all of us rejoice in its ending.

The nation has gained everything it sought in war in the terms of peace now assented to by Spain. In accomplishing this it has achieved a splendid reputation for its navy, has proved the universally patriotic sentiment of its citizens, and has fought gallantly to signalize their valor in a contest at arms. Nothing is left for it to ask further, and it is to be congratulated on the attainment of peace without added sacrifice.

A despatch from Washington states that Captain General Blanco is held responsible by Admiral Cervera for the destruction of the Spanish fleet. In his official report to Madrid which has been transmitted to Spain through the French Ambassador Admiral Cervera calls attention to the orders issued by Captain General Blanco for his entrance into the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, and for his departure therefrom.

Admiral Cervera states that upon his arrival at Curacao he received instructions to proceed to Santiago de Cuba. Against his judgment he carried out his instructions, well knowing in advance that his fleet would certainly be blockaded. He received orders on July 1 to leave the harbor, and notwithstanding his telegram to Captain General Blanco showing the result of a sortie of the kind, he was ordered to obey instructions.

The Navy Department declines to make the report public on the ground that it is a confidential document, and it is similarly regarded at the French Embassy. Admiral Cervera feels that his report, having been addressed to the Madrid government, properly belongs to it, and should be suppressed or made public as it sees fit. It is a lengthy document, covering some sixty pages, and is a journal of the movements of the fleet from the time it left the Cape Verde islands until its destruction.

Accompanying the Admiral's report are the report of the commanding officers of all of the vessels of his fleet, with the exception of one ship, the report of which is made by the second in command, her commanding officer having been killed. The report of the commanding officer of the Colon, I am told, shows that he really surrendered to the battle ship Oregon. Had it not been for the bursting of a steam pipe, which caused the revolutions of the Colon's engines to drop from eighty six to fifty-four per minute, the Colon would never have been caught so easily.

The St. Louis Republic, looking forward to the question of the government of the territory by recent conquest, assumes a most peculiarly confident tone. It says:—

The American nation is going to annex what it wants to annex and to govern where it pleases to govern as long and as rigorously as seems best to its own good judgment. Just now the man of sense would like to know about these Cubans and Porto Ricans, these Garcias and Aguilaldos, before he vociferates a final opinion. For a great party to annex itself to a programme of dealing with these various untrained natives of Spanish dependencies, when neither party has been able to bring order out of chaos in the five tribes of the Indian Territory, though both have worked at it every year since before the war, is taking some chances of an early tumble.

The same consequential style that pervades the views of the article of the St. Louis Republic is imitated by the Philadelphia Inquirer. It says:—

Peace is assured. Those who believe that the United States should not retire from an inch of captured territory need not be at all frightened because a commission of American citizens is to be appointed to meet a Spanish commission and discuss the disposition of the Philippines. It may be taken for granted, whatever is done will be done for our own best interests. The wishes and desires of Spain need not be consulted. The commission of necessity can only be a board constituted with powers to take testimony, to consider and to report. It cannot act finally. Its report must be reviewed by the President, and in the end must be subject to the vote of the Senate of the United States. We believe that it will be found that the only practical way out of the Philippine question is for the United States to take full possession. Meanwhile, we will occupy Manila and Porto Rico and Cuba, and consider what is to be done with the islands of the Pacific at our leisure.

No Chance to Get Old.—Mrs. Winks: "Why is old china so valuable?" Mrs. Ricks: "O' account of its rarity." Mrs. Winks: "But I don't see why it should be so very rare." Mrs. Ricks: "Well, with my experience of servants, I must confess that a piece of china that lasts a month is a wonder to me."

IN ATHLETIC CIRCLES.

Secretary James E. Sullivan, of the Amateur Athletic Union, New York, has returned from a short vacation spent at the Catholic Summer School, Plattsburg, N. Y. While there he had several interviews with the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, president of the school, upon the subject of athletics and physical education, with a view of establishing such a course at the school. It will be conducted on the same lines as the other studies, and diplomas will be granted for proficiency. Father Lavelle realizes the importance of physical training as an aid to mental work, and has already formed bicycle, swimming and walking clubs, laid out lawn tennis courts, and a golf course will shortly be added. The necessity of a gymnasium is recognized, but owing to the fact that the school will close in the latter part of August, it is too late to start now. It is very likely, however, that one will be erected and supplied with a full corps of instructors in time for the season of 1899.

Those who take an interest in yacht racing, and Irishmen especially, says the Quebec Daily Telegraph, will be pleased to hear that one of the greatest races ever yet run is being arranged for next year for the American Cup between the Royal Ulster Yacht Club of Ireland and the New York Yacht Club. The man really at the bottom of the challenge is Sir Thomas Lipton, the enormously wealthy Irish merchant of London, and the boat with which he intends to try to carry off the prize from the Americans will be a large cutter about the size of the Valkyrie III, and will be built at Belfast, no expense being spared upon it. Its name will probably be the Emerald or the Shamrock. In fact the present challenge is a distinctly Irish one. While Lord Dunraven is Irish, his boats were built on the Clyde, and everything about them was decidedly Scotch, with a slight English flavor. He challenged in the name of the Royal Yacht Squadron, essentially an English club. Ireland played no part in the effort of trying to win the famous cup. But Sir Thomas Lipton is intensely patriotic in his native land. He belongs to no yacht club, though he could have joined any he chose. He selected the Royal Ulster because it is nearest to his birthplace, and that organization is little known in America, will leave the honor of sending forth what probably will be the most dangerous rival the American yachtsmen have met. They are no fair weather sailors, these members of the Ulster Club. Their yachts, big and small, thrash out in the roughest of weather in all sorts of weather. The Marquis of Dufferin, once Governor-General of Canada, now commonly called England's greatest diplomat, is Commodore, and many noted Irishmen are members.

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The other night, while it was pitch dark, a ship called the Ino entered the Tyne from Hamburg, and, as usual, the Custom House launch ran alongside. "Hoy," shouted the officer, "what ship is that?" "Ino" came the reply. "I know jolly well you know," retorted the officer; "but I want to know."

John Murphy & Co's ADVERTISEMENT.

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150 Values, Clubbing and Telescopes, Cameras, etc., at regular wholesale prices and 25% cent. off. 1000 Fancy Fans, pretty and cheap, to suit all tastes, 45c each for 50 each.

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Men's White Flannel Suits, \$3.00 for \$1.50. Men's White Flannel Pants, \$2.00 for \$1.00. Men's Flannel Trousers, \$2.00 for \$1.00. Men's and Boys' Tweed Caps, 25c each for 12c. Men's Colored Shirts, \$1.00 for 50c each. Men's Flannel Shirts with Collars, \$1.00.

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GOOD CROPS IN UNITED STATES. Reports from all Quarters Considered Satisfactory.

The report comes from Chicago, Ill., that the railway companies and business men expect the largest wheat crop in the history of the United States will be harvested within a fortnight. The winter wheat yield, which aggregates between 380,000,000 and 400,000,000 bushels, will be increased to the extent of 350,000,000 bushels from the spring wheat region.

The bumper crop of 1891 will be exceeded this year by 100,000,000 bushels, from present indications. Reports received from members of the National Association of Merchants afford positive proof, it is declared, that a new era of prosperity is at hand throughout the Great West.

Railroad officials who have just come in from extended trips through the spring wheat and corn growing States make equally optimistic reports. State crop reports received to day from Kansas and Michigan say:—"A bumper crop is here." And the Pearson-Land Credit Company, which holds \$9,000,000 worth of farm mortgages in the West, has but \$17,000 worth of property under foreclosure.

The corn crop is slightly below the average because of the wet June and dry July weather in the corn region. But the great bulk of wheat which this country will have for home consumption and export is regarded as more than sufficient to make up for the corn shortage. Furthermore, the large stock of corn on hand is thought to be more than enough to make up for the lack of production.