

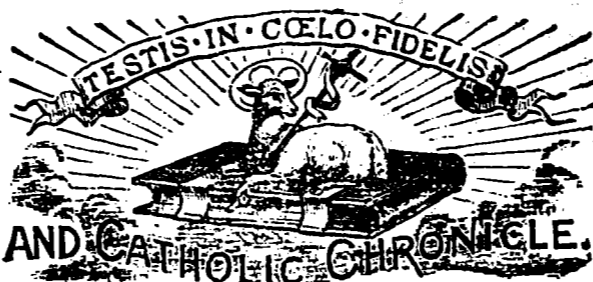
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## THE IRISH IN PARIS.

### A BRILLIANT ARRAY OF TALENT.

The O'Donoghue and the "Corsican" Father Prout—The O'Gorman Mahon.

The Irish colony of Paris, during the period of the Second Empire, was in itself a literary, artistic, and political Bohemia. Some of its members were permanent residents, of the French capital, having married into French families and given hostages to fortune in the land of their adoption; others were denizens of the city for the time being, kinds of passage, not a few of whom had, like the wild geese, to preen their wings for foreign parts in the troubled years of '48-49 and subsequently in 1867.

In the opening years of the Empire, 1848, to speak, walked the boulevards hand-in-hand, in the persons of Miles Byrne and General Arthur O'Connor, who represented the former movement, and John Mitchell and James Stephens, who represented the latter. Mitchell was, in his residence in Paris, the corresponding editor of the New York Daily News, while Stephens was earning his bread by translating David Copperfield's and others of the Monitor and other periodicals for the English Parisian of that period. Another Irish Parisian of that period was the well known Francis Mahon, "Father Prout," who used to write his daily letters for the London Globe every afternoon in the cosy reading room of Galignani, in the Rue de Rivoli.

Among the other Irishmen of note then residing in Paris were the late O'Gorman Mahon, a fire eater of the old type, who fought sundry duels in the Bois de Boulogne, and was ranked among the crack swordsmen and best swordsmen of the city. The O'Donoghue of the Glens, then in the hot flush of manhood, who lived like a Great Mogul in a palace in the Heavenly Fields, and who got himself into trouble with the police on one occasion, by driving through Paris in a gorgeous equipage, drawn by six horses mounted by half a dozen equerries arrayed in purple and gold—a heinous offence against the majesty of Imperialism, which never allowed its subjects to parade in a carriage to which were yoked more than four such quadrupeds. O'Donoghue resented this interference in the press at the time, openly declaring that the Bonapartes were a mere pack of whipped dogs, who had no right to shear him of his privileges.

Where were the Corsicans, those parvenus of the day, asked the Chief of the Glens, when my ancestors were the Kings of Ireland? Napoleon III. responded to this piece of obnoxious giving the chief of the Glens, through the intermediaries, a quiet hint that he might find himself in the lock-up if he remained much longer on French territory. So, thinking properly that discretion was the better sort of valor, the rollicking Irishman folded his tent, like an Arab, and silently stole away.

THE IRISH IN THE LATIN QUARTER. The Irishman who walked the asphalt of Paris throughout the closing years of the Second Empire had even more of Murger's Bohemianism in them than their predecessors. They lived for the most part in attics in the heart of the Latin quarter, and had very little of the world's wealth at their disposal; yet they enjoyed life as only Bohemians can in this miserable valley of tears and tares. They used to meet almost every evening in a cafe on the Boulevard St. Michel, where, sitting around a few marbles, tables and quaffing their beer or coffee, they would discuss every subject under the sun, from an elephant to a needle.

They formed a motley group enough as they sat there; for among them were professors from Cork and Dublin, "French" guides from Tipperary, composers from Galignani, enjoying their "off hours," journalists and special correspondents who had served their apprenticeship in the old land; "niggers" from the Galtees who had the world's artistic on their cards, and who used to astonish the natives during the season in the singing halls; and a fair sprinkling of painters and political refugees.

Some of the leading lights in the group have since made their mark in the literary world, such as John Augustus O'Shea, the "Irish Bohemian," whose "Iron Bound City" and "Travels in Spain" have earned him a wide reputation as an author, and whose feats as a war correspondent read like so many pages of Lever; his colleague, the late Edmond O'Donoghue, who was perhaps the most enterprising of modern specials, and who accomplished such great things at Merv and elsewhere for the London Daily News; Alfred O'Hea, a profound writer on military subjects; and John O'Brien, one of the most remarkable of latter-day philologists. The two O'Donoghues have since passed away—William in New York, and Edmond in the wildernesses of the Sudan.

O'Brien in a moment of fanaticism joined the Commune, was arrested and sent to the galleys, where he suffered years of torture rather than gain his liberty by acknowledging himself a subject of Queen Victoria. After his unconditional release, he left France for London, where for a considerable time he successfully passed himself off as a French professor, under the name of Dubois, and a few years returned to France, whence he was expelled by the Ferry Government. Since then his whereabouts have remained unknown. John Augustus O'Shea, probably the sole survivor of the band, resides in London at present, and is a very busy literary worker. Though not known to fame, a wonderful genius named Professor Mortimer Murphy was the centre of this intellectual group on the Boulevard St.

Michael. O'Shea used to call him a sitting and walking encyclopedia of information. Mortimer knew thoroughly some six or seven European languages. He had travelled the entire Continent on foot, in train and on horseback, plying various occupations; at one time an Alpine guide, at another the manager of the famous Irish giant, Murphy, a namesake of his own, throughout the latter's European tour. In Paris the Professor was recognized as an authority de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis. The solid education he had acquired gave a breezy self complacency refreshing to contemplate; while his phrases, garnished as they were with a mélange of the sauce of Greece and Munster, were always listened to with attention and were thoroughly appreciated. Those nights and suppers of the gods, so full of Irish wit and sparkling repartee—entertainments where no idea was allowed currency unless it was of a three star brand, and where jog trot commonplaces were unknown—have now almost completely disappeared with the Professor himself, who did not long survive the disaster that befell the French arms in 1870-71.

### THE IRISH COLONY OF TO-DAY.

The Irish colony of to-day in Paris is far less Bohemian than that of the closing years of the Second Empire. There are no traces now left of the wild humor that prompted one Irishman to stand on his head for five minutes on the boulevards for the delectation of the flâneurs of Paris, and that prompted another to deliver a patriotic harangue in Connaught French from the top of the statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. Like our brethren at home, we are becoming less impulsive than we used to be. It may be the continual friction with the Saxon that has iced our veins with the liquid of Saxon stolidity. I do not desire to discuss here whether the change has improved us or not; but in any case the cap and the jerkin that used to make us laugh are now no longer sought after as an antidote to the ills of which Irish flesh is heir.

The Irish colony in Paris at the present day is represented in politics, journalism, and the opera. Its leading representative in politics is General MacAdamas, who has achieved, for an Irishman, the proud distinction of a seat in the French Chamber of Deputies. MacAdamas was born some fifty years ago in Belfast, and proceeded early in life to Paris, where he went through the military curriculum of studies in the Ecole Polytechnique which he left with the epaulettes of sub lieutenant. Shortly afterward he took service as an officer in the East India Company; but when the troops at the disposal of that syndicate were transferred to the British Government, MacAdamas, who was then captain, refused to take the prescribed oath of allegiance, and returned to France. At the outbreak of Franco-German hostilities MacAdamas proceeded to Dublin, where he organized an Irish company to do battle on the French side. Throughout the campaign, MacAdamas became in succession colonel and brigadier general, and received at the battle of Orleans a leg wound, from the effects of which he still suffers. Coming to this country in 1876 he met, in St. Louis, the widow of the late Mr. McDermott, of the well known firm of Doyle & McDermott, architects. In that city, whom in a short time afterward he married. Returning to Europe with his bride, MacAdamas spent most of his time in Gastein and other watering places, for the benefit of his health; and when the legislative elections took place in France in 1889, the General offered himself on the Republican ticket as a candidate for the Parliamentary representation of Sisteron, in the Maritime Alps. He beat his Royalist competitor by an overwhelming majority. He has been very active in his legislative work since his election, and one of the projects which he prepared for the defense of France, on her eastern frontier, have been adopted by the Government. The General is a tall, well-built, sympathetic gentleman. He has a rather full face, set off by a moustache and imperial. His long residence in France has given him a slight French accent in speaking English. Mrs. MacAdamas is a charming lady in every respect. They both reside in a summer mansion in the French capital during the stormiest periods in latter day French politics is a Monsieur Murphy, whose parents come from the Kingdom of Kerry. This young man, who though born in Paris, was according to law regarded as a foreigner till he succeeded his majority, has already given success to his French Governments no small amount of worry and annoyance. He made himself so remarkable at eighteen years of age, by his Red Republican speeches at Belleville, that he was expelled from France. For the next few years he went through a veritable series of imprisonments and expulsions, till the day came when the authorities could no longer prevent him from becoming a French citizen. With the halo of martyrdom around his brow, he became the petted darling of the populace. Two years ago he threw in his lot with Boulanger, and still clings to the fortunes of that adventurer. Such other well known Irishmen as the Count O'Neill de Tyrone and Count Mahony are implicitly or avowedly supporters of the Royal Pretender, the Count of Paris.

War. On the occasion of her husband's death, she was appointed his successor. She is also the correspondent of London Truth, and sends a weekly letter to the New York Tribune on current Parisian topics, dealing chiefly with social life and manners. She is universally regarded as one of the ablest of women journalists.

Gen. Carroll Tevis, who is Irish-American by birth, was educated at Blue Point, took part on the Northern side in the Civil War, and subsequently entered the Turkish Army, where he was raised to the rank of brigadier general. He afterwards fought on the French side in the Franco-German campaign and was awarded the commission of general of division at the hands of Bourbaki. Since the close of the war he has been spending his time in literary leisure, contributing occasional articles, chiefly on Russian and military subjects, to the New York Times and other periodicals. Another Irish journalist, who was up to a short time ago the editor in chief of the Royalist comic sheet, the Triboulet, is the Baron Haden Hickey, who, though born of Irish parents in California, is a rabid adherent of the cause of monarchy.

IN OPERATIC AND OTHER DEPARTMENTS. Miss Augusta Holmes, the well known musical composer, was born in Versailles, of Irish parents. Having spent her childhood in that historic old town, Miss Holmes traveled through Germany and Italy, where she studied music under trained masters. In 1879 her first great symphony, entitled "L'Irlande," was played in the Cirque d'Hiver, Paris, attracted very large crowds, and excited much enthusiasm for the Irish movement, even among the skeptical Parisians. This symphony is an historical record of Ireland in melody. It opens with a flourish of trumpets in the Golden Era of Innisfail; the crash of arms is heard subsequently, and then the rule of the weird melancholy of the strains or the hoarse murmur of rebellious indignation. On the whole, it is a work of art which it would be well worth the while of Mr. Gilmore to treat his American audiences to. In 1889 Miss Holmes was selected by the authorities to write the Exposition Cantata, words and music, which had a highly successful run, and reflected the utmost credit on the talent of this Irish lady. Miss Holmes, I may add, like most of her blood and nationality in Paris, is true as steel on the question of Ireland's rights to liberty.

Among the Irish representatives of the Church in Paris may be mentioned Dr. MacFale, a tall, well built elderly gentleman, who is a professor of the Irish College, and nephew of the great Archbishop of Tuam; and Bishop Flannery of Killaloe, who, owing to weak health, was relieved of his episcopal duties at home many years ago, and has been since a resident of the French capital.

[The latter died in Paris since the receipt of this communication.—Ed. Pilot.] The Rev. John Hogan, a native of County Clare, and a highly learned theologian, was up to a comparatively recent period professor of moral theology in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, when he proceeded to Boston at a call from his superiors to found a college of his company in that archdiocese. [Father Hogan successively fulfilled his mission to Boston, and is now President of the Divinity College of the Catholic University of America.—Ed. Pilot.] The Irish College, to which I purpose later devoting a special paper, educates some one hundred Irish ecclesiastics for the home mission.

Since the death of the well known Professor Leonard, James Stephens is the sole connecting link between the old and the new surviving representatives of '98 and the Irishmen of to-day who have found hospitality within the confines of Paris. The injustice done to the veteran rebel by the Ferry Government in 1885, in his expulsion from France, was repaired shortly afterwards by M. Carnot. Since then Mr. Stephens has resided in the Avenue de Neuilly, in the French capital, spending the evening of his life, like Kosuth, in study and meditation, far removed from jarring feuds and turmoil of politics.

In conclusion I have only to add that there is a fair sprinkling of the fair sex in the Irish colony of Paris, in the persons of a few hundred governesses. Years ago the fallacy was entertained in certain Parisian circles that Irish girls spoke a kind of patois and were utterly unable to teach good English in the families in which they were engaged. This delusion has long since vanished, and now these ladies are great favorites in the aristocratic and Catholic quarter of St. Germain, where they are employed in preference to English ladies, partly owing to their religion and partly to their nationality. — Eugene Davis in Pilot.

### Pilgrimages.

In the Middle Ages it is probable that pilgrimages were in season, but in the nineteenth century the case is not quite the same. The modern pilgrimage, when the sanctuary to be reached is a long way off, depends to a large extent upon railway facilities, for which in the Middle Ages there was no equivalent. Then the pilgrim journeyed on foot, and his bleeding feet often left traces upon the rocks which he had to climb in order to reach the holy places, where it so frequently happened that nature was most harsh and cruel. Railway companies have had a great deal to do with the truly remarkable revival of pilgrimages that has taken place of late years. Their motive has been purely and wholly commercial, but none the less have they contributed largely to the return of this old manifestation of Christian piety. They have fostered the desire to visit places with a reputation for peculiar sanctity,

and they have rendered it possible and comparatively easy for thousands of people to gratify this desire, who if the old manner of travelling had continued would never have had the courage to entertain the bare thought of such an expedition. Thus we perceive that the scientific evolution and the commercial spirit, so characteristic of the age, while they appear to work against religion also work in its favour. Christianity is a great assimilator. Nothing has so tended to give fresh life to the faith of French Catholics in these days as the revival of pilgrimages. All that is taking place in connection with this movement must be very puzzling to the unbelieving but philosophical mind that can look upon the phenomena of human life with judgment unprejudiced. There is something startling and mysterious in the contradiction which the movement presents to what is commonly understood to be the spirit of the age. It is not a "fashionable" movement, the invention of the wealthy and the idle, at a loss to discover new sensations; all classes have responded to it. In fact by far the greater number of these modern pilgrims belong to the peasant, or the lower middle-class.—Catholic Times.

Some Ancient Records of this Great City. We are all very proud of our ancient city of Dublin, but as we look along the broad open of Sackville Street, or stand on the great bridge gazing up or down the Liffey, between the masts and diving sea-birds, away across the dome of the Four Courts, few of us ask what were the beginnings of this living centre of our Irish life of the present day; how the materials for it were thrown together for our use and habitation. We have perhaps a general idea that the ancient Irish of Leinster set up the first stones or rather wattles; that they laid the foundations of the fortress which subsequently grew into Dublin Castle; that the Norseman became dominant later, and remained so until partially subjected at the Battle of Clontarf; and that nearly a century and a half afterwards the Anglo-Normans besieged and took possession of the city. But, if we want to know how the city was actually established after all these changes, we must turn to the ancient and authentic documents which until recently were quite inaccessible to the general public.

Little accurate information has hitherto been attainable in connection with the Dublin records. That a detailed account of them was not sooner published may be ascribed to the difficulties incidental to such a work. The early documents are in medieval Latin, antique French, and old or middle English, written in obscure and contracted styles, replete with obsolete terms and archaic forms, undated, or dated solely by occasional indications of regnal years of Sovereigns of England.

A few ineffectual attempts were made in past times to publish portions of these documents, but invariably with unsatisfactory results. During successive centuries a great body of records has accumulated in the possession of the Municipal Corporation of Dublin, their proper custodians, and although the documents contain a vast mass of information with regard to Ireland, they have never hitherto been examined or made use of by any writer on the subject of Irish history. As history was written without the smallest regard to them, we can imagine how utterly worthless was such history; for, stimulated by the example of France and England, the Dublin Corporation has decided on having a thorough and analytical account prepared of the Archives so long lying comparatively unknown in their custody.

This work was rendered imperative in fact by circumstances which arose in connection with legal contests relating to the rights and ancient titles of valuable city property. The undertaking was entrusted to Mr. John T. Gilbert, an Irish Archivist, whose palaeographical and historical works are to be found in all the great libraries of the world.

A primary result of the undertaking has now appeared in a large volume printed in a style uniform with, but superior to the British Government Record publications. In this first volume are given descriptions as well as epitomes, and colored fac-similes of the most important classes of the authentic records of Dublin. These Mr. Gilbert classifies as follows: Royal Charters and Government grants to the citizens; contents of the ancient manuscript volumes styled the White Book and the Chain Book; and the Civic Rolls from the middle of the fifteenth till the middle of the seventeenth century. I cannot do more at present than just touch on the first of these classes, the Royal Charters, extending over many centuries, beginning with the first, under which, in 1171, Henry II., King of England, transferred to his men of Bristol the city of Dublin, the said city, together with the rest of Ireland, being claimed by him in right of sovereignty. This document, transferring the whole city and surrounding lands, is a model of conciseness, being in actual size not much larger than one's hand, and consisting only of a few lines in Latin attested by some of the most eminent Anglo-Normans of the time, who accompanied King Henry in his expedition to Ireland. After more than 700 years the writing and parchment of this ancient Charter are still in good preservation and a considerable fragment of an impression of the great seal in green wax is still pendant from it. A remarkable proof of the importance of these civic documents was afforded during the last four years by the circumstance that the production of this Charter in a court of law in Dublin was held by the judge to

supply conclusive evidence as to the right of the Municipal Corporation to levy dues to the extent of several thousand pounds annually on ships coming into Dublin harbor. The title to this proceeding had been contested at very heavy cost, and the trial in connection with it occupied many days in the principal law court of Dublin.

ROSA HULLHOLLAND, in Pilot.

### A CRAZY SCHEME

That Has Signally Failed Before.

WASHINGTON, August 1.—A movement of considerable magnitude is now on foot to arrange for the deportation of the negroes of the Southern States to Liberia. Captain John Murray and W. B. Lewis, representing Elder, Dempster & Co., of Liverpool, owners of an important line of steamships, have been at Chamberlain's for some days in consultation with Benjamin Gaston, as the authorized agent of the Liberian Emigration company. The negotiations between them have been carried to a successful point and an agreement has been reached whereby a fleet will be at the disposal of the colored people. Ships will sail at frequent intervals from southern ports direct to the African coast, and it is believed the first contingent will be ready to start inside of two months. One of the company's vessels is now at Baltimore. Captain Murray talks enthusiastically of the good to accrue to the negroes by emigration to Liberia.

### DUBLIN.

The Irish Soldier.

The Universe, alluding to the traditional gallantry of the soldier in the Imperial army and the neglect with which he is sometimes treated, says:—"The Catholic soldier in the British Army is highly valued—in front of the enemy. No fellow can march to death with a prouder 'military glee,' as Sir Walter Scott has testified in verse. He can be depended upon in the stress of combat. From the days when he stormed Tarifa in his shirt sleeves under 'Paddy' Gough of Limerick to the inspiring strains of 'Garry Owen,' through the long hazards, fatigues, and privations of the Peninsula down to the crowning fight of Waterloo, he was a hero, a bright cheery lad to be buttered with soft words and patted on the back. The long piece did not demoralize him. When hostilities were declared against Russia he was to the fore. At the Alma Luke O'Connor won his Victoria Cross, at Balaklava Joe Malone earned the same unparalleled distinction—both Catholic Irishmen. At Inkermann the 88th captured a gun. Everywhere Pat wrote his autograph valorously in his red blood. When the Indian mutiny shook the Empire in the East to its base, the County Down and Connaught Rangers and the Tipperary boys of the 'Blue Caps' behaved themselves like paladins of old. In our generation we have seen what the Royal Irish did in Afghanistan and Tel-el-Kebir and in the Nile expedition, when they carried off the prize of the silver boat for being best up the river, and were the only regiment to foot it across the Bayuda desert. Certainly Pat is a most excellent and trustworthy soldier—in war; but in peace, even when he is strict in discipline, intelligent, and abstemious he is not made so much of as he merits. There may be a disinclination to spoil him by kindness, but he does not petition for that; he only claims common justice."

### A Protestant Tribute.

An important letter on the recent Papal Encyclical from Mr. Ward, of Philadelphia, one of the most distinguished champions of Protestantism in the United States, is given by the Monitor de Rome. The American, writing at the request of his non-Catholic countrymen, thanks the Pope for the elevated sentiments His Holiness has so well expressed, and he hopes they may be widely spread among the people, for never were they more needed than at present. When projects for the remedy of evils are proposed by persons apparently religious and instructed, who nevertheless lose themselves in the darkness of error instead of aiding their brethren in the quest of light and truth, it is just that a personage armed with authority should indicate the straight road to follow. None can deliver himself with more clearness and justice than the Pope, who deserves the thanks of honest men of all religions. At the close, Mr. Ward prays that Leo XIII. may long be preserved to give the world the model of a true pastor.

### Parnell's Statements.

DUBLIN, August 2.—There were triumphal arches in the streets of Thurles today and a number of buildings were decked with flags and evergreens because of the Parnellite meeting held there, which was enthusiastic and largely attended. Mr. Parnell's hearers were, however, chiefly from rural districts. As Mr. Parnell was driving to the place of meeting the houses were detached from the carriage by men in the crowd, and the people then dragged the vehicle to the market square. In his speech Mr. Parnell reaffirmed his distrust of the Liberals and said his policy would not change. He would keep his hands unfettered until it was seen how the Liberals fulfil their pledges. He would warn Dillon and O'Brien that they were following a dangerous course in trusting to Mr. Gladstone.

### A Sad Accident.

HALIFAX, August 3.—Louis Lefrançois, while crossing the railway bridge across Moose River on the line of the Annapolis & Digby Railway on Saturday, slipped and fell a distance of 74 feet and was picked up dead.

### AN ITALIAN BANK.

Seriously Embarrasses the Holy See.

PARIS, August 1.—A despatch from Rome says some excitement was occasioned in banking circles there to-day by the threatened suspension of the Bank of Rome, an old Catholic institution. The trouble arose over an order from the Pope for the withdrawal of two million dollars deposited in the bank to the credit of St. Peter's pence. Not having funds to meet this order the Bank of Rome requested His Holiness to countermand his order. The National Bank offered to assist the Bank of Rome. For a time it was feared serious trouble would result from the sudden demand for such a large sum, but a crisis was averted by the Pope delaying the withdrawal of two million dollars.

A financial paper here says that the Bank of Rome would have been compelled to ask for more time, but for assistance rendered by a French financial syndicate. The collapse of the bank, the paper continues, would not affect general credit, as the bank had taken no active share in general business affairs. The clerical papers here neither confirm nor deny the report of threatened suspension of the Bank of Rome by a large order made on it by the Pope.

### St. Aloysius and the Kaiser.

It seems curious, says the London Tablet, to trace a blood relationship between the gentle and humble St. Aloysius Gonzaga and the militant Kaiser William II., who is very much en evidence at the present moment. Yet this has just been done by a German Jesuit, Father Frederick Schroeder, who in a recent life of the saint shows that he was, indeed, a connection of the House of Brandenburg. In the Camera degli Sposi of the old ancestral castle at Mantua is a splendid life-like fresco of Andrea Mantegna. This represents a family group, of extreme beauty in coloring, composition and drapery. The central figure, seated in an armchair and handing a letter to a servant, is Ludovico III, surnamed "Il Turco," second Marquis of Mantua, the founder of the House of Gonzaga di Castiglione, and grandfather of Ferruccio I., first Marquis of Castiglione, and father of St. Aloysius Gonzaga. The dignified matron in the middle of the fresco is Ludovico's wife, a daughter of John Hohensohn, surnamed "The Alchemist," and granddaughter of Frederick VI., first Markgraf and Prince Elector Albert Achilleo (1144-1488), to whom William II. lately made pointed reference in one of his speeches. It will thus be seen that the great-grandmother of St. Aloysius was a Hohensohn.

Father Schroeder remarks that certain traits of the early life of St. Aloysius indicate that he was by no means deficient in the brave and fearless spirit of his ancestors, and that he had in him the stuff of which so many warlike Gonzagas and Brandenburgers were made. If he renounced so splendid a career it was by no means through fear of the world, but rather through love and enthusiasm for the religious ideal which at all times must accompany warlike heroism in the life of man, if it is to be worthy of the highest ends. The race of the Brandenburgers must not be ashamed of the Jesuit cousin, who sacrificed his young life in service of the plague-stricken, and who for three hundred years has been honored by all Catholic youth as the model of a holy and unstained life."

### A New Church.

DRUMMONDVILLE, July 30.—Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet, and Mgr. Moreau, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, were present at the ceremony which took place this morning at St. Medard de Warwick, Drummond County, on the occasion of the inauguration of the newly decorated church and the blessing of a new organ. Mgr. Moreau officiated and Mgr. Gravel preached the sermon.

### "Freeman's Journal."

DUBLIN, August 2.—The major part of the directors of the Freeman's Journal wish to continue in a Parnellite course and exclude E. Dwyer Gray's influence from the management of the journal. Mr. Gray intends calling a meeting of the shareholders to expel these directors.

### William O'Brien's Bankruptcy.

LONDON, August 1.—A letter from William O'Brien is published, in which the writer referring to his being adjudged a bankrupt, approaches Lord Salisbury for "taking advantage of a legal technical point" to drive him out of public life. In conclusion Mr. O'Brien offers to submit the matter to the arbitration of any three members of the House of Commons Lord Salisbury may select, and to abide by their decision.

### The Suicide of Unionism.

LONDON, August 3.—Mr. Morley, speaking at Leamington to-day, said that "if the Liberals dropped home rule as their foremost plank it would lead to the greatest split the party had ever known. He predicted that Mr. Balfour's local government bill would be an irrevocable step toward home rule and would mean the suicide of Unionism."

### Old Maid.

The women are just finding out that Protestantism means for them degradation and restoration to the chattelhood in which the Catholic Church found them. In a lecture delivered the other day in Boston by Mary A. Livermore, that great advocate of woman's rights said:—"It is the Protestant Church which has made the term 'old maid,' one of reproach and scorn. All the teachings of Protestantism have been to force women to marry, and it has been preached that women who do not marry miss everything."



WASTE NO MOMENT.

BY HELEN SMITH.

"Waste no moment!" golden blazon Of Liguoi's sons' great size; Heritage of earnest teaching— Spark of God's immortal fire.

Waste no moment; oh, too often Idly precious seconds fly; While their records, angel-pinioned, Mute accusers cleave the sky.

And their memories sting us sharply And they vividly come back Stretching us, Remorsos's victims, On a never-ceasing rack.

Waste no moment of the springtime, Care-free, pleasure-loving youth; Garner precious stores of knowledge, Harvest wealth of love and truth.

Gather from the birds and flowers Every day some secret new; Read the songs of grace and beauty On each petal bright with dew.

And not only from fair nature Learn sweet hymns of light and truth, But from toms of Faith and Science, And great lines of age and youth.

Waste no moment of the summer; Lo! what glories burst to life 'Neath the sun's transcendent splendor, And the air with fragrance rife.

Guard, oh! guard the golden moments, For they quickly glide away; Guard them, lest you mourn like Titus— "Oh, my friends, I've lost a day."

Waste no moment; toil for Autumn— Let its blessing, mellow light Fall upon a plentiful harvest Sheaves of merit ripe and bright.

Let life's winter's dying sunset Touch with its departing ray Scenes of perfect peace and beauty, Virtue's crowned, completed day.

Waste no moment; time is treasure From the casket of our life; Guard the pure and sparkling jewels 'Mid earth's sweetness and its strife.

Do not squander them, unconscious Of the wealth you fling away; Time is God's eternal marble, Blocks with which to build foray.

Blocks of marble, pure and Parian, That it may be ours to frame; Into statue of Cathedral Worthily of immortal fame.

—San Francisco Monitor.

LAND DEPRESSION

In England Ruins the Old Landed Gentry and Nobles.

New York, July 27.—"A Member of Parliament" cables the Herald as follows: The decline and fall of the great families of England may hereafter be traced with minuteness by another Gibbon. I have kept you informed from time to time of the steady progress downward of England's old nobility and gentry, and to-day I have another page to add to the history of the famous house of the Marquis of Exeter. Burghley house by Stamford town, with all the great estate surrounding it, will shortly be thrown upon the market. The descendants of the famous Lord Burghley, the great minister of Queen Elizabeth, must part with their ancient inheritance, and a stranger will enter into possession.

Since 1860 the property has been in the same family. Now it will pass to some Colonel North or Baron Hirsch, or perhaps to some wealthy American; for there are few persons in England who can afford to launch out into such a purchase as this. The farms on the estate do not pay under the altered conditions of agriculture; the rents cannot be got in; the revenue no longer meets the expenses; all must go under the hammer of the auctioneer. Thus one after another historic sites are disappearing or changing hands.

The policy of Sir Robert Peel in 1846 is slowly working out the results foretold them by many. The bulk of the people are thus far benefited, but the old families are going or gone, and all have got the dry rot.

Several years ago, when the Great Northern railway was to be built, the then Marquis of Exeter spent a great sum of money in opposing the line, and he succeeded in his object: but at what an expense! for not only did he have to pay the enormous costs, but ultimately he actually found it necessary to make a railroad himself connecting his property with the main line. He found himself completely isolated, while the rest of the district was deriving enormous advantages from the railroad. This was the first step toward the impoverishment of the family. Bad harvests, cheap wheat from abroad, decaying agriculture and unrestricted foreign competition have done the rest.

Unless these obstinate, slow moving old families can adapt themselves to the times they will all have to go the same road. At present scores of them are holding on by a mere thread. Carriages are put down, servants are discharged, the London house is given up, but these economies will not suffice to avert the ruin that is steadily advancing on the old stock who once thought England belonged to them.

The impending fate of Burghley is not yet known here, and therefore the American bidder may make sure of being the first in the field. There seems to be no more money for land purchase left in England. Some great owners like the

Duke of Eife are unloading as fast as they can, perceiving the evil days coming on them. The Duke's estates, however, are in Scotland, and there land still fetches fancy prices. Mr. Balfour sold some not long ago at a profit. In England it is a drug on the market. No sooner do holders exclaim, "Now we have reached the lowest price!" than there is another great drop, unless the land happens to be on Pall Mall, when it fetches a £1,000,000 an acre.

Baby Was Sick. My baby was very sick with diarrhoea and after everything else had failed, I tried Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; the first dose gave relief, and a perfect cure soon resulted.—Mrs. John Clark, Bloomfield, Ont.

The State of Catholic Journalism in Franco and Germany. Bishop Von Ketteler, of Mayence, is reported to have said:—"If St. Paul were to return to the earth to-day he would be a journalist." The Bishop acted upon this conviction by being a journalist himself. A writer in one of the French press papers recently contrasted the apathy of Catholics in this country with regard to their press with the zeal of the German Catholics in regard to their newspapers. He did not hesitate to say that the astonishing political success of the Catholic party in Germany during the last ten years was mainly due to the support given to the Catholic press, which had enabled it to develop with extraordinary rapidity in order to meet the exigencies of the times. It had exercised an enormous influence upon politics. The facts are certainly very remarkable, and the contrast between the spread of Catholic journalism in Germany and the decline of it in France is startling. In 1848 there were only 14 Catholic papers in all Prussia. In 1880 the figure had risen to 50, but the eight years of persecution which followed saw the number run up to 109, while at the present time it is 150. The number of Catholic newspapers now published throughout the German Empire is 450. One of the political results is that although the Catholics only represent a third of the entire population, they have sent no fewer than 23 priests to the Reichstag, without speaking of lay deputies. In France, if we call all Conservative papers Catholics, a name that some of them scarcely deserve—we only have a total of 407. Last year it stood at 503, so that there has been a rapid falling-off. The total number of papers published in France according to the returns for 1891 is 5,178, of these some 4,900 are either indifferent or hostile to religion. By far the greater number are certainly hostile, for hitherto the Republican press generally has been at war with the Church. This state of things is not very creditable to the great majority of French people who call themselves Catholics. There is certainly more zeal shown on the other side of the Rhine for the triumph of Catholic principles in public life, and it is to this zeal that the defeat of the Kulturkampf is due. The great evil here is the indifference of the middle class, who are professedly Catholic, but who offer little or no resistance to the invasion of anti-religious ideas. An illustration of this indifference is found in the fact that the Courrier de la Gironde, one of the oldest provincial papers, and hitherto a valiant champion of Catholicity, has recently passed into the hands of MM. Lockroy and Millerand, who, of course, will make it as anti-clerical as possible.

Huntsville Happenings

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my family and can highly recommend it for summer complaint, diarrhoea, etc."—Mrs. Geo. West, Huntsville, Ont.

The Holy Church

The Monteur de Rome gives the following statistics showing the number of Catholics, priests, educational and charitable institutions in the African, American and Oceanic missions which owe their origin directly to the Propaganda.

Table with columns for region (Africa, Americas, Oceania, Europe) and rows for Catholics, priests, and educational/charitable establishments.

is to be found in the practice of Christian virtues. With this view the Society of St. Charles Borromeo, of Brussels, have published a popular edition of the Encyclical in French, of which 40,000 copies have been sold. It cannot too strongly recommend our friends to join the good work without delay. The moderate price at which these pamphlets are published enables large numbers to be distributed at small cost.—Brussels: Jen Publische.

SCOTCH-IRISH.

Their Origin and Character Demonstrated. A good deal of frothy nonsense has been spoken for the last two or three months by a number of persons posing as Scotch-Irish. They presented that the history of the world, from the days of the Aryan migration from the tableland of Asia, would be barren of civilization if the records of the deeds of the Scotch-Irish were omitted. They surpassed the Highland vaunt described by Thackeray in one of his inimitable "Round About Papers," in which he tells of a picture of the battle of Waterloo, seen by him, as a sign over a Scotch inn. The battle was represented by a figure of one Highlander who wielded a broadsword. Historically, the description of Scotch-Irish is a fraud. Scotland was colonized from Ireland. She was Protestantized by him whom an eminent Protestant writer has justly styled "the ruffian of the Reformation." James I. of England, confiscated six counties of Ulster, in Ireland, and allotted vast tracts to trading corporations and adventurers on condition that they would plant them with Protestant laboring men of English or Scotch birth. These laborers were sent over to Ireland and squatted on the forfeited lands. The Scotch-Irish say they descend from them. We should not notice the twaddle written and spoken, or the gross ignorance of history displayed if there were not attacks, by implication, made on Catholics. They were made by several of the speakers. They presented as true that wherever there were virtue, and stated, by suggestion more powerfully than they could have expressed it in words, that where the Catholics live beside them they present a picture of moral degradation. Is it true? Let us look at Ulster and see genuine Scotch-Irish in Ireland. We read that Ireland is the most moral country on earth, and that there would be very few illegitimate births to record if it were not for the depravity that exists among the districts where the Scotch-Irish live. We see by a recent report sent in by a Royal commission ordered to enquire into the terrible ether-drinking vice which obtains in Ulster, that it is almost exclusively the habit of the Scotch-Irish. A writer of their own faith, son of a clergyman who was sent from Scotland with some of these laborers, wrote that they were the scum of the earth, and added to crime and ignorance the Ninth Commandment of the decalogue. As for the descendants of those whom "the ruffian of the reformation" Protestantized in Scotland, and who still dwell there and are Protestants, they, in the Registrar-general's statistics for the British Isles, show a record for whiskey consumption and illegitimate births which—in proportion to their numbers—gives them a pre-eminence in evil that is not approached in all Europe.

Music as a Curative Agent.

In the current number of the Lancet, Canon Harford, of Westminster Abbey, has broached a most interesting question. He addresses himself to the leaders of the medical world, and asks them most earnestly to consider "whether soft, low music might not be used with advantage as a curative medicine in a considerable number of cases of illness, more particularly those in which the nerves are specially concerned." To establish the practicality of his theory the Canon cites a case which came under his own notice, that of the late Viscountess Combermere, a lady of considerable mental powers, who was in the full possession of all her faculties, at the age of eighty-six. The Canon tells us that he was able to allay her pains of this venerable lady, and send her to sleep with music played on a muted violin and pianoforte. Music produces this feeling of ease and contentment. Soft, autumn-like strains draw the mind of the pious patient away, and cause him to forget his pain for the moment. Pain, in a great measure, depends upon self-contemplation, and the mood of the mind, growing under contemplation, and warning if neglected. The tendency of music is to divert and transfer the attention, leading it away from self-contemplation. Thus what scientific men term anaesthesia, or the want of sensation, may easily be produced. Our whole physical life we are told, consists of a series of vibrations; the senses themselves are affected by these; and, as music is produced by vibration of the air-waves, it may easily exercise a beneficial influence on those movements of the nerves which accompany or cause pain. Canon Harford also propounds a scheme for the introduction of music into hospitals. The instrument will be muted. His plan seems very reasonable, and certainly deserves a trial.—Lancet.

A writer on style says: "It is the fashion in France for ladies to take tea in their bonnets and gloves." One objection to this is that some of the bonnets do not hold much more than a lump of sugar.

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GREAT THOUGHTS. Three affections of the soul predominate—love, religion, and power. The first two are often united; the other stands widely apart from them, and neither is admitted nor seeks admittance to their society.

Every woman should strive to be a "sunshine in a shady place," a glory in a gloom, a bright ray among bright rays, instead of a shadow across the sunshine, a cloud in a bright sky, a drift of sable plumes before which energy, cheerfulness and lightness of heart flee as before the coming of an inevitable and dreadful fate.

Men, we know, may flatter and deceive. It is at length the soul grows sick and weary of a world which truth in her stern simplicity might sometimes seem to have abandoned. But Jesus Christ, speaking in the secret chambers of conscience, is a monitor whom we can trust to tell us the unwelcome but wholesome truth; and could we conceive of Him as far, He would no longer be Himself in our thought; He would not be changed. He would simply have disappeared.—Perce Felt.

It is a common saying of the unthinking that if they had large means they would do great things in the way of helping the poor and needy, yet it may be doubted whether they are already engaged in some such work. The man is poor indeed who cannot in some way help his neighbor, if only by words of sympathy; and unless he has the disposition to do this when he is poor, there is little likelihood that the possession of riches will transform his nature.

Shakespeare's Name. There is no point concerning the life of the great poet that has given rise to such controversy amongst Shakespearean scholars as this seemingly simple question. Nor does "E. Hazzopulos" appeal to the original spelling computed that no less than twenty variations of his name exist: for instance we find in the judicial records of Worcester (the bar's native shire) the name of the poet's father written thus: "Action against John Shakspeare glover, for £1." And in his accounts as "chamberlain" we find, "Item paid to Shakspeare for a spel tybher, li's," and in his municipal returns we find, "The account of William Tyler and William Smythe, chamberlains, made by John Shakspear." Again, in the list of debts in the will of one Roger Sadler, of Stratford, occurs, "Item—for the debt of Mr. John Shaksper," and ultimately, for neglecting his municipal duties, he was removed from his position as alderman, "because Mr. Shaksper dothe not come to the hales, when (he) be warned, nor hath not done of long tyme." Coming to the poet himself, we find his name inscribed in the baptismal charter, "Guilielmus filius Johannes Shakspeare," and a document in the records of the diocese of Worcester releases the Lord Bishop of all responsibility for granting licence of marriage between "William Shagspere and Ann Hathway" to be married together for once asking of the banns." It will be seen, then, into what a quandary we are placed in attempting to fix the proper orthography of his name, and this too in spite of the possession of five unquestionably genuine signatures. They are all carefully written and appear contracted, and are a perfect puzzle so decipher. Following the most approved authorities we may assume the proper spelling to be "Shakspeare," which is confirmed by a strong local tradition, besides the generality of contemporary documents. I may add, in conclusion, the common style of spelling his name, "Shakespeare," has no other foundation than the desire to give effect to the poet's arms of the fluttering bird and spear, and is, in fact, quite erroneous.—Catholic Times.

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WEDNESDAY, .....AUGUST 5, 1891

It looks as if the session at Ottawa were going to last till the snow flies, for as the investigations proceed it appears that boodling in the civil service was the common rule and practice, instead of the exception.

It is reported that the vintage on the Rhine, the Moselle and in the Palatinat will be a complete failure this season, owing to insect ravages. The news causes rejoicing among California vine growers, who assure the world that they are quite prepared to keep up the supply of all the famous and favorite brands, and that there is no fear of the stock of champagne running short.

THE Star of this city has suddenly assumed an attitude of hostility to the Government and to the Premier in particular. But those who have memories will not forget that Premier Abbott was Mayor Abbott when an attempted "sensational" on the part of the Star was to its great mortification, treated by that gentleman in a legal and judicial spirit rather than in that of a sensational newspaper. This may account for the present tone of the Star. Further developments will be awaited with interest.

A CO-OPERATIVE foundry company, which has carried on business for twenty-four years at Somerset, Massachusetts, has at last been compelled to dissolve. After the close of the civil war a considerable number of manufacturing concerns were established on the co-operative, profit-sharing principle, and all except the Somerset company failed. Its success was probably owing to unusual organizing ability and was often cited as a proof that the principle on which it was operated was that which would solve the labor problem. Its abandonment now shows that the defect in the system must be radical, and that other means will have to be found to settle the old question.

ALTHOUGH King Pomare before he died sold all his royal claims and prerogatives to the French, including the right of succession to the government of Tahiti, the natives have still to be reckoned with. On the island of Raiten the champions of Tahitian independence have entrenched themselves in the crater of an extinct volcano, inaccessible except by single file, and so far have defied all attempts to dislodge them. It is impossible, however, for them to hold out permanently. These, the Society Islands, are a really valuable addition to French territory. They are not only luxuriantly fertile, but also rich in minerals. The value of the exports and imports is about a million and a half annually. Fifty years ago the natives were among the most ferocious cannibals of the Pacific, but, thanks to the zeal and devotion of the missionaries who went among them, they are nearly all converted to Catholicity.

How to wrest from England the financial leadership of the world, is the problem to which United States Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama has addressed himself. His plan is beautiful in its simplicity. He holds that as the United States produce one hundred millions of dollars worth of precious metals per year, one third of which is gold, the treasury should accumulate coin to almost any extent. Certificates could then be issued representing dollar for dollar, which would give all the money they would want. In ten years the accumulated treasure would amount to a billion dollars, and very few of the certificates would ever be presented for redemption in metal, if the people knew the metal was in the government vaults. This billion of dollars in reserve would, Mr. Morgan says, make the United States the greatest financial power in the world, the clearing house for all nations, and thus wrest from England the financial leadership which she has held for centuries. Schemes like this appear quite feasible on paper, but turn out very different when the attempt is made to put them to a practical test. In the present instance, the extreme danger of a national government entering upon

such a scheme appears to have been overlooked by the Senator from Alabama. Like too many people now-a-days he seeks to invest government with powers and functions which it should not be permitted to exercise in a free country. A bullionised government run by machine politicians would, under the conditions mentioned, be likely to produce results of which Mr. Morgan little dreams. A wise people would rather keep the Government poor and restrict instead of enlarging its powers.

It is much to be regretted that the telegraphic reports to the daily newspapers are so untrustworthy and matter for doubt and uncertainty rather than confidence. It was announced recently that Lord Salisbury had declared strongly in favor of women having the suffrage granted them, and the "shrieking sisterhood" were elated in consequence. Now it seems that all Lord Salisbury said was:—"There are one or two reforms which I should like myself to examine, if we ever come to discuss the question of the suffrage in a fundamental manner. I will not dwell on one of them, because even in this club it may cause some difference of opinion; but I am bound, for the sake of record and not to seem to have altered my opinion, to say that, in my judgement, whenever the question of the franchise is brought up, the question of relaxing the restraints which are now imposed on the voting of women will have to be reconsidered."

**MATERNITY NURSES.**

A recent deplorable event in Baltimore, consequent on the misconduct of one of the class of women who undertake to nurse their sex during the troubles of maternity, has caused an agitation to be set on foot, having for its object the establishment of a system whereby none should be permitted to attend such patients without a proper certificate of efficiency and the production of proof of respectability and honesty. This is as it should be, and such a system is as much needed in Montreal as in Baltimore. There are a number of women, generally of the lowest and most illiterate type, calling themselves "sick nurses," who are little short of a public menace. Mother Smith, Brown, Jones or Robinson, from the parlours of the city, puts on a smug look and a cap, smirks with hypocritical veige, and pretends to a perfect knowledge of her "profession," gammings the doctor and patient, and yet is found out too late to be nothing more than a new edition of Mrs. Gamp or Betsy Prig. A gin bottle is her secret solace when she gets the chance of imbibing unseen by her deceived employers, and it is a mercy if she confines its administration to herself alone. Against such harpies the public needs protection, and probably the only method of such protection is by the establishment of a school under Governmental control, from which all such nurses would have to come. At present they are responsible to no one, and when they do wrong it is hard to bring them to justice.

**LET JUSTICE BE DONE.**

The country owes a great deal to the Conservative party, but the latter will add much to its claim upon the nation's gratitude if it does something to relieve it of the machinations of the vampires who have been brought into such infamous prominence by the Committee of Privileges and Elections at Ottawa. It is amazing that the men who have been sucking at the vitals of the country should ever have reached the position they have occupied. It is clear that for the most part they have risen from the residuum of the people, and an elevation from the pick, spade and hod which, in most cases would be honorable and to their credit, has to all appearance only resulted in the cases of these men in the development of every bad quality, the fratricide of every type of dishonesty. Perjury, in certain cases, seems to have been a formal pastime, lying a rule rather than an exception, stealing a mere matter of habit, hypocrisy a necessity, duplicity a study. The whole investigation reveals lives which seem to answer to that of the famous character whose principle was to

—Moek the time with fairest show,  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

The country must demand the suppression of this horde of rascality so far as their power for evil is concerned. If some can be made to reflect on their evil deeds in Kingston so much the better. New York sent a somewhat similar band of political and social banditti, who had fixed themselves like barnacles on the city and state, to Sing Sing. In this Canada can learn a lesson worthy of imitation. Especially ought our fellow-countrymen to demand that prompt justice be done, for it is a deplorable fact that some of those who have done so much to tarnish the fair fame of Canada claim to be of our race and country. The good name of Irishmen and Irishwomen demands vindication as much as the honor of the country.

**PROTESTANTISM AS IT IS.**

A Catholic reading the sermons preached and articles written, in defence of their opinions, by those Protestant clergymen who have been accused of heresy, can feel only profound compassion for them. Their evident sincerity only makes the misery of their position more painfully evident. Having drifted away from the too rigid moorings of their creeds, they are hopelessly at sea, and can find no soundings in the abyssal depths of Protestant theology. Those creeds, framed by men of meagre education, harsh judgment, and filled with the fire of controversial zeal, suited the sectaries so long as the spirit which animated authors dominated them. But when higher education developed the science of biblical criticism, and an inexorable logic was applied to the creeds, they were found utterly irreconcilable with scripture, reason and experience.

While doubt and confusion thus produced were paralyzing the intellect and undermining the faith of the preachers, the people were growing indifferent. It was found that congregations listened, but did not believe. With that subtle instinct which pervades religious assemblies, the people became aware of the decay of conviction among their pastors. As might be expected this soon led to an open display of indifference and the church attendance began to dwindle. As a social force public worship continued, but Christianity in any sense ceased to attract attention either as a standard of morals or guide to conduct. Particularly was this to be seen among Presbyterians. Not only did the congregations dwindle, but many became so thin that churches all over the United States had to be closed, and with the disappearance of congregations went an extraordinary decline in the number of desirable candidates for the ministry.

When this decline of Protestant Christianity was at its most rapid point, those who feared it would end in utter wreck raised the banner of union. In its two main divisions of Old Kirk, and Free Kirk, the Presbyterian body was large and influential. But as each decayed, and the prospects of revival died out, union was gladly accepted. This movement was at once a proof of the decay of faith and the reduction of membership. The subdivided sectaries sank their minor differences, because they felt that in union only was their hope of escape from extinction.

Precisely the same process took place among the various branches of Methodism. They all merged into one, and, while they loudly proclaimed that their union was a proof of the increased spirit of Christian brotherhood, everybody who cared to look below the surface knew that it was owing solely to decay of belief and shrinkage of membership. The truth of the matter was that the dry husks of a Presbyterian dogmatic religion neither satisfied the intellect nor the emotions. Instead of green pastures and living waters the hungering and thirsting flocks were being starved in the arid wastes of Calvinism. Methodism, on the other hand, had lost its boasted primitive simplicity, while its central principle of conversion and justification produced a canting hypocrisy as repulsive as it was transparent. Nor was the Anglican communion untouched by the privailing decline of faith. The radical difference between the "High and Dry," and the "Low and Slow" sections became more strongly accentuated. The latter declared the former were drifting towards Rome, and the others retaliated by charging the Low-Churchmen with a tendency to Unitarianism. This dispute culminated in the contest for the selection of a bishop for Massachusetts, Rev. Phillips Brooks, who was admitted on all hands to be the best man for the vacant chair, was accused of heretical proclivities and of having fraternized with dissenters. The storm raged with great fury for a while, but Brooks and the Low-Churchmen carried the day.

The causes of the trouble among the sects have been stated by Dr. Briggs. "Traditional dogma in the Presbyterian church," he says, is chiefly the scholastic Calvinism of the seventeenth century of Switzerland and Holland, mingled with elements from British Evangelicalism of the eighteenth century. But alongside of it is an apologetic based upon the Armenianism of Bishop Butler and an ethical philosophy of the nineteenth century. It is this internal strife between Calvinistic dogma, Armenian apologetics and rationalistic ethics that has brought on the crisis in the Congregational and Presbyterian churches. Calvinistic dogma has been well nigh eliminated from the Congregational churches. In the Presbyterian church semi-Armenianism demands a revision of the Calvinistic sections of the Westminster confession. The Calvinistic party in the Episcopal church is a vanishing quantity. The Baptist churches seem to be strong in their Calvinism, but there are signs of weakness in these also."

Such is the desolate picture of the state of the Protestant sects, as drawn by one of their most able, learned and sincere clergymen. But the worst of it

all is that none of the so called churches will agree to accept any standard of authority. It is plain, however, that a large section, perhaps the larger section, of Protestantism is passing into rationalism. That in its turn, as students of religious movements know, is a phase of thought which precedes a revival of faith. It is in accordance with the old example. When the beam touches the lowest point it begins to rise. Here is where we find the hope of the return of those who have wandered so long in the wilderness to the onerous fold. And it is that hope which must fill Catholic hearts with compassion when regarding the forlorn condition of the Protestant world as Protestant ministers have described it.

**DOMINION PARLIAMENT.**

Twenty-six of a majority, in one of the fullest houses since the parliament met three months ago, is a result upon which the supporters of a sound fiscal policy and Canada's autonomy may well congratulate themselves. The debate closed its weary accents at four o'clock in the morning, and the members were called in. To all parts of the country the confident prophecy had been telegraphed that the Government was in the throes of dissolution; that defections were the order of the day. The names of men true to the cause of the national policy since its inception were paraded in the Opposition prints as having expressed themselves only anxious for the vote to come on that they might throw themselves into the arms of the Opposition and swamp the Government out of sight. The galleries, despite the hour of dawn, were filled with eager spectators, some of them summoned from afar, to witness the exit of Sir John Thompson and his friends from the seats at the right of the Speaker, but what a spectacle of dismay was presented by the faces of Sir Richard Cartwright and his followers when the announcement was made that the Ministerial majority stood unimpaired. The people of Canada may well rejoice that the unrestricted reciprocity wreckers have been given their *quintus* for a good while to come.

The bill codifying our criminal laws has been distributed. It is a masterly work and bears the imprint of the heroic labors of the indefatigable Minister of Justice. The bill will get its second reading and be left over until next session, when it will become law, with such amendments as may be suggested by the judiciary and other competent authority in the interval.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries is one of the most active members of the Government. He has introduced and carried through several bills of great importance to the fisheries of Canada. New legislation has also been pushed forward regarding navigation, giving greater security to passengers and calling for increased protection as to the carrying of live animals across the seas, as well as better regulations for navigation in our inland waters.

The Dominion Election laws are being altered, if not amended. Referring to the changes made, the Minister of Justice said "that before the House had got through there would be one man more to be commiserated than the successful candidate, and he was the returning officer," around whose proceedings so many safeguards are being thrown, and upon whose shoulders no end of responsibility is being heaped. There were no less than six bills introduced on the same subject, and it required the labors of a special committee to roll them into one, which operation has been successfully performed. One relieving feature during the legislation of the past week was the six months' hoist given to the Sabbatarian bill of that canting hypocrite, Mr. Charlton, of Equal Rights fame. His proposition was fairly snowed under, if we may use such a simile, in this tropical season.

The Tarte-McGreavy investigation is still going on. This week will bring matters virtually to a close, when the report will be made to the House of Commons. It is needless to speculate on the result. The defence is now about to be heard, and all comment on the subject would be indecate and unfair. Party papers are already clamoring for the head of the Minister of Public Works, and none louder than those who have condoned the offences of the Mercier Government and its army of satellites and parasites.

Mr. Howard Vincent, M.P., of the Imperial Parliament, has been making the acquaintance of our Dominion members and advocating his scheme of more extended trade relations between the mother country and her many possessions. The hon. gentleman was entertained at a banquet in the House of Commons restaurant, at which many Conservative and a few Liberal members were present. He is a pleasing, if not an eloquent speaker, and placed his views strongly before his hearers. There is no doubt that the mission of Mr.

Howard Vincent will be productive of a general awakening on the subject he handles so well. He is starting on a mission of propagandism throughout the whole country, and it would not be surprising if at the next general election, should treaty negotiations with the United States fail to come to a head, that this new proposition, with its visions of fair trade relations with the great market of England, in view of mutual concessions and advantages against outsiders, will be a prominent plank in the platform of many candidates, if not of one of our political parties.

**IRISH AFFAIRS.**

Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien have been liberated from jail, in Ireland, the period of their incarceration having expired. Great were the expectations of all concerned as to what course these gentlemen would pursue in connection with the political situation. All along, the Parnellites and their opponents were respectively contending that no sooner should the jail gates be opened for the exit of the political prisoners than they would at once proclaim their allegiance to their respective sides of the unnatural and disastrous faction fight raging between the two camps. Fortunately, the men on whom so much was made to depend have not indulged in any shilly-shallying. They have pronounced emphatically that they cannot be counted upon to support the late leader, whom they, no doubt, respect for his great services in the past, but whose usefulness, at the present, they fail to recognize. Mr. Parnell is reported as having stated that the defection of his two important friends will not cause him to deviate from his course by one hair's breadth, and such a declaration is characteristic of the man. There is, however, another defection more disastrous still for the prospects of the fallen chieftain. Mr. Dwyer Grey, of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, has announced his withdrawal from the Parnellite ranks, and should the journal, which is controlled by Parnell, slip from his grasp, then the sponge may as well be thrown up. For the sake of Ireland, it is to be regretted that her talented son, having become the victim of a woman's wiles, did not retire from the political arena at the time of his grave fault. After a brief period of exile in private life, he might again have come to the front. In fact, on all sides, it is believed he would have been recalled. Instead of so doing, his every act since the split in the party has been calculated to render his return an impossibility. Parnell the obstructionist, Parnell the tactician, the organizer, the father of the Home Rule movement, will never be forgotten, but the strong man, bound in the fetters of Mrs. O'Shea, the friends of the cause will ardently desire to hear as little of as possible in the future.

The Irish cause is far from dead. Indeed the enemies of Ireland are now forging the machinery by which her complete emancipation is about to be effected. Salisbury and Balfour have been doing some good in ameliorating the land laws and in pushing forward works of public utility in Ireland; yet it is to the local government bill that we look forward, as the initiatory step that is to lead to the final settlement of the Irish question. Local government is not home rule, but it will be the training school for a comprehensive system of national government at an early date. In a speech delivered some years ago by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, he pointed out that our municipal and local government system in Canada was the starting point for a great number of our best men in the public affairs of the Dominion. Men began in the municipal and county councils, became acquainted with their workings, and seized a good grasp of public duties and responsibilities: from those they proceeded to the local legislatures and thence to the Parliament of Canada. In Ireland the same results will follow. Men will be trained under the local government system to the administration of public affairs. The people of Ireland will not be content with anything less than a Parliament in College Green; the agitation for Home Rule will go on, but much more effectively, owing to the advantages they will enjoy under local government. Not only will the people be trained, but the very machinery of the local institutions may and will be used for furthering the great national project. It is gratifying to find that all sections of the Irish party profess to be willing to lend a helping hand towards forwarding the Government measure and making it as perfect as possible. In that course they are giving evidence of a true sense of their responsibility and a keen insight into the political future. The present generation will see Home Rule for Ireland an accomplished fact; the disasters of the past year have been a sore trial for all patriotic hearts, but good times are yet in store for the old land.

**WANTS TO BE A JESUIT.**

Mr. Jean Bourgeois, son of Mr. Justice Bourgeois, of Three Rivers, has entered the novitiate of the Jesuits.

**FUNERAL REFORM.**

A correspondent, alluding to an article which appeared in these columns some weeks ago on the desirableness of establishing societies among the members of church congregations for the purpose of providing for Christian burial, as contrasted with the formalities of undertakerism, takes some exception to the proposition. We suspect the correspondent is an undertaker, for he champions the cause of that trade in a most devoted and zealous manner. We must, however, adhere to the opinion we formerly expressed, namely, that funeral reform is an absolute necessity, and that the extravagance often forced on poor people in connection with the burial of their dead be checked by the provision of means for respectful and reverent interments at a moderate cost. The undertakers, of course, always say that they cannot prevent people ordering extravagant funerals. We will grant this, but it does not excuse the exorbitant and excessive charges imposed by the "ring" which has been formed by the undertakers, and which holds the public at its dictatorial mercy. Let us hear one of these undertakers himself, and our readers will better appreciate what we mean. Before the "Ring" Committee of the House of Commons an Ottawa undertaker gave under oath the following evidence:

Q. What price caskets do you sell? A. There is a difference between a coffin and a casket. We sell caskets from \$60 up according to the class and trimmings. Some are trimmed very plain.  
Q. Up to what price? A. One hundred and seventy-five dollars for one we had once: black walnut with gold trimmings, such as has been used but once in Ottawa. I got \$175.  
Q. White wood compares with rosewood? A. Yes. We charge \$60, and that is the cheapest casket I sell.  
Q. Well, what does that cost you? A. The casket itself, I think, laid down here would be, with \$1.25 carriage, about \$12. Then there would be trimming and our labor. Say \$14 for the casket.  
Q. What would the trimmings be? A. Handles, lining and plate.  
Q. It costs you about \$14.50 or \$15 laid down? A. Yes, about that. I suppose we should make about \$40 or \$45 on the actual cost of the casket.

And so on. A Toronto man swore that the "ring" charge for \$72.50 "caskets" was \$75, and that the "ring" rules for the prevention of any one who wished to be less extortionate going into the trade were rigid, and that the association would sell material to no one not in the combination. We do not pretend to enter into the question of the legality or the necessity of these arrangements made by undertakers. In fact, one of them stated before the committee that the undertakers "could not do with five or ten per cent profit," as they did not work more than two-thirds of the time and were obliged to have the same staff of men and horses. This bears out our contention that each congregation should form its own burial association. The church should provide the carriage for the body of the dead; friends should see to the last duties; and the hideous gloomy paraphernalia too often seen give place to a ceremonial that would recall the burial of Christians, as in the early ages of the Church.

**A SPECIMEN BRICK.**

A good number of well disposed people imagine that because the Liberals masquerade beneath that name they are really more enlightened and more anxious to give fair play to the minority in the Dominion of Canada than their opponents in politics. We have always contended, and are still of the opinion, that rank bigotry is to be found in many of the minds and hearts of the men in both parties. In so far as our experience goes, there are the blowers of heat and the blowers of cold in both political camps, just as it suits their purposes. Some newspapers, like the Ottawa Free Press, that are absolutely shameless, blare hot and cold at the same time in the same issue. The rampant Orange element of the west, in the neighborhood of the glorious twelfth, gives outward signs of the inward spirit; but for simon pure all-the-year-round bigotry, the unregenerated Grit has no equal. This fact is brought out by a correspondence addressed to the Daily Witness by Mr. Jamieson, M.P., a Protestant Tory, who feels indignant at the treatment meted out to Sir John Thompson by Dr. Douglas. The Daily Witness, which loudly proclaims itself the only religious daily in the Dominion, opened fire by alleging that "Dr. Douglas, in his denunciation of Jesuit rule in the Dominion, spoke for the whole Methodist Church." Mr. Jamieson, M.P., is a Conservative and a Methodist, and in his first letter administered a well merited castigation to the only religious daily. Since that correspondence was written the vast majority of newspapers on both sides of politics have found it to their advantage to denounce the intolerance and vituperation of the poor old doctor, and by some means a second letter addressed to our contemporary by Mr. Jamieson was not published until Saturday last. If it may be true, as alleged by our contemporary, that the letter of Mr. Jamieson "was de-







BABYLON.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

[The London Spectator of June 20, reviewing Douglas Sladen's "Younger American Poets," selects the following as the only poem in the collection possessing "vitality." It divides that "Babylon" is another name for England, and is glad to say that the poem cannot be called the work of an American poet, adding: "There is a certain rhetorical vigor about the poem which makes it worth notice. The author seems to have dipped his pen in perfumed vitriol. If, however, he can manage to maintain the literary standard he here attains, no Englishman will, we feel sure, grudge him the right to call England as many names as he pleases."]

Her robes are of purple and scarlet,  
And the Kings have bent their knees  
To the gemmed and jewelled harlot  
Who siteth on many seas.

They have drunk the abominations  
Of her golden cup of shame;  
She has ridden and debauched the nations  
With the mystery of her name.

Her merchants have gathered riches  
By the power of her wantonness,  
And her usurers are as leeches  
On the world's supreme distress.

She has scourged the seas as a spoiler;  
Her mart is a robber's den,  
With the wretched toll of the toiler,  
And the mortgaged souls of men.

Her crimson flag is flying,  
Where the East and the West are one;  
Her drums while the day is dying  
Salute the rising sun.

She has scourged the weak and the lowly  
And the just with an iron rod;  
She is drunk with the blood of the holy—  
She shall drink of the wrath of God!

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROWS."

PROLOGUE.

May Day in Paris, the early days of the Second Empire—a hot, bright May Day; the sun shining down with cloudless persistency on the pleasure-loving, good-humoured crowds thronging the streets, basking in the more than spring-like warmth outside the cafes, or driving, arrayed in all their glory, in the Bois, through which the Emperor himself was passing, then in the triumphant dawn of those eighteen years of splendor, purchased by crime, and closed by exile, defeat, and death.

In a broad, quiet street not far from the Arc de Triomphe, a neat coupe, with an English perfection in all its appointments, and an English coachman to ensure the safety of its occupants, drew up before the house inhabited on a promontory by one of the cleverest physicians in Paris, M. Victor Merimee, a man who, while still young, was already acquiring name and fortune in the special branch of science with which he had chosen to identify his name.

His visitor this afternoon came by appointment. The footman, opening the door of the coupe, assisted an extremely beautiful woman to descend—a woman no longer in her first youth, yet far from old—in appearance thirty, in reality some years older. She was dressed with that finished perfection of toilette which no woman studies; possibly because no very young woman needs such care in setting off each beauty of face and figure as this lady displayed in every detail of her appearance, from the arrangement of her rippling blue-black hair to the high-heeled shoes on her little feet.

It was quite evident that she regarded dress as a fine art, and studied it carefully; but that there was something else in the world which interested her far more could be as plainly read in her grey eyes as, before entering the doctor's house, she returned to the carriage, from the window of which a pretty boy of about four years old was watching her wistfully.

"Will you be dull, my darling," she asked fondly in English of the child. "Yes, very dull. Please take me, too."

In a moment the order was given, Andre, the footman, helped his little master out, and Madame de Vaux, who could not be happy away from her adored son, led him with her up to the doctor's apartments.

After all, she thought, there was nothing in her conversation with Dr. Merimee which the child might not hear, or which he could understand. And when M. Merimee, who had attended the De Vaux family for ten years, but had never seen M. Gaston de Vaux's English wife, entered his salon, his eyes fell on the charming picture of a woman, in dusty draperies of silk and lace, bending over her pretty, bright-faced little boy, who clung about her, gazing up at the beautiful face which smiled tenderly upon him.

A feeling of interest, even of compassion, came into the doctor's mind as he looked at her. He was a man of six-and-forty, extremely busy always, and very little given to sentiment; yet as he looked at this woman, whom he knew to be handsome, rich, and happy in the devoted love of her husband and child, both of whom were likely to live at least as long as she, Dr. Merimee felt distinctly sorry for her.

This feeling she inspired in him would have astonished no one more than Madame de Vaux herself, who on his entrance rose, and after a few polite commonplaces proceeded to inform him of the object of her visit.

"We are about to start for Switzerland," she said, "as my husband complains of the noise in Paris. But before we go I determined I would call and consult you about him. He is not in the least ill, and gets quite angry if I suggest that he should see a doctor. But he suffers from the deepest depression at times; and since I have often heard how very highly my husband's family esteemed your skill, I thought perhaps, you would advise me what to do to cheer and rouse him, and whether there is any medicine I ought to induce him to take."

her husband's low spirits, she evidently did not think his symptoms in the least alarming.

Dr. Merimee, a tall, distinguished-looking man with prematurely grey hair, paused before replying, standing before her with his hands behind him and his head bent, evidently in deep thought. "Pardon me for asking the question," he said at length, "but have you ever met any of your husband's family?"

"No," she replied, "no; except his sister, who is in a convent, and whom I have visited occasionally. You know my husband's father and mother died seven years ago, and his two brothers are abroad. I met M. de Vaux in Scotland, where I was travelling with my daughter by my first husband, and a month after our first introduction I married him."

"Did he strike you as suffering from depression when you first knew him?"

"Oh no. He was very much excited and distressed when I wished to put off our wedding, but when I agreed to the early date he desisted, he was at once appeased, and since that time I have never known him suffer from low spirits for any length of time until about nine months ago, when his uncle, M. Antoine de Vaux, died suddenly at his estates in Normandy."

The tone in which M. Merimee made this explanation was significant, and the look he fixed on his visitor's face even more so. Madame de Vaux coloured, and began to feel strangely excited, she scarcely knew why.

"I can see by your manner, monsieur," she said at last in a low voice, "that you are acquainted with the unfortunate circumstances attending the death of my husband's uncle. But although M. de Vaux's strange depression seems to date from that event, I cannot connect the two facts, for the reason that, except for yourself, I and my husband, and some two or three servants devoted to the family, no one suspects the truth concerning M. Antoine's end; and as he and my husband had not met for twenty years, why should his death be the cause of this melancholy of M. de Vaux's?"

For fully five minutes the doctor made no answer. In the perfect stillness, through which Madame de Vaux could hear her own heart beating, M. Merimee stood stroking his chin slowly with his left hand, his right hand behind him, and his keen eyes fixed, sometimes on the floor, sometimes on the lady's face. He was debating in what words he should frame his answer; how much of the truth it was safe for her to hear, or whether it would be more advisable to let her go in the ignorance in which she had come.

"How old is your husband now, madame," he asked at length. "Thirty-seven; nearly two years younger than I."

"Ah!" he exclaimed again, thoughtfully. "Madame," he went on, "I see that you are less young than you appear, and that you have had more experience than one would suppose. Will you withdraw a little to the other end of this apartment, as it is not desirable that your little son should hear what I have to say?"

He led the way with dignified courtesy to the inner room, separated by folding-doors and curtains from the one in which the child was left, having first given him some pictures to amuse him. Madame de Vaux, with pale cheeks and trembling lips, followed him. Something in the doctor's manner seemed to give shape and colour to wild and terrible fancies which, on one or two occasions, had flashed into her mind during the past five years, only to be dismissed as unreasonable and absurd. But she was a wise, brave woman, and her manner was as quietly self-possessed as that of M. Merimee himself as she seated herself in the arm-chair he offered, and listened intently to his words.

"You must take M. de Vaux out of Paris at once, madame," he said. "But, although he dislikes the noise of cities, you must not do so; you must allow him to indulge in solitude; I should advise a fine, fashionable mountain resort—a hotel full of people, fine air, long walks, but cheerful society also. Never leave him alone, but, on the other hand, never appear to watch him, and try to conceal all trace of anxiety concerning his health. Let him have as much of your company, and of all the bright and youthful society, as is compatible with cheerfulness, but not too much noise. Travel about; do not remain in any place more than a few weeks, read aloud to him, amuse him, and give him, unknown to him, in his coffee, or in whatever way you can, a few drops of a medicine I will have made up for you. Above all, and this is absolutely imperative, do not let him know that you have consulted me."

He bowed as he finished speaking, and was about to push open the folding-doors, when Madame de Vaux stopped him with a gesture.

"M. Merimee," she said in a low, vibrating voice, "you must answer me one question before I go. Is there the slightest fear that my husband will go mad?"

Again he paused, looking at her very keenly.

"Madame," he said, "there is no absolute fear of it, unless you excite him by exciting yourself, as you are doing now."

"I can control myself, and I will," she answered firmly. "But my visit has reminded me of other things—"

"Of what, madame?"

"Things my husband has said; broken sentences in which he begged me to forgive him for having persuaded me to marry him; strange and horrible expressions I have sometimes seen in his eyes; and his conduct when once, in a fit of violent, causeless jealousy, whilst out driving with me, he purposely overturned the carriage, and I was thrown out, laming my foot—"

"Why did you not tell me of this before?"

(To be Continued.)

The rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

Men would be very wise if they could only learn as much as their boys think they could teach them.

THE FARM.

HINTS ON CLEANLINESS IN MILKING.

Hoarding of Cows—The Air—The Farm-yard Straw Dangerous.

Careful cleanliness in milking is of the greatest importance, and ought to be promoted by all means. If there is not received a clean, fresh and good-tasting milk the product cannot be sold at a satisfactory price. The public has so long been accustomed to fine butter and cheese, and to pay for these such a price, that this should constitute an inducement to the production of the best goods, even to the observance of the smallest details.

To secure pure milk it is necessary to furnish a dry bed, good care and fresh air in the stable. Unfortunately these conditions are not observed to the extent that should be desirable. There are farms where the manure is allowed to lie under animals as long as possible, and the owner imagines he has performed his whole duty. Even with strong and milk-producing food (a perfect assimilation within the animal body requires a soft food, which if it is too soft is not compatible with a good quality of milk or the animal's health) the purity of milk cannot receive the necessary attention. The result is also that the quantity and quality are unsatisfactory. On the dressing and attention of milch cattle depending in a high degree their product.

What is gained, properly speaking, by allowing the manure to lie longer time under the animals? A thorough mixing of the solid and liquid excrement with the litter, a good preservation of the manure, and the advantage of thereby securing a greater quantity. This is secured certainly, but at the cost of the animal's comfort and profit. The same advantage could be secured without converting the stable into a manure-heap, and without the animals being required to suffer for it. The liquid excrement is easily saved if for litter one uses straw which has been cut short. By this the straw soaks up the liquid to its whole length, which otherwise would be hindered by the joints. Likewise by this it becomes possible to mix manure in at by to mix the straw with the solid manure, and the labour with this becomes a more easily spread on the field. By this process with the straw, the animal receives a good and even bed. The short-cut straw cannot, by the animal, be scattered or gathered in one place, which happens to long straw. Where it is possible to do so, turf or soil should be used.

USED FOR LITTER, which soaks up not only the liquid, but also gaseous matter. No litter makes the air in the stable so pure as this; it ought to be used in a sufficient quantity, and in a dry condition, and one would be astonished at the influence it exerts over both the air and the cleanliness in the stable.

The preserving of manure and retaining a pure air in the stable is secured, beside, through the use of gypsum, kaimit or superphosphate, the manure heap, which required particular attention, is kept damp by pouring on it the collected manure water. If this method of handling manure when it is carried from the stable—as it ought to be twice a day—should give a smaller quantity, the value is equally good as when allowed to lie a longer time under the animals and then carried out. This also furnishes a good use for the stock of straw, without trouble as to how it shall be disposed of.

With care as to a clean and dry stall, the cows ought also to be refreshed daily by combing and brushing. All visible dirt ought quickly to be removed, and the cow's whole body should be clean and glistening. Washing in general, particularly of the udder, is not to be recommended, considering a complete washing must be undertaken with the greatest prudence, and one so difficult should always be thoroughly performed. A badly performed washing is rather a damage than a benefit. When the udder or teats are very dirty and affected with sores, washing can be recommended, and ought to be done with lukewarm water and some soap. Care should be observed that the washed parts are afterward well dried and that the animal is not exposed to a draft. In ordinary cases the udder can be most easily kept clean with a soft brush or by rubbing with a straw brush.

Fresh air is secured in the stable by means of an air shaft, as well as by opening the windows and ventilators in the walk. It must be avoided, however, exposing the animals to any strong draft. The windows in most stables lie so low that the animals are directly exposed to such a draft. Under such circumstances prudence is required in.

AIRING THE STABLE. Hair cloth windows are recommended, through which fresh air, without any particular draft, can be secured through the warmer months.

It is a great influence on a regular and good product to keep an even temperature in the stable. This should be kept between 12° and 15° C. (54° to 59° F.). A constant changing in the temperature results in a diminished product from the animals. If it is too cold, then too much food is required to furnish the animal heat; if too warm the perspiration is too great—in both cases at the cost of the product. So far as possible ought the temperature in the stable to be regulated by a thermometer constantly kept there.

The arrangement of the stable ought to be such that the animals are not crowded. There should be no stalls; partitions; without these the animals secure so much more freedom, and have some liberty when they lie down. But this means they may seek, as far as possible, avoiding lying in the dirt.

If one has performed all these conditions for the production of pure milk, then at milking must the following points be observed:

1. All milk vessels, which are best made of tinned iron, must be constantly kept carefully clean.

2. The milking should be performed in a neat dress and with clean hands, for which latter object a pail with warm water and a towel ought to be kept convenient.

3. Before commencing to milk, remove carefully all dirt from the udder and neighboring parts.

If there is left any dirt in the teats it is incorporated so thoroughly in the milk during the milking that neither strainer nor strainer-cloth can remove it from the milk. No matter to what extent the milk in this manner may be dirtied, the dirt is removed at the separating and remains in the grease in the separator. The grease remaining in the separator being more or less black shows whether the milking has been performed in a more or less.

CLEANLY MANNER. Immediately after milking strain the milk through a fine cloth-strainer. Pay attention that frequently during the progress of milking the strainer becomes thoroughly washed. Should this not be done the constant pouring of milk on the accumulated dirt reduces it to such a degree of fineness that no additional straining can remove it.

At milking it should be observed if the milk from the separate cows, and also from their different teats, appears fresh and normal. Milk that is not perfect or is diseased should not be poured with the rest, and should not be handled in the dairy.

The milk's appearance, taste and odor from each particular cow and also from their different teats should be frequently tried; at the straining observe the condition of the milk; a clean silk strainer shows often a bad abnormal milk; a perfect milk runs comparatively easy through the strainer cloth and leaves nothing on the strainer. The remaining cheesy particles are produced by a clotted milk; a mucous milk, running slowly, deserves prompt and close examination. By testing each cow the source of the defective milk can be readily discovered.

Albuminous milk is shown by taking a small portion for trial in a suitable bottle. A perfect milk is distinguished after strong shaking by the small butter globules, while the albuminous milk only forms a froth; and in other respects faulty milk only in a slight degree or not at all forms butter globules—a good milk colors red litmus paper a weak blue, and blue a weak red—milk having a neutral reaction. A strong red coloring of litmus paper shows a sour milk, and should not be mixed with the normal milk. Milk produced near the end of the milking period injures the good milk and leaves a bad product, and should not be used in the dairy. It is unnecessary to add that milk from sick animals should never be used. Milk should, as far as possible after milking, be carried from the stable, and its air, which in spite of all prudence is too often loaded with foul odors, and which milk too freely assimilates, and transfers to its product—butter and cheese—to their injury. [Translated for the Country Gentleman from the Swedish dairy paper "Nordisk Mejeritidning," by MAY I. MORELAND.]

Since Childhood's Days.

"I have been bothered with neurægic pains in the head and face since childhood and have tried all possible remedies. A friend persuaded me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after having used it I obtained instant relief, and thoroughly recommend B.B.B."—Jas. Inglis, Bedenbury, Assa.

A good time to trust in God is when you discover a glaring error in a Christian brother.

Consult Your Neighbor.

Any one may find out just what Burdock Blood Bitters is and does by asking a neighbor who has tried it. It rarely fails in making a complete cure of dyspepsia, constipation, sick headache, biliousness and disease of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

Nicolet Notes.

I suffered continual pain from canker of the stomach and my face and body were almost covered with pimples. I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, the first dose occasioned slight pain, but I soon found relief, and after taking 5 bottles I became completely cured. I think B.B.B. the most powerful remedy known to science."—Stephen Edge, Nicolet, P.Q.

Its Action is Like Magic.

Accidents Happen

ONE TEASPOONFUL  
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

SICKNESS

COMES TO ALL.

How much suffering could be prevented by a little foresight!

Always keep in the house this inexpensive and thoroughly reliable safeguard,

which for over HALF A CENTURY has stood unequalled as a household remedy

and travelling companion.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS  
SELL PAIN-KILLER

At 25 cents a Bottle.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS  
SELL PAIN-KILLER  
At 25 cents a Bottle.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.

Drawings in August, 1891:—Aug. 5th and 19th.

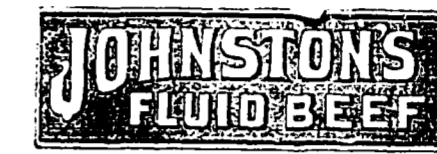
3134 PRIZES  
WORTH \$52,740.00.  
CAPITAL PRIZE  
WORTH \$15,000.00.

LIST OF PRIZES:	
1 Prize worth	\$15,000.00
1 "	5,000.00
1 "	2,500.00
1 "	1,250.00
5 "	500.00
25 "	250.00
100 "	100.00
200 "	50.00
500 "	25.00
Approximation Prizes:	
100 "	25.00
100 "	15.00
100 "	10.00
999 "	5.00
5 "	4.985 08
5 "	4.985 08

Ticket, - - - \$1.00  
11 Tickets for - - \$10.00  
Ask for Circulars.

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740.00  
S. E. LEFEVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada

FORTIFY YOURSELF AGAINST THE HOT WEATHER  
BY STRENGTHENING UP.  
The Regular Use of



The best safeguard against disease is to keep strong.

Has a wonderful effect in keeping the system well nourished.

Economy at the Vatican. ROME, July 27.—The recent heavy losses at the Vatican have compelled economic measures there also. A commission of cardinals has been appointed to study economies, especially with reference to the pontifical army. The Swiss guard will not be reduced, but the gendarmes and the papal guards will be reduced by leaving vacant the places of those who for any reason may quit the service. The cardinals are also obliged to submit to economies. The Pope is inexorable on this subject, and says it is necessary to make great exertions to remedy the disasters that have befallen the Peter's Pence. The Pope adds that he remains in Rome during the summer and the cardinals can as well endure the heat in their turn. Several cardinals are dissatisfied with this forced residence and labor, but they must submit.

Athletics. London, England, says: "One of the most excellent remedies for sprains, bruises, strains, over-tension of the ligaments, and other ailments incidental to athletic sports, is St. Jacobs Oil." The same is said of it by the sporting journals of the States.

Smuggling. QUEBEC, July 30.—It appears as if the gulf were infested by pirates as well as smugglers. Price Bros. & Co., lumber merchants, were made unpleasantly aware of this fact by a telegram they received from Sydney to-day. It will be remembered that the barque Staatsraad Lange, chartered by them to carry dealers ashore on Bryon's island and was abandoned by the crew after having been securely anchored. Price Bros. bought the vessel as she lay, but before they could reach her she had floated off and nothing more was heard of her till she was picked up by a steamer and towed to Sydney. Then the cause of her having floated off became apparent. She had been boarded by pirates, who relieved her of all her deck load and fifty standards from her 'twain decks besides her anchor and chain cable, her fore and main mast and even her deck houses. Had she not floated off they would probably have stolen her keel as well. The incident has caused some comment as to the long time the Government steamers lie tied up to a wharf here.

New Wheat.

LONDON, Ont., July 30.—The first load of new wheat was sold here yesterday and realized 35 cents per bushel of 60 pounds. The crop of autumn wheat in the county of Middlesex is reported to be exceptionally fine, and the yield will average from 35 to 45 bushels to the acre.

Scottish Union and National Insurance Company of Edinburgh.  
ESTABLISHED 1824.  
TOTAL ASSETS.....\$37,477,143 51  
INVESTED FUNDS...10,934,923 52  
INVESTED IN CANADA...1,254,674 51

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No. 117 St. Francois Xavier Street.  
WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent  
Special City Agents:  
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Dominion Metal Works  
GARTH & CO.,  
536 to 542 Craig Street.  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Key's Low Water Alarm,  
Vau Duze's Steam Jet Pump,  
"Loose Pulley Oilers,  
Hot Water Furnaces,  
Hot Water Radiators,  
Pemberton Injectors,  
Hydrants of all kinds,  
St. George's Street Gulley,  
Kearney's Pneumatic Street Stop  
Cocks,  
Curtis' Water Pressure Regulator  
Asbestos Packed Cocks,  
Watson's Steam Pressure Regulators,  
and all kinds of Brass and Iron Goods for Plumbers, Gas-fitters, etc.  
IRON FOUNDRY  
CORNER OF  
Maitoneuve and Laguchetiere streets

Derricks: Winches  
1 Ton—1 1/2 Ton—2 Ton—3 Ton—5 Ton.  
HAND AND STEAM POWER.  
MILLER BROS. & TONS  
122 King Street, Montreal, Que.

ELECTRICITY  
—IS THE—  
Life Force  
OF ALL ORGANIC FORMS.  
Properly applied will often cure the most painful and obstinate diseases where all other agents fail.  
G. STAUNTON HOWARD,  
Electro-Therapist,  
209 St. Antoine St., MONTREAL.  
CONSULTATION FREE.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.  
This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

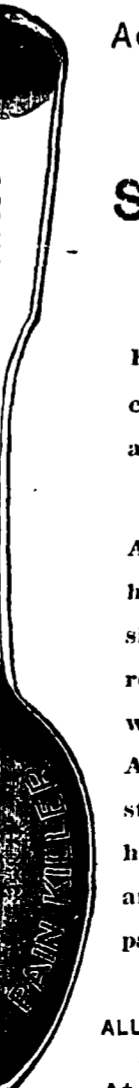
These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and are wonderfully yet soothingly, as the EDWARDS, KINGSLEY and HOWARD, give tone, energy and life to three great MAIN SPRIINGS OF LIFE. They are highly recommended as never-failing remedies in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are particularly efficacious in all ailments of the Liver, Gall, Stomach, and Bowels, and in all cases of GENERAL FAMILY WEAKNESS, not surpassed.  
Holloway's Ointment.  
Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of  
Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers,  
This is an infallible remedy. It effectually rubs in the neck and chest, as well into meat, it cures HOOT, THERAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Sore and ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,  
Gout, Rheumatism, and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.  
The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at  
252 OXFORD STREET, LONDON.  
and are sold by all vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in every language.  
The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered in Ottawa. Hence, anyone who obtains these medicines in seasons who may keep the Assurance that the goods will be genuine.  
Purchasers should look to the Labels on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PAIN-KILLER

Accidents Happen  
—AND—  
SICKNESS  
COMES TO ALL.  
How much suffering could be prevented by a little foresight!

Always keep in the house this inexpensive and thoroughly reliable safeguard, which for over HALF A CENTURY has stood unequalled as a household remedy and travelling companion.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS  
SELL PAIN-KILLER  
At 25 cents a Bottle.





SHATTER THE ROSE IF YOU WILL.

BY MYRTA LOCKETT AVARY.

Oh, sweet is the south wind blowing, (Shatter the rose if you will!) Full many a bud is growing With roses the garden to fill. And, ah! full well are you knowing Your hands will find roses still.

Oh, sweet is the south wind sighing, (Shatter the rose if you will!) And hark! to the whip-poor-will's crying Afar on the twilight hill. Though the lovely rose may be dying, The garden hath roses still.

But the rose, the first of the roses, (Shatter the rose if you will!) When the garden is full of gay posies, You shall sigh for the first rose still.

Oh, it bloomed, and it bloomed for you only; (Shatter the rose if you will!) And when you were saddened and lonely, It spent all its beauty to fill Your days with sweet fragrance and gladness; And now that it droopeth in sadness Let it die. For midsummer madness is here all the garden to fill.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

A very good authority in The Ladies' Home Journal gives a simple remedy for hemorrhoids. A lump of sugar saturated with vinegar. In ten cases, tried as an experiment, it stopped hemorrhoids in nine. A COOL CLOTH WITHOUT ICE. One of the most useful hints for sick-room attendance is very seldom known outside of a hospital ward, and not even there in many cases; the hint is how to obtain a cold cloth without the use of ice. Every one knows that in fevers, or weakness, a cold cloth on the forehead or face, or brain, is one of the most comforting things in the world. In the tropical regions, and where ice is scarce, all that is necessary is to wet a linen cloth, wave it to and fro in the air, fold it, and place it to and fro on the patient. Have another cloth ready, waving it to and fro, just before applying it; these cloths have a more grateful and lasting coldness than those made so by the burning cold produced by ice. The Ladies' Home Journal.

TO OOK A BEDROOM. If the sleeping-room is warm, it may be cooled for a time by wringing large pieces of cotton out of water and hanging them before the open windows, says The Ladies' Home Journal. Leave the door open, and as the air comes through the open door it will be cooled. This is a good device for cooling a sick-room; the clothes can then be wet again and again. Keep the gas turned low during the process of mending, and sleep without a light, unless it is a tiny night-lamp. HOW INDIAN WOMEN LIVE. I greatly admire the English woman for her utter refusal to worry or be worried, and the consequence is that she looks young at fifty, writes Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal for August. She undertakes no more than she can comfortably carry out, and thoroughly believes in the coming of another day. By this I do not mean that she procrastinates; she simply will not let the domestic machinery grind her down to ill-health and early old age. She is a frequent bath, and regards health as the prime factor of life, to be looked after before everything else, though the breakfast might be an hour late. She sleeps nine hours, and takes a nap during the day at that. She arranges her day's work in the most systematic manner, and her little memorandum slip always shows two vacant hours; they are for rest. She eats heartily, but the most digestible food. In the most modest home, no matter how little there may be on the table, there is nothing but the best. She would rather have a mouthful of good food and go partly hungry than eat a whole meal of cheaper things. She is a true economist; regulates her expenses carefully, and is a true believer in the allowance system. There are some things about the English woman which her American sister dislikes, just as it is vice versa; at the same time there are others which would make our American women happier and healthier if they imitated.

ONION SAUCE is made by boiling three or four white onions until they are tender; then mince them fine. Boil half a pint of milk, add butter the size of an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Stir the onion into it, and a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold milk. Let it come to a boil, then serve. FIG PUDDING is made thus: Chop half a pound of good figs until they are quite fine, a little more than a quarter of a pound of fine bread-crumbs. Mix these all together well, moistening well with molasses; add a little sugar to sweeten it sufficiently, and a teaspoonful of salt. This pudding requires boiling for an hour and a-half, and should be served with wine or sour pudding sauce. CHICKEN AND CREAM SAUCE. Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a frying-pan and place on the fire. When hot add two level teaspoonfuls of flour. Stir until smooth and frothy; draw the pan back, and gradually add one pint of cold milk. Replace the pan on a hot part of the stove and stir the sauce until it boils. Add one teaspoonful of salt, one quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper; simmer three minutes and it is ready for use. A few drops of onion juice will improve it. A teaspoonful of minced parsley may be added when this sauce is to be used for fresh fish or potatoes. Have the boiled chicken chopped in small cubes, pour on the sauce, put back on the stove until the mixture is warmed through, and then serve.

The Irish Harp. In ancient times Ireland had a coinage of her own, nullified about 1825 by an act of Parliament when the coin of England became current in Ireland. The Irish coin had a bust of the reigning sovereign, and on the reverse a harp surmounted by a crown with the word "Hibernia" over it. Ireland had been noted from all time for the number and excellence of her bards and minstrels, who were won-



Behind the times — the women who doesn't use Pearline; behind in her work, too, both in quantity and quality. With Pearline, work is easier and better. Clothes can be washed without being worn out; cleaning can be done without scouring and scrubbing. All that it does is done without danger; the only danger is in getting something else.

Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

derful performers on the harp, which came to be known as the national instrument. Up to 1172 Ireland was an independent nation, and her banner bore a rising sun, which gained the poetical title of "the sunburst." Henry VIII. changed the arms of Ireland by placing three harps on her heraldic shield. This design is found on the Irish coins of Edward III., Richard III., and Henry VII., and was really the armorial bearings of Ireland from the reign of Richard II. to Henry VIII. The harp is surmounted by a crown to show that Ireland, subject to England, had been a monarchy.

YOUTHS' COMPANION.

THE BIGGEST NEST. The Australian jungle fowl which makes its nests in the shape of earth mounds of prodigious size, one of which measured 15 ft. in perpendicular height, with a circumference of 150 ft. These heaps are placed under shelter, and often so enveloped in foliage that, in spite of their great size, they can scarcely be discovered. The material of which the mass is composed generally consists of leaves, grass and other vegetable matter. Vast numbers of eggs are found in these mound nests, placed at a considerable depth, some being as much as six or seven feet from the top of the heap. They are deposited in a curious manner, the bird scratching its way into the heap, laying an egg, and then filling up the hole as she makes her way out again. Another species of mound-building bird is the brush turkey or tallagulla of Australia. One measured by the ornithologist, Gould, was 14 ft. high, while another, measured by Jukes, was a little over 10 ft. The eggs are laid deep down in the mound, and in the case of both these birds are hatched by the fermentation of the vegetable matter forming the mound. The South African sociable weaver-birds build a colony of nests under one roof, which resembles a thatched house-top in appearance. Le Vaillant counted in one unfinished edifice of this kind 520 nests.

INSECTS AT SEA. Birds of passage make their way across wide stretches of water with instinct, not only in regard to their course, but in regard to the proper season as well. The finding of flies and butterflies long way out at sea is perhaps hardly more wonderful; but to most readers the fact is not so well known. What Mr. Collingwood found to be the habit of such insects in Chinese waters may be observed over large areas of tropic seas. When we had stood out some thirty miles from the land a plague of flies overtook us. The cabin was so full of them that the beams were blackened. Common, black house flies they were for the most part, with, however, a good sprinkling of large green flies. Where they could have come from was a mystery; but they were a terrible nuisance, and although we swept off thousands in a net their numbers were not sensibly diminished. Another singular circumstance was that although no land was in sight, large dragon flies repeatedly flew across the ship; and I observed a large, dark butterfly flit across in the direction of the land without stopping to rest on the ship. At this time the nearest land was the Chusan Islands, full thirty miles off. It is by no means an uncommon circumstance to see butterflies launch themselves off one shore for a short aerial excursion to the opposite shore, half a mile or a mile distant without the least hesitation; and when we were anchored in harbor as at Kelung they were constantly flying through the rigging so rapidly that it was impossible to catch them, for they never rested upon the ship. Under these circumstances they usually fly low in a straight line and near the water.

FIGHTING TWO ELEPHANTS. Two men are no physical match for two elephants, but superior cunning and artificial weapons make even one man the equal of several of the most powerful beasts. It makes a hunter's experience and the story of it, too, very thrilling, nevertheless, to owe his victory and his life to the success of an encounter with the critical moment in which he himself a creature so much stronger than himself. Sir Samuel Baker describes such an instant of extreme peril during his sporting life in Ceylon, when he found himself almost literally under the feet of two "rogue" elephants. His brother was with him, and with the aid of several natives he had tracked the huge game into a dense jungle. "I heard a deep, guttural sound in the thick ratten within four feet of me; at the same instant the whole tangled fabric bent over me, and bursting asunder, showed the furious head of an elephant, with uplifted trunk, in full charge upon me. I had barely time to cook my rifle, and the barrel al-

most touched him as I fired. I knew it was in vain, as his trunk was raised. B— fired his right hand barrel at the same moment without effect, for the same reason. I jumped to one side and attempted to spring through the deep mud. It was of no use; the long grass entangled my feet, and in another instant I lay sprawling in the enraged elephant's path within a foot of him. I expected to hear the crack of my own bones as his massive foot would be upon me. It was an atom of time. I heard the report of a gun. It was B—'s last barrel. I felt a spongy weight strike my heel, and turning quickly heels over head I rolled a few paces and regained my feet. That last shot had floored him just as he was upon me, and the end of his trunk had fallen upon my heel. Still he was not dead, but he struck at me with his trunk as I passed around his head to give him a finisher with my four-ounce rifle, which I had snatched from our solitary gun-bearer. My back was just touching the jungle from which the "rogue" had charged, and I was almost in the act of firing through the temple of the still struggling elephant, when I heard a tremendous crash in the rattans behind me, and the savage scream of another elephant. I saw the ponderous fore-leg of the beast cleave its way through the thicket directly upon me. I threw my whole weight back against the thick rattans to avoid him, and the next moment his foot was planted within an inch of mine. His lofty head was passing over me in full charge at B—, who was unloaded, when, holding the four-ounce rifle perpendicularly, I fired exactly under his throat. I thought he would fall upon me and crush me, but the shot was the only chance, as B— was perfectly helpless. A dense cloud of smoke from the heavy charge for the moment obscured everything. I had jumped out of the way the instant after firing. The elephant did not fall, but he had his death wound. The ball had severed his jugular, and the blood poured out in a stream. He stopped, but, collecting his stunned energies, he still blundered forward towards his intended victim. B— escaped him by moving to one side, and the brute staggered on through the jungle. Three days afterwards we found his dead body on the opposite side of the river."

THE PRIEST'S LEARNED LIZARD. Upon the office table of a prominent physician of New Orleans lies a little green lizard, with bright bead eyes, which guards the papers on the desk, and is the subject of a little story the doctor is very fond of telling. "That tiny creature," the doctor said, "which is the object of one of the silliest and most groundless prejudices the human race cherishes from generation to generation, was the devoted and solitary friend of a dying man, showing an intelligence and love which would be considered remarkable in a dog. "It was while spending a month in the little town of Las Cruces, N.M., that I made the acquaintance of a Catholic priest, Father Minter, who was dying of consumption, and no longer in service, but lingering in that warm climate hoping to so prolong his life. He had no relatives in this country. He was a man of intelligence and wide information, and I found his society most pleasant. Visiting him one day, I was startled to see a little green head peeping at me from under the priest's pillow. Following my gaze, the Father held out his hand the lizard, which snuggled in it like a kitten. "My only friend," he said, "and the learned and accomplished Monsieur Vert—Mr. Green. Now, you must show the gentleman what you can do, Mr. Green." "He here produced a little ladder made of straw, which the lizard mounted at a word of command, and then descended, carrying off the ladder on its back to the box in which it was kept. Then, being bidden, it brought out a miniature wine glass. Monsieur Vert has bad habits," said the Father. "He is a toper," at which the little creature pretended to drain the glass, and when its master continued, "He can't walk straight," began to wobble from side to side in a way that made me laugh most heartily. "There is but one end for drunkards" produced a sudden flocence over on its back, a stiffening of the queer little feet, and the poor toper was presumably dead. Only one twinkling eye kept watch on us to see what effect the scene would have. Father Minter pretended to weep, when Monsieur Vert jumped up, and running to him, crept into his hand. "Now, you must tell us the dearest country in the world," said the priest. "One rap of the tail shall mean 'No' and more than one 'Yes.' Now, then, Germany?" The tail gave a vigorous rap. No? "Then perhaps Turkey?" Another single rap. "Well, say France?" No? "Then perhaps England?" At this the lizard rolled over and repeated the lying dead performance, but when its master called, "How about Ireland?" it turned again and beat a regular tattoo with its tail. "So that's it, Monsieur Vert. But what have you to say of the United States?" The lizard expressed its enthusiasm by turning a slow and most impressive somersault. That ended the performance, which had I not witnessed I would not have credited it, but Father Minter assured me that it had not been the trouble to train the little creature that it was to teach tricks to a dog. "The lizard made its home somewhere outside the priest's window, and spent most of its time running or sleeping on its legs and would often be for hours watching its friend. When he grew too weak to play with it, it would creep into his hand and never stir until he would command it to go home, when it would start perhaps a dozen times only to return and try and steal back to him. The day the priest died it could not be induced to leave him for a moment, and when he had breathed his last I had to remove the poor thing from his cold fingers. I meant to adopt the lizard for my own, but it fell a victim on the day of its master's funeral to the foolish prejudice I spoke of. An attendant, seeing the little creature crawling about the couch where its dead friend lay, knocked it off and killed it with a broom, but I had it preserved."

Merits wins, as the marvelous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medicinal merit. Sold by all druggists.

THE TURKISH BATH.

Is a great luxury and a wonderful remedy. Scores of Montreal citizens have been cured by the Baths. They cure Rheumatism, Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, Catarrh, Liver and Kidney derangements, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and other diseases. On St. Monique st., near the Windsor. Gentlemen's hours:— 8 to 8 A.M.; receive up to 8. 10 to 12 P.M. Ladies' hours:— 10 to 12 noon; receive up to noon. SEND FOR CIRCULARS. Address: F. E. McKEYE, 30-12 Manager Turkish Baths, Montreal.

WARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHAPERS. NOTICE: AUTOGRAF or THE GENUINE SHAPERS. Montreal: : : : : ROOFING Company, GENERAL ROOFERS AND CONTRACTORS. ROOFING In Metal, Slate, Cement, Gravel. ROOFS REPAIRED.

Before giving your orders get prices from us. OFFICE AND WORKS, corner Latour Street and Busby Lane. Telephone—Bell, 130; Federal 1022. Post Office Box 909.

BURDOCK. 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

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CHOLERA! COVERNTON'S Aromatic Blackberry Carminative! A safe, easy and effectual cure for disorders of the Bowels and Stomach, for both children and adults, promptly relieving DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA MORBUS and DYSENTERY; also COLIC, WIND, and painful purging of the Bowels. Price 25 cents. Be sure and get that prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., Corner Bleury and Dorchester Streets. For sale by all Druggists.

DR. J. M. FERRIS Surgeon-Dentist, 85 Bleury Street. Makes the Preservation of the Natural Teeth a specialty. Also the painless extraction of teeth by the use of local and general anesthetics. Artificial Teeth, Reasonable Rates. CONSULTATION FREE. 6-17-90

W. H. D. YOUNG, L.D.S., D.D.S. Surgeon-Dentist, 1024 NOTRE DAME STREET. Preservation of the Natural Teeth and painless extraction. Dorsenla Laughing Gas, Vegetable Vapour and Ether. Artificial work guaranteed satisfactory. TELEPHONE 2515. (6-17-90)

FRECHON & CO., 1645 Notre Dame St., Montreal. Will sell, at a reasonable price, 50 cent, until New Year, all their well-kept Church Ornaments and Church Furnishings. JOB PRINTING of every description done at THE TRUE WITNESS Office.

The Order of St. James.

The Spanish Order of San Jago, or James, owes its origin to the miscellaneous intervention which won a victory for the Spaniards when, well-nigh disheartened, they were battling with the Moors. The infidels had great prospects of success, and the Christian, were about to retreat to avoid being out to pieces, when, as the old chroniclers tell us, the Apostle St. James appeared, mounted on a snow white horse, and carrying a cross in his uplifted hand. At that sight the Spanish soldiers took courage, rallied all their forces, and soon defeated the foe. At one time the Order of San Jago, founded in commemoration of the opportune appearance of its patron, was the most powerful in all Spain. Its usual number was thirteen, but it could command the services of a thousand knights when occasion required. The order became very rich and powerful, acquiring large estates, and exerting a wonderful influence over the destinies of the country. It is said that it was this body of men who, by championing the cause of Ferdinand and Isabella, blessed Spain with their most glorious reign. It was these sovereigns who, through their encouragement of Christopher Columbus, gave to civilized man a new world.

The See of Waterford. It is a trite saying that it is not safe to prophesy until after the event; and the result of the election for the vacant Bishopric of Waterford, contrasted with the anticipations of my informant last week—whose forecast I gave for what it was worth—is a case in point. The parish clergy of the united dioceses of Waterford and Lismore assembled at the Cathedral on Thursday, the 2nd inst., for the purpose of recommending to the Holy See the name of a successor to the See vacated by the regretted demise of the Most Rev. Dr. Egan. The Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel and Metropolitan of Munster, presided at the High Mass of the Holy Ghost, which preceded the election. The C. C. Deacon was the Rev. Maurice Flynn, P.P., Passage East; Deacon, Rev. P. Fitzgerald, C.C., Cathedral; Sub-Deacon, Rev. P. Dunphy, C.C., Cathedral. Rev. W. B. O'Donnell, Adm., Cathedral, and Rev. T. Power, C.C., Ballybricken, officiated as Masters of Ceremonies. At the conclusion of the solemn services the parish clergy retired into the conclave, and under the presidency of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, proceeded with the election. The following was the result of the voting:—Dignissimus, Very Rev. Maurice Sheehan, P.P., V.F., Carrick-on-Suir; Dignior, Rev. W. J. Walsh, vice-president, St. John's College; Dignus, Very Rev. P. Casey, P.P., V.G., Dungarvan.—Catholic Times.

Malinchy's Prophecy. An ingenious interpretation of the prophecy of St. Malachy in which the successor of Leon XIII. in the Papal Chair is prefigured in the legend "Ignis Ardens" points to the learned Dominican Cardinal Zigliara, as the Prelate who is destined to be the next Pope. The prophecies relating to the succession to the Papacy, attributed to the Archbishop of Armagh, who lived in the eleven century, took the form of a number of Latin mottoes. Thus the motto predicted for the two hundred and fifty-seventh Pontiff, who happened to be Pius VI., was "Peregrinus Apostolicus" which, in view of the numerous voyages and exiles of that Pope, turned out to be singularly appropriate. The motto, "Aquila Rapax" was assigned to the two hundred and fifty-eight Pope, and as the later was Pius VIII., the prophecy received fulfilment by the robbery of his temporal possessions by Emperor Napoleon I., whose emblem was the eagle. The prediction for the two hundred and sixty-second Pope, Pius IX., was "Crux de Cruce," which was borne out by the persecution and troubles to which he was subjected throughout his long pontificate by the House of Savoy, whose armorial bearings display a Latin cross. The prophecy for his successor was "Lumen in Coelo," which may be regarded as accomplished by the fact that a comet figures in the armorial bearings of the present Pontiff, Leo XIII. The prediction for the next Pope is "Ignis Ardens" (burning fire). Now, the sole member of the Sacred College to whom this at present appears applicable is assumed to be Cardinal Zigliara, who belongs to the Dominican Order. The armorial bearings of the latter consists of a dog holding in his mouth a flaming torch, in allusion to a prophetic dream which St. Dominic's mother had before the founder of the Friars Preachers was born. Cardinals Zigliara is a man about 60 years of age, though he appears considerably older. This is due in part to his habit of walking about with bowed head and leaning heavily on a crutch-handstick. His mouth, like that of the present Pontiff, whose intimate friend and confidant he is, is noteworthy for its appearance and strong will and determination. He is the editor of the edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, published under the auspices of Leo XIII.

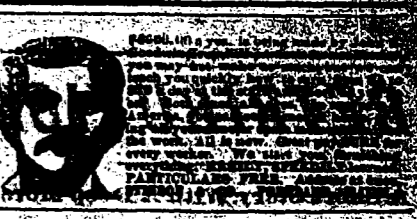
Dr. T. A. Slocum's OXYGENATED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest—Use it. For sale by all druggists.

A Mean Trick Somewhere.—Blithers had been hunting and had stopped on the way home to have his game bag furnished. Mrs. B.: "Well, John, did you shoot anything?" John (opening bag): "Did I? Just take a peep." Mrs. B.: "Lovely! Six beautiful soft-shell crabs."

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Visitor: "What is your work?" Editor: "I put heads on articles that appear in the paper." Visitor: "And what does that stout fellow over there do?" Editor: "He puts heads on the men who want to write articles for us."

A Paradox.—Grandma (severely): "The girls of to-day under twenty are older than they were under twenty were twenty years ago." Grandpa: "I don't know, but I think you're younger than they used to be thirty years ago."



UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION! OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED!

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY COMPANY. The Louisiana State Lottery Company, in pursuance of its charter, has the honor to announce that the drawing of the Grand Extraordinary Drawing will take place on Monday, August 11, 1891, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La. The Grand Extraordinary Drawing will consist of one drawing of \$100,000, and one drawing of \$50,000, and one drawing of \$25,000, and one drawing of \$10,000, and one drawing of \$5,000, and one drawing of \$2,500, and one drawing of \$1,000, and one drawing of \$500, and one drawing of \$250, and one drawing of \$100, and one drawing of \$50, and one drawing of \$25, and one drawing of \$10, and one drawing of \$5, and one drawing of \$2, and one drawing of \$1, and one drawing of \$0.50, and one drawing of \$0.25, and one drawing of \$0.10, and one drawing of \$0.05, and one drawing of \$0.02, and one drawing of \$0.01.

Grand Monthly Drawing. CAPITAL PRIZE, \$300,000. 100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

Table listing prize amounts and ticket prices for the Grand Monthly Drawing. Includes categories like 1st Prize of \$100,000, 2nd Prize of \$50,000, etc., and ticket prices for whole tickets at \$20, halves at \$10, etc.

Price of Tickets: Whole Tickets at \$20; Halves \$10; Quarters \$5; Tenths \$2; Twentieths \$1. Club rates, 55 francs tickets at \$1, for \$50. SPECIAL RATES TO AGENTS. AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. IMPORTANT. Send Money by Express at Our Expense in Sums not less than Five Dollars, on which we will pay all charges, and we accept express charges on tickets at a rate of 10% per cent on the amount of the tickets.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL COMPANY. Church Bells. This Company is now making a China of 18 bells to weigh 30,000 pounds, for St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

BELLS! BELLS! PEALS & CHIMES FOR CHURCHES. School Bells, Clock Tower Bells, Fire Bells, House Bells, Hand Bells. JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Loughborough, Leicestershire, England.

I CURE IT! BRODIE & HARVEY'S Self-Raising Food. BRUSLIE.



# RETRIBUTION

A Short Story With A Deep Moral.

I was a student in—College in the winter of 187—. The Christmas holidays were upon us, and many of us elected to remain in the College rather than undertake a long journey home in the inclement weather, particularly as the holidays were to be of short duration. Our life at college during vacation time was very pleasant. There were no roll-calls, no discipline, none of those things that make a student's life miserable, and last, and best of all, we were allowed to sleep till eight o'clock in the morning; that was two hours longer than when we were at work.

The dormitory in which I slept was a pretty large one, there being six other students besides myself quartered there. We were a noisy, mischief-making crew. Some of our chums often remarked that all the d—s in the house were collected into that same dormitory. We used to get up in the middle of the night, wrap ourselves up in the sheets of our beds, and sally out into some neighbouring dormitory, to the terror and dismay of its occupants. This trick was soon discovered, and then we had only left the fun. The students in each dormitory used to prepare themselves, collecting together all the books, brushes, etc. and when we made our appearance we were pelted heartily and had to retreat to our quarters.

I often wondered how it was that our conduct did not reach the ears of the authorities; if it did we certainly would have been subjected to heavy fines, if not reprimand. But a far more terrible punishment was soon to overtake us.

It was the night of the 27th December. I remember it well. We went to bed at the usual hour (ten o'clock), and when snugly settled for the night and the gas-tuned off, we commenced talking upon general topics until the clocks outside tolled the midnight hour. Some one remarked that it was time to go to sleep, when the president of the dormitory said that it would be a good thing to try our hand at the superintendents, and give them a good fright. I suppose I ought to explain that in each dormitory a president was appointed, the most sensible of the students being selected for the purpose. His duty was to keep the dormitory in order and report any misbehavior on the part of the more mischievous spirits, and admirably did ours do his duty.

The proposal of the president elicited a hearty burst of applause from the rest of us. Of course none of us imagined that he was at all serious; we thought he was simply playing off a joke at our expense. In a short time, however, we found ourselves discussing how it might be done with safety, when, in the midst of our conversation we were startled by a loud knocking at our dormitory door. For my part, I literally jumped a clear foot over my bed, and I believe the same was the case with most of the others. It was not that any idea of ghosts entered my head, or that I expected to see one of those inhabitants of spirit-land stalk into my dormitory, but the lateness of the hour and the suddenness and unexpectedness of the interruption almost knocked me out of my wits.

The president was the first to break the silence caused by the incident. "I suppose," said he, "it is some of the lads outside coming to pay back old scores. This remark somewhat reassured us, and we began denouncing our stupidity for not thinking of it at first. Our spirits gradually rose, and so did our voices, and we soon found ourselves discussing the old topic again, when a second knock, louder and more vigorous than the first, broke in upon our conversation. Silence again ensued, and the next sound we heard was caused by the president jumping out of bed, saying as he did so, "Come, boys, how many will follow me to see what this is?"

We all jumped out of bed, put on our trousers and slippers, and followed the president. Some of us were nervous enough at leaving the dormitory, but the thought of being branded as cowards would not allow us to remain behind, which we would have done otherwise have done.

Outside the dormitory door was a broad staircase, leading to the lower regions of the house, and at either side was a long passage, running between two lines of dormitories. The night was so dark that we could scarcely see each other, and we had nothing to do but to grope with our hands along the passage, so try if we could find any mischief-maker lying hidden near the walls. Someone suggested to strike a match, but others would not allow it, as there was a large window opposite the staircase, looking into the street, and we did not know what alarm might be raised by the appearance of light at such an hour.

Our search along the passage proved fruitless, and we began to drop, one by one, into our beds again. In a short time all had returned except the president, who remained so long away that we began to get alarmed about him. One of the men said, "This will not do; we must go and look for our president." We all agreed, and were again about getting into our pants and slippers when the door pushed roughly open, and in ran the president out of breath, and apparently after having got a great fright. He did not close the door behind him, nor speak to any of us, but got into bed at lightning speed and covered himself up with the clothes. We spoke to him, but got no reply; we tried to uncover his head, but he had such a tight hold on the bed-cloths that we could not do so without pulling him on to the floor. Accordingly we desisted, and not knowing what to do we returned to our beds, where, tired out with excitement and fright, I soon fell fast asleep.

In the morning I was awakened by a loud scream, which was followed by something falling on me. I jumped up, and found one of our men thrown by bed, face downwards. I jumped out and raised him up, but he fell senseless on the floor at my feet. The screams had awakened all the others except the president, and they were all soon standing over the unconscious man. They

asked me for an explanation, and I told them all that I knew. Instinctively we all looked towards the president's bed for a solution of the affair, and leaving one man trying, by application of water, to revive the patient, we went over to where the sleeping man lay. Gracious heaven! what mystery was this, and what face was that? It was not the face of our president, but that of a man we had never seen before, and there was something unearthly about it which made our hair almost stand on end. Now we had an explanation of our companion's trouble. He had gone over before any of us were awake, and the sight of the strange, unearthly face sent him screaming over to my bed, where he fell in the prostrate condition described above.

We did not wake the sleeper, but got on our clothes as quickly as possible, helping our sick companion, who was now partially recovered, on with his, and went down to the dining-hall, where we remained till the assistant-superintendent came in. We told him our story, and, I verily believe, he thought we were all going mad. He said we were joking him, but our repeated and earnest protestations of the truth of our story almost convinced him that we were serious. He then said that he would go and see for himself, and went out accordingly. When he returned again, all the students were at breakfast. There was the strange man, too, seated in our president's chair, but no trace of the president. The assistant-superintendent beckoned the stranger over to him and addressed to him some words which we did not hear, after which the unknown individual resumed his place and his breakfast. All eyes in the house were directed towards him, but he seemed totally oblivious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected. One or two questions were addressed to him by those seated near, to some of which he gave no replies, and to others replies which conveyed little or no information.

The assistant-superintendent came to where we were seated, and told us that he had made the head-superintendent acquainted with the case, and that that functionary was not well, and would not be able to come out for an hour or so, when he would investigate the mystery.

When breakfast was over, he called the six of us into another room, saying he wanted to speak a word or two to us. We came out accordingly, but on entering the room, he seemed rather puzzled, and, instead of addressing us, he darted hastily back again to the dining hall, and spoke some words to the rest of the students, who were still sitting at the breakfast-table. He then told them they might go out and enjoy themselves in the city, after which he came and told us to do the same. The words which he addressed to the students were not heard by us, and we thought it strange that we were excluded from any general instructions given to the others.

We went out into the city, the six of us, keeping together during the whole day, and talking, as may be supposed, of the strange events of the preceding night. We made a slight acquaintance on two or three occasions with John Jamieson, to raise our spirits, and it is probable only for the stringent rules of the College, that that acquaintance would be carried rather to excess.

Five o'clock was appointed for returning to the College, and ten minutes to that hour found us wondering our way towards what we now called, the haunted house. We were surprised that we saw none of our companions coming back, and taking that circumstance into consideration with the words which the assistant-superintendent addressed to them in the morning, from which we were excluded, we began to suspect something strange in the air. When we entered the house, we saw no one marching through the halls, or smoking in the yards, as was usual during the holidays, and at play time. We thought this very strange also. We opened the door of the dining hall, and no sooner had we done so than we were met by a chorus of cheers and shouts of derisive laughter that were absolutely deafening. There were all the students, evidently waiting to have glorious fun at our expense. We look of up towards the head of the room, and there we saw the two superintendents, with their mouths open and their sides shaking with laughter. To cap the climax, up came our wailing president and shook hands with us, and after him came the stranger, his face not unearthly now, but beaming with smiles, and did likewise.

This little performance gave new strength to the threats of the others, who shouted louder and louder, till they could shout no more. We were fairly puzzled. We thought the college had suddenly been overtaken by an epidemic, and the superintendents for keepers. After the laughter, etc. had subsided, we sought an explanation of the affair, and found that we were the victims of a huge practical joke as ever was perpetrated. Our president, becoming alarmed for his own safety, gave a confidential hint about our conduct at night to the assistant-superintendent, who, in turn, confided in the head-superintendent, and they arranged a skilful plot by which our behaviour might be cured without reporting us to the authorities. A friend of the head-superintendent's was to enter the college at the expiration of the holidays, but was brought up purposely on the day preceding the eventual night. He was kept in the superintendent's room all day, and had his face changed and disfigured by pigments, etc., to enable him the better to play his part in the night's performance.

His first act in the comedy was to rap at the door of our dormitory, with the effect described above. When the president came out after the second rap, followed by the rest of us, the actor outside had disappeared, having descended again to the superintendent's room, whither the president followed without being perceived by us in the dark. There they changed clothes, the newcomer donning the president's pants, shirt, and slippers, in which attire he returned to the dormitory, while the president remained in the superintendent's room.

The reader will now understand how the rest of the plot was carried out; also, how it was that the president had more courage on the night in question than he was ever known to have before. The ruse had its effect. Our dormitory was from that forth one of the most peaceful

in the college, not alone on account of the fright which we had got, but also because we had no longer confidence in our president, who had sold the pass.—*Cork Examiner.*

## IRISH NOTES.

LONDON, Aug. 1.—Wm. O'Brien was finally adjudicated bankrupt to-day at the instance of Lord Salisbury. He will come to London Monday to try to arrange a conference with Messrs. Parnell and McCarthy, in regard to the fund. Mr. McCarthy, at the instance of Parnell, already agrees to the withdrawal of £5000 to meet legal expenditures incurred when the party was united.

There is small hope that Parnell will assent to the release of the fund unless he shall be permitted to control its disposal.

His embarrassment does not appear to have been relieved by marriage. He has made an extraordinary claim against Capt. O'Shea for \$3600 advanced to him between September 1, 1889, and November, 1890, partly during the period of the divorce proceedings. O'Shea denies the debt. Curious disclosures are expected on Parnell's attempt to prove the claim.

## WANTS ANALYSIS.

The Emperor thinks that Liquor should be Pure—Montrealers think so too.

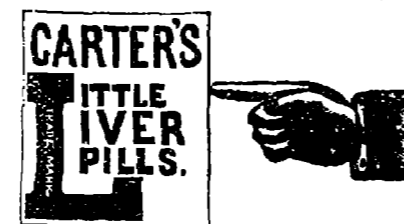
BERLIN, August 2.—The Imperial yacht Hohenzollern, with Emperor William on board, touched at Drontheim today, homeward bound. The party were in the best of health, and are timed to arrive at Kiel on Wednesday. The Emperor's projected measure for the repression of public drunkenness has become, under the manipulation of the ministers, merely a proposal that the Landtag should increase the penalties imposed on drunkards. Ministers Herrfurth and Muegel and others concurred in the belief that the public would not tolerate active legislative interference with drinking. A draft of the proposed bill was sent to him and was returned with suggestions concerning state supervision of the healthy quality of beverages. Impressed with recent official statistics concerning the growth of criminal offences and suicides arising from drink, the Government has opened an enquiry thereto and is drawing evidence from hospital and other medical sources concerning the increasing use of potato spirits and other impure alcohols and how far the use of these spirits may be regarded as a leading factor in crime. The official returns of suicides committed in Berlin during the first half of July show a total of 147. The cause of this enormous self-destruction is attributed chiefly to drink. The Emperor is a drink of good beer, but blames bad drink for many violations of law throughout the empire, more particularly in the great cities, especially Berlin. He means to try to attach such penalties to the sale of bad liquors that it will not be worth while to run the risk of incurring them.

## Beet Root Sugar.

Hon. Mr. Foster has given notice in the House of Commons of a resolution this evening that is important to the farmers of Quebec. It will be remembered that in his Budget speech, when the reduction in the sugar duties was announced, the Finance Minister stated that while the Government did not desire to commit themselves to the principle of awarding a bounty on new beet root sugar grown in Canada, yet it was felt advisable in the interests of the farmers and following up the principle of the National policy to make a special regulation whereby they should be allowed a refund upon beet sugar until the 1st of July next. Subsequent representations to the Government have, however, convinced them that this period of time would not be sufficient in which to carry out the policy of protection desired, and accordingly Mr. Foster's resolution of this evening provides for an extension of the time for another year, to July 1st, 1891, and, accordingly, all growers of beet root sugar in Canada will until that time be entitled to a bounty of \$1 per 100 lbs and 31 cents additional for each degree above 70 degrees by the polariscope test.

Books are good friends or evil companions, according to the choice we make of them.

Partings and headaches must come at some time or other, even into the happiest lives.



**CURE SICK HEAD**  
Sick headaches and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

**ACHE**  
Ache they would be almost powerless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

**FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC**  
A NATURAL REMEDY FOR  
Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Insanity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, slaying all irritability and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the  
**ROSEN'S MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.  
Price \$1 per Bottle, 6 Bottles for \$5.

In Montreal, by E. LEONARD, Chemist 118 St. Lawrence street.

**The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.**  
The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.  
The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLIC, OR WASTING DISEASES, takes the remedy as he would take milk. A perfect emulsion, and a wonderful fish producer. Take no other. All Druggists, 6/6, 1/00. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

## An Imperial Visitor.

An Irish correspondent writes: "I believe it is definitely settled that the German Emperor will visit Dublin some time in August. He will come to Kingstown in the Imperial yacht 'Hohenzollern' and be the guest for a few days of the Lord-Lieutenant at the Vice-regal Lodge. It is rumored that his royal grandfather did all she could to induce him from visiting poor Erin, and even called in the aid of Mr. Balfour to add weight to her efforts. Such a rumor possibly has good foundation, as the Queen's well known antipathy to the Green Isle is so marked that no mistake can be made about it. During her fifty odd years' reign, she has only twice paid Ireland a visit, and then only for a few days, so she has boycotted the country with a vengeance. Is it any wonder that Irishmen are not the most loyal of British subjects? Ireland's sons have done their share to make England hold the illustrious position she does amongst the nations of the world, and surely it would be a very small recompense if they could be honored with royal visits such as Scotland comes in for."

## Growing Industries.

SHREBROKE, July 31.—Work on the foundation of the new building for the Sherbrooke Woollen Company was begun on Wednesday. The building will be 295 feet long by 57 feet in width, and five stories high, one story of stone and four of brick. M. G. G. Bryant is the contractor. D. G. Loomis & Son will do the stone and brick work. It will be a fine large building, situated in the centre of the Paton Mill square.

## COMMERCIAL.

GRAIN.—Quotations are unchanged. We quote as follows:—No. 1 Manitoba hard wheat, nominal; No. 2 Manitoba hard, \$1.19 (a \$1.12); No. 3 Manitoba hard, 97c; No. 2 Northern, \$1.01 (a \$1.03); No. 2 Red, 62c (a 55c); Peas, 80c in store; 90c all at. Oats, Manitoba, 53c (a 53c); Upper Canada, 52c (a 50c); Corn, 72c (a 70c); Dry corn, 70c; Barley, feeding, 60c; mashing, nominal, at 65c (a 67c); Rye, nominal, at 52c (a 54c).

FLOUR.—Millers report an active demand from the local trade. Commission men report a fair demand, but at about former prices. We quote:—Patent spring, \$5.30 (a \$6.00); patent winter, \$5.25 (a \$5.35); straight roller, \$4.90 (a \$5.05); extra, \$4.80 (a \$4.70); superior, \$4.60 (a \$4.25); strong bakers', \$5.25 (a \$5.00); strong bakers' (Manit.), \$5.00 (a \$5.15).

THE PRODUCTS.—The market remains firm and active. We quote:—Canadian short cut, \$16.30 (a 17.00); Western clearness pork, \$16.50; short cut, western, \$16.50; hams, city cured, 10c (a 11c); do, canned, 10c (a 11c); lard, in pails, Fairbanks, 8c (a 8c); bacon, 8c (a 10c).

CHEESE.—There is virtually no change in the state of the market. We quote:—8c (a 8c) for finest white, and 8c for finest colored. Extra fine cheese are selling at 9c.

BUTTER.—The situation is unchanged; holders still firm in their prices. We quote:—Creamery at 19c (a 19c); Townships, dairy, 16c (a 17c); Western dairy, 15c.

EGGS.—The market is quiet. We quote 12c (a 13c).

## FARMERS MARKETS.

GRAIN.—Oats sell at from \$1.15 (a 1.20) per bag; peas, 90c (a \$1 per bushel); buckwheat, 65c (a 75c) do; beans, \$1.50 (a \$2.00) do.

ROOTS AND VEGETABLES.—Potatoes, 60c (a 70c) per bag; cabbages, 30c (a

40c per dozen; cauliflowers, 75c (a 1.50) do.; celery, 30c (a 40c) do.; cucumbers, 20c do.

FRUIT.—Lemons, \$4.50 (a \$5.50) per box; oranges, \$3 (a \$3.50) the case; apples, \$3 (a \$4) per barrel; bananas, \$1.00 (a \$1.75) per bunch; raspberries, 85c (a \$1) per pail; red currants, 35c (a 40c) per gallon; black currants, 40c do.; gooseberries, 50c (a 60c) do.; blueberries, 60c do.; tomatoes, 75c per basket, containing about a peck.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.—Tab butter from 15c (a 20c) per lb; prints, 20c (a 25); pickled eggs, 14c to 20c per dozen; fresh, 22c (a 25c).

Poultry.—Fowl, 60c (a \$1) per pair; turkeys, 90c (a \$1.25) each; young ducks, 75c (a \$1) per pair; spring chickens, alive, 30c (a 50c) per pair.

HAY AND STRAW.—Hay, \$7 (a \$9) 50 per 100 bundles of 15 lbs; pressed hay, 50c (a 70c) per 100 lbs; straw, \$4.00 (a \$5.00) per 100 bundles of 12 lbs each.

## Live Stock.

Montreal Stock Yards Company Point St. Charles.

The receipts of Live Stock at these Yards for week ending Aug. 1st were as follows:

	Cattle	Sheep	Lambs	Hogs
Left over from previous week	129	219	160	216
Total for week	2540	1608	160	216
Left on hand	43	179		

Fair receipts of export cattle for week; no material change in values for this class. The Butchers market with short supply improved considerably; offerings were mostly of inferior cattle, for which best quotations were 44 cents.

Smaller Sheep receipts, little demand, 4 cent per lb better for logs, small supply. We quote the following as being fair values:—Cattle export, 3c (a 3 1/2); cattle butchers' good, 4c (a 4 1/2); cattle butchers' med., 3 1/2 (a 4c); cattle butchers' culls, 3c; sheep, 3 1/2; Hogs, \$5.75 (a \$5.75); calves, \$2 (a \$4).

## Live Stock Association.

The St. Francis Live stock association has been formed at Cockburn. The necessary capital was subscribed to assure a first-class show that should do credit to the large and important agricultural district. Arrangements were made to lease suitable grounds for a term of years from Mr. John F. Learned, as well as his track and stalls; sheds, grand stand and fences, etc., are to be erected at once so as to be ready for the exhibition this season.

## Colonial Apples in Dublin.

Something new for this season of the year is the large number of beautiful apples to be seen in the fruiterer's shops. These all come from New Zealand and Tasmania, and the industry has sprung into existence all of a sudden. Last season only about nine thousand bushels were imported from these colonies, while this year the supply has gone up to close on sixty-five thousand bushels, valued at nearly forty thousand pounds sterling. New Zealand and Tasmanian apples will never injure the Canadian trade, as they arrive when the supply from the American continent is quite exhausted. This is the first season here that apples may be said to be fairly common in July. The drawback to Tasmanian apples is that they do not retain their freshness after being unpacked.—*Dublin Correspondence.*

## The Egg Trade With England.

The trade in Canadian eggs is increasing in volume almost every week. In ten days recently upwards of 3,000,000 Canadian eggs of extraordinary fineness were landed at Liverpool alone. They are said to weigh from 15 to 17 lbs. per 120, while the best Continental eggs weigh from 13 to 15 lbs. only; and are admittedly superior in class to the choicest fresh eggs—a fact evidenced by their price, which is already from 8 to 10 cents per 100 more than is obtainable for the Irish product. In no trade probably have the Canadians shown a greater aptitude and readiness to meet the needs of the British market. The packing is stated to be superior to that of any continental shipment, and the trade may now be said to be placed on a permanent footing. Indeed, the leading exporters and commission agents here say that, even were the McKinley tariff abandoned tomorrow, the trade would not be affected. It is not likely that these Canadian shipments will increase the general volume of British egg exports; but they will, it is expected, tend to keep out of British markets inferior Italian, Russian and Austrian varieties. In this way there is great room for the development of the trade, and the Canadian Government and its representatives here are to be congratulated upon the success which has followed their persistent efforts to make the Canadian farmer realize that fact.—*London Canadian Gazette.*

## The Farmer's Mortgage.

WASHINGTON, July.—The count of the farm and home transcripts, made in accordance with the Census act, has been completed by the Census office. The figures are subject to slight modifications. There were returned by the enumerators 2,411,930 farms and homes occupied by owners which are incumbered by mortgages. This number includes some farms and homes about which the enumerators made no report, and which belong partly to the class of hired and partly to the class of owned free, as well as partly to the class of owned and incumbered.

Until the unknown quantity, due to the failure of the enumerators, is eliminated, it may be regarded as approximately true that two and a quarter million families of the twelve and one-half million families of the United States occupy and own encumbered farms and homes, and that ten and one-quarter million families occupy farms and homes that either hired or owned free.

The preliminary results indicate that the average debt for a farm in Iowa is \$1,283; home, \$719; average for farm and home, \$1,140. If these averages hold for the Union, the incumbrance on the farms and homes of the United States occupied by owners is about \$2,585,000,000. Incomplete returns from several Western States indicate that farms and homes are mortgaged for about one-third the value

# S. Carsley's Column

## August Sports!

To our idea there is no sport equal to business. Some find sport only in running after and kicking a foot ball before breakfast, others in different games requiring the same exertion. Our experience with hands is that after violent exercise in the early morning those who indulge in it are ill prepared for the day's business, and are too often seen during the day leaning or resting against the counter or fixtures or half dozing over the books, instead of being alert and anxious to excel. They get their sport and get a sport's reward.

S. CARSLY.

## FAR BETTER SPORT!

Above kinds of sport or play are very well for boys, and let them have them by all means before they begin to practise whatever calling in life they have decided to follow.

Far better to make one's trade, business or profession one's sport. Take proper recreation and take it regularly and liberally, but such violent exercise as some indulge in before business hours in a morning acts against their best interest. We speak from actual experience in this matter.

S. CARSLY.

## FOR RECREATION.

In order to give a little more time for recreation or recuperation, our store will be closed at 5:30 p. m. every day during August, except Saturdays, when they will be closed at one o'clock.

S. CARSLY.

## August Inducements!

Boat and shoe sport. With all boots and shoes sold at \$2.00 per pair or over, a neat and useful book will be given free of charge in the shape of the new and popular illustrated dictionary published by *Dodge and Hornsby* of Chicago, containing 31,000 words and phrases, also

## 370 Engravings.

Please note that our boots and shoes are of the very best makes and all sold at the very bottom prices. Grand sport sailing and buying boots and shoes all August at

S. CARSLY'S

## Drinking Sport.

Not at all bad sport giving free cooling drinks all the hot month of August. Our drinking fountain will be free to all customers and their children during the month of August.

Sarsaparilla and Soda Free  
Pineapple and Soda Free  
Vanilla and Soda Free  
Raspberry and Soda Free  
Lemon and Soda Free  
Strawberry and Soda Free  
Ginger and Soda Free  
Cream and Soda Free

## HOT DRINKS FREE!

Tea and coffee free all August at

S. CARSLY'S.

## All Secondary Sport.

The above sports are all of a secondary or minor sort compared with the

## REAL PRIME SPORT

That we propose to offer and share or take part in with our patrons during the month of August.

## SOLID SPORT

Will be found all August in buying dry goods at the following rates and the books given away in the bargain.

S. CARSLY.

## About Dress Goods.

Useful White Washing Dress Goods, 8c.  
Useful Printed Challies only 7c.  
Good Twilled Beiges only 9c 1/2.  
Double Fold Printed Challies only 10c.  
Handsome Double Fold Tweed Effects, 15c.

## ALL MARKED DOWN.

All best Dress Goods marked down in price for the August sports at

S. CARSLY.

## S. CARSLY.

1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779

Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## CLAPPERTON'S SPOOL COTTON.

Always use Clapperton's Thread. Then you are sure of the best Thread in the market.

Clapperton's Spool Cotton never breaks, never knots, never ravel, and never gets warranted 300 yards. Always ask for Clapperton's Spool Cotton.

# S. Carsley's Column