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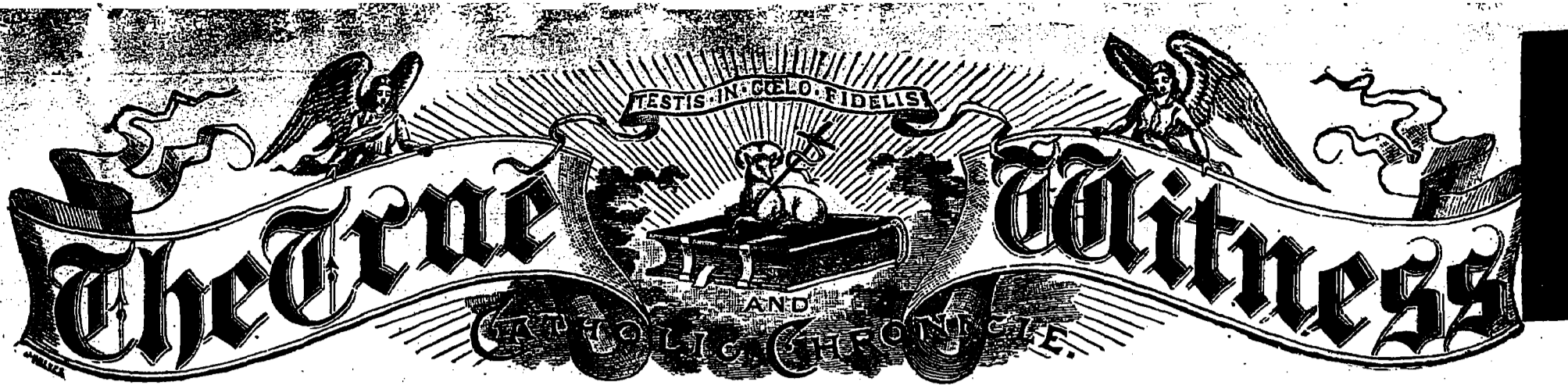
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE DESIRE to call the attention of our readers to a letter signed "Consistency" and headed "The Customs Vacancy," it refers to the appointment of a successor to the late Mr. Cox of that department. Last week we took upon ourselves to mention the name of Mr. W. J. McKenna as the most competent and best entitled person to the situation. We desire that the letter of this week, coming from a person well calculated to judge and deeply interested from a mercantile standpoint in the most effective administration of the Department in this port, be carefully read, and we are confident that its contents will meet with general approval.

* *

THE THANKS of the great throng of pilgrims, who went with Rev. Father Martin Callaghan to Ste. Anne de Varennes last week, are due to Mr. M. Scanlan, the genial superintendent of the Dominion Line, for the courtesy and honor paid to the pilgrimage by the salute fired from one of the Dominion Line vessels. It was really a gracious act and one that will be long remembered by all who took part in that monster excursion to the shrine at Varennes. The "send off" spoke encouragement, and prophesied well for the day's success, and the results of the pilgrimage fully accomplished the prophecy.

* *

STRANGE and important are the discoveries that almost every day produces and soon antiquity will be brought to our very doors. A few weeks ago while a dredge was at work on the lagoon in front of the Piazza di San Marco, at Venice, the chain became entangle in some heavy object. It was found to be a column eleven metres in length and over a metre and a half in diameter, equal to the dimensions of the two columns that stand in the Piazza. It is supposed to be a third column brought from Constantinople with the other two, in the time of the Doge Domencio Salvo, during the years 1071-1085. It is supposed that in landing the column, by some accident, it fell into the canal and had sunk.

* *

THE Methodist pays a strong compliment to our Catholic institutions, when it says: "One-half of the Protestant girls who are sent to Catholic convents are sent there as a protest against the lax notions and unwholesome practices of American society girls." There is more truth than poetry in the remark, and well deserved is the compliment.

* *

THE Catholic Review says that the Apapists recently sent some vile literature to a rural editor out in Minnesota, and that he acknowledged its receipt in his paper as follows: "Some crank who evidently mistook us for a preacher, judging from the address on the wrapper, has sent us an anti-Catholic circular. Among other absurd things, it contains an encyclical purporting to be written

by the Pope, advising the Catholics in the United States to murder all Protestants next September. Scoundrels, cranks, fools and dupes are not all dead yet by a long way." If things go on as they have been during the last twelve months the President will require to call another special session of Congress to deal with this A.P.A. question. It is certainly as important for the salvation of the Republic as ever was the silver question. The one may effect the commerce of the country, but the other menaces the future of the nation.

* *

WE RECEIVED a letter from the "Consul-General of the King of Italy" asking for copies of THE TRUE WITNESS of the 2nd and 9th of August, the numbers in which we published editorials on the reception of the man-of-war "Etna." The object is stated to be to have them "re-forwarded to the home office in Italy." We sent the copies with the greatest of pleasure, and we hope our remarks may prove interesting to the officials of the Quirinal. Luckily we are not in the clutches of that paternal government. Only the other day the editor of the Civita Cattolica was arrested, fined and imprisoned for a month for having written and published a short article not quarter as outspoken as any of ours. Poor Italy!

* *

IT IS very easy to grasp the meaning of the words Conservative and Liberal, but how few can tell the origin of the name "Tory." Strange to say "Tory" originally meant "robber." The word comes from the Irish *toiridhe*, a pursuer, searcher, hence plunderer. A tory was at first an Irish robber or raparee; the State papers of 1606 used the words, "tories and other lawless people." Then the word was transplanted to England, where, after the restoration, the Cavalier party became that of the Tories, the name being given maliciously, with the intention of identifying the court party with the Irish outlaws in its support of the alleged Roman Catholic measures. Then during the American revolution the word was applied to the court party in that country. It finally became the name of the party opposed to the Whigs; and eventually the Conservative party, which is a species of combination of both, has, for some reason or other, been called Tory, although it is no more a party of real Tories than is the Liberal party. In fact the only actual Tories of our day are the Unionists—Conservative and Liberal.

* *

A STRANGE death took place in July at Belfast. A young Orangeman met with a most singular fate. The "brethren," being anxious to swell their numbers before the "Twelfth," were engaged in initiating members. Among those to be introduced into the ranks was a young man named David Hall. "The Three Steps of Jacob's Ladder" was the title of the order to which he was to climb. A ladder with three steps was provided, and up this rickety piece of furniture the aspirants for Orange honors had to as-

cent. Twelve persons had already performed this feat when Hall's turn came. As a preliminary, however, the climber had to be blindfolded. Whether it was the blindfolding or the shaky condition of the ladder, it appears that he had no sooner ascended the third step than he fell back, receiving injuries which caused his death, on the morning of July the thirteenth.

* *

SINCE our editorial on Rudyard Kipling was written (by the way, he is at the Windsor Hotel playing "hide-and-go-seek" with reporters) we find J. Zangwill expressing himself as follows about the bard: "The best of Rudyard Kipling's *Many Inventions*, finer even than 'the finest story in the world,' is the introductory poem (as the epilogical poem was, to my thinking, the crown of 'Life's Handicap'). A quatrain in this noble address 'To the True Romance' haunts my memory:

'Thou art the voice of Kingly boys,
To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,
To give the dead good-night.'

That last line is wonderful. There could not be two poets more diverse than Kipling and Browning, yet the lesson of both is the same: Aspiration is Achievement. By the way, they also agree in frequent unintelligibility, but Browning is obscure in syntax, Kipling in vocabulary. The one bewilders by too much depth, the other by too much surface." Evidently we agree with the critics of the Pall Mall as far as Kipling is concerned.

* *

IT APPEARS that cholera is again on the westward track; from recent despatches we find that it is terrorizing Naples and portions of France. Even New York has certainly had a visit from the scourge. The United States authorities seem to be desirous of quarantining Canada. However we do not see how Canada is more likely than the United States to become the first receiver of the Asiatic spectre. In fact we are apparently better protected than any of the American ports. No matter how it comes, if it does come, we may prepare for a harvest of death. No precaution should be neglected and no expense should be spared to guarantee the safety of our people. Canada has already had two visits from this demon of the East, and there are many living to-day who can remember the scenes of desolation and grief that were then enacted. May Heaven protect us against such a calamity.

* *

WE ARE greatly surprised at the editor of the Boston Pilot; we little imagined that he would join in with the Masonic element and the League of the Rose class in condemning the action of our Mayor, in delegating his authority to an acting mayor and personally abstaining from participating in the reception of the "Etna." The only excuse we can find for the Pilot is in the fact that the editor has been misled by the despatches and is very ill-informed regarding the peculiar under currents tha-

we Catholic in Canada have to contend with. The Mayor did not *refuse* to treat the visiting Italians with proper courtesy; he merely called the Reception Committee and delegated to Ald. Stearns his prerogatives for the occasion. The despatches to Hon. Mr. Bowell and Hon. Mr. Patterson had nothing absolutely to do with the Mayor's course: it was merely certain red-tapeism that had to be gone through before the Commander of the Forces and Militia Department could be got to allow a return salute, the port of Montreal not being a saluting port. It would have been exactly the same had Mayor Desjardins acted in person. In the next place the Hon. Mr. Patterson was not "attending a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Canadian Orangemen." In fact the Pilot gives evidence of very little respect for Papal rights and scant sympathy with the Vicar of Christ, or else it is entirely ignorant of the antagonism in this province between Catholicity and Liberal-Catholicism, between faith and infidelity—above all, between advocates of our faith and the membership of that ubiquitous Masonic organization which has but one object—the wiping out of our religion. If the Pilot's editor could have stood on the "Etna" and seen the brethren of the "mystic tie" meet in all the cordiality of fraternal understanding and mutual hatred of Catholicity, he might change his opinions. Were he to have seen Italian Freemasonry (in the Admiral and officers), English Freemasonry (in the acting-Mayor and assistants), French Freemasonry (in the leading Radicals of the community), all combined in the splendid effort made to give eclat to the reception, he would perhaps not seek to draw such a line of demarcation between what he calls the Mayor's "duty as a British official," or "his duty to his political superiors" and "his spiritual loyalty to the head of the Church." The Mayor has no "political superiors" in Canada—the public is his only superior. We are freer and less dominated over than the editor of the Pilot, because we are at liberty to give our spiritual loyalty precedence over our political ambition.

* *

WE GIVE a *bona fide* letter recently received by a New York publishing house. It will give our readers a fair idea of the broad horizon of authorship. The spelling, punctuation—or absence of punctuation—are according to the original. Imagine a compositor attempting to wade through a few hundred pages of this kind and watching out for errors that he might correct for the sake of time.

"DEAR SIR: I have finished writing a large amount of novels which I would like you to Publish them the titles of these novels are A Terrible Mystery. Lady Ethels Crime Sir Richard Carelton's Wife Herly Parkes Secret Clifford Hall Millions Pembroke Court and many more these novels are the greatest works I have ever wrote and if you would like to Publish them I could send them to you at once so kindly answer me as soon as possible. I remain, etc."

THE BIRD'S SONG.

BY HENRY COYLE.

I heard a song—a cry of joy
Ring out upon the morning air;
It was a wood thrush, shy and coy,
With voice melodious and rare.

When bright days linger with us long,
And all the other birds are mute,
He fills the gloaming with his song—
A clear, sweet solo, like a flute.

And all the day, though wet or dry,
In sunlight, shade or storm and rain,
His voice in praise soars to the sky,
On ever-brilliant, joyous strain.

Ah! when I heard the little bird
Chant merrily up in the tree
My troubled heart was thrilled and stirred,
By his sweet song, as blithe and free

It seemed a message from above
And gave me strength again to cope,
With all life's ills; I felt God's love
Was still for me, and I had hope.

O bird! the dullest ear may hear
The voice of God in your refrain;
It says: "Though life to day be drear,
The sun will surely shine again!"

Of us but harken to the voice
Of nature, in a thousand ways
She teaches us to hope—rejoice—
Through all our sad and rainy days.

TEMPERANCE.

An Important Statement from the Temperance Truth Bureau.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, held its twenty-third annual convention in Springfield, Mass., on August 1, 2, and 3 last. Delegates to the number of about three hundred were right royally entertained by the Springfield Diocesan Union.

Among the most important business transacted by the convention was the final report of the Father Mathew Chair Fund, as follows:

Total subscriptions by Diocesan Union: Philadelphia, \$10,000; St. Paul, \$843; Springfield, \$1,308; Nashville, Tenn. \$101; Boston, \$1,427.75; New York, \$59.20; Dubuque, \$15; St. John, N.B., \$80; Milwaukee, \$731.10; Pittsburgh, \$1,149.26; Providence, \$498; Trenton, \$60; Savannah, \$122; Scranton, \$780.07; Louisville, \$163.75; St. Augustine, \$55; Louisiana, \$150; New Hampshire, \$200; Chicago, \$535; Winona, \$100; Hartford, \$1,052.65; Indiana, \$381; Ohio, \$1,187.20; Pennsylvania, \$279; detached Societies, \$555; Baltimore, \$391.50.

In acknowledgment of the above Mr. John O'Brien, treasurer of the fund, received the following letters:

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA,
WASHINGTON, D.C., July 1893.
John O'Brien, Esq., Treasurer of the Father Mathew Chair Fund:

DEAR SIR,—In the name of the Board of Directors of the Catholic University of America I gratefully acknowledge receipt, through you, from the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, of the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) as partial endowment of a professorial chair in this University. Although the sum received is only one-half of the amount required for the endowment of a chair, the Board of Directors nevertheless agree and covenant that a Professorship of Mental and Moral Science or Psychology shall for ever be known as the Father Mathew Chair, and shall for ever be considered as a Centennial Monument to the Apostle of Temperance. They also agree and covenant that, in the public lectures given under the auspices of the University, there shall every year, until the next Centennial of Father Mathew, be included two lectures on subjects kindred to the great work to which Father Mathew consecrated his life, and that these shall be announced as the Father Mathew Lectures.

In the name of the Board of Directors:
[SEAL.] JOHN J. KEANE, Rector.

The report of the Temperance Truth Bureau, under the editorship of Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., showed that 705,000 copies of the monthly publication have been distributed throughout the land, and that even in its first year it has been self-supporting.

The efforts which have been made leading to the unification of the various Temperance organizations throughout the country took practical form in the willingness expressed by numerous Catholic Temperance societies to cooperate with the National Union, and in an especial manner by the enterprise shown by the Uniformed Knights of Father Mathew in sending a representative to the convention.

The Treasurer's report shows: total receipts, \$3,314.97; total expenses, \$2,852.12; balance on hand, \$962.85.

The election of officers for the ensuing year took place, resulting in the re-

election of the old Board, with one exception; the voting for the Secretaryship resulted in the election of Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., of New York, founder of the Temperance Truth Bureau, who received the majority of votes on the first ballot.

On motion of Rev. A. P. Doyle, a vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. P. A. Nolan, of Philadelphia, the retiring secretary, for his earnest labor in the cause. It was carried with acclamation. The convention then adjourned to meet August 4, 1894, in St. Paul, Minn., on invitation of Archbishop Ireland.

THE STORY OF A STONE

Now Placed in the Front of St. Mary's College.

A person, on his way up Blenry street, may see on the facade of St. Mary's College, which the Fathers are erecting at present, a large stone, which serves as an arch for one of the windows, and which bears the inscription, "I.H.S." The Jesuit Fathers say they are often accused of want of taste, and that they are not supposed to have any sense of the beautiful, for indeed the stone seems out of place in its present situation, as it detracts from the symmetry of the facade, and it is moreover very conspicuous. It, however, bears a history, and for this reason it has been placed in the wall of St. Mary's College.

It formed, a couple of centuries ago the arch of the principal entrance of the oldest college in America, the College of Quebec. This old building was erected in 1635, one year before Harvard University, of Cambridge, near Boston. The foundations were laid near the fort of St. Louis, on a piece of ground six acres in extent granted for the purpose. It formed a vast square with an interior court-yard, the main front facing the market-place. The ground in that place slopes down rapidly, so that the building, which on the top of the hill was but one story in height, counted no less than four in

THE WING OF FABRIQUE STREET.

This edifice was unoccupied for several years, for the walls were beginning to crack in more than one place, through want of repair, and it became an abandoned ruin. A great part of it was demolished in 1878, and the Government, at the death of Father Gazot, who at the time was said to be the last Jesuit, came into possession. So this venerable old stone has seen many notables of New France to pass under it. Beginning with Champlain, it has seen all the governors of the early colony, who were frequent visitors at the Jesuits' residence. Many Jesuit Fathers, famous in Canadian history, used to pass beneath it to their home, amongst these Fathers Lallemant and Brebeuf, who met so tragical and heroic a death at the hands of the savages; from this place also Father Poucet was carried off by Iroquois and mutilated. The College has been the stopping place of many famous men, and could this stone tell its story, we would learn a great deal about our country that is now dark. Receptions used to be given here to the Governors of the colony, two of which are historical; that tendered to the Marquis d'Arguson in 1658, and the other to Mgr. Laval in 1659. During the stay of the British troops in Canada, the College was a barracks. When the Jesuit Fathers of Montreal decided to beautify their college, the Rev. Father H. Hudon, S.J., rector of St. Mary's, wrote to the rector at Quebec, asking that the steeple of the old edifice be sent to him, but it was already destroyed, and all that could be sent him besides the stone, was the weathercock, which will be placed in position on the new college very soon.

If the city does not expropriate the towers of the Church of the Gesù, the Jesuit Fathers will begin immediately the erection of the steeples; if the towers are demolished, they will not build for some time.—The Star.

Mayor's Action Approved.

"The Mayor of Montreal refused to take part in the official reception tendered to the Italian marines and he did well," says La Semaine Religieuse of Quebec, the organ of Cardinal Tachereau.

A PERFECT COOK.

A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks, and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

A RABBI AT THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

What He Says of His Treatment and of the Quality of the Lectures.

One of the most interesting sights in Plattsburg during the sessions of the Catholic Summer School was the appearance of a Jewish gentleman, his wife and family, all wearing conspicuously the tasteful badges of the Summer School, consisting of a bow made of the Papal and American colors entwined. This gentleman was a Rabbi Veld, the pastor of the Temple Emmanuel, the oldest, wealthiest, and most influential of the Reformed Jewish congregations in Montreal. An Englishman by birth, with a face distinctly Hebraic in its cast, the rabbi dresses very much in the fashion of a Catholic priest or an Episcopalian clergyman. Notebook in hand, he has been a daily attendant at the lectures, and has followed closely every subject discussed.

A correspondent of The Sun called on Rabbi Veld for an expression of opinion with regard to the Catholic Summer School. To the question, "What induced you to attend the Summer School?" the Rabbi said:

"I have been a lifelong student of philosophy, mental and social. My congregation is a body of progressive men who have always encouraged me in my endeavors to keep abreast of modern thought. Last year I followed the courses of psychology and ethics in the McGill University. Being an intimate friend of ex-Mayor McShane of Montreal, my attention was called by Mr. McShane to the printed syllabus of lectures issued by the Catholic Summer School. I was struck with what seemed a very ambitious course of studies, and resolved to run down to Plattsburgh to look in on the school for a day or so and see for myself whether the reality corresponded with the prospectus. After listening to a few of the well-considered and striking lectures of the Rev. Father Doonan, S.J., of Boston College, and of Father Zehm of Notre Dame University, I made up my mind that I and my family would remain for the entire session. The favorable welcome extended to me by the authorities and students of the school strengthened my resolution."

"What do you think of the actual work at the school?"

"Although in its infancy, the Catholic Summer School is doing work of a distinctly higher intellectual character than is attempted in other institutions of a similar nature. Here the work is entirely of a university type, and, as you see, Plattsburg has taken on for this summer, at least, the appearance of a university town. I found that the lecturers, especially the Jesuits, were profound thinkers, who had made a thorough study of their respective subjects, and apparently were animated with the signal purpose of enlightening their hearers irrespective of their creed. The subjects were treated in a clear, conversational, yet scholarly manner, that proved immensely interesting, and caused me often to regret that the lectures could not be extended. I was particularly impressed with the very practical treatment of the difficult, and, to my mind, all-important subject of ethics by Father Halpin of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York. Dismissing for the time being superna-

YOU CAN SEE IT, perhaps, one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—but you can't feel it after it's taken. And yet it does you more good than any of the huge, old-fashioned pills, with their griping and violence. These tiny Pellets, the smallest and easiest to take, bring you help that lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, Sick or Billious Headaches, and all derangements of liver, stomach, and bowels, are permanently cured.

A SQUARE offer of \$500 cash is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of Catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, which they cannot cure.

Job Printing done at this Office. Rates reasonable. Prompt fulfillment of orders.

tural revelation, he established clearly that man was created for a specific purpose and that happiness on earth could only be obtained by compliance with the laws imposed by the infinite will. He never propounded a difficulty without giving a logical and conclusive solution, and he was always ready to consider and answer the many knotty problems asked him by the students. In many respects he surpassed Prof. Clark Murray of McGill, whom previously I had considered the ablest expounder of philosophy in the English language. In listening to Father Zehm's exposition of the relation of science to revealed religion I frequently said to myself that the Messianic period is not only at hand, but we are almost in the midst of it. I could see how critically Father Zehm had examined many of our old Hebrew authorities, especially the Talmudists. So deeply impressed am I with Dr. Zehm's researches that I have been impelled to pay tribute to his erudition by delivering next Saturday in the Plattsburg Synagogue a sermon which I have called 'Dr. Zehm Endorsed.'

"What impression did such close intercourse with Catholics produce on you?"

"Everywhere I was treated as one of their own, and I received every opportunity of getting the information I sought. Although the atmosphere of the school was intensely Catholic, the clerical lecturers always wearing their cassocks and the Sisters of the religious communities their various habits, yet every one was courteous and considerate toward my family and myself. While here I had the pleasure of meeting Bishop Gabriels, a learned and genial gentleman. With the President of the summer school, the Rev. Dr. Laughlin, Chancellor of Philadelphia, I have had many friendly discussions over the Hebrew texts of the Scriptures. In a word, I found the authorities and my Catholic fellow students far more liberal and tolerant than those who travel on a platform of avowed liberalism and professional toleration. I was not surprised at my treatment, since historically this is what I should look for. In the past the Roman Catholic Church has always been the protector of the Jews. Nowadays it is Protestant Germany and holy Russia that mob and persecute my unfortunate co-religionists."

"How do the views of the congregation you represent coincide with the Catholic teachings of our duties in this world and our destiny in the next?"

"Well; that is a very broad question and one difficult to answer. With Father Halpin I have very much in common. Death can never be the end-all to me. Man is under the dominion of law, and the operations of that law are not confined to the material things of this world. I do not believe that there is any death in the spiritual order. With the strong, enduring, and never slumbering desire for life, and the irrepressible repugnance to death which all men feel, to say that the grave closes in forever that magnificent thing that we call soul, intelligence, mind, is to utter a sentiment that all that is best within us repudiates. The cry for never-ending life is the cry of universal intelligent nature, and springs from a desire that is implanted in every breast by the author of nature; and, in my judgment, it is a longing which the great framer of earth and sea and sky is bound to satisfy."—N. Y.—Sun, 7th August.

Personal.
Mr. J. Y. Keeble, of Peterborough, England, Dr. Grovner Hayes, Mr. Normandeau, Captain Gibson, and Mr. W. J. Drayner, have returned to town after spending a week fishing at the Lake of Two Mountains, having had excellent sport.

VIGILANT CARE.
Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extra of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe-guard.

An officer in the British navy has invented an instrument which will tell at night or during fogs of the approach of hostile vessels to a harbor.

MINING NEWS.
Mining experts note that never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhea, etc. It is a sure cure.

Four million six hundred thousand dollars in gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England in one day last week for shipment to America.

ACT OF THE UNION.

EXPORTS AND IMPORTS OF MANUFACTURED GOODS.

Authentic Statistics—Figures From the Official Reports—Intercourse Between Ireland and England—Old and New Drapery. Flannels, Frieze, Wool, Woollen and Worsted Yarn—The Rapid Advance Under the Free Constitution, from 1781 to 1800—A Quarter of a Century of the Union—Telling Quotations.

In continuation of our last article, we must here state that, notwithstanding all the efforts of the British Legislature, mealy seconded by the Irish Protestant Parliament, Ireland preserved a great portion of her domestic manufactures, and exported as much or more than she imported from England. This is clearly established by the able author of "The Choice of Evils."

Imported from Great Britain in the following years:—

	1781.	1782	1783.
	Yards.	Yards.	Yards.
Old Drapery	326,578	362,824	371,871
New Drapery	433,193	547,336	420,415

Exported from Ireland in 1783:—

Old Drapery.....	40,589	yards.
New do	538,061	"
Flannel.....	11,416	"
Frieze.....	784	"
Wool.....	2,063	stones
Woollen and Worsted Yarn in 1784.....	100,660	"

"By old drapery is to be understood broad and narrow cloths, or, as we call the latter, forest cloths. Of these, by far the greater proportion is said to be imported into Ireland; but suppose the one-half, and taking the last and largest year, the importation will be only equivalent to 278,902 yards of which it requires 3½ yards to make a suit for a middle-sized man. Consequently, the above quantity would not supply 80,000 gentlemen with a single suit of clothes in a year—and who does not wear two at least? So that our computed Two Millions and a Half, not a thirtieth person can have a single suit of English cloth. The other twenty-nine, then, must be clad in clothing made of Irish wool; and Lord Sheffield remarks, that the common Irish wear more wool in their coats, cloaks, &c., and even stockings, than other people. This conclusion will be more evident from casting an eye over the woollen exports of Ireland for some years back, for this export would be more than sufficient for clothing those who now wear English cloth."

Exports from Ireland to Great Britain in 1781.....	£2,187,406	15	1
Imports from G. B.....	2,432,417	13	10
Bal. in favor of G. B.....	£ 245,010	18	8
Exports from Ireland in 1782.....	£2,709,766	18	2
Imports from G. B. in 1782	2,357,946	10	8
Bal. in favor of Ireland in 1782.....	£351,820	7	6

After proving that the intercourse between England and Ireland in 1781 and 1782 was pretty much on a par, the author goes on to state—

"Is there almost an article we send to England, for which we could not get higher prices elsewhere?"

"As it is we get by means of smuggling tenpence half-penny per pound for our wool, when it gives but sixpence in England. If it be a favor to take our beef, why have so many embargoes been put upon it, lest any other people should get it? Is it a favor to take our raw hides and skins, when the several manufacturers of leather might certainly turn out one of our most important branches of commerce? Yet external influence has already prevailed to tax our tanners, and let our green leather go as free as usual. Is it a favor to take our yarn?—which has enabled England nearly to equal both Ireland and Scotland in quantity; aided, to be sure, by bounties, a measure which is styled hostile in Ireland, given in contempt of national faith, plighted in 1698, and which, as the Board of Trade in 1780 reports, has followed the English linen manufacture to its present extent. Is it a favor that they take that yarn, which the English manufacturers of cotton admit is so necessary for them to warp, it being

"cheaper than the German? Is it a favor, that they call us stupid, indolent, turbulent savages, who will not apply to the weaving of linen, in a country where our ancestors wove nothing but woollens? Is it a favor, to detain Ireland in its pastoral state, to rear cattle to be fattened in England? In fine, is there an article we export, that is not either useful or necessary to Great Britain? Is there an article, except linen cloth, corn and pork, which it is not repugnant to every principle of enlightened policy to encourage the exportation of, either to Britain or elsewhere? Yet this pernicious trade—such is our Choice of Evils!—must be pursued, till domestic industry shall be so encouraged, as to equalize the landlord's profits upon setting his lands to the grazier and the ploughman. I say, nevertheless, it is commercial suicide to encourage the export of beef, butter and live cattle, at the rate we do. And I might add, that it partakes of the guilt of murder to stop the propagation (for that you do, if you stop the preservation) of mankind, and dispossess the human species of their little holdings, to which, after all, they have as good a right, from nature and its God, as their extirpating landlords. And when it is equivocally said, that we take but a million in value of the produce of Great Britain, must we consider it as a favor, that we must take the produce of her colonies? Is it a favor, that we are allowed to take their sugars at twenty-five shillings per hundred, when we might get them from the French at sixteen, and from the Portuguese at twelve? Is it a favor, that we get their rum at cheaper terms than England herself? Is it not for this that our distilleries are persecuted, and our agriculture depressed? Deny it, external influence, if you can!"

"I am free to own, that England may in one sense, be called our best market—nay, morally speaking, our only market—because she has, till of late, suffered us to go to no other; and now she would prescribe to us the terms on which we are to deal, not only with herself, but with all the rest of the world. She would persuade us, to covenant away that power, as well as right, which we now possess, of regulating our own trade and manufactures in any future time."—Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Ireland had not the monopoly of the English market in 1781 or 1782, and was, in fact, a corn-importing country. It may be stated, as an indisputable fact, that all, or nearly all, her exports were the produce of her manufactured provisions, linen, etc., etc. The manufactures of Ireland rapidly advanced, under her free constitution, from 1781 to 1800, as appears from the last Parliamentary report on the state of the Irish poor, making the exports from Ireland in the latter year £3,270,350.12-1—an increase of £1,082,948.17-1 over the amount of the former—a surprising increasing in the short period of nineteen years. When the value of the Irish manufactures consumed at home is added to the amount exported in 1800, a tolerable idea may be formed of the extent of Irish manufactures of that period. It is a fact that will not be disputed, that a vast proportion of the Irish people were at that period clad from head to foot with Irish manufactures—cloths, flannels, blankets, linens, silks, stuffs, laces, stockings, leather, shoes, hats—in short, every article necessary for ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Irish population; and it is demonstrated in another part of this article, by the author of "The Choice of Evils," that Ireland exported more even of that manufacture which was the special victim of English monopoly—we mean the woollen—than she imported! Let this statement, founded on parliamentary returns, and which cannot be questioned, be placed in juxtaposition with the present state of Irish manufactures and exports and what a contrast does it form:

In 1825 the imports to Ireland amounted to.....	£8,596,785.8-11
The exports.....	7,048,998.5-6

The imports exceeding the exports by the large amount of..... £1,547,849.3-5

That is what the boasted Union has done for Ireland. Will the Unionists deny the true principle of political economy?

In the year 1825, by parliamentary returns—note, just a quarter of a century after the accursed Union was consummated, we find for that single year the imports exceeding the exports by \$8,000,000. The surest sign of the decay of prosperity. But the excess of imports over exports, or the correctness of the statement altogether, is not of so much importance to our contention as is the material of which they are composed. The exports, we will admit, consist chiefly—thanks to the Union—of rude agricultural produce, and imports, thanks to the Union again, of British manufactured goods and colonial produce. The consequence is that the laboring classes of Ireland scarcely taste the produce of their own labor, excepting only that part of it which is not suitable to the fastidious palates of their more luxurious neighbors. The Irish manufactures are superseded; the Irish peasant wears the cloth of Yorkshire instead of his home-made frieze, his wife, or daughter, or sister the flimsy fabric of Manchester, instead of the serviceable stuff and stout linsey woolsey of domestic manufacture; in short, every grade, from the peasant to the peer, is lodged and clothed in British manufactures. What the English Government, backed by a corrupt, enslaved Irish Protestant Parliament, with all the machinery of their Penal Code could not accomplish, was silently effected by a measure which is held up to the wretched people of Ireland, even by some of their friends, as a boon of the first magnitude, the granting to a few Landlords and the whole brigade of brigand absentees the monopoly of the English market for Irish agricultural produce. We have not exhausted a tithe of the argument that could be adduced in support of the proposition, that monopoly has effectually swept away Irish manufactures, and is the ruin, instead of being a benefit, to that unhappy country.

We shall conclude this article with one extract more from the author of "The Choice of Evils," which will put the question in a much clearer point of view than we could pretend to:—

"Every good man must approve that general idea of reciprocity, which is held forth by the commercial propositions, so much agitated in 1785, for regulating the commercial intercourse between these islands, subject as they are to the same Crown; but every intelligent man must see how impossible it is that this reciprocity can be obtained by the same code of laws in nations whose progress in civilization, manufactures and trade is so very unequal. The dissimilarity in these respects must render the operation of the same laws upon them very dissimilar, and altogether incompatible with the idea of reciprocity. If the two nations were alike in skill, industry, and capital, then equal duties would leave their commerce precisely equal; but if they be altogether unequal in those respects, equal duties must leave their commerce unequal, and operate against the less skilful, less diligent, and poorer nation. This is as clear as any axiom in Euclid."—Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, author of "The Choice of Evils."

Although these lengthy quotations and this array of figures may be tiresome and uninteresting to some, still they are absolutely necessary as a foundation for our arguments as we proceed. Dear readers, do not be frightened when we tell you that we are only at the commencement of this subject. We wish to give you a reliable history of the Union.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

A Vote of Thanks.

Mr. B. Tansey, on behalf of St. Patrick's orphans, returns his sincere thanks to the directors of the Mount Royal Park Incline railway for their generous gift of passes for the season of 1893; also to the charitable ladies and gentlemen connected with the Fresh Air fund, who extended to them an invitation to a picnic at Sherringham Park, and which was enjoyed by the orphans to their heart's content; also to the officers of the Hackmen's Union and Benevolent Association, who never fail to invite the orphans to their annual games and always arrange a special programme for their benefit; again to the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, who took a kindly interest in them and opened their grounds to them on several occasions; and last, but not least, to the officers of the Sarsfield Court, 133 C.O.F., for their kind invitation to their third

annual picnic and games, held at Sherringham Park on August 5th last. The kindness of the committee of management and the charitable ladies, who thought they could not do too much for the little ones, will always be remembered by them.

Redemptorist to Elect a Superior General.

The Redemptorist Fathers of this city, who number about 15 members, and also those of St. Patrick's Church at Quebec, and the rev. gentlemen at the shrine of St. Anne's de Beaupre as well as throughout the world, are preparing for the election of a new Superior-General to fill the vacancy caused by the death, in Rome, on July 12, of the Very Rev. Nicolas Mauron, who ruled the order for thirty-eight years. The method of procedure in the election is a special one. During the latter part of this month "chapters" will be held in every Redemptorist church having a rector. These chapters will be attended by all the members of the order. They will elect a "socius," or delegate, who accompanies the rectors to the Provincial Chapter. The Provincial Chapters will be held in October, and the delegates-elect will be two members of it, who will accompany the Provincial to Rome to participate in the General Chapter on February 25. This will be presided over by the vicar of the order, the Rev. P. M. Raus. The rules of the order require the convocation of a chapter in the ten months of the death of the Superior, who is elected for life.

30,000,000 Stars

can be seen with a powerful telescope. The number is vast, but so are the hours of suffering of every woman who belongs to the overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated class. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures nausea, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness. In fact, it is the greatest of earthly boons to women. Refreshing sleep and relief from mental anxiety can be employed by those who take it.

The Catholic Sailor's Concert

Despite the warm weather the weekly concert, which was held in the Catholic Sailors' club, was a grand success and was well attended by the sailor lads and their friends. Mr. P. J. Gordon presided, and the programme, which was a long and varied one, was greatly enjoyed by those present. Amongst those who added to the enjoyment of the evening was Mr. J. W. Laughen, who caused great amusement with his comic songs. Mr. John Dodd sang very successfully a song composed by himself in honor of the Shamrock Lacrosse club. The other contributors were George N. Parks, Lawrence O'Brien, Frank Gaygney, A. Walker, William Rougley, John Hurley, Thos. Wright, M. Hand, George Rough, Joe Smith, M. Baron, whilst Mr. Ed. Brennan presided at the piano. There were a large number of ladies present to encourage Jack's welfare, and they seemed to take great pleasure in hearing the sailors sing. The next concert, to-morrow evening, will be an exceptionally fine one; the St. Ann's Young Men will take part, and this announcement should suffice to guarantee a grand entertainment.

"I'm so nervous"—before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I'm so well"—after taking Hood's. Moral—"Be sure to get Hood's."

A NICE IDEA.—Olive: Bertie seems awfully fond of you, Cissy. Cissy: Oh, he's a dear fellow. But he's rather trying at times. Just imagine his refusing to hand me an ice at Mrs. Leo's "At Home" the other night, though the heat was unbearable. He said he loved me so much that he couldn't. Olive: Good gracious! the man must be mad. Why did he refuse? Cissy: Oh, he said he couldn't bear to think of a coolness between us.

L. R. Station. Co., 218 St. James street, near G. In the City, Great Pacific Tea, Mrs. O'Connell's Best Value, Basket Fine, J. Pan Teas, For-

HE KNEW HIS MAN.—A.: I say, lend me fifty marks. B.: All right, here are forty-nine. A.: Why forty-nine? B.: Well, I shall require one mark at least for stamping all the letters I shall have to write to get my money back.

DIVORCE.

We have written about the decline of marriage and have given a few of the causes that are leading up to a general neglect of that state; but of all the curses that have come into the world since the dawn of Christianity, divorce is one of the most fearful and most dangerous. It is a plague that becomes contagious, and is a menace to the moral, social, national, and above all, domestic prospects of the future. The subject is so vast that we scarcely know how to treat it in the limited space at our disposal.

The origin of all society is the family; if the domestic ties are severed or rendered insecure, it naturally follows that peace is a stranger in the home, happiness deserts the fireside, security abandons the community, and the pillars of the state are shaken by a Samson strength that brings down, eventually, the whole fabric in ruins upon a ruined people. The moment the laws of a nation grow lax concerning marriage that nation is doomed. History is there to point with menacing finger to the desolation of Kingdoms, Empires and Republics, and to the cause of their destruction in the moral corruption and looseness of principles that permeated their systems. It was so in the days of Grecian splendor, not all her arts, her sciences, her literature could save Athens from the fate of Troy, of Palmyra, or of Thebas, the moment the scorpion of immorality dragged its slimy length over her social structure; to-day the shattered columns of the Parthenon at once tell the story of Grecian glory and Grecian degradation. Not all the power of her Emperors, the ubiquity of her commerce, nor the strength and number of her armies could secure to Rome the permanency of her power and the security of her possessions; the hour that beheld divorce become fashionable, immorality public and unabashed, like wise witnessed the crumbling of the Caesar's might, the scattering of Roman legions, the earthquake of destruction that brought down in awful crash the most powerful empire the world had ever known; and to-day the stupendous debris of the Colosium, the silent relics of the golden palace, and the disappearing remains of the ancient temples, tell to the stranger that moral Rome once flourished, that immoral Rome has vanished forever.

In our modern days the ravages of divorce amongst the nations of the world have been most terrific. Long ages did the pure Church of Christ interpose between hell and its prey; for centuries did the Spouse of Christ shield her children from the world, the devil and the flesh; but with the so-called Reformation a new spirit came into the souls of men and of nations. Luther cried out *non serviam*, "I will not obey," and with his perjured nun, he trampled under foot the vows he had taken, he desecrated the sacrament of Holy Orders, and polluted that of matrimony; he preached license and he called it liberty. Then came that man of lawless lust, the royal murderer and crowned adulterer, Henry VIII. He, too, became the head of a new religion, and cut himself loose from Rome in order to carry out his vile purposes—immoral and un-Christian. Such being the sources from which flow all sects opposed to Rome, is it to be wondered at that the Catholic Church alone stands up to protect the family, the state, the world, from the corroding influence of that immoral plague—divorce? From an impure spring no healthy or clean water can come; and Protestantism being poisoned at its very source must ever go on dividing into brooks and streamlets of moral bitterness. Alone of

all the churches the Catholic one will hold no compromise with the legislators who usurp the rights of God and declare that "what He has joined together," they shall sever. No human power can claim the right to sever the marriage bond, in the sense of divorcing the parties and permitting re-marriage. And yet the State claims that privilege—the Protestant, not the Catholic state.

If divorce is an open door to immorality and misery, the civil marriage is still worse—for it is the hallway that leads into the den of moral corruption. If civil marriage be allowed, divorce of course naturally follows; for what the civil magistrate can unite he also can untie. It is only what God "joined together that no man shall put asunder." In a word the degradation of marriage from the dignity of a sacrament—that is a source of grace—to the level of a human contract, is the logical outcome of every theory upon which Protestantism is based; and the denial of the sacrament leads to divorce, and divorce is a crime against the children of another generation, a cruel wrong to the innocent beings who must bear through life the stigma of their parents' shame, a menace to the peace of the home, the security of domestic tranquility, the hope of the future, the joy of the present, the honor of the past. In other words divorce is the embodiment of human defiance of Divine law, and the most dangerous and ruinous legacy that legislators could leave to their families and their country. To the family it means distrust, division, hatred, jealousy, adultery, crime; to the country it means degradation, weakness, insecurity, rottenness, premature decay and final destruction. Yet men calmly write about a divorce law as if it were a mere piece of legislation regarding the sale or exchange, the lease and hire of animals. We look upon it otherwise and from our Catholic standpoint do we purpose speaking of it.

In several of our leading magazines have recently appeared articles upon this important subject, and so varied are the opinions of the writers and in such different lights do they view the question that we intend analyzing a few of their effusions. However, for this week we will be satisfied with a general statement that under no circumstance and at no time does the Catholic Church countenance divorce. So important is the subject and so much does the Head of the Church depend upon the security of the marriage bond in the great warfare between the powers of corruption and the kingdom of God that he, Leo XIII. has ordered a Jesuit Father (we think Father Brandi) to prepare an article to be printed in the *Civiltà Cattolica*, dealing with the marriage question, setting forth the reasons expressed by the Italian episcopate against civil marriage taking precedence over religious ceremony, and also discussing the law of divorce. The document will bring under review the ideas of the most noted European writers and the statistics of concubinage where the divorce law exists. An encyclical is also to be issued by the Pope explaining his views and those of the Church on the subject of civil marriage.

In order to give our readers an idea of the abominable length to which the divorce law will permit the unscrupulous to go, we will close this week's article with the account of a "legal trade" of wives that took place two weeks ago in Baltimore, and which is simply a case of the State legalizing a promiscuous concubinage in two families. God help the poor offspring of these people: innocent creatures sacrificed at the shrine of their parents' unbridled concupiscence. Here is the account:—

"A romance without a parallel in fic-

tion is about to be consummated here between the families of Walter Wilkinson and Charles MacAllister. The families have long been connected with the most exclusive circles of Baltimore. Mr. and Mrs. MacAllister were very intimate with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson. This has finally resulted in an arrangement by which there are to be mutual divorces in each family, and after that cross marriages—that is to say, Mrs. MacAllister is to marry Mr. Wilkinson, and Mrs. Wilkinson is to marry Mr. MacAllister. The first marriage will occur in the latter part of this week and the ex-wife and ex-husband will be among the guests. The affair has come about through a natural development of affairs and has not been attended with the slightest scandal. For this reason, the parties maintain their social positions, and the double weddings will be attended by the best people. Mr. MacAllister is one of the wealthiest men in Baltimore. He is now at his shooting box in New Jersey, but will come home this week to attend the nuptials of his ex-wife to his friend Wilkinson, and also to prepare for his own nuptials with his friend Wilkinson's ex-wife."

HOME RULE.

The cause of Home Rule steadily advances, but many are the obstacles that have yet to be overcome before the final triumph is secured. Even before the Lords receive the measure for consideration it has yet to be ushered out of the Commons after debate upon the Committee's presentment and the most important vote yet to be taken. And as if it were not enough to have the full Tory force, combined with the Liberal Unionists, opposed to Gladstone's heroic efforts, the friends of Ireland have another and more dangerous opposition to contend with in the menacing Parnellite faction. To any reasoning and sane man it is evident that Mr. Redmond and his followers are playing into the hands of the Salisbury-Balfour-Chamberlain-Saunderson-Church bill combination. What their motives are for such most inexplicable conduct is more than we can state; we would not wish to judge harshly, and we can only attribute their actions to want of reflection. It would be too bad to ever have to accuse them of worse—of a deliberate frustration of Mr. Gladstone's plans and a determined opposition to the first, best and only real attempt to give Ireland legislative autonomy. We would be long sorry to say that Mr. Redmond and his friends wish to help the Tory cause against that of Ireland's most successful advocates; nor would we ever wish to impute insincerity—which would be treason—to them. But decidedly the burden of the proof lies upon their shoulders. So compromising has their recent course been that if Ireland fails to secure Home Rule, and if the work of Gladstone is left unfinished, they shall have to bear the whole weight of the ignominy, unless they can, in some way justify their words and deeds.

To say the very least, the applause and approbation of Lord Churchill and other Unionist leaders savored of anything but genuine fidelity on the part of the Redmondites to the Irish cause. And, above all, the last move made by these gentlemen is the most compromising of all. On the very eve of the last great round in this struggle of grants, when all the strength, union and patience of every friend of Ireland is required, we find the Parnellites holding a meeting in Dublin, presided over by Mr. Redmond, and passing resolutions antagonistic to the Home Rule measure that has just issued from committee. No matter how honest and sincere these men may be, unless they are blind or mad, they must perceive that they are blunting the fine edge of the wedge which the Government is driving into the Act of the Union. Neither the name and memory of Parnell, nor of any other leader, no matter what his

great services were, can possibly justify such a suicidal cause. The Redmondites are simply doing the work of the Tories and doing it ten times as effectively as the arch-enemies of Ireland could ever hope to perform it. At this juncture all cries of faction, all personal ambition, all antagonistic opinions should be crushed under the weight of important events and be allowed to bend before the obvious exigencies of the situation. If not, the cause is lost, and lost, thanks to the hot-headedness and miserable egotism of a petty minority.

If the Redmondites do not plead ignorance of the great peril in which the cause stands, and of the crushing consequences of their attitude, they must be in league with the Tories for the purpose of making trouble for the Gladstone Government. Instead of proving to the world that the Irish people are capable of governing themselves, these followers of Mr. Redmond and their leader are giving strong evidence of the contrary: in fact they are, at every turn and in every breath, strengthening the hands of the enemy.

And yet these very men send out their manifesto asking the people of Canada and the United States to furnish them with funds to carry on a policy of national disunion and self-destruction. It is not to the Irish Nationalists of this continent that they should address themselves for money; they have no claim, moral, national, nor otherwise upon the Home Rulers of this country. The people, who look across the Atlantic and anxiously watch the struggle going on, and who have contributed financially as well as morally to the encouragement of the grand old man in his wonderful efforts to secure legislative autonomy for Ireland, have no money to give nor sympathy to squander upon faction and obstruction. If the Redmondites wish to raise funds they should address themselves to the same constituency that hailed Mr. T. W. Russell, and sent him home, with his pockets stuffed with bank bills and his head stuffed with lies about this Province. It is to the Sault Ste. Marie Orange Lodge they should apply. That institution sent funds to the Tory-Unionists of the North to frustrate the granting of the present Home Rule Bill. Decidedly, whether knowingly or not, the Redmondites are the most powerful auxiliaries of the Loyal Opposition; and as allies they should seek encouragement from those whose cause they are helping.

Granting for argument sake, that Mr. Parnell's plans and ideas were perfection, that were he alive he would differ on some points from the present leaders, and that he should be the head of the phalanx of Irish Home Rulers who form a guard of honor for the Premier during this great battle; even then there is no reason for creating a division at this most critical period. Whatsoever Mr. Parnell's plans or ideas would be under the present circumstances, neither Mr. Redmond nor any one else can ever know; but we do know that Parnell was too great a statesman and too consummate a leader, organizer and disciplinarian to tolerate for one moment the game that is being played by his so-called followers and under the safeguard of his name. Again, it is a certain thing that if Mr. Parnell's ability and services would entitle him to the leadership were he alive, the hand of death has put an end to that contention. He cannot return no matter how warmly called upon. Mr. Parnell did not bequeath his talent, tact, genius, or qualities of statesman to Mr. Redmond. Because Mr. Parnell would have had claims to the leadership does not transmit those claims to Mr. Redmond, who is a self-

ected successor to the dead leader. Not one of Parnell's characteristics survives in Redmond; they are as opposite as the two poles. So, we can see no reason on earth why the Redmondites should keep up the spirit of disunion. If it is personal ambition—they are false to the Irish cause; if it is a blind and mistaken zeal—they are to be pitied, but for the country's sake, to be checked; if it is mere hero-worship, they are acting in direct opposition to what were the desires and plans of that hero; if they see what they are coming to and to what a precipice they are leading the only hope for Ireland's future, they are deliberately helping the bitter enemies of the people they claim to represent; in fine, if they know not what they are doing they should be placed under some tutorship and saved from committing both national murder and political suicide; but if they do know what they are doing, and if they do see the inevitable consequences of their rashness, and the many decades of a black and disappointed future that the failure of Gladstone's effort will bring to Ireland and her people, then they should step across the floor of the House and take their seats at once under the leaderships of Balfour and Chamberlain. Be their motives what they may, history will tell of their deeds only, and the future will judge them by the results. If this measure fails through their fault or opposition, we do not envy their immortality. We have learned, since writing the above, that the Redmondites have decided to support the Bill. So much the better.

THE ASSUMPTION.

The fifteenth of August, mid-summer day, was the feast of the Assumption of the ever Blessed Mother of Christ. On that day the immaculate Virgin was translated, body and soul, from earth to heaven. Although not the greatest feast of the Mother of God, still it is one that has ever been kept with fervor and piety by the Church. Stainless from her very creation, the one destined to become the Mother of the Saviour came forth pure and complete in all perfection from the hand of the Almighty; and as pure and as perfect, after the fulfilment of her glorious mission on earth, did she return to the bosom of God.

In Canada it is not kept as a feast of obligation, but it is one upon which the Church rejoices greatly; and especially all those who, in a peculiar manner are consecrated or devoted to the service of the Queen of Angels, hold jubilee upon that day.

In the Old Land; there where the Faith was planted by our Great apostle, and where it flourished despite the centuries of persecutions and sorrows; there where the Mother of God has ever had so many shrines raised to her honor and so many children to ever sound her praise; there in the land of relics, of songs, of devotion, of great and holy Catholicity, the feast of the Assumption has been one of especial predilection and was lovingly called Lady Day. It falls in the mid-summer, and on the eve of the feast, which is one of obligation in Ireland, universal rejoicings were held all through the land. The fires upon the hilltops were lighted and the peasants gathered around to dance and sing and with innocent amusements, to express their happiness. On the morrow all the pastimes of the eve were changed into solemn and sacred devotions; the Mass, the sermon, the vespers, and the hymns in honor of the Queen of Saints.

We are forcibly reminded for an exquisite ballad from the pen of that sweet Irish poet, Edward Walsh. He was a lyric bard indeed, and his fairy legends,

his pleasant folk-lore, his wonderfully Celtic productions have been sung, with loving remembrance, by many a fire-side and on many a village-green. It is to the eve of Lady-Day that he refers in his beautiful poem of "O'Donovan's Daughter." So natural, so sweet are its verses, that we cannot refrain from here intruding the opening lines upon this subject: "One mid-summer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted, And the bag-piper's tone called the maidens delighted, I joined a gay group by the Araglin's water, And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter."

And the next day he knelt by her side in the humble chapel and offered up an invocation to the model of all maidens, the most perfect of all wives and the most holy of all mothers. Oh! the days of Faith! Electricity and all the modern inventions can never produce the happiness, peace and love that they bestowed.

It is, then, the duty of all good Catholics—upon that great feast and throughout its octave—to beg of the Blessed Virgin that she may intercede for them before the tribunal of All Grace. On the anniversary of that glorious event, when the Saviour "sitting at the right hand of the Father," bent down to receive from earth His Mother, as the choirs of saints and angels heralded her advent into the abode of endless glory. He must listen with a special mercy to the supplications of the most Blessed of all creatures, and her prayers cannot fail to procure for the Church and its Faithful an abundance of choicest blessings. All honor to Mary on the feast of her glorious Assumption; may she watch over and protect the Church of her Divine Son!

Continued from first page.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE ASK Mayor Desjardins' critics—and especially Le Monde, La Presse and La Patrie—to read and ponder over the following:

"The famous Festival of Arts and Industry, projected in celebration of the anniversary of the breach in the Porta Pia, is now dead and buried, after the voting at Montecitorio of the law respecting building works in Rome and the refusal to authorize a lottery of ten millions for the Roman exhibition. The executive committee have resigned, and in a short time a general meeting of the shareholders and subscribers of the exhibitions will be held to decide upon what is to be done in this critical contingency. The Masons will seek to control it, not for the good or evil which may result from it to the city of Rome, but to wound and insult the Pope and the Catholics of Italy. The word of command issued by the Grand Orient of the Valley of the Tiber is that the idea of a national exhibition should be abandoned, but that steps should be taken for an exhibition in 1905, to celebrate the fall of the temporal power of the Popes"—quod est videndum.

These organs are evidently warm admirers of the Italian Government and King Humbert; they also go into ecstasies of delight in presence of the flag that was flaunted in the face of Catholicity when the Papacy was robbed, and they must be more or less fraternately inclined towards the Grand Orient of the Valley of the Tiber, since they give such a firm grip of the hand to his subordinate officers, consequently for their pleasure and edification we give them this piece of news.

CONSIDERABLE talk has been created by the decision referred to in a despatch from London, England, dated the first of August, and which reads thus:

"Clerical circles are considerably agitated over a ruling just made by Sir Frederick Jeune, Chief Justice of the Court of Probate and Divorce, to the effect that a minister of the gospel has no right to plead privilege when asked to state in court the substance of a confidential communication made to him in his sacred capacity by one of his parish-

ioners. Hitherto it has been the unwritten law of England, as well as of many other countries, that a divine shall not be compelled to disclose such communications, and in cases which occur almost weekly Roman Catholic priests are excused from disclosing statements made to them under the sanctity of the confessional. In the case in court the divine belonged to the high church branch of the Episcopal denomination, and was in the habit of hearing confessions. The Court, however, compelled him to disclose the information that had been made to him. Several Catholic priests, who have been interviewed concerning the decision, declare that they would go to prison for contempt of court rather than reveal the secrets of the confessional on the witness-stand."

The last sentence is not only true, but we may add that there never lived, nor does there live to-day, a Catholic priest who would not go to the scaffold before he would reveal a confessional secret. And the Judge who gave such a decision cannot have much respect for his own oath of office when he could attempt to force others into a breach of faith.

**

IN ORDER that our readers may not fail to appreciate the actual state of affairs in Italy, the fearful struggle going on between the government—or masonic—party and the Catholic—or religious—party, and the significance of the hearty welcome given by the friends of Italy's government to her envoy here, we ask them to read the following account of what has been going on while the "Etna" was in our port. Let our conferees peruse the same.

"Scandalous scenes have lately taken place at Milan and in the celebrated Cathedral. It seems that there is a Madonna there which is very much venerated, and a woman who had been lame for life was miraculously cured. This fact, of course, attracted a large number of the faithful, not only from Milan, but from the surrounding country, and the Cathedral was every day overcrowded. It seems that this grated very much upon the feelings of the anti-clericals. A demonstration was formed and a large number of students, excited by the Masonic sects, began to laugh and ridicule in the church the numbers of people who were kneeling in prayer. A group of students belonged to the clerical party remonstrated strongly with their colleagues of study, but this interference infuriated the others, causing a regular disturbance in the church which made it necessary for the police to interfere and a large number of arrests were made. Amongst them was a young girl of eighteen who had actually been encouraged to take part in the demonstration by her father as she confessed. For several days afterwards a large crowd of boys (one cannot call them else because the Lega Lombarda of Milan says they are between fifteen and twenty years of age) have been stationed outside the Cathedral insulting those who enter it and those who come out. A celebrated restaurant, celebrated for its magro (fasting) dinners, was attacked by the demonstrators who broke the windows. The Milan papers say that these young boys have just been used as instruments by the Masonic sects, who also rule the schools now, to show their hatred to the Church. The Masons have also published a program full of hate against the Church, religion, and, in fact, law of any kind, exciting the students to all sorts of revolution. 'But,' as the same journals remark, 'why have not the Masons courage enough to come out themselves instead of using young boys as their tools?'"

Condemned.

The London Tablet's Roman correspondent telegraphs that Prof. Mivart's three articles in the Nineteen Century upon "Happiness in Hell" have been condemned by the Holy Office of the Inquisition and accordingly placed upon the Index Expurgatorius.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

Yesterday the monthly meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society took place, Ald. Kennedy presiding. The new director, the Rev. Father de Ridder was welcomed by the Society, who thanked

the members. New members were enrolled and some of the returns of the picnic made; these show a nice balance in favor of the society. The family of the late Mr. Jas. Brennan was consoled with in their sad affliction, and a committee was appointed to consider the manner in which the Father Mathew anniversary should be celebrated.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society Annual Picnic.

The annual picnic of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society was held at Sherringham Park on Saturday. The affair was as usual a great success. The programme of races included events for young and old. The results were as follows:

Boys' race, ten years and under—H. Connolly, 1; Jas. Nash, 2; W. Crowe, 3. Boys of thirteen years and under—H. Connolly, 1; Eugene Feeley, 2; Thos. Stevens, 3; W. Costigan, 4.

Girls' race, fifteen years and under—Annie Fitzgerald, 1; Bessie Milloy, 2; Annie Cosgrove, 3; Mary Holland, 4; fifteen entries.

Members over fifty-five years of age—Timothy O'Connor, 1; Jas. Connaughton, 2.

Members races—M. Durcan, 1; S. McArthur, 2; H. Martin, 3; F. Doyle, 4.

100 yards, in heats—James Connolly, 1; A. G. Bowles, 2.

Hop, step and leap—T. Kenniff, 1, 30 ft. 3 in.; J. A. Gillespie, 2, 36 ft. 10 in.

Three quick leaps—T. Kenniff, 1; J. Connolly, 2.

Quarter mile—J. A. Gillespie, 1; J. Connolly, 2; George Wheble, 3.

Special members race—P. Connolly, 1; J. H. Kelly, 2; J. J. Costigan, 3; Jas. Milloy, 4.

Quarter mile, members of young men's societies—G. McArthur, 1; J. W. Feeley, jr., 2.

Committee race—M. Durcan, 1; Thos. Martin, 2; Z. McArthur, 3; J. O'Toole, 4.

Pipe race—M. Durcan, 1; J. A. Gillespie, 2.

Bean guess—J. T. McCaffrey.

The committee in charge of the affair were Messrs. M. Sharkey, 2nd vice-president; A. Brogan, N. P.; James Connaughton, James Tierney.

Games committee—Mr. A. Martin, chairman; Messrs. J. H. Kelly, James Milloy, J. H. Feeley, M. Durcan.

Music committee—Mr. W. P. Doyle, chairman; Messrs. Thos. Martin, S. McArthur.

General committee—Mr. John Walsh, chairman; D. Brown, J. O'Toole; Secretary, Mr. Jas. J. Costigan.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

ON TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

It is the remark of the Prince of modern controvertists, Bishop Bossuet, that whereas in most other subjects of dispute between Catholics and Protestants the difference is less than it seems to be, in this of the Holy Eucharist, or Lord's Supper, it is greater than it appears. (Vide, Exposition of the Doctrine of the Catholic Church.) The cause of this is, that our opponents misrepresent our doctrine concerning the veneration of Saints, pious Images, Indulgences, Purgatory, and other articles, in order to strengthen their arguments against us: whereas their language approaches nearer to our doctrine than their sentiments do on the subject of the Eucharist, because our doctrine is so strictly conformable to the words of Holy Scripture. This is a disingenuous artifice; but I have to describe two others of a still more fatal tendency; first, with respect to the present welfare of the Catholics, who are the subjects of them, and secondly, with respect to the future welfare of the Protestants, who deliberately make use of them.

The first of these disingenuous practices consists in misrepresenting Catholics as worshippers of bread and wine in the Sacrament, and therefore as idolaters, at the same time that our adversaries are perfectly aware that we firmly believe, as an article of faith, that there is no bread nor wine, but Christ alone, true God, as well as man, present in it. Supposing, for a moment, that we are mistaken in this belief, the worst we could be charged with is an error, in supposing Christ to be where he is not; and nothing but uncharitable calumny, or gross inattention, could accuse us of the heinous crime of Idolatry. To illustrate this argument, let me suppose, that being charged with a loyal address to the Sovereign, you presented it, by mistake, to one of her courtiers, or even to an inanimate figure of her, which, for some reason or other, had been dressed up in royal robes, and placed on the throne; would your heart reproach you, or would any sensible person reproach you, with the guilt of treason in this case? Were the people who thought in their hearts that John the Baptist was the Christ, St. Luke III. 15) and who probably worshipped him as such. Idolaters, in consequence of this error? The falsehood, as well as the uncharitableness, of this calumny is too gross to escape the observation of any informed and reflecting man; yet in order to keep alive their prejudices against us, it is upheld and vociferated to the ignorant crowd, by such men as Bishop Porteus, (he charges Catholics with 'senseless idolatry, and with worshipping the creature instead of the Creator.' Confut. P. II. C. I) and the Protestant preachers and writers in general; while it is perpetuated by the Legislature, for the purpose of defeating our civil claims! Note.—The Declaration against Popery, by which Catholics were excluded from the Houses of Parliament, was voted by them during that time of national frenzy and disgrace, when they equally voted the reality of the pretended Popish plot, which cost the Catholics a torrent of innocent blood, and which was hatched by the unprincipled Shaftsbury, with the help of Dr. Tongue and the infamous Oates, to prevent the succession of James II. to the crown. (See Echard's Hist. and North's Exam., both sound Protestants.)

It is not, however, true, that all Protestant divines have laid this heavy charge at the door of Catholics for worshipping Christ in the Sacrament; as all those eminent prelates in the reigns of Charles I. and II. must be excepted, who generally acquitted us of the charge of idolatry, and more especially the learned Gunning, Bishop of Ely, who reprobated the above signified declaration when it was brought into the House of Lords, protesting that his conscience would not permit him to make it. (Vide Burnet's Hist. Our Times.) The candid Thomdyke, Prebendary, of Westminster, argues thus on the present subject: "Will any Papist acknowledge that he honors the elements of the Eucharist for God? Will common sense charge him with honoring that in the Sacrament which he does not believe to be there?" (Vide Just Weights and measures, 19.) The celebrated Bishop of Down, Dr. Jeremy Taylor, reasons with equal fairness, where he says: "The object of their (the Catholics) adoration in the Sacrament is the only true and eternal God, hypostatally united with his holy humanity, which humanity they believe

actually present under the veil of the Sacrament. And if they thought him not present, they are so far from worshipping the bread, that they profess it idolatry to do so. This is demonstration that the soul has nothing in it that is idolatrical: the will has nothing in it, but what is a great enemy to idolatry." (Vide Liberty of Propheysing, Sect. 20.)

The other instance of disingenuity and injustice on the part of Protestant divines and statesmen, consists in their overlooking the main subject in debate, namely, whether Christ is or is not really personally present in the Sacrament; and in the meantime directing all the severity of the law to a point of inferior, or at least, secondary consideration, namely, to the mode in which it is considered by one particular party as being present. It is well known that Catholics believe that when Christ took the bread and gave it to his apostles, saying "This is My Body," he changed the bread into His body, which change is called Transubstantiation. On the other hand, the Lutherans, after their master, hold that the bread and the real body of Christ are united, and both truly present in the Sacrament, as iron and fire are united in a red-hot bar. (See De Capt. Babyl.) Osiander, whose sister Cranmer married, taught Impanation, or a hypostatical and personal union of the bread with Christ's Body, in consequence of which a person might truly say: This bread is Christ's Body).

This sort of presence, which would be not less miraculous and incomprehensible than Transubstantiation, is called Consubstantiation; while the Calvinists and Church of England men in general (though many of the highest luminaries of the latter have approached to the Catholic doctrine) maintain that Christ is barely present in figure, and received only by faith. Now all the alleged absurdities, in a manner, and all the pretended impiety and idolatry, which are attributed to transubstantiation, equally attach to consubstantiation and to the real presence proposed by those eminent divines of the established Church. Nevertheless, what controversial preacher or writer ever attacks the latter opinions? What law ever excluded Lutherans from Parliament or even from the English Throne? So far from it, a Chapel Royal has been founded and is maintained in the Palace itself, for the propagation of their consubstantiation and the participation of the real presence! In short, you may say with Luther, the bread is the body of Christ, or with Pisiander, the bread is one and the same person with Christ, or with Bishop Cosin, that "Christ is present really and substantially in an incomprehensible mystery."—(See Hist. of Transub. p. 44), or with Dr. Balguy, that there is no mystery at all, but a mere federal rite, barely signifying the receiver's acceptance of the benefit of redemption. (See Charge VII). In short you may say any thing you please concerning the Eucharist, without obsequy or inconvenience to yourself, except what the words of Christ, this is my body, so clearly imply, namely, that he changes the bread into his body. In fact, as the Bishop of Meaux observes, "the declarations of Christ operate what they express; when he speaks, nature obeys, and he does what he says; thus he cured the ruler's son, by saying to him, Thy son liveth; and the wicked woman, by saying, Thou art loosed from thy infirmity. (See Var. T. II. p. 34). The Prelate adds, for our further observation, that Christ did not say, My body is here; this contains my body, but, this is my body; this is my blood. Hence Zuinglius, Calvin, Beza, and the defenders of the figurative sense in general, all except the Church of England Protestants, have expressly confessed, that admitting the real presence, the Catholic doctrine is far more conformable to scripture than the Lutheran. I shall finish this letter with remarking, that as transubstantiation, according to Bishop Cosin, was the first of Christ's miracles, in changing water into wine; so it may be said to have been his last, during his mortal course, by changing bread and wine into his sacred body and blood.—COX.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES.

SIR,—About two years ago I took rheumatism in the knees, which became so bad that I could hardly go up or down stairs without help. All medicines failed until I was induced to try B. B. By the time I had taken the second bottle I was greatly relieved, and the third bottle completely removed the pain and stiffness. AMOS BECKETT, Morrisburg, Ont.

He who nothing pleases, pleases no one.

REQUIEM.

Mr. Joseph Viau, a young man of sterling qualities, and much loved by all who knew him, died in St. Laurent, on Monday, the 31st ult. On Thursday his remains were borne in solemn procession, accompanied by the court of Catholic Foresters of which he was a member, preceded by a band of music, to the parish church, where a high mass of requiem was sung in the presence of a large gathering of sympathizers.

Ring, sad bells!
Your requiem voices telling
Some dear hearts,
Their loved one now is dwelling
In bright parts,
With sweet spalls
Immortal chorist swelling.

Hush, sad bells!
The angels now are singing
Their glad songs;
And heaven's vaults are ringing,
While great throngs
Where love dwells,
The ransomed soul are bringing.

Ring, glad bells!
With heavenly music blending;
That dear soul—
The angel guards attending—
At its goal
Now safe dwells:
All earthly trials ending.

J. E. M. S.

OUR SCHOOL EXHIBIT.

The Boston Pilot's Correspondent speaks Eulogistically of Our Schools and Teachers.

Taking so prominent a part in the educational exhibit, it may be proper to refer here to the character and labors of that glorious order which has done so much for the enlightenment and moral education of youth. At Rheims, in France, 1651 was born Jean Baptiste de la Salle. In infancy he exhibited wonderful virtue and talent. He was educated at St. Sulpice and at sixteen became a canon of Rheims. In 1678 he was ordained priest. He had long meditated on the state of education in France, particularly amongst the poor. He saw the evils to which ignorance led. He comprehended the results which false knowledge, imparted by false teaching, produced. In his own mind he sketched out a plan to counteract the great source of the prevailing depravity amongst the humbler classes. He consecrated himself to the education of the poor, and founded the Order of the Brothers of the Christian school as it exists to-day. He traversed France for the propagation of his noble work. In some places he met opposition, but he had faith and he lived to see the dawning of the glory that, like an everlasting coronal, now encircles the brow of his order. He established a novitiate near Rouen and there died full of work and hope, in 1719. The order spread with much rapidity. The system of education was so perfect, the moral training which they combined with the best secular education, gave them at once that great but not undeserved prominence which places the Brothers of the Christian Schools in the first rank as teachers and moulders of youth. Wherever Catholicity prevails the order is invited, welcomed and established. Their pupils receive an excellent secular, but an equally excellent moral, education. The heart is cultivated as well as the mind. This is the Catholic system.

Naturally to the Brothers of De La Salle a large portion of the space is allotted. Their schools in the various States of the Union are represented. It is needless to specify the character of the work. It speaks for itself. Particularly of merit is their exhibit in the Canadian section which, by the way, is not included in the Catholic exhibit. It is from the La Salle Commercial Academy of Quebec. No better work is shown in any section of the whole educational department. The entire system is shown in work from the elementary, intermediate, superior and special courses. English and French are taught in the school and excellent specimens of drawing—linear, architectural, mechanical, projection and relief work—are shown. The penmanship, both ordinary style and ornamental, and engrossing, is deserving of particular praise. In this section, too, are exhibits from the Brothers of Christian Instruction, the Marist Brothers, Frthers of the Sacred Heart; and from the girls' school, represented by the

Sisters of the Assumption, Sisters of Jesus and Mary, Sisters of Charity, Quebec; Ursulines of Stanstead, Sisters of Bon Pasteur and from the celebrated Congregation of Notre Dame de Ville Marie. It would be a grateful tribute to note in detail the work of each of these, but you have limits to space. The written exercises, drawing, painting and the more practical needlework, knitting, etc., are excellent and tell better than could words the skill and devotedness of the teachers and the diligence and capability of the scholars. Saint Laurent College, Congregation of the Holy Cross, shows a first-class exhibit in written exercises, book-keeping, etc., from its commercial department, and the Cercle de la Salle, a magnificent specimen of writing ornamental and engrossing.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CUSTOMS VACANCY.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—In your editorial items of last week I noticed with pleasure your strong advocacy of the claims of Mr. W. J. McKenna to the vacancy caused by the death of the late lamented John Cox, Esq. In my humble opinion you have struck on the right man; and anything you can do to forward his interests will be favorably received in the commercial and social circles of Montreal. Apart from creed and nationality, Mr. McKenna has claims on the position no other man in the service can command. He has had seven or eight years practical experience in the office and is as thoroughly at home with the most complicated as with the minutest details of the business. To these qualifications, which are of primary importance to that department of the service, Mr. McKenna adds scholarship, business tact, and what is all important to the mercantile community, great suavity of manner. Polite, unassuming and unostentatious, yet, withal, dignified in the discharge of his duties; he has popularized himself with the public and his *confreres* alike, and no man's name in the Civil Service is so familiar and held in such kindly regard as that of W. J. McKenna. It is to be hoped that the Department, in its appointment of a man to this important office, will weigh well the *pros* and *cons* of the public interest. No mere figure-head, however weighty the influence behind him, will satisfy the public, or command the respect due to the head of the shipping office. Some recent appointments in the Civil Service confirm this statement.

Mr. McKenna, if I may presume on a long and friendly acquaintance, unlike some of his *confreres*, will never solicit the equivocal support, bend the knee, or gravel to that species of manhood (so common in the Civil Service) who get pitchforked into commanding positions through paying the same price they exact from those low enough to approach them for aid. He is too much of a man for such contemptible engineering. If some of his *confreres* would only take a leaf from his book they would command what they now lack, the respect of all. Hoping to see "Billy" appointed solely on his merits,

I am, Sir,

CONSISTENCY.

Montreal, 13th Aug., 1893.

SCHOOL INSPECTORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—I hope you will extend your usual courtesy to an inexperienced member of the "sex," asking, for the first time, a very small space in your valuable paper to express sympathy with the object of the subject heading this letter. I have not the presumption to hope that I can add anything new to your published correspondence on the subject; but, as one of the teachers employed in a large school, subsidized by the Commissioners, I have a right to express an opinion. My opinion, then is, that an English Inspector is a long felt want, and that we, lady teachers, can never receive, and will never receive, common justice until this pressing want is removed. There is one point, to which your correspondents did not refer, that I should wish to supply, and have an expression of opinion on it, from others in the service, having longer experience than I have: Suppose (and the supposition is quite natural) the lady principal of a school and one of her assistants are at variance on some point of discipline, government, method, or organization, the teacher knows, from practical experience acquired in her classroom, that she is right in pursuing a certain cause; the lady principal objects to her assistant's course, not that it is wrong, but that she herself has preconceived ideas, and tells her, in very decided language, she must not deviate from the "rules" and "course of studies" laid down for her guidance, and approved of by the concentrated wisdom of the School Commissioners, none of whom, however, know anything of practical teaching. Now, what is to be done in a case of this nature,—and cases of this kind happen frequently: The teacher knows she is right, and will not submit gracefully to what she holds is wrong; while on the other hand, the principal knows her assistant is not wrong, but that she is simply deviating from her own preconceived ideas of how things should be done. Would not an English Inspector,

if we had one, be the proper person to settle points of difference of this nature? Would not his decision be final? On all the other points at issue, I fully agree with your correspondents, and cordially endorse everything I have seen in THE TRUE WITNESS on the subject of the appointment.

KATE.

SCHOOL INSPECTORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—I have been very much interested in your arguments re School Inspectorship. Like all other taxpayers, I was in perfect ignorance of the want of such an officer as you advocate, until I followed up step by step, the grounds upon which you found your arguments and the legitimate conclusions following. Everything, I have read from your own polished pen, and every word and sentence in your correspondence on the subject, confirms my growing belief, that, our children have been sadly neglected in their education, from want of regular and proper school inspection. To say that they have been sadly neglected, is putting it in the mildest form, since there is such strong and damning evidence from the best judges in the case—from the most interested, next to the parents—from the teachers themselves. The teachers' claim alone, calling for the appointment of an English Inspector of Schools is *prima facie* evidence that the want exists, and that the Government should see to the want being filled without delay. I wonder does the School Board take any stock in the appointment you, Mr. Editor, and the teachers are now so vigorously advocating? There is one measure at least, they are particularly interested in, viz., the ratepayers' taxes. Whether those taxes are devoted to the education of our children, or for the most part sunk in ornamenting and remodelling palaces of untold cost, is a question that is open to debate. At present, I shall not debate it, but turn to another point. According to the TRUE WITNESS, of a certain date of June last, Ald. Kennedy succeeded in having a gentleman appointed on the School Board, in every way acceptable to those whose interests he represents on the Board. Now the question that presents itself to my view at the moment is this: Why did not Mr. Kennedy have two Irish Catholic representative Commissioners, nominated and appointed in place of only one? My object in putting the question is this:—From a cursory survey I have had of the Taxpayers' Rolls of the twelve Wards of the City; I find that the English speaking Catholics of the twelve Wards, contribute taxes to the civic treasury, amounting to over two sixths of the whole taxes contributed by all other Catholics. Now, as the School Board, as at present constituted, consists of six members, it will be seen that two of the six, should be men acceptable to, and representing Irish Catholic interest on it.

I hope that this letter will fall under the notice of Ald. Kennedy, to whom the foregoing question is particularly addressed. It will be seen by those who read between the lines, that my argument resolves itself into this:—Had we two representatives on the School Board, as I have shown we should have, no doubt, this united influence and support, would be freely lent to the TRUE WITNESS, and the teachers in their peaceable crusade for the appointment of an acceptable English School Inspector. As it is, no doubt, they will have as they should, the powerful influence and support of one gentleman, but it is a truism that double influence would be more powerfully felt than single influence under present conditions. Another point to which, as parent and taxpayer, I would invite public attention is, the want of good text-books in our public schools. From the "Primmer," placed in the hands of the infant, up to, and including the highest "reader," placed in the hands of the most advanced pupil, not one can be said to be a text of even ordinary merit. I will say nothing about the selection of the lessons; beyond what every one of common sense knows:—the selections are notoriously dull and uninteresting. The most important thing after the selections, viz., the "grading" is absolutely *nil*. Yet, these valueless books cost parents a pile of money. In my humble opinion, all these objections could be overcome, by the appointment of a competent School Inspector. It will be my duty in a further contribution on this subject, to show, how and where an Inspector's usefulness would

come to the teacher's aid in the selection of school texts; their grading, and in the use and importance of marginal notes.

A. MURPHY, Accountant.

Montreal, 12th Aug., 1893.

THE BLACK FRIARS.

Something About the Society Which Saint Dominic Founded.

A kind friend, who takes a deep interest in all matters pertaining to the success and glory of our religion, sent us the following, which he clipped from the Daily Eastern Argus, of Portland, Me., and on which he remarks that it has "the true ring about it." We reproduce the letter for the benefit of our readers:

"I suppose that's the figger of the Bishop," said a man to me the other day, pointing to the statue of Domingo de Guzman enshrined in the facade of St. Dominic's church. Perhaps half the Protestant population of this city believe the statue to be that of the living Bishop Healy, and the other half that of the late Bishop Bacon of blessed memory; so profound is the ignorance displayed by this people of the church of its fathers and of the history of the mightiest institution since the downfall of the old Roman Empire—upon whose grave, said quaint Thomas Fuller, it sits crowned. There are men, not a few but a multitude, who are proud of this ignorance of an ecclesiastical organization of which it has been said by a Protestant historian that "There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church," which numbers more communicants than all the other Christian denominations combined, and which many thoughtful minds regard as the only efficient barrier against the rising tide of rationalism. That Protestantism provokes unbelief many do stoutly affirm, perhaps having in mind this dictum of Macaulay: "The doctrine of Bossuet, that transubstantiation is affirmed in the Gospel, and the doctrine of Tillotson that transubstantiation is an absurdity, when put together produce by logical necessity the inferences of Voltaire."

It seems strange on first thought that a people which boasts of its schools and its general intelligence should be so ignorant, and so contentedly ignorant, of the history of the famous Black Friars whose monasteries are scattered throughout all Christendom, and even dot the pagan shores of Asia and Africa, who have produced great scholars like Albertus Magnus, and Thomas Aquinas, and Raymund de Pennaforte, and who have played no unimportant part in the settlement and civilization and religious growth of this country. However, not much is to be expected of those who confound the chromo culture of Chautauqua with scholarship and who take their knowledge as invalids with weak stomachs take their nutriment, half digested. Ignorance of the preaching Friars is but natural with those whose only knowledge of Catholicism is derived from the so-called "confessions" of a bawd like Maria Monk, or the grotesque deliverances of clerical blackguards and buffoons like the very irreverend Dr. Fulton. I have mentioned Macaulay's tribute to the Catholic church. It may not be amiss, in view of the ignorance above indicated, to quote at length those splendid and memorable sentences in which the historic importance and present power of the church are set forth:

"The history of that church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopard and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the agust dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity.

But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin, and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old.

"Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in that world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

These sentences should be, to use one of Macaulay's own phrases, familiar to every school boy. That erudite youth may recall them with pleasure in their rhetorical beauty and with profit in their historical significance, as he pauses before the stately pile which bears the name of Saint Dominic and ponders over its meaning.

Whatever his religious prejudices or predilections, he will do well to weigh the wise words of Charles Kingsley: "We cannot safely combat the errors of man or system without first giving them full credit for whatever excellencies they may retain," and to adopt as his own the broad dictum of George Eliot, that "all the great religions of the world, historically considered, are rightly the objects of deep reverence and sympathy—they are the record of spiritual struggles which are the types of our own."

The school boy in question, if he be a youth of sensibility and some thirst for knowledge, cannot fail to be interested in the famous society of St. Dominic, the *fratres predicatorum*, who have given the Catholic world sixty-six Cardinals and four Popes, and number among their contributions to the service of Holy Church the great names of Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Henry Suso, Savonarola, Las Casas, and Lacordaire.

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WEDNESDAY.....AUGUST 16, 1893

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

It would be very amusing, were it not so deplorable, to watch the little battle that rages between two sections of the American Catholic press. The clerical editors, on the one hand, and the lay editors, on the other, seem to be actuated by some mistaken spirit that engenders an unnecessary and baneful antagonism. We were always under the impression that the Catholic press had a special mission to defend the principles of our Faith against the avowed enemies of Rome; but we did not think that either the laymen or clergymen were ever commissioned to do battle with each other. The clerical editor seems to think that the lay editor intrudes whenever the latter takes up the cudgels for the cause sacred to both, and the lay editor apparently imagines that when the priest enters the arena of journalism and adopts the profession, he is to be treated firstly, as a journalist, and secondly; as minister of the Church. And each individual editor—be he layman nor clergyman—apparently thinks that he alone has a right to an opinion, and that all question of his exactness is an insult to his dignity. The spirit that animates the disputants in question is either one of extreme egotism or else one of unenviable jealousy.

In our humble opinion it would be more in accordance with the "Apostolate of the Press" to cease tearing the eyes out of each other and to try and work with a little more harmony in the glorious cause of the Catholic faith. Imagine the learned Father Lambert and the thoughtful and able Father Phelan fighting over the personality of the Devil, and squabbling about the big "D" or little "d" with which his name should be written. We then have the Colorado Catholic in hot water in one corner, and Church Progress getting fits in another; the Catholic Times comes down upon the Catholic News, and the Western Watchman attacks the Cleveland Universe, Cincinnati Telegraph, Milwaukee Citizen, Chicago New World, Columbus Columbian, Indianapolis Record, and New York Sunday Democrat. If this is not shameful, at least it is ridiculous. It will be noticed that we have carefully refrained from even commenting upon, much less criticizing, the mission of Mgr. Satolli. We have allowed the Delegate Apostolic to go his way in peace, and perform the work that has been marked for him by the Vicar of Christ, without enquiring into the methods adopted or questioning the motives that actuated that high dignitary. It is enough for us to know that he represents Leo XIII., and that his mission is one of the greatest importance. These stories, fabrications and insinuations about imaginary disputes or

differences between Archbishops, Bishops and other members of the hierarchy we leave to the secular press. And we are under the impression—humble as our opinion may be—that we know as much (and no more) on the subject as does any of our Catholic contemporaries, especially those so given to criticism. In fine, we have enough to do to combat the enemies of Catholicity without undertaking to dictate to Mgr. Satolli or any person else.

THE LEAGUE OF THE ROSE.

The League of the Rose, an Ottawa society, held a meeting on Saturday, August 5, at which a resolution was moved by R. J. Wicksteed, and seconded by J. P. Hickmeth. Of this resolution the Witness says:

"The language of the resolution is so extreme as to weaken if not destroy its effect. For instance, it says that the Pope is cordially detested by the Italians. Few persons here ever heard of the League of the Rose, though, Dr. Wicksteed, Q.C., is, of course, well known."

We may here remark that R. J. Wicksteed, commonly, if not popularly, known as "Dick," is an assistant law clerk of the House of Commons, and a son of Dr. Wicksteed, Q.C. We have not space sufficient for long comment, but we certainly must give our readers the principal items of the resolution. It is too rich to be allowed to pass into complete oblivion:

"Whereas His Majesty the King of Italy has been studiously affronted, slighted and mocked in the person of his admiral, Magnaghi and the officers of his frigate, the *Etna*, by Mr. Desjardins, mayor of the city of Montreal, in Canada, and a portion of the British Empire, the said Desjardins refusing to give due and becoming honor to the said admiral and officers of His Majesty King Humbert of Italy on the grounds that he (Desjardins) preferred and owed allegiance to the King's rebellious subject, the Bishop of Rome, also called Pope;

And inasmuch as the King of Italy, a monarch beloved by his own people, has ever been a warm friend and firm ally of our Most Gracious Sovereign the Queen, and the aforesaid Bishop of Rome is cordially detested by the Italians, openly hostile to their King, and an avowed enemy of England, and all that Englishmen hold dear:

After expressing the sympathy felt by the League of the Rose for the Italian monarch, the resolution thus concludes:

"We sympathize with and applaud the repressive and reformatory action of the Italian Government towards the said Bishop of Rome or Pope, and his hierarchy, knowing as we do from experience, and what Tyndale, our great martyr knew, and knowing wrote:—There is no mischief or disorder, whether it be in the temporal regiment, or else in the spiritual, whereof the Pope, his cardinals and bishops are not the chief causes, and even the very fountain and springs, and as we say, the well-head; so that it is impossible to preach against any mischief, except thou begin at them; or to set any reformation in this world, except thou reform them first."

Although the public knows nothing about this "League of the Rose," we happen to have a little knowledge of it, which may prove interesting. If our paper ever comes under the eyes of Dr. or R. J. Wicksteed, we would ask the former if he recollects a long controversy carried on by "Connaught" in the *Ottawa Evening Journal* and "J.K.F." in the *Ottawa Citizen*, during the first months of 1888? If so he will recall how "Connaught" waded into a very bog of history and how badly stuck he became. It was then that the Anti-Irish, Anti-Catholic, Anti-Canadian defender of Balfour, Salisbury, Cromwell, Elizabeth and Henry was forced to call upon the friendly assistance of his equally prejudiced friends to extract him from the meshes of his opponent. Finally when "Connaught" collapsed, he and his admirers decided to

form a League, after the model of the "Primrose League in England," for the protection of Great Britain against such characters as Home Rulers of the "J.K.F." stamp, to protect Christianity against the dragons of Rome, to protect themselves against the wave of oblivion that seemed to roll over their ambitious insignificance, and to secure a "mutual admiration" society of six. Thus was planted the "League of the Rose;" it did bud forth on one occasion in 1889—for the *Evening Journal* gave it four lines space announcing a meeting that had taken place. But it never bloomed, nor did it increase in any way save in the thornes that seem to grow upon its six branches and that pick its members into a spasmodic knowledge of their own existence. We have not learned whether the emblem of this League is a White or Red Rose; we cannot tell whether its president, vice-president and secretary is in favor of York or Lancaster, or whether he agrees with the treasurer, corresponding secretary, and majority of the membership (all one person these) or not. In any case, the "League of the Rose" has a history and we have given it,—a brief and not very exciting history, but considering its object, spirit and membership of six it, however, has been comparatively eventful. The only thing it has not done is to die; and we wish it long life, since its existence depends upon the mortal term of Dr. Wicksteed, Q.C., his son Richard, and four congenial companions who go, weekly, into private ecstasies over the Doctor's "verses" while the son's enthusiastic admiration of his venerable parent and extreme belief in his own inspiration and genius, serve to enliven the meetings. Comment upon the resolution would be superfluous. "It is too funny for anything."

ANOTHER BLASPHEMOUS ORGAN.

WE CLIP the following from the Sunday Morning News of the 13th August:

"According to the New York papers of last week another bit of God's defunct grandmother, "Ste. Anne," is on its way to Canada. This holy relic, which is part of the arm of some dead person, is encased in a glass case, trimmed with gold, and will be on exhibition in New York for as long a time as dupes can be found to take a squint at it at so much per squint. It will then be taken across the line and deposited at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, that Canadian Mecca of Miracle, where already several other equally authentic gaw-gaws are located. Suckers, it is said, are biting well this season, and the catch is expected to be a large one."

In its worst fits of anti-Catholic rage the Daily Witness never abandoned the code of respectable journalism, nor did it ever sink to the level of Bowery slang in its attacks upon the Church. It has been reserved for a certain paper, published and circulated every Sunday, to introduce into Canadian journalistic literature the vilest of expressions wherewith to clothe the most wicked and anti-Christian sentiments. The editor—or whoever pens its editorial comments—must have raked the refuse of Billingsgate to secure language sufficiently low and virtuperative to vent his spleen against the vast majority of his fellow-citizens, or against what they hold sacred.

At the very doors of our churches is the publication sold, and our people are ridiculed, our faith abused, and our principles maligned with an impunity that is astounding. We are not surprised at the persons who write for that Sunday organ. They are free thinkers, atheists, and scoffers. But we cannot see why the fact that a person disbelieving in religion should give him the right to insult all who have faith in the teachings of Christianity. Nor can we see

why the fact of being an infidel necessitates an abuse of common courtesy and respect for the feelings of others. In fact, we think an atheist should be, at least, a gentleman; and no gentleman ever sneered at whatever others held dear and sacred. There is a broad line of demarcation between journalistic audacity and journalistic blackguardism. As long as an organ confines itself to the former, we can tolerate its most extravagant expressions of dissent from our views, but the moment it sinks to the latter, we can only rise out of all serious discussion with it, and leave its punishment to the action of a self-respecting public. As long as the paper in question remained inside of its own sphere and gossiped about sports and games we had nothing to say, but the moment it steps into the sanctuary of a Christian's faith, and with iconoclastic hand seeks to shatter the most precious treasures of a people's love and veneration, it is time to cry "halt!"

There is something so low, so unmanly, so despicable, in the language used and the sentiments expressed, that one recoils from the contact as from the slimy touch of a reptile. And every Sunday that reptile hisses at the doors of our churches, and no one seems to notice the venom it emits or to recognize the danger of its sting.

We repeat that we are not surprised at the paid writers of that journal: they naturally revel in the mire of their own soulless productions,—they love the atmosphere of polluted infidelity, for it is congenial to them and they thrive upon its poisonous germs,—they chuckle with fiendish delight whenever a mean stab is given to something pure, noble or sacred,—they hold high carnival in the caverns of cold, hollow, prayerless, remorseless materialism; but we are surprised at Catholics, and more so at Irish Catholics, who encourage and support such an organ. They are few, it is true; but one or two bad apples will suffice to ruin a basketful. Think of Catholics purchasing that sheet every Sunday and bringing it home for their children to read; imagine Catholics contributing to that institution by means of advertisements, or by taking stock in such an establishment.

It may be a very good speculation, or it may not; but surely all the return that such an institution could possibly give would never compensate for the shame of having, even indirectly, a hand in the vileness that is belched forth against the objects of a Catholic's devotion and veneration.

We claim that the Catholic who, directly or indirectly, contributes—in one way or another—to the circulation and perpetuation of such an organ is unworthy the creed he professes and is not even a Christian in principle. We have no more to say upon the subject but leave it to the serious consideration of our readers. They certainly can feel an insult when it is of the most outrageous and unprovoked kind: they should know how to resent it when they are called upon to contribute to the support of the insulter.

AN IMMORAL RESORT.

Last week we referred to the complaints made by the Sherbrooke street Sisters about the houses of ill-repute on Fortier street; we also drew attention to the new establishment that is being set in working order up there. Since then many complaints have reached us regarding this house, which is rented by and in the name of a well-known Craig street saloon-keeper. It is already tenanted by a certain class of ladies (?) and well furnished. We know the establishment at which the furniture is procured,

and the name under which it is purchased. It is also stated that gambling is to be another prominent feature of this immoral resort. We bring these charges under the notice of the Police Committee, at this early date, so that the proper authorities cannot plead ignorance of the facts, if we should deem it necessary to make an open exposure of one of the most seductive and dangerous houses in Montreal.

We beg of the members of the committee to bestir themselves before it becomes necessary to enter into the details of the question and give the names of the participators in this outrage upon the respectable citizens of that locality.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION.

We have been asked by one of our numerous "Enquirers" to give "a firm Christian some reasonable argument in favor of the Roman Catholic doctrine of Transubstantiation." We are very anxious to answer in a satisfactory manner all the varied questions on every imaginable subject that are sent to us by subscribers and friends. Some times, however, these questions entail no end of labor and research, which we are only too glad to bestow upon them, as in the case of our series of articles on the "Act of the Union;" at other times they threaten to enter a domain—that of Theology—which is away beyond our humble reach and which we dread to approach with our inexperience or to explore with our lack of knowledge. However, without claiming any theological exactness for our reply, we will attempt to prove, from common sense—and nothing more—that either Transubstantiation exists, as taught by the Catholic Church, or else Christianity has no foundation, neither in Christ nor in the Scriptures; in other words, that if the New Testament is truly the word of God and if Christ is truly the Son of God, the dogma of Transubstantiation must necessarily be both reasonable and exact.

We take it for granted that our correspondent is a Christian, no matter what his denomination, and that he believes in the Bible. Firstly, if Christ is the Son of God, co-eval with the Father, equally Omnipotent, Omniscient and True, He must have always said exactly what He meant and meant what He said: "For every idle word that man shall speak, he shall render an account on the day of judgment." Christ never could have spoken an idle or useless word, if He was the Truth itself. Being possessed of all power and all knowledge He must have had full command of all language. This, then, is our major premise: that Christ as God, speaking in all the earnestness of one making a last will and testament, must have intended what He said to be understood as He said it; being Omnipotent He must have had the power to execute whatever He said; being Truth Eternal He must have willed what He said. Now, what did He say?

In describing the Last Supper, St. Mathew, in his gospel, (XXVI. 26.) tells us that Christ having taken bread broke it and giving it to His disciples told them to "take and eat," and added "for this is My Body." Did Christ say that? If not, St. Mathew wrote what was not exact, and if the first of the Evangelists deceived his readers, the whole Bible is a mere fiction. If we are to believe at all in Holy Writ, we must believe that St. Mathew recorded exactly and faithfully what Christ said on that occasion. St. Mathew tells us that Christ said "this is My Body," and we must believe that these were His words, otherwise there are no inspired Scriptures. If Christ used these words, being God, Truth itself and unable to deceive, He must

have intended them to convey exactly the meaning that they present, namely, that the bread in His hand became His body. If he wished it to be understood that the bread would be a figure of His Body, as God, He would have said so. But he did nothing of the kind, He merely said, "This is My Body." Our minor premise is, that Christ said what St. Mathew records. The only conclusion that can flow therefrom is that Christ having meant what He said, and having said that the bread was His Body, that it then and there became His Body. To deny the conclusion you must deny Christ's power to perform that miracle; if He were powerless to perform it, He was not God, for He was not Omnipotent. Take it as you please, either the transubstantiation then took place or else Christianity with its Founder and its Bible must perish.

When God drew the world from chaos the miracles was more wonderful than that of changing one substance into another. When God made man, He took a handful of earth—part of His own creation—and made man to His own image and likeness; when God—Christ—established the Eucharist, He took a handful of bread—part of His own creation—and made of it Himself. Nothing more or less wonderful in one act than in the other. Both were miracles; and once the boundary line between the natural and supernatural is passed there is no longer any limit to the possibilities of the power beyond. The same arguments hold good in the case of the perpetuation of that great mystery. If Christ could perform the first act He was equally able to transmit His power to others, that His other words might be fulfilled; "Do ye this in commemoration of Me," and "Behold, I am with you, all days, even to the consummation of the world." If the mystery of transubstantiation took place at the Last Supper, it takes place on our altars daily; if it does not take place on our altars, then it never took place at the Last Supper. Christ spoke useless words and deceived His disciples, and therefore could not have been the Son of God; or else St. Mathew placed words in His mouth which He did not use and consequently the first of the Gospels is false. In a word you must either accept the dogma of transubstantiation or else reject the Scriptures and the Divinity of Christ.

We however, perceive the great objection you make, but which you do not express. You say that even though all things are possible to God, still how can the body be there under the appearance of bread? We are possessed of human, physical senses, and we are not capable of understanding or feeling that which our senses cannot perceive. We are commanded to "eat the flesh of the Son of Man;" our physical taste, our sense of touch, our sight and all would be shocked, or even paralyzed, were they to perceive the reality of the Divine presence outside the Eucharistic form. But while the accidents of the bread—the shape, color, weight, taste, and so forth,—remain the same, still the substance is no longer the same—it has become the Body of Christ, which always brings us back to the same reasoning, based on His power as God.

You tell us that you cannot understand that reasoning; neither can we; nor can any other human being. We cannot understand it any more than we can the creation, or any other mystery of our Christian religion. It is here that Faith comes into play. If you have no faith you are no Christian, and if you cannot believe without seeing and understanding, you Christianity is *nil*. However, we will attempt, by an example, taken from common mortal life, to illustrate

the reasonableness of the Real Presence. But we must begin by the firm belief in Christ, and in the fact that Christ had the will and the power to do what He said. If he had not the will He was talking useless words and deceiving; if He had not the power, He was using still more meaningless language. In either case he could not have been God. So we must pre-suppose the will and power.

Let us take a powerful commander, or Emperor, (say Napoleon Bonaparte in the days of his power and glory) and illustrate our meaning through him. An officer has done some disgraceful act and he is brought before the Emperor. The angry monarch says: "You are an officer, and you are not ashamed?" Mark the words: "You are an officer." The Emperor merely stated a fact, but did not exercise his will or power and no change resulted from his words. Next day a private soldier is reported for an act of heroism and he comes before the Emperor. Looking proudly at the man in the worn and soiled uniform of a battle-torn private, the Emperor says: "You are a brave man; I say to you as a reward, you are an officer." The same words exactly, but this time coupled with the will to create him an officer and the power to so change his rank. Up to the moment that the Emperor said "you are," the man was still a private in the ranks; but the moment the Emperor added the words "an officer," the man became an officer. Why so? Because the Emperor said it, and the Emperor had the will and the power to change the private into an officer. There in the Emperor's presence he stood, an officer of the army; yet to all outward appearances a mere private soldier. He had neither sword, nor spurs, nor epaulets, nor sashes; but he was as much an officer as the one beside him in full uniform. The accidents were wanting, but the rank existed; the Emperor had the will and power to create that rank.

So was it, in a supernatural and more wonderful sense, when Christ took the bread into His Hand and breaking it said: "This is My Body." As long as Christ had only said "This is," the object in His Hand was bread; but the moment he added the words "My Body," it immediately became His Body. To all outward appearances it was still a piece of bread; to the on-looker there was no flesh to be seen, no form of a human frame; but by virtue of Christ's will that it should become His Body and by virtue of Christ's power to make it become His Body, the transubstantiation then and there took place. This, then, brings us back again. If you deny the Real Presence you must be prepared to either deny the truth of the Gospel, (in which case the Bible is false) or else the will and power of Christ, (in which case all Christianity is based upon a gigantic lie). We have not attempted any deep argument, nor do we feel competent to treat these theological questions adequately and satisfactorily. However, we know why we believe in the truths taught by the Church, and in our own rough and untutored way, we are prepared to give any Christian the benefit of our reasoning.

TO THE SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.

We desire to address a few plain words to the gentlemen who composed the Catholic School Board during the past couple of years—from January 1892 to May or June 1893. We have learned that you have been laboring for some time back under a very false impression which it is our duty to immediately efface. During the course of 1892, and also during the months of this year, that

have elapsed, quite a number of articles, upon school matters, appeared in the columns of the TRUE WITNESS. Some of those articles were critical, other laudatory, and all very clear and pointed. By some means or other members of the School Board became possessed of the idea that these articles were written, inspired or suggested by persons outside our office—members of communities, of the clergy, and laymen. What gave rise to such an impression is more than we are able to tell; but a more erroneous one never existed. We ask the members of the Board to kindly read and learned by heart what we are about to state; it may save them in future from harboring unjust and unfounded opinions and perchance prevent them from acting upon the same.

Every article that appeared in the editorial columns of the TRUE WITNESS, from the 25th January, 1892 down to this issue, was written by the present editor, and by him alone. No person else either directly nor indirectly suggested, inspired or penned one line that appeared in these columns. On the educational and school questions the ideas expressed, the plans laid, the arguments set forth and the opinions given were and are the sole property of the present editor. If any fault is to be found with them he alone is responsible. The articles were written—especially those of last year, to which reference is made—without consultation with any one, layman, priest or religious. They have been approved of by hundreds after they appeared; but were never dreamed of by any one, save the writer, before their publication. If the vivid imagination of any member of the Board suggested to him the idea that these articles emanated from any other source, then that man's imagination is to blame for having played him false: if any person ever stated to any member of the Board that a line of editorial on these matters was written, suggested or dictated by any human being, except the editor, then that person told a deliberate falsehood.

We trust that this statement is sufficiently plain to disabuse these gentlemen of any false impression under which they may have been laboring. It is a very bad thing to jump too readily at conclusions. Those to whom these words are addressed fully understand what we mean; they know exactly why we make these assertions; it is unnecessary for us to go into any further explanations. They must also know to whom we refer and why we refer at all to the matter. If an injustice of thought has been committed, we trust it will not be intensified by an injustice of action. If our language is not sufficiently clear and if our meaning is not understood, we are prepared to inform the public, as well as those to whom we address ourselves in particular, of the full details of the reason which called for this plain statement.

HOME RULE SPEECHES.

The authentic and *verbatim* reports of all the important Home Rule speeches delivered in the British House of Commons during the recent debates, have been collected into pamphlet form by Mr. P. Mungovan, the well-known "Rambler," whose name is a household word in every Irish Catholic family in Canada. The pamphlet is in press and will be issued in a few weeks. Any orders sent to THE TRUE WITNESS office, or addressed to the author, in care of this office, will be promptly attended to. The volume will contain the speeches of Gladstone, Balfour, Salisbury, Justin McCarthy, Sexton, Blake, Saunderson, Russell, and, in fine, every important speech delivered on the Home Rule measure. Price will be made known later on.

T. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S.,
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MONTREAL. 45 G

RUDYARD KIPLING.

We have been asked for an opinion upon the recent poetical productions of the world-known literary meteor, Rudyard Kipling. It would, in truth, be a matter of no small labor to undertake an analysis of his very strange and very original productions. However, we will take the last and second last of his effusions and with a few words of comment (very few will suffice) we will express what we honestly think of this strange light in the firmament of letters. It appears that his latest prose work has not received comment quite as favorable as those lavished upon his earlier stories; but, perhaps, the novelty of his style and of the peculiar daring of his excursions into the realms of fancy, has worn off, and the reading world is awakening to the fact that it is not a fixed star but an erratic comet that has flashed upon the sky.

The June number of the Pall Mall Magazine publishes Kipling's strange poetic production entitled "The Last Chanty:—'And there was no more Sea.'" What Christians, on the one hand, and critics, on the other, may think of this strange effusion, we know not; but it seems to us that the author defies both the first principles of Christianity and the most elementary rules of versification and grammar. In the same magazine, in literary notes, I. Zangwill thus speaks of this young writer: "Kipling is an artist who paints in broad slashes of picturesque color, I should like to hear native (oriental) opinion on his work; meantime I mistrust this aspect of it. By the way the 'Jews of Shushan,' in 'Life's Handicap,' being a story of *mine* own people, I can certify, is inaccurate. His 'modernity,' his quick touch, his contempt for speculative philosophy and ideals (we might add for everything else), his admiration of action, his concreteness and sensuousness, his audacity and cock-sureness, his frankness and generosity, his vivate tenderness, ay, his very passion for globe-trotting are all American. He would not be out of place presiding over the World's Fair, master of every trade and coming like a wise Lord God to tell the reporters tales of his daily toil and Edens newly made."

To persons who have not become familiar with Kipling's expressions the last sentence may sound harsh; but when the reader has found that Rudyard is constantly speaking of the "Lord God," not exactly in a tone of devotion, but rather using the words as a barrack-room oath, or catch word, the critic's phrase is easily understood. There is a species of irreverence or rather flippancy in the way Kipling deals with most serious subjects, and he carries to an unpleasant extreme his passion for unusual expressions, Anglo-Indian idioms, and words that only a certain class of men—as sailors or soldiers in the East—can understand; add to this his very ungrammatical flights, and his vagueness of expression and you have about all that is wonderful in his works. Like Carlyle's "Awfully Deep," that no one but the author of it could fathom, Kipling's "Last Chanty" may be the work of a genius, but only a genius could grasp the meaning of it; perchance in that lies the evidence of the poet's worth—yet poetry that requires a mental strain on the

reader's part is anything but pleasant. Take the following stanza from the "Last Chanty."

"Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:—

"Lo! Earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day,
That Our Word may be established, shall we gather up the Sea?"

"Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly Mariners;
Plague upon the hurricanes that made us furl and flee!
But the war is done between us,
In the depths the Lord has seen us,
Our bones we'll leave the barracout'; and God may sink the Sea!"

Then Judas complains because once yearly he came to quench his thirst in the Sea; and the off-shore Wind Angel complains because his occupation is gone; and St. Paul complains because he had a liking for the Sea; and the mariners complain, because:—

"Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily,
Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard,
May we lift the Dipsea Chanty such as seamen use at Sea?"

Becoming tired of singing heavenly canticles, we find them,

"Crying, 'Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor ice!
Must we sing forever more
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat for open Sea!"

These queer rhymes are followed by this ungrammatical stanza; the italics are our own, for the purpose of drawing the reader's attention to the language and style.

"Then stooped the Lord and He called the good Sea to Him,
And established its borders unto all Eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the Sea."

Mr. Kipling must have a Cockney pronunciation, and writes as he pronounces, else he is careless regarding his rhymes. He tells us:—

"And the ships shall go abroad
To the glory of the Lord."

And in another place we find "Dawn" and "Horn" ending their respective lines; and again "Wool" and "Hull." Evidently he pronounces his favorite word "Lawd," and calls the famous Cape "Hawn."

We would like to have space to give a lengthy analysis of his "Song of the English," but it is impossible, at least for this issue. He opens it with an imitation of Macaulay's style, as noticed in certain "Lays," but he gives eight different species of verse before coming to a close. He begins with his "Lord God" smothering a pathway to the ends of the earth for the English, that is to say, for "Ye who come of The Blood." Speaking of the Faith he makes use of a low expression, not unfrequently found in the writings of Shakespeare and others of his day, and which while admissible in that age, is vulgar and debasing in the poetry of our times. Poetry should please with its harmony; but such-like expressions grate upon the ear of modern readers and are alien to the spirit of true poetry. His "Coastwise Lights" is a very fine conception, but spoiled by the tangle of nautical expressions that the general reader cannot readily understand. In his "Song of the Cities" of the Empire he gives the East seven, and the antipodes five, while he shunts Canada aside with one stanza on Quebec. And Quebec is by no means a typical Canadian city; it is the only relic of medievalism in North America. In justice he should have touched on Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa. But his purpose would not thus be suited. He wished to cast a slur upon this Province on account of its Catholicity; he wanted to express his narrow and bigotted idea that while we live under a free British constitution we are still slaves of superstition. And in his ignorance of our Faith, his lack of acquaintance with Quebec, his adoration

of what he calls "The Blood of England," he thus gives vent to his spleen and at once exhibits his audacious presumption and his narrowness of soul.

"QUEBEC."

"From my grey scarps I watched, with scornful eyes,
Ignoble broil of Freedom most unfree,
Fear nothing, mother! where the carcass lies
That Uncle Sam must be!"

We have said enough to convey an idea of what we think of Rudyard Kipling as a genius; a Barnyard Stripling might be a genius and a wonderful poet, if eccentricity constitutes the former and presumption is all that is required in the latter.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe and other sources.)

It is reported (under reserves) that the Holy Father will shortly issue a very important Encyclical on the Jubilee treating of the Papacy and its relations to contemporary questions.

Assurance is given that Turkey recently started secret negotiations with the Pope to obtain a concordat regulating affairs touching the Christian subjects of the Ottoman empire. The Holy Father refused lest he might interfere with the protectorate of France.

A special commission has been appointed to take up the cause of the Blessed Joachim Piccolomini, Servite, so that his canonization may be proceeded with. The cause of the Blessed Majella, Redemptorist, has also been taken up with the same object.

The liberty of the press is a dead letter in the kingdom ruled by Humbert and Tiburzi, the brigand of Viterbo. The manager of the *Osservatore Romano* has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment and a fine of £10 for having published an article headed "After the Fetes," touching the visit of the Emperor William to the Quirinal.

There has been a revolution in the Italian army. Bandmasters are in future to rank as officers. This is but imitating the system which prevailed in the Pontifical army. The celebrated Maestro Rolland, for instance was musical chief of the gendarmery. If veterinary surgeons and rough-riders are recognized as gentlemen, why should not professors of the heavenly art of music? Dan Godfrey is the only celebrated musical officer in the British service, and he is but a lieutenant.

Sergeant Rougault, an old Pontifical Zouave, has just passed away to his reward in France. For a time he was preparing for a religious life, but volunteered for the service of the Church under arms when the Pope called for volunteers. In succession he was an artilleryist and a dragoon, and afterwards joined the regiment of De Charette. At Mentana he distinguished himself. He was a dead-shot, and laid fourteen Garibaldians low before the combat was brought to a termination. For six hours he discharged his rifle or that of others, and he is but ceived as much as a scratch.

Religious Notes.

Rev. J. E. Poitras, who has been vicar of St. Johns for the last two years, has been transferred to the College of L'Assomption where he will become one of the professors.

The ecclesiastical retreat of the priests of the archdiocese of Montreal will be opened on Monday next. Archbishop Fabre is to preside.

Rev. M. Gandet, parish priest of Lacadie, has been appointed parish priest of Point St. Charles, to replace Rev. Mr. Carriere, who is retiring to Ste. Therese because of ill-health.

Mgr. Decelles, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, laid the corner stone of the new Catholic church at St. Cesaire last Sunday.

Again has Notre Dame University been bereaved, this time in the person of the Rev. Alexis Granger, O.S.C., the first vice-president of the University. He died on the evening of July 26, as the age of seventy six. Father Granger for many years was the Provincial General of the Order of the Holy Cross in America.

Cardinal Gibbons has declined the proposed \$10,000 purse his priest and people wanted to collect.

CATHOLIC NEWS ITEMS.

"Parish Works" is the general intention recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart by the Pope for the month of August.

A great Catholic Congress which recently met at Cracow sent a telegram to the Holy Father warmly protesting against the restrictions on his liberty.

The Right Rev. Bishop Kain received at Washington, D.C., the Papal document making him Archbishop of the see of Oxrychus in partibus infidelium and appointing him coadjutor, cum jure successione, to the archbishop of St. Louis.

In the municipal elections throughout Italy the Catholics are this year gaining triumphs which must greatly stimulate them in the exercise of their power. At Monza their candidates headed the list, the first place being held by professor Talmoni, a priest.

Cardinal Gibbons wants his silver jubilee to be celebrated in a simple manner, but at the same time it is his desire that the ceremonies shall be both solemn and impressive. The jubilee will unquestionably be one of the grandest ceremonies ever witnessed in the Baltimore cathedral, for in many respects the Baltimore prelate is regarded as the foremost of American Catholic dignitaries, and will be honored as such next October.

Among the notable papers that are to be read at the coming Catholic congress to be held next month at Chicago are ones by Bishop Watterson of Columbus, who has been accorded the honor of treating the Papal question, and by Rev. John T. Murphy of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, and the well-known president of the Holy Ghost College, at Pittsburg. Father Murphy stands in the front rank of our Catholic educators, and as the subjects he is to treat in his paper is an educational one, "Catholic High Schools," those who are fortunate enough to hear him will enjoy a literary treat.

THE SHAMROCKS' VICTORY AT CHICAGO.

Hail, champions of the nations game,
Once more green laurels deck your brow,
Illuming on the roll of fame,
The honor victories bestow.
Where'er lacrosse's pennant waves,
In memory let it keep unfurled
For the true, the noble, and the brave,
The Shamrocks—champions of the world.

Could you but see the anxious crowd
That thronged St. James's street the night
That victory placed the laurel wreath,
And crowned you foremost in the fight.
They scanned the news with sparkling eyes,
And hands shook hands, while shouts of joy
Burst forth upon the evening air,
In honor of our Shamrock boys.

Oh! where's there a shout like an Irish shout,
Oh! where is there love like the Irish love,
Oh history trace for that grand old race,
Whose heroic valor made nations move.
Often forced to roam, from their native home,
With tear and moan and with many a sigh,
And for France, with fame, they engraved
their names
With their gallant charge at Fontenoy.

From that race has sprung, and whose praise I sing
A gallant band of young Irishmen.
At the World's Great Fair did thousands stare,
The charge they made as the game was seen;
Oh! to hear the shout that then rang out
When victory blighted upon the green,
'Twas a sight entrancing, and wild from dancing
They cheer with joy for the Shamrock team.

Home boys again, and an Irish welcome
Is ever ready to feast you here;
With love we'll greet you where'er we meet you,
And faith we'll treat you with something dear.
You have crowned with glory, what will live in story
Chicago's trophy will proudly gleam,
And as years do glide, we'll look with pride
To that victory won by the Shamrock team.

Montreal, August 10th, 1893. —JOHN DODD.

Official returns show a marked increase in the ravages of cholera in the parts of the Russian Empire where the disease is epidemic.

The death occurred on July 13th at Rome of Father Nicolas Mauron, the head of the Redemptorist Order for the last thirty-nine years. He was seventy-nine years of age.

Lady Aberdeen has given an order to a Dublin nurseryman for 1,000 pots of shamrocks to be sent to the Irish village at the World's Fair.

HISTORY OF 15 YEARS.

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhoea, and we never had anything to equal it. We highly recommend it. SAMUEL WEBB, Cobourg, Ont.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XV.

"You are right. I see it all." And now he seized her hand and kissed it as though he had won the right to that rapturous enjoyment.

She drew her hand, but so slowly and so gently as to convey nothing of rebuke or displeasure. "And so you are going away?" said she, softly.

"Yes; Walpole has some pressing reason to be at once in Dublin. He is afraid to make the journey without a doctor; but rather than risk delay, in sending for one, he is willing to take me as his body surgeon, and I have accepted the charge."

The frankness with which he said this seemed to influence her in his favor, and she said, with a tone of like candor: "You are right. His family are people of influence, and will not readily forget such a service."

Though he winced under the words, and showed that it was not exactly the mode in which he waded his courtesy to be regarded, she took no account of the passing irritation, but went on:

"If you fancy you know something about me, Mr. Atlee, I know far more about you. Your chum, Dick Kearney, has been so outspoken as to his friend, that my Cousin Kate and I have been accustomed to discuss you like a near acquaintance—what am I saying?—I mean like an old friend."

"I am very grateful for the interest; but will you kindly say what is the version my friend Dick has given of me? what are the lights that have fallen upon my humble character?"

"Do you fancy that either of us have time at this moment to open so large a question? Would not the estimate of Mr. Joseph Atlee be another mode of discussing the times we live in, and the young gentlemen, more or less ambitious, who want to influence them? would not the question embrace everything, from the difficulties of Ireland, to the puzzling embarrassment of a clever young man who has everything in his favor in life, except the only thing that makes life worth living for?"

"You mean fortune—money?"

"Of course I mean money. What is so powerless as poverty? Do I not know it—not of yesterday, or the day before, but for many a long year? What so helpless, what so jarring to temper, so dangerous to all principle, and so subversive of all dignity? I can afford to say these things, and you can afford to hear them, for there is a sort of brotherhood between us. We claim the same land for our origin. Whatever our birth-place, we are both Bohemians!"

She held out her hand as she spoke, and with such an air of cordiality and frankness that Joe caught the spirit of the action at once, and bending over, pressed his lips to it, as he said: "I seal the bargain."

"And swear to it?"

"I swear to it," cried he.

"There, that is enough. Let us go back, or, rather, let me go back alone. I will tell them I have seen you, and heard of your approaching departure."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO "KEARNEYS."

A visit to his father was not usually one of those things that young Kearney either speculated on with pleasure beforehand, or much enjoyed when it came. Certain measures of decorum, and some still more pressing necessities of economy required that he should pass some months of every year at home; but they were always seasons looked forward to with a mild terror, and when the time drew nigh, met with a species of dogged, fierce resolution that certainly did not serve to lighten the burden of the infliction; and though Kate's experience of this temper was not varied by any exceptions, she would still go on looking with pleasure for the time of his visit, and plotting innumerable little schemes for enjoying while he should remain. The first day or two after his arrival usually went over pleasantly enough. Dick came back full of his town life and his amusements, and Kate was quite satisfied to accept any gaiety at second-hand. He had so much to say of balls,

and picnics, and charming rides in the Phoenix, of garden-parties in the beautiful environs of Dublin, or more pretentious entertainments that took the shape of excursions to Bray or Killiney. She came at last to learn all his friends and acquaintances by name, and never confounded the stately beauties that he worshiped afar off with the "awfully jolly girls" whom he flirted with quite irresponsibly. She knew, too, all about his male companions, from the flash young fellow-commoner from Downshire, who had a saddle-horse and a mounted groom waiting for him every day after morning lecture, down to that scampish Joe Atlee, with whose scrapes and eccentricities he filled many an idle hour.

Independently of her gift as a good listener, Kate would very willingly have heard all Dick's adventures and descriptions not only twice but tenth told; just as the child listens with unwearied attention to the fairy-tale whose end he is well aware of, but still likes the little detail falling fresh upon his ear, so would this young girl make him go over some narrative she knew by heart, and would not suffer him to omit the slightest incident or most trifling circumstance that heightened the interest of the story.

As to Dick, however, the dull monotony of the daily life, the small and vulgar interests of the house or the farm, which formed the only topics, the undergrowth of economy that ran through every conversation, as though penuriousness was the great object of existence—but perhaps, more than all these together, the early hours—so overcame him that he at first became low-spirited, and then sulky, seldom appearing save at meal-times, and certainly contributing little to the pleasures of the meeting; so that at last, though she might not easily have been brought to the confession, Kate Kearney saw the time of Dick's departure approach without regret, and was actually glad to be relieved from that terror of a rupture between her father and her brother of which not a day passed without a menace.

Like all men who aspire to something in Ireland, Kearney desired to see his son a barrister: for great as are the rewards of that high career, they are not the fascinations which appeal most strongly to the squirearchy, who love to think that a country gentleman may know a little law and be never the richer for it—may have acquired a profession, and yet never known what was a client or what a fee.

That Kearney of Kilgobbin Castle should be reduced to tramping his way down the Bachelor's Walk to the Four Courts, with a stuff bag carried behind him, was not to be thought of; but there were so many positions in life, so many situations for which that gifted creature the barrister of six years' standing was alone eligible, that Kearney was very anxious his son should be qualified to accept that £1,000 or £1,800 a year which a gentleman could hold without any shadow upon his capacity, or the slightest reflection on his industry.

Dick Kearney, however, had not only been living a very gay life in town, but, to avail himself of a variety of those flattering attentions which this interested world bestows by preference on men of some pretension, had let it be believed that he was the heir to a very considerable estate, and by great probability, also to a title. To have admitted that he thought it necessary to follow any career at all would have been to abdicate these pretensions, and so he evaded that question of the law in all discussions with his father, sometimes affecting to say he had not made up his mind, or that he had scruples of conscience about a barrister's calling, or that he doubted whether the Bar of Ireland was not, like most high institutions, going to be abolished by Act of Parliament, and all the litigation of the land be done by deputy in Westminster Hall.

On the morning after the visitors took their departure from Kilgobbin, old Kearney, who usually relapsed from any exercise of hospitality into a more than ordinary amount of parsimony, sat thinking over the various economies by which the domestic budget could be squared, and after a very long seance with old Gill, in which the question of raising some rents and diminishing certain bounties was discussed, he sent up the steward to Mr. Richard's room to say he wanted to speak to him.

Dick, at the time of the message, was stretched full length on a sofa, smoking a meerschaum, and speculating how it was that the "swells" took to Joe Atlee, and what they saw in that confounded

snob, instead of himself. Having in a degree satisfied himself that Atlee's success was all owing to his intense and outrageous flattery, he was startled from his reverie by the servant's entrance.

"How is he this morning, Tim?" asked he, with a knowing look. "Is he fierce—is there anything up—have the heifers been passing the night in the wheat, or has any one come over from Moate with a bill?"

"No, sir, none of them; but his blood's up about something. Ould Gill is gone down the stair, swearing like mad, and Miss Kate is down the road, with a face like a turkey-cock."

"I think you'd better say I was out, Tim—that you couldn't find me in my room."

"I daren't, sir. He saw that little Skye terrier of yours below, and he said to me: 'Mr. Dick is sure to be at home; tell him I want him immediately.'"

"But if I had a bad headache, and couldn't leave my bed, wouldn't that be excuse enough?"

"It would make him come here. And if I was you, sir, I'd go where I could get away myself, and not where he could stay as long as he liked."

"There's something in that. I'll go, Tim. Say I'll be down in a minute."

Very careful to attire himself in the humblest costume of his wardrobe, and specially mindful that neither studs nor watch-chain should offer offensive matter of comment, he took his way toward the dreary little den, which, filled with old top-boots, driving-whips, garden implements and fishing-tackle, was known as "the lord's study," but whose sole literary ornament was a shelf of antiquated almanacs. There was a strange grimness about his father's aspect which struck young Kearney as he crossed the threshold. His face wore the peculiar sardonic expression of one who had not only hit upon an expedient, but achieved a surprise, as he held an open letter in one hand and motioned with the other to a seat.

"I've been waiting till these people were gone, Dick—till we had a quiet house of it—to say a few words to you. I suppose your friend Atlee is not coming back here?"

"I suppose not, sir."

"I don't like him, Dick; and I'm much mistaken if he is a good fellow."

"I don't think he is actually a bad fellow, sir. He is often terribly hard up, and has to do scores of shifty things, but I never found him out in anything dishonorable or false."

"That's a matter of taste, perhaps. Maybe you and I might differ about what was honorable or what was false. At all events, he was under our roof here, and if those nobles—or swells, I believe you call them—were like to be of use to any of us, we, the people that were entertaining them, were the first to be thought of; but your pleasant friend thought differently, and made such good use of his time that he cut you out altogether, Dick—he left you nowhere."

"Really, sir, it never occurred to me till now to take that view of the situation."

"Well, take that view of it now, and see how you'll like it! you have your way to work in life as well as Mr. Atlee. From all I can judge, you're scarcely as well calculated to do it as he is. You have not his smartness, you have not his brains, and you have not his impudence—and faith, I'm much mistaken but it's the best of the three!"

"I don't perceive, sir, that we are necessarily pitted against each other at all."

"Don't you? Well, so much the worse for you if you don't see that every fellow that has nothing in the world is the rival of every other fellow that's in the same plight. For every one that swims, ten, at least, sink."

"Perhaps, sir, to begin, I never fully realized the first condition. I was not exactly aware that I was without anything in the world."

"I'm coming to that, if you'll have a little patience. Here is a letter from Tom M'Keown, of Abbey street. I wrote to him about raising a few hundreds on mortgage, to clear off some of our debts, and have a trifle in hand for drainage and to buy stock, and he tells me that there's no use going to any of the money-lenders so long as your extravagance continues to be the talk of the town. Av, you

needn't grow red nor frown that way. The letter was a private one to myself, and I'm only telling it to you in confidence. Hear what he says: 'You have a right to make your son a fellow-commoner if you like, and he has a right, by his father's own showing, to behave like a man of fortune; but neither of you have a right to believe that men who advance money will accept these pretensions as good security, or think anything but the worse of you both for your extravagance.'"

"And you don't mean to horowhip him sir?" burst out Dick.

"Not, at any rate, till I pay off two thousand pounds that I owe him, and two years' interest at six per cent., that he has suffered me to become his debtor for."

"Lame as he is, I'll kick him before twenty-four hours are over."

"If you do, he'll shoot you like a dog, and it wouldn't be the first time he handled a pistol. No, no, Master Dick. Whether for better or worse, I can't tell, but the world is not what it was when I was your age. There's no provoking a man to a duel nowadays; nor no posting him when he won't fight. Whether it's your fortune is damaged or your feelings hurt, you must look to the law to redress you; and to take your cause into your own hands is to have the whole world against you."

"And this insult is then to be submitted to?"

"It is, first of all, to be ignored. It's the same as if you never heard it. Just get it out of your head, and listen to what he says. Tom M'Keown is one of the keenest fellows I know; and he has business with men who know not only what's doing in Downing street, but what's going to be done there. Now here's two things that are about to take place: one is the same as done, for it's all ready prepared—the taking away the landlord's right, and making the State determine what rent the tenant shall pay, and how long his tenure will be. The second won't come for two sessions after, but it will be a law all the same. There's to be no primogeniture class at all, no entail on land, but a subdivision, like in America, and, I believe, in France."

"I don't believe it, sir. These would amount to a revolution."

(To be continued.)

Great Pacific Tea Co., 213 St. James street, near G. R. Station. (Inquire for yourself.)

WAIT A BIT.—Friendly stranger, who insists upon shaking hands: To think that we have been neighbours for ever so long, and I didn't know it. Yet your face seems familiar to me. I am sure I've seen you somewhere before. Bashful neighbour: At the Ultratorium Club, maybe? Friendly stranger: Of course. I don't go much to the club, though. Such a mixed lot. Are you often there? Bashful neighbour, becoming still more bashful: Oh yes, sir; I'm there every day. Friendly stranger: Old member, I suppose? Bashful neighbour: No, sir, head waiter.—Judy.

MONTREAL, November 1891. I was suffering for three months from an obstinate cough, pricking in my throat, night sweats and a general debility, which caused me to fear consumption of the throat. I am now perfectly well, and owe my cure to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took four small bottles of 25 cents each. FELIX SAUVAGEAU, General Contractor, No. 174 St. Antoine Street.

MONTREAL, 28th February, 1892.—J. G. Lavolette, Esq., M.D., No. 217 Commissioners street. Sir,—I suffered for 22 years from a severe bronchitis and oppression which I had caught during the Franco-Prussian war. I made use in France and Canada of many important remedies, but unavailing. I am now completely cured after having used 4 bottles of your Syrup of Turpentine. I am happy to give you this testimonial, and hope for the good of humanity, your syrup may become known everywhere. AUGUSTE BODSSEL, Advertising Agent for "Le National."

MONTREAL, 18th December, 1890. I, the undersigned, do certify that Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which I am using for some time, is the only remedy that has given me a notable relief from "Asthma," a disease from which I have been a sufferer for many years, and which had become so very serious as to require my dispensation from occupation of any kind. I have been treated by several physicians abroad, but without the slightest result; and do here state that the progressive improvement which is daily taking place in my health by the use of this Syrup gives me entire confidence in a radical cure. SISTER OCTAVIEN, Sister of Charity of the Providence, corner of Fullum and St. Catherine Sts.

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM, corner St. Hubert and St. Catherine Streets. I consider it my duty to certify that, being a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis since over 22 years, the use of Doctor Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine has given me a great relief. The cough has diminished and sleep has returned gradually. SISTER THOMAS CORSIKI, Sister of Charity of the Providence.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as HOOD'S Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

NUNS AT THE FAIR.

Practical Good in Various Ways That Will Accrue From Their Visits.

Chief among the features of the World's Fair that render it especially congenial to the Catholic visitor and serve for the non-Catholic as object lessons in faith must be counted the presence of members of the different religious communities. They are seen in every department of the vast enclosure, white-habited Dominicans, robe-girdled Franciscans in brown, Grey Nuns, Sisters of St. Joseph, of Mercy, of Charity; all types of the highest womanhood, all representatives of teaching orders, and all leaving the beloved seclusion of their convent homes to listen for a brief space to the beating of this great heart of civilization and to learn, for the benefit of those entrusted to their care, the lessons taught by this triumph of human endeavor and achievement.

Their object is fully realized by the great crowds that gather at Lake Michigan through curiosity or for amusement. The earnest, purposeful faces under veil or cornette are those of students and many marks of unobtrusive but respectful consideration are shown their owners. The value of a week's study at the Fair to a teacher cannot be overestimated. A month's close attendance would not be wasted, but much may be done in a week, with well-trained faculties. After the superior, the member of a community likely to derive the most practical good from his visit would be the directress of studies and this not by confining herself to the study of specific exhibits, such as the educational work, but by the general culture she would receive from a comparative study of the characteristics of different national exhibits, as well as those of the various sections of our own country. Where art, music, kindergarten work or any speciality is given prominence in a school the teacher of that department should be allowed to derive all the advantages she will find at her command in the magnificent art galleries and ceramic displays, the rendition of the world's masterpieces in music and the lectures and examples of child-training.

There is, however, very little question as to the utility of a week or a fortnight's study of the great exhibition. Its advisability for religious communities is the mooted point, and on this ground it is to be considered in double light,—in its effect on the community and its probable influence on observers. Discussion of the first point, involving as it does a delicate problem in the ethics of religious life and depending somewhat on the peculiarities of the individual community and the construction and interpretation of its rule, is beyond newspaper province, but there can scarcely be two opinions as to the good to be done by the appearance of religious in such an assemblage as the Fair has called together.

The effect of what was accomplished in the way of disarming prejudice and enlightening the people as to the true nature of our sisterhoods by their work during the war is still felt, and in its own degree the World's Fair might perform a similar mission. It is not necessary to face death again on a hundred battlefields, nor to throw open the doors of our hospitals and orphan asylums after the harvest of another bloody war has been reaped, in order to make an impression on the American people. They are already convinced in their heart of hearts that if deeds of heroic and unselfish devotion are to be performed, volunteers for them will be found in the ranks of the Catholic priesthood and the religious communities. It is, however, vitally necessary to awaken in them a strong interest in matters pertaining to Catholic faith if investigation and conversion are to follow.

The caricatures of Brother Jonathan's inquisitive traits that English papers are so fond of making are not without a spice of truth, and, like all good caricatures, are merely exaggerated likenesses. We are an essentially curious people. True, it is the questioning gaze of a young nation looking across a world of yesterdays, and is in itself neither an entirely unlovely nor unprofitable characteristic; but, whatever its merits, it should not be ignored in efforts for the propagation of the faith.

Our religious communities have nothing to fear from investigation and familiar knowledge, and wherever their gracious influence can reach, whenever the clarion cry of their good deeds can break

the numbing spell of indifference that enchains so many noble souls, conversions follow almost as a matter of course.

But those who come of their own volition to be edified are the few, and the great mother heart of the Church yearns for the heedless many. In this eager, instinctive curiosity of the American, his perpetual "I want to know," lies a great opportunity for the Church. A restoration, if it were possible, of certain of the conditions of mediæval life, notably an effacement of the lines Puritanism has helped to draw between the religious and the secular life, would result in an increase of intelligence and fervor among Catholics and restore thousands of wandering souls to the fold.

There was a time in France, in Italy, or in England in the Middle Ages, the ages of faith, when the great religious orders were at one with the life of the people. Separation was undreamed of. No sketch of that period can be a representative one if it omits this feature. All the clergy and a majority of the religious orders were closely identified with the daily life of the people. It is impossible to picture a street of Italy at that time without the presence of friars and nuns, teaching, preaching, or passing to and fro on various errands of charity, at all times, and under all circumstances, visible reminders of higher life—visible rebukes of evil.

Some such a condition is approximated in scenes witnessed at the World's Fair. The many-colored stream of humanity drifting through the wonderful maze of buildings, swayed by myriad impulses of wonder and admiration, pleasure and pain, while mingling with the vast concourse, lending a sweet gravity to each brilliant scene, and teaching lessons far more valuable than they receive, lessons of modesty, simplicity, and single-hearted endeavor, most of all lessons in the beauty of holiness. It is more than a highly privileged season of study for religious who attend the Fair; it is an outlet for zeal, an opportunity for missionary work.—By INEZ OKEY, in the *Catholic Columbian*.

Sir John's Return.

It is expected that Sir John S. D. Thompson will arrive in the city a week from Saturday next. It is understood that he will proceed at once to Ottawa, and that shortly after his arrival in the Capital he will make arrangements for a series of public meetings in various parts of the country. There will be no demonstration to him upon his arrival in the city.

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CHOLERA
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SUMMER COMPLAINTS
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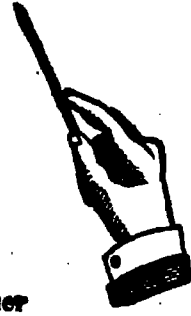
COUNTY OF HOHELAGA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. FALL SHOW.

The Fall Show of this Society will be held this year in connection with the Provincial Exhibition, which takes place on the Exhibition Grounds, Mile End, from the fourth to the ninth of September, inclusive. Entries for competition for the prizes offered by this Society (which are open to its members only) must be made with the undersigned secretary, at his office, New York Life Building, Place d'Armes square, on or before the first of September next. Prize lists, which are this year in pamphlet form, can be had on application at the office of the undersigned.

H. BRODIE, Sec.-Treas.

Room 202, New York Life Building, Place d'Armes.

That Pie



I had for dinner
was the best I ever ate.
Thanks to COTTOLENE, the
new and successful shortening.

ASK YOUR
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Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

The Opposition Bound to Obstruct.

LONDON, August 14.—That the Government is to obtain no concession whatever from the Unionists has been evidenced during the past week, and whatever success attends Mr. Gladstone's policy will be due entirely to his own skill as a parliamentarian and not to any yielding on the part of his political enemies. On Friday evening the Prime Minister had a private friendly talk with the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, the Conservative leader in the House of Commons, with a view to arriving at an entente in regard to the redistribution of the seats to be filled by the Irish in the Imperial Parliament when the Home Rule bill shall become law. Mr. Balfour was open to an arrangement of the vexed question, but he could do nothing, as the Irish Unionist refused to listen to any argument whatsoever in favor of the proposition, and this attitude compelled the cessation of the negotiations.

THEIR FOLLOWERS ARE SAVAGE.

The Conservative leaders have caused the rank and file of that party to be sounded through its whips on the question of abandoning the policy of obstruction upon the estimates. Here also the leaders who desire to bring the session to a close were balked by the savage temper of their followers, who are opposed to anything that savors of a truce with the Government. War a la outrance is the dominant spirit of the Unionists. This spirit is shared in, if not inspired by, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the erstwhile friend and political lieutenant of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Chamberlain held aloof from Mr. Balfour's communications with the Government, which had the sanction of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, formerly chancellor of the exchequer, and the Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks Beach, formerly president of the Board of Trade, whose voices are always listened to in the councils of the Conservative party. The depth of the earnestness of the Conservatives against the Home Rule bill is attested by the fact that few of them are paired with Liberal members for the shooting season, which opened Saturday. Never during the most critical periods of the past Parliaments have the Conservative whips found the representative members of the party willing to surrender sport for work. Heretofore when the shooting of grouse and other moor game began many members would pair off and hasten to the

country, throwing parliamentary business to the winds in their eagerness to tramp the fields with guns and dogs. This year the shooting parties will be conspicuous through the lack of members of the House of Commons attending them.

PARNELLITES WILL VOTE FOR THE BILL.

Notwithstanding the action taken on Wednesday last by the Parnellite convention in Dublin denouncing the measure and declaring that it would not be accepted by the people of Ireland, Mr. John E. Redmond, who presided at the convention, promises that the Parnellites will vote for the bill when it comes up on its third reading in the House of Commons. It is estimated that the Government's final majority will be thirty-six. It is expected in official circles that the Home Rule bill will be sent up to the House of Lords on September 4. The debate on the measure in the House of Lords will occupy a fortnight, during which time the Government will proceed with the vote on supply. If the Unionists carry out their threats to obstruct the estimates in every possible way the cloture will be applied to each block of the estimates. This will be contrary to precedent, but the Government has decided that it will be better to establish a precedent than to submit to the tactics of the Opposition, whose only political object is to wreck the Government.

John Murphy & Co's

ADVERTISEMENT.

GREAT REMOVAL SALE!

Discount from 10 to 75 per cent.

NOTICE.—We beg to inform our customers that we are completely sold out of these Beaded Front Panels, etc., sold at half-price, as advertised in last week's papers.

SPECIAL ATTENTION!

We beg to call ladies' special attention to the following lot of Laces that will be slaughtered this week. Note the Prices:

COLORED LACES.

Colors: Fawn, Bronze, Maroon, Green, Olive, Myrtle, Brown, etc. Widths from 2½ to 4½ inches, to be sold as follows:

Former Price 2½c.	to be sold at 5c. yd'
" " 25c "	" " 6c. yd.
" " 30c "	" " 7c. yd.
" " 35c "	" " 8c. yd.
" " 40c "	" " 10c. yd.
" " 50c "	" " 12c. yd.
" " \$1.00 "	" " 25c. yd.
" " \$1.40 "	" " 35c. yd.

EXTRA SPECIAL!

Thirty-six inches wide, pure wool, in Garnet, Brown and Beige, marked \$1.25 to be sold 31c. per yard. Only 70 yards of this line left.

Twenty inches wide, pure wool. Colors: Fawn, Mid. Brown, Dk. Brown, marked \$1.00, to be sold 25c. per yard.

Sixteen inches wide, pure wool. Colors: Navy, Biscuit, Brown, marked \$1.00, to be sold 25c. per yard.

A RIPE PLUM.

Forty-two inches wide, Black Yak Lace, only 30 yards left, to be sold 15c. a yard. Former price \$1.40 per yard.

GLOVES! GLOVES!

Just thrown on the counters a fine lot of Suede Gloves in the best sizes and colors marked \$1.35 per pair, to be sold 65c. a pair.

ONLY A FEW!

Only 10 dozen left of these fine Suede Gloves, so we would strongly advise our Lady customers wishing for fine Suede Gloves to call early and make their selection.

THE COLORS AND SIZES!

The colors are: French Grey, Mid. Grey, Dk. Grey, Blue Grey, Fawn, Dk. Fawn, Taupe and Brown. Sizes: 5½ to 7.

MAIL ORDERS!

Mail orders for this special line of Suede Gloves will receive a careful and prompt attention.

ONLY 1000 YARDS.

Only 1000 yards left of them Job Embroidered, sold for half the reduced price. Make your selection from the good patterns left.

DRESS & MANTLE ORNAMENTS

Your choice at 5 cents each on a lot of dress ornaments, marked from 25c. to \$1.25 each.

STILL A FEW YARDS.

Still a few yards left of these beautiful Jet Trimmings, to be sold at exactly half price.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

1781 & 1783 NOTRE DAME STREET.
And 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter
Terms Cash and only one price.
Telephone 2100.

"LOYAL" ULSTER'S TOLERANCE.

Crashing Exposure by an English Home Ruler—Masterly Indictment.

The following letter has been published in the Grantham Times:

SIR,—My attention has been called to a letter written by Mr. Arnold Forster, the member for West Belfast, in which he takes to task Mr. Halley Stewart, the member for the Spalding Division of Lincolnshire, for statements the latter gentleman has recently made in a letter on the recent disturbances in Belfast on the occasion of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill.

Mr. Arnold Foster, with that assurance which is such a characteristic of the Unionist party and the Irish Unionist in particular, throws out a challenge to Mr. H. Stewart, "or any other person" to contradict the truth or otherwise of his statement. Therefore as one of those persons I feel entitled to have my say. I may say I have during the last nine months being employed at the largest ship-building works in Belfast, and may therefore lay claim to know nearly as much as Mr. Foster does about the wishes and the aspirations of the people in the North of Ireland, with the additional advantage that I was in Belfast at the time of the disturbance and at a time when he certainly was not.

Mr. Arnold Forster in his letter says there was no persecution of the Catholics by the Protestants, but on the other hand they were the very first to protect them. Let us see, then, how this statement works out. On the Friday night when the Bill was read a second time it was the general topic in Belfast that if the Bill was read a second time the men on Queen's Island would refuse to work with the Catholic workmen, and on the morning following the second reading a resolution was passed at breakfast time in the boiler shop of Messrs. Harland and Wolff stating that after that date they would not work with any Catholic or Protestant Home Ruler.

On the following Monday morning the resolution was carried out to the full. When the Catholic workmen arrived they were told by their Protestant fellow workmen that they had to quit. Most of them, seeing the danger they were in, went at once, but some few who maintained their right to remain at work, were at once subjected to such brutal treatment that many received such injuries that their lives were in danger, as the evidence of the medical gentlemen who subsequently attended them amply proved, and copies of which can be obtained if required. This occurred in the presence of the vast majority of the men employed, and when I say that something like eight thousand are employed in one shipbuilding yard alone, you will be able to form some estimate of the unfortunate position the minority were placed in on that occasion.

The whole disgraceful business was a convincing proof that no man was safe in Belfast if he dares to hold an opinion which is contrary to the opinion of the majority. Mr. Arnold Foster does not say how many men were thrown out of work by the action of their fellow-workmen; therefore as he seems so very desirous that the truth may be known, it may be as well to inform your readers that no less than 900 men whose only offence was that they were true to the faith in which they were born, or held opinions which differed from those held by the majority, were deprived of the work. Speaking for myself, I was never so proud as when I found myself among those 900 victims of religious bigotry and political intolerance.

and unless the disturbances were immediately stopped they would close the works for an indefinite period. Then it was the Lord Mayor issued his proclamation asking the workmen to walk home in the ordinary way and not in processions disturbing the peace.

Here we are in the nineteenth century, still fighting the battle of Religious Tolerance, and whose is the fault? The fault is chiefly with the landowners and capitalists, whose sole god is gold; who care nothing for the privations and struggles of their fellow-countrymen; who are animated by no feelings of patriotism; but like so many political Shylocks demand their pound of flesh whether the people live or die in their efforts to produce it. These people have for their allies the vast majority of the Irish Protestant clergy, who in turn for a little patronage use their influence in the pulpit to poison and embitter the minds of the people, not only against any measure for the public good, but to keep up and maintain a feeling of the greatest animosity against their Catholic fellow-countrymen. To support such men as these you are asked by Mr. Arnold Foster and those who think with him to support the men of Ulster, and to believe the rest of Ireland to consist chiefly of murderers, moonlighters, etc., etc., but I venture to think if the true facts are only made known they will see the statements made by the Unionist party are dictated by self-interest, and should be taken in small doses and with great caution. I am well aware that the Unionists have sent many men from Ulster to tell the tale for which they are particularly well paid, and if any one has any doubt as to the truth of my statements let him ask him if any of my statements can be denied—whether it is true that in the late riots in Belfast over nine hundred men were driven from their employment, the great majority being Catholics; whether windows were broken at a cost to the city of £900, besides serious personal injuries to a great number of persons, including one young woman who was blinded for life on her way to work by her shopmates, for being a Catholic and Home Ruler.

Such then is the state of feeling in Ulster, and liberty-loving Englishmen are asked to support such atrocities as these. It is in the hope that I may be able to show something of the other side of the picture that I am induced to write. I am a Protestant and a firm believer in Home Rule, but having a strong desire to see this question on a fair footing, and knowing so many Catholics whom I honour and esteem, I feel it is but bare justice to them as one who was in the thick of the struggle to give my experience that the public may have an opportunity of knowing both sides of the question.—Yours truly,

JOSEPH BROADBERRY. Grantham, July, 1893.

A Very Sad Accident.

The household of Mr. Patrick McCarthy, of 73 Murray street, was suddenly cast into mourning last night, when the painful intelligence was conveyed to them that one of their number had been drowned in the Lachine canal at the Wellington bridge. It was an unexpected blow to the bereaved family, and it was some time before they realized the fact that one of their happy number was no more. The facts of the drowning are very brief, as related by an eye-witness. Miss McCarthy, about 20 years of age, in company with a friend, was going to cross the Wellington bridge, when she missed her footing at the pedestrian footway, and then there was a cry and a splash. Willing hands were soon at work to rescue the young lady, but when the body was recovered all efforts were made to restore life and were unavailing. This was about nine o'clock. The body was conveyed to the house of the sorrowful family, who were stricken with grief. Coroner McMahon was notified of the affair and will hold an inquest at ten o'clock this morning.

The TRUE WITNESS extends its sincere sympathy to the bereaved family, and joins in the prayer that the soul of the departed young girl may enjoy everlasting peace.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the merit to secure the confidence of entire communities and hold it year after year, like HOOD'S Sarsaparilla.

VILLA MARIA.

CLASSES WILL RE-OPEN AS USUAL AT

Villa Maria formerly Munklands

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5, 1893.

ST. ANGLAN ACADEMY,

466 St. Antoine Street,

WILL RE-OPEN ON

SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1893.



World's Fair Line

CHEAP EXCURSION TO CHICAGO

August \$18.00

25th & 26th

2-TRAINS A DAY TO CHICAGO-2

THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPING CARS to Chicago, leave Montreal, Windsor street Station, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 8 25 a.m. Rate per berth \$1.50.

NEW TICKET OFFICE, 129 ST. JAMES ST. Next to Post Office.



Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS

KELLY'S SONGSTER No. 53

Contains 8 great parodies on the famous song "After the Ball," and the following songs: Daddy Wouldn't Buy me a Bow-wow, Naughty Doings on the Midway Plaisance, Sweethearts and Wives, The Flower Girl, Hearts, The Miner's Dream of Home, Kiss and Lov's Make Up, Don't Forget Me, Katie Darling, Knocked 'Em in Old Kent Road, The World's Fair Fatal Fire, Three Little Chaps, and several other songs and parodies. Can be had at all newsdealers or mailed on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

P. KELLY, Song Publisher, Montreal, Can.

Castor Fluid Registered. A delightful fully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth, a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, 123 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:— Patent Spring \$4.00 @ 4.15 Patent Winter 3.40 @ 3.50 Straight Roller 8.15 @ 8.30 Extra 2.75 @ 2.90 Superfine 2.40 @ 2.70 Fine 2.20 @ 2.35 City Strong Bakers 3.75 @ 4.00 Manitoba Bakers 3.40 @ 3.80 Ontario bags—extra 1.40 @ 1.50 Straight Rollers 1.50 @ 1.70 Superfine 1.25 @ 1.40 Fine 1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—We quote values as follows:— Rolled and granulated \$4.95 to \$4.45, standard \$3.90 to \$4.10. In bags, granulated and rolled, \$2.10 to \$2.20, and standard \$1.95 to \$2.05.

Feed.—We quote bran \$13.00 to \$13.50 as to quantity. Shorts are scarce and higher, being quoted firm at \$17 to \$18, and middlings at \$18 to \$20. Moultie \$20 to \$22 as to grades.

Wheat.—No. 2 Spring is quoted at 58c west of Toronto, but buyers are scarce. No. 2 hard Manitoba is quoted nominally at 78c to 79c, and No. 2 Upper Canada red and white winter at 72c to 73c, but no business is reported.

Corn.—We quote 47c to 48c in bond, 56c to 58c duty paid.

Peas.—We quote 73c to 74c. Peas are offered freely in the Stratford district at 57c per 60 lbs, but buyers only bid 55c.

Oats.—Sales of No. 2 have transpired for local account at 39c, and a lot of No. 3 was placed at 30c.

Barley.—We quote 42c to 43c. We hear of no business in milling grades, which are quoted at 48c to 55c.

Rye.—At 58c to 60c.

Buckwheat.—At 56c to 58c.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:— Canada short cut pork per bbl. \$20.00 @ 21.00 Canada clear mess, per bbl. 19.00 @ 19.50 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. 00.00 @ 00.00 Mess pork, American, sw, per bbl. 00.00 @ 17.00 India mess beef, per tierce 00.00 @ 00.00 Extra mess beef, per bbl. 14.00 @ 15.50 Hams, city cured, per lb. 12 @ 14c Lard, pure in pails, per lb. 11 @ 12c Lard, com. in pails, per lb. 9 @ 10c Bacon, per lb. 11 @ 13c Shoulders, per lb. 10 @ 11c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:— Creamery 20c to 20 1/2c Eastern Townships 18c to 19c Western 16c to 17 1/2c Cheese.—We quote prices here as follows:— Finest Western colored 9c to 9 1/2c Finest Western white 9c to 9 1/2c Finest Quebec 9c to 10c Underpriced 8c to 9 1/2c Liverpool cable white 48s od Liverpool cable colored 47s od

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales at 11c to 11 1/2c, with culls selling at 9c to 10c as to size, and condition. A few single cases of choice candied stock have been placed at 12c. Honey.—We quote hand-picked at \$1.40 to \$1.50 per bus. of ordinary to good \$1.25 to \$1.30, and inferior 95c to \$1.10. Maple Products.—Syrup at 4c to 5c in wood, and 5c to 6c in tin. Sugar is dull at 6c to 7c per lb. Baled Hay.—At \$13.50, with sales at that figure alongside vessels. Straw is quiet \$3.50 to \$4.00. Hops.—From 11c to 13c, the latter for white clover. Two lots of buckwheat honey sold at 11c to 11 1/2c. Old extracted honey quoted at 6c to 8c, as to quality. Hops.—The market remains quiet at 14c to 16c for choice Eastern Township, a though we hear of a lot of 7 bales of very good quality at 18c.

FRUITS, ETC.

Apples.—Duchess selling at \$2.50 per barrel and Astracans at \$2.00. At an auction sale this week barrels sold all the way from \$1.10 to \$2.50, one lot of baskets bringing 15c. Canadian in baskets 20c to 40c as to quality. Lemons.—Prices remain nominal at \$2.75 to \$3.50 for choice and \$1.25 to \$2.50 for common to good. Oranges.—Sales have been made at \$3.25 to \$3.50 per box. Bananas.—One car sold at from \$1.00 to \$1.75 per bunch. Another lot of two cars sold from 7c to \$2.00 as to quality of bunch. Peas.—Hudson River clapp favorites at \$4.00 per keg. Bell peas per barrel \$4.00, and California boxes \$24 to \$33. Potatoes.—Barrels of new potatoes are quoted at \$1.25 to \$1.50.

FISH AND OIL.

Fish Oil.—Refined seal oil cannot be moved over 42c, and we quote 41c to 42c. In cod oil there is also a weak feeling, a few small lots of Newfoundland oil having been made at 34c to 36c, with Caspe quoted at 31c to 32c. Cod liver oil 60c to 70c as to quality.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with best results.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Dyspepsia, Jaundice.—These complaints are the results of a disordered liver, which secretes bile in quality or quantity incapable of digesting food. Digestion requires a free flow of healthy bile, to insure which Holloway's Pills and Ointment have long been famous, for relieving every other medicine. Food, irregularity of living, climates, and other causes are constantly throwing the liver into disorder, but that important organ, under all circumstances, soon be regulated and healthily adjusted by Holloway's Pills and Ointment, which act directly upon its vital secretion. The Ointment rubbed on the skin penetrates immediately to the liver, whose blood and nerves it rectifies. One trial is all that is needed: a cure will soon follow.

Great Pacific Tea Co., 113 St. James Street, Montreal. Selling Teas and Coffees better than any retail house in the city. James Street, near G.T.H. Station.

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

From the Catholic School and Home Magazine

St. LAWRENCE, M., August 10, 258.—The holy deacon was chief among the seven who had charge of the poor of Christ, according to the discipline of the early Church. The greed of the prefect of the city for the gifts which the Christians gave the Church, caused him to demand the Church treasures from Lawrence, who was their guardian. The Saint promised at the end of three days to show him riches exceeding all the wealth of the empire, and when he had gathered the poor, who lived by the alms of the faithful, he bade the prefect "see the treasures of the Church." Baffled in his designs, the prefect had him condemned to death, and the method decreed was that of roasting over a slow fire. Placed on a gridiron he made sport of his pains, until he finally gave up his life. His life teaches us love for the poor.

St. CLARE, VIRGIN AND ABBESS, August 12, 1253.—St. Clare was born at Assisium in Italy in 1193, and in her youth was attracted to St. Francis, who received her as a religious and had her establish a community for women, to be known afterwards as the Poor Clares. She and her community practised severe austerities, observing a perpetual abstinence, and never speaking but when obliged to do so by necessity or charity. She loved holy poverty, and when a large fortune came to her by the death of her father, she gave the whole of it to the poor. She had great devotion to the Passion of our Lord. She died August 12, 1253. The life of this tender virgin who renounced all the pleasures of life and embraced a life of penance and severity is a reproach to our sensuality.

St. HELEN, EMPRESS, August 18, 328.—English historians claim that St. Helen was born in Britain and was a British princess. She was married to Constantine, who as Caesar had charge of Gaul and Britain. Their son, Constantine the Great became a christian and the christian church became the church of the Empire. St. Helen became so thorough a christian after her conversion that her life was heroic in the practices of perfection. Constantine ordered that a church be built on Mount Calvary, and the Empress, though eighty years of age, aided in executing the work. It was then that she determined on seeking for the true Cross, which she succeeded in finding. Her love for the poor was manifested in her great charities to all classes of affliction. She died in Rome in 328, St. Helen found more glory in the Cross of Christ than in the empire over which she ruled.

St. JANE FRANCES DE CHANTAL, WIDOW AND ABBESS, August 21, 1572-1641. This foundress of the Order of Visitation Nuns was born at Dijon, in France, in 1572. Her family was one of the most noble of Burgundy. In 1592 she married the Baron de Chantal and had four children. Her husband died in 1601 and then she gave way still more faithfully to the practices of religion which had characterized her married life. Meeting with St. Francis she disclosed to him her desire to enter religion and devote herself to God, and he proposed to her the establishment of the Visitation Order. After providing for her children, she laid the foundation of the new institute at Annecy, in France, Trinity Sunday, 1610. After meeting with great trials and afflictions, which she bore with meekness and submission, she founded many houses of her Order. She died in Paris, December 13, 1641. Clement XIX. fixed her feast on the twenty-first of August. Her life gives us an example of a valiant woman who was willing to make any sacrifice in order to serve God and follow her vocation.

A Battle for Blood

is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's PILLS cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

For Exchange, Call at Headquarters. We have tea and want money. Let us have money and want tea. James street, near G. T. R. Sta. of Great Pacific Tea Co., 513 St. James street, near G. T. R. Sta.

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Helena P. O., Que, Co. Huntingdon,

Agent for the celebrated Heintzman Piano, Evans Bros., Vose & Sons, and others, as well as the G. W. Cornwall Organ and New Williams Sewing Machine.

To Organ and Piano customers I would say I have had many years experience in the business, and not being at the expense of enormous city rents I am enabled to quote prices that I feel assured will be found lower than you can buy elsewhere.

I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days.

Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.

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NIPPLE : OIL.

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

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Syrup of Wild Cherry.

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colic, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S

Pile Ointment.

Will be found superior to all others for all kind Piles. Price 25 cents.

Prepared by O. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Bieury street, corner of Dorchester street

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. James Burke, Clerk of the Union, of Claremorris, is dead.

The Rev. Francis Kilgallon, a member of an old Sligo family, and son of the late Mr. Charles Kilgallon, builder, has been ordained priest.

The Very Rev. Jerome Fahey, V. G., of Gort, has published, through M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, "The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh."

His friends in America and Australia will be pained to learn of the death, on the 15th ult., at Bettystown, Drogheda, of Thomas McCann. He was ninety-two years old.

James Meagher, a retired captain of the Second Border Regiment, who had lately returned from India, was found drowned in the Royal Canal, Summerhill. He was a native of Tipperary.

Mr. B. W. Bates, officer of Marines, and Mr. Day, navigator's writer, both of the United States battleship Chicago, placed a beautiful floral wreath in the shape of a harp on Mr. Parnell's grave, on July 18, on behalf of themselves and comrades.

Patrick Curran, a mason, was making some repairs on the roof of the house and shop of Sarah Boyle, Letterkenny, on the 17th ult., when he fell to the ground, a distance of some thirty feet. The unfortunate man died a few minutes afterwards.

A man named Samuel Kelly was returning home from Derry on the night of July 19, after disposing of some hay in the market, and had reached Goshaden, a few miles from the city, on the road to Claudy, when he fell from his cart, sustaining such injuries that he died shortly afterwards.

The death occurred recently at the residence of her nephew, Mr. T. M. Healy, B. L. M. P., of Dublin, of one who belonged to the best type of Christian womanhood, and whose memory will be long preserved by many sorrowing friends—Mrs. Mary Steele, widow of the late Mr. Richard Steele, of Cork. Widely known, and respected wherever known, her zeal and devotion in the interests of religion were proverbial. An active worker in the cause of temperance, and constantly engaged in aiding the helpless, the infirm, the suffering, or the penitent, Mrs. Steele on many occasions rendered apostolic service of no ordinary kind.

An address and testimonial have been presented by his parishioners to the Very Rev. Dr. Gaffney, pastor of Clara, on his elevation to the position of Vicar-General of the Diocese of Meath. The address notes the great and ceaseless labors of a worthy pastor for his people's welfare and their appreciation thereof. It shows also that the bond of union between priests and people still remains unbroken and strong as it was in the darkest days of Ireland's persecution. It is a proof, too, that notwithstanding the efforts nowadays of a few misguided individuals, the "Soggarth Aroon" still holds a cherished place in the hearts of Irish Catholics. The testimonial took the form of a beautiful carriage. It cost 110 guineas.

Great Pacific Tea Co., 513 St. James street, near G. T. R. Sta. tion, offering best value tea in the city at 40c lb, worth sixty cents elsewhere.

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

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

A Boston school inspector, having some minutes to spare after examining the school, put a few questions to the lower-form boys on the common objects of the school-room. 'What is the use of that map?' he asked, pointing to one stretched across the corner of the room; an half-a-dozen shrill voices answered in measured articulations, 'Plaase, sir, it's to hide master's bicycle.'

CORROBORATION.—Inquiring friend: This paper says some of the greatest achievements in the photographic art have been made by amateurs. Is that so? Amateur: Of course. If you don't believe it, ask any—Friend: Photographer? Amateur: Any amateur.

WHAT IS



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

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D. Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1885.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Félix de Valois.

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D. St-Félix de Valois, January, 18th 1885.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO. Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells. NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS. 24-2600W. Mention this paper.

WEST-TROY, N.Y. BELL-METAL CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

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THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. PUREST BELL-METAL (COPPER AND TIN). Send for Price and Catalogue. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

BAILEY'S Compound light-spreading Silver-plated Corrugated Glass REFLECTORS. A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Halls, Churches, etc. Send for Catalogue and price list free. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO., 708 Penn. Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

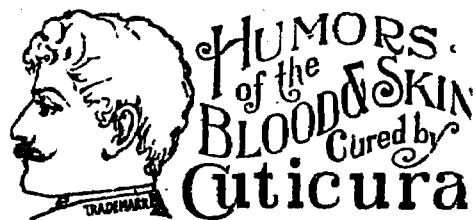
The Greatest Song Ever Published, "AFTER THE BALL,"

10,000 copies sold during last month, and it is just beginning to get popular. The words and music of this great song can be had at Kelly's Music Store, price 10 cents, equal to the 50 cent edition. Send for a copy, to KELLY'S Music Store, Cor. St. Antoine and Inspector Streets Don't fail to get a Copy.

RIENDEAU HOTEL, 58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq. MONTREAL. The cheapest first-class house in Montreal. European and American Plans. JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.

WANTED RIGHT AWAY RELIABLE MEN everywhere local or traveling, to keep our show cards tacked up in towns, on trees and fences along public roads. Steady work in your county \$75 A MONTH AND \$3 a Day Expenses. Deposited in your Bank when started. J. H. SCHAAF & CO., P. O. Box 743, Cincinnati, O.

Porter, Teskey & Co., HEADQUARTERS FOR FISHING TACKLE, 454 and 456 St. James Street, Montreal. Salmon and Trout Flies, Rods, Reels, Lines, Snelled Hooks and Tangles. EVERY REQUISITE FOR FISHERMEN. Canadian Agents for H. Y. MILLWARD & SONS FISHHOOKS. Send for Catalogue.



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HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND SCALP whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusty, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Backache, kidney pains, weakness and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER 50c.



The Richelieu & Ontario Nav. Co.

The Steamers of this Company will run as follows, and call at the usual Intermediate Ports.

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The Steamers "Quebec" and "Montreal" will perform this service, leaving Montreal daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 p.m.

THE TORONTO LINE.

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Leave every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m. For sailings of steamer "Terrebonne" and ferries see local time table.

For further information apply 128 St. James St., and 228 St. Paul St. ALEX. MILLOY, J. CHABOT, Traffic Manager, General Manager. 2-DD

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Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate, Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, All quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. **WATSON & DICKSON,** 1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter. [Late St. Basile.]

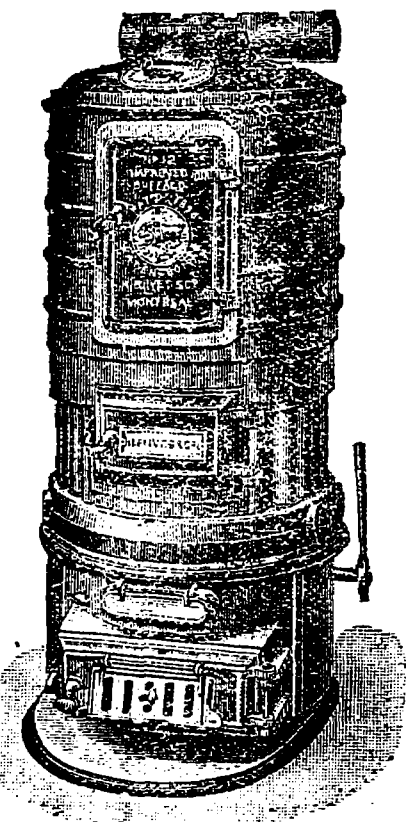
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PLEASE EXAMINE THE

BUFFALO,

Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO., Queen Street, Montreal, Que.

For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat. For Ease of Management. For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others.

Read what a well-known large property holder writes us regarding the Buffalo Hot Water Boiler.

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DEAR SIR:—I have had tested the qualities of the Buffalo Hot Water Boiler and find it equal to any Boiler I have had in use. It is all that you claim for it and the test resulted in my placing three of them in my houses

Yours truly,

(Signed) GEORGE BISHOP,

The Geo. Bishop Eng. & Ptg. Co Catalogue and Price List on Application.

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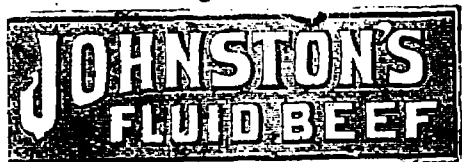
The Best in the World, Dry in 8 Hours and Harden the Floor as Marble. "ISLAND CITY" PURE, READY-MIXED PAINT, in thirty different shades for inside and outside painting. "ISLAND CITY," the model factory of PAINTS and VARNISHES in the Dominion.

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The Regular use of



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Studies will be resumed on SEPTEMBER 6th.

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Two young lady teachers holding elementary diplomas. Salary, \$15 per month for ten months. For further particulars apply to M. P. PHELAN, St. Columban, Co. Two Mountains, Que. 2--2

TEACHERS WANTED—WANTED FOR schools Nos 1 and 2, Capromet Island, two R. C. teachers, holding first class diplomas for English and French no other need apply. Duties to commence: school No 1 or Village school, September 1st, 1893, and school No. 2 the 15th August and no later. Address the undersigned, stating salary expected, JOHN HONAN, Sec.-Treas. School Commissioners, Coulonge P. O., Quebec. Coulonge, 25th July, 1893. 2-1

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This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ANEMIA. For glandular swellings, abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

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ICE CREAM AND COFFEE

Will, at the request of our numerous customers, be served

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All Next Week,
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At another request of our customers we will all next week

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ONE OF WEBSTER'S

Largest Size

UNABRIDGED DICTIONARIES

To all customers purchasing Dry Goods to the value of \$20 or over in one day, or \$30 worth in one week of six consecutive days.

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All Summer Boots and Shoes

FOR LADIES,
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REDUCED TO BARGAIN PRICES.
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Boots and Shoes for the City.
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GREAT BARGAINS
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In all kinds of
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SUMMER MANTLES,
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All this Month
All this Month
All this Month
All this Month

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Now is the time to procure Good Quality Summer Dress Fabric at

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Dress Goods of the Newest Pattern.
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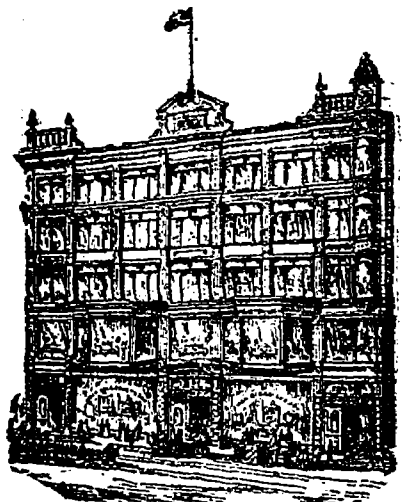
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OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,

1849, 1851 and 1853

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Furniture

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ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

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