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The Daily Witness

Vol. L., No. 10 MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900. PRICE FIVE CENTS

NOTES FROM ROME.

MOVEMENTS OF THE KING.

On Monday, the 3rd September, King Victor Emmanuel reviewed the troops for the first time. Usually the reviews have taken place on Sunday or a holiday of obligation, making it very difficult for the soldiers to attend Mass.

OTHER IMPORTANT AUDIENCES.

On the 24th ult., His Grace Monsignor Cannon, Archbishop of Buffalo, U.S.A., accompanied by the Very Rev. John Biden, rector of the cathedral of the same city, were received in private audience by the Holy Father, who spoke for some time with His Grace, desiring to be informed of the condition of his diocese, and then bestowed the Apostolic benediction not only on the Most Rev. Archbishop and the rector, but also on all the faithful of the diocese of Buffalo.

THE POPE'S FIRM STAND.

The Supreme Pontiff has caused a circular note to be sent to the various Catholic Governments of Europe, owing to the change in the Italian throne, in which His Holiness declares that he renounces none of the Papal rights to Rome and to the provinces which formerly constituted the patrimony of Peter.

TWO INTERESTING RECEPTIONS.

On last Sunday morning the Holy Father received a deputation from his native town of Carpineto, priests, religious, and layly being represented. His Holiness enjoyed half an hour's conversation with his fellow-country people, and was very much interested in the account of his birthplace.

THE HOLY FATHER TO THE CARDINAL-VICAR OF ROME.

Elsewhere we comment editorially upon the recently expressed attitude of Leo XIII., in regard to the incursions of Protestantism into Rome, but more especially in this mother city, where God Himself, with an admirable arrangement of events, founded the centre of that fruitful and sublime unity which was the object of the prayer addressed by our Divine Saviour to His Heavenly Father (John xvii. 11-21), and which the Popes have jealously preserved even at the price of their lives, and despite the opposition of men and times.

NOTES OF IRISH NEWS.

MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS.

The controversy over the public lighting of the city of Dublin has drawn a dignified protest from Mr. Michael Davitt. Writing to the "Freeman's Journal," he says, "Permit me as a friendly outsider to say that it is, in my humble judgment, a mistake to mix up personalities with issues which are of vital public interest."

BLACKROCK COLLEGE, Co. Dublin.

has carried off the Blue Ribbon of the Intermediate Examinations this year. Master Thomas Rahilly obtaining first place in the senior grade and the large gold medal attached to that distinction. He has also taken the gold medal for classical in French. No less than three exhibitions in this grade, out of a total of twenty, fell to Blackrock.

BOYS' BRIGADE.

The inauguration and ceremony of the blessing of the colors of the Catholic Boys' Brigade took place in the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, recently. The boys, to the number of four hundred, paraded in the school grounds, where, prior to the chief ceremony, the decoration of the non-commissioned officers took place.

REV. DR. SHEEHAN'S ADDRESS.

Recently the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan blessed and opened a splendid new High School of the Christian Brothers in Clonmel, County Tipperary. In the course of a speech in reply to the address presented him, the learned Bishop said:—

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Judging by the tone of the following despatch from London, Eng., it would appear that there will be a campaign of several months yet in South Africa ere the day of peace will dawn. It runs thus:—

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STORY OF A CONVERSION.

The new church of St. Bernard, at Wabash, Ind., will be solemnly dedicated on Sunday, September 16, the feast of the Seven Dolours. The V. Rev. Administrator, Father Guendling, will officiate, and the sermon will be delivered by Rev. D. A. Clarke, of Holy Family Church, Columbus, O.

fusion then. This meeting led to a more intimate acquaintance, and much study and less bigotry on the part of the young man.

IN THE BYE-WAYS OF RURAL IRELAND.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX"—CONTINUED.

Last week I dealt briefly with that section of Mr. Michael MacDonagh's article in the "Nineteenth Century" magazine, which treats of the games and athletic sports in the Old Land. This brings us to his account of the "Fairies," or rather his views, and experiences concerning local superstitions. As an introduction to this very interesting—if fanciful subject—we are treated to a couple of pages of anecdotes intended, presumably, to illustrate the wit of the Irish peasant. They are all sayings that have passed through countless editions, and that have about as much to do with the matter in hand as would a series of negro-minstrel's questions and answers. We are also told how the family affections, so potent in the Irish peasant, are stimulated by common domestic quarrels, in which the husband "breaks his wife's head and then buys a plaster for it."

stood at the close of the long summer's day on one of the bridges crossing the Shannon to admire the green effect of the long line of firs on the slopes of the Clare Hills. For several years now these firs have been extinguished, not only in the streets of Limerick, but on the hills of Clare, never to be lighted again. Yet old peasants in the remote parts of Ireland still believe in the power of the fairies to intermeddle for good or evil in mundane affairs; that the yield of milk from the cows, or butter from the churn, is affected by malign spells; and when they see a cloud of dust whirled along the road by the summer wind they cross themselves and say, "There goes the tremor people." But the spread of education has loosened the hold of these curious superstitions on the minds of the young people. For them, all that remains of the sway "the good people" held over their fathers is the nomenclature of "fairies" and "hills and valleys." Every district has still its "hill of the fairies," its "field of the fairies"—places where the old peasant hear "the good people," if they do not see them, in every rustle of tree, and bush, and grass, but which the young pass by, however late at night, without a tremor or a quaking of their footsteps.

Equally interesting is the account given of the famed Leprechaun. It runs thus:—"The Leprechaun, that little imp in green and red who makes the tiny shoes of the fairies, with his marvellous power to bestow wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, is known to the younger generation, in books. For them he is no longer an entity, an actuality; he is an impossible but delightful creature, to be met with only in fairy stories. The boys and girls now never hunt for him, as we, in our young days, often did on the Clare hills of a summer evening. I must confess quaking at heart lest we should really meet him, notwithstanding all our desire to amass riches suddenly through his agency; nor perhaps do their parents see, as ours did, that the hearth of the home is swept up at night and a bowl of clean water left on the table for the fairies in case they should call while the inmates are asleep. But I have known numbers of peasants who had seen the Leprechaun, in his green coat, red vest, and puce breeches, sitting under a bush stitching and patching the fairies' shoes. Some of the old peasants told me they succeeded actually in capturing the Leprechaun, but the wily imp was away with a mocking laugh, teaching them the excellent lesson, if they only knew it, that the best and surest way to earn money is by honest effort."

I will not occupy space with any reference to the writer's remarks concerning faith-cures, spells, charms, and such like peculiar superstitions; I will reserve for next week a study of the most important part of the article—the characteristics of the Irish people and the effects of them upon the political and national situation in Ireland. Meanwhile, I will take advantage of this occasion to give the readers of the "True Witness" an idea of where they may find the most suggestive poems and legends dealing with fairy beings. Hayes' "Ballads of Ireland" is a volume (or rather two volumes) that has become very rare, and which is about the best collection of Irish legends that we know. If, instead of stringing a lot of common fairy legends together, Mr. MacDonagh were to have told his readers who were the writers whose gems of thought and wild imagery served to perpetuate the story of that queer class of beings. There is Carleton's "Sir Turlogh, or the Churchyard Bride"; Griffin's "Hy-Brasail"; "The Clurricane," by J. L. Forrest; "The Fairies' Child," by J. W. Keegan; "The Atlantian," by Rev. G. Croly; Crofton Croker's "The Lord of Dunkerron"; Lever's "Angel's Whisper"; "The Banshee," by "Mary of the Nation"; "The Bouchelleen Bawn," by Keegan; "The Doom of the Mirror," by B. Simmons; "The Fairies of Knockshogown," by E. D. Williams; "The Ice and Un," by G. F. McCarthy; "The Voyage of Eman Oge," by McGee; "The Fairy Child," by Dr. Anser; or "The Olden Time," by "Tiny."

"One midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were lighted, and the bag-piper's tone call'd the maidens delighted, I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water, And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter."

As may be seen by the closing of the ballad there is a direct allusion to the superstition concerning the fairies. Mr. Walsh's poem thus closes: "Ere the Bel-fires were dimm'd, or the dancers departed, I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted. And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I taught her, Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's Daughter."

"God grant 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that woos me, God grant 'tis not Clodhna the queen that pursues me, That my soul loss and love has no witchery wrought her, While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's Daughter!"

It is clear to the thoughtful reader that this is a mere poetic something factitious in the extreme; but that there is a deeper meaning under so much imagery, is quite obvious. However, the picture which the writer draws of the lighting of Bel-fires along the Shannon is so genuine that we will reproduce it. He says: "When I was a youth every lane and alley in my bonfire—a huge pile of blazing peat—with music, and singing, and dancing, and I have often

for service. In a factory employing upward of a thousand men it is manifestly impossible to provide a dining room for the men, but this difficulty is overcome by giving to a set of six or more men a folding table which can be stored away in compact form when not in use. Each group appoints as monitor some man who is not engaged in the operation of a machine. This monitor is allowed to take the dinner orders of the other men in his group. Half an hour before the time for quitting work for the noon interval he goes with a huge basket to the kitchen and fills the order.

In many of the plants a pint of the best coffee obtainable is served for a cent, although on this item the firms lose money. A representative bill of fare is as follows: Sandwiches, all kinds, two cents; Ham-burgh steak, one slice of bread, two cents; pork sausage, one slice of bread, two cents; pork and beans, one slice of bread, three cents; hash, two cents; pie, all kinds, three cents a cut; tablespoonful mashed potatoes, one cent; cooked meats, one slice bread, six cents; puddings, three cents; oyster soup (on Friday), five cents a plate; other soups, two and three cents.

A much appreciated feature of each of these improved industrial establishments is the library. Each plant is gradually acquiring a library of its own and to many of them prominent authors have sent, in response to invitations, autograph copies of their works, in addition each factory is made a branch of the public library of the city in which it is located.

The organizations formed among the employees have also, in many instances, accomplished wonderful results. For instance, it is customary to prevent the orchestra or brass band formed by the employees to give a concert once each week at the factory, and it is frequently assisted by choral society and soloists, also employees. To these entertainments the families and relatives of the employees are invited to prevent the mutual benefit organizations, although organized only a year or two ago, not only have several thousand dollars in their treasuries, but have each carried in the neighborhood of half a dozen persons on their benefit list continuously since organization.

SOME TESTS OF ENDURANCE.

Many are the feats of endurance of which we have trustworthy records, and some of these are so surprising that it is little wonder that many persons are inclined to doubt the genuineness of the performances, but so strict have been the precautions taken to prevent fraud or imposition of any kind, as a general rule, that we are forced to believe, although in some cases I must admit (writes Mr. Percy Longhurst in "Sandown's Magazine") it goes very hard against the grain. What, for instance, can we say to the piano-playing performance of J. P. Theis, in July, 1893, who sat down at his instrument and played without intermission for twenty-seven hours. This is the record, and one is glad of it, and fervently hopes that no ambitious pianist will make the task attempt to go any better. Whether Mr. Theis played actual tunes, or merely ran his fingers over the keys for all or any part of the time, history recordeth not. It is sufficient that he played, and more than sufficient, I should think, for the unfortunate person or persons who had the task of keeping an eye on the performance. How those persons must hate the sound of a piano now! Heaven defend us from such a punishment as the supervision of such a feat, and guard our nerves and brains from such torture.

Although this extraordinary feat was performed in America, there is not the least reason to doubt its genuineness, any more than that of Tom Burrow's marvelous club-swinging performance at the National Sporting Club a few years ago. Burrows is a most versatile athlete, being in quite the front rank at boxing, wrestling and gymnastics, and his never-to-be-forgotten feat took place in May, 1897, when he swung a pair of 2 lb. clubs for thirty hours without cessation. Of the genuineness of this performance there cannot be the slightest doubt, as it took place in the presence of several well-known gentlemen, who relieved each other at intervals until it was finished. During each hour not less than sixty evolutions were made, but Burrows finished up little worse for his prolonged bout. I am afraid there are but few people who realize what it means to continue movements of any kind for such a period as thirty hours, and who are able to comprehend the extraordinary powers of endurance required. Marvellous as the feat is, it was surpassed a few months later by Jack Griffiths, an Australian, who swung a pair of clubs, weighing 2 lb. 3 oz., for thirty-six hours without a rest. Although this is accepted, it is not certain the same precautions of watching were taken as in the former instance. News has lately been received by telegram from Adelaide that during the last week in May a Professor West swung a pair of 2 lb. clubs for thirty-eight consecutive hours.

Most of us are acquainted with the mighty weight-lifting feats of Sandow, Cyr, Sampson, Kennedy, Elliott, and others, but in most cases the performances at any one time were confined to two or three gigantic efforts; but George Clifford, who holds the record of weight-lifting for endurance, a few years ago put up to arm's length above his head a 56 lb. dumb-bell 120 times in 6 min. 22 sec. Laurenceon Elliott, the amateur weight-lifting champion, has been known to put up two 60 lb. dumb-bells, one in each hand, from the ground to arm's length above the head thirty consecutive times.

Let any of my readers try how many times they can put up a 56 lb. weight, and they will have some idea of the great endurance that is necessary. Apropos of weight-lifting, a curious match was made some time ago in Vienna between two well-known continental strong men, was to see which could hold out for the longest period of time a redering held by the tail between the forefinger and thumb, with the arm at right angles to the body. With the actual time during which the winner was able to hold out the loser was a period which any unthinking person would deem remarkably short. Such a test is a terrible strain on the muscles, as one can easily prove by merely holding out one's arm in a similar position; it will not be many minutes before one is compelled to cry "Enough."

Speaking of this power of keeping the arms in a certain position for a lengthened period reminds me of a celebrated Greek boxer, named Melancomas, who lived in the time of the Emperor Titus. Scores of victories did this man win without striking a single blow, his practice being to extend his arms rigidly in front of him, never offering to strike, but making it impossible for his opponents to get near him and forcing them, worn out with their fruitless efforts, to give him the victory. For many years he had trained himself to remain in this fatiguing position, until it was possible for him to continue thus for some consecutive days. The famous historian Dion Chrysostom, have it on the authority of that man, some of us are acquainted with the famous ride of the Italian officer, Captain Salvi, who, in 1878, rode from Bergamo, in Lombardy, to Naples, nearly 530 miles, in ten days; but this and all similar performances are quite thrown into the shade by the feats of a courier of the King of France, during the sixteenth century, the Abbe Nicquet. The Abbe was renowned as the swiftest traveler of his time, and, without good reason either, for on one occasion he rode from Paris to Rome in six days and four hours. The distance between the two capitals is about 1,050 miles, so the speedy Abbe must have travelled at the rate of a trifle over seven miles in every hour, making no allowance for halts or stoppages of any kind for rest and refreshment. This is not bad time considering the state of the roads then and the nature of the country he had to pass through.

THE LITTLE IRISHMAN NOW.

This story from the "New York Times," which is no doubt of the home manufacture type, has been reproduced by several Irish Catholic exchanges in our neighbors' territory. It has, however, its lessons, and not the least is that it is dignified in its style. It is as follows:—"The man in the party from Pittsburg had a good stock of stories, and seemed to enjoy telling them. In his pleasant digressing a typical son of Erin came into the tobacco shop, pulled out a stubby clay pipe, moved over to a handsome lighting stand, and lit it up. He stood looking about the shop, puffing away, and then shambled out. He had brought more or less mud into the place, and the woman who kept the shop, a light company was putting in conduits and had opened in the main streets a number of trenches. One line of trenches lay in front of a tobacco shop, one of the finest in the place. 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OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER ON "ZIONISM."

While I have generally confined my weekly observations to matters of local interest, still there is nothing, to my knowledge, to prevent me from forming opinions concerning subjects of universal concern—and from penning the same for publication. My attention has recently been drawn by the reports of the last Zionist Conference, to this very unique subject. It is a harmless and beautiful chimera; it is the practical expression of an idea that, in all times and under all conditions, has possessed the Jewish mind; it is a serious attempt at realizing Dr. Theodor Herzl's dream—a vision of himself, as the second Moses, leading "Israel out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob away from a barbarous people."

For more reasons, therefore, than one, I am not of those who would cast ridicule upon the enthusiasm of those prominent Hebrews, who actually believe that by steady work, concentration of action, and unity of forces, they can eventually reconquer Jerusalem, make Palestine again the land of Israel, and build anew the gorgeous temple of the Ancient Alliance upon the sacred summit of Mount Zion. Moreover, I have had for years the privilege of a more than passing acquaintance with some of the leading Hebrews of this city, and of other sections of our continent, and I have learned much from some of my Jewish friends concerning the aspirations of their people, the hopes, both temporal as well as religious, that they firmly entertain. I have discovered that while they all rank as Jews, in the religious sense, yet they are by no means united—no more on the question of "Zionism" than upon any other one. This I will briefly explain.

All the sections of Protestantism—or nearly all—claim Christ as the Messiah and the Founder of Christianity; upon this one point they agree, upon every other tenet of religion they differ. They are all Protestants—inasmuch as they "protest" against the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church—but no two of them hold the same doctrines. In a lesser degree, because of a smaller number of sects, all those who belong to the Hebrew nation, and are Jews in religion, have one vital point upon which they are united; on others they differ, more or less radically, according to their respective degrees of orthodoxy, or heterodoxy. They all believe that the promised Messiah, the great "King of Israel," the one destined to lead them, as God's chosen people, into the possession of their ancient heritage, is yet to come; but they do not agree upon the form that Messiah will assume, nor the manner in which he will appear, nor even in the mission that he will have to fulfil. It is this division, or rather these many divisions, that have cut up the Jewish people into various denominations. In this city alone we have

two, or three of them. The Orthodox Jew is as strongly opposed to the Reformed Jew as the Anglican Christian is to the Baptist Christian. I am not going to inflict a history of the "variations" of Judaism upon the readers—I leave that important work for some new Bossuet, should ever an emulator of the great "Eagle of Meaux" arise in our midst. I merely wish to observe that when we hear of such a movement as "Zionism," inaugurated by members of the Jewish race, we must not run away with the idea that all Jews believe in it—or even that all Jews sympathize with it.

It is exactly this lack of unity upon the subject that marks the movement with foregone failure. In the first place the Jew is a business man—if he is anything. He has an instinctive leaning towards commercial transactions, and a kind of intuition in all matters that concern money, trade, exchange, and such affairs. He may be filled to the brim with patriotic zeal; he may be even fanatical upon all that touches his religion; he may have the profoundest contempt for every other form of worship; he may love the "land of Israel" and the once glorious city of Israel's kings, with all the energies of his Hebrew soul; but these conditions of mind and sentiment never once blind him to the facts and the conditions by which he is surrounded, nor lead him into the folly of supposing that his money is capable of purchasing everything that may come within the range of his desires. The Jew is far-seeing; he is shrewd; he is careful in his transactions; he is great or small; consequently, he scarcely ever becomes a bad speculator, or a foolish adventurer in the domain of business.

In consequence of this leading characteristic of the Hebrew, he may wish, with all his soul, for the re-possession of Palestine, yet he will think twice before he sacrifices a dollar in an enterprise that his experience and sound common sense tell him can never be a success. If money could purchase Jerusalem, it might have been bought generations ago by the millionaire sons of Israel. But money is not all-potent—many opinions to the contrary notwithstanding; there are international questions of paramount importance that would have to be counted with. The map of the world cannot now be altered by even the most earnest and enthusiastic meeting of liberators, regenerators, or whatever else they choose to call themselves. It is absolutely useless for the learned and wealthy children of Israel to contend with the existing order of things. Nineteen hundred years have rolled over the descendants of the twelve tribes, and throughout the desert of existence, generation after generation of them, has aimlessly wandered—without a country, a home, a prospect. During all these long decades the Church that the Crucified established has been growing in strength, expanding in influence, augmenting in numbers, proving by the very miracle of its stupendous development and immortal vitality, that her founder could have been none other than the Messiah foretold by the prophets, expected by the patriarchs, and announced and described in the sacred books of the Old Testament. The "Zionist" movement may serve as a harmless amusement and afford an innocent employment for the less occupied of the Jewish race; but its conception is so visionary, that not even a tenth of the Jews, all over the world, can be made to believe in it.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

So-called philosophers are every day seeking to discover something new, something to attract public attention towards themselves, something that may aid in effacing God from the records of life. The latest philosophic fad is that of Prof. William Boelche, of the University of Leipzig, who claims that animal and human life is derived from the stomach. The theory is elaborated in a most mystifying article of several columns, this is the article in question. While scientists have been searching for a century through the whole universe for the cause of the origin of man the secret has been at our very doors. "In any pond, in almost every drop of stagnant water on the street is the clue to this hitherto mystery, but now a mystery no longer. "Look into a drop of muddy water with a microscope and you will see a small oblong, fish-like object. It is an infusorium, a little organism that has neither heart nor lungs, neither limbs nor sight, yet it grows, moves and probably enjoys life. "This creature has been found to

be practically one simple cell, which performs all the functions of life. But as its principal function is to eat, it may be said to be all stomach. "It surrounds the food with a part of its gelatinous cellular body, takes it into itself as a whole, and digests it whole, much as a drop of water swallows up a bit of red color and dissolves it until the whole drop is colored by it. This primitive method of devouring with the whole body may still be observed among bacilli. "How does this show the origin of human life, do you ask? "In this way. This tiny simple creature suggested to scientists that probably the first life-cells that appeared on the earth were still smaller and simpler than this infusorium. These cells were so very small and weak that a number of them joined themselves together by the instinct of common interest. "Then the first step upward took place. Each one of these cell-beings had hitherto moved itself forward in the water, by wriggling its thin round body, thus reaching its prey." "Shipping the mending development of these ideas we come to the con-

clusions reached by the professor. He says:—

"This is the twentieth century outcome of the most remarkable triumph of nineteenth century science, the tracing of the origin of life to a few cell animals. The evolution of higher forms of life was simply a division of labor among cells. When Robinson Crusoe was on the desert island he had to be a tailor, shoemaker, cook and all. The one cell infusorium in the water of a swamp is the Robinson Crusoe of organic life. After centuries of progress social man has divided labor so that each individual is served by tailors, shoemakers, cooks, etc., saving time and labor by doing that for which he is best fitted, and concentrating his energies. By this social economy progress is made possible far beyond anything that Robinson Crusoe could accomplish. If the stomach is the cause of all life, it is well for every one to have a good understanding of it. Almost any one looking, say at the stomach of a goose, knows that its purpose is the reception and digestion of food—but here his knowledge stops. He does not even know what the walls of this stomach consists of and if asked will reply: "Of flesh." But what then is this "flesh?" Tell him the place of the stomach is in a certain preparation, under a microscope, and a whole world of wonders lies before his eyes. Under the guidance of the scientist he at last sees that the wall of the stomach, and called "flesh," is a series of cells. And the scientist will tell him that what is true of the stomach is true of all the rest of the body of goose or man; the cells in various arrangements and countless multitude make up the whole being. Here is a wonderful complex thing, but immediately any one who is interested in the first stages of life will ask: "How, then, did this complexity start?" "The cell is the real original being, and all higher creatures are nothing but the associated development of a number of cells. The oak and the man are but enormous "stacks" of millions of millions of cells, the original creatures. The elementary organism, then, behind all living things which existed on earth millions of years ago was a cell creature, a single cell. That no such animal is found now does not prove anything to the contrary, for it is axiomatic with evolution that the earlier and simpler types die out altogether as they give way to the higher developments. Yet we see something like this original animal in the so-called infusoria of every street puddle or country marsh, or in the bacillus, consisting sometimes of a single cell, which multiplies by dividing itself. Man is merely a problem in addition or multiplication of cells. But this is only one side of the question. There is also a special line of evolution in the division of labor among the multiplied cells. The cells of the mass gather in groups, for this division of labor, and each group does nothing but its special work. This is the secret of the development of the organs of higher organisms or creatures. These organs are the result of a highly specialized evolution. They arise in the great process of evolution from the primitive creature of a single cell to the oak, the goose or man, upon the ground of the division of labor applied everywhere in the economy of nature on account of its tremendous utility. Even the stomach, the organ with which this investigation began, is created under this law of utility and division of labor. At some time it was developed in that mass of cells which was to become a higher animal—it was developed in some form by which a group of cells in the whole cellular mass undertook the work of digestion, and developed this special function. So it is now apparent how the origin of the stomach accounts also for the origin of all human and animal life."

Here is materialism—mother of all evils—pure and simple. It is the theory of evolution applied to human life. We have passed over columns of explanations that amount to nothing; but we must soon be moving, if we do not want to have these pretended philosophers of the skin-deep profundity overturn Europe—even as the barbarians under Attila overran it centuries ago. It does not require any extensive argument to confound the learned scientist. The origin of the subject may be traced to the lowest grade of animal life. Let us suppose then that man is really "a problem in addition or multiplication of cells"—which we deny—whence came all the cells? If from one tiny original cell, whence, or how came that one into existence? The erudite professor would seem to deny the fact of creation; yet some power must have created the first cell! Why not at once say "it was God."

ARE YOU LOSING FLESH? Then something is wrong. To the young it always means trouble. It is a warning to any one unless they are already too fat. Scott's Emulsion checks this waste and brings up your weight again.

CURES AT LOURDES. Many cures of various ailments are reported at Lourdes, recently. Among them are Mms. de la Dollerie, of Paris, who suffered five years from

ASSOCIATION OF OUR LADY OF PITY. Founded to assist and protect the poor Homeless Boys of Cincinnati, Ohio. Material aid only means the original beneficiaries are very poor. On application, each member receives gratis a Central Register Book with 500 days' record, for the Homeless Boys.

COLONIAL HOUSE PHILLIPS SQUARE.

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UNBQUALLED LINES OF WILTON, AXMINSTERS, BRUSSELS and TAPESTRY CARPETS. Importations for this season comprise patterns and colorings of even more than usual merit and attractiveness, which will afford improved opportunity for selection by all classes of trade.

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MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION. HENRY MORGAN & CO. St. Catherine Street and Phillips Square.

an internal cancer. After her first immersion in the holy basin she suffered intense pain. Then followed a complete cure, confirmed by the doctors. Louis Paquet, of Paris, suffering from locomotor ataxia, was cured during the passing of the Holy Procession. Sister Sainte Brigette, of Villepinte, had been unable to move for seven years, her limbs being paralyzed. At the procession of the Holy Sacrament she rose, now walks and is well with no suffering. Marie Laversin suffered long from spinal disease, but has been completely cured. Thirty were reported cured on Wednesday alone.

CATHOLIC GENTLEMEN. — A Catholic education for a boy can alone produce a Catholic gentleman—our country's and the Church's greatest need.—Church Progress.

AN ODD COMMUNITY. The following strange item is taken from a Catholic exchange. It smirks of the sensational. A frame church of modern architecture, with a seating capacity of 400, entirely new and all paid for, will be given to the denomination whose representative sets forth most convincingly and attractively the articles of his church government and creed.

INTERNATIONAL Business College. PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL. Best methods and latest systems of teaching Commercial subjects, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc. Day classes resumed August 27th. Call or write for Prospectus. Telephone Main 32, 7-13. CAZA & LORD, Principals.

MISS CRONIN'S ACADEMY, 255 and 257 St. Antoine Street. Re-opens on September 3rd, with a full staff of qualified teachers. Pupils prepared for Diplomas. 7-4

The Catholic School Commission of Montreal. The re-opening of the Classes of the Catholic Commercial Academy, and all the other Schools under the control of the Commission, will take place on Monday, September 3rd. For all particulars apply to the Principal or Director of each School. 7-5

CHINESE SERVANTS.—Some people, it is quite evident from the following paragraph clipped from an American daily newspaper, must enjoy themselves with their fads and fancies: "Chinese servants are so in demand now that it is impossible to supply them, although the lowest wages offered is \$30 a month. At the

WALTER KENNEDY, Dentist, No. 758 PALACE STREET, Two Doors West of Beaver Hall Hill.

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Our Special Sale. Of Black Dress Fabrics is still going on. The designs and qualities are the finest ever shown in this city. These immense bargains were bought by our buyer when in Europe at his own price, hence our being able to offer the same to our customers at less than 50 per cent. below regular prices.

Black Waists. Just put to stock 2 cases of Black Mercerized Saten Waists. Special prices \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.65 and \$1.90 each. Nothing nicer than these Waives for Fall wear. Also Good Black Alpaca Skirts, lined and new shape, only \$1.75. For your Autumn Dry Goods come to

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Roofing and Asphalting, Tiling and Cement Work, Roofing Materials, Building Papers, Stove Linings. Asphalt Cement, for repairs, in cans of 5 & 10 lbs. GEO. W. REED & CO., 783 and 785 Craig Street.

NEW DRESS GOODS. New Goods are now the order of the day, every day more interesting to lovers of fashion than the day before. In to-day's Store News we announce the arrival of some New Goods.

CAMEL'S HAIR HOMESPUNS. The very latest material for fall and winter, we are showing this favorite fabric, in all the new autumn tints, both plain and illuminated effects.

EMBROIDERED DRESS LENGTHS. Each one a work of art, beautiful designs, in Pastella colors from \$10 up.

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OGILVY'S. Cor. St. Catherine and Mountain Sts. CHURCH BELLS. Church Bells, Chinese and Pasts of Best Quality. Address: The Foundry, BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY THE E. W. VANUZEN CO., Cincinnati, O.

Manufacture Superior Church Bells. TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

Anyone can ride prosperity and a camel when they walk, but when they run most persons are apt to be lost.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY..... SEPTEMBER 15, 1900.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE WARS.—There are two wars still going on—we cannot say raging. What they are doing in China is not easy to find out, and what is taking place in the Transvaal does not seem to create very much interest. To all intents and purposes the Boer war is over. Still DeWet is making Tommy Atkins dance around amongst the kopjes, just as a fidler would make the fairies dance in the glens of the Galtees. Baden-Powell has become chief of police out in the Transvaal, and Lord Roberts is moving about trying to get things quieted down. Here and there we read of other generals running after Boers, dodging ambuscades, and performing the very uninteresting scenes in the last act of that drama. Most of the contingents are coming home; not a few have already reached Canada, or England. It seems now to be a mere question of military administration in South Africa, previous to a new system of civic administration being adopted. This is about all we have to tell. As to the Chinese war, the Boxers seem to be demoralized. Li Hung Chang has been given full power to negotiate peace terms with the various foreign Powers, and Russia wants to withdraw her forces from the Celestial Empire. They say that the Queen Dowager has at last been taken prisoner. If she has not, the situation remains as it has been for over a week; if she has it does not much matter, provided she is kept under the eye of the united allies. England and Russia seem to have similar ideas regarding the evacuation of the country; but France and Germany do not appear to care much beyond their respective interests. In a word, it is a mystery and only time will solve it.

A PILGRIMAGE TO ANTWERP.—The pilgrimage to Our Lady of Antwerp, which took place this year under the auspices of the Catholic Association and the Guild of Our Lady of Ranson, passed off very successfully. The pilgrims, who were accompanied by Father Fletcher and Mr. C. J. Munich, reached Antwerp about 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, and at 11 a.m., in accordance with the pre-arranged programme, proceeded to the cathedral, where Mass was said by the Rev. A. Byrne, English chaplain at Antwerp (who worked very hard for the success of the pilgrimage), the pilgrims meantime singing their English hymns. After Mass they assembled before the statue of Our Lady of Antwerp, where, after the hymn "Hail, Queen of Heaven" had been sung, a short address was delivered by Father Byrne, and prayers for the conversion of England was recited.

A PRIEST FOR BANNOCKBURN.—Bannockburn is one of the most sacred spots in Scottish history. There was fought the great battle which has ever remained the theme, the inspiration and the boast of the Scottish people. Some time ago there was opened there a school-chapel, and now for the first time since the so-called Reformation, a Catholic priest ministers in the people, the station having been put under the

charge of the Rev. Francis McManus, of the Cathedral in Broughton street. Father McManus has the reputation in Edinburgh of being a hard worker, and an energetic priest, and Bannockburn Catholics are to be congratulated on his selection.

A PAROCHIAL CUSTOM.—In Scotland the last Saturday in August winds up the summer season, and consequently most of the mills and workshops are closed, whilst the workers go down and take their last look at the sea till once summer comes round again. Several of the parishes made a new innovation this year and held them to the coast for the day. St. Joseph's went to Stirling. St. John's visited one of their curates who has lately been appointed to the charge of the pleasant little sea coast mission of Saltcoats, and here, too, the St. Francis' League of the Cross, with Father Richard at their head, betook themselves. Fortunately the day was all that could be desired.

IS DEWET PARANOID?—According to the London "Mail" there exists in Ireland a theory that DeWet, the remarkable Boer leader, and Charles Stewart Parnell are one and the same person. "The imaginative Celt," says the "Mail," "has built up a romantic story to the effect that Parnell did not die and was not buried; that he attended the funeral which was supposed to be his and smiled at the credulity of his countrymen. Now it is actually believed in many parts of Ireland that he really is Christian DeWet, and nothing apparently shakes the belief of the simple Irish folk in this remarkable story."

We are strongly under the impression that the "Mail" is far more imaginative, certainly more inventive, than ever were the people of Ireland. There is about as much sense in this story as there is in anything that anti-Irish organs concoct for the benefit of their prejudiced readers. We don't believe that ever such a theory found birth except in the brain of the writer in the "Mail."

THE GALVESTON CYCLONE.—From time to time in the history of the world we read of disasters, misfortunes that assume the proportions of national catastrophes. The elements seem to suddenly be let loose and to run riot over the country. We in this north land of comparative security know nothing of the tropical hurricane, we have never, even in the depths of our severe winters, experienced storms such as the one which swept over Galveston, Texas, on Sunday last. In fact, the imagination can scarcely conceive such a death-dealing, wholesale destructive visitation of the elements. One of the most minute and graphic accounts that we have read is from the pen of an eye-witness, Mr. Richard Spain, a newsdealer of Galveston, says:—"One of the most awful tragedies of modern times has visited Galveston. The city is in ruins, and the dead will number probably 1,000. The wreck of Galveston was brought about by a tempest so terrible that no words can adequately describe its intensity, and by a flood which turned the city into a raging sea."

The weather bureau records show that the wind attained a velocity of 84 miles an hour when the measur-

ing instrument blew away, so it is impossible to tell what was the maximum.

The storm began at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. Previous to that a great storm had been raging in the gulf, and the tide was very high. The wind first came from the north, and was in direct opposition to the force from the gulf. While the storm in the gulf piled the water up on the beach side of the city, the north wind piled the water from the bay on to the bay part of the city. About noon it became evident that the city was going to be visited with disaster.

Hundreds of residences along the beach front were hurriedly abandoned, the families fleeing to dwellings in higher portions of the city.

Every home was opened to the refugees, black or white. The winds were rising constantly, and it rained in torrents. The wind was so fierce that the rain cut like a knife.

By 3 o'clock the waters of the bay and gulf met and by dark the entire city was submerged. The flooding of the electric light plant and the gas plants left the city in darkness. To go upon the streets was to court death.

The wind was then at cyclone velocity, roofs, chimneys, portions of buildings, telegraph poles and walls were falling, and the noise of the wind and the crashing of the buildings were terrifying in the extreme. The wind and waters rose steadily from dark until 1.45 o'clock Sunday morning.

At present it is roughly estimated that over one thousand people met death on that terrible night. Mr. Splan says—

"During all this time the people of Galveston were like rats in traps. The highest portion of the city was four to five feet under water, while in the great majority of cases the streets were submerged to a depth of ten feet.

To leave a house was to drown. To remain was to court death in the wreckage. Such a night of agony has seldom been equaled.

Without apparent reason the waters suddenly began to subside at 1.45 a.m. Within twenty minutes they had gone down two feet, and before daylight the streets were practically freed of the flood waters."

After giving details that astound, bewilder, almost frighten us, on merely reading them, the gentleman above quoted said that—

"It will take a week to tabulate the dead and approximate the property loss. It is safe to assume that one-half of the property of the city is wiped out, and that one-half of the residents have to face absolute poverty. For ten miles inland from the shore it is a common sight to see small craft, such as steam launches, lifeboats, and yacht sloops. The lifeboats of the steam sailing station were carried half a mile inland, while a vessel that was anchored in Moses bay, lies high and dry five miles up from Lamarque."

FORMER CYCLONES.—This fearful cyclone is not the first that has visited Galveston, nor is it the first that has spread death and destruction over the Southern States; but it is the worst within the memory of living man.

On Wednesday, September 15, 1875, a storm broke over Galveston, which submerged half of Galveston island and left the city cut off from the rest of the world until late on Sunday night. Several hundred tenements were destroyed, churches were unroofed, and the streets were littered deep with debris. Some score of lives were lost in the city and its environs in this gale, and the damage done reached nearly a quarter of a million dollars. The shipping in the harbor suffered severely, one schooner being hurled forty feet inland.

In the Strand market the water driven in from the Gulf by the gale was three feet deep. No railroad trains were run, and the telegraph wires were down for three days. Other towns on the Texas coast suffered in proportion. In this gale the town of Indianola, in Calhoun County, with a population of 1,150, was entirely swallowed up by the sea. Two hundred lives were lost, and the damage done to property, reached a million dollars. Bodies were strewn along the beach for twenty miles off the gale.

In October, 1886, Sabine Pass, Tex., was practically destroyed by a storm on the Gulf, in which 247 lives were lost. The Louisiana coast suffered severely at this time. It was a similar storm that on August 27, 1893, ravaged the coasts of Louisiana, Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina, being most severe in the latter state, where 1,000 lives were lost, mostly in the Sea Islands. The Red Cross provided for 30,000 people in South Carolina that fall.

A SCOTCH CONVERT'S GIFT.—At Ayr, in Scotland, two weeks ago last Sunday evening, a new monument the gift of Mr. Stuart Coats (a recent convert to the Church), was used in St. Margaret's Church, Ayr, for the first time. The monument, which is of exquisite design, richly set with precious stones, was greatly admired.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Henry R. Gray and family have returned from Aspen Farm. Mr. E. B. Devlin returned from Europe on Sunday by the Lake Champlain.

FATHER SAVARD DEAD.

It would seem that in each succeeding issue we have to record the unexpected death of some venerable, some universally esteemed, some beloved member of the priesthood of our archdiocese. The Angel of Death does not consider age, nor station, nor degrees of virtue, nor the utility of the life about to be effaced; the mandate goes forth from the All-Wise and All-Bountiful Creator, the winged messenger rushes down through infinite space with the summons, and bears back to the Father in Heaven, the soul of whose presence is required in the realms of unending glory. Thrice, within almost as many weeks has that order been carried to priests of our acquaintance. The late Canon Piche had just descended from the pulpit, after pronouncing one of his most eloquent appeals for the salvation of his parishioners; the late Canon Leclerc had just returned from the altar whereon he had offered the adorable sacrifice for the salvation of his flock; and now, Rev. Father Savard, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's parish, was seated in the confessional—absolving sinners and washing souls with the waters of grace—when the dark-winged angel knocked at the door, and declared to him that his place in the ranks of the Church Triumphant await him, that his place in the ranks of the Church Militant should henceforth be vacant.

Stricken with paralysis, while seated in his beloved confessional, on Monday last, the devout and zealous priest rendered up his soul to God on Tuesday evening. The news of his death comes as a severe blow to all his friends. While the members of the Redemptorist Order will feel the loss more than all others, he being an active and able priest of that community, the parishioners of St. Ann's will experience a sorrow that cannot be translated into words.

One of the most touching and eloquent expressions of Our Lord is that in which He calls upon the world to "let little children come unto Him." These words made a deep and lasting impression upon the heart of Father Savard; they inspired him with the noble idea of his great life-work; they constituted him a self-appointed protector of neglected and poor children. It was in this work of his predilection that he spent the years of his sacerdotal ministry in Montreal. By the score, by the hundred could be counted the young souls that he has saved from the dangers of life, from the almost certainty of final perdition. He was untiring in his labors; he sought out the waifs in the by-ways of the land, in the dark abodes of corruption, in the unsheltering places that could not be honestly called homes, in the miserable hovels, in the neglected homes; and he drew these little ones to Christ, to the Church, to a life that they had never expected to enjoy. What prayers must not have gone up, from young and innocent hearts, for the repose of his good soul! What tears of regret and of genuine gratitude must not have been shed over his tomb!

Rev. Louis Savard, C.S.S.R., was born at Malbaie, April 21, 1851, and was ordained to the priesthood April 8, 1878. Two years afterwards he was named parish priest at St. Fulgence, Chicoutimi. He entered the Redemptorist Order, Belgium, in October, 1883, and took his final vows on November 15, 1884. He came to St. Ann's Parish in 1887 from Ste. Anne de Beaupre. During the past fifteen years there has hardly been a parish in the province of Quebec or the New England States in which his eloquence and fine personal qualities were not known, and appreciated.

The funeral yesterday morning was the best evidence of the esteem and love entertained for the good and gentle priest of St. Ann's. From the Archbishop, upon his throne, down to the humblest child that owed a debt of gratitude to the departed, all without exception felt keenly the loss sustained, and all prayed with fervor for his eternal happiness. We, too, join in that invocation, and take the liberty of paraphrasing a well-remembered poem of McGee, in saying, with all our heart, "God's rest to the soul of the Priest of St. Ann's."

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

It is refreshing to read the opinion of T. S. B.—the Dublin correspondent of the "Star"—upon the subject of the Irish language. We doubt not for a moment that Mr. T. S. B. has a certain dislike for the Irish language; nor do we care to find fault with him for that which is most natural in such a nature as his. But we were amused, in presence of the gigantic movement now sweeping over the world, the result of which none can tell—to find that the "Star's" correspondent could, only quote a fellow of Trinity—by nature an anti-Irishman—to serve as an au-

thority upon the value of the Irish language. Here is what T. S. B. says—

"Dr. Anthony Trill, the well-known senior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, does not seem to have a very high opinion of the Irish language, nor does he think that there is the least use in trying to foster it. He says: 'The sooner all Irishmen learn to talk nothing else but English the better for themselves and their country.' The present movement is, in my opinion, simply got up for so-called nationalistic purposes, bolstering up the perfectly hopeless pretence of 'Ireland, a nation,' which can only have one tendency, i.e., to throw the country back in the scale of progress. Of course, there are many others who have great faith in the project for keeping alive the Irish language, with a view to fostering a love of country and the knowledge of Irish tradition. All the same, the number of people speaking Irish is slowly but surely declining, and it is only in a few places in the wildest parts of the west that it is kept up to any extent. Of all the Irish M.U.'s who clamour for the preservation, there are only a couple who can speak it, and that badly."

Now the above is what Dr. Anthony Trill thinks about the Irish language; but it must be remembered that everything coming out of that old un-English College, called Trinity, is stamped with a specially English seal. Such men as Dr. Trill do not want to see a revival of the Celtic tongue; they know how much depends for a people upon their language—it is the talisman of their future nationhood. The richness, the beauty, the exactness, the harmony of the Irish language are none the less real because the "trail" of persecution's serpent is left upon the nation. What a very touching advice to give the Irish—"the sooner all Irishmen learn to talk nothing else but English the better for themselves and their country." The learned fellow of Trinity does not even suggest that, for reasons of general usefulness, the Irish should learn English; but he advises them to learn no other language. This is a pretty hard nut to crack.

Such an advice savors very much of the Penal times, when it was against the law to speak Irish and a felony to learn English. Dr. Trill would evidently wish the people to sink lower and lower into the bog of illiteracy; but that day is gone past forever. The sun rises, this day, above the slopes of Ben Heber, and sets beyond the Church of Conemara, just as if an Elizabeth had never reigned, a Henry had never murdered, and the iron hoof of a Cromwell was never set on the bosom of the Island. The Irish language revival will go on, just as if a Dr. Trill had never expressed an opinion upon it; just as if Mr. T. S. B. had never misrepresented it in the columns of the "Star." It does good, sometimes, to read these criticisms; even when we know that they can have no effect upon the object at which they are aimed. We like to be forearmed and vigilant; we like also to know our enemies;—both conditions being ultimately beneficial in a national fray.

THE POPE AND PROTESTANTISM.

Considerable surprise has been created in higher Protestant circles, especially in England, by the letter of His Holiness to the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome. We publish the translation of that letter in another column. It will be seen by a careful perusal of the same that the Pope does not formulate any special accusation against the representatives of Protestant churches; he complains of the colporteur class of perverters that are sent out, under salary, by rich religious associations to entice Catholics away from the Church. Rome is infested with these people, principally women; they adopt methods peculiar to their calling, and seek to show their employes some fruits of their labors. The Holy Father knows his people; he knows that the Italian will scarcely ever become a sincere Protestant. He will fall into infidelity, irreligion, but not Protestantism. In the majority of cases, without ever actually losing his faith, the Italian pervert, through necessity and like causes, sinks to a level of religious indifference—and indifference is the portico of infidelity's temple. The higher, and better class of Protestants have as much repugnance to these low and underhand methods of "drawing fish to the Protestant net" as have the members of our Church; nor can they well be held responsible for the conduct of these mercenary of their own faith.

An English paper, dealing editorially with this subject, gives the following example— "But if, as the Holy Father remarks, they cannot count upon the force of truth, they have great reliance on the power of material resources, especially when employed in mean and underhand practices. People of mature years have convictions and can argue; the minds of the young are so easily impressed, by those who are more advanced in life. Therefore one of the chief aims of

the Protestant propagandists is to get hold of children. How is this purpose carried out? They are aware that Italy is a land where want is acutely felt. So they approach the poor—approach them often in an indirect, insidious way. A good lady has taken a house in a neighboring street or village. She says little or nothing of her Protestantism. The kindly soul cultivates above all things the character of a bountiful benefactress. She is astonishingly generous and open-handed. Little Nicholas has no boots; she buys him a pair and presents them to the parents. Nay, she adds a jacket and a cap, and is loaded with blessings by the father and mother, who are lost in wonder at the large-heartedness of the rich lady from a foreign land. Soon she calls upon them again and brings articles of apparel and money for food. They are effusive in their thanks. Whilst they are pouring them forth she timidly suggests that as she teaches a class at her house it might be well if little Nicholas were sent to her day by day. He would learn something. Not only would the instruction cost him nothing, but she would provide him with food and clothing. No mention is made of religion. The father and mother now strongly suspect that the funds wherewith the foreign lady procures the food and clothing are supplied by a proselytising society, but they do not give utterance to their suspicions. They merely express the hope that little Nicholas, who is a Catholic, will not be prevented from honoring the Madonna, through whose intercession they have received so many favors. Positive assurances are given on this point and little Nicholas is sent to the lady's school. He is delighted with his reception: No serious efforts on his part are required to keep pace with the educational work. A good deal of his time is spent in play. At home it was a feast day when he obtained at meals anything beyond mackerel or a crust of bread. In the school he is fed like the son of a noble. Meat is plentiful, and he heartily relishes the different courses set before him. True, he is sorely troubled when beef is offered to him on a fast day. He discloses his difficulty to the foreign lady. In her blandest manner she conjures it away, telling him that he is really too scrupulous and that he should eat nourishing food when he could get it, particularly as he is not atoning. Later, when little Nicholas is being taught a lesson, the hint is casually thrown out that Roman Catholics are deprived of their freedom—that they are only allowed to think and believe as the priests wish. Thus the process of perversion goes on. Little Nicholas conveys tracts and presents from the foreign lady to his parents. They accept the gifts of food, clothing and money with pleasure; the tracts they put aside in order that they may be able to produce them when their benefactress visits them again. All three—father, mother, and son—when they are by themselves smile contemptuously at the idea of becoming Protestants; but, as a matter of fact, thanks to the scheme of the agent of a foreign society for undermining their Catholic faith, they have lapsed into religious indifference. The case may be regarded as typical."

Here, in the Province of Quebec, we can well understand this base system, for in various ways has it been practised upon French-Canadian Catholics, by the "evangelists" of different denominations. The truth is that this pretended converting is merely taking in Catholics and making them join the ranks of Protestantism, under false pretences. We can readily comprehend how these children and their parents become Protestants for the form of the thing; and how their pretended change of faith merely leaves them in a state of religious indifference—which almost always ends fatally for the soul.

It is against these low crusades that the Holy Father protests in his letter to the Cardinal-Vicar. On all subjects regarding the adherents of non-Catholic churches, there is no broader, fairer, or more liberal-minded person than the Pope. Wherever sincerity exists he respects it, and credits those who differ from him with the same. But there is no keener eye in the world to-day to detect fraud in matters of religion, and no readier hand to trace its condemnation.

HUMAN RESPECT.—Let the answer of every Catholic, whenever he is pressed to join in prayer, or to assist at the religious worship of persons out of his Church or communion, ever be: "My religion teaches me to pray for you, but not with you."—The Record, Louisville.

CATHOLICS EQUAL.—There is but one public position in America wherein the Catholic is absolutely equal to his non-Catholic fellow-citizen, and that is the front rank of our contending armies. No Catholic can complain that he is the victim of proscription when it comes to standing before the enemy's cannon.—Catholic Transcript.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.—If those who complain of the cost of supporting parochial schools were to examine many of the text-books prepared for the use of pupils in public schools, and were to hear the monstrous opinions on religious subjects often expressed by teachers, the burden laid upon Catholic parishes would seem altogether bearable. Think of a "schoolmaster" in Massachusetts (an "anti-Irish" in history) who told his class that the Lord had "two brothers and sisters."—Western Watchman.

MR. DILLON'S SPIRITED APPEAL

At a demonstration, held at Clonpur, Co. Galway, Mr. John Dillon, during the course of a vigorous and practical address, made the following appeal: We have often read in history of the terrible losses which were inflicted upon the people of France during the great wars of Napoleon...

the till. To-day of all days we ought to have been at the steering wheel of business. What could have induced us to drop weakly into the snare of idleness and shiftlessness at this supremely important moment?

Of course the mill is all right; not even a drop of oil has wasted from the whirling spindles. Low, and with atrocious accent, laughs the shadowy fiend of hard work as he once more takes his place.

Shall we? Deep in the tumult of clacking cogs and buzzing belts is heard a pervading abominable laugh, and a soulless voice whispers all through us: 'Oh, yes, to be sure, next time you shall be wiser; you shall play like children and sing like birds!'

HORRORS OF CHINESE TORTURE

An ex-Attaché writes—Accustomed, like so many others who make their home in civilized and law-abiding countries of the Occident, to regard martyrdom as pertaining to mediæval history, and as having no place in the nineteenth century, it was not until my first trip out of China, that I was brought for the first time face to face with the fact that the sufferings of which we read as having been undergone for the sake of Christianity are not mere fairy tales and picturesque exaggerations...

A PLUCKY JEWESS TEACHER.

A young Jewess of South Carolina, who because of her race and religion was discriminated against by the public school authorities, has shown Catholics who are similarly treated how to assert their rights. In Florence, S.C., Miss Gertrude Jacobi, after a competition with a number of other young women was chosen as a school teacher.

WANT CATHOLICS DISMISSED.

The brutal and unprovoked attack which was made on the Catholic excursionists in Portadown on Sunday morning continues to be the engrossing topic of conversation, and party feeling runs so high that in some of the public positions, where Catholics are employed, have absolutely refused to work while the Catholics are employed.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

From the Baltimore Sun. The advice of Polonius, "To thine own self be true," may be interpreted in various ways, but it ought always to include a warning against self-deception. Those who do wrong begin usually by deceiving themselves into the belief that they are right, but they find excuses for their wrong. When their conscience warns them they plead that they are only following a custom; that other people have committed the same offense and yet have maintained their respectability; or they declare that necessity has driven them to some sharp practice which is not illegal and therefore not dishonest, or they indulge in other sophistries to excuse themselves, not to the world, but to themselves.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

His Honor Mr. Justice Oimett, the present term presiding judge at the Court of Queen's Bench, made some spirited remarks in his charge to the jury in the case of J. M. Fulton, who is charged with having stolen from Dame Elizabeth Reid Hawes, widow of T. J. Coristine, the sum of \$12,541.75, being the proceeds of 73 shares of the Merchants Bank of Canada, and of having appropriated the money to his own use, while acting under the power of attorney granted him by Mrs. Coristine.

His Honor said that the dissipation or appropriation to one's own use of property by directors and administrators was not an uncommon occurrence. It seemed to be a disease of this day. The distinction between "minding" and "thieving" was very thin now-a-days. Many in the race for wealth tried to gain possession of others' property as well as their own. An agent should always bear in mind that property placed in his care should be used as the proprietor's and not the agent's, and only for the benefit of the former.

POWERFUL ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

A correspondent to "St. Anthony's Messenger" from Washburn, Wis., tells the following story: "To the glory of the great and powerful helper of the afflicted, St. Anthony of Padua, the following instance of his aid is made public. In the afternoon of Thursday, July 19th, about 1 o'clock, Mrs. Jerry Laurion sent her two little boys, one 5 and the other 3 years of age, to her neighbor on some errand. The children had to cross a ravine, which they had crossed quite often before. Reaching the neighbor's house, they played with the children there, and the 3-year-old boy strayed away from the house. The mother called across the ravine about 20 minutes after that, asking the lady where the children were. Search was made in the house and about the yard, but the little boy was not found.

SMOKER ENDED IN A SCRAP.

Halifax, September 13.—The Boston British Veterans left this morning for home. They gave a smoker last evening which had rather a sensational ending. During the singing of God Save the Queen, Sergeant Carr, of the 63rd Regiment of Militia, Halifax, who attended the concert in uniform, lighted his pipe, and persisted in smoking when requested not to do so, by the officers of the regiment, of the Boston Veterans, and others. Three times they took the pipe from Carr's mouth, but the militia man continued to smoke. He was then seized by Bastion and others, a portion of his uniform was forcibly removed, and was ejected from the hall by two of the Boston Veterans, and a Royal Engineer of the Imperial corps stationed here. The ejected sergeant is the son of a very prominent citizen, holding a high Government position.

THE BUBONIC PLAGUE.

Sinla, September 13.—The bubonic plague is increasing. There were more than one thousand deaths from the disease in India during the past week. Glasgow, September 13.—One new suspected case of bubonic plague was placed under observation to-day. The total number of suspected cases now being watched is 114, which is the highest number yet recorded. The condition of sixteen persons suffering from the disease is unchanged, but their progress is considered satisfactory.

MICE AND MATCHES.

An investigation extending over a period of nearly three months was made by the inspection department of a Boston fire insurance company in order to determine whether fire can be caused by rats or mice and matches. The tests were carried on in a cage made of iron pipe, covered with galvanized iron netting, in which a tin box partly filled with cotton waste was placed for a nest. Rats and mice, singly or several at a time, were confined, for longer or shorter periods, within this cage, in which sulphur matches, parlor matches, and

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DEATH OF MRS. SLATTERY.

The many friends of Mr. William Slattery will regret to hear of the death of his wife, which sad event occurred at her late residence on Saturday morning, after a short illness. Deceased was very popular and leaves a large circle of friends to mourn her loss. She was 96 years of age, and in addition to her husband has several married sisters in the United States and Western Canada, who were shocked to receive the sad intelligence.—Daily Telegraph.

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A Gibraltar correspondent writes: Captain Johansen, who has started from here on a voyage across the Atlantic to Pine Island, Florida, in a small sailing boat, is a naturalized British subject. His boat, the Lotta, is quite open, and her measurements are: Length, 20ft. 6in., and beam, 7ft. 6in. She draws thirty-six inches aft and thirty-two inches forward. Her rig consists of mainsail with gaff to mast,

School Boots.

We have just bought special lines for Girls and Boys which are the best value ever offered. Boys' Boston Calf or Dongola, all solid, for \$1.00. Girls' Dongola or Pebble Boots for 1.00.

Men's and Women's White Canvas and Cloth Top Boots, to be sold at less than cost, \$3.50. Reduced to 2.45.

SEE OUR WINDOW. E. MANS. FIELD, 124 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, Corner Leinster Street

On her safety matches were also placed. The creatures were alternately fed and allowed to go hungry. During the experiments with the mice apparently one of the safety matches were carried by them into their nest. On carried by the rats ignited the other hand, gnawing them, which is indispensible evidence that common sulphur matches can be ignited by rats.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE. At a regular meeting of Branch No. 41, C.M.B.A., of Canada, held in St. Ann's Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously passed: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this world the dear and loving mother of our esteemed Bro. P. O'Brien; resolved, while humbly submitting to the will of God, we desire to extend to Bro. O'Brien and family our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement, and hope the knowledge that she has gone to a better world may help them to bear their cross with Christian fortitude. Resolved, also, that a copy be sent to Bro. O'Brien and the press.

TO SUPERVISE COLD STORAGE.

Ottawa, Ont., September 13.—Three agents of the Department of Agriculture have been sent to the Old Country, Mr. Honor Godd, going to Bristol, Mr. J. B. Oke, of Peterborough, to Glasgow, and Mr. J. W. Welton, of Auburn, N. S., to London. They are charged with the duty of watching the unloading of Canadian food products from steamers, and to facilitate their transmission from cold storage compartments on steamships to storage warehouses on shore.

They will also closely watch the handling of cheese and butter so that if any boxes are broken they may be promptly remedied in order that the quality of the articles may not be depreciated. At the end of the season they will each furnish a report to Commissioner Robertson with suggestions for improvement in packing and handling certain produce.

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THE FIEND OF INDUSTRY.

Our day is the day of work. We are not, exactly speaking, born with the implements for money-grubbing in our hands; but once we get a firm grip on their helms we let loose only when death forces us to quit forever the field of earthly activities. But industry would not be a bad habit to cultivate were we able to control a wary and sleepless fiend that lurks somewhere in it. The wise and sympathetic philanthropist suavely tells us to take a holiday now and then, not merely for idleness sake, but for recreation and the moral benefit of renewal and readjustment of body and soul. The advice is thrillingly good, but the certain craving of human nature, which strays with the straying winds, sings with the birds, and flows with the brooks. We are grateful to the calm-faced and mild-mannered philanthropist. Yes, to be sure we will take a day from work and go play, leaving behind us the cares and worries of industry. We have earned rest; why not take it freely? Of course nothing is easier than simply letting go the helms and letting away. But when we have done this we soon become aware of the fiend whose delight it is to remind us of the fact that "a day lost can never be found again." A voice like the sigh of sleeplessness explains that "art is long and life is but a span," that all the wise and famous men of the past scorned everything but work. "Make hay while the sun shines," it whispers, "the unthrifty man shall see his day when his bin shall be empty." Then into the very spirit of our holiday creeps the sense of a guilt which effectively poisons enjoyment. Remote, elusive, skulking furtively in vague distances of consciousness, this fiend of industry hints at "opportunity missed" as his sentinel who sleeps at his post never happens to wake before the officer arrives. "Then your back a single moment and the long-expected wonder blooms unseen." The strain of an industry and shadowy qualm or misgiving outweighs the full, open pleasure of freedom and recreation. Thought breaks back to the desk, the counter, the ledger,

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BUSINESS MEN.

In placing your advertising for the fall of 1909, it is well to remember that "The True Witness" is the only journal of its class published in the Province of Quebec, and goes to the people you want to reach. It has clientele exclusively its own, and brings its advertisers excellent results. Why not therefore include the "True Witness" in your advertising list. There is no surer, quicker, cheaper, and more satisfactory method of reaching academies, convents, colleges, hospitals and the homes of a well-to-do class of people than through the columns of the "True Witness." Rates and sample copies on application.

DESTROYING BIRDS.

Millions of money are lost every year by the fruit-growers of the world from the devastation of their crops by insect pests. In the United Kingdom the fact is a serious one, and the mere fact of the codlin moth, which destroys or ruins hundreds of tons of fruit alone every year, and the caterpillars enormous quantities of gooseberries through attacking the foliage, justifies an alarm note on the increase of insect pests in the fruit districts of recent years (remarks of "Fruit-grower, Fruiterer, and Florist.") In Chester the caterpillar has devastated the gooseberry bushes in the most wholesale manner, and the reports of hand are of a very serious nature. What is the primary cause of the trouble? We say— and we say it after careful investigation—that it is the cruel, stupid, and wanton destruction of wild birds; and that since they have been exterminated more fiercely than ever the voracious army of insect pests, the leaf-eaters and the fruit-borers, have increased in the most alarming manner.

QUEER ASSERTIONS.

The story of the cyclist who found over the door of a Cheshire church the cheerful text, "This is the gate of Heaven," with the modifying postscript, "This door is closed in the winter months," recalls to the London "Tablet" another incongruity of a rather similar kind. Cardinal Manning went one day to his publishers for a copy of a book of his own— "Confidence in God." The order was shouted down to the stockroom, whence came the reply, "Manning's 'Confidence in God' all gone."

Evil is the means by which God is declared.

As we would be unconscious of the existence of light if we were universal, so we would be unconscious of the existence of God. It is darkness that enables us to see light, poverty that enables us to understand wealth, deformity that enables us to perceive beauty, and evil that enables us to know Good. All things are best understood by contrast with their opposites. Death makes us understand and value life, sour things make us understand and relish sweet ones. Evil, therefore, is the demonstrator of good, and in that capacity loses its evil.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER.

We now offer a Car load—240 Cases—Fresh from the Spring. LONDONDERRY LITHIA (Natural) in half-gallon glass bottles, 65 cents per half-gallon bottle. LONDONDERRY LITHIA (Carbonated) in quart bottles \$2.40 per dozen quarts, \$9.00 per case of 50 quarts. LONDONDERRY LITHIA (Carbonated) in pint bottles, \$1.65 per dozen pints, \$11.75 per case of 100 pints.

BOLS' LIQUEUR HOLLANDS GIN.

Try BOLS' and LONDONDERRY—They Mix Perfectly. BOLS' LIQUEUR GIN, Large Stone Jugs (Imperial Quarts) \$1.35 per Jug, \$18.50 per case of one dozen Jugs. BOLS' LIQUEUR GIN, Small Stone Jugs, 65c per Jug, \$14.50 per case of two dozen half Jugs. BOLS' LIQUEUR GIN, in medium size stone Jugs, 85c per Jug, \$9.50 per case of one dozen medium Jugs. BOLS' LIQUEUR GIN, in Glass Jugs (To Arrive).

FRASER, VIGER & CO. Sole Agents.

Station Warehouse, 207, 276, 211, St. James Street.

Our Boys and Girls.

MOTHER'S DUES.

By Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

Of our readers, I am sure, have seen the advertisement for the "Mother's Dues" in the "Life" Building. It is a list of the names of the children of the late Mr. Archer, Toronto, who were born in the "Life" Building. The list is as follows:

Archer, Toronto.
Bohne, Toronto.
Barrie, Can.
Walker, N.B., matriarch or peat.
McCluskey, Windsor, for wife.
Flegler, Toronto.
Rothaermel, Toronto, for bicyclist.
Van Dusen, Ontario.
Booker, Hamilton.
"containing" necessary to inventors in all countries are swindlers address upon

and a dishonor to themselves and their parents.

STUDY HARD!—Now that the scholastic year is beginning again, we would strongly advise the young to become diligent and persevering at study. "If you don't succeed at first, try again," is a good maxim, and one that should be followed to the letter. Don't spend your time aimlessly at school, try and have your plans cut out and follow them. Remember that for want of a good education there are thousands who are obliged to do hard and laborious work who otherwise could be enjoying a good position in an office. It is easier to carry a pen in your ear, than a pick and shovel on your back, and be a drudge all the time.

A BOY TO BE REMEMBERED!—"Sorry our elevator boy has left, Thompson," remarked my lawyer friend to his friend as we walked down the hallway. "Yes, nice little chap, wasn't he? I quite miss him." "Why do you miss him?" I asked my friend as we turned into the street. "The boy in there seems to be able to run the elevator." "Oh, yes. Well, I don't know. What do you say, Thompson? Why do we miss the boy more than we usually miss boys?" "Why, it's his bright 'Good-morning, sir,' that I miss. It was a pleasant beginning to the day. I came to look for it. This new chap is as dumb as an oyster; runs the elevator all right, though, and 'Good-morning,' is not in the bond, I suppose."

"Good-morning, sir." A small thing for a busy man with an important day's work ahead of him to notice, one might think, but it is just in these courtesies, the things "not in the bond," that make life not only bearable but sweet.—Weekly Bazaar.

FRANK'S DISOBEDIENCE!—"Oh, Frank! You know father said you were not to go out with that wicked boy, Joe Fenton. You know he did, and now you are going to disobey him."

"Just you shut up, Nell; you don't know anything about it. And besides, Joe isn't wicked, he's one of the jolliest fellows I know," replied Frank in a rage.

"Father ought to know," persisted Nellie; "he told you he was a very bad boy, and quite unfit for you to go with."

But her words fell on empty ears, for Frank had already gone.

He made all haste until he knew he was out of sight of home, then slackened his pace to take breath.

"Hello, Frank! Sit here you are. I thought you were never coming."

Frank started; then seeing who it was, answered quickly: "Whatever made you come so near the house, Joe? If my father had seen you there would have been a row."

The other boy laughed, then replied: "Oh, I had to risk that; but look here, I want to show you my friend. Hi! Bob, I want you!"

A seedy-looking youth came forward at the call, and held out a grimy hand to Frank. Frank shook hands reluctantly, with an uncomfortable feeling that these were not at all the sort of boys his father would like him to have for friends.

Suddenly, as he stood thus, a well-known voice cried: "Frank, what are you doing here? Come home at once."

"I—I was only—" "Come at once," his father repeated, and Frank, with his head hanging with shame, obeyed.

His two companions slunk off, and Frank's father hurried his son home-wards.

"Was father very angry with you? What did he say?" inquired Nellie, as her brother related the occurrence to her.

"He said," answered Frank, "that boys who wished me to disobey my father, and who helped me to do so, were the worst companions for me, and I told him I would never go with them again."

"Bravo!" cried Nellie. R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

more ungrateful in faded calico than in lace trimmed silk, and more tart in temper now than when you saw her for an hour or two on her good behaviour, do not forget that you, in your uncoated sleeves, unwashed face, and possibly not sunny humor, are not the noble being she took you to be. Therefore remember you have both something to bear as well as enjoy, and the bearing will make life happy.

POINTERS!—Don't put borders on carpets for small rooms.

Don't hang chandeliers or lamps in low-ceiled rooms.

Don't be chary of rich, warm tints in the northern rooms.

Don't believe for a moment that expensiveness is essential to beautiful effects.

Don't make a narrow door narrower with a heavy drape.

Don't use large patterned wall paper in small rooms, or a deep border with low ceilings.

Don't have any fanciful fixed arrangement of window draperies in rooms in daily use.

Don't put chairs that are not well made and comfortable or lounges that are not low and broad.

PROPER CARE OF THE FEET!—If the microbes that accumulate on a shoe in its journeyings and development in its use were visible to the naked eye what a show it would be! The variety and number would make a microscopic menagerie. And yet we wear the same shoes outdoors and indoors, day in and day out, so long as they hold together. The older they are the more we cling to them. Who would think of living in a garment to the extent shoes are lived in, and yet what garment is so sacred as does a good "shoe"!

It is a good idea to have your shoes kept in a shoe closet, and to have them cleaned and polished regularly. It should be the business of the wearer to see that shoes are frequently exposed to sun and air.

Perfectly clean soles should be worn. This can scarcely be changed too often. The dirt that does in here to would be mightily lessened if men and women were as careful, as fastidious, about their footwear as they are about their hats or collars.

Rheumatism and many other ailments must decrease, if not disappear. Buy a shoe snug enough to hold the heel and instep without slipping and long enough to afford spring and play with the rise and fall of the feet in locomotion. Proper walking should be taught in school and acquired early in life.

A thing of beauty is joy forever, and of all the beauties that adorn humanity there is nothing like a fine head of hair. The surest way of obtaining that is by the **LUBY'S** Parisian Hair Renewer. At all druggists. 50c a bottle.

NOTES FOR THE FARMER.

In the current number of the "Country Gentleman" a correspondent thus answers the question: why farm labor is scarce?

I have under my observation good, willing men, reared on a farm, who are working at \$1.75 a day at hard warehouse work, whose board costs \$4 a week, and a decent room for two \$8 to \$10 a month. Most of them pay street car fares, and married men must pay \$12 a month for any sort of a four or five-room house. They are constantly liable to a lay off if business is dull, and to discharge for errors; and a fair degree of intelligence is required. Many of these men start in at \$1 a day. I don't know how they live, or why. But they have regular hours, ten hours a day, and they know the evenings are theirs, and the band plays in the park, and Sunday is a holiday, and an excursion on the lake costs only 50 cents, and there is some color and music in life, and no one to begrudge the time to fill a pipe or read the evening paper.

How different was my farm experience! Up at 5.30 and an hour's work before breakfast. Not a minute for rest after dinner; up and off. Supper at 5. Back in 30 minutes to the field, and work as long as there was light enough. Then to a bed that had probably not been made up for several days. And repeat the same routine day after day. While at home, every patch of weeds in the corn in the fall was attributed to the "running around to picnics and Fourth-of-July celebrations," and letting crops take care of themselves. Two days of this kind in one summer would bring out reminiscences all through the fall. So much for the boy with the hoe.

From 16 to 21 years of age I was "hired man" for farmers, who, with one exception, tried to work me to

death. Hiring out for eight months at a stipulated sum, every hour lost during the summer, through sickness, accident or pleasure, had to be made up by a good hard day in the fall, even including national holidays. Work done nights and Sundays did not count. And as to the amount of work required of the hired man, I want to say that every furrow is wanted and every day's work criticized if there is room for criticism. Mr. Farmer or Mrs. Farmer will tell you just exactly how long the last hired man sat on the fence, or how long he staid in the barn some rainy day doing nothing. And that is not all. They will tell you how long it took him to dress, and how much he ate and how much butter he had been known to put on one piece of bread, etc.

These are some of the methods used to strengthen the ties that bind a young man to the farm. He is expected to spend hours on his horses in many cases, but it is an unwritten law that he must not have the use of one to carry him away for an evening or a Sunday hour from the scene of his drudgery! Even farm-boys are rarely allowed that privilege. In the West, no washing is done for farm help as a rule, and in Dakota, at least, the transient "hobo," who is depending on the farm harvest for his regular help, is not provided with a bed, but catches a heavy blanket and a straw stack or a granary, and does not see a laundry or a bath during a whole season's campaign. 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THE HOMES OF DONEGAL.

On several occasions we reproduced lengthy extracts from the writings of Seamus MacManus, and frequently we felt it necessary to comment in a critical manner upon them. However, this fact does not take from the merit of his graphic accounts of peasant life in Ireland. One of his most recent and best descriptions is that of a typical Donegal home. These pen-pictures are of great use to the world since they bring vividly before the eyes of strangers to Ireland exact outlines of life in the Old Land. Our readers will be thankful to us for giving them the following:—

“Our average cottage has three apartments, a kitchen between two rooms. The eave of the thatched roof is the height of a tall man. The thatch is oatstraw bound down to the under layer of tough turf (scaws) by hidden rows of scallops of briar, and then crossed and recrossed some scores of times by straw ropes that interlace and finally tie the pegs of fir and bog-oak inserted in the walls just under the eaves.

every word of these languages, and having never taken the trouble to employ their leisure time in studying modern languages, they are utterly unable to take a superior position in a foreign merchant's office.

When so much is being said about commercial education, what weighs in the mind of the writer is the necessity for it. I should have thought that our leading colleges would have seen the importance of establishing alongside their classical schemes practical modern courses where boys could be prepared by the study of French, German, or Spanish, geography, chemistry, and especially a thorough grounding in arithmetic, including the decimal and metrical systems, to enter at the age of 16 or 17 the special courses of a superior commercial school, and there to acquire that familiarity with commercial customs and the languages of our continental neighbors which will be of incalculable advantage to them in their commercial career.

AN IRISH GIANT. It seems that Waltham, Mass., does not depend alone upon its watches for notoriety, says an exchange; it also possesses the distinction of having one of the strongest men in the country. His name is Martin McDonald, and like all great men he is modest about his achievements. Recently, however, he admitted that he had made some big lifts in his time. He is a giant in size, being 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighing 225 pounds. He is built like an ideal man, and he would be easily picked out as a man of great strength.

HISTORIC CASHEL. From the west of Ireland I returned to Dublin and started for Cork via Kildare, Thurles and Malloy, and observing the interesting towns en route.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS. The New York “Mail and Express” is responsible for the following very strange details:—

Snowbank lay snugly embedded in a snowbank when a policeman heard her cry and took her to the city's shelter. It was raining a solid sheet the street, and she was as wet as a fish. Joseph July came into public notice the day the thermometer broke the record last month, and Virginia Broiler's heated history is a household tale.

WHALES MARKET REPORTS. CROP REPORT.—The United States crop report shows only a trifling change in wheat; on winter wheat no figures are given by the Department after July till the final figures of the harvest are obtainable.

GRAIN.—Cable enquiries are more active, with very fair bids, but shippers are unable to do business on account of the high rates of freight, as much as 3s 3d having been bid and refused for space to Liverpool. Locally there is very little doing and values are more or less nominal. We quote: No. 1 spring wheat at 74c to 74½c; No. 2, 71c to 71½c; new crop, do., 69c to 69½c; new crop rye, 57½c; new crop No. 2 barley, 47½c; oats at 29½c to 30c.

FEED.—This market retains its firmness, in consequence of continued good demand and limited supplies. We quote: Manitoba strong bakers, \$4.50; Manitoba strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.20; winter wheat patents, \$3.75 to \$4; straight rollers, \$3.50 to \$3.60.

EGGS.—The market continues firm, and prices fairly steady. We quote: Canned stock at 15c to 16c; No. 2, at 13c to 14c; culls at 10c to 11c per dozen.

BUTTER.—The market continues heavy, the quotations for finest creamery being around 20c to 20½c, which is about 2 cents lower than was obtained about the middle of August. Seconds range from 19c to 19½c, and dairy butter from 17½c to 17c.

CHEESE.—The market continues firm with a tendency to exact fractionally higher prices. We quote: Finest western, 11½c to 11¾c; finest eastern, 11¼c to 11½c; finest Quebec, 11c to 11¼c.

LIVE STOCK.—About 900 head of butchers' cattle arrived in the city on Wednesday and Thursday, a large number of which were sold, yet some 600 head were brought to the East End Abattoir on Thursday. There was a good demand and fair prices paid for good animals, but the common and inferior beasts were dull of sale and brought considerably lower prices than they have been doing during the past fortnight.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street.

...AUTUMN... Jackets and Capes. ...PARIS AND BERLIN NOVELTIES... Magnificent studies in Ladies' Stylish Jackets and Capes arrived yesterday, beauty thoughts of the master minds of Europe. You cannot afford to miss these daily store exhibits on the threshold of autumn. The Mantle Salon is inviting, and its fashion predictions reliable and authoritative. Come and see them.

STYLISH COSTUMES. Neat, perfect fitting Tailor-made Costumes for early and late Fall wear are now here. Ladies' Stylish Checked Homespun Fall Costumes, in neat colorings, coat cut double breasted, velvet collar, new shapes, coat sleeve and pearl buttons, lined throughout, full cut skirt, lined linonette, well made and finished; an exceptionally fine garment. \$15.35

FALL COSTUMES. Particular features about these Costumes are the styles, make and general appearance and finish. Neat and Stylish Costumes, made of New Costume Frieze, in dark colors, costive double breasted, with velvet collar, new coat shaped sleeves, corded shoulders, skirt cut 6 gore style, with inverted pleat back, corded bottom, box seams. \$21.00

STYLISH FALL DRESS GOODS. A wonderful array of New Fall Goods is now being exhibited in this section, and judging by the throngs of people that visit the Dress Goods Department daily, they must be rapidly selling. Delicate weaves of Wool and Silk and Textures of all newest kinds are here, in fact, everything that Fall Fashions can demand.

NEW DRESS GOODS. Here are some New Dress Goods just received. Monday morning will be your time to see these goods. New Rich Dress Tweeds, in small fancy checked designs, in a variety of choice colorings, 44 inches wide, yard 70c.

NEW FALL SILKS. Rich, stylish and pretty wearable Silks, in all new weaves and textures are here for your selection. New Fancy Silks, in a variety of pretty shades, with scroll designs, for Fall Waists, yard \$1.25.

HOUSEHOLD LINENS. Strong, durable, pure, Flax Linen Goods, moderately priced, are points that make this store popular. 50 dozen All Linen Glass Towels, with wide blue or red borders, size 25 by 28 inches. Monday you can have them for, each 75c.

TABLE LINENS. The best of everything is procurable at The Big Store. Homeespans go direct there when seeking Special Linen Values. Fringed and Open Worked Linen. Oatmeal 5 O'Clock Tea Cloths, 31 inches square. Special value for 20c.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE. THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

NEW Fall PIANOS. Do You Need One? We are ready for Fall business with the most attractive pianos in Canada to offer you. Six great makers, among them the best in the world.

TO LET. Centrally located tenements in recently remodelled Brick Building, corner St. Maurice and O'Connell streets; 4, 5 and 6 room dwellings, newly painted and tinted; sanitary plumbing; new W.C.'s; cemented basements; ready for occupation. Must be seen to be appreciated. Apply to M. BURKE, 275 Mountain Street.

Steinway, Hazleton, Nordheimer, Heintzman, Howard, Ennis. No other firm can offer you so many good pianos. Our prices are as attractive as our pianos. No matter what price you want to pay, or how small per month, Come and see us about it.

LINDSAY-NORDEIMER CO. 2366 St. Catherine Street. NOTICE. Wanted for the Municipality of East Leeds, a Roman Catholic School Teacher, holding Elementary Diploma in French and English.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SEASIDE RESORTS. Tourist Fare from Montreal. PORTLAND AND RETURN \$10.50 OLD ORCHARD RETURN \$11.00

NOTICE. Wanted for the Municipality of East Leeds, a Roman Catholic School Teacher, holding Elementary Diploma in French and English. For further particulars apply to the undersigned. JOHN F. SCALLON, Secretary-Treasurer, West Brimington, P. Q.

THE NECESSITY OF COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

This is the letter of Mr. Hemeryk, Chairman of the Liverpool School of Commerce, to which reference was made last week:—

“I shall be told (as I have often been told before) that we must teach the boys Latin and Greek—it will develop their reasoning powers, it will make them think, and it will be an easy matter for them afterwards to learn a few modern languages, should they feel it necessary to acquire them.

“I think the method of naming from circumstances attending their discovery is a good one. Before I adopted it I named them after noted men. We had little Russell Sage, Cornelius Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller, Richard Croker, William McKinley, Grover Cleveland and others that made the roster of the infant asylum look like the register of a first-class hotel. These names were better to the use of these names.

“I happen to know many young men who have distinguished themselves at our public schools, who carried away from the prizes for Latin and Greek, but who, at the age of twenty, have forgotten every word of these languages, and having never taken the trouble to employ their leisure time in studying modern languages, they are utterly unable to take a superior position in a foreign merchant's office.