



# MEN I HAVE SEEN AND HEARD

BY A VETERAN SCRIBBLER

Going back again to the seventies I find that the number of prominent public speakers whom I had the advantage of hearing during that decade was almost greater than that of all whom I have heard since. This I regret, for the reason that I was then too young and inexperienced to be able to derive full benefit from the opportunities that I enjoyed. Again, twenty odd years tend to efface, more or less, the impressions, pictures and recollections of events and of men that otherwise might be profitably used for the instruction and benefit of others. Still I have always had the Bohemian, or rambling propensities that seem to belong in a special manner to journalism, and even now when I find the attractions of wandering diminish in a marked degree, I still love to travel back in memory to the days that are dead and to summon up faces, figures, voices and words that belong to a buried by-gone. Sometimes there is much to be learned from these men of other days, and frequently deserved but tardy justice may be done them. It is in this spirit that I am attempting to tell of a few of the men whom I have seen and heard.

In glancing over the record of Catholic journalism in Montreal, during the past thirty-five or forty years, I find the names of a great many able and powerful writers as well as speakers—men who did, each in turn, their share in the two-fold cause of faith and fatherland. As a rule, none of them flourished very long, but that was due to causes which it is not my intention, nor is it my business, to now indicate. Amongst the number of Irish-Catholic journalists whose pens did Spartan service and whose careers were brilliant, but short-lived, as far as this city goes, was the late Stephen Joseph Meany. With the editorial work of this truly brilliant Irishman I have not to deal at present; his journalistic life in our midst was but an episode in a career that belongs rightly to history. It is from the standpoint of a lecturer that I desire to consider this late patriotic of the ancient race. And even as a lecturer I am not in a position to judge properly and justly of his merits. I only heard him once: it was in either 1872 or 1875, I forget which year. It was in the old St. Patrick's Hall, on Sussex street, Ottawa, and the subject was "The Poets of the Nation."

I can still see before me that tall, handsome, attractive-looking, and very gentlemanly Irishman, with his profusion of snow-white hair and his ruddy, healthy, almost youthful complexion. It is a mistake to Mr. Meany was then doing editorial work in Montreal, and had gone to lecture in the interests of his paper. At all events a score of us young fellows attended that night, and we had a real literary treat. No man, with the sole exceptions of Macdonald and Duffy, could have spoken upon the evening's subject with a better personal knowledge of the men referred to, than could Mr. Meany. He had lived in their day, had known most of them personally, had been associated with them in the grand task of educating the Irish people through the medium of journalism, and he was still young enough to retain strong impressions and lasting memories of the "Poets of the Nation" and of their work. Needless to say that the subject was one most highly in accord with the lecturer's knowledge and sentiments, and it is only natural that he should have felt perfectly at home in dealing with its many phases.

## SOME NOTES ON TEMPERANCE

JOHN BARLEYCORN'S ADVICE.—John Barleycorn was born one bright April morning and during the first third of his life was a green, gawky-looking fellow with no head of his own, but blown this way and that way with every wind that came, gave no promise in those early days what he would do. He did grow however to be a wise and bearded fellow, holding his head down with the weight there was in it. The result of long days and nights of studying and looking up to the sun and stars. One day he was bending over his head—letting the sun harden it, when a man came along with a very sharp sickle and cut it off.

does not deceive me, he did not display any of the big, oratorical spirit, and manner that usually have served to stir up the fervor of Irish audiences. In fact, his lecture was rather in the conversational style. Another thing which served somewhat to dampen the enthusiasm that such a subject is calculated to awaken was reading from books, or from manuscript, of the different poems quoted as illustrative of the various talents of the writers. I must admit that he was a very good reader, and he evidently had the poems by heart, but the fact of holding a book, or a paper in his hand took considerably from the effect. Had he recited the poems I am under the impression that his lecture would have been still more appreciated—notwithstanding that it was admirable in every sense. I only make these remarks, because they are the exact expression of the feelings that I then had; not in a spirit of criticism, but in one of fair appreciation do I write them down.

One of the best tests of a public utterance is the impetus, in any direction, that it gives to those who hear it. Judged by that standard, Mr. Meany's lecture must have been wonderfully prepared. Speaking only for myself, it was the first awakening to the beauties of Irish literature that my young mind had received, and any study of and admiration for several Irish poets, of the mid-nineteenth century, may be traced to what I heard on that night. Like hundreds of others I know of Moore, Griffin, Davis and a few more of the most distinguished Irish writers of English verse; but before that night, the beauties and grandeur of McCarthy, Williams, Fraser, Ferguson, Drennan, Walsh, Keegan, Callahan, McDermott, Speranza, Mary, Eva, Sleive-gullion, and all that galaxy, from 1848 to 1853, were almost unknown to me. I can never forget how taken I was with "Ben Heber" by Richard Dalton Williams; "Gougane Barra," by J. J. Callahan; "Alice and Una," by Denis Florence McCarthy; "The Coolin," by Martin McDermott; "Caoch the Piper," by John Keegan; "The Forging of the Anchor," by Samuel Ferguson; and the songs of Patriotism or of Affection, by the lady writers of the "Nation." At home we had two volumes of Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland," and for months after the lecture, I read and re-read the magnificent poems contained in that collection. But to Mr. Meany's criticisms and to the encouragement from a fond mother, do I owe all the hours of delight I have since spent with the Bard of that day. This in itself seems to me to be a proof that Mr. Meany's lecture must have been a success.

I have listened to many greater orators than Stephen Joseph Meany, but never to a man whose lecture, or address produced more marked and lasting results upon my own future. He seemed, unlike many other public speakers, to have had something to say, and to have said it. I have heard a great deal about impromptu speeches, but I have learned from experience that no improvisation can be of lasting effect. If a man has not studied his subject, he cannot speak sanely and effectively upon it. I do not say that he should necessarily write down what he intends to say, to learn by heart and repeat it word by word; but he must have, at some time or other, made a study of the subject and have arranged in his own mind the order of facts and arguments in connection therewith. At any moment he may be called upon to speak, and he is always ready—but he is not unprepared. In this sense the lecture that I heard that night was the outcome of a long and studious familiarity with the work that sent a fresh current of electric life throughout the Irish nation.

of it a staff that will support you—after first crushing it and then baking the remains of you can rot me in a close smelling brewery, but if you do, in revenge, shall be born out of the rot a tyrant to rule over you and all men and his name shall be Strong Drink. He will rule over you without mercy—and the world. He will make you head big and heavy Monday mornings, at the same time taking away your purse and clothing you in rags. This king will make kings of certain men, but they will be all under his authority, and while he gives them power, he will make them coarse and tyrannical like himself. These kings he will call Brewers and Distillers, and they in turn shall have under them many princes called Bar-tenders, but all of them shall be obedient to the great king Strong Drink, who while making them sluggish and beastly shall shorten their days upon the earth. So you see, my friend, you have your choice. I am your life or your death.

printed in large red letters, "Brewery."—Edward W. Ryan, in the Father Matthew Herald.

**A FAULTY CANDIDATE.**—A young man who had failed in his examination for admission to the marine corps appealed to Secretary Long, hoping he might in some way secure the coveted position. The secretary said to him: "How do you expect to get along in the world when you smoke so many cigarettes? Your clothes are saturated with their odor. Pull off your glove and let me see your fingers. There, see how yellow they are." While the young man was collecting himself to make reply, the secretary asked him if he drank. "Once in a while," was his answer. It is enough to say that the young man failed to secure his longed-for position. —Anti-Saloon Herald.

**MY BOY.**—"That was my boy!" cried a piercing voice. A temperance lecturer had thrown upon the screen a photograph of a boy dying in delirium tremens. It was a country town, and the photograph had been taken in a distant city. But the mother's heart knew and claimed the boy; "That was my boy!" she exclaimed, as she swooned away.

## MISSION FOR HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN

When the New York Particular Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, just thirty-one years ago, rented and opened the old warehouse at 53 Warren street as a lodging house for boys, a seed was planted which in the providence of God, has since developed into one of the largest and most successful charitable institutions in the world. This is the mission of the Immaculate Virgin, for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children.

The beginning was small. The rent of the Warren street building was \$2,500 a year, and about \$5,000 more was expended in fitting it up for its new uses. Not much, but a big undertaking for the society in those days. The total receipts for the first 19 months were \$9,738.73, nearly half of which came from the twenty-seven conferences then existing in the city of New York; and the expenditures were \$10,681.20, leaving "due the Treasurer," as the report says, \$942.47.

"Its guests," said this first report, "are bootblacks, newsboys and errand boys who could accommodate only one hundred boys, lived in the home, and 9,291 night's lodgings and 19,488 meals were given. The Home was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Haughey, but in September, 1871, His Grace, Archbishop McCloskey, put Rev. John C. Drumgoole in charge as resident chaplain.

The Hand of God was in this apartment. Born and reared in poverty, Father Drumgoole knew the needs of the poor. His great heart hungered to help these unfortunate ones, and especially the children—homeless waifs of the street. He had a faith that was as boundless as it was beautiful, and a charity that was equally inexhaustible. Ordained a priest when well past fifty years of age, he began his life work with zeal and enthusiasm that were marvelous. In twenty years he achieved more than many a great society with all its influence of members and wealth has accomplished in a century.

The building at 53 Warren street soon proved too small for its purpose and the adjoining house, number 55, was added. The children seemed to flock instinctively to the good priest, and often the Home was so crowded that the lads slept on benches and tables rather than seek shelter elsewhere.

And surely Father Drumgoole knew boy nature! A newspaper account of the Thanksgiving dinner at the Home in 1873, says: "One turkey for every four boys was the provision of Father Drumgoole of No. 53 Warren street for yesterday's dinner."

Afterwards she said: "Yes, go on and show the picture all you wish, it may save some other mother's darling from the same terrible fate."

We plead that license must be met the taxes, and thus we sell our boys to pay the revenue.

**HOW IT WORKS.**—A mechanic who had been in the habit of dropping into a beer saloon twice a day, and spending five cents each time for a glass of beer, was captivated, one day by a new thought. "I am poor," he said to himself, "in worldly goods every cent I can earn; it is growing more and more expensive every year; soon I shall want to educate my children. Ten cents a day for beer! Let me see; that is sixty cents a week. That is thirty-one dollars and twenty cents a year. And it does me no good; it may do me harm. Let me see." And here he took a piece of chalk and solved the problem on a board. "I can buy two barrels of flour, one hundred pounds of sugar, five pounds of tea, and six bushels of potatoes for that sum." Pausing for a moment, as if to allow the grand idea to take full possession of himself, he then exclaimed: "I will never waste another cent." He never has, and he is today a prosperous man.

pended for buildings and other improvements. The large main buildings at Mount Loretto alone cost over \$400,000. The Church of St. Joachim and St. Ann, \$200,000; St. Elizabeth's Home for Girls, \$190,000; the Blind Asylum, \$110,000; St. Joseph's Trade School, \$100,000; the laundry, \$53,000; printing office, \$11,000, and the barn \$78,000. Of course this was not all accomplished in a day, but it has been the work of less than twenty years.

The farm, more than a mile square, fronts on Princess Bay. It has a mile of beach with three piers, two of them more than 500 feet in length. Beside one of these piers a floating bath is anchored, in which several hundred children can bathe at one time, with perfect safety. The great four-story barn, the third largest in the United States, is fitted up with labor-saving machinery run by steam power. In the henery is an incubator capable of hatching one thousand chickens at a time. Everything is on a mammoth scale. Four artesian wells supply water. The cooking in the large kitchen is done by steam, and the size of the main dining room may be imagined when it is stated that over 800 men, belonging to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, have dined there together at one time.

The new church, which was consecrated in 1898, is 185 feet long and 85 feet wide, and the spire is 225 feet high. All the work in the basement church, as well as the new doors, and much of the trim in the upper church, was done by the boys of the trade schools. The main altar, of Carrara marble, a gift to the Mission, cost \$10,000. The church would do credit to any wealthy city parish.

The trade school is a four-story brick building, 125 by 70 feet in size. Here are taught, bricklaying, lathing, plastering, machine work, working, carpentering, shoemaking, tailoring and the machinist's trade. Other trades, such as plumbing, blacksmithing, baking, painting, printing, and electrotyping are taught in separate buildings. Three large dynamos furnish power by day and 2,500 electric lights by night.

There are kindergartens for the younger children, and the older girls are taught cooking, sewing, knitting, stenography, typewriting and other occupations to fit them for their struggle with the world. All the common school branches are also taught to both girls and boys, and there is a well-stocked Latin class. In fact, the whole place is a live industry. The children are well clothed and comfortably housed, and their health is carefully looked after by a regular physician. Ample recreation is also provided, and the boys have their baseball and football teams, their brass band, orchestra and cadet corps. The Mission band of seventy-five boys is one of the best juvenile bands in the country. Many superintendents, instructors and foremen are employed for the various trades, and an army of over one hundred Franciscan Sisters devote their whole time and energies to the Mission. There are also six resident priests, two at Mount Loretto, three at the City House, and one at St. Benedict's Home, at Rye, New York, which is now a branch of the Mission, and which shelters 150 colored orphan children.

More than 50,000 children have passed through the Mission. The present number of inmates is about 1,800 at Mount Loretto, 350 in Lafayette Place, and 150 at Rye.

Three years later, or in 1879, the property at the northeast corner of Lafayette place and Great Jones street was purchased by Father Drumgoole for \$68,987 cash, and the erection of the present mission building was begun. The mission, which had been incorporated in May, 1877, moved into its new home, December 8, 1881. The Lafayette Place building is a ten-story, fire-proof structure, on a plot 120 by 78 feet in size, and cost over \$300,000. The mission at this time harbored two classes of inmates, working boys and boys too young, or otherwise incapacitated for work. In June, 1882, the devoted Sisters of St. Francis were secured to take charge of the interior arrangements of the new Mission House.

At about the same time 652 acres of fertile farm land on Staten Island was purchased, at a cost of \$135,000, and the erection of buildings was begun. This new country home was named Mount Loretto, and was first occupied by the Mission in 1893. A female department and a home for blind girls have since been added. Last summer have been ex-

posed only a large white wooden cross marked his grave. His remains were transferred to the new tomb on Thanksgiving Day, 1899.

Great and successful as have been his labors during the thirteen years of his administration of the Mission, Father Dougherty is not yet satisfied. Like his predecessor, the saintly Drumgoole, he is ever pushing forward in the good work. During the past winter it was decided to use the Lafayette place building only for a working boys' home hereafter, and all the other children were sent to Mount Loretto. This was done not only for the purpose of using the City House as a home for working boys unable to care for and support themselves without some assistance, but also with the intention of making it the centre and mother-house of a system of Catholic working boys' clubs to be established in different parts of the city. Indeed, so far has this plan progressed that two sites for such clubs have already been purchased. One of these is a lot 25 by 103 feet in size, at 812 West Sixteenth street, with a four-story brick building which will be remodelled for its new uses, and the other is a vacant plot, 32 by 100 feet, in West Fifty-sixth street, 125 feet east of Third avenue, where a fine new building will soon be erected for the boys of that neighborhood. Other buildings or sites will be secured as fast as the means of the mission will permit.

This has the little seed planted by Vincentians in Warren street, grown and blossomed and borne fruit, and from that day to this the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin has had no warmer friends or more willing helpers than the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The Mission, too, has not forgotten, or proved ungrateful. Never has it refused to aid the society in every possible way. Never was a child sent by the society turned from its doors. And that is why the annual visits of the conferences of New York and Brooklyn are such a red letter day at Mount Loretto.—M. G. Muldowney in the St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly.

## FREE TRANSPORTATION FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN.

Crippled children of the south side were made happy recently by the successful inauguration of free transportation service to public school. An ungraded class in a room for the exclusive use of the little cripples was established at the Fallon School at Forty-second and Wallace streets. The enrollment started with eighty-one, which will be increased to forty. Free education and a free bus ride to school have thus been placed within reach of unfortunate little ones who hitherto have been unable to attend school because they could not walk the distance.

The Fallon School was selected because a recent canvass by truant officers disclosed the fact that there are more crippled children in the stock yards district than in any other portion of the city. Many of the children were injured near the railroad tracks, while others are afflicted with hip and spine diseases.

The children transported by buses are those whose limbs have been amputated or whose paralytic affliction or physical condition makes it impossible for them to attend the regular schools. The arrival of the bus was followed by a pathetic scene. Maimed bits of humanity with twisted limbs, legless boys, girls in braces and tottering paralytics were carried in from the vehicle to the schoolroom in the strong arms of policeman Patrick Martin and Truant Officer John Kennedy, who ride on the buses to insure the personal comfort and safety of the little ones.

Miss Prouty, who has been assigned to teach the little ones, organized her classes under the supervision of District Superintendent Payne and Principal McEady. Friends and parents had sent flowers to beautify the room and temper the sunshine with the fragrance of sympathy and gratitude. The children enjoyed it, especially the ride, which in one instance was the first opportunity a child had been given to travel beyond the neighborhood of the tenement house in which he had been born.

The faces of all the pupils indicated eagerness to be educated. Each of the children brought lunch. Free coffee and soup will be served each day through the courtesy of Miss Cook, a teacher at the Fallon School.

The free transportation service of crippled children in Chicago was authorized by the Board of Education and is the result of a recommendation made to the School Management Committee last year by Superintendent W. L. Bodine, of the compulsory education department, President Graham H. Harris, of the Board of Education and Mr. Bodine to Boston and other cities to investigate, and he returned with the report that crippled children in eastern cities were dependent on private subscriptions for similar transportation service. He suggested that Chicago had an opportunity to lead the world by providing free transportation as well as free education, to the crippled. The idea was approved by the School Management Committee, where Trustees Keating, Sexton, Harris, Brennan and Mrs. O'Keefe spoke in its favor.

There are now four buses in service, three on the west side and one on the south side. A north side school will be opened next September. The education of crippled children in Chicago was primarily intended at the home for crippled children at East Wacker. The structure of this institution, which has been most active in the work, and which is well known to the public, is located at 11th and Dear streets, and was built by Father Drumgoole's body was buried in the grounds at Mount Loretto, where the

## The Old Man Sings.

BY E. M. STOREY.

From time to time we come across verses that have a meaning and that are suggestive of fine sentiments; the versification may be imperfect, but the thoughts are beautiful. It is not every bit of fugitive, so-called, poetry that we deem worthy of reproduction, but we think these few lines are above the ordinary, for they contain food for reflection, present a moral, and leave the impress of a vivid picture on the mind.

There's a wobble in the jiggle and a stumble in the meter, And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer, And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation.

And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation, But there's music like a harper playing before the ancient kings, When the old man plays the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings; There is laughter choked with tear drops when the old man sings.

And we form a ring around him, and we place him in the middle, And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle, And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration, And he sings the songs of long ago with fathering intonation; And a phantom from the distant past his distant music brings, And weeping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things, When he tunes the ancient fiddle and the old man sings.

We let the broken man play upon the broken fiddle, And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle; The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges— Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges, 'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings— And every life's a blind tune that's played on broken strings; And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.

## A NORTHWEST CORRESPONDENT.

An old subscriber from Macleod, N. W. T., in sending us a renewal of his subscription gives some very important and encouraging information regarding that new and promising region. While the letter was not intended for publication still we think it is of sufficient importance to be given to our readers. From stating that a prolonged illness, from which he is recovering, had caused a delay in his communication, the writer says: "I am well pleased with the 'True Witness,' and while I live will be a subscriber for it, and also for the 'Pilot.' I have been a subscriber since 1872, and am now seventy-four. The country here is being rapidly settled with immigrants from the United States. We have every prospect of splendid crops in Southern Alberta this season, we have had plenty of rain; all the crops are doing well, and the farmers are in their glory, as are the stock raisers, for the grass is fine all over the country, and the rivers and creeks are abounding. I have been seventeen years in Macleod, and I have never seen better prospects. Everything is flourishing in the district. The people coming in from the other side generally bring a fair share of stock and farming implements with them. In 1883 I could have counted, for I knew every man, woman and child in Southern Alberta; to-day it would be no easy task to do as much. The census has been taken, but we are yet unacquainted with the result."

It seems to us the writer of the above letter has given very important information on the flourishing condition of the country out there, and upon the immigration question. Canada's great West is truly a land of mighty possibilities for the future.

## THE SCHOOL SLATE.

Discussing the possible spread of diphtheria through the medium of the school slate, the "Sanitary Record" says every child on its entry into the school should be supplied with a suitable slate, and its name marked on it on both sides. The child would occupy the same place in the class and always have the same slate, or, if removed to some other part of the class, carry its slate with it. Slates falling out of use from children leaving, etc., might be washed in some suitable disinfectant before being re-issued. In view, however, of the cheapness of paper and paper, the use of slates might be discontinued.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move and live, pass on the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? They did not a particle of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished—their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? Let us do something. Do good, and have behind you a monument of virtue that the worms of time cannot destroy. Write your name, by the school slate, or on a piece of paper, in the presence of your friends, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your name, will be behind us most active in the work, and which is well known to the public, is located at 11th and Dear streets, and was built by Father Drumgoole's body was buried in the grounds at Mount Loretto, where the

## BU

Frequent of my own accidentally number of upon a small stallion. Pl itself, the ar on the immediate desirability of statement plan my mind a s As that par than one grea therein is of every person, of reproduci drift off into ations.

The "Ave M" "Getting into times unavoidable. In horrid of husbandry, pence and credit system edly is, a bo world; but the has no credit to a free labor who has a similar sum ear for a year or delivered to him ate bargain th re wise, however the temptation, until, by weekly tions to a fund for the purpose, the full price of the instalment, even commendab bought is a real rious mistake to perfunct on the bering one's self which lose nee hardship because moved from the i

This is very ex I am under the instalment plan has its many adv I can say that h the existence of probably never I that I possessed a after my marriage time to pay of the same may be said. A man rents a hou dred dollars a year ty-five dollars a n five years, or fo constant drain, ye At the end of th handed his land th than would purch of the property, y claim upon it th day when he signe has furnished th stalmont per m tain amount per n count, he has the end of owning th it may be that he taken up house ha that method of buy

Still there is a g I call lamburg in ing and selling in seem to enjoy bei appear to revel i self-deception, the

A definition of Ar n almost any dicte is scarcely any delin efficiently comprehen requirements. To my most forcible expre test ideas or senti that expression be of sel, brush, or pen. S ing and poetry are effective means where tions and noble thou mitted from generati tion. When we consid this light, and open the world's history—art in particular—w perceive how truly Church has been the mother of all that is and inspiring in man, artists that she gave or in the subjects do doctrine has sugg painting, or sculp are, or again, gra the greatest pain have been, ever an spiration of Art, treasure-house of conceptions.

## THE CAT

While assist thea pcially the

STORY.

As we come across meaning and that...

The fiddle and a meter, to be clear and simpler...

around him, and the middle, as it were, checked in...

to hear him as he plays the fiddle, to hear him as he...

CORRESPONDENT.

From Macleod, N. S. I am under the impression that...

to-day it is a land of the future. The spread of the medium of...

PLATE.

able spread of the medium of Sanitary Rec...

on breath, the stage of more. Why? We are blessed by a...

While ancient Greek and Roman sculpture is particularly...

BUYING AND SELLING.

BY OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

Frequently I am led to make some of my observations by what I have...

The "Ave Maria" says: "Getting into debt, though sometimes unavoidable, is never desirable..."

Still there is a great deal of what I call hawking in the methods of buying and selling...

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND ART.

SOME REFLECTIONS BY "CRUX."

A definition of Art may be found in almost any dictionary, but there is scarcely any definition that is sufficiently comprehensive to suit our requirements...

While ancient Greek and Roman sculpture is particularly the property of the artist...

they are getting the best in bargains—they know that such is not the case—but they prefer to be thus humbugged...

Of all the peculiar inclinations of man none are more pronounced than that of looking for bargains...

What, then, is the great compelling motive that drives otherwise sane and clever people to such deeds of extravagance?

Men to-day seem to live for two things, to get the most they can at the very least possible cost...

that opens out a vast field, one too extensive for any hurried writer to explore in the space of a short essay...

It is now time, after so much preface, that I should come to the immediate subject of this article.

What are the finest, the grandest, the most evidently inspired and most positively inspiring works of art?

I will now turn to Leonardo Da Vinci. His fame rests upon the ensemble of his works...

Do you seek the great masterpieces from the pencil of Michel Angelo? Then go to the Sistine Chapel...

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All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "The True Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1128.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the "True Witness" one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1901.

Notes of the Week.

MERE D'YOUVILLE.—The Rev. Mother-General of the Grey Nuns, says "La Semaine Religieuse" has received very good news from Rome regarding the beatification of the foundress of their institution.

AN EDITOR'S TRIP.—We are informed by an exchange, that Mr. J. P. Tardivel, editor of "La Verite," of Quebec, has left with his daughter Alice, on a three months' pleasure trip to Europe.

In as much as his twenty years of journalistic labor have not brought Mr. Tardivel any appreciable amount of this world's goods, he is merely another example of the most general rule governing the fortunes of Catholic editors, and even publishers.

THE PEOPLE'S CHURCH.—What is exactly meant by People's Church we do not know, but a man in Denver, who has more money than any other desirable commodity has given one million dollars for the establishment of People's Churches all over America.

The donor of the million-dollar gift signified his intention to aid the People's Church movement about a month ago, and it is said that George W. Bowman, who is president of a trust company of Denver, was largely instrumental in inducing him to take the step.

Work will commence actively in September in establishing People's Churches throughout the country, a benefactor having made this possible by depositing with a trust company of Denver securities amounting to \$1,000,000, to be drawn by the People's Church for this purpose.

Does this mean that the other churches are not for People, or that the people have no use for them? Or is it a term in contradistinction to God's Church? We can understand Carnegie establishing institutions and helping churches; but this man seems to wish the establishment not only of churches, as far as buildings go, but even the adding of another crowd, or religion to the host of them already existing.

PRINCE PRIEST PREACHER.—For several years Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who is a Catholic priest, acted as an assistant priest amongst the Catholic poor in the slums of the East End of London.

ple's Church, according to his conception might be a Temple of Mammon. However, be it what it may, we are safe in predicting that as soon as the million is spent the People's Church will go back to the realm of the unknown whence the magic wand of a cold million now seeks to extract it.

REMARKABLE WORDS.—It will be remembered that Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., left the British Liberal party because he could not follow Mr. Gladstone in his proposal for Irish Home Rule.

Mr. Morley claims that the war will increase the national debt by an amount of £470,000,000, or about \$2,350,000,000. It would require less than one-fifth of this sum to buy out the Irish landlords and end the old feud that has alienated the Irish people from the English.

All this would indicate that the British Governments have all along been animated by a spirit foreign to the Empire's best interests: that their policy has been one of alienation instead of conciliation.

NEW RECTOR APPOINTED.—In succession to Right Rev. William O'Connell, recently appointed bishop of Portland, the Rev. T. F. Kennedy, D.D., of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, has been named rector of the American College at Rome.

The appointee was born March 23, 1858, in Conshohocken, where his parents still reside. He attended the parochial school of St. Matthew, which is famed for its efficiency even among public school officials.

PRINCE PRIEST PREACHER.—For several years Prince Maximilian of Saxony, who is a Catholic priest, acted as an assistant priest amongst the Catholic poor in the slums of the East End of London.

Since May he has undertaken a preaching tour among the churches of Switzerland. Report states that at all places he preaches to immense congregations. His character of prince creates a certain degree of interest in him, as a man; but it is his splendid eloquence and immense charity that draw the thousands to hear him.

A GREAT PREACHER.—From Ireland comes this news:—"Dublin is in mourning over the death of one of its most zealous local missionary clergy, Father Thos. Hunt, of the pro-Cathedral. He died from pleuro-pneumonia, the result of a cold. He had served about eleven years in the pro-Cathedral.

Brief as this despatch is it conveys sufficient to make us aware of the death of one of the ornaments of the Catholic clergy of Ireland. It is now a good many years since Father Hunt preached his eloquent and powerful missionary sermons in Canada.

"THE FENIAN" IN BELFAST.—An Irish exchange says that—"An Irish priest is among the personages introduced in a play called 'The Fenian,' which was produced at Belfast recently.

While this may indicate the black-guard methods of the anti-Catholic bigots in Belfast; it also proves how unwise it is to perpetuate the old time style of Irish character plays. The stage Irishman has been almost entirely driven off the scenes by the force of healthy and timely protests, both from individual writers and from the Catholic press.

CATHOLIC EXPANSION.—If "straws show the way the wind blows" we may truthfully say that every day events, apparently of minor importance, indicate the advance of Catholicity in various directions.

Monday next, the first of July, will be the thirty-fourth anniversary of our Canadian Confederation. Dominion Day is rightly the national festival of Canada.

DOMINION DAY.—Monday next, the first of July, will be the thirty-fourth anniversary of our Canadian Confederation.

literature, which will be put out in cheap form and sold at a low price or distributed gratuitously.

TRUTH ABOUT SPAIN.—One of the highest commendations that could be made of a people is to state that they think more about their souls than their bodies, and that they make the saving of them the first business of their lives.

"It may be thought that I am biased in favor of Spain; but if I am, it is not without reason, for never till I set foot on Spanish soil did I realize all that it meant to be a Catholic, though it was over twenty years since I had been received into the Church.

"The cold in clime, the cold in blood, Their love it scarce deserves the name; But here 'tis like the lava's flood That burns in Etna's breast of flame."

"How often have those lines come into my mind as I have knelt before the high altar in this same magnificent Cathedral of Granada and heard the strains of the glorious Spanish 'Lantun Ergo' filling the vast building with its triumphant melody!

"The establishment of Christianity in the Roman Empire was followed by missions for its spread among foreign nations.

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scut period of our national life—a period which might be styled one of transition. Through that ordeal like tested gold this young land has passed without an injury, and to-day it rears proudly amongst the nations of the earth.

The flag of Canada should wave beside every other standard, and it is time that we should add to it—instead of taking from the intensity of feeling, the patriotic emotions that should characterize the day.

OUR MISSIONARY CHURCH.

In a recent issue of the "American Catholic Quarterly Review," there appeared a very elaborate and exhaustive article, from the pen of Bryan J. Clinch, under the heading "Anglo-Saxon Missionary Methods."

This is placing the history of missionary work in a new light. We are perfectly aware that the charge "Go and teach all nations," given at the dawn of Christianity, was the authority for the first mission, and that the Apostles were the first missionaries.

In support of the assertion that the Catholic Church has unceasingly carried on her missionary work from the time of the Apostles down to our day, we have a splendid page of condensed history in this article.

The establishment of Christianity in the Roman Empire was followed by missions for its spread among foreign nations.

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tion was the period of least outward extension in the whole history of Christianity. The Turk and Mongols and Moors, girded Europe with Mahometan foes and cut off nearly all access to the heathen lands beyond.

Las Casas and Pedro de Cordova began the work of converting the American natives before the revolt of Luther. It was continued by a series of missionaries from both America and Europe.

LOCAL NOTES.

DIVISION NO. 3, A.O.H.—A very interesting meeting of Div. No. 3, A.O.H., was held at their hall, No. 1833 Notre Dame street, Wednesday evening.

BRANCH 74, C.M.B.A.—At a meeting of Branch 74, C.M.B.A., held June 19, it was reported by their delegate that the resolutions concerning monthly assessments drawn up by Branch 74, were received up for discussion at the convention to be held at Niagara Falls, Ont., August 27, 1901.

A PRESENTATION.—A most pleasant function took place at the St. Lawrence Hall last week, when Mr. Frank Riley, one of the most popular members of the staff of that well known hotel, received an address and a purse of gold from his fellow employees.

VACATION TIME.—On the evening of the 20th inst. a large party of students passed through the city by the Grand Trunk from St. Laurent College for their homes in different parts of the United States.

Long before the train left the depot a number of Canadian students assembled around the station to bid their friends good-bye, and to wish them a joyous vacation.

THE RETIRING.—The retiring editor of the "Visitor," has given notice of his resignation.

THE LATE MRS.—On the 18th of the present month a large number of obsequies and solemn services were held for the late Mrs. Cahill.

Monday next, the first of July, will be the thirty-fourth anniversary of our Canadian Confederation.

ST. A.

Young M.

A society of young men organized in the city was held last afternoon at the hall, 829 St. Ann.

It was thought that seven good officers for the best interest than to have a larger and more ornate depending on the work.

CARDINAL NEWS.

John F. Genung, England Magazine, the works of Cardinal Mr. George W. Kerne.

None of his work is in order; in all cases the charm of a flexible style, and the vigor, yet saintly in character.

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Our Boys and Girls

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

You watch me when I'm sleeping, You guard me all the day...

I pray you, angel, ever To lead me by the hand...

What love brought you from Heaven To guide my steps aright?

A DOG'S FAITHFULNESS.—The brackie of South Africa is a little cur of low degree...

On a day, during the dry season of the veldt, a party of traders were crossing the hot, dust-yellow plain...

Presently one of the party noticed a small animal making directly toward them through the karroo bushes...

"Hold on, Dick," another man called suddenly, "never mind firing any more clubs...

"What shall we do with them?" "Take them along, of course," promptly replied a man who had been prepared for as this one has must be worthy of further looking after...

"And they did. Before the end of three months the Kafir was nearly as strong as ever, and by that time they had learned he was intelligent above his class...

"What a dog!" cried several, in wondering admiration, "what capacity!" and one of them added: "Here Dick, throw him some more meat; we must fill him up, even if we have to kill a bullock to do it."

A third piece of meat was thrown to him; but this time the dog merely sniffed at it wistfully, and then turned back to the following...

"He wants to tell us something, I do believe," exclaimed one of the men suddenly.

"But he's still hungry," declared another, "that is evident from the way he smells the meat. There was a ravenous longing in his every motion."

Apparently the dog understood what they were talking of, for he gave a quick yelp and bounded into the karroo bushes...

"He wants us to follow him," said the man who had spoken first, "to see the cur away."

He started after the brackie, and the others following him, and they looked deeper into the bush...

Up there

in the court when all was over and the death sentence was passed, the criminal to be executed early the next day.

But a brief examination showed that the man was unconscious, evidently from loss of blood and suffering. His body was covered with wounds, already beginning to heal, and one of his legs had been fearfully inserted and crushed.

One of the men went back over the trail which the dragging body had made. When he returned, his eyes sought the Kafir with an old look of questioning respect.

"I found the body of a lion down there," he said gravely. "It must have been killed a week or ten days ago, for the flesh has been nearly removed by birds and ants.

"Yes, I do mean just that. I believe this man and the lion fought together, and this man was conquered and dragged himself up here, in the condition you see.

"I believe the little mongrel has since acted as assistant surgeon by licking the wounds, and as sole provider." The one who had asked Dick to drive the cur away looked around with a sudden tenderness in his face.

"I believe the dog has been acting as assistant surgeon by licking the wounds, and as sole provider." The one who had asked Dick to drive the cur away looked around with a sudden tenderness in his face.

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AGRICULTURE

APPLE CULTURE.—This is the title of an interesting bulletin by W. T. Macoun, Horticulturist, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, from which we take the following:

The apple is the most important and useful fruit in all civilized parts of the north temperate zone where it can be grown successfully.

The origin of the cultivated apple is wrapped in mystery. It is supposed, however, that it had its beginning in the wild apple of Europe (Eyrus Malus), but there is no evidence to show when the improvement began, nor when the fruit reached the size, color and quality of what is regarded as a good apple to-day.

While the range of successful culture of many other fruits is comparatively limited, the apple has a very wide one in the temperate climates of the old and new worlds and is able to accommodate itself to conditions under which many other cultivated fruits would not thrive.

The uses of the apple are too well known to need mention. Truly, this is the king of fruits. The profits from apple growing may be large or small, much depending on the varieties planted, the markets, and most of all on the man and his methods of growing this fruit.

In the Province of Quebec, apples have been grown for a much longer period than in Ontario. There are records which show that as long ago as 1663 this fruit was being produced there.

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You Can Make Child's Play of your Wash Day if you follow the directions on the Surprise Soap wrapper.

three hams, them potatoes and turnips, and the rest of that stuff." "Law goodness!" said the widowed lady in charge. "Now what do you want of them things?"

Business Cards

M. SHARKEY, Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent, 1840 and 1728 NOTRE DAME ST., Montreal.

THOMAS O'CONNELL, Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oil.

JOHN P. O'LEARY, Contractor and Builder, RESIDENCE: 1 Waverley Ave., Westmount.

CONROY BROS., Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.

G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGING.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians, Plumbers, Steam Fitters.

DANIEL FURLONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK.

T. F. TRIHEY, Real Estate, Money to Lend on City Property and Improved Farms.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER, Successor to John Riley, Established 1860.

ROOFERS ASPHALTERS, Luxfer Prisms and Expanded Metal Work.

Professional Cards, FRANK J. CURRAN, B.A., B.C.L., ADVOCATE.

J. A. KAROH, Architect, MEMBER P.Q.A.A.

MEMBER P.Q.A.A., No. 3, Place d'Armes Hill.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN AFRICA.

Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan writes in the Tablet:—There is perhaps no recent field of missionary labor in pagan lands which furnishes such extraordinary records as that of the Guinea Coast in Western Tropical Africa.

The Catholic missionaries alone paid no heed to that prohibition. Thanks to their ministrations among the native tribes for the past forty-five years, those regions of Lower Guinea which bear the well-known names of Dahomy, the Gold Coast, Lagos, the Basin of the Niger River, the Ivory Coast, and Benin, contain three vicariates-apostolic, governed by three bishops, and two prefectures-apostolic. These ecclesiastical divisions count 30,000 Catholics, 110 priests, 80 religious, 47 churches and chapels, 53 schools, 51 orphanages and dispensaries, 2 leper houses, and other minor institutions.

These facts and figures may seem perhaps almost incredibly out of date in the present era of Church history, but they are nevertheless strictly and sternly true. Their accuracy can be tested by applying to the Seminary of the African Missions, 150 Cours Gambetta, Lyons, France. This address represents the central house of the Missionary Society already named. It was established in that city nearly fifty years ago by the venerated bishop whose heroic death on the coast of Guinea has just been narrated.

community life which is rigidly adhered to in all the mission fields of the Society.

Only two weeks ago, when standing within the seminary enclosure at Lyons, under the shade of a row of lofty cypresses which he had planted away back in the fifties, the Very Rev. Father Planque related to the writer of this article a remarkable incident which providentially prevented the dismemberment of the Society immediately after the death of the founder.

There is a similar seminary in Cairo, Egypt. It is presided over by the Prefect Apostolic of the Egyptian Delta. This portion of Egypt has also become a field of Propaganda to the African Mission Congregation, and has formed another of its fields of labor for the past 24 years.

It will scarcely be necessary to inform the readers of the Tablet that the Valley of the Nile, which was once so profoundly Christian and Catholic, is now entirely Mohammedan. Until recent years it was one of the great strongholds of Moslemism in the East. Under the action of certain European influences, notably that of the British Protectorate, its Moslem fanaticism and anti-Christian prejudices are, however, now fast passing away.

CLOSING EXERCISES DOWN BY THE SEA. The Charlottetown "Patriot," June 14, says:—The Valedictory read at the commencement exercises of St. Dunstan's College by Mr. J. McGowan, one of the graduates, and published in full in the "Patriot," ranks with the best productions of this kind that we saw this or any other season.

as that which has taken place during the century with regard to Catholics in Great Britain. Nowadays it is unthinkable that the King at a reception should say of a prominent Catholic, simply in consequence of his religion, "Who dared to bring this man into my presence?"

THE DANGERS OF EXPLOSIVES. In this season of fire-crackers and toy explosives, when these objects are manufactured by the ton for the celebration of the Fourth of July, Dominion Day, St. Jean Baptiste, and such-like great public festivals, the following sad story from Paterson, N. J., should convey a lesson that needs no comment.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH. Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P., of St. Gabriel's parish, tendered the boys of Sarsfield School an entertainment which was very much appreciated by hundreds of the pupils and their friends, a few evenings ago.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE. We have received the following letter from Mr. F. C. Lawlor, secretary of Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., for publication:— To Mr. Edward Hart.— Dear Friend—Please rest assured that the membership of Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., regret the death of your late brother, Owen Hart, and now desire to convey to you, through their secretary, the sincere and brotherly sympathy we all feel in your sad affliction.

TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE. The question of the temporal independence of the Holy Father was brought forward some days ago in the Belgium Chamber of Representatives when the diplomatic Budget came up for discussion.

NEW INVENTIONS. List of patents recently granted by the Canadian Government:— 71,701.—Thos. E. McCollum, Toronto, Ont., momentum car brake. 71,720.—Jas. E. Forfar, Toronto, Ont., apparatus for teaching musical scale.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN BRITAIN. It is well that we should occasionally have put before us such facts as Mr. Austin Oates, K.S.G., states in an article which he has contributed to the current issue of "La Revue Generale."

COMPANIONS, CAMPUS AND THE HALLOWED ASSOCIATIONS inseparable from a college career are touched upon with reverent poetical fervor, while the reference to the Reverend Rector, Rev. Fathers and gentlemen of the faculty is both grateful and eulogistic.

EXTRAORDINARY SELLING in COLORED DRESS GOODS. All Reduced from 33c to 50c per cent off. The army of assistants in the Dress Goods Store was not sufficient for yesterday's demands.

FOUR DRESS GOODS VALUES. NO. 1 LOT. This lot consists of Fancy Dress Material, suitable for Summer Dress Skirts etc., the prices, of which range from 27c to 40c.

A HUGE SALE OF DAINTY WASH FABRICS. 150 pieces Point d'Italia Mueilas, Toilet des Indes Mueilas, Belgium Dress Gingham in pretty silk stripe effects, neck checks, newest colorings, worth 30c. Special 15c.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS AND PUBLICATIONS on sale at THE S. CARSLY CO., LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

A PIANO Like the Howard Is no ordinary piano. It is a piano of high grade, strong in construction and of splendid tone. The new Howard pianos are models of architectural beauty and finish. Any responsible person can have one of these pianos on payment of \$10 cash and \$7 monthly.

MARKET REPORT. LIVE STOCK—At the East End Abattoir market on Thursday, the receipts of live stock were 600 cattle, 800 sheep, 300 lambs, and 200 calves. The butchers were present in large numbers, but trade was rather dull, the hot weather seeming to have a depressing effect on the market.

HOUSEHOLD LINEN. These are certain times of the year when it is most desirable to buy linens. That time is now—now, when prices have reached the lowest limit of legitimate trading, when reduction has followed reduction, sweeping through the most magnificent collection of household linens on the continent.

EXTRAORDINARY SELLING in COLORED DRESS GOODS. All Reduced from 33c to 50c per cent off. The army of assistants in the Dress Goods Store was not sufficient for yesterday's demands. Such throngs were never seen before.

LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER CO. No. 2266 St. Catherine Street. OTTAWA BRANCH, No. 108 Bank Street. EAST END BRANCH, No. 1028 St. Catherine Street.

MARKET REPORT. HONEY—Business in honey quiet, and prices are nominally unchanged. White clover comb, 12 1/2 to 13 1/2; white extracted, 5 1/2 to 6; buckwheat, in comb, 10 to 10 1/2; and extracted, 8c to 9c.