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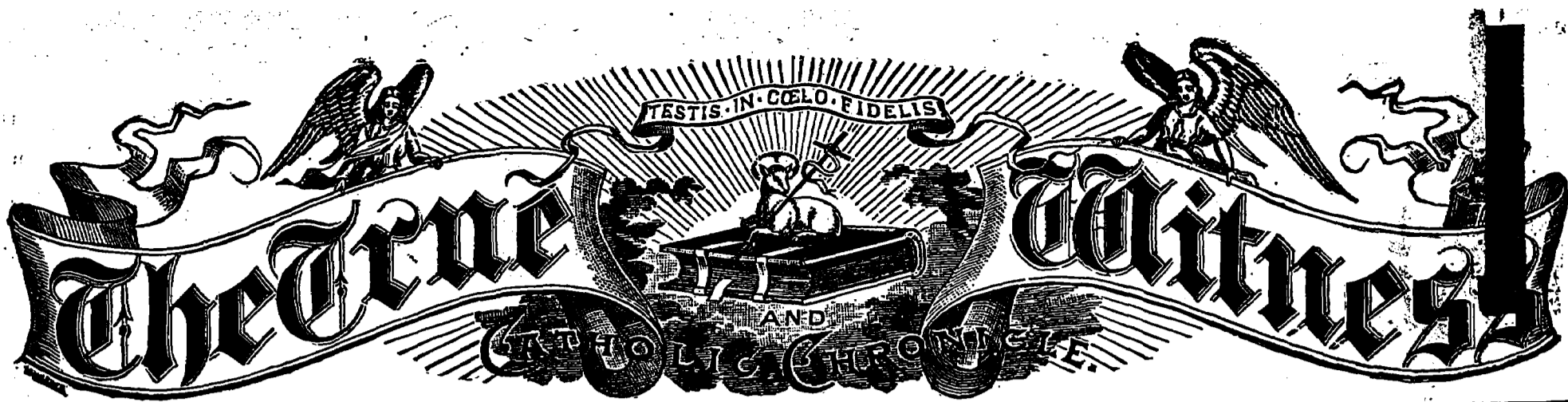
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A GENTLEMAN writes to us complaining that while we apparently boom the "Catholic Sailors' Association"—meaning, we suppose, the "Catholic Truth Society," we have neglected to publish certain letters sent us concerning a "Catholic Society Hall, or Building." According to our correspondent, for some mysterious reason, we let drop the latter subject. We are not under the impression that we ever received any letters such as those referred to; we have ransacked every pigeon-hole in our office and have failed to find the same, nor does our memory at all suggest them. Still we must disclaim ever having let drop such an important subject for the reasons mentioned. We are most anxious, and have ever been so, that a general Hall—such as our non-Catholic fellow-citizens enjoy—should be erected for the benefit of our Catholic young men. But we can say squarely that we have brought the subject before dozens of our leading citizens, and have generally met with the same reply,—that they did not see any immediate prospect of a success in that direction. So far we have failed to meet with the society that is prepared to start the ball rolling. But whether such an institution is or is not possible in the near future, has nothing to do with the Catholic Truth Society. There are many things we need and cannot get; but that in no way gives us a ground work for attacking what we do possess. We need a High school in the worst way; but we are not going to secure it by running down or refusing to support the other schools at our disposal. We need a daily paper very badly; but it won't come by closing up the only substitute we possess for such an organ. We certainly require a general hall for the young Catholics of Montreal, but we won't get it by injuring existing institutions that are doing incalculable good in their own way. Our correspondent refers to knocks the paper will get; the paper is prepared for the same, especially when they come from hands that have evidently done little to support either it, or the cause for the defense of which it was established. Some people would do better to knock at their own breasts, repeat the *mea culpa*, and honestly look into their own hearts and question themselves as to their sincere and real motives of action.

HERE is about the richest resolution we have ever read; it was proposed by a Mr. Cassidy, at the recent Constitutional Convention in Albany:

"No local Board of Education shall employ any school teacher who espouses any religious sect, nor shall any teacher who is employed appear in the garb of a nun, the cassock of a priest, the close-buttoned coat of an Episcopal rector, the white necktie of a Methodist minister, the stern countenance of a Presbyterian, or the lank figure of a Baptist; nor in the severe simplicity of a Shaker, or the cheap material affected by the Society of Friends. To avoid all appearance and even suspicion of sectarianism or sanc-

tity on the part of public school teachers, for male teachers the dress shall be the zouave dress adopted by Colonel Billy Wilson's male regiment in the war for the Union; for female teachers, the latest bicycle costume imported from Paris."

Just imagine such a measure being carried by sane people!

We have received a lengthy communication from a gentleman signing himself "An Irishman with a small purse, but a good will." While we heartily agree with the contentions of the writer we are sorry that space this week will not permit of the publication of that logical and interesting letter. We trust, however, that the ideas therein expressed will prevail and that a more generous spirit may be awakened amongst our people regarding the necessity of a thoroughly Catholic paper.

WE are not very well posted in the Western Watchman's grievances and troubles, but we think it would be a little more becoming, were the learned editor of that enterprising paper to use a little less sarcasm and to show a somewhat more truly Catholic spirit in dealing with the leading members of the hierarchy. Of course there may be some petty spleen to satisfy of which we know nothing, yet that satisfaction should not be at the risk of scandalizing Catholic readers.

"PREMIER CRISPI," says a Roman despatch, "is ready to make an concessions to the Church compatible with the maintenance of Italy's sovereignty over every part of the soil, but Italy will never concede the temporal power of the Pope." In other words, a thief takes your money; he is perfectly willing to grant you any favor in the world, except the possession of the money he took. He will let you alone; he will allow you to eat, sleep, or do what you please; but he will not restore the stolen goods. He is very generous, but you don't require his generosity in that line. What you want is the money that he illegally holds. So it is with Crispi; he will concede anything to the Pope, except that which is the Pope's rightful property. That kind of petty diplomacy is played out and the European powers see clearly through the Italian Government's scheme. But Crispi will pass away and the Papacy will still be there to claim and to eventually secure its rights.

IN referring to a recent pilgrimage to Cape de la Madeleine and Three Rivers one of our evening contemporaries made some very grave mistakes in the report given. For instance, it was stated that a great number of the pilgrims, men and women, visited the Anglican Church at Three Rivers, where the remains of "Saint Didace" are buried. In the first place, there is no Saint Didace; it was an humble Brother of the Recollets, who bore that name, who was killed in the church and buried under its High Altar, in the days when it was a Catholic tem-

ple. Frere Didace was never canonized, nor is he even beatified. In the next place, the pilgrims did not visit the Anglican Church, as stated, nor did that pilgrimage comprise any gentlemen. In fact, the whole report is erroneous, from first to last. It is thus that many of our most important Catholic events are wrongly reported. We make this correction simply for the purpose of letting the public understand that the principal Catholic items of news are, as a rule, misrepresented in the reports made by the secular press. It is unfortunate that it should be so; but all we can do is to correct those errors.

SOMETIMES we are greatly mistaken; this time we may also be in error, but we nevertheless are of opinion that some of our Catholic confreres of the American press are giving a great deal too much prominence to the sect of A. P. A's. In fact we believe that the society would, in the course of nature, fall to pieces and disappear into the oblivion out of which it arose, if its name and its deeds were not so prominently kept before the public. It is all well enough to point out the errors of those fanatics and, at times, to refute their more serious accusations, but when it comes to filling page after page, and that week in and week out, with nothing else except A. P. A. refutations, we feel that the Society aimed at only gains notoriety and is kept alive by such artificial means. The less attention is paid to a certain class of disturbers the more effectively are they silenced.

BOB INGERSOLL is said to be preparing another lecture. This time he intends to tear to pieces every remnant of Christianity. He is going to upset the Church, destroy the universal belief in God, and make chaos return. Probably he will begin by trying to blast the rock upon which the church is built; he may then proceed to dislodge the earth from its present orbit, and having accomplished that feat, he may wind up by ripping the canopy of the skies into shreds. It is wonderful how audacious some men become when they have had an over-dose of free advertisement. Yet it is still more wonderful how gullable the general public always is, and how people are to be found who can spend their money for the purpose of encouraging such creatures as that notorious blasphemer. It is almost time for Ingersoll to have some sense. Surely by this time he has made money enough, and can afford to retire and try to make peace with God before the end of his days.

WE are informed, by one of our exchanges, that a family in Minneapolis possesses a brass button from one of General Washington's coats. The button is regarded as a "sacred heirloom" in the family, and no person finds fault with this. It is a mere relic of a great man, and it recalls to mind the patriotism and success of the man to whom it once belonged. However, the very members of

that family would be the first to ridicule the Catholic who prizes any relic of some mighty conqueror in the arena of faith. It is wonderful how inconsistent humanity is; as long as an action corresponds with the ideas of certain people they look upon it with admiration, while they are ready to condemn the self-same action when the circumstances under which it takes place do not harmonize with their own special prejudices.

BETWEEN the vaporings of Joe Chamberlain and the manifestoes, articles, and other public utterances of prominent Imperial politicians, the Home Rule cause is getting some severe rubs on the other side of the Atlantic. But happily experience and history teach that a just cause may be checked but cannot be permanently injured, no matter what the tactics of those who wish to bring it into discredit. It is all very fine for interested politicians to spend their parliamentary vacation in this way; but the truth of Duffy's saying is daily and yearly made manifest, that, "men may come and men may go, but the cause lives on forever." The grand principle of Irish Home Rule is now too firmly established to permit of any anxiety, no matter what may be the enmities of public men, or the weapons used against it. Not only the Irish people, but every other people in the civilized world to-day, acknowledge the justice of that cause, and it shall yet triumph when its opponents least expect. All these sensational reports on the subject in no way affect the grand and ultimate result. The only conclusion, in the minds of Home Rulers, to which they should give rise, is that a greater union is necessary, and a more perfect harmony of action is imperative.

WE notice that the Herald is again at its little trick of insulting, in a most undignified and miserable manner, the Hon. Mr. Curran. Unfortunately for that morning and evening publication it wields a boomerang that only recoils upon itself. Its mean insinuations and petty attacks only serve to raise the one against whom they are levelled proportionately higher in the estimation of the public. Moreover, these remarks, so uncalled for and so unbecoming, are simply so many direct insults to the host of people who so often recorded their confidence in and expressed their esteem for that gentleman. Its style of combat is beneath the serious attention of any reputable organ; still it is not out of place for us to inform that journal of a plain fact, to wit: that it need not think to cloak itself with a political domino and then stab with impunity the character or reputation of any Irish Catholic in this community—much less a representative of our race and creed. If it is any satisfaction to the Herald, or any other organ to know it, we can say, that, at the request of a leading statesman of the day, Mr. Curran purposes remaining in public life; nor is he likely to be politically disabled by such shafts as those which have recently been fired at him.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

A MOST ELOQUENT SERMON BY REV. FATHER QUINLIVAN, S. S.

The Apostolates of the Word, of Prayer and of the Press—A Magnificent Plea for Catholic Journalism—High Praise for "The True Witness."

On Sunday last a most interesting event took place in the elegant church of Our Lady of Good Counsel (St. Mary's parish), when the Rev. Father Quinlivan, parish priest of St. Patrick's delivered a powerful sermon on the Apostolate of the Press. High Mass was sung by the curate, Rev. Father Shea, and after the Gospel the kind pastor of St. Mary's, Rev. Father O'Donnell, ascended the pulpit and, having made the regular announcements of the week, informed the congregation that Father Quinlivan, of St. Patrick's would address them upon a very important subject. For fully an hour the able preacher held the attention of the large congregation while delivering a most powerful and lucid address.

In opening, the Rev. Father said that he had come at the kind invitation of Father O'Donnell to say a few words on a matter that concerns the common interests of all the Catholics of the city, and particularly of the five great English-speaking Catholic parishes. We are about to enter the month of October, which is one specially consecrated to prayer, and in a particular manner to the grand devotion of the Holy Rosary. The Holy Father calls upon the Catholic world to join in the beautiful prayers of the Rosary, that through them the interests of the Church, all over the earth, may be protected and the noble mission of Christ's Vicar rendered successful and triumphant. The present Sovereign Pontiff is certainly one of the very greatest of the Popes. The unexpected good he has done surpasses all language to describe. Shorn of his temporal authority and power, he has merely the spiritual weapon wherewith to combat. Yet he has done more than any man in this century. He has won the respect and the admiration of even his enemies. He has solved problems that have puzzled the brains of the world's greatest statesmen; and on his simple affirmations more value is set to-day than upon the expressions of the greatest men of the age. He combines with his natural and magnificent gifts the supernatural light that comes to him as the custodian of the Faith that Christ left us. We know, and the world knows, all that he has accomplished, all that he is now accomplishing, and all that he intends to accomplish for the good of humanity and the glory of God. He has turned his eyes to the Orient and is moving rapidly in the direction of securing a union between the schismatics of the East and the parent body of the Church. Mighty results are expected to follow each of his undertakings and every sincere Catholic in the world is hopeful of success, because we all feel that a great master is at the helm.

But while so much is being done by the Pope, we must all aid in the ground work. From the highest to the lowest, from the richest to the poorest, in all stages of life, in every walk of existence, the Catholic can have a share in the great undertakings of Leo XIII. By the prayers of the Holy Rosary each individual can aid in the work, and particularly does our Holy Father recommend that weapon. When future historians record the triumphs and troubles of the Church, not improbably will the present Vicar of Christ be known as

"THE POPE OF PRAYER."

Prayer is his weapon; it is the double-edged sword that he wields, it is also his shield in the hour of struggle. Therefore, is it in our power, no matter how ignorant or learned we may be, how old or how young, to further the aims of the grand apostolic Pontiff that to-day so glorious reigns over the kingdom of Christ on earth. It is by means of a triple apostleship that he seeks to bring about the greatness of the Church's future. That is the Apostolate of the Word, that of Prayer, and that of the

Press. It is specially upon the last one we will dwell—for it has a particular interest for us—but a word or two about the first and second will be in harmony with the subject.

When Christ established His Church He selected a few poor and ignorant fishermen to go abroad and commence the Apostolate of the Word, to evangelize the nations, to convert the universe. Look to-day at the stupendous effects of their labors, the mighty triumphs they gained, the astounding results of their mission. St. Peter alone converted 8,000 people by his first and second sermons. See the Apostolate of the Word as exemplified in the labors of St. Francis, of St. Dominic, and of the other wonderful preachers whom God raised up, from time to time, according as the ages required them. It is by the announcing of the Word of God from the pulpits of the world that the truths of our holy religion have been spread abroad and that they are kept alive in the breast of humanity.

The second, and perhaps even more important Apostolate is that of Prayer. It existed even before that of the Word. The early apostles were taught to pray before preaching, and in turn taught that prayer was absolutely necessary. Behold the grand part that each of us can play in this work of the Church! We are told of a great pulpit orator who charmed thousands by his matchless eloquence and who drew hosts of converts to the Church. Everyone attributed his success to the magic of his language and his influence upon the people. But it was soon after revealed to a holy person, that the conversions were not due to the powerful oratory of the preacher, but to the prayers of an humble brother, who sat upon the pulpit steps and repeated the Ave Maria during the sermons. The brother prayed that the word of God might have effect, and his prayer was answered. So is it that the prayers of the humblest individuals in the congregation may do as great a work of Apostleship as the powerful eloquence of the grandest preacher. But while we have the Apostolate of the Word in the pulpit, and of Prayer the world over, there is another—a third kind of Apostolate that has become, in recent years, of the utmost importance in the grand work of the Church, and the encouragement of which the Holy Father misses no opportunity of securing; it is

THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS.

We have it not only from experience, but upon the highest of authority that the press to-day is a great power for good or for evil, just as it is applied. In his encyclical the Holy Father dwells upon the importance of the press in the great struggle now going on. He calls upon the prelates of the Church and the members of the clergy to encourage the Catholic press as a necessary arm in the arena of combat. So much so is it that Bishops have found it advisable to take certain priests—who have an aptitude for literary work—and to place them at the heads of Catholic papers. It may be well considered a work so necessary that it belongs to their apostolic mission. The congregation knows well to what this allusion is made. In this country, and in this province, particularly in this city, the people are divided into three principal elements, each of which is obliged to look after its own special interests. This classification, or division of elements is not of our making, no one is to blame for it, we are simply obliged to accept the cold facts as they exist. It is, therefore, not for any purpose of creating further divisions, but rather to show that since in the order of things they exist, we must take them as they come, that reference is now made to them. We have the Protestant, the French-Canadian, and the English-speaking Catholic elements in our community. We belong to that last mentioned section, which is very numerous, yet in a considerable minority. We must share the fate of our section, we depend upon each other, and unless we are perfectly united we have neither influence nor hope. If we become divided into parishes, or into sub-sections of any kind, it is twenty to one against our ever getting any recognition at all. The other two elements have all that they require; they have the Press, they have the wealth to support it; they keep together whenever their common interests are at stake. The Protestant section possesses four powerful dailies, that both morning and evening defend their rights and keep their claims before the public and before the powers that be. The French-Canadian section has not less

than five solid dailies to battle for their rights, and to their credit be it said that they have recently set on foot a thorough Catholic daily, La Croix, that has received a special blessing from the Pope. When Canon Racicot asked for that Apostolic blessing, the Pope's face lit up and he exclaimed that he gave it with all his heart. A daily Catholic paper he considers one of the greatest blessings to the world. Thus are the two sections defended and thus do they support the instruments of their success.

What have we to show? Not a single daily paper, and only one weekly. But that weekly—THE TRUE WITNESS—has gained for itself of late years a most honorable reputation, not only in Canada but over the whole continent. The American press, when quoting from its columns, or commenting upon its work, unanimously calls it

A MODEL CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

Every reference to our paper—and they are of weekly occurrence—are most complimentary. Yet we have people so short-sighted and so little given to reflection that they make a pretext of the paper being "only a weekly" to hold aloof from its proper support and due encouragement. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," the man who has lost an arm still thanks God that he has the other left to be of use to him. If we cannot purchase a gun wherewith to meet our opponents let us not for that reason cast away the blackthorn in our hand. Yes, some people would allow our weekly to drop; but how can they ever expect a daily paper if they cannot support a weekly? and how can they hope to build up a daily if we tear away the solid foundation of the weekly?

In the first place the disappearance of our weekly would be a source of deep humiliation—a real disgrace. What would strangers think of us? The news goes abroad that THE TRUE WITNESS is dead. "What,"—they will say—"that grand, old Catholic organ has been allowed to disappear! What is wrong? Are the 35,000 Irish Catholics too poor to keep life in it? It had never been more powerful, never more needed, never so hopeful; what is the cause?" The answer would simply be, "it died on account of apathy." Would that be to our credit? In Ontario, in a Protestant province, they support four good Irish Catholic weeklies; and any one of the communities in which they flourish is by far inferior in numbers to ours. We are of that old and pioneer Catholic settlement from which have radiated on all sides the lights of our faith, and we have not the spirit to keep up our only mouth-piece—and such a splendid paper. It is the oldest in Canada of its class; and it is from its columns many a cherished principle of faith was gleaned by the youth of the past, and it is in its columns that the grandest truths are most powerfully expressed for the people of to-day. No one ever read its pages carefully that did not feel the better for it. (We purposely omit the remarks of the Reverend Father concerning the editor; it is the paper and not the editor that is of moment to our people.)

The death of such an organ would be destructive of our very best interests. It is the

ONLY REPRESENTATIVE OF THE APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS

that we possess. Other Catholic papers are good, no doubt, but they have no local interest for us, nor do they, nor can they, represent our special interests, no matter how well edited they may be. Without THE TRUE WITNESS our commercial, social, personal educational and other interests must suffer. If each parish does not ask for what it requires, it need not expect that any one will come and offer it spontaneously, and so is it for every other division of the community. Are we going to beg the charity of a kind word in a press that but very reluctantly grants us a favor—and that would probably grant none at all had we not our weekly to stir them up? After detailing the diabolical work done by the A.P.A., the P.P.A., and kindred anti-Catholic societies, the reverend preacher went on to show how little we could do to save ourselves against these organizations and their underhand work if it were not for our Catholic paper. The merchant don't want it, he says; he can do without it; when his cash-box will become more empty on account of the increasing boldness of those enemies who find we have no power to resist them, he will begin to cry out for a paper. Let the Catholic policeman, or Catholic laborer, reflect upon the result.

These secret bodies gain a foothold; he is discharged on some pretext or another; an injustice has been done him; he has no redress, no means of making known to the public the outrage; because he has not even a weekly Catholic paper. And who is to blame? That man, himself; he allowed the only weapon he had to be broken, and as a consequence he now suffers. It is the same in the political, the municipal and in every other sphere. As long as we have a mouthpiece that men respect or fear, they will be just to us; but take away our arms and we will soon be crushed out of existence.

Evidently our Irish Catholic people are gradually being wiped out of Quebec; it will soon be so in Montreal, unless we be up and stirring. No matter what a man's occupation he needs support, and unless he can see the necessity of supporting in turn his only defender, he may be sure of ultimate failure. Nothing is more needed here to-day than a grand and complete High school for our children; but if we have no one to speak for us, if we shut off our only organ, if we silence the only voice that can plead our cause, we will be long without that or anything else of importance. Why is it that those "ex-nuns," "ex-priests," and other such characters who used to haunt our city and insult our creed, belie our Church and injure our feelings, keep clear of Montreal and ply their abominable business in another section of Canada? Simply because we have THE TRUE WITNESS, and that there is a pen ever ready here to turn their strongest weapons against themselves. Let THE TRUE WITNESS disappear and these people will soon reappear.

Suppose some great Irishman comes out here, and we have no paper of our own, no organ to record the event or to tell the views of our people; would it not be humiliating to have to depend upon the more or less exact reports of a stranger press! Royalty to-day is represented here by a Governor and his Lady, who are not ashamed or afraid to profess and practise a grand love for Ireland and her suffering people. Had we no weekly paper, how could we back up the grand work these noble people are doing? A St. Patrick's Day celebration takes place; we must depend upon half-hearted and often sarcastic reports of the day's events, that a more or less unsympathetic press might give; had we no TRUE WITNESS, what a humiliation the results of that day's proceedings would be? In a word, it is a duty to the Church, to the community, to our families and to ourselves, to give our paper all the support within our power. It is not as an act of charity; it is on business principle this is asked. Full value for the money will be given in a splendid paper, also in the protection it affords and later on—if properly encouraged—a dividend will come to each one who has invested in its stocks. The Rev. Father closed his lucid and splendid address, by a request to the parishioners to meet in the basement hall, and each one help in the good work, by subscribing for the paper or taking shares in its stock.

THE AFTER MEETING.

At the meeting after Mass, Dr. J. K. Foran, editor of the TRUE WITNESS, delivered short address which was most heartily appreciated. In addition to what Father Quinlivan had said he merely referred to the fact that as Catholic paper the TRUE WITNESS could recognize no political influence or party, and as an Irish Catholic organ it would oppose any movement or any body that might prove detrimental to the interests of the people, either individually or collectively; while their rights should be protected; their just claims and fair privileges should be asserted. For the present Dr. Foran said they only possessed the "blackthorn" of a weekly; but woe be to the head that would concoct anything injurious to either the Irish Catholics as a people, or to the Church whose truths the Catholic press should protect and propagate. Be that head upon the shoulders of one party or the other, it should learn how the famous Father O'Flynn, of the song,

"Lifted them all with a stick."

He closed by saying that as soon as the weekly would be on a firm basis a daily would at once be started, and that while retaining the "blackthorn" they would use the other as a regular "gatling-gun" to sweep the enemy at long ranges.

Some folks who claim to be above criticism are beneath contempt.

CATHOLIC CHAUCER.

AN ESSAY OF DEEP LITERARY INTEREST.

A Few Thoughts on the Poetical Beauties of the "Father of English Poetry;" Written for The True Witness by a Member of the Paper's Staff.

And as for me, though I have knowledge slight,
In books for me to read I me delight,
And to them I give faith and full credence,
And in my heart have them in reverence
So heartily, that there is game none
That from my books maketh me be gone.

Now that the winter is upon us and sociable Catholics anticipating more evening leisure are inaugurating reading circles, debating societies and other means of instructive recreation; a few thoughts on the beauties that lie upon the printed pages of many books we now know perhaps, but indifferently may be acceptable. It is our idea to confine ourselves as much as convenient to authors who are Catholic and wholly to those whose most salient characteristic is innocent gayety and humor.

We now live in an age of culture, and the easiest way to acquire the attainments demanded by society is by the perusal of good literature. A celebrated German philosopher remarks that in ancient times the state was the great power; in the middle ages the Church, and that in these recent days we have added two others, commerce and literature. If this aphorism be true, therefore, it behooves us to cultivate literature in a degree only secondary to commerce.

IN THOUGHTS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

It is well that we should first speak of Chaucer the great Father of our language who painted nature; naturally, as she is joyous and cheerful and not as she has been painted too often since, through the distorting spectacles of art. Chaucer in the 14th century found a daily varying hybrid tongue and left behind him in his works the nucleus of the language that Shakespeare, two centuries later, crystallized. Chaucer was a Catholic; his frequent and loving attestations to the virtues of Our Blessed Lady, show that he was a devout one. He was a master of the most piquant and bewitching humor, and again, when he willed he was capable of rendering the most sublime and the tenderest of thoughts. He could by the versatility of his genius sound with his verse the whole gamut of literary expression. It is true that the coarse influence of the age in which he lived led him to write much in some of his poems that was in exceedingly bad taste, but these lapses were confined to times at which he was treating a humorous or vulgar theme, and his transgressions are expiated to some extent by the devotion and the pure lively narrative in his serious verse.

Chaucer's chief charm is his naturalness, his quaintest thoughts called up by the beauty of the woods and fields fall into words without a seeming effort, and, therefore, without a trace of art; in his poems the glorious meadows are as rich and green, the sylvan walks as cool and shady, and the song of the nightingale as silver sweet as in the natural reality. There is in all his works, whether the theme be grave or gay, a delicate vernal freshness which affects like the bright gayety of innocent youth.

Our own classical philosophic Aubrey de Vere says of him: "In our own literature Chaucer holds a position analogous to Dante, different as is the character of his genius. In him we see the stately foundation laid for a period of English poetry which exists, alas, but in that unfulfilled promise.

Of the fabric which must otherwise have been raised on that basis we were deprived by the wars of the Roses and the barbarism which that struggle bequeathed. Chaucer is, among us, the representative poet of the middle ages.

In his works we recognize two ages: a past one with all its chivalrous splendours, and again, a very different age which was at hand and of which the indications are to be found chiefly in his humorous poems."

To read Chaucer, as Dryden edited him two hundred years ago, requires more study of the 14th century idiom and accent than most young readers for a winter evening's recreation would care to give; for in the five centuries that have elapsed since the poems were composed, the language has altered almost unrecognizably.

To Catholics who would renew or make acquaintance with the Father of our

language and yet be neither offended by his occasional grossness or impeded by his ancient accent, we might recommend the modernized rendition of three of the Canterbury Tales, by the poet Wordsworth. In these versions the feeling has been faithfully preserved while the words of the original as nearly as would be intelligible adhered to. Leigh Hunt, too, made some of Chaucer's poems into modern English. For a complete edition of Chaucer that is understandable to the reader not versed in mediæval literary lore the Riches of Chaucer, by Cowden Clarke, the friend of the poet Keats, is much read. In this book the quaint spelling is modernized, the words are fully accentuated and the works that Chaucer repented having written are entirely eliminated. There are several editions of Chaucer recommended by Catholic literary societies notably those edited by W.W. Skeat and A. W. Pollard.

Chaucer's most famous and most interesting group of poems is his Canterbury Tales. A number of pilgrims 29 in all representing many callings meet at an inn on their pilgrimage to the shrine of Canterbury, and being a jolly company agree to each tell two tales on the journey to the shrine, and two on the return journey, the narrator of the best tales to receive a good supper at the inn as guerdon. Many tales are told, amongst them being the tale of Sir Mopas, The Pardoner's Tale, The Franklins' Tale, The Squire's Tale, The second Nonne's Tale, The Tale of the Prioress, and the Yeoman's Tale.

Wordsworth has modernized the Prioress's tale which tells of a little choir boy who learnt the *Alma Redemptoris*, and in all his leisure time would sing it, until he was seized and murdered by Jews, who cut his throat and then threw his body into a well. But by a miracle, after his murder he still sang loud and clear the *Alma Redemptoris*, and thus his murderers were discovered.

O, Thou great God that dost perform thy laud:
By mouths of innocents to here thy might;
This gem of chastity, this emerald,
And eke of martyrdom, this ruby bright,
There, where with mangled throat he lay upright,
The *Alma Redemptoris* gan to sing
So loud that with his voice the place did ring.

Another beautiful piece in Wordsworth's version of Chaucer's poems is in the tale of Troilus and Cresida, where Troilus, reaching the palace of Cresida and finding the door fast shut and Cresida away laments:

O, of all the houses once the crowned boast;
Palace illumined with the sun of bliss;
O ring of which the ruby now is lost,
O cause of woe, that cause has been of bliss,
Yet, since I may no better, would I kiss
Thy cold doors; but I dare not for this rout;
Farewell thou shrine of which the saint is out.

In the tale of the Cuckoo and the Nightingale there is a charming freshness as witness the following verses:—

Till to a lawn I came all white and green,
I in so fair a one had never been.
The ground was green, with daisy powdered over;
Tall were the flowers, the grove a lofty cover,
All green and white; and nothing else was seen.

There sat I down among the fair fresh flowers,
And saw the birds come tripping from their bowers,
Where they had rested them all night; and they,
Who were so joyful at the light of day,
Began to honor May with all their powers.

But Chaucer can delineate with as much sympathy the emotions of man as the aspect of nature. A tender picture of a devout priest in a poor parish is drawn in the following verses:—

Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient.
And such he was y-proved ofte sithes.
Full loth he was to curse men for his tithes;
But rather would he give, without doubt, unto
his poor parishers about
Of his offering, and eke of his substance,
He could in little wealth have suffiance.
Wide was his parish, houses far asunder,
Yet failed he not, for either rain or thunder,
In sickness or mischance, to visit all
The furthest in his parish, great or small.

He was a shepherd and no mercenary,
And though he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful man not despituous,
And of his speech, nor difficult, nor digne,
But in his teaching discreet and benign.
For to draw folk to heaven by fairness,
By good ensample this was his business;
But were there any person obstinate,
What so he were of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply snub at once. Than
this
A better priest, I trow, there nowhere is
He waited for no pomp and reverence,
Nor made himself a special conscience;
But Christe's lore and His Apostles' twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself.

We could quote very many passages from Chaucer as charming as the above, and a perusal of the poems of the grand old Catholic poet will repay any one well in recreation and instruction. The reader of the Canterbury Tales, particularly,

becomes imbued with a truer spirit of the feelings and the conditions of the people in the middle ages than he would from reading whole volumes of modern written history. Never man attained to greatness by conceit but Cicero, and Chaucers modest estimate of his power as a poet is one of his most charming qualities; outcome though it is of the natural selfconsciousness that is the concomitant of genius. In the prettily natural prologue to his Legend of Good Women he describes himself as following in the wake of the harvesters in the cornfield of song:

And I come after, gleaning here and there,
And am full glad if I can find an ear
Of any goodly word that ye have left.

In our next article we shall speak a little of the work of Cervantes, the author of the adventures of the immortal Don Quixote. L. C.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The bequest of the late Rev. Father O'Haran to the diocese of Scranton, Pa., of \$55,000 has been decided by the courts to be valid.

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

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

Sister Bridget Joseph, of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Fall River, recently died of consumption. In lay life she was known as Bridget Mooney.

The prospects for the establishment of a new Catholic orphan asylum at Memphis, Tenn., are encouraging. Already \$11,400 has been subscribed.

It is stated on the authority of the Vicar General of Lyons that President Carnot wore at the time of his murder the brown scapular and the miraculous medal of the Immaculate Conception.

Rev. E. P. Murphy, C.S.C., of Sacred Heart College, Watertown, Wis., has been appointed president of St. Edward's College, Austin, Tex., as successor to Rev. P. J. Hurth, C.S.C., Bishop of Dacca.

In France there are about 300 Catholic workingmen's clubs. Delegates recently held a congress in Paris, and a special committee was formed, with the famous Catholic leader, Count de Mun, as president.

A new church is to be built in St. Maurice parish, New Orleans, La., to cost about \$12,000. It will be a handsome Gothic structure 130 feet in length by 58 feet in width. Rev. Father Avelhe, the pastor, is the architect.

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

A Jesuit Father, Rev. Ambrose Amirdam was killed recently by the idolaters whom he was trying to convert near Laticorm, India. He was a Spaniard, very zealous and charitable, and very successful in missionary work.

Many of the Turks of New York have not only embraced the Roman Catholic faith, but have a church and regularly-ordained priest, who celebrates Mass according to the Roman ritual every day at the Maronet Church, 81 Washington street.

Nearly two hundred veterans, members of the 69th, 71st, 72nd, and 106th, Pennsylvania regiment attended the Vesper service at the Cathedral of Philadelphia on last Sunday week. Rev. Dr. McLaughlin delivered the sermon and in conclusion Archbishop Ryan addressed the old soldiers.

The German Catholic party stands firm in its resolutions of having all laws of proscription against religious orders repealed. The offer of the government to permit the return of the Redemptionist on condition that the Catholics would drop the agitation about the return of the Jesuits has been rejected.

Mr. Oldstyle: "I don't think that a college education amounts to much."
Mr. Sparerod: "Don't you? Well you ought to foot my boy's bills and see."

IMMORAL BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

Sir,—I have been watching, and, as it appears, in vain, for some protest on the part of our Catholic organ against the importation of obscene literature, such as "Maria Monk," "The Fruits of the Confessional," &c., the Customs authorities having given Mr. Norman Murray permission to import these works for sale in our midst.

Several times I have read in THE TRUE WITNESS that its aim and object is to uphold the rights of our English-speaking Catholics, and withstand the attacks of all assailants against our Holy Faith; and hitherto there has been no cause to complain, for the paper has done its work right nobly. Some two years ago it raised its voice, and by no means feebly, against immorality in our midst, and only recently, when a great injustice was done to Irish Catholics by the removal of their representative from the Board of Catholic School Commissioners, THE TRUE WITNESS was faithful to its vocation and protested strongly against the injustice committed.

And now, when permission is given for the importation of such vile and slanderous works as those above mentioned, how is it that our Catholic paper (which is our voice) is silent? You protest against immoral posters on our fences, and why not against the sale of these filthy, blasphemous books? Surely the authorities would listen if the true nature of these works were made known to them; and how are we to protest, if THE TRUE WITNESS, which professes to represent our interests, remains silent?

I trust I may not be compelled to go elsewhere to bring this matter to public notice, but that THE TRUE WITNESS will be true to itself and raise its voice against this outrage done to them it represents.

H. J. C.
Secty. Cath. Truth Society.
Montreal, 26th Sept., 1894.

[In an editorial, in this issue, we make reply to the foregoing letter. We may simply state that THE TRUE WITNESS is not a medium for the advertising and circulating of immoral literature, and that we are positive that more harm than good would result from any marked reference on our part to such publications. Please see, for a reply, our editorial on "Immoral Literature."—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.]

Catholics will hear with satisfaction that the sturdy advocate Francis Margotti, nephew to the theologian, James Margotti, and no mean follower in his footsteps in the Unita Cattolica, has been invested by the Holy Father with the Cross of Gregory the Great. Felicitations to our able colleague.

Rudyard Kipling's mother said of her son that he was a clever man, but that he should never be allowed to talk; he should be used as a dictionary, and consulted when required.

Mrs. Pendleton, when told by a Britisher that America was deficient in antiquities and curiosities, remarked: "The antiquities will come; as for our curiosities, we import them."

The Sultan of Turkey has given three hundred Turkish pounds for the benefit of the sufferers of forest fires in Minnesota and Wisconsin.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whiteners." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whiteners" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whiteners for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whiteners, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whiteners" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN,
22 SHEERWOOD STREET, Ottawa, Ont.

P. S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose, then it will save us the rush of P. O. stamps.

THE HOLY ROSARY.

The month of October is one of special graces for the Catholic. Elsewhere we refer to the devotion in honor of the Holy Angels that has been practised for long years in the Church; also is it a month consecrated to that other grand and consoling devotion of the Holy Rosary. Next Sunday will be the feast of the Rosary. The present Pontiff, the great and glorious Vicar of Christ, Leo XIII., has specially recommended these prayers to the faithful, and has signified his desire that this month be one of real merit for all the members of the Church's communion. Numerous indulgences are granted and countless blessings are promised to all who honor the Blessed Virgin in that particular devotion during the month of October.

It would not be easy for us to tell of all the boons conferred upon our human race by the Almighty, boons granted in consequence of this beautiful form of prayer. It is well known, so powerful is the Queen of Angels in heaven, that no one has ever confidently appealed to her in vain. It is also a matter of history that she has personally expressed her desire that the devotion of the Rosary should become universal. We, however, must take advantage of this occasion to repeat—for the benefit of non-Catholics—that the prayers addressed to Our Lady, are not to be considered as an adoration of the Mother of Christ. Merely are they invocations to her, begging that she, who was the most favored of creatures and who is nearest to God, will exercise her influence with her Divine Son, and obtain for us those graces and gifts which, on our own merits, we could not expect to receive. Perchance, in all the annals of prayer there is no more splendid combination to be found, than that which goes to make up the Holy Rosary. The Creed at the beginning is at once a profession of faith, so exact, so complete, so universal that it brings us in touch with the Church in all its greatness and leaves us children of the Saviour in whom we acknowledge our trust and on whose eternal word we unreservedly rely.

The Lord's Prayer, or "Our Father," which is said after each decade of the beads, is the most sublime of all prayers, the one dictated by Christ Himself, and which combines in its perfection every want that man can express. The "Hail Mary" and "Holy Mary," said upon each of the other beads, and repeated ten times between each "Our Father," are the expression of a trust in the Blessed Mother and of an appeal to her for aid and intercession, such as cannot be surpassed in language. The "Hail Mary" is merely the Angel's salutation; it is the Scriptural record of the words pronounced by God's own celestial envoy, when announcing to the Virgin of Nazareth the wonderful tidings that heralded our redemption.

That must have been the proudest moment in her life—if we can imagine pride of any kind blending with the incomparable humility of Mary—when for a first time she realized that the spirit of the Most High had deigned to descend upon her. We can conceive no words that could be more pleasing for her to hear repeated than those of the *Ave Maria*; and each time they are repeated the Mother of Mercy must smile upon humanity and bless the children who have confidence in her.

And while we thus honor God's most honored Creature in the repetition of the Angelic Salutation we make use of that moment of holy communion with the Queen of Angels to send in our request. And what a request! That simple little prayer of the "Holy Mary,"

seems to us to surpass all the pleadings that the genius or eloquence of man could ever invent. "Pray for us sinners—now—and at the hour of our death." Surely the bitterest enemy of our faith cannot find anything in that prayer to indicate undue homage, or adoration, as far as the Blessed Virgin is concerned. We ask her to intercede for us, to raise her powerful voice in our behalf, to ask God to send us the graces we need in the hour of our temptations, the courage necessary to battle to the end, the heroic determination—now, and even unto to the hour of our death, to resist the wiles of Satan and to defeat the enemies of our salvation. We ask her simply to pray for us; to do so now, for we are constantly in need of her assistance; to do so particularly at that dread moment when life slips away and we glide irresistibly into the presence of the Eternal.

Such is the Rosary! such the beautiful string of prayers that, all through October, will be recited in thousands of churches and by tens of thousands of Catholics the world over. With such a grand chorus, in honor of the Holy Mother, ringing out through the universe, surely the echoes of heaven must take up the refrain and waft it to the throne around which the elect of God make undying melody of praise. Surely the perfume from so many prayer-bearing censers must pass beyond the portals of time and precede us into the realms of bliss, the land trod by angels and saints, the region of unending rewards! Surely so many Rosaries offered up for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff must have the effect that he desires and foretells—the turning aside of persecutions arm and the restoration of peace and glory to the Church of Christ!

"ENGLISH" AND "ROMAN" CATHOLIC.

It is strange how the term Catholic is disliked by the very people who make use of every imaginable argument to prove that they have a right to that designation. As an illustration of this we take the following from the Liverpool Catholic Times:—

"The confusion which 'our friends the enemy' are creating by the misuse of these words is becoming serious. One of their organs has lately announced that there are in England two sets of Bishops and priests called respectively 'English' and 'Roman,' and that the 'English Catholic' Bishops and priests, by which they mean Anglican Bishops and parsons, are the only true and lawful successors of the ancient hierarchy, established by St. Augustine. This is not only nonsense, but mischievous nonsense. They know as well as we do that every sane person understands an English Catholic to be an English person and a member of the Holy Roman Church. Go into any town in England and ask for the Catholic or the English Catholic priest, and you will be directed to a real priest of the Catholic Church, and not to any Anglican minister. Your informant may possibly add that there is but one Catholic priest in the town, and so far as he knows he is English, but he may be Irish or Scotch; he will understand the word English to apply to the priest's nationality, and not to his creed. An Anglican clergyman in the Church Times recently replied to a Catholic correspondent who asked him if he were giving a recommendation to a governess, and the inquirer put the question, 'Is she a Catholic?' what would his answer be that he should understand the question to mean 'Is she a Roman Catholic?' He should not consider himself justified in answering 'Yes' if the lady in question were an Anglican. This gentleman took a proper view of the matter, and it is much to be regretted that others of his communion are less wise, not to say less truthful."

CONSECRATION AT MATTAWA.

There will be a grand celebration on Sunday next at Mattawa, when His Grace Archbishop Dubamel of Ottawa will consecrate the Catholic Church

there. Bishop Lorrain, the Bishop of Valleyfield, and other prelates will be present. The church at Mattawa is a very handsome and imposing building, and the energy of the parishioners in clearing it from debt, so that it may be consecrated, speaks well for their zeal.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT

THANKS THE ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL.

On Wednesday last the consul-general of France paid a visit to Archbishop Fabre and delivered a letter to him, which had been sent by the Government of France, thanking him for his kindness on the occasion of the services in connection with the death of President Carnot. The letter was as follows:—

Monseigneur Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal:

MONSEIGNEUR,—The Government of the French Republic are truly sensible of the impressive words that your Lordship was pleased to deliver at the funeral service in the Montreal Cathedral in memory of President Carnot. I have to thank your Lordship for the particular mark of sympathy that has been shown France for her regretted President in this unhappy circumstance. Be kind to accept, Monseigneur, the assurance of my highest consideration.

G. HANOTAUX.

THE WEEKLY CONCERT

AT THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

There was a good attendance on Thursday at the Sailors' Concert, and the programme was up to the usual excellent standard. Misses Clarke and Singleton played a piano duet very prettily; Miss May Milby gave some of her clever, ever welcome recitations, the dramatic recitation *Lasca*, being among them. Mr. McCarthy sang and danced and received enthusiastic encores, especially for his clever dancing. The concert was brought to a close by one of Mr. F. C. Lawlor's clever inimitable short speeches, which was as heartily applauded as any item on the programme. In addition to the above the following ladies and gentlemen assisted with songs, etc.:—Messrs. A. G. Read, J. Smith, Poffart, Baird, Parks, Lawlor and Greenwood.

VOTE OF CONDOLENCE.

At a meeting of Branch 9, St. Mary's C.M.B.A., and Grand Council of Quebec, held September 22nd, the following resolution was adopted:

WHEREAS: That we, the members of this branch, having learned with feelings of profound regret of the death of Mr. Michael O'Connor, father of Brother Charles O'Connor, M.D., and member of this branch, be it

Resolved.—That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to Brother O'Connor in present grief; and be it also

Resolved.—That copies be sent to Dr. O'Connor and to THE TRUE WITNESS for insertion.

CONGREGATION OF ST. CROIX.

The Very Reverend Pere Berudit, provincial of the Congregation of St. Croix and cure of St. Lambert, accompanied by Rev. Pere Renaud, of the college of St. Laurent, has left for Neuilly, France, on business connected with the congregation.

The community of St. Croix has lately acquired a piece of land situated on the Rivieres de Prairies. It is proposed to construct there a country house for the use of priests during their vacation.

MISS HOLLINSHEAD'S CONCERT.

Miss Hollinshead's farewell concert in the Windsor Hall was a grand success, the hall being crowded with the admirers of Montreal's great singer. Miss Hollinshead sang "Elizabeth's Prayer," from Tannhauser, and "Calm as the Night," with especial power and expression. The splendid talent which supported Miss Hollinshead, and the large audience which attended the concert, was the best evidence of esteem that could be given. Miss Hollinshead leaves for Germany in a few days, and her many friends in Montreal will miss her presence at the concerts she used to attend so generously, and will look longingly toward the time when we shall have her among us again.

ST. PATRICK'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

The young men of St. Patrick's L. and B. Association are rapidly organizing a gymnasium class which will be instructed by one of the members who is particularly proficient in this branch of exercise and will in a little while make those who join, as good all-round athletes as any there are in the city. Another direction in which the L. and B. Association shines is in the Dramatic Entertainment in which department they are second to none. Last St. Patrick's Night they were obliged to turn away 300 persons from the doors of the Academy, and their performance was pronounced one of the greatest artistic triumphs of the year. This year they are organizing for a performance which will eclipse everything they ever played: And it is expected that their efforts will be attended with greater success than ever before.

MONSEIGNEUR O'BRIEN.

The Very Rev. Monseigneur O'Brien, Prelate of the Roman Court, preached the sermon at St. Patrick's church on Sunday morning. The sermon was a very powerful one and dealt with the materialists, scientists and the many other clever men who, either through their bigotry or misguided minds, pronounced religion to be the invention of man, and, going further, assert that man himself is merely the outcome of a conglomeration of atoms which once floated in the air and that the breath of life was never breathed into him by God. These men, said the preacher, are a menace to Christianity, and Catholics can only combat their false theories by an increased devotion to their holy religion.

THE LAST OF THE IMMIGRANTS FOR THIS YEAR.

The last of the Catholic orphan immigrants that will come to Canada have reached Montreal and have already been provided with situations, except a few small boys. The Misses Yates, who accompany the children to Montreal from Liverpool, are paying a short visit to Kingston and Toronto in the interest of the orphans, and will depart for England at the end of the week on the S.S. Numidian.

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

The ladies in charge of the arrangements for the forthcoming Charity bazaar at St. Ann's are showing marked energy. The entertainment committee is busy preparing tableaux and other features which will prove an attraction. The object of the bazaar is such a good one that every one feels inclined to do as much as possible to help; therefore its success is already assured. The bazaar opens on Wednesday, the 17th of the month.

FATHER MATHEW CONCERT.

A grand concert, under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, will be given in the Victoria Armory Hall, Cathcart street, on Wednesday evening next, the 10th inst. The concert will be to celebrate the anniversary of Father Mathew. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev. J. A. McCallen and Mr. F. J. Curran, B.O.L.

The Rev. Thomas Heffernan has been appointed to the position of Professor of English at Montreal College.



BURNING, itching, scaly, crusty Skin Diseases, such as defy the ordinary blood medicines, are cured completely by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Scrofula in all its various forms, the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, great eating Ulcers, and every blood-taint and disorder, this is a direct remedy. It thoroughly purifies and enriches your blood.

Alexander, N. C. Dr. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has proved a blessing to me. It was recommended to me by Rev. P. A. Kuykendall. I have been a sufferer with old sores on my legs for four years. I used three bottles of it, and my legs are sound and well and my health is better than it has been for some time. I had the best doctors of this country treat my case and they failed to effect a cure.

Yours respectfully,
J. W. Kuykendall

FATHER ELLIOTT

AND HIS MISSIONS AMONG NON-CATHOLICS.

Writes of His Plans and Hopes—Will go to the Cleveland Diocese—Methods of Reaching Non-Catholics—The Outlook for the Future.

Father Elliott, the distinguished Paulist, whose missionary work among non-Catholics in Michigan caused so much comment and met with such success, is about to take the field again. This time his labors will be in the diocese of Cleveland. Father Elliott has great faith in the results of these missions, and he thus speaks of his hopes and purposes:

Some of our Protestant friends show alarm at the Catholic missionary movements now taking shape in this country. Millions of money, they say, are being poured into the south to catch the blacks, and the very Government of the United States is being prostituted to aid in Catholicizing the Indians. So, too, with recent attempts to secure an audience for Catholic lecturers. Rome is going to assail the very citadel of Bible Christianity in this Protestant land.

MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

Well, there is more truth in this than is always the case with Protestant forebodings, though neither money nor governments are concerned in the matter. The Catholic Church is going, without a shadow of a doubt, to explain to the non-Catholic public the higher life of religion as enjoyed in her fold. Catholics have the true development of man's nature committed to them both to practice and to preach. All that there is of the noble ideals of the Gospel are commonplaces to instructed Catholics, easily believed without fear of doubt, intelligibly communicated to the earnest inquirer.

We want to prove this. We want to show the vital force of Catholicity. The spiritual and moral good of mankind, taken one by one and personally, is the aim of Catholicity—an aim which we can attain by unrivalled instrumentalities. And having settled our American household of the faith into a fair state of order, we are bound by every law of charity and duty to address "our brethren who are separated from us on account of disagreement concerning the Christian faith," to use Pope Leo's words to the Catholic Summer School. * * *

STUMBLING BLOCKS MADE STEPPING STONES.

The very stumbling blocks of our Protestant friends often become their stepping stones to the Church's door. For example: In many lectures to Protestants last winter and spring, I was often asked, "Why do you not turn the drunkards and adulterers and other open sinners out of your church?" And when I answered that by keeping them mixed up with the faithful Christians we realized their conversion more certainly, I met with hearty approval. Excluded from the sacraments on account of his sin, the Catholic sinner is still present in church, still listens to God's word, still feels ashamed by contrast, no less than by the admonitions of his conscience. Pity for the sinner is a note of Christ's following, and it is better practised in Catholicity than elsewhere.

METHODS OF REACHING NON-CATHOLICS.

Our methods of reaching non-Catholics are those of the Apostles. We shall ask our countrymen to hear us about the inner witness of the spirit joined to the unity of the same spirit in the bond of Catholic peace. It is not in splendid ceremonies and edifices, processions and institutions that Catholicity consists or most promptly acts, but in the synthesis of the divine action within our hearts, with the same divine action in the brotherhood of the Christian Church. If we can show a higher form of prayer—and we claim the highest—we have a right to a hearing from the prayerful Protestants.

Hence our Protestant public may expect an entire union of effort in the noble enterprise of winning back to the one true Church the Northern nations—all will work together—bishops, priests, seculars and religious, men and women. The office of priest is Apostolic. The vocation of the laity is Apostolic, efficacious in proportion to intelligence and virtue. The times are Apostolic, for they offer advantages in the resources of civilization which are tantamount to victory for whatever cause is right.

It is an age of travel, and that means the circulation of truth incarnated in

Catholic character. It is an age of liberty, and that gives religion its dearest prerogative, access to souls. It is an age of varied study, and that means a thirst which can only be slaked at fountains springing into eternal life. Those who are conscious of hatred of all error and of love of all men must hail with abounding joy the liberty, intelligence, the migratory habits, the international tendencies of these times, for they announce in trumpet tones the Divine invitation to the religious union of Christendom.

The Catholic Church has never hesitated to condemn the cowardly error that one religion is as good as another; nevertheless she welcomes with joy the free decision of guileless non-Catholics in her dispute with the throng of Christian dissidents who are inheritors of the great schism. Given the truth and a worthy exponent to find an auditor becomes a necessary condition of peace of mind.

THE OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

I believe that the struggle with infidelity has had the effect of loosening denominational bonds rather than belief in God and in Christ.

Religion should be catholic in its organization, and should be international in its scope of action as well as form of government. The only serious claimant to such qualities is the Church of Rome; and it gets and will continue to get the attention of the calmer minds everywhere.

Experience proves this. I am not the only one who can state facts to verify it. Many a priest has gathered the general public of town and village into secular halls to listen to Catholic claims—has gathered these non-Catholics by simply advertising his purpose. Religion in any aspect has the first call to attention from our American sober minded men and women. We are not claiming the immediate conversion of this people: we are not in dreamland. Yet we are ready for sudden impulses of grace sweeping in many millions. What we look for with absolute certainty, however, is the starting of countless little streams of converts all over the country, and especially in parishes in which Catholicity is most worthily represented.—*Catholic Citizen.*

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOARD.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING AND SOME IMPORTANT POINTS DISCUSSED.

The Catholic School Commissioners held their regular fortnightly meeting last evening. The members found on their table copies of the annual report for the year ending on the 30th of June, 1894.

The receipts of the year were \$582,423, including the proceeds of the last loan, which gave \$88,625. The cash on hand on the 30th June, amounted to \$5,206. There are 12,963 pupils attending the schools assisted by the board and the number of teachers is 164 men and 190 women. The assets are estimated at \$697,942, and the liabilities at \$533,601, showing an excess of the former of \$164,339.

Mr. U. E. Archambault, the treasurer, further explained that the City Council owes to the Board the full amount of the school tax for 1894.

Nevertheless, the members of the Board feel that they have not all the money they need. Several of the religious orders who are teaching school are asking for assistance to repair the buildings they occupy, and for other very urgent purposes. A proposition was made to appoint a special committee to decide whether these claims are well founded in equity.

Mr. Monk and Ald. Beausoleil did not want to enter into the discussion of these claims for financial reasons. "It would mean," said the latter, "that we would soon have to go to the Legislature for power to increase the school tax, and it would not be wise to do that at present."

Rev. Abbe Leclerc—"But it is a case of necessity. Our schools have certainly been neglected. I might say that some have been practically abandoned for fourteen years. I know of one where a thousand dollars is due to the teachers for salary."

Rev. Father Quinlivan concurred in these views. There were schools which have been doing the work of the Board for twenty years, which have been educating the children of those who pay taxes to the Board, and yet they have been en-

tirely neglected. The ideas of justice were nowhere.

Mr. Monk—"But if we are to undertake to keep all the schools in repair, it is a matter of \$100,000 to be spent within a couple of years. Where are we going to get that money? We have exhausted our borrowing power and our present revenue is barely sufficient to meet existing obligations. It means an increase of the school tax."

Action on this matter was deferred until next meeting.

Dr Desjardins reported having seen at the St. Gabriel school no less than 65 children crowded in a class-room which should not have contained over 40. It was against all the laws of hygiene, and he had no idea that such a condition of affairs could be allowed to exist. If other schools were as crowded it was high time that something should be done.

It was resolved to vote \$300 to the St. Gabriel school to pay for the rental of a neighboring building where a number of the pupils will find room.

It was also decided that the Board would visit the schools in a body to ascertain their condition.

P. J. Ryan appeared before the Board to suggest that a larger attendance could be secured for the night schools by modifying the programme of studies. He quoted the example of Boston, where no less than 5,500 pupils frequent the night schools. Better teachers, a more varied course of studies and a better graduation of classes were among the changes he suggested.

Rev. Canon Bruchesi requested him to put his suggestions in writing.

The vexed matter of the Jews' taxes came up, and it was resolved to write to the superintendent general of public instruction to know whether the administration of the taxes collected from these people could legally be entrusted to a joint committee of the Protestant and Catholic Boards.

ST. MARY'S FANCY FAIR.

The ladies working for the Fancy Fair which takes place on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23rd and 24th of October, are resolved that the Fair shall be one of the most attractive that has ever been held in Montreal, and are putting forth every effort to bring about that good result. This Fancy Fair will be in every respect that which its name implies—a simple Fair where goods are sold at ordinary profits; those who visit the fair may buy exactly what they wish, not as is often the case at ordinary bazaars, that which others wish them to buy. There will be no selling of chances or other features which make a bazaar such an impoverishing ordeal to the ordinary person. The energetic ladies of St. Mary's who are collecting for the Church are meeting with the splendid success they deserve.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.

A council meeting of St. Ann's Young Men will be held in a few weeks to make arrangements for the coming winter evening's amusement; a special item will be the Monday evening programme; every Monday evening except the second of the month, which is the reading circle night, a progressive euchre party, a smoking concert or a billiard tournament will be held.

The members of the Reading Circle will elect their officers at the next meeting, and as soon as the weather gets a little colder will begin vigorously the work of self-improvement.

The members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society will make their general Communion on Sunday, the 18th of November for the repose of the souls of deceased members.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

A meeting of St. Mary's Young Men will take place in their hall on Friday evening. As many young men as can do so are requested to attend, as the important business that would have been transacted at the last meeting will be attended to, i. e. the business of providing enjoyable as well as instructive evening entertainments during the winter months.

The Chinese transport Cheau, with 1,400 troops on board, was wrecked while proceeding to Formosa, but all on board were saved. There is said to be much suffering among the troops of both contending armies in Corea.

LACROSSE.

The Waning Season's Last Gladiatorial Contest.

The final match between the great lacrosse gladiators, the Shamrocks and the Capitals, to take place on Saturday next, will be attended by the greatest crowd of strong-lunged lacrosse enthusiasts that ever made the seats of the Shamrock grand stand bulge downwards. Both teams are in excellent trim, and the handsome engraved trophy now reposing calmly in the Star window under the quizzical eye of the small boy will be fought for with more vigor perhaps than was displayed in any of the matches before. The Shamrocks figuratively nailed the green flag of victory to the flag pole over the Shamrock grand stand. The Shamrock executive have wisely taken measures to prevent the wily speculator from buying about 47 tickets at 50 cents each and then going out among the wild-eyed surging crowd round the grounds on the day of the match and selling them at two dollars.

FATHER HOGAN'S LECTURE.

The Rev. Father Hogan's (S.J.) lecture in the Academic hall of St. Mary's College on Wednesday evening last was one of the successes of the season. There was a large attendance, and the great knowledge of the West Indies that the lecturer possesses and his brilliant intellectual powers combined to make one of the most instructive and useful of lectures. During the interval of the evening's entertainment an interesting programme of music was discussed. The proceeds will be devoted to the aid of the Jesuit mission of British Guiana.

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THE POPE ON PREACHING.

IMPORTANT ADVICE FROM THE HOLY FATHER.

The Errors of Modern Preaching—Abuse in the Selection of Subjects and in the Manner of Treating Them—Sermons Should Breathe the Word of God and Not the Preacher's Personality.

The following circular letter has been issued by His Holiness, Leo XIII., from the sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and is addressed to the Italian prelates, and the superiors of the religious orders and congregations:

His Holiness, our Holy Father Leo XIII., who has so much to heart the apostolic ministry of preaching, so necessary, particularly under the circumstances in which we live, to the perfect education of the Christian people, has learned, not without being much grieved, that in the manner of announcing the divine word, grave abuses have for some time crept in, abuses which nowadays often cause preaching to be despised or, at least, barren and unfruitful. In consideration of this state of things, and following the example of his predecessors—among others Clement X., Innocent XI., Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., who, either by pontifical documents or through the intermediary of the Congregation of the Council or that of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, gave, according to the needs of the epoch, wise directions on the subject of preaching—His Holiness has ordered the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars to write to all the bishops of Italy and the superior-generals of the religious orders, to specially direct their vigilance and stimulate their zeal as to the necessity of each doing his best to put an end to and radically extirpate these abuses. In obedience to the august directions of the Holy Father, the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars brings under the notice of religious orders and ecclesiastical institutes the following rules, in order that they may, with all their zeal, cause them to be observed as soon as possible.

QUALITIES OF A PREACHER.

First of all, as to what concerns the qualities required in a holy preacher, let them be careful never to entrust so sacred a ministry to one who is not full of Christian piety, and penetrated with a great love of Our Lord Jesus Christ, love without which a preacher would be nothing but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" (Corinth, xiii. 1); without that love he could never have that passion for the glory of God and the salvation of souls which ought to be the only motive and sole end of the preaching of the gospel. And this Christian piety so necessary to preachers of the sacred word ought to be manifest in their exterior conduct, the latter never being in contradiction to their teaching, but always such that it should cause them to be recognized as "ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God" (1 Cor. iv. 1); otherwise as the angelic doctor, St. Thomas, remarks, "if the doctrine is good and the preacher bad, he is an occasion of blaspheming the doctrine of God" (Comment. in Matt. v.) He should display learning as well as piety and Christian virtue, for it is evident, and experience, moreover, never ceases to prove it, that one cannot expect a really useful, well-ordered and fruitful preaching on the part of those who have not developed and strengthened their minds by sound studies, particularly of sacred subjects, and who, trusting to a certain natural loquacity, have the rashness to ascend the pulpit with little or no preparation. They only beat the air, and without seeing it, cause the word of God to be turned into derision and despised, wherefore it is to them these words are particularly applicable: "Because thou hast rejected knowledge I will reject thee, that thou shalt not do the office of priesthood to Me" (Osee ix. 6). It shall only be when a priest shall have given proof of all these qualities—never before that—that the bishops and heads of religious orders will entrust him with the great ministry of the divine word, careful that the preacher adheres to subjects which are within the

PROPER DOMAIN OF PREACHING.

Those subjects were indicated by our divine Redeemer when He said, "Preach the gospel (Mark xvi. 15), teaching them to observe all thing whatsoever I have

commanded you (Matt. xxiii 20.) Inspired by these words the angelic doctor thus expressed himself: "Preachers ought to shed light upon things of faith, give guidance as to what is to be done, point out things to be avoided, and, at one time threatening and at another time exhorting, preach to men (loc. cit.)" And the holy council of Trent says: "Pointing out to them vices that they ought to avoid and virtues that they ought to pursue that they may be able to escape eternal punishment and attain to heavenly glory (Sess. v., c. 2, de Reform)" This thought had been made still more luminous by the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., of holy memory, speaking in these terms: "Preaching not themselves but Christ crucified, let them announce to the people clearly and fully, in a grave and luminous kind of discourse, the very holy dogmas and precepts of our religion according to the teaching of the Catholic Church and the fathers; let them explain accurately the particular scope of each, and deterring all from crime, stir up their piety that the faithful, wholesomely nourished with the word of God, may avoid all vice, pursue virtue and so be able to escape eternal punishment and attain to heavenly glory (Lit. En. Nov. 9, 1846)."

It evidently follows from these different passages that the creed and the decalogue, the precepts of the Church and the sacraments, virtues and vices, the duties devolving on each class of society, the last end of man and other great eternal truths of that order, ought to form the ordinary subjects of preaching. These great subjects are nowadays unworthily neglected by many preachers "seeking what are their own, not what are Jesus Christ's" (1 Cor., xviii., 5); knowing that they are not the subjects fittest to acquire the reputation they ambition, they leave them entirely on one side, particularly during Lent and other solemn occasions. Transforming names as well as things, they have substituted an ill-defined kind of conferences, designed to charm the mind and imagination without at all moving the will or reforming morals like the old sermons; not thinking that sermons are profitable to everyone and conferences generally to few, and that these very persons, if we took more pains with them from the moral point of view, if we helped them more to practise humility, chastity, submission to the authority of the church, would by that means alone purify the mind of a thousand prejudices contrary to faith and dispose them better to receive light and truth.

FROM A CONVENT.

A non Catholic writes from the Holy Angels Convent, to the Buffalo Le Couteux Leader, as follows:

"I have been spending a month in this place. I came here partly for rest and partly because I was desirous of knowing how life appeared in a convent, but more because I was tired and weary of the continued strife and jostle of the outside world, and longed for a short period of uninterrupted repose.

"I am a professor of no faith and a member of no church, but, like all thinking people, have speculated much upon matters pertaining to religion. The immortality of the soul, the credence given the Bible, the truth of revelation, etc., etc., are subjects to which I have given much thought. But never, until my stay here, have I read or heard these views expounded from a Catholic standpoint, and I am bound to confess that it appears a very consistent one.

It certainly looks as if the Christian religion, being the true religion, the Catholic Church must necessarily be the true expounder of it; that if Jesus Christ be the true God or the Son of God, inside the Catholic Church is the right place to seek Him, for in that Church alone is He extolled and honored as a true God should be and accepted without question. Nor do I make this assertion without having thought much and pondered deeply upon the subject.

"In all the Protestant expositions (or perhaps explanations would be a better word) of the Bible I have always found many inconsistencies, but in the solution given by Cardinal Gibbons and other eminent Catholic writers no such discrepancies appear, there is one continuous flow of reason from the creation to the ascension.

"But, says one, why not take the Bible itself and by reading it form your own views upon the subject? Oh my friend,

there is just where the trouble lies, you are sure to end by not believing it at all. The Catholic is right. The Bible needs an interpreter to explain away many discrepancies. Once take the proof of the Catholic creed from under the Christian religion and it will totter; fall, to rise no more."

TITLES OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

A HYMN TO OUR BLESSED LADY.

Oh, sweet are the names that to Mary are given
When pilgrims bend low in some famed, hallowed shrine—
The Lilly, the Virgin, the bright Gate of Heaven,
The Spouse of the Spirit, the Mother Divine.
The Refuge of Sinners, the Strength of the Weary,
The Mystical Rose and the fair House of Gold,
The Star of the Sea and of Life's Desert dreary,
The Queen of the Martyrs and Prophets of old,
The Help of true Christians in living and dying,
Their solace and joy and their haven of rest,
Their shield when sin's arrows around them are flying,
The friend in this world and their Queen in the next.
Oh, now with all pilgrims our voices are blending,
And calling on Mary by each holy name,
Our hymns, like pure incense, to heaven ascending,
The graces and glories of Mary proclaim.
Sweet Mother of Mercy, sweet Virgin Most Tender,
To thee in our sorrow we hopefully go;
We fear not thy greatness, we dread not thy splendor,
But call upon thee in the midst of our woe.
For never, no, never, have souls been forsaken,
Who called upon thee in their hour of distress,
The helpless and hapless to thee have been taken,
And mourners and sinners thy bounty confessed.
Oh, sweet are the names that to thee have been given,
But none is too sweet for our Mother Most Blest;
The angels and saints from their high thrones in heaven
Proclaim thee of creatures the fairest and best.
Around thee the light of thy loved Son is flowing,
His dear hands have placed on thy brow the rich crown,
But oh, through the glory around thee now glowing,
In pity and mercy, kind Mother, look down.
Look down on thy children in sorrow now calling,
In darkness and exile, alas, we still roam;
When around us the shadows of death are fast falling,
Sweet Mother, sweet Virgin, oh then take us home.
REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

FRIENDSHIP.

A Most Interesting Essay.

Doubtless some will consider this a rather ancient theme, too old and musty indeed for this "Fin de siècle" period, a topic that should be relegated to the garret with the spinning wheel and distaff of our great grandmothers, or if referred to at all with that good natured contempt with which we regard the stories of the fairies and witches of the olden time. Alas! for the true happiness of those who think so. Were it not so it would be without charm, for its very age is its chief beauty. From the dawn of creation till the present time it has been the factor in the doctrines of the world. The history of the creation and the sublime narrative of the Redemption are but repetitions of this time tested theme. "And Adam and Eve walked in Friendship with God." In friendship with God! the memory of which must have softened the severity of their exile. A friendship that in spite of their disobedience lasted through ages, for did He not promise them the Messiah, the Friend to come of whom the inspired historian wrote: "Greater love (friendship) hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his Friend," and Who, in His Sacred Humanity, did not despise a human friendship, for who can contemplate without emotion the story of the Beloved disciple, "the friend whom Jesus loved." Even in the awful moment of the betrayal, Our Divine Lord, seeing the heart and knowing the treachery of the Iscariot, instead of bitter upbraiding, only the gentle word friend fell from the mild lips of Jesus—as friend, not as traitor, He addresses him. In this we see the lesson Christ left to the world of a true and noble friendship. The base ingratitude of Judas did not alter the fact of our Lord's friendship for him. How seldom we follow this divine example; on the contrary, at the first error on the part of

a loved one we withdraw our sympathy, and in place of loving regret and consolation we have for him only coldness and neglect. Happy is the one who has a friend steadfast and loyal through good and evil, and knowing all this he would be cold indeed who would sever at friendship, and surely we of the "Household of Faith" would hesitate to do so, if only because of the fact that the Sinless One on the cross, in a supreme act of friendship, gave us, for our friend, Mary, His Mother.

To go back to Old Testament days, we find the friendship of Ruth and Naomi, the tireless theme of numberless poets. What heart has not thrilled at the unselfish words of Ruth: "Entreat me not to leave thee?" David and Jonathan is another typical friendship, and so on, through the history of the world, friendship has held, and will continue to hold, the chief place in the hearts of men, in spite of all latter-day skeptics and their theories to the contrary.

Some people seem to think that an intimate friendship would sooner or later destroy itself. Such an idea is absurd and at variance with the kindest feeling of the human heart. Intimacy is never a destroyer of friendship where true worth exists. It is only when the outer appearance is a sham that closer knowledge dissipates an ideal perceived in or for a loved one. A true man's best is never on the surface, and only when he is well known can such a man be honored as he deserves. There is but half a truth in the cynical saying: "A man is no hero to his valet." It may bring into sight weaknesses of a true man which one would not otherwise perceive, but these same opportunities will bring to view evidences of strength and greatness unperceived before.

We best love a friend whom we know best, and the more we know of a true friend the more we love and honor him. There are, however, too many who place a material value on friendship, and only value a friend according to his gifts; how far this is from the true ideal, for it is in the realm of friendship, above all other realms, that we must remember the words of our Holy Redeemer: "It is more blessed (more uplifting and more ennobling to the soul) to give than to receive."

S. SUTHERLAND.

BISHOP O'FARRELL'S SUCCESSOR.

TRENTON, N.J., Sept. 17.—Rev. James A. McFaul, administrator of the Roman Catholic diocese of Trenton and vicar-general under the late Bishop O'Farrell, has received word of his appointment to the vacant bishopric in this diocese.

The Very Rev. James A. McFaul was born in Ireland in 1850. He came to this country with his parents when a child. His father bought a small farm near Bound Brook, N. J., and James A. McFaul attended the district school in the vicinity of his home.

Father McFaul started in life as a clerk in a grocery, but saved up sufficient money from his earnings to undertake to gain for himself a liberal education. It was his early ambition to become a lawyer. While pursuing his course at St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland, Pa., to which he went after having left the grocery, he decided to become a Benedictine Monk, but he finally abandoned this idea. He completed his classical education at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, under the tuition of the Jesuits.

His first ministerial work was at Seton Hall College, and he was ordained as a priest by Bishop, now Archbishop Corrigan, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Newark. His first appointment was as assistant in St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City. From there he was sent to the Cathedral in Newark, and in 1878 he became assistant priest at St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton.

In May, 1883, Father McFaul was assigned to the pastorate at Long Branch. Here he cleared the debt of the Church of St. Mary, Star of the Sea, and built St. Michael's at Elberon. He returned to Trenton in 1890, and the late Bishop O'Farrell made him rector of the Cathedral and chancellor of the diocese. He was subsequently made the vicar-general, and was appointed by Archbishop Corrigan to be administrator of the diocese until Bishop O'Farrell's successor should be chosen.—Church News.

A movement has been set on foot for the importation of American cattle into Switzerland.

THE POPE'S NAME-DAY.

The Aged Pontiff's Indefatigable Activity and Watchfulness—A Conversation in the Vatican.

ROME, Sept. 25.—Although Pope Leo is now in his eighty-fifth year, his activity of mind and his eagerness for work seem in no way to diminish. Last Sunday, which is marked in the Roman calendar as the Feast of St. Joachim, the father of the Blessed Virgin, was celebrated in a special manner by Pope Leo and the Cardinals and Archbishops and Bishops in Rome, besides many others who take a deep interest in all that concerns him. It is called here his onomastico, or name-day—that is to say, he is called Joachim, the name of the saint whose feast is celebrated. But Joachim is only one of his names. The family register of the Pecci, in which for a long time back important events concerning that family are recorded, contains the following entry under date of March 2, 1810: "Toward twenty-three and a half o'clock (that is about half-past five in the afternoon) a male child was born, on whom were bestowed the names of Vincent, Joachim, Raphael, Louis." He bore the name of Vincent for many years, but while still a student he dropped it, adopting that of Joachim in preference.

THE CARDINAL'S CIRCOLO.

After the usual devotions, such as the Mass said by the Pope at 7 in the morning and his attendance at another Mass said by one of his chaplains, he at 9.30 began to give audiences which continued till about midday, when he held what is called here a "circolo," or *conversazione*, attended chiefly by Cardinals. These meetings are generally held in the library. The Pope sits in the center and the Cardinals form a group around him. To each of them he addresses a few words, principally upon matters pertaining to the special office the Cardinal fulfills. This brings up a conversation, the most part of which is borne by the Pope, and forms a sort of commentary on events of the day, on the tendencies of governments regarding the Church and on many other subjects of interest, either remote or pressing on attention at the present time. These recurring anniversaries are a source of joy to all privileged to attend them.

THE POPE'S DEAREST HOPE.

Two thoughts, amidst a host of others, were prominent in the conversation of the Pope, and both of them were closely associated with religion. One concerned the Eucharistic Congress at Reims, in France, the warm feeling of devotion which characterized it and its vast importance to the religious life of the nation in which it was held. Then he was led to speak of a similar congress held at Jerusalem a short time ago, of which he has great hopes; and, in conjunction with this, he described in scriptural phrases the long-desired union of the oriental churches with the See of Rome and the hopes that he, no less than his predecessors, have cherished of helping to bring about that union. His latest encyclical breathes in most affectionate terms this dearest hope of his.

THE PROPAGANDA'S LOSSES.

Then, in the natural course of the conversation, he was led to speak of the Propaganda and the effects of the legislation regarding that world-wide and international institution for the spread of the Gospel. Besides new taxes have been imposed upon it, so as to cripple its usefulness. This institution was established in the sixteenth century by Pope Gregory XIII., at a time when the discoveries of navigators and men of commerce made known many new lands. The Popes of the time labored to provide, on a vast scale, for the sending forth of missionaries for the conversion of the heathen in countries then discovered. It was clearly international in its scope, and much of its revenues was derived from other nations than Italy. The new government that was established in Rome sold at a bad time, and consequently at a very reduced rate, the landed property owned throughout Italy by the Propaganda, and placed the moneys received in the Italian funds, paying an interest on the same to the Propaganda. This interest was reduced by a taxation of thirteen per cent., and this enormous income tax is now being increased to twenty per cent. The increase of the tax reduces the income of the Propaganda by an additional 40,000

francs a year. And these losses coincide with the ever-increasing necessities of the institution.

ITS FIELD OF ACTION.

Each year enlarges the field of action of the Propaganda. The recent earthquake at Constantinople has seriously damaged the residence of the Apostolic Delegate and other properties belonging to the Propaganda. The war in Corea, between China and Japan, will necessitate new expenses for the safeguarding of the missions and the missionaries. With the varying fortunes of the Italian Government, which seems driving to hopeless bankruptcy, this eminently civilizing institution suffers, and will also become bankrupt when Italian funds fail. Nearly all the Bishops of the world protested in the name of their flocks against the action of the Italian Government in 1883, when it declared the Propaganda an Italian institution and so subject to Italian guardianship. No heed was paid to such protests, because they were not backed by material force—the only appeal that Italy listens to. These were the considerations that occupied the mind of Leo XIII. in speaking of that institution on Sunday last. He is quite conscious of the aid the Propaganda has furnished toward civilization.

T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P.

The Venerable Patriot to Visit America.

It is announced from Dublin that T. D. Sullivan, M.P., the Irish National Poet and Patriot, will visit this country to lecture. Mr. Sullivan, who was so long the Dublin correspondent of the Irish-American, needs no introduction to our readers. The author of the Irish National Anthem, "God Save Ireland," will have a hearty welcome all over the United States. Mr. Sullivan has four lectures on the following subjects:—

- 1—"Ireland's Famous Men and Famous Places."
- 2—"Fourteen Years of the British Parliament."
- 3—"The Poets and Poetry of Ireland."
- 4—"Scenes and Incidents in Irish Political Life."

Mr. Sullivan has been in the United States only once, on the brief visit made by the Irish members, which was broken in on, in the height of its success, by the unfortunate Parnell episode.

The following extracts from a biographical sketch, by his lifelong friend, T. P. O'Connor, M.P., will be of interest.

Timothy Daniel Sullivan was born in 1827. The home of the Sullivans was thoroughly National, and amid the stirring times of 1848 and the hideous disasters of the two preceding years there were all the circumstances to make the National faith of the family bitter and robust. The father was carried away, like the majority of the earnest and energetic Irishmen of that time, by the gospel which the Young Ireland leaders were preaching with such fascination of voice and pen, became one of the leaders of the local '48 club, and, as a reward, was dismissed from his employment by one of the local magistrates. T. D. Sullivan, like the rest of his brothers, though brought up in a small and remote town, had an opportunity of receiving a good education in the best sense of the word, and the family was essentially literary as well as national in its tendencies. The Sullivans were closely associated with another Bantry household, that was destined, by-and-by, to give a prominent figure to the Irish history of the present day. The chief and the best schoolmaster of the town was Mr. Healy, the grandfather of the two members of the present House of Commons of that name. It was from Mr. Healy that Mr. Sullivan learned, probably, the most of what he knows. The ties between the two families were afterwards drawn still closer when T. D. Sullivan married Kate Healy, the daughter of his teacher. His brother, A. M. Sullivan, though younger than T. D., was the first to leave home and seek fortune abroad. After trying his hand as an artist, A. M. ultimately adopted journalism as a profession, and became connected with the Dublin Nation. T. D., meantime, had also allowed his mind to run into dreams of a literary future, and had filled a whole volume with his compositions; but, with the secrecy which youth loves, he had not confided his transgression to anyone. Two or three of the pieces had appeared in print, but it was not till he

came to Dublin and began to write in the Nation that the poetical genius of T. D. Sullivan sought recognition. Into the columns of that journal he began at once to pour the verses which he had hitherto so religiously kept secret, and from the first his songs attracted attention. From this time forward the name of T. D. Sullivan is inextricably associated with the Nation.

Though T. D. Sullivan has written love-poems and tender elegies, his preference has always been for the muse that stirs and cheers. Many of his poems became popular immediately on their appearance, and spread over that vast world of the Irish race which now extends through so many of the nations of the earth. A well-known story with regard to the "Song from the Backwoods" will illustrate the influence of T. D. Sullivan's muse. Most Irishmen know that splendid little poem, with its bold opening and its splendid refrain:

"Deep in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own;
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the autumn day,
We'll toast old Ireland!
Dear old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

The song, which was published in the Nation, in 1857, first became popular among the members of the Phoenix Society, who, it will be remembered, were at work in 1858 and was brought to America and rapidly became popular. Every man of the Irish Brigade knew it, and it was often sung at the bivouac fire after a hard day's fighting. An extraordinary instance of its popularity was given the night of the bloody battle of Fredericksburg. The Federal Army lay sleepless and watchful on their arms, with spirits dampened by the loss of so many gallant comrades. To cheer his brother officers, Capt. D. J. Downing sang his favorite song. The chorus of the first stanza was taken up by his regiment, next by the brigade, next by the division, then by the entire line of the army for six miles along the river; and when the Captain ceased, it was to listen with indefinable feelings to the chant that came like an echo from the Confederate lines on the opposite shore, of—

"Dear old Ireland,
Brave old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

The song, "God Save Ireland" became popular with even greater rapidity. It was issued at an hour when Ireland was stirred to intenser depths of anger and of sorrow than perhaps at any single moment in the last quarter of a century, and this profound and intense feeling longed for a voice. When "God Save Ireland" was produced, the people at once took it up, and so instantaneously that the author himself heard it sung and chorused in a railway carriage on the very day after its publication in the Nation.

On several other occasions the pen of T. D. Sullivan has given popular expression to popular sentiment. It has been his invariable rule in composing these songs to make them "ballads" in the true sense of the word—songs, that is to say, that expressed popular sentiment in the language of everyday life; that had good, catching rhymes, and that could be easily sung.

It will not be necessary to write at length of the Parliamentary career of T. D. Sullivan. He was elected for County Westmeath, at the General Election of 1880, and, in spite of the absorbing nature of his journalistic duties, he has been one of the most active and one of the most attentive members of the party. He has been, perhaps, still more prominent on the platform, and it is at large Irish popular gatherings that his speech is most effective. He is Irish of the Irish, and expresses the deep and simple gospel of the people in language that goes home; and then his keen sense of humor enable him to supply that element of amusement which is always looked forward to with eagerness by the crowd. He often lights up his Parliamentary, like his conversational efforts, with bright flashes of wit. Speaking of special clauses in the Crimes Act for the protection of certain humble agents of the law, one night, he declared, "There's a divinity doth hedge a bailiff, rough use him as we may!" "Punctuality," he said once to a colleague who turned up at a meeting with characteristic lateness; "punctuality, in the opinion of the Irish Party, is the thief of time."

It is when the county meeting is over, and T. D. Sullivan sits amid a genial crowd of sympathetic friends, that his

best—certainly his most attractive—traits are seen. Like all the Sullivan family, he has plenty of musical ability, and has a splendid voice. A song by T. D. Sullivan has never been really understood until it has been sung by T. D. himself. His voice—loud, clear, penetrating—easily leads the chorus, no matter how many voices join, and he throws himself into the spirit of the thing with all his heart and soul. His singing of "Murry Hynes" is worth going miles to hear.

Such has been the career of T. D. Sullivan—honorable, consistent and tranquil. He has to-day the same convictions which guided his pen when he wrote surreptitious verses. He has stood by the same convictions through years of trial and failure; he is as fresh and vigorous in pushing them forward at this hour, when his hairs are gray, as he was when he sailed, in boyhood's auroral days, over Bantry Bay. His verses have marked the epochs they have helped to produce, have won for him the affection of millions of Irish hearts, and form one of the many potent chains of memory and love that bind the scattered children of the Celtic mother to their race and their cradle-land.—*Irish American.*

The newly elected Superior-General of the Redemptorist Order, whose headquarters are at Rome, will make an official visit to the United States next January. He will be accompanied from Rome by Father Schwartz, who was formerly provincial of the Western province of the order in the United States.

This year's Peter's pence collection in Ireland was greater than in any year since the yearly collection for the Pope was established. The diocese of Dublin contributed \$80,000.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the United States has 57,350 members.

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Four of the large, rich Stained Glass Windows in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, which do not harmonize with the others, are for sale cheap. The pattern is such that they could be easily divided into eight windows, each of about twenty feet in height and about five feet in width. May be had after a month's notice. Apply to
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The Pews of St. Patrick's, Montreal, which have been removed from the Church, may be bought very cheap. There are three hundred of them, made of the best clear pine, with neatly paneled ends and doors. The book rests and top bead are of black walnut; each pew is six feet long by thirty-eight inches wide. Apply to
J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

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They hop, skip, jump, dance, turn somersaults almost incessantly from August to May. Wonderful product of a Foreign Tree. Great curiosity to draw crowds wherever shown, on streets, in shop windows, etc. Just imported. Everybody wants one. Full history of Tree and sample. Jumping Bean to Agents or Streetmen 25 cents, postpaid. 8. 60c; 6. 5c; 12. \$1.50; 100. \$10. Rush orders and be first. Sell quantities to your merchants for window attractions and then sell to others. Quick Sales. Try 100. Big Money. AGENTS' HERALD, No. 1754 J. B., Phila., Pa.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1894.

THE MONTH OF ANGELS.

The month of October is the one specially consecrated by the Church to the honor of the Angels of Heaven. There are many grades of these heavenly beings, from the Seraphim down to the Angel, each occupying a special post of honor in the grand army of the Church triumphant. We are taught that each individual in the world has a special guardian angel appointed by the Almighty, to watch over his life and to guide his footsteps; likewise have different nations and divisions of humanity their special angels of protection. These celestial beings were called into existence for the special glory of God, and they were so situated that they could throughout all eternity, chant His greatness and honor His majesty. It was in His infinite bounty and love for man that He sent to each of us a heavenly envoy to hover around us and protect us in the hour of temptation and difficulty. Grand and noble spirits! What a debt of gratitude we owe them! The moment one of us comes into existence a celestial spirit is sent to fling a protecting wing over the young life. Side by side with the child, the youth, the adult, and finally the aged one, that Angel walks down the avenues of mortal existence: It smiles upon the cradle of innocence, and it lingers by the couch of death; it is the messenger that carries our supplications to God, and that returns with the blessings of the Almighty. It rejoices in our successes and it weeps at our faults; in the hour of temptation it is at hand, and in the hour of failure it is still there to encourage. And when the grand supreme moment comes it goes forth with a record of all our good thoughts, words and deeds to plead our cause before the Mighty Judge who is to decide our eternal fate.

To our Angel Guardian we owe a great debt of gratitude and one that we should never forget. Some Catholics are under the false impressions that Angels are only for children and that older people have no need of them. Never was there a greater mistake. It is true that the spotlessness of childhood best corresponds with the purity of the angelic beings, but the angels have missions of the highest importance that affect every Christian, no matter what his age or condition.

Although angels no longer appear amongst men as in days of old, still they are none the less present with us. In the ages gone past the principal messages of God to man were carried by angels, Abraham, Jacob, and all the Patriarchs had communion, in one way or another, with those heavenly beings. From the angel that came, with sword of flame, to

drive Adam and Eve from the terrestrial paradise which they had lost by sin, down to the Angel that came to announce the salvation of the human race, in the grand salutation to the Mother of Our Lord, each one of those spirits performed some work that was of the great plan of our redemption. But as the world grew older, and also wicked, the open visits of angels became less numerous and less conspicuous. Still they are here, as truly as they were in the pre-Christian days. Angels brought the tidings of the Savior's birth and chanted the "Glorias" over His crib; angels guarded the tomb of the dead Christ, and proclaimed later on the grand fact of the Resurrection. It was an angel that freed St. Peter from his prison; it will be an angel that will proclaim, within hearing of the last Pope, the end of Time and the universal Judgment.

There is a pretty Irish legend that tells when a child smiles in its sleep the angels are whispering in its innocent ears. There may be more truth than poetry in this poetic idea. Many a time in life do we feel that some good influence is upon us and that some wonderful power is drawing us away from dangers and into a path of rectitude. It generally is the Angel Guardian that is at work, knocking at the heart and appealing to the soul. What a grand month for those celestial beings, when tens of thousands of pious Catholics chant their praises, when altars burn with countless lights in their honor, when Masses are said and prayers are offered—all in honor of God's white-robed army of pure spirits! A friend at court is a powerful auxiliary in the affairs of this world. Scores of such friends in the court of heaven must be of untold help to the one who loves them. Let not the month of October go past without paying due homage to the Holy Angels. They will not forget those who honor them, and they have it in their power to repay the confidence and the trust with incalculable blessings obtained from God. Glory to the Holy Angels—particularly in this their month!

UNJUSTIFIABLE CONDUCT.

During the last two or three months the public has been treated to accounts of attacks made upon the "gospel waggon," as the invention is called, and upon the people who make use of that novel kind of pulpit to carry on street preaching: this is in Montreal. We are also told of a number of disturbances caused in Quebec, by a mob of riotously inclined citizens of that place, at the Baptist mission chapel, in Bridge street, St. Rochs. Never having attended any of the meetings, or services, held, either on the streets of Montreal by the gospel waggon people, or in the Baptist mission house in Quebec, we are not in a position to say what takes place, to what degree our faith or our co-religionists are insulted—as it has been claimed they were. But we do know that the disturbance of religious assemblies, the endangering the lives of men and particularly women, the attacks by two or three thousand people upon two or three score of persons, the violation of the law, as has been reported in the cases in question, can only be characterized as most unjustifiable conduct—and the term we use is very mild. Moreover, it is cowardly in the extreme and indicates anything but a good spirit on the part of all participators in the outrages.

If Mr. Allen or Mr. anybody else desires to hold peculiar meetings—no matter how eccentric they may seem to us—provided the quiet of the town, the peace of the citizens and the religious services of the different churches are in

no way disturbed, we cannot see upon what ground members of that disturbing element can excuse their wanton attacks. If any person does not like what the street preacher says, or does not believe in his method of creating religious enthusiasm, let him simply keep away from the gospel waggon. It does not show a very Catholic spirit for people to start off on a Sunday to amuse themselves following a perambulating pulpit around town; much less to undertake the expedition with the predetermination of creating unnecessary trouble. If the persons who take part in such attacks are Catholics, we can inform them that they would be doing themselves more credit and our religion a greater service were they to go to Mass and Vespers, instead of going after gospel-waggons; and if they claim that these events take place at hours when there are no services going on in our churches, then we say it would be much more edifying were they to remain at home with their families.

What we remark regarding the street-preachers applies still more strongly in the case of prayer-meetings or services held inside the walls of a house—be it church or public hall. If misguided enthusiasts seek to gain notoriety by abusing our religion and by causing falsehoods to be circulated regarding our co-religionists, the best weapon wherewith to silence them is a display of true Catholic piety and forbearance. Outrages—no matter what the provocation—are foreign to the teachings of our Church. If public scandal is given by self-appointed professors of Christianity, the law is there to punish as well as to check them; if men are evil-minded enough to insult that which we—their fellow-countrymen—hold sacred, let them feel the sting of contempt and let us heap upon them the coals of burning refutation, in the contrast between their lack of Christian sentiment, and our higher, nobler and more truly Christian practice. Moreover, if a Catholic expects that in a certain assembly he will hear that which must shock his feelings, he has no business going to that assembly.

We repeat, that we know nothing about what takes place at these meetings, nor what is preached or taught; but we do most emphatically protest against any conduct on the part of Catholics or Protestants that may tend to disturb the general peace, to endanger lives, to awaken the passions, or to bring about any unnecessary and most undesirable feeling of bitterness between the different sections of our community. No Protestant, who is a gentleman, will intentionally insult the most sacred feelings of a Catholic,—and if such is done, the one perpetrating the offence is beneath contempt. On the other hand, no Catholic, who has the fine nature that indicates the gentleman, will go out of his way to stir up animosities in the breast of a non-Catholic citizen,—and should such be done, it is the place of our co-religionists to repudiate the act.

This may be very strong language, but we feel that the case in question demands an outspoken opinion. While we are ever ready to resent, in a proper manner, any insult to our faith, to refute any slander against our Church, and to oppose any encroachment upon the rights and privileges of our co-religionists,—in a word, to combat error, in whatever form it appears—still we are just as determined that the standard of our Church's teachings will not be misrepresented in consequence of the non-practice of her precepts, by some, and the violation of her spirit in the conduct of others.

While we are anxious to hold triumphantly aloft the symbol of our Faith in

presence of the great army of non-Catholic Christianity, and the still more dangerous phalanx of Infidelity, yet we desire to live in harmony with our neighbors, to respect their honest opinions as we would ask that they should respect ours, and to help in fostering a true Christian spirit in the land. We cannot afford to be at daggers-drawn with our fellow-citizens, no more than they can afford to be at war with us; and we will ever be the first to aid in stamping out any outrages of a class calculated to create an ill-feeling that should be foreign to our country.

IT APPEARS that Garibaldi's daughter Signora Teresa Canzio, intends to publish, next Christmas, a book entitled, "La Vita Intima di Garibaldi"—the Private Life of Garibaldi—and she expects that her volume will create quite a noise in the world of letters. We have no idea of what the work is likely to contain, nor do we know much about the domestic life of the red-shirted brigand; but we do know that, for her own sake and her reputation as a lady, the Signora does well to confine her memories to the private life of her father. Were she to touch upon his public career—which is sufficiently on record—we don't think she could advance much that would be of great benefit to his memory.

THE magnetism of Leo is wonderful. Recently quite a number of Protestants have had interviews with His Holiness, and all of them seemed impressed in an exceptional manner with his grand character. Through the kindness of Mgr. O'Connell, a non-Catholic of Cincinnati had an audience, not long ago, with the Holy Father, and in speaking of the event he said:

"I am not a Catholic, but I was impelled to admire the grand and lofty character of the Pope. He is a wonderful old man. Our conversation was conducted through an interpreter. I found the Pope remarkably well informed about affairs in the United States. I am satisfied that he is better posted to-day on American politics than are our best informed Senators and Representatives regarding European politics."

The same gentleman said that he considered the three great figures in the world to-day to be the Pope, Gladstone, and Bismarck, and he looked upon them as important according to the order named. No person can deny to-day that the leading statesman, philosopher and ruler of the world is the one who holds the keys of St. Peter, and who is, himself, under a kind of political lock and key in the Palace of the Vatican. No amount of injustice on the part of his enemies can reduce the mighty stature of Leo's merit in the world.

THE Catholic Standard and Ransomer, an English publication, has the following interesting editorial note in one of its recent issues:

"In one of the publications by the Catholic Truth Society I read that a daughter of 'Maria Monk' has written that her mother confessed that she wrote the notorious 'revelations' for the sake of money. I can confirm this to a certain extent. Years ago in Canada a niece of the late Agnes Strickland, Mrs. Obamberlin (daughter of Susannah Nondie), told me that she had known Maria Monk in Montreal, and gave her a plain 'talking to' on the subject of her slanderous print. The woman confessed to her that the idea was put in her head by some man who exploited it, and that bad as her original book was, he made it more vicious by emendations; and (as the C. T. S. states) she only did it for money. The affair brought great mortification upon a highly respectable family, as Maria Monk was well connected. My informant—as all the Canadian Stricklands are—was a staunch English Church woman."

ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

Last week, for the sake of some of our persistent non-Catholic friends—we dealt with that old story of Galileo, and we think we explained pretty clearly the attitude of the Church in that matter. Of course it is next to useless to attempt to convince people who are determined not to be convinced; but there are hundreds of others, outside the Church of Rome, who are willing to accept any solid reasoning and to admit historical evidence when it is made positive. For all who belong to the latter category do we write these few articles.

Of all the facts of history that have been distorted and forged into weapons of attack upon Catholicity, one of the most striking examples is found in the "massacre on St. Bartholomew's Day." Easy as it is for the wilful malignant to use this rusty arm and to make the superficial reader of history believe it to be of value, equally easy is it to prove that in no way can the Catholic Church be blamed on account of that sad event. We desire, however, that this editorial be read in connection with the one of last week on Galileo; we do not care to go over, week after week, the same arguments and the distinction between *fact* and *principle*, or between deeds done by individuals and principles taught by the Church.

The non-Catholic world has the idea that on the morning of the 24th of August, 1572, the Catholics residing in the capital of France, in answer to a tocsin, arose and murdered, in cold blood, over four thousand quiet, unoffending, Christian-spirited Protestants; that Catherine de Medecis instigated the massacre and that the King approved of the deed. This is a sample of religious persecution on the part of the Catholic Church. No person would dream of disputing the fact that this was an act of persecution; but no one, knowing aught of the true history of the time and country, would ever dream of calling it religious persecution. It was nothing more or less than a great political stroke—a blunder, no doubt, but still a political one—to attain certain ends and to defeat certain plans. We will take the liberty of again quoting, as we did last week, from a very ably condensed article, from the pen of Mr. A. F. Marshall, which appeared in the July American Catholic Quarterly Review.

Readers of history—not of history "made up" for sectarian purposes and perverted so as to prove a foregone conclusion, but of the whole surrounding facts of a period, in their social as well as in their religious bearings—know that the hundred and fifty years of French decadence, from (about) 1560 to 1710, were the most savage and atrocious years of Christian history; politically distraught, and morally degraded, and religiously without almost any religion at all. Knowing this, we are quite prepared for enormities, not only on the side of professing Protestants, but also on the side of professing Catholics. And the massacre of St. Bartholomew was but one instance out of many in which the fiends seem to have possessed the population. There was "not much to choose" between Catholics and Protestants; all society, in a public sense, being so demoralized. At the time of the massacre the Huguenots were desperately bent upon securing a Protestant succession to the throne, while the Catholics were as eagerly bent upon securing a Catholic succession; so that Catherine de Medecis found pliable instruments to hand for carrying out a purely political massacre. That the Huguenots, so called, were a dangerous menace to the State, no one who is familiar with contemporary history can

entertain the smallest particle of doubt. They were also, "religiously," most exasperating. They seized upon every opportunity for insulting Catholics; even fixing a piece of ribald writing on the King's palace in contempt for the Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation. Churches and abbeys were demolished or desecrated; convents and colleges were despoiled, and thousands of priests and monks were wantonly butchered in cold blood, some even being purposely buried alive. In the province of Dauphine alone the Huguenots slaughtered two hundred and fifty-six priests, and more than one hundred religious. And this prevailing outrage—indeed it was universal—naturally led to the long "wars of religion;" wars of which religion was the pretext, but of which the impulse was half political, half fiendish.

We do not quote these historical facts for the purpose of excusing Catholics for their share in the scenes of intolerance and of blood that darken the pages of that century and a half's history; it is merely to point out that if it had really been a simple question of religious persecution the Church could not be called to account for the conduct of those who claimed to belong to her body. As well hold the Government answerable for the conduct of the men who appear before the Recorder every morning of the year. All that has been so far advanced cannot be denied—no more is it—by honest-minded non-Catholic students of history. But it is here that the grave accusation really begins and that what is supposed, by many, to be a crushing piece of evidence against the Church, comes in. We are told that the Pope of Rome approved, in a most formal manner, of the massacre. It is this statement, backed up by distorted facts, that has been the Democlean sword, held by Protestant writers and teachers, over the head of the Catholic body. The famed sword of Democles was held suspended by a slender thread; but the multitude of interwoven threads that hold up this accusation constitute a very ship's cable of strength.

After the sanguinary events of that August morning the King became—and nothing more natural—very much alarmed on account of the thousand and one unpleasant consequences that he foresaw. Cunningly enough he sent word to the Pope (and news travelled slowly in those days) that a vast conspiracy against religion and the State—as well as against society in general—had been discovered, and that he had gained, by a *coup d'état*, a great victory over the conspirators. The Pope very naturally believing the King, and having no other information on the subject, authorized a Te Deum to be sung, in gratitude to God for the escape of the monarch and for the defeat of his enemies. It might have been a defeat on the field of battle—or merely a political defeat—for aught the Pope knew. But no sooner was the Pope informed of the exact facts (which was a long time afterwards) the public records tell that he wept most bitterly, and he immediately censured the King's wickedness in allowing such a crime to be perpetrated. Thus we see that the persecutions, on either side, were not religious, but political, and that in the particular case of St. Bartholomew, the deed was foreign to the spirit of the Church as was the persecution of the early Christians in the Roman amphitheatre, or the butchering of the martyrs whose names glitter on the list of the Church's saints.

It is absolutely out of the question to deal fully, or even satisfactorily, with this subject in the narrow space of an editorial. Nor do we deem it at all necessary to go into the subject any deeper; we simply make our statements

and ask our readers to go and secure the impartial historians, and the evidence of the truth of those statements is at hand. But were it deemed advisable we could write a series of editorials to prove beyond all doubt that the St. Bartholomew was not due to religion, that it was a matter of worldly policy, that it was not intended that it should extend beyond Paris, that it was more the effect of impulse than premeditation, and that the number of victims has been enormously exaggerated. So convincing, so elaborate, so numerous are the testimonies, Catholic, Protestant and even infidel, that support us on those five points, that we could easily fill a small volume with their interesting details. We do not seek to excuse the fearful deed of La Barthelemy, we simply seek to let the truth be known that the Catholic Church had no hand in it.

How would our Protestant friends relish the constant recalling, and attributing to their tenets and Christianity the Michelade; that frightful massacre at Nimes on St. Michael's Day of 1567, "when the Protestants anticipated by more than two centuries the horrors of the Carmes and of the Abbaye (September 2, 1792)?" They would disclaim at once all connection between the teachings as well as the teachers of their faith and the red act of unprovoked murder. Yet the event at Nimes has not the tenth of the political circumstances that surround the St. Bartholomew to wash it of the "religious persecution" stain. Moreover, what degree of faith can be placed in those one-sided, fanatical and terribly prejudiced, so-called historians, who cannot agree upon the simple fact of the extent of the massacre. Masson gives it at 10,000; the Calvinist Martyrologist as 15,000; the Calvinist La Papeiniere as over 20,000; De Thou, the apologist of the Huguenots, as 30,000; the Huguenot Sully as 70,000; Perefex puts it at 100,000. Now, from this last to less than 2,000, the figures established by Cavairac and which all historians now admit as correct is very considerable. When religious animosities play a part in the perversion of history, it is not wonderful that glaring inaccuracies and unjust accusations should crop up, seeing that even on the simple question of figures no two could agree until a thorough and impartial investigation of the case, by means of authentic records, was made. We shall come back to this subject if necessary, and prove most positively that the Catholic Church had no more to do with the massacre of St. Bartholomew than she had to do with the destruction of the Carnatic by Hyder Ali and Tippo Saib. When next we refer to this subject we shall base our arguments simply upon Protestant and other non-Catholic writers, whose testimony most irrefutably resists the constantly presented accusation against Catholicity.

The famous Pere Marie-Antoine, the Capuchin monk, who has been for years the ardent apostle of the Blessed Virgin in the south of France, recently commented very forcibly upon Zola's book and the scenes lately witnessed at Lourdes. Amongst other things he says: "Sights capable of melting the rocks into tenderness M. Zola alone has failed to understand. Instead he has sunk into the mire of mud and money. Woe to him who comes to Lourdes without his seeking the Lord. I said to Zola one day, close to the grotto, 'Beware of rejecting the grace that is given you; Lourdes is a vision of heaven. There the eye sees what man has never seen, the ear hears what man has never heard, and the heart feels what man has never felt. To come to Lourdes is a grace unto salvation,

Take care that this grace does not turn unto your own destruction. The rock of Lourdes is one that smites if it does not sanctify. Now is the time of your ascent, or that of your fall.' The unhappy Zola failed to understand," continues the Capuchin, and he sold himself to the Gil Blas newspaper! Woe thrice woe to him who sells his pen to Satan and to men."

IMMORAL LITERATURE.

Elsewhere we publish a letter that draws our attention to certain books that were recently admitted into our country, and we are asked why we did not openly protest against the same. If our friends of the Catholic Truth Society would only reflect for a moment they would see that we acted—in our silence—according to the Catholic spirit of our paper. THE TRUE WITNESS is a Catholic organ in every acceptance of the term; and as such it is not prepared to become the advertising medium of immoral or anti-Catholic literature. We do not intend, nor shall we ever, be the medium whereby the public may be directly or indirectly induced to purchase or recognize books that have a tendency to corrupt the morals of our people.

We do not fear the volumes in question, because they are so outrageous, and so notoriously immoral, that they can do more injury to those who propagate them than to the Church against which they are directed. Upon that ground we feel that it is our place to follow the wise advice of Lacordaire: "never propagate an evil even in attempting to defeat it."

There are times when greater victories are won by silence than by headlong charges on the field of contest. So is it in the arena of Catholic journalism; there are occasions when we serve better the cause, that we have at heart, by keeping silent, than by making a "hue and cry" after enemies that can do us no real injury, and whose preposterous assertions only confound themselves.

The books in question are vile beyond expression or qualification; but are we going to prevent their circulation by an open attack upon them, or by calling special attention to the fact that they have been, by one means or another, admitted into Canada? Does not common experience teach us that certain elements only requires to be told that such or such an evil, or immoral book exists, in order to be stimulated to a degree of purchasing the same? It is not for the sake of controversy, but for the sake of the filth that they contain, that certain people will buy, read, and become saturated with these volumes. And are we—a Catholic paper, professing to support the moral principles of our people—going to pander to that spirit, and while pretending to condemn these books, or claiming to condemn people who sanction them, give them a free advertisement and stir up the morbid curiosity of the public to such a degree that those volumes may be purchased?

Once more we say that our journal will never become—either directly or indirectly—the vehicle of immoral literature. We cannot afford to advertise such works; to tell the public that they are in Canada; to give our people an opportunity of securing and reading them. We will not even mention the names of those volumes. If the Catholic Truth Society, or any other Catholic or Christian organization can devise means whereby such an evil way be stamped out, we thank God, and are with them heart and soul; but don't ask us—as a Catholic paper—to become the medium, even for the sake of refutation, of propagating or advertising immoral literature.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXIX.—CONTINUED.

"Nothing can be simpler, nothing quieter, I trust, than a suit of dark purple knickerbockers; and you may see that my thread stockings and my coarse shoes presuppose a stroll in the plantations. Where, indeed, I mean to smoke my morning cigar."

"She'll make you give up tobacco, I suppose."

"Nothing of the kind; a thorough woman of the world enforces no such penalties as these. True free trade is the great matrimonial maxim, and for people of small means it is inestimable. The formula may be stated thus: 'Dine at the best houses, and give tea at your own.'"

What other precepts of equal wisdom Walpole was prepared to enunciate were lost to the world by a message informing him that Miss Betty was in the drawing-room, and the family assembled to see him.

Cecil Walpole possessed a very fair stock of that useful quality called assurance; but he had no more than he needed to enter that large room, where the assembled family sat in a half circle, and stand to be surveyed by Miss O'Shea's eye glass, unabashed. Nor was the ordeal the less trying as he overheard the old lady ask her neighbor "if he wasn't the image of the Knave of Diamonds!"

"I thought you were the other man!" said she, curiously, as he made his bow.

"I deplore the disappointment, madam—even though I do not comprehend it."

"It was the picture, the photograph, of the other man I saw—a fine, tall, dark man, with long mustaches."

"The fine, tall, dark man, with the long mustaches, is in the house, and will be charmed to be presented to you."

"Ay, ay! presented is all very fine; but that won't make him the bridegroom," said she, with a laugh.

"I sincerely trust it will not, madam."

"And it is you, then, are Major Walpole?"

"Mr. Walpole, madam—my friend Lockwood is the major."

"To be sure. I have it right now. You are the young man that got into that unhappy scrape, and got the lord-lieutenant turned away—"

"I wonder how you endure this," burst out Nina, as she rose and walked angrily toward a window.

"I don't think I caught what the young lady said; but if it was, that what cannot be cured must be endured, it is true enough; and I suppose that they'll get over your blunder as they have done many another."

"I live in that hope, madam."

"Not but it's a bad beginning in public life; and a stupid mistake hangs long on a man's memory. You're young, however, and people are generous enough to believe it might be a youthful indiscretion."

"You give me great comfort, madam."

"And now you are going to risk another venture?"

"I sincerely trust on safer grounds."

"That's what they all think. I never knew a man that didn't believe he drew the prize in matrimony. Ask him, however, six months after he's tied. Say, 'What do you think of your ticket now?' Eh, Maurice Kearney? It doesn't take twenty or thirty years, quarrelling and disputing, to show one that a lottery with so many blanks is just a swindle."

A loud bang of the door, as Nina flounced out in indignation, almost shook the room.

"There's a temper, you'll know more of it, young gentleman; and, take my word for it, it's only in stage-plays that a shrew is ever tamed."

"I declare," cried Dick, losing all patience, "I think Miss O'Shea is too unsparring of us all. We have our faults, I'm sure; but public correction will not make us more comfortable."

"It wasn't your comfort I was thinking of, young man; and if I thought of your poor father's, I'd have advised him to put you out an apprentice. There's many a light business—like stationery, or figs, or children's toys—and they want just as little capital as capacity."

"Miss Betty," said Kearney, stiffly, "this is not the time nor the place for these discussions. Mr. Walpole was polite enough to present himself here to-day to have the honor of making your acquaintance, and to announce his future marriage."

"A great event for us all—and we're proud of it! It's what the newspapers will call a great day for the Bag of Allen. Eh, Maurice? The princess—God forgive me, but I'm always calling her Kostigan—but the princess will be set down niece to Lord Kilgobbin; and if you"—and she addressed Walpole—"haven't a mock title and a mock estate, you'll be the only one without them!"

"I don't think any one will deny us our tempers," cried Kearney.

"Here's Lockwood," cried Walpole, delighted to see his friend enter, though he as quickly endeavored to retreat.

"Come in, major," said Kearney. "We're all friends here. Miss O'Shea, this is Major Lockwood, of the Carbineers—Miss O'Shea."

Lockwood bowed stiffly, but did not speak.

"Be attentive to the old woman," whispered Walpole. "A word from her will make your affair all right."

"I have been very desirous to have had the honor of this introduction, madam," said Lockwood, as he seated himself at her side.

"Was not that a clever diversion I accomplished with 'the Heavy?'" said Walpole, as he drew away Kearney and his son into a window.

"I never heard her much worse than to-day," said Dick.

"I don't know," hesitated Kilgobbin.

"I suspect she is breaking. There is none of the sustained virulence I used to remember of old. She lapses into half-mildness at moments."

"I own I did not catch them, nor, I'm afraid, did Nina," said Dick. "Look there! I'll be shot, if she's not giving your friend the major a lesson! When she performs in that way with her hands, you may swear she is didactic."

"I think I'll go to his relief," said Walpole; "but I own it's a case for the V. C."

As Walpole drew nigh, he heard her saying: "Marry one of your own race, and you will jog on well enough. Marry a Frenchwoman or a Spaniard, and she'll lead her own life, and be very well satisfied; but a poor Irish girl, with a fresh heart and a joyous temper—what is to become of her, with your dull habits and your dreary intercourse, your county society and your Chinese manners!"

"Miss O'Shea is telling me that I must not look for a wife among her countrywomen," said Lockwood with a touching attempt to smile.

"What I overheard was not encouraging," said Walpole; "but I think Miss O'Shea takes a low estimate of our social temperament."

"Nothing of the kind! All I say is, you'll do mighty well for each other, or for aught I know, you might intermarry with the Dutch or the Germans; but it's a downright shame to unite your sluggish spirits with the sparkling brilliancy and impetuous joy of an Irish girl. That's a union I'd never consent to."

"I hope this is no settled resolution," said Walpole, speaking in a low whisper; "for I want to bespeak your especial influence in my friend's behalf. Major Lockwood is a most impassioned admirer of Miss Kearney, and has already declared as much to her father."

"Come over here, Maurice Kearney! come over here this moment!" cried she, half wild with excitement. "What new piece of roguery, what fresh intrigue is this? Will you dare to tell me you had a proposal for Kate, for my own god-daughter, without even so much as telling me?"

"My dear Miss Betty, be calm, be cool for one minute, and I'll tell you everything."

"Ay, when I've found it out, Maurice."

"I profess I don't think my friend's pretensions are discussed with much delicacy, time and place considered," said Walpole.

"We have something to think of as well as delicacy, young man; there's a woman's happiness to be remembered."

"Here it is, now, the whole business," said Kearney. "The major there asked me yesterday to get my daughter's consent to his addresses."

"And you never told me," cried Miss Betty.

"No, indeed, nor herself neither; for after I turned it over in my mind I began to see it would not do—"



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"How do you mean not do?" asked Lockwood.

"Just let me finish. What I mean is this—if a man wants to marry an Irish girl he mustn't begin by asking leave to make love to her—"

"Maurice is right!" cried the old lady, stoutly.

"And above all, he oughtn't to think that the short cut to her heart is through his broad acres."

"Maurice is right—quite right!"

"And besides this, that the more a man dwells on his belongings, and the settlements, and such like, the more he seems to say: 'I may not catch your fancy in everything, I may not ride as boldly or dance as well as somebody else, but never mind—you're making a very prudent match, and there is a deal of pure affection in the Three per Cents.'"

"And I'll give you another reason," said Miss Betty, resolutely: "Kate Kearney cannot have two husbands, and I've made her promise to marry my nephew, this morning."

"What! without any leave of mine?" exclaimed Kearney.

"Just so, Maurice. She'll marry him if you give your consent; but whether you will or not, she'll never marry another."

"Is there, then, a real engagement?" whispered Walpole to Kearney. "Has my friend here got his answer?"

"He'll not wait for another," said Lockwood, haughtily, as he arose. "I'm for town, Cecil," whispered he.

"So shall I be this evening," replied Walpole, in the same tone. "I must hurry over to London and see Lord Danesbury. I've my troubles, too."

And so saying, he drew his arm within the major's and led him away; while Miss Betty, with Kearney on one side of her and Dick on the other, proceeded to recount the arrangement she had made to make over the Barn and the estate to Gorman, it being her own intention to retire altogether from the world and finish her days in the "Retreat."

"And a very good thing to do, too," said Kearney, who was too much impressed with the advantages of the project to remember his politeness.

"I have enough of it, Maurice," added she, in a lugubrious tone; "and it's all back-biting, and lying, and mischief-making, and, what's worse, by the people who might live quietly and let others do the same."

"What you say is true as the Bible."

"It may be hard to do it, Maurice Kearney; but I'll pray for them in my hours of solitude, and in that blessed Retreat I'll ask for a blessing on yourself, and that your heart, hard and cruel and worldly as it is now, may be changed; and that in your last days—maybe on the bed of sickness—when you are writhing and twisting with pain, with a bad heart and a worse conscience—when you'll have nobody but hirelings near you—hirelings that will be robbing you before your eyes, and not waiting till the breath leaves you—when even the drop of drink to cool your lips—"

"Don't—don't go on that way, Miss Betty! I've a cold shivering down the spine of my back this minute, and a sickness creeping all over me."

"I'm glad of it. I'm glad that my words have power over your wicked old nature—if it's not too late."

"If it's miserable and wretched you wanted to make me, don't fret about your want of success; though whether it all comes too late, I cannot tell you."

"We'll leave that to St. Joseph."

"Do so! do so!" cried he, eagerly, for he had a shrewd suspicion he would have better chances of mercy at any hands than her own.

"As for Gorman, if I find that he has any notions about claiming an acre of the property, I'll put it all into Chaucery, and the quit will outlive him—but if he

owns he is entirely dependent on my bounty, I'll settle the Barn and the land on him, and the deed shall be signed the day he marries your daughter. People tell you that you can't take your money with you into the next world, Maurice Kearney, and a greater lie was never uttered. Thanks to the laws of England, and the Court of Equity in particular, it's the very thing you can do! Ay, and you can provide, besides, that everybody but the people that had a right to it shall have a share. So I say to Gorman O'Shea, beware what you are at, and don't go on repeating that stupid falsehood about not carrying your debentures into the next world."

"You are a wise woman, and you know life well," said he, solemnly.

"And if I am, it's nothing to sigh over, Mr. Kearney. One is grateful for mercies, but does not groan over them like rheumatism or the lumbago."

"Maybe I'm a little out of spirits to-day."

"I shouldn't wonder if you were. They tell me you sat over your wine with that tall man, last night, till nigh one o'clock, and it's not at your time of life that you can do these sort of excesses with impunity; you had a good constitution once, and there's not much left of it."

"My patience, I'm grateful to see, has not quite deserted me."

"I hope there's other of your virtues you can be more sure of," said she, rising, "for if I was asked your worst failing I'd say it was your irritability." And with a stern frown, as though to confirm the judicial severity of her words, she nodded her head to him and walked away.

It was only then that Kearney discovered he was left alone, and that Dick had stolen away, though when or how, he could not say.

"I'm glad the boy was not listening to her, for I'm downright ashamed that I bore it," was his final reflection as he strolled out to take a walk in the plantation.

(To be Continued.)

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

[In giving our young readers the usual column that is particularly interesting to the young, we would like to invite our junior friends to send us in any letters that they might desire to have published. We will lay down only three rules: 1st, That the letters should not exceed two pages; 2nd, That they be written on one side of the sheet only; and 3rd, That they be of interest to children and the younger section of our readers. We desire to open this column for the benefit of the little boys and girls who would like to try their pens and to make public their ideas on any subjects that may be uppermost in their minds. They may sign their own names, or else make use of any initials or *nom de plume* that they wish. We hope that some of the pupils in our schools will take advantage of this column to publish their views upon subjects that interest them.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.]

THE LITTLE MISSIONARIES.

On a pleasant afternoon in June, two little girls sat under a cherry-tree busily engaged in eating the fruit they had just gathered. So busy were they that a little darky, who had stolen around the house, stood grinning at them for some minutes before he was observed.

"How good they are! Let's get some more!" and Becky, the younger girl, jumped up.

"Why, Marshal, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, for the first time seeing the small colored boy.

"Down from the quarters, Miss Becky; thought I'd come up and look at de cherry trees."

This very broad hint Becky answered by throwing him a handful of the desired fruit.

"Marshal, what do you do on Sunday?" asked Becky, presently, remembering that the next day was Sunday, and that the church was too far away for them to go.

These little people did not live in the country all the year, and only came to this lovely farm in Virginia, during the summer.

"Me'n Lizzie play roun', and Carter, he come over sometimes," answered Marshal.

"Don't you ever go to church?" asked Peggy.

"No, 'n-deedy, we don' b'long to the church; but mamma, she goes." Marshal seemed to think this sufficient for the family.

"I tell you what, Peg," cried Becky, springing up, "let's have a Sunday-school, and teach the children." Don't you think Susie would come, Marshal?"

"Dunno, 'deed, Miss Becky, but I'll ax her." And before he had finished Marshal had raced around the house, greatly excited with the prospect of going to Sunday-school. Presently he returned with Susie, who judging from the condition and color of her dress, had been washing all the pots and kettles on the place.

"Will you come, Susie?" cried Becky. "Please do, Susie, and get Lizzie and Marshal to come with you," added Peggy.

Susie laughed, but seemed anxious to join the "class" and the children arranged that Susie, Lizzie, and Marshal and any other children on the place who would join, should come up the next morning.

When Mrs. Hardy, the children's mother, heard of their plan, she was very much pleased to think they should have cared to keep up their lessons in the country. "For, of course, you must teach us," said Becky.

The next day was bright and sunny, and, at half past nine, Peggy and Becky arranged their little class under a large shady tree. Susie had brought Lullie, the housemaid's sister, with her. Peggy and Becky took two scholars apiece, and they proceeded to find out how much the children knew. Lullie had been to Sunday-school in the village, and knew several prayers; but the others were so ignorant on some points which "the little missionaries," as their mother called them, had always supposed even these neglected little mortals knew that they were quite shocked. But they taught them so well that when the lesson was over, they seemed to understand and enjoy it, and they also had learned some prayers and verses from hymns.

"Now, children," said Peggy, as she began to put the books together, "do

you like our Sunday-school, and will you come next Sunday?"

"Yes, indeedy, Miss Peggy," cried Marshal, before the others could answer; "and I's comin' next Sunday, shure."

"Cert'in was nice," said Susie, and the others seemed to have enjoyed it as much as she had.

The next Sunday they all came and brought other children with them, and thus it went on until "the little missionaries" mission was quite a large one. After the first Sunday or two Peggy sent home for some catechisms and little pictures. The catechisms she gave to the children, first writing their names on them, but the pictures she kept for rewards, and let it be said to their credit that Lizzie and Marshal, the youngest pupils, had the largest collection of pictures at the end of the summer.

When the time came for the children to return to the city it would be hard to tell which were the most heart-broken, the teachers to leave or the pupils to have them leave. The Sunday before the children left, however, Peggy told the class something which brightened them up.

"You know, children," she said, just before they were dismissed, "Sunday-schools have a tree or some entertainment at Christmas. We can't do that; but we shall try to send you a Christmas box."

The next day Mrs. Hardy and the children left for home, and Peggy said to her mother as the train steamed away from the little country station: "I feel as if we had accomplished a good deal this summer with our little 'mission,' and I wish other children could do the same when they go to the country."

Her mother answered smiling: "You will have to write an account of your summer's work, and perhaps next year there will be more 'little missionaries.'" So that is just what Peggy did.

A HINDU GIRL'S CHILDHOOD.

The greatest care and anxiety of the Hindu mother is to bring up her daughter to home-life, and to make her a good housewife. When a girl is seven years of age, writes a Brahman in the Forum, the mother teaches her to cook and to clean the pots. Hindus have two kinds of washing; one is the daily washing of every-day apparel; for the clothes are changed every morning after bathing. Every Hindu must bathe before he takes his meals. Religion requires that no food be cooked before the person who cooks it has bathed. Hence every woman must bathe before she cooks. A woman first gives a bath to her children; then she takes a bath herself, and thereafter goes to cook. The clothes are changed and washed every day. The little girl washes the smaller clothes on a stone and hangs them for drying. She assists her mother in many small things; she sweeps the kitchen; she fetches the utensils; she cuts and slices vegetables; she pounds and grinds the spices; she takes out the small pebbles from the rice and cleans it in water; and, in short, she does all the petty work, assisting her mother. If she has an infant sister or brother, she feeds it, and lulls it to sleep in the cradle. She gathers flowers and weaves them into wreaths with which the Hindu women adorn their hair. The mother teaches her to sew, and to embroider, and to make her toilet, which is simple. She has no paint on her cheeks and no hooks and thorns in her hair. She adorns her hair with ornamental flowers made of gold. These are fixed on the knot of hair. A small round mark of red paint is made on her forehead. The absence of this mark from the forehead of a woman indicates that she is a widow, for widows have not the privilege of wearing it. By the time she is fifteen, she learns all things pertaining to general housekeeping and cookery. The mother teaches her to prepare cakes, puddings and sweetmeats. Hindus, especially Brahmins, cannot eat bazaar-made sweetmeats in which water is mixed. She also teaches her to make preserved pickles and other things for use in the rainy season, which begins at the end of May and lasts to about the middle of October. In short, the mother makes her daughter a good housekeeper before she goes to live with her husband. Often she chides her daughter and says: "You will bring discredit on me when you go to your husband's. Your mother-in-law will judge me by your behavior." She is very particular in not allowing her to talk loudly, or to laugh, even at

home, at the pitch of her voice, as I have heard American women do even in the streets. Of course, "high-caste" American ladies do not laugh in the streets. Yet, as a general rule, it is not considered indecent here, as it is in India.

No love songs are taught to a girl. The Hindus do not sing them even in the presence of their women. The girl, after twelve, is not allowed to talk to boys, except to the nearest relatives or family friends, and to these only in the presence of the elders. A young woman cannot go out alone. She is accompanied by an elderly lady, even to the temple and marriage ceremonies. A Hindu lady is not allowed to go to the theatre with other gentlemen than those of her own family; and no Hindu woman—even the poorest, or those of the lowest caste, not even the dancing girls—would go on the stage as actresses. Female parts are taken by boys. The Hindus, even the poorest, would not allow their daughters to work in shops or stores and leave them to the mercy of employers. If the parents of a girl are dead, the relatives take care of her until she is married.

The Hindu woman brought up under these strict rules naturally makes a good housewife. When, in turn, she has children, she brings them up in the same way. In the afternoon she talks with her neighbors, mends or sews the clothes, or embroiders, or rests while her children play. The ladies have their gatherings in India, where they meet and enjoy themselves. Men do not mix in them. At home the Hindu woman has to look to the household duties, and the whole management rests with her.

ROMAN NEWS.

His Majesty, the Emperor of Austria, has made an offering of 1,000 francs towards the completion of the jubilee church of St. Joachim.

The Holy Father has made the Viscount Jules de Cuverville, son of the French admiral de Cuverville, a Knight of St. Gregory the Great.

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

Notwithstanding the alarming reports about the health of Leo XIII., the venerable pontiff gives audiences and takes his usual walks in the gardens of the Vatican.

A great pilgrimage to Rome is now being organized in Lisbon. Many of the Portuguese bishops have already expressed their intention of accompanying their flocks.

Not a little curiosity is felt in Rome with regard to the rumor that Zola means to pass some months of the coming winter in the eternal city for the purpose of gathering materials for a new book on the Church.

It is reported from Rome that nine more martyrs who died for the faith during the Reformation era in England are soon to be beatified. Their names were omitted from the former decree because the proof in their case has not been completed.

Saturday, August 25, being the feast of St. Louis, King of France, a solemn service took place in the French national church in Rome. Mgr. Tonti celebrated High Mass. The French ambassador near the Vatican and all the personnel of the embassy assisted, as well as many representatives of the French colony.

A relic of the ancient Christian Church of Africa has just come to light in Algeria. It seems that, in the course of some excavations, a church of the fifth or sixth century, 120 feet in length, has been discovered at Tigziat, near Dellys. There are numerous carvings on the walls, and in the apse are many pagan stelae, apparently showing that a temple originally stood on the site. The monogram of Our Saviour is profusely employed on the carved pillars.

A PROMINENT LAWYER SAYS:

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

Inside Facts.—Mrs. Willowsnap (calling on Mrs. Wangle): "Your mother has a lot of new furniture, hasn't she, Willie?" Willie: "Yes'm, and the man comes here every week to collect the bill."

WIT AND HUMOR.

A young woman hunting for some eggs remarked that they must have been mis-laid.

The Usual Way.—Visitor: "Where is your mamma?" Little Girl: "She has gone out for five minutes two hours ago."

Lady Blessington remarked that friends are thermometers by which we may judge of the temperature of our fortunes.

A lady said to Charles Summer that he should never have married, as his self-conceit was so intense as to make it bigamy.

We have never been able to understand why a woman who looks so tender at a party should occasionally look so tough at home.

No Harm Done.—Fond Mother: "Why, Jane, you let the baby swallow that pin!" J ne: "Yes mum, but it was a safety pin."

A man rose to get out of a car, and said to a young woman, "Take my seat." Her reply was, "No, thank you; I get out here, too."

Irate Father: "When I die I shall leave you without a penny." Calmson: "Certainly. You can't take money along, you know."

A minister's wife once said that she disliked living in a certain town near Bristol because, though it had the quiet of the grave, it lacked its peace.

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45-11

JUDICIAL NOTICE TO ANN DOYLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to Ann Doyle, whose maiden name was Ann Cassidy, and who was the wife of Thomas Doyle, in his lifetime of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, deceased, and who went to the City of Montreal about 18 years ago, and who was, when last heard from about 18 years ago, a cook on a steamboat sailing from the said City of Montreal, if she be still living, to communicate, on or before the first day of December 1894, with MESSRS. GORMAN & FRIPP, 74 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Solicitors for the Administrators of the estate of the said Thomas Doyle, deceased; or in default thereof she will be excluded from all claim to dower or otherwise in said estate. Dated 22nd September 1894.

10-8

W. M. MATHESON, Local Master at Ottawa, Ontario.

NIGH TO DEATH'S DOOR.

How a Young Lady was Cured of a Terrible Malady When Near the Brink of the Grave.

The large, pretentious brick residence at 86 Miami avenue, in this city, is the home of the heroine of this interesting story. She is Miss Margaret Stenbaugh, and her interesting experiences during the past four years are published here for the first time.

"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am to-day. Why, at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner (I was at that time living at Scotland, Brant Co., Ont.,) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the church yard, and as I was such a sufferer I cared not whether I lived or died; in fact, think I would have preferred the latter. "I could not walk, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said with tears in his eyes, that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him. It was evidently foreordained that I should not die at that particular time, as a miraculous transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood. I read of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from James A. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six months I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 15th day of December, 1893.

D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public,
Wayne Co., Michigan.

Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Irish News.

At the Monastery General du Bon Angers, France, on the feast of St. Augustine (August 28th), the profession of twenty-eight novices took place, amongst the number of German, French and Italian, a young lady from Wexford, Miss Mary Kate Bower, in religion Sister Mary de la Transfiguration, second daughter of Mr. P. Power, Ballycullane, had the happiness of making her vows. The ceremony of profession was conducted by a cousin of one of the novices. Mass commenced at 8 a.m., at which the music was exquisitely rendered. After Mass an eloquent sermon was preached in French by the celebrant on the grandeur of a religious vocation and the immense good done by the nuns of the Good Shepherd. Twenty postulants then received the holy habit, three of whom were Irish. After this ceremony the profession took place. Each novice read the vows aloud in her own language, twenty-one in French, two in German, four in Italian, and one in English. The "Te Deum" was chanted by all, after which the friends of the Community were entertained to a sumptuous *dejeuner* by the good nuns.

Evictions have been resumed on Lord De Freyne's estate in the West of Ireland. On Tuesday morning, August 28, the Widow Barrett and Thomas Barrett, who were evicted last September, and whose houses were rebuilt by their neighbors in October, were re-evicted and emergency-men placed in possession. Mr. James O'Kelly and Mr. Patrick O'Brien were present. Mr. O'Brien offered two years' rent and costs on behalf of both tenants twice in settlement; but this Mr. Blakeney, the agent, peremptorily refused. He also refused to allow the people to remain as caretakers or to have



The Wizards' Final Spin.

CAPITALS VERSUS SHAMROCKS

(Champions.)

SHAMROCK GROUNDS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Ball Faced at 3 sharp. Two Hours' Play. Rain or Shine

TICKETS—Reserved Seats, 75c—now on sale at the office of the S.A.A.A., 186 St. James street only (9 a.m. to 6 p.m.). Regular Grand Stand Side, 50c. Admission to Standing Room, south side, 25c.

For sale by Pearson & Co., Chaboulez Square; Dick Kelly, Bleury street; Montreal Steam Laundry, St. Peter street; TRUE WITNESS, Craig street; J. T. Lyons, corner Bleury and Craig streets, and Gendron Manufacturing Co., Balmoral Block, Notre Dame street. Secure your Tickets early. Gates open at 1 o'clock sharp.

Members of S. A. A. A. and S. L. C., on presentation of annual passes before Thursday, may have same privileges extended on reserved platform on payment of advance.

HEATING STOVES, STEEL RANGES, GAS STOVES.

SPECIALTIES:

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STOVE REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

PLUMBING, TINSMITHING, GAS FITTING.

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the use of the potatoes they had planted. About eighty eviction-made-easy notices were served on the tenants of this estate through the post during the same week.

On Monday night, August 20, a largely attended meeting was held in St. Mary's Hall, Belfast, for the purpose of protesting against the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Home Rule and Evicted Tenants Bills. Mr. Samuel Young, M.P., presided, and among the speakers were Michael McCartan, M.P., and Mr. J. McGilligan, M.P. A resolution protesting against the House of Lords was passed. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Belfast National Federation.

The sixth place in senior grade in the intermediate examinations was won by Miss Anastasia A. Murphy, of the Loretto Convent, Kilkenny. She took also the gold medal for modern languages, second place in English, first place in Italian, and scored a total of 2,366 marks.

The body of Margaret Gavin was found in a bog hole at Cappamore on the 30th ult. It appears that she was subject to fits of epilepsy, and it is believed that she was seized with one when driving cattle across the bog, and fell into the hole and was drowned.

Dr. Thomas J. Connolly, of Drogheda, eldest son of the late Thomas Connolly, was, on September 1, unanimously elected to the vacant office of Medical Officer of Dromiskin Dispensary Committee, held by the late Dr. Callan, coroner for North Lough.

Patrick Brosnan, caretaker to Lord Kenmare, who is imprisoned for the alleged murder of Mary McKenna, at Kilnaneire, has been returned for trial at the next Kerry assizes. The prisoner declares he is innocent of the crime.

James O'Hara, of Tralee, and Ann Cunlisk, daughter of Thomas Cunlisk, of Sligo, were married, on the 29th ult., at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Dublin. The Rev. F. O'Callaghan, Adm., of Tralee, was the officiating priest.

At Kilmacthomas Workhouse on September 1, an inquest was held on Edward Drohan, who died from injuries sustained by being struck on the head with a mug by James Power. Power, who is an invalid in the infirmary, is in custody.

The large picture of the Descent from the Cross, painted by Mannix, of North Frederick Street, Dublin, has been purchased for the Church of St. Andrew, of that city.

Potatoes have been much injured by the wetness of the season, and disease has appeared among the tubers along the shores of Lough Neagh.

The flax crop in Killygordon, of which there is an unusually large acreage, promises to be fair. The potato crop is anything but good.

The death occurred, on Aug. 27, at her residence, in Ballard, Milltown Malbay,

of Winfred Cleary, relict of the late Michael Cleary, and mother of Matthew Cleary, of the British Prison, Littleton, N. Z., and Doctor Michael Cleary, of Chicago. She had reached the age of ninety-five years.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

There will be a special service at St. Ann's Church on Sunday, October 14th, to celebrate the anniversary of Father Mathew. A sermon on temperance will be preached by the Rev. Father McPhail, one of the Fathers who recently came from Belgium to St. Ann's.

James O'Neill, jr., son of James O'Neill, the actor, has just entered Georgetown college.

NOTICE is hereby given that William Bourke, N. 2206 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, is applying to the Lieut.-Governor-in-Council for the remission of fine, and the same is recommended by

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GEO. J. BROWN.

11 1

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Unbleached Sheeting Flannels, two yards wide, 65c and 90c.

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SMILES.

Nibbitt: That woman who just went out is the partner of your joys and sorrows, I suppose? Rufton: She's partner to my joys all right; but when it comes to my sorrows, she slips over to see her mother.

The Unusual.—Edith: "My dress-maker, Mme. Mantilini, must be losing all her trade." Helen: "Why?" Edith: "She sent my new dress home the day it was promised."

"Oh, for some new-coined name by which to call him! Oh, for some name no other lips could give!" was the earnest prayer of Violet, until she married him. Now she is content to call him old beeswax.

"I am indebted to the ingenuity of a lady-patient," writes Dr. Thomas Britton, "for the following simple but effective mode of applying hot moist fomentations. She puts a square yard of flannel into one of the patent potato squeezers, pouring boiling water upon it, and squeezes it, and this is done so effectually that the bed clothes, etc., are not made wet and uncomfortable by the application of the flannel, as they are when it is simply wrung out by the hands."

THE COREAN FEVER.

(WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.)

The "little unpleasantness" existing between China and Japan, and the very truthful and never-contradicted daily newspaper reports of battles between the little heathens, have provided me with an immense dose of what I will call malignant Corean fever.

Waking, I can think of nothing but Corea; sleeping, I dream of Corea; I see before me a fierce-eyed Jap, chasing a little fellow with a plait, or pig-tail,—the latter being the technical name of the adornment.

During the day my thoughts are in far-off Corea, and in the evening I pick up the newspaper to find that the Japanese "get there every time," to use a comprehensive and beautiful Chicagoan expression. The mild-eyed "washee, washee" seems to be about as good as the reputation of the average alderman—I mean the professional alderman. The Jap can see his way on land as well as on sea, and the poor Chinese appear to be all "at sea." It strikes me very forcibly that within a year or two rice will have become a drug on the market. The Japanese are on the march and the Chinese are on the run. The press of a certain little island, with very big aspirations, has intimated to the world in general that this is about the proper season for the European powers to step in and put a stop to the slaughter of the poor, helpless, four hundred millions of Chinese. I am heartily in accord with that humane press, for in spite of his many faults I feel sorry for John Bull because I verily believe that, with all his astuteness, he has managed to possess himself of the wrong end of the rope this time.

I have already stated that I have Corean fever. And so I have. Every evening I greedily scan the columns of the paper until my eager gaze is arrested by the magic word "Corea." Police investigations; heartrending accounts of aldermanic eagerness for the same; the freshest murders; the latest divorce-cases,—none of these have the power to charm; 'tis Corea, and Corea alone, that can claim my undivided attention.

Now, to think deeply and wisely of anything in particular, while in my my present state, is out of the question; and such being the case, I feel thoroughly puzzled over an item of news, *a la* Corea, and which is as follows:

The other day a reporter of an evening paper had an interview with a reverend gentleman who had just arrived from Corea. This rev. gentleman had spent many years in Corea. He was very fond of Corea and the Coreans, especially the Coreans, but, unfortunately, he had to leave them owing to his being seized with an overwhelming desire to find out for himself what kind of pavement was being laid in Montreal.

Now, to make this fit in with my idea of mission work has caused me so much wrestling with my thinking apparatus, that the latter, being the weaker of the two, has suffered considerably.

The next evening I learned that another rev. gentlemen had made his appearance in our city. He, also, had come straight from Corea. The country, he said, was a beautiful one; the Coreans were a beautiful people. Every man, woman and child yearned mightily for the truth as expounded by the rev. gentleman; but, alas, he was compelled to seek a change of climate. He had lived in Corea for eighteen years, but within the last few months his health had broken down, which sad fact, he said, was due to something or other in the air of Corea, and which something or other had a bad effect on his heart. He intended, however, to return in the spring when he expects that the something or other will have taken its departure.

The following night found me again scraping my wits, for I read that *three more* rev. gentlemen had arrived from Corea. They, each and every one of them, solemnly affirmed that it had cost them many a pang to tear themselves from their beloved Coreans, but, all being natives of Montreal, and, having read in an enterprising Corean paper that the Montreal alderman were about to hold a police investigation, they decided that, much as they desired to save the souls of the Coreans, yet their native town held the first place in their hearts, so they had come to help to clear Montreal's moral atmosphere.

Sometime ago I read an article, a very wise and skillfully written article, and it taught me that some become poor be-

cause they were in possession of a happy knack of spending too much money; others become rich by inheriting from their progenitors a remarkable ability for looking after number one, more especially if the aforesaid number one belongs to someone else; and more become very rich by a sort of natural aptitude for voting the right way in Parliament, or in the Council-chambers of cities. This last statement led me to believe that the writer of the article in question had been a disappointed candidate. Be this as it may, of one thing I am positive and it is this: that if one wishes to become insane, let him ponder over matters Corean, and dwell upon the peculiarities of human nature, brought to light through interviews with arrivals from Corea. At any rate, such is my firm belief, and for the future I will eschew Corean views. But wait a minute. The newspaper has just come to hand. Can I keep my resolution? I open the paper. Large type confronts me—Corea! Resolutely I turn from the alluring column and reach the city news. I have won! I have conquered the fever! I read—"Rev. Mr. Savem and family have just arrived from Corea." I drop the paper. I cannot finish the article. It is the last drop in the bucket!

J. M.

BREVITIES.

The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias has determined not to allow its ritual to be printed in the German language.

Muley Mohammed, eldest son of the late Sultan of Morocco, has been proclaimed Sultan of the rebellious tribes of the south.

The British court has been ordered to go into mourning until September 21st, as a token of respect to the memory of the late Comte.

The Little Sisters of Charity, an order established in 1891, have just laid the corner stone of a convent in Port of Spain, Trinidad.

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

A French newspaper asserts that Emperor William of Germany is attempting to bring about a general conference of European powers in the interest of a general disarmament.

The Japanese won a decisive victory over the Chinese in a battle at Ping Yang. About 20,000 Chinese were killed, wounded and captured. In a naval battle the Japs were again victorious.

The Spanish Anarchist, Salvador, sentenced to death, renounced Anarchism and asked for a priest. He asked pardon of those whom he had injured, said he had deserved his fate, and accepted it with resignation.

The death is announced of Rev. Lord Charles Thynne, brother of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, and father of Lady Kenmare. The deceased became a Catholic priest soon after the death of his wife. He was 82 years of age.

Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years Cured by "The D. & L." Menthol Plaster.

My wife was afflicted for two years with a severe pain under the left shoulder and through to the heart; after using many remedies without relief, she tried a "D. & L." Menthol Plaster, it did its work, and owing to this cure hundreds of these plasters have been sold by me here, giving equal satisfaction.

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ART IN IRISH CABINS.

Exquisite Work of Peasants in the Emerald Isle.

In these days of drought—art drought—in the season between the going out and coming in of artists, one turns any place for rare things, and that is how it came about that out of the depths of the Irish Store on Wabash avenue there was raked up the other day some of the rarest bits of wood carving, embroidery and Belleek porcelain in the city.

The carving was, of course, of bog-wood, that wood which soaks in the bogs until it is black as ebony and twice as beautiful. It was in all odd shapes, and the articles were both ornamental and useful.

Owls and other birds of the night looked with ill-omered eyes out of the case in which they stood, and tall candlesticks told eerie tales of Irish homes and Irish bogies. On them were carved the great wolf dogs—the dogs of Ireland long since passed away, save in the traditions of the people.

Fanciful trays and boxes, tiny vases and paper cutters, everything to which the wood carver turns his attention were there; and all the work of the peasants of Ireland. Beautiful to look upon, and yet something one must approach with saddened heart, because each carved leaf and scroll, each tiny feather of bird, each hair of the gaunt wolf-dog, tells the story of a gaunter wolf which ever stands at the Irish peasant's door.

And so with the embroidery. In every stitch it was what we call high art, and yet, said Mrs. White, whose heart and soul is with Lady Aberdeen in her work: "Each stitch, each drawn thread there, tells a story to me of hunger and privations. My countrywomen work these things in peasant homes, where never a ray of hope enters, unless—unless it is the hope of death."

And, looking at them through Mrs. White's eyes, one could no longer see the rare embroideries as one looks at those turned out by machines, but each bit of linen seemed stamped with the individuality of her whose fingers had beautified it. Upon each leaf and flower some woman's tears had dropped, and with the stitches some woman's heart-strings had been woven in the cloth. There were visions of homes of which we cannot conceive; earthen floors and peat fires; of hungry women and wailing children; of men grown desperate with suffering.

But over all and through it all art seems to have held sway—the art of the needle and ofttimes the pocket-knife. Painters and sculptors will probably not be inclined to accept this.

To them art means only the covering of canvas with paint, or the cutting of stone, or moulding of plaster into form, but the layman accepts more. Perhaps it needed the rare embroideries of Japan to open our eyes to the fact that needle-work may encroach upon the realm of art, but having once been opened, they will never be closed.

And so it is that among artists the Irish peasant, man or woman, is not all unworthy to stand. With the needle and with the knife they work, as they have worked for generations, but no longer without recognition.

As for Irish porcelain, that is different. There is no need to plead its case. For the matter of twenty years or more Americans have been proud to own a piece of Belleek porcelain. It is manufactured in Belleek, Lough Erne, Fermanagh County, at the only porcelain works Ireland can boast.

The ware is peculiarly beautiful. The glaze is iridescent, of a lustrous silvery appearance. It is translucent and is like an eggshell in thinness. It is rarely made in conventional patterns, the designs usually possessing all the charms of originality. A favorite shape is that of a shell, and when made in that form it is hard to detect it from a beautiful sea shell, so like the pearly lining is the glazed surface. France and England both try to duplicate the Belleek ware, but have to substitute an artificial metallic glaze to produce the luster of mother-of-pearl.—*Inter Ocean.*

"Why don't you send your husband to the water cure?" "Great goodness! What's the use? He never tastes it—no more 'an if it was poison."

Broken—I've had enough experience, and have concluded to stop betting for good and all. I'll bet you 5s. you won't—I'll take you.



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Longing for Release from the Bondage of Suffering.

Thousands Must Die if Paine's Celery Compound is Not Used.

IT CURES THE WORST CASES.

Mr. George J. Smye Had Kidney and Liver Troubles and Indigestion.

HIS CONDITION WAS ALARMING.

The Great Medicine Made Him Well and Strong.

He Says: "I Am a Living Witness to the Worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

Although Providence has given to us and our children a glorious heritage—a land of plenty and peace; this fruitful Dominion—yet there are thousands looking and longing for help and release from bodily sufferings and infirmities.

The people who are calling for help and rescue from peril, have tested medical skill and the boasted virtues of numerous patents, but no relief or cure has come to them. They must perish—die—if their various troubles are not met by some honest and scientific remedy.

Amongst the suffering thousands we find those burdened with liver and kidney complaints, heart disease, dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, sleeplessness, and a score of other common ailments.

Let all such take courage; thousands who have suffered in the past have been made well and strong by Paine's Celery Compound. This wonderful king of medicines has grappled with the most difficult cases—cases that were pronounced incurable by the doctors.

These honest facts should be sufficient warning and encouragement to those who seek a cure. Experience and severe test work has proven that Paine's Celery Compound alone can do the desired work effectually and well.

"I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound." These are the words of Mr. George J. Smye, of Sheffield, Ont., a man respected and well known in his district. He suffered for years from indigestion and kidney and liver troubles. He had a most trying and disappointing experience with a host of medicines that did not even relieve him. Oh! blessed change, happy experience when Paine's Celery Compound was used. He is now a well man and able to work on his farm every day. The same blessed results may be yours, sufferer, if you use the same curing and life-giving medicine.

Mr. Smye writes as follows:— "It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a

cure, I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Any one may refer to me regarding these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound."

Mr. R. Ferrah, the popular druggist of Galt, Ont., vouches for the above statements made by Mr. Smye.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—

Patent Spring.....	\$3.35 @ 3.50
Ontario Patent.....	2.95 @ 3.05
Straight Roller.....	2.65 @ 2.85
Extra.....	2.40 @ 2.60
Superfine.....	2.15 @ 2.35
City Strong Bakers.....	3.25 @ 3.30
Manitoba Bakers.....	3.10 @ 3.20
Ontario bags—extra.....	1.25 @ 1.30
Straight Rollers.....	1.35 @ 1.45

Oatmeal.—We quote as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.00 to \$4.15; Standard, \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.90 to \$2.00, and standard at \$1.85 to \$1.95. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are quoted at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls. and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.40 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—Sales of car lots being reported at \$18.25 and \$18.50, and buyers are not able to get all they want. Shorts are also scarce, with sales at \$17.00 to \$19.00, while mouffe cannot be had under \$21.50, and we quote \$21.50 to \$23.

Wheat.—Sales of No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat have been made at Fort William at 54c to 55c afloat, equal to 63c to 63½c laid down here in cargo lots. No. 2 red winter wheat is quoted at 57c to 58c, but prices are purely nominal.

Corn.—Market quiet at 64c to 65c duty paid, and 5½ to 5¾ in bond.

Peas.—Sales of No. 2 in the Stratford section at 52½c to 53c per 60 lbs, which is 1c to 2c lower than quoted by us last week. In this market sales at 70c to 71½c afloat, with some shippers refusing to pay more than 68c.

Oats.—Sales reported of 8 car loads for local account at 34c to 34½c for No. 2 mixed and white, with sales reported of No. 3 at 33½c a lot selling at 34c this morning. There is a firmer feeling in the West, but no export demand.

Barley.—Some business in the West is reported in malting grades at 45c to 46c for No. 1 for American account. Here we quote malting barley 52c to 55c as to quality. A Russian sample was shown here this week, costing 37½c laid down, which duty paid would bring it up to 52½c. We quote feed barley 47c to 48½c, and malting grades 52c to 55c.

Rye.—Nominal at 52c to 53c. The sale of a few cars reported at 52½c.

Buckwheat.—The market is quiet at 47c to 48c.

Malt.—Steady at 72½c to 80c. We do not hear of any new contracts yet.

PROVISIONS.

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

Canada short cut per bbl.....	\$20.00 @ 22.00
Canada short cut, light, per bbl.....	19.00 @ 20.00
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....	18.00 @ 19.50
Mess pork, American, new, per bb.....	18.00 @ 18.50
Extra mess beef, per bbl.....	10.00 @ 10.50
Plate beef, per bbl.....	14.00 @ 14.50
Hams, per lb.....	11 @ 12½c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....	9½ @ 10c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....	7½ @ 7¾c
Bacon, per lb.....	12½ @ 13c
Shoulders, per lb.....	9 @ 9½c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—

Creamery, August.....	19½ to 19¾c
Eastern Townships dairy.....	16½ to 18c
Western.....	14½ to 16c

Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.

Cheese.—We quote:—

Finest Western, colored.....	10½c to 10¾c
" white.....	10½c to 10¾c
" Quebec, colored.....	10½c to 10¾c
" white.....	10½c to 10¾c

Under grades..... 8c to 10c
Cable..... 6½s

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of round lots of fresh stock having been made at 12½c to 13½c as to size and quality, and single cases have sold at 13c to 14c.

Beans.—A few sales are reported at \$1.20 to \$1.45 for fair to choice stock.

Honey.—Extracted has sold at 7c to 7½c, choice bright stock in single tins bringing 8c to 8½c. New comb 11c to 14c per lb as to quality.

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

Hops.—Yearlings are quoted at 6c to 7c.

FRUITS, Etc

Apples.—There is a very limited demand at \$1.50 to \$2.00 for green stock and \$2.00 to \$2.50 for red stock.

Oranges.—Jamaica oranges are selling freely at \$6.00 per barrel and Rodi \$4.50 to \$5.50 per box.

Lemons.—Are in fair demand at \$1.50 to \$3.50 per box.

Bananas.—We quote 75c to \$1.00 per bunch according to size and quality.

Peaches.—For Canada peaches prices are firm at 50c to 80c per basket, and California peaches at \$1.75 to \$2.25 per box.

Pears.—Sales are at 40c to 75c per basket and \$3 to \$7 per barrel for Canadian. The supply of California pears is very limited at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per box.

Plums.—Canadian plums are selling well at 60c to \$1.00 per basket.

Grapes.—Blue 2c to 3½c, red 2½c, Niagara 2½c to 3½c, Delaware 3c to 3½c, Almeria grapes in kegs \$5.00 to \$5.25.

Potatoes.—Sales are made at 50c to 60c per bag.

Sweet Potatoes.—Sweet potatoes are selling well at \$3 per barrel.

Onions.—Both red and yellow Canadian onions are coming in fast at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per barrel. Spanish onions are meeting with a fair demand at \$1.00 per crate.

FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—Newfoundland shore herring have been placed at \$1.00 to \$1.50 per bbl. Cape Breton herring have sold at \$5.00 to \$5.50 as to quality. Salmon is quoted at \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small in bbls, and at \$14.50 to \$15.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia is quoted at \$9 to \$10. Dry cod \$4.50.

Canned Fish.—Lobsters continue scarce, and quoted at \$8.50 to \$7 per case. Mackerel are reported at \$3.60 per case.

Oils.—Jobbing lots of steam refined seal oil are quoted at 35c to 38c. Cod oil is quoted at 34c to 35c for Newfoundland and 31c to 33c for Halifax and Gaspe. Newfoundland cod liver oil 65c to 75c.

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House and Household.

Useful Recipes.

STRING BEAN SALAD.

A salad of string beans is the most delicious of salads. Cook a quart of beans; do not break them in pieces, but leave them whole. When they are cooked throw them into ice-cold water, and when cold drain and remove them to a bowl. Make a nice French salad dressing with three tablespoonfuls of oil, a saltspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of wine vinegar. Mix the oil, salt and pepper; add them to the beans; pour the vinegar over them, and toss them as gently as you can to avoid breaking the beans, and serve.

FOODS FOR DYSPEPTICS.

Dyspeptic people require little food; as different temperaments crave different dishes, rules are impertinent. Among the articles of diet considered bad for this class are pork, veal, sausage, dried beef, salt fish and meat, liver, cheese, all shellfish except oysters, dumplings, tarts, mince-pie, hot breads of all sorts, pickles, highly-seasoned sauces, bananas, pears and preserves. Cereals boiled dry, dry toast, broiled beef, soft eggs, weak tea and coffee, milk and clear soups are prominent on the bill-of-fare for treacherous systems of digestion.

WHAT TO DO WITH COLD BEEFSTEAK.

Chop the best and most tender portions; add hot water enough to moisten slightly; heat quickly and serve at once as soon as hot. Add butter, salt and pepper. The tough parts of steak or roast beef are much more palatable if boiled first in water to cover until tender. Then use them in any of the ways given for cold meat, as croquette, hash, mince on toast, stew, ragout, meat and potato pie, braised meal, etc.

A GOOD BREAKFAST DISH.

Separate the meat from the bones of any fish that may be left from dinner and place on one side. Break into a bowl one or two eggs, according to amount of fish; add salt, bit of pepper and one teaspoonful of plain flour; mix thoroughly. If you think there is not sufficient fish for your slices of toast add one slice of fresh, white bread, minus crust; mix all well and add fish. Pour into a frying-pan in which is a little hot butter or ham gravy; stir until very hot; spread on toast and serve. A few drops of lemon juice sprinkled on the mixture improves it for some tastes.

SIMPLE COMPLEXION REMEDIES.

Milk or sweet cream is better for the complexion than bottled grease when an emollient is required. The food should be thoroughly chewed, so as to help the stomach; indigestion is often caused by swallowing lumps of meat and dough and strings and fibres and vegetables and fruits; indigestion not only disorganizes the stomach, but destroys the complexion. In the best-kept nurseries meat is forked for the children; meats that cannot be torn with a fork are not served. It is madness to swallow a piece of meat that cannot be readily cut.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Kitchen floors painted with boiled linseed oil are easily cleaned.

To clean a sewing-machine of oil and dirt go over it with a rag wet with coal oil.

In packing bottles or canned goods for moving slip a rubber band over the body of them.

The cleaning of windows is made easier and better by putting a little kerosene in the water.

Bent whalebones may be straightened and made fit for use again by soaking in hot water, then straightening under a press till dry.

New cushions and sachet bags are made in saddle-bag fashion, and are of plush or brocade. They are tied together with ribbons with large bows.

Add a teaspoonful of borax to a pan of hot soapsuds; put your table silver in it and let it stand two hours; rinse it with clear water and polish with a soft cloth or chamouis.

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Prof. of chemistry at Laval University. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA, For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given by Miss Josephine Vanier, spinster, and Joseph Eleodore L. Vanier, civil employe, both of Montreal, that they will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for the purpose of obtaining an act to authorize them to sell the substituted immoveable properties belonging to the estate of late Dame Adelphine Vanier, widow of Pierre Vanier, gentleman, of Montreal, which said immoveables are all situated in the District of Montreal.

Montreal, 28th September, 1894.

DEMERS & DE LORIMIER,

Solicitors for Petitioners.

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

Montreal, 20th September, 1894.

HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

A GRAND CEREMONY.

The Blessing of the New School at St. Bridget's.

Sunday was a grand feast day in the parish of St. Bridget; the occasion was the blessing of the new school. The exterior of St. Bridget's church on Maisonneuve street was gaily decorated with flags; the handsome new school which adjoins it was decorated with evergreens, bunting and every other emblem of festivity. At a little after three the new school was crowded with parishioners of St. Bridget's and their friends. Archbishop Fabre solemnly blessed the new school and then spoke to those present, congratulating them together with their good pastor on the handsome school they had built. He said that good schools were of vital importance to the child, the family and the state, for a child well grounded in Christian doctrine will grow up into a good citizen; after a few more words the Archbishop proceeded to the presbytery of St. Bridget's church.

In a few minutes His Grace the Archbishop gave Benediction in the church, which by this time was crowded to the door. Canon Bruchesi delivered two excellent sermons, one in the church and one in the schools, both of them being on education.

Among the many clergy present were: Rev. Fathers Quinlivan, of St. Patrick's; Lacasse, of St. Elizabeth's; Adam, of the Gesu; Brissette, Hochelaga; Deguire, Notre Dame; O'Donnell, of St. Mary's; Leclerc, St. Joseph's; Duhuc, Nantel, Lesage, Labonte, Jodoin, Gervais, Robillard, Picotte, Desjardins, S. J., and Plouffe. The laymen present included Messrs. Beausoliel, M. P., Martineau, M. P. P., Ald. Reneault, Dr. Chagnon and M. Belanger.

The new school is a handsome building in red brick faced at the front with rough hewn grey stone. The entire length of the building is 188 feet by 68 in width, contains 24 class rooms and accommodation for 1000 boys. The school will be directed by 12 Christian Brothers and three lay teachers. The cost of the school is \$60,000, \$10,000 of which was donated by the Pastor of the parish, the Rev. Father Lonergan.

The corner-stone of the new school was laid on May the 17th last, by the Rev. Father Lonergan, and the school will be opened for pupils in September, '95.

The Rev. Father Lonergan says that this school is the outcome of an idea that had been in his mind for years; to have a school that should be light, airy and comfortable, and, above all, contain every facility for the advancement of education. "Our old school," said Father Lonergan, "which accommodates 800 pupils, is cramped, and so dark that we need gas at three o'clock often in the winter time: Our new school will be for the education of Catholic boys, irrespective of nationality, although most of the teachers will be French."

The architects for the school were Messrs. A. Raza and G. A. Chausse.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOMINATIONS.

Archbishop Fabre has ordained A. Desautels, Albany, to the order of sub-deacon, and A. Bourgois, Montreal, and L. Giroux, Sherbrooke, as deacons.

Abbe Hetu has been nominated by Archbishop Fabre, foreign vicar in place of Louis I. Guyon, cure of St. Eustache. Abbe Calixte Ouimet, cure of St. Eustache, has been named an agricultural missionary.

Rev. Augusta Lacasse has been appointed cure of the new parish of St. Elizabeth du Portugal.

By the decision of Monseigneur Paul LaRocque the following ecclesiastical changes have been made:—Abbe O. Plante, appointed cure of St. Elie of Orford; Abbe I. D. O. Godin, cure of St. Fortunate, Wolfestown; Abbe H. Masse to that of St. Roch, Rock Forest; Abbe Thomas Hannan to that of St. Camille, Cookshire; Abbe H. I. Gelinas to that of St. Edward, Eastman; Abbe T. Thiberge to that of Joseph of Ham; Abbe J. N. Baron to that of St. Adrien, Wolfe; Abbe J. E. Goesselin to the new parish of St. Stanislas, Ascot; Abbe Bussieres is named vicar of Stanstead, and Abbe V. Dodier to St. Hipolyte of Wotton.

A poet says: "There is always sunrise somewhere." This is comforting. To the man who is just going to bed there comes the happy consolation that somebody has to get up and go to work.

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