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VOL. XLVI. NO. 6.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE NATIONAL PARLIAMENT

OPENING CEREMONIES HELD ON THURSDAY.

HON. J. D. EDGAR ELECTED SPEAKER—DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS—PREMIER LAURIER AND SIR CHARLES TUPPER DELIVER ELOQUENT SPEECHES.

The formal opening of Parliament took place on Thursday. The actual ceremony was reserved till last Friday, when the Hon. J. D. Edgar was elected Speaker.

The opening was marked by brilliance beyond any session in recent time. Ottawa's fashion and beauty turned out in large numbers and handsome summer gowns. His Excellency arrived, accompanied by his secretary and A.D.C., in a carriage drawn by four horses, with an escort of dragoons. The 43rd Battalion was drawn up before the buildings to receive him. There was a large crowd to attend the ceremony. The spaces outside the buildings and the corridors and galleries inside were filled with citizens and visitors from all over the country. It was just at 3 o'clock when His Excellency arrived. He proceeded at once to the Senate and found a brilliant assemblage in possession of the scarlet chamber. The Countess of Aberdeen, with Lady Marjorie Gordon, was present. The seats on the floor were filled with ladies in beautiful evening costumes and a few Senators scattered here and there. The desks had been removed to make more room for those by whom special invitations had been received. The galleries were overflowing with ladies and their escorts.

The Speech was as follows: Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate and Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The necessity of making provision for the public service has compelled me to summon you together at this somewhat inconvenient season. It is impossible to lay before you at this season the public accounts for the past year, or, indeed, any of the reports usually submitted to Parliament.

Under these circumstances, and in view of the fact that you will be required to reassemble early in the ensuing year, it does not appear expedient to invite your attention to any measures beyond the passage of the supplies.

The operation of the tariff will be made the subject of careful enquiry during the recess, with a view to the preparation of such a measure as may, without doing injustice to any interest, materially lighten the burdens of the people.

Immediate steps will be taken to effect a settlement of the Manitoba school question, and I have every confidence that when Parliament next assembles, this important controversy will have been adjusted satisfactorily.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons. The estimates for the current year will be laid before you forthwith.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate: Gentlemen of the House of Commons. I hope that when you will have given the necessary attention to the consideration of the year's supplies. I may be able to relieve you from the duty of further attendance at this session of Parliament.

The House was adjourned until Monday last, when the consideration of the Address, in reply to the Speech from the Throne, was taken up.

The address was moved by W. B. McInnes, of Vancouver, and seconded by Rodolph Lemieux, member for Gaspe. Both gentlemen acquitted themselves well.

Sir Charles Tupper, in a two hours speech, arraigned the Government in his own sledge-hammer style. He charged them with being in power under false pretences; that they had no mission from the people, particularly with regard to the tariff; that they had obtained office by double-shuffling on the Manitoba School question, and that the Premier's avowal of the correctness of an interview with the reporter of a foreign newspaper, by which he was to inaugurate the policy of handing over our magnificent canal system to the tender mercies of a foreign government, and all this without having previously consulted our own Parliament, was an outrage.

The Hon. Mr. Laurier made one of his usual able and moderate speeches, in reply. He twitted Sir Charles on his defeat and said that whatever reflections his opponents might make as to how they had obtained power, they had reached it and were there to stay. Regarding the School question, he had promised to settle it, and would do so to the satisfaction of all well-meaning men. He did not hope to please extremists on either side. The tariff, he said, would be attended to at the next session, and then only changed gradually on the lines of a revenue policy. The Premier was loudly cheered by his friends, and the adjournment of the debate was moved by the Hon. Mr. Foster.

Before the adjournment, tributes were paid by the Premier and Sir Charles Tupper to the late Hon. Sir David Macpherson and the late Mr. Clark, M.P., for North Grey.

Hon. Mr. Fielding, Minister of Finance, laid on the table a return show-

ing the warrants issued by His Excellency the Governor-General since last session. For the fiscal year ended 30th June, 1896, there were three warrants issued, \$2500 on the 16th May for works on the Fraser River; \$12,000 on the 10th June on account of ship channel between Montreal and Quebec, of which \$11,487.41 was expended, and \$10,000 on 10th June for dredging in Ontario and Quebec, of which \$4368.45 was expended. Under the present Government four warrants have been issued on account of fiscal year 1896-97, amounting altogether to \$2,096,022.40, of which \$742,147.08 was expended. These warrants were issued on 15th July for \$1,066,667.53 to pay salaries, and on 15th August for \$935,561.16 for same purposes. On 25th July a warrant for \$1500 was issued for repairs to Government survey boat, Sampson, employed in Fraser River, B.C., and on 15th August a warrant was issued for 2,333.01 to pay wages in Government work shops to 1st July.

NOTRE DAME DE GRACE.

The bazaar in aid of the Monastery of the Precious Blood, at Notre Dame de Grace, is receiving the patronage it so well deserves. A large number of city people have already visited it and the residents of the locality are enthusiastic in its interests. Rev. Father Marchal, the curé of Notre Dame de Grace, encourages the workers by his frequent attendance and kindly sympathy.

Madame Décarie, president of the Bazaar, with a number of lady assistants, have charge of an important section, and are very actively furthering the good work they have undertaken. Mrs. Dugald McDonald, Mrs. Captain Kelly, Mrs. Boud, Madame Lafleur, Miss Coleman, Miss Curran, Miss McKenna, Miss Gillis, the Misses McDonald and the Misses McCall, are working diligently for the success of the English table.

On Wednesday, August 19, Mr. Dan McCarthy, the well-known Irish comedian, and a number of popular artists from the city, attended the Bazaar, and contributed largely to its success by the delightful programme they provided for the guests present. There was a larger attendance than on any other previous evening, and the treat provided was duly appreciated. Mr. Dan McCarthy was the star of the evening, and his songs and clever dancing drew forth loud applause. Messrs. McCrea and Lyons, negro sketch artists, were very amusing in their characters of colored aristocrats. Another interesting feature was a Highland fling gracefully danced by little Miss Elsie Graham. Miss Maud Collins' piano selections were very creditably rendered. Mrs. Tighe, the popular vocalist, was also present and contributed to the evening's pleasure by her rendering of the old favorite, "Annie Laurie." Mr. T. Grant, Mr. W. Casey, violinist; Mr. O'Brien, Irish piper; Messrs. Cooke and Cooper, accompanists, and Mr. F. Pierson, Irish comedian, did full justice to their respective parts and were greeted with hearty applause. The ladies of Notre Dame de Grace tendered a vote of thanks to Messrs. Sparrow and Jacobs, Mr. Dan McCarthy and the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the entertainment, for their kindness and courtesy in aiding the good work in such an effective way.

MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL SIFTON HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH PREMIER LAURIER.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Globe says:

Attorney-General Sifton, of Manitoba, had another interview with Mr. Laurier. He afterwards left for Winnipeg. Before going he was asked for a statement in regard to the Manitoba school question, and replied as follows:—"I have been here for some days, with my colleagues, Messrs. Watson and Cameron, and have been in conference with Mr. Laurier, with a view to an amicable settlement of the Manitoba school question. The conference was for the purpose of arriving at each other's views in respect to a basis of settlement. I am not in a position to say more than that the views which have been expressed by Mr. Laurier upon the subject are such that I believe that when I return to Manitoba and lay them before Mr. Greenway and my other colleagues there is reason to hope that a satisfactory basis of settlement will be reached. At least I return to the west feeling that much has been done towards bringing about an understanding."

FATHER SHERMAN

TAKES HIS FINAL VOWS LAST WEEK.

Rev. Father Thomas Ewing Sherman, who took his final vows of poverty, chastity and obedience in the Order of the Jesuits at Detroit Saturday, is only one of the many sons of distinguished families in America that have become followers of Loyola. Few men have had promise of a more brilliant future than had young Sherman when he joined the famous company of ecclesiastics whose influence extends over the entire civilized world. He was educated at the University of St. Louis and at Georgetown University, graduating from the latter institution at the age of 18. General Sherman had designed his son for the law and Thomas Ewing was sent to Yale, where he earned the degree of doctor of laws. Then he returned to St. Louis, in which city worldly success hung ready for his hand to pluck. On his return he helped to organize St. Mark's Literary Society in the St. Louis

University, and was one of the rising young men of the town, sought for by the bar, the pulpit and society in general, when one day he suddenly turned his back upon it all and entered the Company of Jesus. It was said that strong influences were brought to bear upon him to dissuade him from this step, but he was true to his resolve and fixed in his determination to give up his life to the church. The Jesuits sent him to Stonyhurst, England, for his novitiate. His ordination took place some years ago, but his final vows were not registered until Saturday.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE ORDER OF THE VISITATION AT ST. LOUIS ADOPT IT.

The Catholic Columbian refers to a new departure made by religious communities, by which the members of an order adopted the principle of life insurance. It says:—

The debt on the convent of the Visitation nuns of St. Louis will be lifted, some day, through one of the most novel schemes that religious have ever adopted: the payment of insurance policies on the lives of the nuns. The scheme was suggested to the Mother Superior by a woman who makes policy writing her business and was at first received with quiet amusement and no thought of acquiescence. But the agent and the Superior both have good business heads, and it was not long before the former had convinced the latter that the plan was not only feasible, but would also benefit the institution. Archbishop Kain was consulted by the Superior, and readily perceiving the advantages that would accrue to the Sisterhood, he gave his hearty consent, and negotiations between the nuns and the companies were arranged by the agents as rapidly as possible.

For many reasons the insurance companies think they have closed a good deal, as the quiet routine of the convent is generally conducive to long life. The inmates are rarely exposed to epidemics, few of them are the victims of accidents, and the regularity of their daily duties preserve their health, so that the policies will probably run on for many years.

On the other hand, the sisters are satisfied with their bargain and the insurance amounts to \$98,000, which will not, of course, benefit the individual, who has taken a vow of poverty. To meet this difficulty each nun, after signing the policy made out to her, assigned it to the community and so ended her connection with the business; the payment of premiums and all other business matters will be attended to by the Superior.

The money raised by this novel departure from the ways of the cloister will be applied to the payment of the debt on the new institution of the Visitation in St. Louis. The Sisters are delighted to find themselves in the way of being out of debt and the woman whose bright mind originated the plan is congratulating herself on its success and the prestige it will give her.

FRANCISCAN PILGRIMAGE.

An Irish Franciscan pilgrimage will take place on the 31st inst. It will be conducted by the Franciscan Friars of Montreal, and leave Jacques Cartier wharf, for Cap de la Madeleine, at 7:30 p.m., returning to Montreal Tuesday evening. The Father in charge of the pilgrims humbly begs his pilgrims to allow him a few words of direction through the columns of THE WITNESS as regards the tickets, badges, etc.

1. It is most desirable that all the pilgrims should wear the pilgrimage-badge from the moment they go to take the boat until they return home.
2. A beautiful badge can be had at a low price from the following ladies:—Miss Gethin, 49 Sussex Avenue; Miss Flynn, 85 St. Hubert Street.
3. State-rooms can be engaged at the following addresses:—Miss Gethin, 49 Sussex Avenue; Miss Hanrahan, 29 Seymour Avenue.
4. Tickets can be had at the following addresses:—Miss Gethin, 49 Sussex Avenue; Miss Flynn, 85 St. Hubert Street; Miss Gleeson, 179 Centre Street; Miss Hanrahan, 29 Seymour Avenue; Sallier's, Notre Dame Street.

THEY ELECT OFFICERS.

At a regular meeting of the Father Matthew Temperance Association of Montreal, held Aug. 16th the following officers were elected for the ensuing six months:—Reverend Director, Very Rev. Canon Foley, President, W. Hogan, 1st vice-president, J. P. O'Coner, 2nd vice-president, F. Frawley; secretary, E. Kelly; assistant-secretary, F. Johnson; treasurer, P. Daley. Committee of Management: J. O'Keely, W. Hogan, J. Frawley, E. Horan and E. McCauliffe.

SIR DAVID MACPHERSON DEAD.

The R.M.S. Labrador, from Liverpool, arrived at Rimouski with her mails and landed her passengers for the Lower Provinces. They brought the news of the death of Sir David Macpherson, who was a passenger. His death was unexpected and took place on Sunday afternoon, when the Labrador was in mid-ocean. Dr. Wright, of Ottawa, who was also a passenger, aided the ship's surgeon and did all that was possible, but without avail. The body was preserved in ice, and will be landed at Quebec.

GRAND COUNCIL C. M. B. A.

The Biennial Session.

The biennial convention of the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association met yesterday, at Ottawa. The delegates attended mass at the Basilica, after which they were presented with addresses of welcome by the Mayor on behalf of the city. At the opening business session, Mr. O. K. Fraser presiding, the financial statement, membership report, trustees' report and supervising examiners' report, were submitted.

The financial statement shows that the total amount paid out during the past two years was \$280,057; balance in the treasurer's hands, \$3,105. The membership in the various provinces is shown as follows: Ontario, 155 branches, membership, 6,486; Quebec, sixty-three branches, membership, 2,224; New Brunswick, nineteen branches, membership, 927; Nova Scotia, seventeen branches, membership, 758; Prince Edward Island, six branches, membership, 156; Manitoba, five branches, membership, 282; North-West Territories, five branches, membership, 101; total, 270 branches; membership, 10,934. In 1894 there were seventy-three deaths; in 1895, eighty-nine, and in 1896, to July 1, fifty-five.

The report of the medical examiners shows that since the last convention 3,145 sought admission, and of this number two hundred and fifteen were rejected because of ill-health.

TWO MINISTERS ELECTED.

HON. WM. PATTERSON AND HON. A. G. BLAIR BY LARGE MAJORITIES.

OWEN SOUND, Ont., August 25.—Hon. Wm. Patterson, Dominion Minister of Customs, was elected to-day to represent the constituency of North Grey in the House of Commons by 420 majority. The constituency had been made vacant by the death of John Clark, Liberal, who was returned at the recent Dominion election over James McLaughlin, the defeated candidate in to-day's bye election, by 32 majority.

ST. JOHN, N. B., August 25.—The combined efforts of the Federal and Provincial Governments resulted to-day in a complete victory in Queens and Sanbury. Hon. A. G. Blair's majority is 685. Mr. Wilnot was beaten by nearly a hundred and fifty, in his own County of Sanbury.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS OF CHICAGO.

WILL IN FUTURE BE UNDER THE DIRECTION OF NUNS.

The opening of the fall term in the five Roman Catholic schools in the parish of the Holy Family at Chicago, of which the Rev. M. J. Dowling is head, will see some radical changes in the management and supervision of the schools. Heretofore the boys and girls of the parish have been taught in separate schools, but beginning in September arrangements will be made to have both boys and girls who are above the fourth grade attend the Holy Family school on Morgan street, between Twelfth and Maxwell. This school will be considered the central one of the parish and from here will be supervised the other four schools.

Up to the present the teachers of parish schools have been chosen from among the secular members of the parish. The Sisters of Charity from the Blessed Virgin Mission, aided by a number of Sisters from the Duquesne Cathedral, will do all the teaching in future.

Sister Mary Hilary will hold the position of principal of the Holy Family school, formerly occupied by Father O'Neill. While Father O'Neill will be relieved from all duty connected with the day schools, he will still hold his position as superintendent of the parish Sunday schools and their weekly publications.

Directly over Sister Hilary will be Father James Curran, who will have general charge of all the schools.

DEATH OF REV. MICHAEL F. FLATLEY.

Rev. Michael F. Flatley, rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Malden, Mass., and one of the best known Catholic clergymen in the state, who was stricken with paralysis at Saratoga several days ago, died there Saturday afternoon.

Father Flatley left Malden about ten days ago with several other clergymen to spend a few days at Saratoga in rest and recuperation. He was in his ordinary state of health, and the stroke of paralysis came very unexpectedly.

Rev. Father Flatley was born in Ireland in 1843, and, after pursuing his early studies there in a private classical school, came to America. He entered the Holy Cross College at Worcester and graduated in 1865, receiving the first honors of his class and carrying off the gold medal. His theological studies were made in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and he was ordained priest there on December 28, 1868.

Father Flatley celebrated his silver jubilee on December, 28, 1893.

CHINAMEN IN MONTREAL.

A correspondent of the Witness says: "The Chinese population of Montreal numbers about five hundred souls. Three hundred are permanent residents, and are engaged as laundries and small shopkeepers. There are over one hundred Chinese laundries in the city, and a dozen stores, in which Chinese

goods and such supplies as are needed by their countrymen are kept. Two hundred of this population are transients. Once in three weeks the C.P.R. brings into Montreal about one hundred men direct from China. They are kept here in bond until the necessary papers are secured to enable them to proceed to the United States or South America. These 'birds of passage' make it necessary to have Chinese hotels and boarding houses for their accommodation. The length of their stay in the city varies from a few days to several months."

BEWARE!

[From the Northwest Review.]

A section of the Conservative party, smarting under its recent defeat in the province of Quebec, talks of repudiating its policy on the school question. Those very men, by their extreme and aggressive conduct, were the chief cause of the humiliation which overtook the party in the general elections.

Such men as Clarke Wallace, McLean, McNeil, Sprout, etc., did more to create a distrust in the minds of electors, as to the honesty of the party in its treatment of the Catholic minority of Manitoba, than any other cause. Their repudiation of the constitutional guarantees of Catholic minorities and their almost brutal indifference to our rights and liberties directly contributed, in no small degree, to a distrust in the minds of the Catholic electors of Quebec against the government.

The electors of Quebec saw the party torn by internal dissensions over a question which involved the rights and liberties of the Catholic minority of Manitoba. They were conscious that this feeling arose more from bigotry and intolerance than from any principle of justice. In fact they saw in it a repudiation of the laws of justice to gratify a feeling of bigotry and intolerance, and they decided that little trust could be placed in such men.

And now we find this very same faction of the party appearing on the public platform in opposition to the Hon. Mr. Patterson in Grey, and openly repudiating the policy of the late Government on the school question. These tactics may succeed in North Grey, but if they be endorsed by the Conservative party, as its policy, they are sure to bring upon it the contempt of all right thinking men and the determined opposition of all the Catholic electors of the Dominion. Better rid the party of these disturbers once and forever than to bring upon it the ruin which such a policy must inevitably entail.

CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION AT HOWTH, IRELAND.

BLESSING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE.

On Sunday last, says the Irish Catholic in its latest issue, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin laid and blessed the foundation stone of the new Church of the Assumption at Howth. The approaches from the railway station to the church were spanned by arches bearing words of welcome, flags, and banners. His Grace, who was accompanied by Rev. D. Petit, drove from the city, and across the road leading to the town was a beautiful arch with the words "Welcome to Our Archbishop." The hand of the Artane School and the Howth band were present and played national tunes. There was an enormous gathering of the people, and shortly after two o'clock, when the Archbishop arrived, the streets and roads were crowded with people, and cheers were raised in honor of His Grace. The Children of Mary and the pupils of the National Schools formed a procession, which preceded the carriage of the Archbishop. They carried banners, and at the front of the procession walked the altar boys, one of whom bore the cross.

The new church—the site having been generously given by Lord Howth—will form a striking feature in the landscape. The design is by the gifted architect of so many noble ecclesiastical works, Mr. W. H. Byrne, and judging by the plans it will certainly be in no way inferior to any of the works associated with his name. In the hands of Mr. Lacy, builder, of Howth, as contractor, the building is certain to be well and substantially completed. It is in the Romanesque style of architecture, comprising nave, transepts, side chapels, circular apse and sacristies. The ceremony of laying the stone and blessing the foundation was conducted with great solemnity, and when the stone was lowered into its place a beautiful silver trowel was handed to His Grace. It bore the following inscription:—

"Presented to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin on the occasion of his laying the stone and blessing the foundations of the new Church of the Assumption, Howth, 9th August, 1896. Very Rev. Canon Flanagan, P.P.; W. H. Byrne, architect."

After the religious function a public meeting was held to take steps to provide the necessary funds for the completion of the work.

WELL KNOWN NUN DEAD.

DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 24.—Sister Stella, a Sister of Charity, widely known as a builder of hospitals and for her works of charity, died here yesterday.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, OF CANADA.

1666 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Distributions every Wednesday. Value of prizes ranging from \$2 to \$2000. Tickets 10 cents.

NEW YORK CATHOLICS.

Propose a Large Central Hall to Accommodate Their Young Men.

The Catholics of New York are evidently awakening to the fact that central club quarters are an absolute necessity in connection with the parish societies, and the Archdiocesan Union of Catholic Young Men's Societies will, at their meeting, on September 7, consider the question of a large central club house to be built in a convenient locality of that city.

This idea has been the pet project of the union for some time. It is proposed that the club house will be a place of rendezvous for all Catholic young men.

The plan for fund-raising will be put into operation immediately after the meeting. A series of entertainments will be given by the young men's societies of the parishes. The proceeds will be turned into the building fund of the union. Bonds will also be issued and sold to the various societies and also to such individuals as may take an interest in the project. These bonds will bear interest after three years from their issuance, or within one year after the building is completed, as it is estimated that it will require about two years' time to make the club house ready for occupancy.

Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Farley and the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, pro rector of the Cathedral, are deeply interested in the project.

The main building will be 50x50 feet and five or six stories in height. In the rear will be a gymnasium and bath. This annex will extend almost to the third story of the main building, and will have a large basement containing shower, tub, needle and plunge baths. The upper part of this rear building will be occupied by the gymnasium. Many of the most famous athletes in New York are Catholics, and will undoubtedly give the union the benefit of their advice and help.

In the main building the front basement will be occupied by bowling alleys, where the archdiocesan contests can be decided. Back of the alleys will be the boiler, engine-rooms and electric plant. The main floor will be given up to the office, small reception rooms for members, a large reception room for ladies and a general reading room.

The entire second floor will be devoted to a large lecture hall, with seats arranged in circles on an inclined floor as in the auditorium of a theatre. A large stage will be equipped with appropriate scenery and paraphernalia. During the winter season entertainments will be given to help pay the maintenance of the building, and a series of lectures will be given by prominent Catholic clergymen and laymen on the plan followed at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh, N.Y.

The third floor will be devoted to billiard rooms in front and card and chess rooms in the rear. The entire front part of the fourth floor will be given over to a large library. This floor was selected because it will be so far removed from the noise of the lower part of the building. On this floor will also be committee rooms for the various committees. The top floor will be used for living apartments for the steward and servants.

It is believed that \$200,000 will fully cover the cost of the building and its furnishings. The projectors hope that sufficient money will be raised within a few months to warrant laying the club-house foundations.

DEATH OF THE BISHOP OF CLONFERT.

We regret to announce the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, Bishop of Clonfert, which occurred on Saturday, August 15, at Jarvis street Hospital, Dublin, to which he had been admitted on Thursday, having been taken suddenly ill while walking in the city. Deceased was born in 1814, and more than half a century has elapsed since his ordination. His zeal, piety and learning since the beginning of his career as one of the sacred ministry of the Catholic Church, won for him the esteem of both clergy and laity. He never made himself prominent in politics. He was consecrated bishop of the diocese of Clonfert on the 14th of January, 1871. This important diocese contains twenty-four parishes, and includes a great portion of the counties of Galway and Roscommon, as well as the King's County. The great age of the venerable prelate led to the appointment of the Most Rev. Dr. Healy as Coadjutor Bishop in 1881. The late Bishop had innumerable friends and admirers, not only amongst persons of his own religious persuasion, but amongst those who were outside the Catholic fold. His loss to the Catholic Church in Ireland will not easily be replaced. He was a profound theologian and an eloquent preacher. His tolerance in matters polemical and political formed one of the most admirable features in his character.—*Monster News.*

RETREAT AT THE GRAND SEMINARY.

The second ecclesiastical retreat for the priests of the diocese of Montreal opened at the Grand Seminary, Sherbrooke street, on Sunday evening, under the presidency of His Grace Archbishop Fabre. There was a large attendance.

ENGLISH DRINKING HABITS.

THE NEW STYLE OF PUBLIC HOUSE.

EFFECTS OF THE INTRODUCTION OF THE AMERICAN BAR—EVIDENCE BEFORE THE COMMISSION ON LICENSING—"PERPENDICULAR DRINKING"—THE NEW SYSTEM DETRIMENTAL TO THE SOCIAL HABITS OF THE PEOPLE.

[Correspondence of the New York Post.]

From the point of view of American readers the most interesting feature so far in the proceedings of the Royal Commission on Licensing Laws is the evidence as to the adoption of American drinking bars in the large towns and cities of England. All the evidence is against the change in the structural form in English public houses. The change has been going on at an increasing rate during the last twelve or fifteen years. Now-a-days whenever a public house is rebuilt, the internal divisions disappear, and instead of the commercial room, the smoke room, the bar parlor, the tap room, and the snug, the rooms always found in the better class English public houses of the old style, the whole of the ground floor in the new building is given up to a long bar at which drinks are served at a high counter as in a Broadway saloon. It is admitted in England that this new style of public house is copied from America. It is none the less intensely disliked by the licensing magistrates and the police. It might have been thought that the substitution of a bar for three or four rooms would save the police trouble and make it easier for them to see what is going on inside public houses. To some extent the change does make the work of observation easier; but on the other hand there has been a general agreement among the witnesses who have testified before the Royal Commission, that the bar system is conducive to excessive drinking, and as a consequence, the police have more trouble than formerly with people who are drunk. In England drinking at bars is called "perpendicular drinking" in distinction from the old fashion of serving guests seated at tables. The long bar is in high favor with the liquor trade, especially with great brewing concerns which own hundreds of public houses.

Before the Royal Commission, however, neither the magistrates nor the police superintendents would say a good word for the bar. It is the despair of the magistrates in industrial cities such as Birmingham and Newcastle; and from London there was also emphatic testimony as to the detrimental character of the change the drinking bar is working on the social habits of the people. The really social side of the English public house seems to be disappearing with the disappearance of the old structural plan, and tipping for tipping's sake is taking its place. In Newcastle and Birmingham the magistrates have long been hostile to the change from the old-fashioned public house to the modern drinking bar, but under the existing licensing laws they have absolutely no power to interfere, and whenever an old house is rebuilt the drinking bar makes its appearance.

During the last ten years there has been an enormous amount of rebuilding in the retail liquor trade, not only in London but all over the country. This is due to the enhanced value of public-house licenses; and this enhanced value arises from the fact that although population has been steadily increasing in all the commercial and industrial centres, the magistrates for twenty years past have been holding their hands as regards the granting of new licenses. When the era of free trade in beer, which commenced when the Duke of Wellington was Premier, came to an end, in 1869, the number of beer houses and public houses in most places was out of all proportion to the needs of the population. In many of the old towns and cities almost every other house in the principal streets was a beer shop. Thirty years ago, when anybody who paid a rent of £15 a year could sell beer, these houses were of little value and the good-will of one of them was not worth £5. When, however, in 1869, the system was changed and these beer houses were left in possession of their privileges. From that time to this their licenses have been going up in value until they have become worth more than the freeholds of the houses to which they are attached. These licenses can be transferred from hand to hand, and thousands of them, which in 1869 were not worth more than the government stamps on them, are now worth from £500 to £2,000 or £3,000, according to the town or neighborhood in which the houses are situated.

This enhanced value is due to the general policy of the magistrates in withholding new licenses; to the increase of population and also to the intense competition for the monopoly of these houses on the part of the brewing companies. It is doubtful whether, except to the fortunate holders of licenses, the policy of the magistrates is productive of much good. As the old public houses have passed from private owners to brewing companies, the houses have been enlarged, and most of them are now doing two or three times the trade they did in the days when a license for a beer house could be had for the asking from the collectors of inland revenue. The magistrates who have given evidence before the commission mostly agree that there are still too many public houses, and the police take the same view. In spite of the fact that all licenses are granted from year to year, and that, except in the case of the old beer houses which hold their privileges under the act of 1869, it is possible for the magistrates to close a public house which they are convinced meets no public need, nearly all the official witnesses examined so far before the commission have insisted that whenever a public house is closed for the public good compensation should be paid the owners out of public funds. This is a point on which the more radical licensing reformers in the House of Commons take issue. In 1888, when the Salisbury Government was pushing through Parlia-

ment the bill establishing County Councils clauses were introduced under which the County Councils would have had power to close unnecessary public houses provided compensation was paid to the owners. The radical licensing law reformers opposed this provision and their opposition led to the abandonment of a measure which would have made drastic alterations in the English licensing laws. The representatives of this group of reformers on the Royal Commission still hold their own ground on this question of compensation, and may be relied upon to put their view forward when the Commission makes its report.

One point in the licensing laws to which the commission is directing some attention concerns the "bona fide traveller." So far as my experience goes, the "bona fide traveller" has no existence in America. He has long been a prominent character in English life. He has been with us ever since public houses were closed on Sundays. They are only partly closed on that day—that is to say, it is always possible to get drunk in England on Sundays except during those hours in the morning and evening when people are supposed to be in attendance on the services of the Established Church. Then, all over the country, public houses are closed to all except bona fide travellers; and according to the ruling of the courts, any one is a bona fide traveller who has journeyed three miles from the place where he slept the previous night. Thus when a visitor to London who is staying at a boarding house in the neighborhood of Bedford Square rides or walks out to Hamstead or Highgate, or over the water to Lambeth or Clapham, he is in law a bona fide traveller, and can demand to be served with drink at the first public house beyond the three-mile mark from his lodgings. About London, in fact about all the large English cities, there are scores of public houses which take more money on Sunday than on any other two days in the week, and most of it from the bona fide traveller. The doors of these houses are closed during the hours of church service, but the landlord or a trusted barman stands behind the door, and as new-comer satisfies the guardian that he is a bona fide traveller, he passes through to the bar and can remain there all day, if he is so disposed. It has long been known that the bona fide traveller is the biggest hump of the English licensing code. He has grown a bigger hump than ever with the era of the bicycle, and he is one of the first personages who will have to be dealt with whenever the Sunday closing laws are overhauled. Either public houses must be freely open all day on Sunday or an end must be made by law to the bona fide traveller, for he practically keeps the houses open all Sunday, and busier during church hours than at any other time of the day. There is a sort of distinction in being received at a public house as a bona fide traveller which among some people gives a zest and popularity to Sunday drinking.

The representatives of the trade on the Royal Commission have been searching in their questions regarding clubs. The publican everywhere is hostile to workmen's clubs. If a workman has money to spend on beer, the publican's idea is that it should find its way into the till of a licensed house. Of recent years much of this money has been diverted from the publican's till into the exchequer of cheap clubs. In view of the change in the character of English public houses this diversion from the bar to the club need not be a cause for wonder. But the publicans will not see that there is a good reason for the existence of these clubs, and their representatives on the Royal Commission are anxious that all clubs should be under police surveillance, and in short put in the same position before the law as licensed public houses.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY

Proposed as Chairman of the Coming Convention

The London Universe, in speaking of the means by which a reconciliation can be reached among the present warring factions, says:—

A grand opportunity will be afforded to bring about union on this occasion and draw up a platform on which Irishmen all the world over might agree. The only requisite necessary is that all should be given to constitutional methods. Since the unhappy split in 1891 there has been no convention representing shades of opinion in different quarters of the globe—an advantage which, it is hoped, the next parliament of Irishmen will enjoy. Its decisions must have great weight with the Irish race, and a lasting influence on the Irish movements to come. Every recognized body of Irishmen having sympathies with Home Rule have a right to be represented by delegates, and clergymen of all denominations are equally entitled to attend. Nationalists with positions conferred by the votes of their fellow-citizens are supposed to have like privileges, and also members of the existing Parliamentary party—in fact, they have been invited to take part in the arrangements for the meeting. If there could be a thorough union on any Irishman for Chairman, Mr. Dillon says he would freely relinquish whatever claims he may be presumed to possess and yield obedience to him for the general good.

If this be true, as the New York Sun asserts it is, a great point has been gained. That individual aims and personal ambitions should be put aside for the sake of the country is what we have been asking without remission since this estrangement between Irishmen first arose. To effect the reconciliation which is desired there should be a suppression of all thoughts of self. Some man of known experience and straightforward sentiments, if possible outside the ranks of the present leaders, should be selected. Sir Gavan Duffy would be the ideal chairman, with his singular tact and influence, if he would only consent, which we are sure he would for the interest of Ireland, did his health at all permit; but there must be no shifting or playing at cross purposes, or we will never get to the journey's end. Confound Healyites, Redmonites, Dillonites, MacCarthyites, and the rest! What we require is all but the nicknames of factions to which no honest man would care to have his name

affixed? They may all be good men and true, but there is a word greater than all or any of them, and that is Ireland—the fatherland to which none has special claim, which is monopolized by no individual, but should be the property of all alike and the goal to which their urgings should strive. Tolerant and perseverant should be the principles ever kept in mind. With earnestness the struggle should not be impossible. It is not hopeless. The reforms already gained should teach us the value of going forward stubbornly to our purpose, not hanging on the march or loitering because some grow faint-hearted. There must be infirm of will in every cause, but that should not dismay us. It is only what it is to be expected. But the resolute will hold to their motto, and success will be theirs in the long run. Not all may survive to gaze on the promised land of fruit and honey.

INNOCENT BLUNDERS.

An Interesting Review of Their Effects.

"It is worse than a crime, it is a blunder." De Talleyrand's notorious Machiavellianism sounds more immoral than it is, writes "Memor" in the London Tablet. In reality it is not so much the substitution of the intellectual for the moral criterion as the simple declaration of the incontestable natural pre-eminence that strength must ever have over weakness, and thus interpreted it becomes the equivalent of La Rochefoucauld's less known and more cautious aphorism: "Weakness is more opposed to virtue than vice." The conception and perpetration of a crime almost always imply the possession of a moral strength that, had it but flowed in other channels, might have attained heroism, if not sanctity. But a blunder is a concretion of weakness, of incompetence, of deficiency; it is the failure of the means, as well of the failure of the end; it is an unsuccessful rebellion of the unfit in the empire of the triumphant fit. A blunder per se has no moral status: it is like the ghost of Tomlinson in Rudyard Kipling's poem, neither good enough for heaven nor bad enough for hell. It has no rank as a sin, and therefore, though entailing much penance, it admits of no satisfaction. It is only an offense against tact (using the word in its most comprehensive significance), and tact has, most unhappily, no rank as a virtue, being merely that imperceptible oil upon the wheels which enables the chariot of vice, no less than that of virtue, to roll smoothly along to a pre-selected goal. It was probably some such reflections as these that led to Emerson's exclamation: "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or on earth." Nor in itself does it need forgiveness par excellence without infringing one iota of the moral law. Yet who can estimate the amount of destruction and misery for which it may be responsible—who can number the sprites of evil and mischief that may figure among the enormous progeny of an innocent blunder? It is a large part of the innate sadness of things—the "lacrime rerum"—that the lawful should so frequently be harmful.

Distressing to the last degree, though happily rare in the least uncivilized sections of our advanced civilization, is the physical awkwardness which loses control of its limbs, or forgets where they are when it enters a friend's drawing-room, and announces its arrival with the crash of falling china and a shower of the debris of much cherished bric-a-brac. But terribly common amongst us and far more destructive, though less noisily evident, is the moral awkwardness which flounders in serene unconsciousness among its friend's susceptibilities, beliefs, aspirations and aims, or thrusts itself with only too conscious importance in the midst of their misfortunes, their misunderstandings, their endeavors or their achievements—jarring, grating, crushing, demolishing—all unwittingly tearing open scarce-healed wounds, reviving smouldering grievances and kindling fresh ones, creating discords which prevent the note of perfect fellowship from ever again ringing true—snapping the fragile springs of administration by clumsy handling of their delicate mechanism, entangling complications beyond possibility of unravelment by rampant officiousness amongst their intricacies, soiling forever the purity of a cherished ideal by kicking up the dust of common-place satire or the mud of common-place burlesque.

Conscious that your discourse is the life of the conversation and engrossed with the force of your arguments and their well-turned phraseology, you bring them home to your hearers by a firm rap of your fist on the table beside you. The gesture is harmless enough in itself and probably achieves its purpose of rousing the attention of your somewhat somnolent audience. But it does more. The vibration shivers a delicate china vase which in your self-absorption you had not noticed and mars its transparent beauty forever. And the chance, unreflecting word, the phrase in a letter imperfectly pondered, the racy narrative willfully persisted in, the ruthless formation into words of what silence alone can express—the ill-timed consolation, the unsolicited advice, the superfluous criticism—do all the more deadly damage because their results are rarely immediate or tangible and only become apparent when they have reached proportions at which no reparative efforts can overtake or arrest their development. There is something desperately irrevocable and persistent about a blunder. When once you have called it into existence it becomes endowed with independent life and breeds with astonishing rapidity. It is possessed of exceptional power of resistance, as also of wonderful creative force, and seems a sort of miraculous entity independent of all the conditions of space or time. You cannot shake it off, you cannot catch it up. You may think you have left it behind you forever, when lo! you suddenly meet it or one of its consequences gibbering at you from some unexpected turning in your path. The cracked china will always be cracked, however carefully it is mended, the chord of discord, once struck, lives on in perpetual re-iteration.

The really aggravating thing about the generality of blunders is that, when not originating in the most irritating thoughtlessness, they are almost always inspired by the most deliberately excellent motives—that is, the very best possible motives consistent with the mental and moral conformation of their author. They are the cul-de-sac of all those good intentions that have missed the right turning and, too feebly to continue to their goal, have broken down by the way and turned into a side alley to rest. If hell be, as an old saying assures us, paved with good intentions altogether unfulfilled, the limbo of blunderland is peopled with the pale grotesque ghosts of those abortive good intentions which were but partially or imperfectly carried out. And this is the secret of their irresistible power of irritation. If the blunderer meant to blunder, he would not really be half so exasperating, because he would have achieved the end he set before him. But as it is, he meant to do one thing and he did another, and there is an impotence about the performance that is maddening and makes us fifty times angrier because it disarms our resentment as good Christians, since charity, if it judges at all, is required to look to the motive and not the result.

The culmination of disaster is reached when the excellence of motive that first originated the blunder condenses into the quite essence of mental conscientiousness that prompts its rectification. While blunders feed on remembrance, they are electrified into herculean vigor by explanation. And in this point it must reluctantly be admitted that the non-Teutonic foreigner, whom as good Anglo-Saxons we instinctively dislike, manages his blunders a great deal better than we do, although he has less practice. When the average Teuton makes a blunder, in nine cases out of ten he does not see it; and this is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. For when he does see it, he immediately sets about giving it a final touch of completion, which then and there erects it into enduring permanence, by endeavoring to explain it, to "put matters all right again," as the blunderer himself would define the fatally synthetic attempt which once and for all puts matters irrevocably wrong. It is then that the situation becomes desperate. The only possible way to treat a blunder once committed is to leave it alone, to ignore it absolutely; and there is just the chance (though admittedly a faint one, for blunders are, as we have said, endowed with enormous vitality) that under this treatment it may die of inanition.

When the Latin, the Greek, the Slav, or even the Celt, blunders he is instantly aware of it—it is borne in upon him mysteriously—and simultaneously with the consciousness of what he has done comes the infallible instinct to annihilate it with non-recognition. He does not perpetuate it by attempting to deny it, even where denial is possible. He simply suffocates it with the thickest veil of silence and an impenetrable nullity of demeanor concerning it, under which he has reason to hope that its restless activity will be paralyzed into quietude, and through which the sharpest shafts of memory will be unable to give it sustenance. In other words, he "cuts" his blunder—"cuts it dead"—thereby rendering it unknowable to his friends. Not so the Saxon. He places his blunder (when he has discovered it) well before him, before its victim, their mutual friends, enemies and acquaintance, and, if the magnitude of the case allows, before the nation, and then he ponderously proceeds to "clear it up," i. e. to enlarge upon it with an elaboration of explanatory excuse, together with lengthy exposition of the excellent reasons he has for making it, till the unfortunate blunder, which, left to itself, might have faded in the perspective of distance till it was lost in the great unknown, is effectively chiseled into a conspicuous monument to its author's diplomacy.

If we examine into the nature of most blunders we shall almost always find that the break-down in the fulfillment of the good intentions that originated them—in other words, the discrepancy between the motive and the result—is due to one of two deficiencies or perhaps both—lack of sympathy or lack of self-control. Tact might be defined as sympathy and self-control brought to a focus, using both factors in their widest significance. Sympathy—feeling with—means correct intuition of the conscious mental and emotional states of another, instinctive perception (one could almost say co-perception) of his interior moral atmosphere in its actual influence upon himself, and its possible influence upon others. Self-control, the strength of the strong if it means anything, means so keeping ourselves in hand that we become not only submissive, but flexible under the coercive guidance of our will and responsive to its faintest commands, whether of stimulation or restraint. Thus, while sympathy enables us to detect the peculiar need of a given situation, or individual, self-control enables us to meet that need with corresponding self-adjustment. And the cultivation of the latter quality, which is essentially voluntary, leads to the acquirement of the former. For although sympathy, in its finest manifestations, appears to be a natural endowment, and consists in exercising the specific function of those delicate moral antennae that form part of the natural equipment with which some favored beings are born into this world and which by their power of insensible touch—and fore-touch—reveal to their possessors the intangibilities of the human life around him, yet in those who are not so gifted the habit of self-mastery patiently persisted in tends, by restraining the obstruction of our own personal characteristics into others, to eliminate one most important element of misconception and thus to clear our vision for keener and truer insight.

Our house-cleaning went off without any grumbling this year. "How did that happen?" "Why, I put some dimes and quarters in the pockets of my old vests and then told my wife that I had lost a \$10 bill."—Chicago Record.

OPENING OF THE ART CLASSES.

The advanced art classes of the Art Association, for the session of 1896-7, will commence on October 14th, under the direction of Mr. William Brymner, R.C.A., and will close on May 14th. The course is, as far as possible, that adopted in the French studios, and assumes the fact that until one step is well taken, it is useless to proceed to the next. The

session will extend over two terms, the first being from October 14th to February 1st, and the second from February 3rd to May 14th. Two Association scholarships will be offered for competition at the end of the session, each entitling the winner to two years' free tuition. The water color classes will commence on September 14th under the direction of Mr. C. E. Moss, and will continue until the end of October.

That Tired Feeling

Makes you seem "all broken up," without life, ambition, energy or appetite. It is often the forerunner of serious illness, or the accompaniment of nervous troubles. It is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is therefore apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

THE SILVER PRODUCT.

An Interesting Comparison.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—Director of the Mint Preston furnishes figures showing that the twenty-one principal countries of the world coined in 1895 \$113,672,200 in silver. From this amount \$13,608,700 was recoinage, leaving the new bullion coined \$100,063,500. The country coining the largest amount of silver in 1895 was Mexico, with a coinage of \$24,832,350, followed closely by Japan, with a coinage of \$23,883,500; next comes China, with \$8,253,340; Spain, \$7,009,500; Great Britain, \$5,821,151; United States, \$5,698,000; Austria-Hungary, \$5,299,000; Peru, \$4,073,000; Russia, \$3,554,000; Ecuador, \$2,500,000; Germany, \$1,826,000.

CHINESE COINAGE LARGE.

These figures are misleading with respect to the coinage of China. In 1895 there were imported into the port of Shanghai alone 44,000,000 ounces of silver. There was a total of not less than 65,000,000 ounces of silver absorbed by China. Chinese coinage is in no small degree of a private character in the form of "sycee" or "shoe money," bearing the chop of the leading Hong. It is clear, therefore, that Chinese silver coinage should be placed at least three times as high as the mint figures, or \$25,000,000 in round numbers, even then a small absorption for a nation of 400,000,000 people. The net silver coinage of the world should be placed then at not less than \$116,000,000.

The world's product of silver during the calendar year 1895 is estimated to have been \$226,000,000 coinage value; the amount of new bullion used in the coinage, so far as reported, was \$100,000,000, and from reports received from twelve countries the amount used in the industrial arts was \$42,000,000, while the exports to the East amounted to \$37,500,000, making the total disposition of the world's silver product for 1895 \$179,500,000, which would leave \$46,490,000 for coinage and use in the arts by the countries from which no reports have been received.

ABENAKIS SPRINGS.

List of guests registered at the Abenakis House, Abenakis Springs, Que., August 19th: Miss Rena Hansen, Mrs. Hansen, Master Fred. Hansen, J. G. Thom, J. J. Hatcher, Geo. M. McIntyre, A. Cooper, Mrs. Cooper, Sydney S. Oppenheimer, I. Robert Jacobs, A. Patterson, Mrs. J. K. Gilman, James G. Shearer, Mrs. J. S. Shearer, Miss J. Shearer, George W. Shearer, T. Desmond, Mrs. Desmond, Miss M. Hanks, Jas. McGill, Geo. C. J. Traquair, Miss Huston, F. Huston, Mrs. Huston, Miss Cecile Pelland, J. H. Paul Saucier, Mrs. Saucier, C. F. Beauchemin, W. A. McDonald, A. D. McDonald, Mrs. Leonard, Miss M. Leonard, J. K. Gilman, Montreal. Miss E. Simpson, Miss E. H. Simpson, Wm. Hayes, Richmond. Harold McLaren, Miss C. Nolan, Mrs. T. H. Henderson, Huntingdon. H. Samuel, Sherbrooke. Mrs. L. K. Drew, Mrs. E. R. Johnson, Magog. G. D. Brodie, Burlington, Vt. E. F. Adams, Coaticook. Miss Angie Sullivan, Miss Nora E. Desmond, San Jose, Cal. Nap. Bibeau, St. Francois du Lac. A. G. Charland, Annie Laperriere, Pierreville. W. G. Girard, Farnham. Geo. E. Beauchemin, Mrs. Beauchemin, J. A. Chenever, Sorel. P. H. Garneau, Quebec. E. W. Bartley, Three Rivers. Mrs. A. Farlinger, Morrisburg, Ont.

PEASED THE GODS.

"Our house-cleaning went off without any grumbling this year." "How did that happen?" "Why, I put some dimes and quarters in the pockets of my old vests and then told my wife that I had lost a \$10 bill."—Chicago Record.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION. Building, \$2.00. Cut Maple, \$2.50. Tamarac, \$3.00. Mill Block—Store length—\$1.50. J. C. MACDONALD, Richmond Square, Tel. 3555.

QUEBEC CROPS.

FARMERS HAVE MUCH TO BE THANKFUL FOR. QUEBEC, August 23.—Reports received from the counties in this section of the country indicate that the harvest will, with continued good weather, be a fair one. Indications are for an excellent crop of oats in 29 counties; a good crop in 17 counties, and a less than average crop in one county. Peas are reported as very good in 13 counties; good in 21; less than an average in 7, and a failure in one. Hay is not a good crop, as only 3 counties report it as very good, and 7 good, while 24 return it as less than an average crop, 7 as poor and six as almost a total failure. Barley is a splendid crop; 13 counties report it as very good; 20 as good; 4 as poor, and only 3 as very poor. Buckwheat is returned as being good in 9 counties; good in 25; poor in 8, and bad in 2. Potatoes are a great crop; 30 counties say that the yield is splendid, in 17 it is good, and in one county the crop is poor and in another bad. Fruit is a splendid crop in 22 counties; good in 19 counties; poor in 5, and very poor in 2 counties.

LONGEVITY OF ANIMALS.

The following curious facts regarding the longevity of animals are worthy of note: Rabbits and guinea pigs live 7 years; squirrels and hares, 8; cats, 9 or 10; dogs, 10 or 12; foxes, 14 to 16; cattle, 15 to 18; bears and wolves, 20; the rhinoceros, 25; the ass and the horse, 25 to 30; the lion, 30 to 40 (a lion in the London Zoological Gardens reached the age of 70 years); the camel, 40. The length of life of the elephant is uncertain; according to Aristotle, Buffon and Cuvier, it lives two centuries; some authors say even four or five. After his victory over Porus, Alexander consecrated to the sun an elephant that had fought for the Indian monarch and gave it the name of Ajax; then, having attached an inscription to it, set it at liberty; the animal was found 350 years later. The ancients attributed to the stag a fabulous length of life, but Aristotle observes that what is reported on this subject has no good foundation. . . . Bullen says that the stag takes 5 or 6 years to attain full growth and should live seven times this period, that is, 35 or 40 years.

STOCK GAMBLING.

The new law of Germany under which all the stock exchanges of that country must do business henceforward is going to make it rather hard for enterprising stock brokers to ply their trade there. Under the law it is made a penal offence to induce others to enter upon speculations with the object of gain by profiting from their inexperience. False statements in prospectuses, made for the purpose of selling stocks, are also penal, and the giving of deceptive advice or false information for the purpose of inducing speculation is forbidden under heavy penalties.

If?

If you want to preserve apples, don't cause a break in the skin. The germs of decay thrive rapidly there. So the germs of consumption find good soil for work when the lining of the throat and lungs is bruised, made raw, or injured by colds and coughs. Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, will heal inflamed mucous membranes. The time to take it is before serious damage has been done. A 50-cent bottle is enough for an ordinary cold.

50 cents and \$1.00. Scott & Bowen, Chemists, Belleville, Ont.

Professional Cards.

M. J. DOHERTY Accountant and Commissioner INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENT. Money to Lend! No. 8, FOURTH FLOOR. SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS. O. A. McDONNELL, ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE. 180 ST. JAMES STREET. Telephone 1182. MONTREAL. Personal supervision given to all business. Rents Collected, Estates administered, and Books audited.

SUMMER RESORTS.

ABENAKIS HOUSE, Abenakis Springs, Que. OPENED JUNE 1st. The Most Delightful Summer Resort in Canada. Capital fishing and boating on St. Francis and St. Lawrence Rivers and Lake St. Peter. Beach Bathing. The use of boats, bath houses, tennis courts and pool tables free to guests. Abenakis—The Great Spring Water. Certain Cure for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Salt Rheum, General Debility, &c. MINERAL WATER DATHS. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.'s steamer "Berthier" leaves Bonsecours, Quebec, for Montreal every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 10 a. m. for Abenakis Springs, connecting at Sorel with steamer "Sorel," arriving at the Springs at 7 p. m. Parties coming to Abenakis from Montreal can connect with steamer "Berthier" for the Springs as stated above. Also parties coming to Sorel by rail or boat, can connect with steamer "Sorel" for the Springs on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 p. m., and on Saturdays at 2 p. m. Send for Circulars. Rates reasonable. RUFUS G. KIMPTON, Proprietor. For circulars and information call L. HARRIS, No. 118 St. James Street, Montreal. 42-13.

THE ELWOOD, ADIRONDACK Mountains, Jay, Essex Co., N. Y. Beautifully situated in the Au Sable Valley, affording a quiet restful place for summer months. Spring water, large, a 17 rooms bath, broad piazzas, good boating, bathing, walks and drives. HOME COMFORTS, Proprietor. C. S. SWENBERT, 47-13.

LORD RUSSELL

Delivers a Masterly Speech at the Meeting of the American Bar Association.

HIS THEME WAS INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

A Noble Definition of What Constitutes Civilization—The Evils of War and the Hope for Universal Peace Portrayed in a Humorous and Eloquent Manner.

More than four thousand people assembled in Convention Hall, on Thursday last, at Saratoga, to listen to Lord Russell, of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, deliver his address on International Arbitration, at the annual meeting of the American Bar Association.

The President, Mr. Morefield Storey, of Boston, on presenting the Lord Chief Justice said: "I have now the very great pleasure, not of introducing for he needs no introduction of any English-speaking lawyer, but of presenting to you Lord Russell of Killowen, the Lord Chief Justice of England, who will deliver the annual address on the subject of 'International Arbitration.'" (Applause.)

Lord Russell then arose and said:— MR. PRESIDENT:—My first words must be in acknowledgment of the honor done me by inviting me to address you on this interesting occasion.

You are a congress of lawyers of the United States met together to take counsel, in no narrow spirit, on questions affecting the interests of your profession; to consider necessary amendments in the law which experience and time develop, and to examine the current of judicial decision and of legislation, State and Federal, and whether that current tends. . . .

It is no wonder that men—earnest men—enthusiasts if you like, impressed with the evils of war, have dreamt the dream that the Millennium of Peace might be reached by establishing a universal system of international arbitration. The cry for peace is an old world cry. It has echoed through all the ages, and arbitration has long been regarded as the handmaiden of peace.

Men do not arbitrate where character is at stake, nor will any self-respecting nation readily arbitrate on questions touching its national independence or affecting its honor.

Again, a nation may agree to arbitrate and then repudiate its agreement. Who is to coerce it? Or, having gone to arbitration and been worsted, it may decline to be bound by the award. Who is to compel it?

These considerations seem to me to justify two conclusions: The first is that arbitration will not cover the whole field of international controversy, and the second that unless and until the great Powers of the world, in league, bind themselves to coerce a recalcitrant member of the family of nations, we have still to face the more than possible disregard by powerful states of the obligations of good faith and of justice.

The scheme of such a combination has been advocated, but the signs of its accomplishment are absent. We have, as yet, no League of Nations of the Amphictyonic type.

Are we then to conclude that Force is still the only power that rules the world? Must we then say that the sphere of arbitration is a narrow and contracted one?

By no means. The sanctions which restrain the wrong-doer—the breaker of public faith—the disturber of the peace of the world, are not weak, and year by year they wax stronger. They are the dread of war and the reprobation of mankind. Public opinion is a force which makes itself felt in every corner and cranny of the world, and is most powerful in the communities most civilized. In the public press and the telegraph it possesses agents by which its power is concentrated and speedily brought to bear where there is any public wrong to be exposed and reprobated. It year by year gathers strength and general enlightenment extends its empire and a high moral altitude is attained by mankind. It has no ships of war upon

though progressing, let us believe, in the sense which I have indicated, do not progress pari passu.

Nor do nations, even where they are agreed on the inhumanity and immorality of given practices, straightway proceed to condemn them as international crimes. Take as an example of this the slave trade. It is not too much to say that the civilized powers are abreast of one another in condemnation of the traffic of human beings as an unclean thing—abhorrent to all principles of humanity and morality, and yet they have not yet agreed to declare this offence against humanity and morality to be an offence against the law of nations. That it is not so has been affirmed by English and American judges alike.

The evils of war have been mitigated by more humane customs. Among the improvements are: 1, The greater immunity from attack of the persons and property of enemy-subjects in a hostile country; 2, the restrictions imposed on the active operations of a belligerent when occupying an enemy's country; 3, the recognized distinction between subjects of the enemy, combatant and non-combatant; 4, the deference accorded to cartels, safe conducts and flags of truce; 5, the protection secured for ambulances and hospitals and for all engaged in attending the sick and wounded—of which the Geneva Red Cross Convention of 1864 is a notable illustration; 6, the condemnation of the use of instruments of warfare which cause needless suffering.

But in spite of all this who can say that these times breathe the spirit of peace? There is war in the air. Nations armed to the teeth prate of peace, but there is no sense of peace. One sovereign burdens the industry of his people to maintain military and naval armament at war strength, and his neighbor does the like and justifies it by the example of the other; and England, insular though she be, with her imperial interests scattered the world over, follows, or is forced to follow in the wake. If there be no war, there is at best an armed peace.

The normal cost of the armaments of war has of late years enormously increased. The annual interest on the public debt of the great Powers is a war tax. Behind this array of facts stands a tragic figure. It tells a dismal tale. It speaks of over-burthened industries, of a waste of human energy unprofitably engaged, of the squandering of treasure which might have let light into many lives, of homes made desolate, and all this, too often, without recompense in the thought that these sacrifices have been for the love of country or to preserve national honor or for national safety.

It is no wonder that men—earnest men—enthusiasts if you like, impressed with the evils of war, have dreamt the dream that the Millennium of Peace might be reached by establishing a universal system of international arbitration. The cry for peace is an old world cry. It has echoed through all the ages, and arbitration has long been regarded as the handmaiden of peace. Arbitration has, indeed, a venerable history of its own. According to Thucydides, the historian of the Peloponnesian war, Archidamus, King of Sparta, declared that "it was unlawful to attack an enemy who offered to answer for his acts before a Tribunal of Arbiters."

In our own times the desire has spread and grown strong for peaceful methods for the settlement of international disputes. The reason lies on the surface. Men and nations are more enlightened; the grievous burthen of military armaments is sorely felt, and in these days when, broadly speaking, the people are enthroned, their views find free and forcible expression in a world-wide press. The movement has been taken up by societies of thoughtful and learned men in many places.

It behoves then all who are friends of Peace and advocates of Arbitration to recognize the difficulties of the question, to examine and meet these difficulties and to discriminate between the cases in which friendly arbitration is, and in which it may not be, practically, possible.

Pursuing this line of thought, the short-comings of International Law reveal themselves to us and demonstrate the grave difficulties of the position.

The analogy between arbitration as to matters in difference between individuals and to matters in difference between nations, carries us but a short way.

Men do not arbitrate where character is at stake, nor will any self-respecting nation readily arbitrate on questions touching its national independence or affecting its honor.

Again, a nation may agree to arbitrate and then repudiate its agreement. Who is to coerce it? Or, having gone to arbitration and been worsted, it may decline to be bound by the award. Who is to compel it?

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the seas or armies upon the field, and yet great potentates tremble before it and humbly bow to its rule.

It would, indeed, be a reproach to our nineteenth centuries of Christian civilization, if there were now no better method, for settling international differences than the cruel and debasing methods of war. May we not hope that the people of these States and the people of the Mother Land—kindred peoples—may, in this matter, set an example, of lasting influence, to the world?

We boast of our advance and often look back with pitying contempt on the ways and manners of generations gone by. Are we ourselves without reproach? Has our Civilization borne the true marks? Must it not be said, as has been said of Religion itself, that countless crimes have been committed in its name? Probably it was inevitable that the weaker races should, in the end, succumb, but have we always treated them with consideration and with justice? Has not civilization too often been presented to them at the point of the bayonet and the Bible by the hand of the filibuster?

And apart from races we deem barbarous, is not the passion for dominion and wealth and power accountable for the worst chapters of cruelty and oppression written in the World's History? Few peoples—perhaps none—are free from this reproach. What indeed is true

"civilization," the Times this morning says editorially: "It is an open secret that Lord Russell was encouraged to accept the Saratoga invitation by statesmen of both political parties, because it was believed that his presence there would have a tendency to promote peace and good-will between the United States and England. His address makes for peace, and it is welcome, because it resembles the calm summing up of the judge, rather than the one-sided statement naturally to be found in the argument of a lawyer."

The New York World, in a leader, refers to the address in the following terms:—

"Lord Chief Justice Russell, in his speech before the Bar Association at Saratoga yesterday, uttered the thought of all honest Britons and all thoughtful Americans.

"He repudiated the German and French views of international law. He recognized the kinship of the English-speaking peoples, who are, after all, dominant in the world and destined to be more and more so. He pleaded for international arbitration as a means of settling disputes—a means more rational than war and immeasurably more civilized.

"War, as Gen. Sherman said, is 'all hell.' War between English-speaking



LORD RUSSELL, OF KILLOWEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND

Civilization? By its fruit you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great Literature and Education widespread—good though these things be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core of societies of men.

Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for women, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for Peace.

We have solid grounds for faith in the future. Government is becoming more and more, but in no narrow class sense, government of the people, by the people and for the people. Populations are no longer moved and maneuvered as the arbitrary will or restless ambition or caprice of kings or potentates may dictate. And although democracy is subject to violent gusts of passion and prejudice, they are gusts only. The abiding sentiment of the masses is for peace—for peace to live industrious lives and to be at rest with all mankind. With the Prophet of old they feel—though the feeling may find no articulate utterance—"how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

Mr. President, I began by speaking of the two great divisions—American and British—of that English speaking world which you and I represent to-day, and with one more reference to them I end.

Who can doubt the influence they possess for ensuring the healthy progress and the peace of mankind? But if this influence is to be fully felt they must work together in cordial friendship, each people in its own sphere of action. If they have great power, they have also great responsibility. No cause they espouse can fail; no cause they oppose can triumph. The future is, in large part, theirs. They have the making of history in the times that are to come. The greatest calamity that could befall would be strife which should divide them.

Let us pray that this shall never be. Let us pray that they, always self-respecting, each in honor upholding its own flag, safeguarding its own heritage of right, and respecting the rights of others, each in its own way fulfilling its high national destiny, shall yet work in harmony for the progress and peace of the world.

When Lord Russell concluded his address the vast audience spontaneously rose to its feet and applauded and cheered him to the echo. The demonstration lasted fully 15 minutes. A large number of persons flocked to the platform, and, shaking hands with Lord Russell, heartily congratulated him on his masterly address.

General E. F. Bullard, of New York, offered the following, which was adopted:—

"Resolved, that the American Bar Association concur with the principles enunciated in the eloquent address of Lord Russell, and be it further resolved, that it be referred to the Committee on International Law to recommend such further action as shall be deemed proper to forward the great cause of international arbitration."

Commenting upon the address of Lord Russell, of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, on "International Arbitra-

nations would be worse even than that semi profane expression indicates. It is the mission of the Anglo-Saxon race to put an end to war, first by establishing arbitration as the means of settling all disputes between English-speaking peoples, and afterwards by extending the principle to other nations. No higher mission was ever given to any people.

It is particularly unfortunate that the jingo message of Mr. Cleveland last year raised an obstacle. That message was intended for politics only, but it interferes with the most hopeful advance that civilization has made in a century. "Every word that the English Lord Chief Justice uttered in behalf of arbitration is echoed by every lover of civilization in this humane land of ours."

MGR. SATOLLI'S SUCCESSOR.

The Church News has the following:— Father Martinelli has been appointed by the Holy Father titular Archbishop and will be consecrated in Rome the latter part of this month. It is expected that he will arrive here in September and that Cardinal Satolli will, within a short time after his arrival, leave for Rome. The new delegate is a man of great erudition and is thoroughly familiar with the English language.

Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, ninety-ninth of the long line of illustrious superiors general of the Augustinian Order (reaching back to the date of the union of the O.S.A. in 1354), was born August 20, 1848, in the parish of Santa Anna, Lucca, Tuscany, and looks even younger than he is. He is the youngest of five children of Cosimo and Maddalena (Bardini) Martinelli. His eldest brother, the late Cardinal Tommaso Maria Martinelli, and the third son of the family, Father Aurelius Martinelli (now director general of the Pious Union) also became Augustinian friars.

Sebastian went to Rome when he was fifteen years of age, and has dwelt for thirty-one years in the Eternal City. Most of his time has been spent in teaching. He was resident regent of studies at the Irish Augustinian Hospice of Santa Maria in Posterula; and (when the government seized that house for public improvements) at San Carlos on the Corso. For many years he was promoter of the causes of the Augustinian saints and blessed ones—an office of trust and great honor, inasmuch as the promoter is champion, advocate and sponsor of the candidates for canonization before the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

At the general chapter of the Augustinian Order on September 28, 1889, at the Convent Church of St. Monica, Rome, Sebastian Martinelli was elected Prior General of the Hermits of the Order of St. Augustine, vice Most Rev. Pacifico Neno, deceased February, 1889. On that autumn day Father Sebastian was in his cell at San Carlos, knowing nothing about his election. The committee from the chapter-house, coming thither in the name of the Cardinal president, found the humble friar at his desk (he was a hard student), and despite his tears and protests insisted on bearing him off to where the brethren were awaiting their newly-chosen chief. Their choice has been well approved by the distinction with which the young Father-General has filled his high and responsible position. He is a member of the holy office, that select and supreme tribunal at Rome, which claims the Sovereign Pontiff himself as its precept, and which is called to render decision

on the weightiest causes and questions of Christendom. He resides at St. Monica's, Rome.

He sailed from Italy June 21, 1894, for this country, and was the only Augustinian General, save one (Most Rev. Paul Micallef, who visited South America in 1859), that ever crossed to this side of the Atlantic. He came to visit the houses of his order and presided at the chapter convened at Villa Nova College on July 25th of that year.

Archbishop Martinelli is in the very prime of his manhood and possesses a charming personality. He speaks English with ease and fluency. His quick, vivacious ardor of his countrymen he unites the keen insight and delicate sympathy of the high-bred churchman. Although the term of the Father-General of the Order had previously been only five years, Dr. Martinelli was in July, 1895, re-elected for a term of twelve years. As the Father-General must reside in Rome, his appointment as Papal Delegate to the United States will necessitate his resigning his present position.

THAT FLAG-POLE LIGHT.

The Peterboro' Review says: While Parliament at Ottawa is in tight session the fact is signalled by an electric light twinkling from the top of the flag-pole on the tower. This custom is honored on the British House of Commons, and the mystery to thousands has been why it was put there. A lady correspondent in an exchange tries to explain the origin of the light on the clock tower of "Big Ben." It seems that some years ago—not very many, not more than twenty or thereabouts—no warning light cast its beam over the House of Parliament, so that the wives of members living in far away Kensington or less remote Belgrave were compelled to accept the word of their M.P. husbands as to the length of time they were obliged to "sit" during the Parliamentary session. Nobody thought that this was an affair that called for any special reform, and various frisky gentlemen, both of the Commons and Lords, were frequently enabled to spend their evenings away from the family bosoms, giving "business at the House" as their excuse. At length one Parliamentary wife discovered her husband under circumstances that were more pleasant than business like, a good many thousand yards from the deserted House of Parliament. No knotty question of state was being answered or argued at either the Lords or the Commons, and the naughty husband was enjoying himself in various frivolous ways at numerous fashionable resorts. The indignant wife, full of the peridy of her spouse, at once indited a letter to the Prime Minister, in which she called attention to the fact that the wives of Parliamentarians had no way in which to assure themselves, from outward appearances, that the Houses were sitting, and she, acting as she felt in the interests of many other wives of members, prayed that some distinguishing sign should be shown at Westminster when business really detained members at night. This appeal resulted in the light that now burns on the clock tower during the evening sittings of the Upper and Lower Houses, and it is still the foundation of many jokes.

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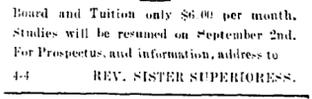
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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1896

THE VATICAN AND GREAT BRITAIN.

From a recent dispatch we learn that the Queen had been very much affected by the letter from His Holiness Pope Leo, which accompanied the present of a massive antique gold bracelet to Princess Maud, upon the occasion of her wedding. The letter was filled with the kindest sentiments of affection, and Her Majesty showed an emotion on reading it such as she has rarely been known to manifest. It is impossible to read this piece of news without reflecting on the development of events which has made such kindly relations possible. So far as His Holiness is concerned, it is in harmony with his habitual demeanor and habit of thought towards all secular sovereigns and rulers that he should express feelings of friendliness and good will to the head of the British Empire, on so auspicious an occasion. But the known amiability of His Holiness and large heartedness which sympathizes with good men and women of every race and especially with those who are in authority and have great responsibilities for the discharge of which they must one day give account, cannot be said to give a full explanation of a letter so significant. Queen Victoria is, indeed, one of the earth's rulers for whom Pope Leo has always displayed respect and admiration. When His Holiness visited England fifty years ago, he was in the prime of his eventful and fruitful life. He had been for some years in close relations with the Queen's kinsman, the King of the Belgians, and must frequently have heard the young Queen spoken of at the Belgian Court. While Nuncio there, Monsignor Pecci had won the esteem of all who came in contact with him, and it was with sincere regret that both the King and Queen, the Government and the diplomatic body, saw his departure, at the express desire of the venerable Pope Gregory XVI, that he should take charge of the important See of Perugia. He had already the titular rank of Archbishop, though he was only in his 36th year, and, in consenting to go to Perugia, he knew that no easy task awaited him. A season of troubles had already begun in Italy, and, other considerations apart, it could not fail to be instructive to so thoughtful an observer to see for himself the working of constitutional government in Great Britain. At Brussels the Archbishop of Damietta had made the acquaintance of a very remarkable man, Baron Stockmar, the intimate friend of Prince Albert, and in whose judgment both the young Queen and the Prince Consort placed implicit confidence. It is said that it was the Baron who suggested the journey to England, and whether that was so or not, there can be no doubt that the able young churchman and diplomatist made his visit to the English court under exceptionally favorable circumstances both for giving and receiving impressions. The head of the Catholic Church in England at that time was the learned and able Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Wiseman, and it was calculated to make the visit still more agreeable that Monsignor Pecci was already acquainted with that scholarly churchman. It is not difficult to imagine, therefore, that the ex-Nuncio would lay up a store of reminiscences, during his month's sojourn at the court of St. James's, which would form a point of view for all future contemplations of British society, institutions and religious

aspirations. The Oxford movement was then at its culmination, and, although Monsignor Pecci may not have conversed with many of its leaders, he must have heard a good deal about them. The Reverend John Henry Newman had just taken the important step of severing his connection with the Church of England—an event which caused intense excitement in all religious circles. Whether he met him or not, Newman's name must have become familiar to the Italian churchman, some ten years his junior. On his way to Rome the Bishop designate of Perugia spent some time in Paris the guest of Monsignor Fornari and had frequent audiences with King Louis Philippe, unobscured as yet of the volcano on which his throne was placed. There, too, his Belgian mission made him a welcome visitor, for the King of the Belgians had married the daughter of the *Roi des Pays-Bas*. The end of this memorable tour must for a time have made it, to some extent, a source of regrets. To the ex-Nuncio King Leopold had given a most flattering letter, recommending him to the favor of His Holiness, as an ambassador who had faithfully and ably served the Holy See and who could be wholly trusted in missions called for devotion to duty, uprightness of intention and straightforwardness of conduct. To the extreme sorrow of the young prelate, on his arrival at Rome, the venerable Pontiff was on his death-bed and the letter of the King was never read. The Bishop of Perugia entered upon his diocesan duties under another Pontiff than the venerable Gregory, for the Cardinal Mastai Ferretti, known for more than the years of Peter as Pius the Ninth, was the choice of the College.

How far his visit to England at that time may be regarded as giving the key to the policy of His Holiness towards the Queen and people of Great Britain, it is not for us to say. It is at any rate worth remembering. But what seems strange, and has often puzzled both English and Irish Catholics, is that Pope Leo's consistent good will has never been reciprocated by the maintenance at the Vatican of a regular and accredited agent of Great Britain. In how many ways such a course could have served the interests of Great Britain, both insular and transoceanic, it is hardly necessary to point out. The Queen, though a Protestant Sovereign by the obligation of the Revolution settlement, has many Catholic subjects in the United Kingdom and in the world beyond the four seas. Many a delicate question might find its solution by the Pope's friendly mediation. Questions of education, for instance, such as that which has lately been causing such needless bitterness, such waste of time and energy, and such loss and inconvenience to those specially affected, might have been quietly solved by friendly diplomacy. Pius the Ninth expressed his gratitude to a Protestant Minister for his share in doing justice to his Catholic children in India. Pope Leo's experience as Nuncio brought out special attributes for the pacific termination of misunderstandings. His sweetness of temper and love of peace have made him beloved everywhere. He is now old, but if prayers avail (unless the Almighty has other designs) he will live many years.

Apart from the benefits of the measure to the British Empire, it would be a meet recognition of the gracious interest that His Holiness has ever shown in Her Majesty, her children and her subjects, if the Government of Lord Salisbury would open negotiations for the renewal of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and St. James's.

ERRATA.—On third page, in heading to Lord Russell's speech on International Arbitration, for "humorous" read luminous.

It is said that Solicitor-General Fitzpatrick will be sworn in as a member of the Ontario Bar at the September term.

The Queen City is evidently making a strong effort to secure the co-operation of the Government in regard to holding the proposed International Exhibition there. Mayor Wilson Smith is, however, determined that this city shall be the place where it shall be held, or he will know the reason why. The citizens should bestir themselves and strengthen His Worship in his endeavors.

The telegraphic despatches which reach this country in regard to the attitude of Healy and Redmond towards the Dublin Convention remind us very strongly of the early days of the Home Rule movement, when these despatches were manufactured in the reporters' back offices in London. There are a great many people, no doubt, who would like to see the great Irish race gathering result in a bitter contest between the different sections; but it is our humble opinion that some way will be found by the delegates to overcome the difficulty, and that the Dillon, Healy and Redmond sections will unite for the greater good of the Old Land.

CELTIC INFLUENCE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Not long ago we had something to say of the efforts that are being made, both in the old land and among the sons and daughters of the old land, scattered all over the globe, for the revival of the Irish language. There are Irishmen who, though not lacking in patriotic spirit honestly believe that all such attempts are vain; and there are some who sincerely think that the time and energy devoted to a task which they deem chimerical would be more fruitful if applied to some practical object. In many districts of Ireland, for instance, there is still a grievous lack of means of communication between villages or districts and the seaports or other centres of trade, where the products of the farm or of other native industries might be disposed of to advantage. To supply such conveniences would be a real blessing to thousands. Again, if the innate gifts of the young were developed by teaching them certain branches of technical knowledge which would make them better able to till their land, to raise stock, to make butter and cheese, to weave, to utilize their traditional skill in lace making, or to turn their Irish wit and handiness to account in other ways for the making of decent livelihoods, would it not, say those utilitarians, be doing them a greater and more lasting service than to set them to spending so much of their time on learning an obsolete form of speech that will never add a shilling to their week's wages? Those who talk that way, though they doubtless mean well, must have forgotten to some extent the character of their countrymen and the influences that sway them for good or evil. It is certainly quite right that those who would inspire the Irish peasantry with a passionate and unhidden love for the dear old tongue of their fathers to which so many of them fondly cling as (save the solaces of Holy Church) the one heirloom left them after the dark days of spoliation, should, in their patriotic ardor and eager desire to keep alive the embers of national feeling and the hope of restoration, be equally mindful of urgent material needs, so that those who ask them for bread should not seem to be offered a stone—though it were the stone of an ancient temple. It is surely something noteworthy that students of language in Germany and France and England and the United States should, without design, have given their most earnest attention to the Celtic group and should have indicated the Irish branch of it as of all those ancient tongues the richest in the treasures of ancient learning. It was a veritable revelation to some English scholars when their eyes were first opened to the amazing wealth of the poetic imagination of these old ersingers and story-tellers. Already the English language has been fertilized by its overflow in the writings of Fiona Macleod, Nora Hepper, Dora Sigerson, Standish O'Grady, Alfred Percival Graves, and ever so many more. But of this process of transfusion and assimilation of new poetic blood, one more fitted to sprout than we are—to whose eloquent words many of our readers have listened entranced—has recently treated in a lecture to which it is our privilege to call attention. We refer to that which the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., delivered last St. Patrick's Day, in aid of St. Vincent de Paul Particular Council, Worcester, Mass.

"Was there, and is there, a Celtic influence on English literature, and how can it be traced?" asks Dr. Conaty. Then, after comparing the English language to a precious compound of many metals—a gold wrought by the selective skill of the alchemist, he again asks: "What did the Celt bring to this alchemist? What influence did the Celtic have in the formation of this world tongue?" And he answers: "Celtic Ireland in those days was the school of Europe. . . . Even among our pagan ancestors learning was in high repute, and we need but to study the history of ancient Erin to find a language and a literature which even in these days scholars delight in deciphering, because of the beauties of poetic thought as well as of historic annals which they contain. . . . The nation became Christian because a deep spirituality permeated their character even as Pagans. . . . The church, the monastery and the school sprang up all over Ireland, and soon the world was attracted to Ireland for learning. The monk went forth with his mission cross to evangelize, and he told of Erin and her scholars, and soon we find the island thronged with the best minds of Europe. The schools stood by the banks of rivers, in the wood or in the thick of a busy life, and Bangor, Clonmacnoise and Clonfert were world-famed for scholars and scholarship. . . . In that age of gold the language of Ireland was Celtic or Gaelic, the writings of the scholars were in Celtic or Latin, the monks wrote or illuminated their works, the bards sang the chronicles for the princes, and the minstrels rhymed stories for the people."

Of this ancient language, which had a literature before the Saxon set foot in England, and was a voice of power before Rome was born or Greece had become great, there are manuscripts enough in Dublin alone to form 1,000 octavo volumes, not to speak of the great libraries of Oxford, London and the continent of Europe. Yet this mass of ancient learning—poetry and history, law and legend, genealogy and natural history—is but a fragment, a remnant of that which the savage Danes found in Ireland and which escaped their marauding hands. Its authors were the first civilizers of Europe after the downfall of Rome; their ancestors were masters of western Europe before Greek or Roman had a name. How did this long buried language permeate the tongue of its conquerors? Only a few Celtic words are found in the English of to-day. It is no less certain that it was among a Celtic people that those who gave English its first literary form lived and intermarried. "Translation from Celtic into English, the English expression of the Celt who adopted English, his contribution to Anglo-Celtic and then to English, and now his place as a writer of English in the higher ranks of English scholarship—all these," says Dr. Conaty, "mark the lines of Celtic influence in English literature." Among the modern Englishmen of mark who recognized the Celtic strain in English letters was the late Mathew Arnold, who visited Montreal about a dozen years ago. "There is," wrote that great critic, "a Celtic influence in English as well as a Germanic element, and this element manifests itself in our spirit and in our literature," and as to the ways in which it manifests itself, he added: "English literature has got much of its turn for style, much of its melancholy and nearly all its natural magic from Celtic sources." Henry Morley is still more bold and defiant when he hurls this challenge at the Saxon would-be monopolizers: "But for early, frequent and various contact with the race that in its half-barbarous days invented Ossian's dialogue with St. Patrick, and that thickened afterwards the Northmen's blood in France, Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare." Matthew Arnold's praise is tempered by the old reproach that the Irish lack the practical genius that commands success. Dr. Conaty answers this reproach in words which we would like to quote entire. He points to the work of the Celt in both hemispheres—in statesmanship, in science, in art, in letters, in business and in the manifold walks of industry. In war the records of the race are rich in great leaders and heroic deeds. But the glory of the Celt is in that deep spiritual nature, in that buoyancy of faith, in that creative imagination and that high emotional vitality, that make life for him worth living, even under circumstances that would make his stolid brother-in-law pray the prayer of Job. "Hampered, fettered, despised, calumniated, the Irish Celt," says Dr. Conaty, "has risen, phoenix-like, from the ashes of oppression and degradation to the proud position of men worthy of any race with which they might be called upon to mingle." The remainder of the lecture contains the pieces justificatives of Dr. Conaty's thesis. He quotes from Standish O'Grady, Thomas Davis, Clarence Mangan ("Dank Rosaleen"), Griffin ("Aileen Aroon"), Fanny Parnell, McGee, Graves, Rosa Mulholland, John Boyle O'Reilly, and several others. In closing, Dr. Conaty proudly draws attention to the fact that, after doing all in his power to destroy the literature of the Celt, the Saxon is to-day devoting his best energies to the rescue from oblivion of every precious morsel of it that remains. The Rev. Dr. Conaty's lecture is both instructive and inspiring, and the Irishman who can read it without pride and hope must have the deadness of soul that the poet lashed with his scorn. Our inadequate summary gives but a faint notion of its instructiveness, enthusiasm and beauty of language.

MAJOR PINGREE, of Detroit, visiting New York on a business trip, offers to find the capital and the men to operate the surface street railways in that city on the basis of 2-cent fares, if given the franchise.

"Everybody to-day expects Mr. Laurier to settle the school question," remarks Le Manitoba, the French catholic organ of the country except that Mr. Laurier will not give them less than the Remedial Bill contained, which he called an insignificant act, with the legislative grant, which has always been claimed by the minority. The Remedial Bill gave us a Board of Education, the control of teachers and school books, a normal school, separate school districts, inspectors and our municipal taxes and exemptions. If Mr. Laurier, as he has promised, adds to this the legislative grant, all will be perfect, but it cannot be expected that we will accept an arrangement that will only give us the right of teaching our religion and French in our classes; with the legislative grant, but without school districts and without normal school, it would mean an abolition of our rights. We favor conciliation, but we do not want the rope." The paper adds that since 1890 the Archbishop of St. Boniface has contributed \$35,000 of its own funds and that is the main reason of its present financial embarrassment.

LADY CYCLISTS.

Cycling or wheeling has of late become one of the most familiar out-door exercises, not only for men, but for women. Some years ago a woman who mounted a bicycle would have been deemed little better than a tom-boy. The combination machine which, while it was impelled by the man, had room for a lady passenger or perhaps two such passengers, came into use more than ten years ago. An artist and his wife (the Pennells) made a tour on such a vehicle through southern England, their goal being Canterbury. The example thus set was followed by others from various motives. Some adopted the new conveyance because they liked to be in the van of progress; others, for reasons of economy; others, because it enabled them to pause whenever they chose, to set out again when they felt inclined and to travel at what rate they deemed most convenient. Others liked the new mode of progression because it gave them opportunities of seeing whatever was most noteworthy in the route, to follow what bypaths they liked, to visit what points of interests they desired to see and to modify their itinerary as often as they pleased. In these days of steam and electricity, when in town and country, by sea and land, the means of locomotion are so numerous, so rapid and generally so trustworthy, it seems strange that such a rivalry should be started and should be largely successful. It would be interesting to ascertain to what extent in cities and suburban districts the wheel in all its forms has curtailed the earnings of the railroads and electric cars. The horse has suffered to some extent no doubt, but it is the competition of the electric cars that the horse's friends have most suffered from. Those who ride on wheels are not generally persons who have been wont to ride on horseback, but those who, residing in suburban localities, have to be in town early in the day for business, would have to seek other means of transport if they did not use the cycle. A good many use the wheel for holiday trips, who otherwise take the railway or steamboat. From this point of view the cycle plays an economic role that has to be reckoned with and of growing importance.

But most of those who use it look upon it as a means of recreation. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. A turn on this surprisingly fleet steed in the evening when the day's work is done is a pleasant change to one who is confined all day in office, store or factory. As to the healthiness of the exercise doctors differ. Some say that the position of the rider produces a virtually curable disease, and that curvature of the spine is a common result. This was said before the *juvone* for cycling invaded the ranks of the gentle sex. Since then some doctors insist that if the wheel is injurious to men it is fatal to females—growing girls, young women and matrons. Some of the alarmists prefer to speak from knowledge of cases that have come under their notice in the course of their practice. The disease, being accompanied with deformity, ought to have terrors for these women who believe in its reality. Mere hearsay or conjecture in a matter of this kind is, however, simply impertinent. No doctor should pretend to utter warnings or to give advice on subjects of which he has no personal knowledge. The fact that a lady cyclist became a victim to curvature of the spine is no proof that the wheel was the cause of it. That would be the defect in an argument which we know as *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Such an event followed another and therefore was due to it. Until we have a fair body of evidence as to the ills that flesh is heir to in consequence of the invention and introduction into general use of the bicycle, we must suspend judgment on the question. Of course even what is healthy in moderation may be dangerous or positively mischievous or even deadly if carried to excess. This is true of the wheel as of every other form of diversion. Those to whom it is likely to be injurious must soon have some indications of what is likely to result if they fail to heed the warning of local pain or uneasiness. Such persons defy the admonition of nature at their own peril. The best plan would be to consult one's customary physician or any good doctor on the first occurrence of admonitory sensations. It is then for the doctor to say whether it is safe or not to continue using the wheel.

As for women cyclists, we are not experts in calisthenics, and so cannot say wherein modes of exercise that are safe for men are unsafe for women. From early times women have ridden on horseback; women have been rowers and scullers; women have excelled in archery; women have been expert swimmers; women have excelled in gymnastics and feats of strength. Looking at the question from a purely hygienic standpoint, however, these instances show that for a great many of the forms of bodily exercises that are practised by men the gentle sex, as old-fashioned people persist in saying, is almost as well adapted as the lords of creation themselves. Here, again, we would throw the respons-

ibility of deciding on the physician. Nor ought the physicians of large cities to wait until some sad-eyed, wofully failed, despairing victim of *cyclitis*, or whatever the alleged malady may be termed, presents herself to ask if there is any hope. Now that the ladies have taken to wheeling and are determined to "scorch" come what may, it is the duty of the healing fraternity to investigate the subject, and to satisfy themselves whether there is death in the wheel for those whom we are sincerely loth to lose or see suffer in the slightest. The question is not merely one of scientific curiosity. It is a social and patriotic question of the utmost importance; for that which is at stake is nothing less than the physical soundness of the wives and mothers of our land, on whose condition, healthy or morbid, it depends whether the race that is to be will be stunted and feeble or strong and beautiful and perfect—a people worthy of their forefathers and of the greater Canada of the future.

But it is not the doctor only who has a say in the matter. There is an ethical side to this question of the fair cyclist or wheelwoman which, while related to the physical, transcends it greatly in importance. Those who have discovered this phase of the wheel problem have sometimes contented themselves with the remark that if it were wrong the clergy would not commend it, as so many of them have done by precept and example. As for the example, surely that argument falls to the ground. Some clergymen (and it is to the States that reference is chiefly made) are extremely busy men and very often not of the richest. They cannot all afford to keep their carriages, and they have often to pass by devious routes in seeking the straying or ailing members of their large and scattered flocks. There is no parallel between the use of a wheel by such a caretaker of souls and the cycling of gay young girls or fashionable dames or the sweethearts of brother who-men. If the morality of the subject be discussed, it must be discussed on its own merits. By and by it will not be discussed at all. Already we are at the transition stage. The new departure has been taken and many men who were at first opposed to it have surrendered at discretion and have no more to say in the way of protest. When the tricycle was invented more than a century ago, provision was made for its use by ladies, but its defects prevented it coming into general use. After the Napoleonic wars the bicycle was invented in France and introduced into England, but it was not till about twenty years ago that such improvements were effected as to make the machine a desirable possession. The chief objection to the use of the wheel by ladies is the unsuitability for it of the ordinary dress. Riding habits are used for equestrian exercise. Why, ask the defenders of the woman's wheel, should there not be a special dress for cycling? This seems reasonable enough. But let the dress be feminine and modest. What is a modest dress for women? Is not the modesty in the person rather than in the dress? But, again, would a really modest woman don a dress which, though harmless in itself, would shock the sense of becomingness? That sense, it is true, is largely conventional, but so are many usages which we dare not disobey. Trowsers, or anything resembling them, when worn by women, are an offence to our eyes accustomed to comely drapery of the female figure. To some nations they have been and still are an offence when worn by men. It is said by experts that if women continue to use the wheel some change of costume in that direction will be requisite. 'No woman who has ridden ten times fails to complain of skirts. They are continually in the way.' To some old-fashioned people (with whom we confess a certain sympathy) this ought to be an argument against women cycling rather than for disdaining skirts. Even the expert concedes that trowsers are hardly the thing for girls, and that knicker-bockers on a woman seem immodest. He suggests either a close-fitting divided skirt or the ordinary gymnasium bloomers. Perhaps this trouble is magnified. We have seen ladies on bicycles who did not seem to be inconvenienced, but that may have been their bravery. However the question be solved, there can be no doubt that physically, ethically and esthetically the use of the wheel by ladies is becoming a problem which neither the Church nor the Faculty, the student of society nor the lover of womanly worth and beauty, can any longer ignore.

LORD RUSSELL AND PARTY VISIT NIAGARA FALLS.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., August 21.—Lord Russell and party arrived in this city on Saturday from Saratoga. The party was accompanied by B. B. Osler, of Toronto, and was met here by Ross McKenzie, manager of the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway. The party entered an omnibus and was driven across the bridge to the Clifton House, where a suite of rooms has been reserved. To-morrow the Niagara Falls Park and River Railway Company will tender the distinguished visitors a private car for a trip over the road. Lord Chief Justice Russell will reach Toronto on Tuesday, and stay till Thursday. During the visit the distinguished jurist will be entertained to luncheon at the Toronto Club by the Law Society.

A GLORIOUS VICTORY.

THE SHAMROCKS DEFEAT CORNWALLS BY FOUR TO ONE.

SUPERIOR COMBINATION PLAY ON THE PART OF THE BOYS IN GREEN WON THE DAY—MR. STUART WAS A MODEL REFEREE—FOUR THOUSAND PEOPLE WITNESSED THE GREAT STRUGGLE.

The posters and advance notices announcing the match between the Cornwall and Shamrock teams, which took place on Saturday last, stated that it would be "greater than the last." That it was a much superior exhibition of the national game than that given on the M.A.A. grounds by the same players on the 1st inst., was conceded by all who attended the match last week.

Fully four thousand people visited the Shamrock Grounds and thronged the grand stand and open stands, which were arranged in the form of a crescent. At 1.30 the spectators began to arrive by the cars, and from that hour until the opening of the match it was one perfect stream of people. It is astonishing to watch the antics of some individuals at the entrance to the grounds on the occasion of a lacrosse match. Men, who otherwise manifest good judgment, will actually become crazed with excitement and do the most ridiculous things.

The same may be said of the really live lacrosse enthusiast, who during business hours buttonholes one on the street or sits down in one's office to make one's life miserable with the turns and twists, the passes and other methods which such and such a player should use in his position. If the experimenters in live photography would only visit the S.A.A. grounds and take a snap shot while the facial muscles of these enthusiasts are in a sense mimicking the play of the players on the field, it would be a valuable souvenir.

It was Shamrock day. The score was 4 to 1. Every player on the field from McKenna in the goal to the inside home, Jack Tucker, on the Shamrock team played the game of their lives. In the first game the Cornwallists strove with might and main to force their way through the stalwart Shamrock defence. It was a futile task, as Stinson, Sparrow, Moore, Murray and Dwyer, with the coolheaded goalkeeper, McKenna, checkmated in a magnificent manner the brilliant dashes of Butler, Tobin, Lewis and Turner. Big Louis White, the idol of the lacrosse enthusiasts in Cornwall and in Montreal, was unable to carry out the tactics which were so much admired at previous matches during the season, because he had to meet the onslaughts of such a clever general as Doty Tansey, who evinced the courage of a lion, by remaining always in the front of the Cornwall goals, in the centre so to speak, of three rural giants whose muscular strength and physical proportions were immense in comparison to his lithe figure as he battled for the sphere. Much praise is due to Tucker, Wall and Hayes who worked like trojans, but the honors of the day on the home side were won by Tansey, who put a damper on the famous point player, White. In the centre of the field the two midgets, Kelly and Hinton, covered themselves with glory. There was not a foot of the field between the flag poles which these star fielders did not cover at some stage of the match. In fact the combination of the Shamrocks was simply marvellous. The Cornwallists were outplayed at every point, and after the first game, while they made desperate sprints at times, and in some instances fairly electrified the spectators with the vigor of their style, they were nevertheless vanquished team. Many were the expressions of surprise heard on the grand stand after the second game, in referring to the magnificent play of the home team. The Shamrock defence for the first time this season played a new game. Instead of allowing the Cornwall home to scamper about in close proximity to the goals, as was the case in the two previous matches, they kept them well covered and at a distance, which rendered it almost impossible to score. They played a close game, and, as was generally supposed, in every scrimmage for the sphere the Shamrock players showed marked superiority.

William Stuart, of the Capitals, of Ottawa, was referee. Many there are who do not realize the responsibilities of the position, and who frequently pass judgment upon that much abused official in accordance with the dictates of a peculiarly high strung nervous system, which is generally suffering from the effects of a prejudice for one side or the other.

First in rank of the enemies with which a referee has to contend is the excitable committee man of the teams, who will endeavor to point out the errors which he has made, and then comes the great mass of humanity lining the stands, who are not slow to shout out their disapproval of the action of a referee when necessary. On this occasion Mr. Stuart was forced to act in three or four cases, and while some people were perhaps in the excitement of the moment inclined to regard his action as severe, it is worthy of note that the immense gathering of spectators cheered to the echo the decisions which he gave. Mr. Stuart proved himself to be an efficient, intelligent and courageous referee, and his prompt methods in no small measure served to make the game a scientific and interesting one. No better proof of this is needed than the appearance of the twenty-four players at the conclusion of the match, who retired from the field without receiving injuries of any nature. Allan Cameron and Charles Chitty were good umpires. The former was made the subject of some notice from a few cranks on the grand stand, but Mr. Cameron will survive their criti-

clism, because there was no more courageous lacrosse player in his time nor is there now a more able interpreter of the rules of athletic games generally.

NOTES.

The Cornwallists took their defeat in a proper spirit. Captain Polan was the recipient of many congratulations at the close of the match.

"Little Napoleon," with all his astuteness, lost a silk hat on the question of gate receipts.

The Shamrock committee hugged each other in turn, at the close of the match, so great was their joy. Let us hear no more about the famous saw off of 1892. The match on Saturday relegates it to the shade as a great event in the lacrosse arena.

Three retired captains of lacrosse teams watched the match from the grand stand, and they said it was the greatest struggle they ever witnessed.

The next match on the Shamrock grounds will be between the Young Shamrocks and Nationals on Saturday next. It will be a good one. Matt. Murphy, the captain of the Cornwallists, worked courageously to save his little army from defeat, but his efforts, although heroic, were of no avail.

The Shamrocks will continue practicing every evening in preparation for the Tecumseh and Capital matches, which they are determined to win.

The daughter of the honorary president of the Shamrock Club was the happiest of mortals as she saw the way in which her favorites were vanquishing the enemy.

The match between the Capitals and Shamrocks, on September 19th, will be well worth witnessing, now that the Shamrocks have settled their little difficulties with Cornwall.

The Shamrocks have to settle a little matter with the Tecumshs, whom they play on Saturday, the 5th of September, and it will be a very interesting spectacle for the lacrosse enthusiasts to witness.

President Pittaway, of the Capitals, came from Ottawa to attend the match. He is now in possession of sufficient information to assure his team that they will have a lively time on the 19th of September, when they take the place the Cornwallists occupied on the field on Saturday.

The S. A. A. grounds is certainly without exception the finest for the purposes of lacrosse in Canada. The work which is now completed in front of all the stands, and in front of the clubhouse, is a splendid improvement, as well as a safeguard from interruptions by spectators during the progress of a match. The Shamrocks will probably play a match before Lord Russell during the present week.

A CHALLENGE

The following letter was forwarded to the Shamrock Lacrosse Club some time ago by the St. Ann's Young Men's Society:—

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S HALL, 157 Ottawa Street, Montreal, August 2, 1896.

G. A. CARPENTER, Esq., Hon. Secretary Shamrock Lacrosse Club:—

DEAR SIR:—Having been apprised of the fact that your Club boasts of an expert handball team, and having confidence in the ability of "Our Team" to successfully defeat any in their class, I hereby challenge your club to meet our society in a friendly game. Time, place and all necessary arrangements to be mutually agreed upon.

Yours very truly,

ED. QUINN, President.

It appears some of the members of the Shamrock Club have been indulging in an expression of opinion that they can play handball better than lacrosse, and as a result the boys from St. Ann's decided to give them a trial.

MR. J. F. EGAN.

DELEGATE OF THE AMNESTY ASSOCIATION TO BE GIVEN A PUBLIC RECEPTION.

The various Irish National and Benefit Societies in this city have united for the purpose of tendering a public reception to Mr. James F. Egan, the delegate from the Amnesty Association, in the Windsor Hall, on Monday evening next. It is expected that His Worship the Mayor will preside. The reception now promises to be a magnificent success, as the members of the societies are working very enthusiastically.

BAZAAR AT ST. HENRI.

The organization of the annual bazaar in aid of the St. Henri Orphan Asylum has just been completed. To judge from the preparations and the enthusiasm which animates the organizers, this bazaar promises to eclipse all its predecessors. A competition for popularity has also been organized; the ladies who will take part in this friendly contest are: Mrs. S. Benoit, Mrs. Clement, Laflour, Mrs. F. Rheume, Mrs. P. Trempanier and Miss Donnelly. The opening of the bazaar takes place to-morrow evening.

The following officers have been chosen: Honorary president, Rev. Mr. Decarie, parish priest; lady president, Mrs. Louis Delorme; first lady vice-president, Mrs. A. Lariviere; second lady vice-president, Mrs. A. Gravel; third lady vice-president, Mrs. Chas. Laflour; president, Mr. Jos. Villeneuve; first vice-president, Mrs. M. Benoit; second vice-president, Mr. B. Lefebvre.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A MONEY PACKAGE.

The officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway are working in conjunction with the detectives of the Canadian Secret Service Bureau to recover a package containing \$6,000, which, together with other moneys belonging to the railway company, mysteriously disappeared from the safe at Joliette station between

the hour of ten o'clock Friday evening and seven o'clock on Saturday morning. The package containing the large sum was delivered to the agent at Joliette by Baggsgeman Roch (who also acts as messenger for the Dominion Express Company), upon the arrival of the train from Montreal at 7.50 p.m. on Friday, and was signed for by the representative of the railway company in the receipt book furnished by the express company. It was placed in the safe with a number of other smaller packages, and with them was a key locked up when the agent left the office two hours later, after making up his abstracts and balance sheets.

When the stationary descended to his office on Saturday morning he found the safe shut, but not locked, and on pulling open the door discovered that the \$6,000 had disappeared, and that all the other money which had been left in the safe the night before was also missing.

TWO PROMINENT NOVA SCOTIANS.

Mr. T. E. Kenny, Halifax, N.S.

Mr. Thomas Edward Kenny, eldest son of Hon. Sir Edward Kenny, a former member of the Queen's Privy Council for Canada, was born in Halifax, N.S., 12th October, 1833, and educated at Stonyhurst College, England, and at Jervais College, Liege, Belgium.

Mr. Kenny was married in New York in 1856, to Miss Margaret, second daughter of Hon. M. Burke of New York. He is a senior partner of the mercantile



firm of T. E. Kenny, Halifax, which was established in 1825; also President of the Merchant's Bank of Halifax; a director of the Nova Scotia Cotton Manufacturing Company, and of the North Sydney Marine Railway Company. He is a Trustee of the Western Counties Railway Company, and a member of the Royal Commission on Railways. Mr. Kenny was first returned to Parliament at the general elections in 1857, and was re-elected in 1861, but met with defeat last June, principally on account of his strong support of the Conservative Government on the Manitoba School Question.

Hon. Dr. H. Cameron, Mabou, N.S.

Dr. Hugh Cameron was born at Antigonish, N.S., 1836, and was educated at St. Francis Xavier College, Antigonish, and the University of Pennsylvania, receiving the degree of M.D. from the latter institution in 1861. After practicing three years at Mabou, N.S., Dr. Cameron attended lectures at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, then returned to his old field of practice, where he has been nearly twenty-eight years, and has been most successful.

Dr. Cameron early gave considerable attention to political affairs, in which he became much interested, and in 1867, the year of Confederation, consented to contest Inverness county for the House of Commons, and was successful, representing that constituency until the general election in 1872, when he was de-



feated. He was again defeated in 1874, each time by a very small majority, the constituency being Liberal, usually, while he is a Conservative. He was appointed member of the Legislative Council in the following year, but in 1882 he was prevailed upon to resign his seat and was re-elected by a very large majority. Up to the present time he has been a worthy representative of the Catholics of the Maritime Provinces in the Federal Parliament. He usually speaks well on all important questions which come up for consideration, and is always clear, logical and pointed.

Dr. Cameron was Surgeon of Militia for a few years and then resigned. He is a true and faithful member of the Roman Catholic Church, and as a representative of the people, or as a friend, is honest, loyal and upright. He was married in 1866 to Miss Eunice McKinnon, daughter of Hon. John McKinnon, M.L.C., and niece of the late Archbishop McKinnon, of Antigonish. He is a relative of the present Bishop Cameron.

Dr. Cameron has written very little on medical science, but much on politics, for which he seems to have a strong predilection. He strongly advocates protection to home industries, and heartily endorses the measures generally of the Liberal-Conservative Government.

OUR OBSERVER

REFERS TO THE APPROACHING VISIT OF LI HUNG CHANG.

THE DELEGATES TO THE DUBLIN CONVENTION—THE ROVING LIFE OF GERMAN MUSICIANS AND ITS DRAWBACKS—AN AMUSING INCIDENT IN WHICH LIFE PRESERVERS PROVED TO BE VERY AWKWARD THINGS—IS THE STEEPLE ALL RIGHT?

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

I would not like to express the positive opinion that the steeple of the church at the corner of Dorchester and Stanley street was not on a straight. From a block of it it appears perfectly perpendicular, and I presume it must be at a right angle to the edifice or we would have heard about it before this. Without good and proper proof to the contrary, it would be highly improper to imagine a church steeple other than truly and unequivocally upright. But I have stood more than once on the sidewalk immediately in front of this church and looked upwards at the spire, and on each occasion experienced the sensation that it was falling over on top of me and felt a strong inclination to run. Invigilate for yourself.

I read in the Washington Post not long ago of a lady who had formed a decided opinion against steamboat travel. She had concluded, from a single experience, that it was inconvenient and uncomfortable, and a good deal of the time, a real nuisance. The reader may well judge how "well-founded" were her objections by a perusal of the clipping which follows:

The wife of a physician, who lives in Fourteenth street, tells a story of a distant kinswoman of hers who was her guest during the Christian Endeavor convention. The kinswoman lives in an inland New England town, and when she came to Washington she spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached Washington extremely fatigued. The doctor's wife remarked it:

"Yes, I'm tired to death," said the kinswoman. "I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my matrimonial album how to put on a life-preserver, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't. Some way I couldn't seem to go to sleep with the thing on."—Washington Post.

Now, don't be too severe on the lady, gentle reader. There are lots of subjects upon which lots of people express decided opinion owing to just as great a misconception of the proper idea—for instance, the silver question.

How the original delegation from Montreal to the Dublin convention has dwindled! After recovering from the first surprise at the many not going, there is a satisfaction in the fact that we will not be wholly unrepresented. Certain of our fellow-citizens, who not very long ago left the glory of being appointed delegates unsought for, changed their minds very suddenly.

In Rev. Father O'Donnell and Mr. Edward Halley, Montreal will be creditably represented, and I sincerely hope that their mission will not be in vain, that it will be appreciated in Ireland as it is certainly appreciated by all true Irishmen in Montreal.

It must be monotonous and tiresome work playing in a German band. I don't believe there is an awful lot of money in the business for these itinerant musicians, who start out early in the morning and finish up late at night, dependent all the time on the generosity of an ungenerous public for their subsistence. Their revenue must be very uncertain, and I think, if ever I want a job real badly, I will hesitate indefinitely before tackling the street musician business and appealing for an existence to the public purse through the average ear for music.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese envoy, is coming our way. He is to be the guest of the Government of the United States, and, later, of Canada.

Were Li Hung (the Lord forbid it!) as a self-respecting Chinese I would leave Canada and the States severely alone. In the Republic his countrymen are treated as unworthy of citizenship—as contaband goods. The Dominion laws class them as exceptionally undesirable immigrants, and as a people whose further acquaintance is to be discouraged. That Li Hung Chang will accept courtesies from countries which place the people he represents on a strata below a tolerable level of civilization, should not raise him in the estimation of people in general, nor will it give us a better opinion of the Chinese race, of whom he is supposed to be a choice specimen. As far as the Governments of the United States and Canada are concerned, there are easier, more dignified and less inconsistent ways of playing the hypocrite.

The Shamrocks have redeemed themselves. Saturday's great victory over the Cornwall team demonstrated clearly that the boys of the S.A.A. have lost none of that vim and brilliancy which distinguished them so long as exponents of Canada's great national game. More power to them!

WALTER R.

IN HONOR OF THE QUEEN.

A MODEL SETTLEMENT BEARING HER MAJESTY'S NAME PROPOSED.

A despatch from London says:—The big gooseberry season in England always brings to the front a hot discussion upon some subject that it pleases the Daily Telegraph to start. This year the subject chosen is "How to celebrate the Queen's reign," the longest in English history.

A wealthy soap manufacturer set the ball rolling by proposing that \$5,000,000 should be raised to found a model settlement, to be called Victoria town. Columns are now pouring out in the

kingdom's newspapers in discussion, when in all the writers agree that the idea is excellent, but no two writers can agree as to what constitutes a model town.

THREE RIVERS FAIR.

PROF. ROBERTSON SPEAKS HIGHLY OF WHAT HAS BEEN DONE TO MAKE IT A SUCCESS.

Professor Robertson, Dominion Agricultural and Dairy Commissioner, by direction of the Minister of Agriculture, visited Three Rivers, Que., to see the new exhibition building being put up by the Government there to receive exhibits from the Experimental Farms and to accommodate a working dairy which will be in operation from September 14th. He reports the new exhibition grounds at Three Rivers as being ideal in situation, in soil and in placing of buildings. The grounds are dry and solid half an hour after rain. The pavilion for the Experimental Farm exhibits is a commodious structure of beautifully ornamental design. The exhibits from the Farm are being prepared by Director Saunders, and will comprise samples of common and rare varieties of grains, grasses, roots and fruits.

The working dairy will be an attractive and instructive feature of the Exhibition. It will be under the immediate supervision of Mr. J. D. Leclair, Superintendent of the Dairy School at St. Hyacinthe. Samples of milk will be tested free, and the operations of butter-making will be conducted and explained daily. Suitable accommodation has been provided for the audiences.

Professor Robertson says the stables for horses and cattle are particularly neat, substantial and well placed. The sheds for sheep and swine are models in their way. The new grand stand faces the main part of the grounds and buildings, as well as the sports stage, whereon feats of skill and suppleness will be displayed by acrobats of renown. Owners of herds of fine live stock would find Three Rivers a new centre at which to meet future buyers from the farms of the progressive farming country around it. Altogether the first large exhibition at Three Rivers promises to be worthy in every way of grounds unsurpassed for such purposes, and satisfactory to its officers, who, by enterprise, push and good management, hope to make it by its excellence the leading exhibition of the Province of Quebec.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

They all sat down together a happy lot of people, and enjoyed a pleasant evening at last Thursday's concert of this successful Club. A staff of ushers was in attendance as usual, providing seats and making everybody comfortable. Miss Wheeler was there "before the ball," and hoisted the signal of the piano to begin. Mr. Gordon occupied the chair and opened the programme. The supply of talent so kindly proffered far exceeded the demand, so numerous indeed were the offers, that the chairman was obliged to continue a little while after the hour for closing, with still several items to spare, which time would not admit of their use, but he desires to thank the kind friends, and hopes they will not feel disappointed. The fine singing of Mrs. Pygn was again admired, and on leaving the stage she was presented with a splendid bouquet, and this brought forth a loud applause of approval. Miss J. O'Connell, of New York, on a visit here, being requested by her friends with her, kindly recited, "Yes, I'm Guilty," in good style, and was loudly applauded, and this young lady being a stranger, she was deservedly thanked. Mr. Parizeau appeared in his fine clog dance. Song and dance in character, fine recitation by Miss B. Milloy, and songs by several other citizens followed, the jolly seamen giving a capital support. The splendid piano recently placed on the stage by the Club is an improvement and gives satisfaction to their musical friends and patrons.

Rev. Father Devine, chaplain to the seamen, other clergymen, and also Rev. Bro. Prudent, Director of St. Ann's Boys' School, honored the entertainment by their kind presence. Try and come, friends, next week.—F.C.L.

TO BE THE GUEST OF THE NATION.

PROGRAMME FOR ENTERTAINING LI HUNG CHANG.

Secretary of War Lamont was in New York last week consulting Gen. Ruger about the reception of Li Hung Chang, special ambassador from the Emperor of China. Li Hung Chang will arrive in New York by the steamship St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 28. Gen. Ruger, commanding the department of the East, who has been designated by the President to act as his representative, will meet him on his arrival and escort him with a detachment of the 6th United States Cavalry to the Waldorf Hotel, where he will remain during his stay in New York, as the guest of the nation. The state department will be represented by W. W. Rockhill, first assistant secretary of state.

Gen. Ruger will attend the vicerey during his sojourn in this country, and be in charge of all arrangements pertaining to his visit.

The President of the United States, who is to be in the city as the guest of ex-Secretary of the Navy William C. Whitney, will receive the special ambassador at Mr. Whitney's residence.

A CANADIAN BAR ASSOCIATION.

Mr. J. T. Bulmer, barrister, of Halifax, representing the Bar of Nova Scotia, has laid before the council of the Montreal Bar the plan of a Canadian Bar Association, in connection with the formation of which he has gone to Ottawa. The proposed association will aim to do for Canada what the Incorporated Law Society does for Great Britain and the American Bar Association for the United States. It will seek to establish a uniformity of procedure in the different courts, to have uniform measures of legal learning throughout the Dominion, and to establish uniform standards of legal education.

CLOUD PICTURES.

At evening, on the realms of space I gazed, In thoughtful musing, at the shadowy hour, When over the heavens creeps the night space, And day is dying in the glowing West. When, lo! before my dreaming eyes appeared, A pearly cloud that like a chariot seem'd, Wherein was seated a majestic form, The chariot drawn by milk-white chargers twain, With plumes and trappings of bright, silver sheen. Yet while in wonder on the scene I gazed, Swift from my sight the aerial picture fades, And in its stead appears an ebon sea, Whereon a snow-white bark is seen to glide, In which two Angels sit in shining robes. But while, with longing eyes I gaze, and gaze, Lo! these fantastic images are gone, Obscured from sight by night's deep, shadowy veil, And all the heavens are spangled with bright stars, Resplendent in their ethereal dome on high, Those brilliant orbs the work of lower Divine.

J. A. S.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S ADVERTISEMENT.

ALWAYS LEADING

Our Mantle Department is always first with all the latest novelties as they are produced in the world of fashion. The first shipment of Ladies' Mantles (16 cases) is now on exhibition and the prices as usual are low.

HEADQUARTERS FOR MANTLES

Newest Fall Styles in Ladies' Jackets, Newest Fall Styles in Ladies' Capes, Newest Styles in Ladies' Golf Capes, Newest Styles in Ladies' Plush Capes. All our Mantles are retailed, at and below wholesale prices.

This Week we are giving away Ladies' Jackets and Capes at Nominal Prices.

Your choice of 100 Jackets in Black and colors for \$1.50, the regular value of these Jackets range from \$5.50 to \$18.

Your choice of 75 Cloth Jackets for \$3.50. The values of this lot range from \$9.75 to \$14.50.

Your choice of 75 Ladies' Cloth Capes for \$2.75. Prices of this lot range from \$9.00 to \$13.50.

Remember all next week we will sell our stock of light weight mantles at giving away prices, therefore don't fail to take advantage of these inducements.

PARASOLS. PARASOLS.

All Parasols to be sold at Giving Away Prices.

Parasols, Navy with White Spots to clear, 10c.

Green Parasols, with Frill, 95c, worth \$1.85.

Black Satin Parasols, 95c, worth \$1.60.

Fancy Parasols, worth \$2 to \$3, to clear, \$1.

Fancy Parasols, worth \$6.00, \$6.50, \$7.00 and \$7.50, to clear at \$2.50.

Don't miss this opportunity to buy cheap Parasols.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., 2343 St. Catherine St., CORNER OF METCALFE STREET. TELEPHONE No. 4838

The Classes Conducted by the MISSES BARTLEY will be resumed on TUESDAY, SEPT. 1st, at 10 U.S. AVENUE. English, French, German, Italian and Needlework. Boys under nine admitted. Special class twice a week in Literature and History for young ladies not attending the school.

Pilgrimage

(For Ladies and Gentlemen.) To the Shrine of the Sacred Heart

Lanoraie and St. Ours

Monday, September 7th, 1896, LABOR DAY.

Steamer "Berthier" will leave Jacques-Cartier Wharf at 5.00 a.m.

TICKETS. ADULTS, - - - \$1.00. CHILDREN, - - - 50c.

Staterooms and Tickets can be procured at St. Ann's Parsonage, 32 Basin Street, Montreal. 6-2

Pianos

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES BY

- CHICKERING & SONS, - Boston. HEINTZMAN & Co., - Toronto. EMERSON PIANO Co., - Boston. NEWCOMBE & Co., - Toronto. MARSHALL & WENDELL, Albany.

LOW PRICES AND EASY TERMS.

Old Instruments accepted in part payment.

C. W. LINDSAY, 2366 St. Catherine Street.

N.B.—Special Inducements to Educational Institutions. Write for Catalogues and Price Lists.

STOPPING AN EXECUTION.

By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH.

[From the "Strand Magazine."]

At the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about thirty-five miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking; in fact, I was writing a novel. I had engaged myself to get the work in question completed by a certain date, and in order to do so I found myself compelled to throw over all other occupation for the time being. I knew very few people in the town where I was living, and for five or six weeks had scarcely seen anyone to speak to.

So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the news paper, and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. The only relaxation I allowed myself was a good brisk walk into the country every afternoon. With this exception I had hardly stirred from my house, except to run up to London once or twice for the purpose of visiting the docks, and making certain technical investigations concerning them. This I did, as a good portion of the novel I was working at was about the life of dock-surroundings in the vicinity of Rotherhithe.

It was a little after eight o'clock one evening in April, that I finished the second volume of my work. It was with great satisfaction that I wrote, and with a considerable flourish, too, the words: "End of Volume the Second." I generally worked up till ten or eleven, but it was useless doing any more that night; so I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street, than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm, and the request: "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket, and resumed my walk.

"It was a fine night, and I went some little distance, reaching home a little after half-past nine. My landlady had brought in my supper, and as my walk had given me an appetite, it was with no small pleasure that I viewed a goodly joint of cold beef awaiting my attack. I took off my boots and put on my slippers. Then I sat down and did ample justice to my cold repast.

I had laid down the newspaper on the table when entering the room, intending to read it during supper, but my appetite had got the better of any craving for intelligence, so it was not till I had lit a pipe and subsided into a cosy arm-chair by the fire that I unfolded the sheet of printed matter.

Now, reader, I desay you know the sensation of reading a paper for the first time after having neglected doing so for some weeks. You don't rush at it at all; in fact, you are very chary of beginning, because such thoughts come into your head as: "I don't expect I shall enjoy the 'leaders,' because I don't know what has led up to them." "Sure to be something about a big trial of which I haven't heard the beginning." "Forgotten entirely all about our foreign policy." "Let me see, is the same Ministry still in?" Therefore I opened my paper leisurely—nay, lazily. I looked at the "leader." Something about a new "Greek Loan." That didn't interest me. I skipped through the little items of news and hurried jottings, and summaries peculiar to our evening papers. Presently my eye was caught with the following paragraph-heading:—

"IMPENDING EXECUTION OF THE CLINFOLD MURDERER."

There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph.

"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenthurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name of Fenthurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good fifteen years my senior, and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow, who had emigrated to South Africa early in life, and who was generally supposed to be working at the diamond mines. Could this be the same man? I read on.

"It will be remembered that at the trial the strongest circumstantial evidence was brought to bear upon Fenthurst. The murder took place in a house on the outskirts of the small town of Clinfold. It was proved that Fenthurst was in the habit of frequenting Renfrew's premises, and that apparently he was expected there on the evening in question. He was seen near the place soon after the crime was committed, and several other proofs, of a strongly condemnatory character, were also laid against him. He has persisted from the first, however, in maintaining that he was absent from Clinfold at the very time the murder took place. This was about seven o'clock in the evening. At that hour, he says, he was returning from London, where he had been spending part of the day; only one witness, he says, could prove this, and this is an individual who travelled with him as far as P— and entered into conversation with him. Advertisements have been inserted in all the papers by Fenthurst's legal advisers, for the purpose of discovering the individual in question, but as no answer has been forthcoming, it is generally believed that the whole story is a myth. At any rate, there seems but small chance of the *alibi* being proved at the last moment. The murder was committed on February 6th. Since his condemnation the murderer has been confined in Silkminster Gaol, where his execution will take place."

Astonishment and dismay confronted me as I laid the paper down. I was the

missing witness they had so vainly sought. I distinctly remembered, early in February, running up to town rather late in the afternoon, spending just half an hour there, and returning by the first train I could catch. My landlady didn't even know but that I had been for rather a longer walk than usual. I had entered into conversation on the return journey with the only other occupant of my compartment, a young man with a small black bag, on which were painted the letters "C. F." I remembered this distinctly. In order to make sure I snatched up my diary, and quickly turned to the date of the murder, February 6th. There was the entry: "Ran up to town in afternoon. Inquired concerning material for Chap. VII. Saw B— for half hour. Returned by 6.42 train."

The horror of the situation now flashed upon me. A man's life—the life of my old friend's son—depended upon me. I looked at my watch. It was just eleven o'clock. Hurriedly I dragged on my boots, thinking the while what I should do. My first impulse was to rush to the telegraph office. Then, with dismay, I remembered that it was shut for the night after eight o'clock, and that the postmaster took the 8.30 train to the large town of F—, about five miles off, where he lived, leaving the office for the night in charge of a caretaker, and returning by an early train the next morning.

It was impossible to telegraph. Then I thought of going to the police (there were just two constables and a sergeant in our little town), but what could they do more than I? Country police are proverbial for the leisurely "routine" manner in which they set about any inquiry, and it would never do to trust to them. I was in despair.

Madly I threw on my hat and rushed out. I ran in a mechanical way to the post-office. Of course, it was shut—and if I had aroused the caretaker, he couldn't have wired; besides all our wires went first to F—, and, as I have said, all communication was shut off after eight o'clock. Then I started for the railway station. This was about half a mile from the post-office, and well outside the town. As I hurried along, I thought, with fresh dismay, that this would also prove a fruitless errand, for the last train to Silkminster was the 8.30 p.m., by which I have mentioned the postmaster always travelled. Silkminster, I must mention, was nearly 150 miles down the line.

Should I wait till the morning and telegraph? I remembered that the office did not open till eight o'clock. I had, by this time, reached the station. Of course, it was all shut up and all the lights were out, except those in the signal lamps for the night express. It was now past half-past eleven. Was there no hope? Yes!

At this moment my eye caught a light in the signal-box, about a quarter of a mile up the line. I could see the signalman in his box, the outline of his figure standing out against the light within. I looked at my watch: the down express from London was almost due. I would make a rush for that signal-box, and compel the occupant to put the signal against it and stop it. It was a desperate game; but only get that train to stop for an instant, and all will be right. By getting into it I could reach Silkminster in the early morning, and what cared I for any action the company might take if I saved my friend's son? If the signalman refused to put back the levers, the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him, and relax them myself. All this flashed across me in an instant, and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station, and found myself on the line.

Even as I reached the rails, a semaphore signal that was near me lit fall its arm, and the red light changed into a brilliant green. The express was signalled! Would there be time? I dashed along over the rough sleepers towards the signal-box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared about half the distance, when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head-lamp bearing towards me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly-looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one-armed gallows with a man hanging from it!

For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenthurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strangelooking apparition was none other than a mail-bag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope net would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.

As a bag would be deposited from the train in a somewhat similar manner, there ought to have been a man on guard. I afterwards found he had left his post and gone to have a chat with his friend in the cheery signal-box.

A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. The train that was bearing down, and which would reach me in one minute, should pick me up with the mails! I grasped the idea of the thing in a second. If I could hang on to that bag so that it came between me and the net, it would break the force of the shock, and the net would receive me as well as the bag. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. It did not take me half a minute to do all this. Then I waited. It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. I shall never forget the row of lighted carriages passing about a foot away from me—closer even than that, I suppose—and I hanging and waiting for the crash to come.

And it came. There was a dull thud—a whirr and a rush, and all was dark. When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt-sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt

bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling made out of a handkerchief.

"Where are we?" I asked. They turned round. "Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now, perhaps, you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is you've got your collar-bone broken. We've tied it up a bit. Now, perhaps, you'll speak out; and look here, if we had you've been dodging the police, don't you go thinking you'll give 'em the slip any further. The mail van ain't a refuge of that sort."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They wouldn't believe it at first. Luckily, though, I had put the evening paper and my diary in my pocket, so I showed them the paragraph and the entry. They were civil enough then.

"Well, sir, we shall be in Silkminster about three, or a little after. I hope you'll be able to save the poor beggar. You must excuse our turning to work again, and the best thing for you will be to rest yourself."

They piled a quantity of empty mail-bags on the floor and made me a rough shakedown. Before he went to his work again, the other one said:—

"What a pity you never thought of a better way out of the difficulty than coming in here so sudden-like."

"There was no other way."

"Yes there was, sir."

"What was that?"

"Why, you should have got the signalman to telegraph to Silkminster: he could have done it all right."

What an idiot I had been, after all! However, I should be in time to stop the execution.

A little after three we drew up at Silkminster Station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the gaol and insisted upon seeing the governor. Of course, he was deeply interested in what I had to tell him, and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The Home Secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately, he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense, a reprieve was received from him.

"Well," said the governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenthurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable, until about a fortnight afterwards the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenthurst and myself became firm friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure, I never regretted the night on which I was picked up with the mails.

PROF. CROUCH

PASSES AWAY AT PORTLAND.

HE WAS THE AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN" AND OTHER FAMOUS DRAMAS.

Prof. F. Nicholls Crouch, of Baltimore, Md., the famous author and composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died very suddenly on the 18th instant, in Portland, Maine, at the residence of Mr. George A. Thomas, aged 55 years and 18 days.

F. Nicholls Crouch was born in England, July 31, 1840. When 9 years of age he played bass at the Royal Corged Theatre. This theatre had been erected in honor of the marriage of Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV., and here the boy began to develop those traits of industry and perseverance which were the ruling characteristics in his career.

He gradually made his way into His Majesty's Theatre, and once played a violinello solo before Rossini. Bochs, who was then at the height of his fame, was conductor of the opera, and he was so greatly gratified by the devotion of the boy musician to his calling that he made him his pupil. Quickly in the mind of the young musician there sprang up the ambition to become a student in the Royal Academy. Crouch plainly stated his position, declared his love for his profession, and demanded of the board of managers and the professors of the academy an impartial hearing and examination. During the following week the youthful aspirant became actually a student of the Royal Academy.

At the death of George IV., Nicholls and the senior students received a royal command to attend the coronation of William IV. and Adelaide, and after this event he was appointed gentleman of Her Majesty Queen Adelaide's band. Crouch now became principal violinist at Drury Lane Theatre, which was under the management of old Stephen Price, of American fame, and here he wrote his first ballad, "Zephyrs of Love," for Miss Annie Tree, and "The Swing Song of Meeting," for Mme. Malibran.

In Devonshire, on the fair banks of the Tamar, Crouch wrote "Kathleen Mavourneen," and the greater part of his Irish work, "Echo of the Lakes," was set to music, which was no less graceful and pathetic than the verse.

In 1849 Max Maretzek and Crouch were fellow-workers in her majesty's opera in the Haymarket, London. Maretzek was chorus-master and Crouch violinist in the orchestra. Sir Michael Costa was their director. At the rehearsal of one of Verdi's operas, Maretzek casually said:

A Wholesome Tonic
Horsford's Acid Phosphate
Strengthens the brain and nerves.

LUBBY'S

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.

FOR THE HAIR.

IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle.

R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIERNE, ROUEN, FRANCE.

"Crouch, I am going to open the opera in the Astor House, New York; if you'll go with me I'll give you the place of Cembalino in the orchestra."

The company had a prosperous season in New York, and then went to Boston. There they failed for want of well-filled houses, the members disbanded and each sought employment wherever this was most likely to be found.

In Boston Crouch became acquainted with George P. Reed, the publisher, and was introduced to a music seller, Jacob Paine of Portland, Me. Here Crouch lectured on music before the Sacred Harmonic Society, and finally was unanimously elected musical director of their concerts. He may bring out Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Mathew Lock's music in "Macbeth," the Repertoire of English Glee and Madrigals, and "Gems of Musical Love," until then unknown to the people of the eastern states. Crouch remained seven years in Portland, made much money and did loyal work for his mistress, music.

At this time many sons of the East were turning their faces westward, and Crouch, like others, determined to go to California in search of fortune and change. He converted his property into gold, sent his library and manuscripts to Baltimore, and set out on the long journey.

Stopping at Philadelphia his wife fell ill, and he was compelled to tarry for her convenience. During this delay, Mrs. Rush invited him to attend her popular Saturday musical unions. Under the patronage of Mrs. Rush, he brought out Mehl's oratorio, "Joseph and His Brethren," with a translation by himself. Through the influence of friends he was brought to Washington. He was soon established there as director of the choir of St. Matthew's, and became a teacher in the first circles in the city. During Pierce's administration Crouch's success was at high tide, but with Buchanan's reign came the ebb.

Crouch left Washington and went to Richmond, Va., where he sang in St. Paul's Church, and soon became known as an efficient and earnest musician. Money came plentifully into his coffers, and he once more began to think of California.

But the boom of war burst suddenly over the land of his adoption. Ellsworth invaded Virginia, the states were seceding, the cry for men and arms was ringing through the land, and the Englishman, Crouch, enlisted as a private soldier in the 1st regiment, Richmond Grays, quartered at Norfolk. From the day on which he entered the army until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House, through exposure, want, hardship and starvation, Crouch was always at his post, never sick nor absent, and even unflinching in his refusal to accept the furlough which was proffered him.

From the last battlefield he made his way, with three broken ribs and his right hand badly smashed, to Buckingham Court House. Here, glad to earn a crust of bread, he entered into service as a gardener and farmhand, and in this position he remained until the hostilities of the terrible civil struggle gradually died down. It is said that he would sometimes slip into the drawing-room of his employer, seat himself at the piano and play and improvise until, overcome by his own grief, he would leave the instrument in uncontrollable weeping.

Naturally, these secret seasons with his neglected art brought back an ever increasing wish to return to his profession.

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS

In a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McCOMBER & SON, Bouchette, Que., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Gervais of a chronic cough, cold and bronchial attack, and also cured W. G. McComber of a long-standing cold.

Mr. J. H. HETTY, Chemist, 157 Yonge St., Toronto, writes: "As a long-suffering sufferer from Pyny-Pectoral, I can say that it is the best I have ever used. It has given me the most satisfactory relief. It has cured my cold, and I feel better than I have for some time. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. It is sold by all chemists and druggists, and is always pronounced to be a safe and reliable cough medicine."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. Sole Proprietors MONTREAL.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Leila Bournayou, of the Town of Longueuil, district of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Laurent Auguste Horace Horoux, of the same place. Montreal, 13th August, 1896. SAINT-PIERRE, PELLISSIER & WILSON, Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. No. 1976. Dame Jessie Smith, of the Village of Saint Louis du Mile End, in the District of Montreal, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property, against her husband, John Morrison, of the same place. Montreal, June 3rd, 1896. SICOTTE, BARNARD & MACDONALD, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

and he at last returned to Richmond. Here he found everything changed. The confederate soldier was out of place; coldness and disaffection met the hapless musician; instead of the hearty hand grasp of an "Auld Lang Syne" acquaintance, he met the unsympathetic, half-questioning glance of the stranger, and, weary in heart and brain, he made his way to Baltimore.

He was now destitute—books, music and manuscript had been lost, and the only life that seemed to present itself to Crouch was that of a mechanic. Upon such a life he entered, toiling day after day, wearily plodding, drearily thinking. About 13 years ago the press of Baltimore interested itself in the cause of their poet citizen, and he was established once more as a teacher of music in that city, where he has since resided. Besides "Kathleen Mavourneen," Crouch wrote many beautiful songs, the most popular of which are "Her I Love," "Sing to Me North," "The Soldier's Grave," "The Widow to Her Child," "Would I Were With Thee," "My Heart is Like a Silent Lute," "Twenty Years Ago," "Friendship," "Dermot Asthore," etc.

He had been married four times and had had 33 children, one by his second marriage having been Cora Pearl, the notorious Parisian beauty who flourished more than 20 years ago. In 1893 he again came to Boston and directed the orchestra at the Columbia Theatre while J. K. Murray sang "Kathleen Mavourneen" during the run of Powers' play of "Glen-da-Lo gh."

DATES OF FALL FAIRS.

Following are the dates of some of the most important Canadian Fairs of the year:

- Eastern Townships Exhibition, Sherbrooke, August 31 to September 5.
- Industrial Fair, Toronto, August 31 to September 12.
- Missisquoi Fair, Bedford, September 1 and 2.
- St. John's, September 8 to 11.
- Brome County Agricultural Society, Brome Corner, September 8 and 9.
- St. Francis Live Stock Association, Cookshire, Que., September 8 and 9.
- Huntingdon Agricultural Society (No. 1), Huntingdon, Que., September 8 and 9.
- Chateauguay, Ste. Martine, September 10.
- Western Fair, London, Ont., September 10 to 14.
- Montreal Exhibition, Montreal, September 11 to 14.
- St. Lawrence Valley Exhibition, (Three Rivers) September 14 to 20.
- Shefford County Agricultural Society, Waterloo, Que., September 15 and 16.
- Guelph Central Exhibition, Guelph, September 15 to 17.
- South Renfrew Exhibition, Renfrew, September 17 and 18.
- Richmond Agricultural Society, Richmond, Que., September 16 and 17.
- Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa, September 17 to 26.
- Peterborough Central Exhibition, Peterborough, September 21 to 23.
- Havelock, September 22.
- St. Louis de Gonzague, September 22.
- International Exhibition, St. John, N.B., September 22 to October 2.
- North Western Exhibition, Goderich, Ont., September 22 to 24.
- Northern Exhibition, Collingwood, September 23 to 25.
- Lindsay Central Fair, Lindsay, Ont., September 23 to 25.
- Ontario and Durham Exhibition, Whitby, September 25 to 30.
- North Lunenburg Agricultural Society, Almonte, September 29 to October 1.
- North Perth Agricultural Society, Stratford, October 1 and 2.
- North Brant Agricultural Exhibition, Paris, October 6 and 7.

CANADIAN EGGS IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—The egg season is opening early in England this year. Already 2,250 cases of Canadian eggs have arrived at Liverpool. At the same period last year only 70 cases had arrived. Firms here have entered into large contracts for November and December delivery. Picked eggs are quoted from 6s 3d to 6s 9d per long hundred of 10 dozen.

IRISH MARRIAGES.

Many lasses may take heart of grace, for it would appear that in this country the young men, to use the quizzical expression, are "by no means backward in coming forward." We refer, of course, to matters matrimonial; and our remarks are based, not on mere supposition, but on dry, hard, incontrovertible figures, compiled by no less an authority than the Registrar General himself. That unromantic official, who only looks at births, marriages and deaths as so much material for his averages and percentages, tells us that Mayo is the

GREAT SALES prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures because it accomplishes GREAT CURES.

second best marrying county in Ireland. He does not say so in as many words; but from the voluminous tables published in his last quarterly report we observe that Mayo is credited with a small decimal over eight marriages per 1,000 of the population, and is only beaten by Kerry with the very high average (compared with the rest of the country) of more than 12 per 1,000.—Cincinnati Telegraph.

A LITTLE MONOTONOUS.

The Guest—You seem to have the same style of pie for dessert every time I dine with you.
The Entertainer—I thought you'd notice that. Our landlady bakes her pie by the square rod and cuts them out with a stencil.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BRISTOL'S

BRISTOL'S

Sarsaparilla

and SUGAR COATED PILLS

The Greatest of all Liver, Stomach and Blood Medicines.

A SPECIFIC FOR Rheumatism, Gout and Chronic Complaints.

They Cleanse and Purify the Blood.

All Druggists and General Dealers.

Rutland

Stove Lining

IT FITS ANY STOVE.

GEO. W. REED,

AGENT.

783 & 785 CRAIG STREET.

Northwest Roofing Company

ASPHALT FLOORS
GRAVEL ROOFS
SLATE ROOFS
COPPER ROOFS
METAL ROOFING
METAL SKYLIGHTS

BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDER GET PRICES FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS:
Cor. Latour st. and Busby Lane.
TELEPHONE 130.

Self-Raising Flour

IS THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and read that they get it. All others are imitations.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS HAVE FURNISHED 25,000,000 PUREST BEST GENUINE WEST-TROY N.Y. BELL-NELSON CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE PRICES FREE.

TELEPHONE 8393.

THOMAS O'CONNELL,

Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils.

137 MCCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa.

PRACTICAL PLUMBER,
Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitter.

Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

A WELL KNOWN YOUNG LADY IN NAPANEE GIVES HER EXPERIENCE—SO WEAK THAT SHE COULD NOT GO UP STAIRS WITHOUT RESTING—HER FRIENDS THOUGHT SHE WAS IN CONSUMPTION—NOW THE PICTURE OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

From the Beaver, Napanee, Ont.

Among the young ladies of Napanee there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Indeed her acquaintance and popularity covered a more extended field, as she is a travelling saleslady for the Robinson Corset Co., and has many customers on her route which extends from Oshawa to Ottawa. How this young lady happens to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she has recently undergone a most remarkable change through the use of those wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When the reporter of the Beaver called to make enquiry into her cure, he was met at the door by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a prolonged illness. The reporter



mentioned his mission and found Miss Byrnes quite willing to tell the particulars of what she termed "an escape from death." In reply to the query "what have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills done for you?" she replied, "why, they have done wonders. I feel like a new woman now. For eight years I was weak and miserable, and at times I could not walk. I was greatly troubled with indigestion, and frequently could not keep anything on my stomach, not even a glass of milk. I had dizzy spells, severe headaches, and my complexion was of a yellowish hue. My kidneys also troubled me, and in fact I was aches and pains. In going up a flight of stairs I had either to be assisted up, or would have to rest several times before I got to the top. At times my hands and feet would have no more warmth in them than lumps of ice. On one occasion while stopping at an hotel in Kingston, after waiting on a number of my customers, I fell down in a faint. The landlady found me in this condition and sent for a doctor, who after bringing me back to consciousness, gave me medicine to take. He told me that my system was so badly run down that it was imperative that I should have absolute rest. His medicine had no beneficial effect that I could see, and I tried a number of other doctors, with no better results. I became so low that I cared for neither work nor pleasure, and my friends thought I had gone into consumption. It was at this juncture that I determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and my appearance to-day will show you what a wonderful change they have wrought in me. I continued taking the Pink Pills for three months, and before discontinuing them every ache and pain had disappeared. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful medicine, and I am eager to let the fact be known for the benefit of other sufferers.

Mrs. Byrnes was present during the interview and strongly endorsed what her daughter said, adding that she believed they had saved her life.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease, due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

SISTERS OF MERCY.

(Young Catholic Messenger.)

I remember a few years ago hearing that veteran and silver-tongued orator, General Gibson, speaking. It was at some kind of a patriotic celebration at Columbus, Ohio.

Gen. Gibson's gaunt figure could be seen rising, and with a wave of his bony hand he brushed the thousands that composed the audience into breathless silence.

"When I was a young man," he said, "before the great struggle between the North and South, I must say that I was somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic Church. I used to picture to myself heaven. I imagined it was a grand palace, grand beyond description, because it was the dwelling place of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, as well as of all good Protestants. Of course, I could see no reserved seats for Catholics. They, in my opinion, had no business there.

"Well, the cry came: 'To arms!' I had the honor of commanding a regiment, the Forty-ninth Ohio Volunteers. After a day's engagement with the enemy, in which my regiment took an active part, and after our forces were badly beaten, I looked out from headquarters. We were located on an eminence. Upon the scene of conflict,

through my field glass I could see black-robed figures going among the wounded and dying soldiers. I immediately ordered my aid de-camp to go down and see who were those black-robed figures and report as soon as possible to me. Returning almost breathless, he exclaimed: 'O General, it was a heartrending sight. The figures are those of Sisters of Charity, who are going from one to the other, ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers. The self sacrifice of these noble hands of women would bring tears to a heart of stone.'

"I was amazed. I concluded to make a personal investigation. I went down into the scene of the great conflict, accompanied by some of my staff officers. I did not have to go far before coming across a black-robed figure that was cold in death. The heroine of heroines died at her post. She was not regularly mustered into the service; she received no pecuniary compensation; what a reward will be hers. This noble woman was called to her eternal reward. Her companions were still engaged in succoring the wounded and dying. When I saw this with my own eyes on that eventful day I returned thanks to my bended knees to the omnipotent God for opening my eyes to the sublime grandeur of the Roman Catholic Church. Those grand women did not ask the suffering soldier to what church he belonged, or whether he belonged to any church; neither did they stop to inquire the side, whether it was the blue or gray, to which he belonged. They were performing their God-given mission, aiding blue and gray alike. Black and white were alike treated by them. Subsequently I met members of this Order in our hospitals, nursing with their tender hands the suffering soldier. Braving all danger, they had no fear of contagious diseases. Oh, how often have I prayed since then that God may forgive me for my first impression of the Catholic Church. I saw that Church in its true light that day on the battle field. I saw heaven as I now believe it really is, and in it were Catholics as well as Protestants.

A RAM STORY.

(From the San Francisco Post.)

Jim McCue, rancher, politician, philosopher, and horse doctor, walked on the ferry-boat with a crutch the other day. He also had an arm in a sling and his head bandaged.

"What's the matter, Jim?" inquired two or three acquaintances. "I'll bet any man in this crowd \$20 he can't but harder and longer than any ram or billy goat in the State," responded Jim somewhat irrelevantly. "But I guess I've broke him off."

"You look as if you had been broken some yourself," suggested one. "Well, to tell the truth, I did get jammed around a little. I've been breaking a ram of the butting habit. This ram was raised a pet, and that's what makes him so sassy. He knows who to tackle too. He won't touch a man, because he knows he'd get a fence rail frazzled out over his head; but a woman he will butt clear over into the next pasture."

"The other morning this ram jolted a lady friend of mine clear across a field and through a picket fence, and I thought it about time to cure him of that habit. I put on an old calico dress, then an old sunbonnet and, concealing a sledge hammer under my apron, sauntered down through the field. The minute the ram saw me he dropped all the business he had on hand and came over to have some fun with me. He squared off, shook his head, and made a run for me. When I stepped to one side to get a good swing at him, the blamed old dress tripped me and I fell down. I started to get up, but that blamed old ram was behind me, and I turned two somersets before I hit the ground again. I didn't stand any chance at all. He just kept lifting me until he got me against the fence, then backed off and hit me another crack, and then another and another, till I thought he'd broken every rib in my body. Finally he jammed me clear through under the bottom rail, and I managed to crawl to the house.

"But I got even the next morning. I had the hired man take a green oak log, dress it up in won an's clothes, and set it swinging from a limb. That buck lost a horn the first time he hit it, and it wasn't long till the second went the same way. When I left him he was meeting it half way every time it swung back at him, and I wouldn't wonder if he is worn down pretty close to the tail by this time."

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT

And then go ahead. If your blood is impure, your appetite failing, your nerves weak, you may be sure that Hood's Sarsaparilla is what you need. Then take no substitute. Insist upon Hood's and only Hood's. This is the medicine which has the largest sales in the world. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

NEEDED ROOM.

They lived in a small town, and she and her husband were preparing to start for a two days' visit in the city.

"What's that big book you're trying to put in the valise?" he asked.

"Oh, that's just a memorandum book," she replied.

"Memorandum book?" he exclaimed. "Why, it's as big as a ledger."

"I know it," she admitted. "But, you see, I had to get a big one to hold the list of things that the neighbors want me to buy for them."—Chicago Post.

A STRANGE WILL.

The Philadelphia Press tells a story of George Teasdale, one of the very earliest settlers of Oakland, Cal. When Mr. Teasdale died years ago, he made a will by the terms of which the school children of Los Gatos are enabled every other year to enjoy a unique Memorial Day. At his death he bequeathed all the wealth he possessed, the sum of \$300, to the school children of Los Gatos, to be placed in a bank at San Jose and the in-

Best for Wash Day For quick and easy work For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes Surprise is best USE SURPRISE SOAP Best for Every Day For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

terest to be drawn annually for the purchase of candy, to be distributed equally among all the boys and girls of the school of the town.

For the first few years after Mr. Teasdale's death the exact terms of the bequest will be faithfully carried out, but of late years the membership of the school has become so large that the money was found to be inadequate for the purchase of sufficient candy for such a host of youngsters. The situation was perplexing until Mrs. Emma E. Cole, the head teacher of the school, proposed that the distribution only take place every alternate Decoration Day, and her proposition heartily met the approval of the trustees.

The only request of any kind made in connection with the gift was that his little friends would see that his grave was never neglected or destroyed. On every Memorial Day it was a beautiful sight to see the children decorating his grave with the choicest flowers that the beautiful gardens of Los Gatos produce.

FALSE ECONOMY.

In many forms of advertising one notices how good ideas are sometimes spoiled by parsimony. A booklet is got out in a cheap style, and is simply thrown away as soon as, or even before, it is looked at, whereas just a little more expense would have made it one hundred per cent. more attractive, and, consequently, more useful. Space is taken in a newspaper whose chief recommendation is the cheapness of price rather than its circulation or result producing power. Fifty dollars is spent with comparatively little effect, where a hundred would have come back with interest, and so on through all the details of advertising.

THE TARANTULA.

The famous tarantula, of which everybody lives in dread in the western states, has an enemy known as the "tarantula-killer." It is an insect with a bright blue body nearly two inches long, and wings described as a golden line. As it flies it makes a great buzzing sound. As soon as the tarantula hears this it trembles with fear. This creature is a giant wasp, and when it discovers a tarantula it attacks the insect and stings it in the body. Sudden paralysis creeps over the tarantula, and it staggers like a drunken man first to one side then the other. In a few seconds all signs of life have disappeared, and it rolls over on its back. The wasp thereupon seizes a hold of the prostrate spider, and drags it over to its hole in the ground. There the tarantula is buried, and an egg deposited in its body, which in due time becomes a wasp. In spite of the danger to the tarantula the sting of this wasp is not dangerous to human beings.

Relief for Lung Troubles The D.P. EMULSION In CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest. By the use of the "D. P. L." Emulsion I have got rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight. I liked the formula as it was used when the time came around to take it. T. H. WINGHAM, C. E., Montreal. 50c, and \$1 per Bottle. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

P. A. MILLOY.

MANUFACTURER OF GINGER ALE, GINGER POP, GINGER BEER, CREAM SODA, PLAIN SODA, CIDERINE.

Sole Agent for Plantagenet Waters 119, 121 ST. ANDRE ST. TELEPHONE 6978.

LEGALLEF BROS. General Engravers. ENGRAVED IRON-PIGNE White Enamel Letters. METAL AND RUBBER STAMPS SEALS, BRANDS, STENCILS. Sole Agents in Province Quebec for Clark's Pat. Stamp Checker. 674, Langlois Street. TEL. TELEPHONE 2458.

R. WILSON SMITH, Investment Broker, Government, Municipal and Railway Securities Bought and Sold. First Class Securities, suitable for Trust Funds, always on hand. 1724 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

GALLERY BROTHERS, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS. Bread delivered to all parts of the city. CORNER YOUNG AND WILLIAM STREET TELEPHONE 2895.

BACK IN THEIR OLD HOME.

A Whole Family Travel 1000 Miles in a Closed Grain Car.

An American exchange prints the following clever methods of a family which travelled more than one thousand miles:

"John Wilson, who has for several years made his home in central Kansas, has fully demonstrated that ladies, in fact entire families, may, if the affair be managed discreetly, use the hobo methods, and travel long distances on a very slim capital. He and his family have just come 1000 miles in a closed grain car all the way from Kansas. Wilson is a schemer, and not devoid of the necessary nerve to carry out his ideas. A few years ago, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, he emigrated to Kansas, and making the first payment on a farm, endeavored to wrest a living for his family from the bare, brown acres sold him by one of the "land companies." For the first year he prospered. Rain came as it was needed, and a big crop filled the hearts of the Wilsons with joy, but later years have seen the debt eating the little farm grow bigger and bigger, until at last, in the early part of the summer, with a magnificent crop of corn almost in sight, the proceeds of which would have materially lessened his debt, foreclosures came, and the husband and father found himself in the little town of Burrton without a home and with not half enough money to bring himself and his family back to their old abode in West Virginia.

Wilson did not sit down and weep dejectedly over his sad condition; instead of giving up in despair, he immediately "got a hustle on himself," and commenced to figure on transportation from Burrton, Kan., to Hinton, W. Va. He did not invite the representatives of the two great railroads that do business in Burrton to figure with him, but having a friend in one of the elevators at that point, he thought he saw his way clear to avoid any further filling of the coffers of the grasping railroad corporations, and at the same time get his wife and "the girls" back to their old home under the shadows of the Blue Ridge.

He waited until the right kind of a car was being loaded with corn at the elevator. In his scheme he had to have one with an end door that had no outside fastening, but one that had an inside bolt. Finally a dilapidated old brown car of the Missouri Pacific road went under the big grain spouts, and as it rapidly filled with "prime white No. 1" John looked it over, and decided it would answer his purpose. It had one of the little iron doors that slide open and shut in an iron frame. It could not be fastened from the outside, and it had a substantial bolt to hold it closed on the inside.

That afternoon, after the car had been loaded and dropped down below the elevator, out of sight of the depot, John moved his family and their few effects into the "side-door Pullman" and prepared for the long ride. He stowed away a lot of bread, canned goods and cooked meat in the car, and in the elevator he had a big jug, to be filled at the last moment with water. He instructed the girls in the manner of working the bolt on the end door, and then, with his friend the elevator man, waited for the agent to make his rounds to seal up the loaded cars.

Wilson and his friend accompanied the agent, when, at the close of his day's work, he sealed the "eastbound" loads, and they kindly assisted him in locking the doors, of course, carefully looking into each car to be able to assure the agent that no "bums" were imposing on the company by hiding away with a view of "beating" the train to some eastern point. In this way the car was sealed, and before midnight it was part of a Santa Fe train, and on its way to Kansas City, while the Wilsons, old and young, made up their shelled corn beds and rested in peace and security, as the big engine kicked the long Kansas miles behind them.

In Kansas City the car was delayed two days for "routing," and several times Wilson had to emerge from the corn, procure fresh water and lay in a new stock of supplies, but he avoided suspicion, and at last the car was forwarded. Last Monday evening it passed through St. Louis on its way to Cincinnati. Until within 100 miles of St. Louis, no one suspected that Missouri Pacific 1642 had any other load than the corn the waybill in the conductor's pocket called for; but the day was intensely hot, and the close atmosphere inside the car was almost unbearable. In an unlucky moment Wilson opened the little end door to let a little fresh air in, and there sat a brakeman astride the brake wheel on top looking down at him. It would do no good to close the door. He was discovered. His only chance was to square it with the railroad.

The man came down from his perch on top and looked over the "passengers" he had found. He had seen lots of hobs, but here was a party that almost took his breath away. As Wilson told his story the brakeman looked about. He saw a comely middle-aged woman and two bright-looking and neatly-dressed girls. He saw the quilts spread over the corn, making the resting-places for the family. He saw the baskets of food and

A GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY SAYS:

"My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

the big jug of water half buried in the white cereal. He listened to the story of the farmer, and, being a good-hearted fellow, he was not disposed to be mean about the matter. Then, too, he had been "on the hog train" himself, and he knew from experience how hard it was to get along on only a little money. He even did more than wink at the matter of stealing a ride, for, when the train arrived in the city, it was he who, at the solicitation of Mr. Wilson, laid in another lot of supplies, and filled the big water-jug for them, and with a kindly "God-speed," sent them on their way with light hearts. The brakeman, however, made a confidant of a Republican reporter, who was introduced to the Wilson family just before they left St. Louis. Wilson, after some hesitation, informed the reporter that so far the trip had cost him \$5.10, and, as he had nearly \$50 yet, when he got to Cincinnati, he would be able to pay his way there on to his destination.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN PAIN-KILLER THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age. Taken Internally, It Cures Diarrhea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, etc., etc. Used Externally, It Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frost-bite, etc.

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BOURKE COCKRAN.

The Boston Herald says: "The honest money Democrats of New York may well point with pride to the mighty muster that gathered at Madison Square Garden last night to hear Bourke Cockran's magnificent speech in defence of the national credit. Meeting for meeting, and orator for orator, the demonstration can very safely challenge comparison with the silverite rally at the same place six nights before, when Mr. Bryan made what was to be 'the greatest effort of his life,' and half-emptied the hall in doing so.

No long lines of wearied listeners filed out of Madison Square last night while Mr. Cockran was speaking. His eloquence was not drowned by the tramp of departing feet. He held the close attention of the meeting to the end, and the cheers which greeted every telling point showed that he had won his way not only to the ears, but to the heart, of his audience. Beyond question a ready road to the sympathy of his hearers was opened for Mr. Cockran by their consciousness of the absolute purity of his motives. In this conflict he goes to war at his own charges. He is no political preferment to expect. He comes forward at the call of patriotism to do his duty for the country to the best of his ability. We risk nothing in saying that throughout the oratorical tour which he has planned his arguments will carry great weight with the people, because they rest upon an intelligent study of the financial question and a sincere conviction that the interests of the nation are involved in the maintenance of honest money."

[Mr. Bourke Cockran's name indicates his origin, and all know the religion he professes. How many A. P. A.'s will render similar service to their country?]

It is now an established fact that the state of the hair has a good deal to do with the health. Weak, thin hair, betrays a weak constitution, while a strong, glossy complexion, on the contrary, shows sound health. It is well known that a few applications of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer works wonders towards the latter. Sold by all chemists.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM The Finest Passenger Train IN THE WORLD. The Seaside and White Mountains Special.

Eastern Seaside Leaves Bonaventure Station, Montreal, every Friday at midnight, for the White Mountains, Portland, Old Orchard Beach, etc. Western Seaside Leaves Montreal every Monday at 8:30 a.m. for the Seaside Islands and Kingston, returning at 6:25 a.m. on Tuesday and on this train can board at any hour of the evening, following morning at 10:45.

A limited amount of accommodation on this train may be secured on application to W. D. O'Brien, City Ticket Agent, 112 St. James Street. Passengers engaging accommodation on this train can board at any hour of the evening.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 112 St. James Street, and Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Leave Windsor Street Station for Boston, 9:00 a.m., \$8.20 p.m. Portland, 9:00 a.m., 14.20 p.m. New York, 8:25 a.m., \$4.25 p.m. Toronto, Detroit, \$2.20 a.m., \$8.00 p.m. St. Paul, Minneapolis, \$9.10 p.m. Winnipeg and Vancouver, \$8.50 p.m. Ste. Anne's, Montreal, etc., \$8.20 a.m., \$1.30 p.m. St. John's, 4:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m., \$8.00 p.m. St. John's—\$9.00 a.m., 4:05 p.m., \$8.20 p.m., \$8.00 p.m. New York—\$8 a.m., 1:05 p.m., \$8.20 p.m. Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., \$8.40 p.m. Shorbrooke—4:05 p.m. and 10:45 a.m. Beauharnois and Valleyfield, 8:30 a.m., 11 a.m., \$4.25 p.m., 7:10 p.m. Hudson, Rigaud and Point Fortune, 11:30 a.m., 4:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m.

Leave DuRoche Square Station for Quebec, 8:10 a.m., \$6.30 p.m., \$10.30 p.m. Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5:15 p.m. Ottawa, Lacube, \$8.30 a.m., 6:05 p.m. St. John, St. Eustache, 5:30 p.m. St. Jerome, 8:30 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 5:30 p.m. St. Agathe and Joliette, 5:30 p.m. Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8:30 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5:30 p.m., (b) 2 p.m., Saturday, 1:45 p.m., 12 a.m.

(Daily except Saturdays. *Run daily, Sunday included. Other trains week days only unless shown. A parlor and sleeping cars, Saturdays only. \$5 Sundays only. (a) Except Saturday and Sunday. CITY TICKET and TELEGRAPH OFFICE, 129 St. James St., next to Post Office.

MADE IN PARIS. "Without any disparagement to the sun," says the advertisement of a large grocery house in the Rue Montmartre, "our sperm-candle candles are the best light ever invented."

"Visitor—These are all dirty towels you have brought me. Chambermaid—Well, monsieur, eighteen other gentlemen have used them, and you are the first who has complained.

Doctor—How long will it take to tell me your symptoms. Lady—Oh, nearly twenty minutes. Doctor—Proceed, madam, I am just going.

PROOF CONCLUSIVE. "Do you believe that we can telegraph to the spirit land?" "Yes, indeed; I had a despatch from Bob Badger yesterday."

"How did you know it was from Bob?" "I had to pay the charges."—Detroit Free Press.

THE COLDEST HOUR. Taking it year in and year out the coldest hour of each twenty-four is five o'clock in the morning.

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves.

OUR PHILOSOPHER

VISITS A CONVENTION OF THE BRETHERN.

AN ELOQUENT VINDICATION OF CONDUCTORS AND MOTORMEN—THEIR TRIALS AND TROUBLES LAID BARE.

Three of us—Bel, Bessie and myself—went for a car drive to Back River, one day last week, and we enjoyed our trip so much that we decided to engage the services of an itinerant reporter and have our adventures duly chronicled for the benefit of posterity, more especially as it is so much the fashion nowadays to publish all sorts of happenings, great or small. The only thing that troubled us was the fear that after going to the expense of obtaining a professional's services in order that our report might be creditably prepared for the press, we would find no one to read it; but Bel encouraged us by recalling all the Pink Pill and Safe Cure advertisements we had been decoyed into reading by the interesting character of the heading that announced them; so we immediately formed a committee on ways and means and proceeded to lay the matter before our Knight of the Staff, and to impress him with the importance of putting a conspicuous and catching label on his work. But, like most men, when you offer a valuable suggestion to aid them, he threw up the job and told us we had better do it ourselves, for we seemed to know all about it, and decamped.

Well, for a few minutes our hopes seemed to dissolve into thin air, and a melancholy cast of care overspread our lengthening visages, as the thought developed in our minds "that our names would not be in the paper after all."

It had been a thorn in our hearts all summer, as we read the ever-lengthening lists of summer visitors at the different resorts, that our euphonious names were not among them, and our principal reason for undertaking this journey to Back River was that we might be able to tell our friends that we had been away this summer. Besides, Bel had made a brilliant suggestion, namely, that we call our trip "The Philosopher's Convention," and discuss whatever matters of importance should crop up on our journey, and thus add a degree of importance to an expedition which would otherwise be a very commonplace affair.

But, now all these rosy visions were vanishing with the retreating figure of our irate scribe, when, yielding to the despairing appeals of my companions, I modestly consented to perform the required scribbling, and endeavor to give as clear and concise an account of the Philosopher's Convention as an amateur could.

Well, to begin!—the day was an ideal one and we left our respective homes with joyous hearts and earnest promises that if we did not come back we would write. Of course we did not permit our joyousness to effervesce, as it would have ruined our reputations as deep thinkers. So we just kept it within decorous bounds and composed our countenances into a calm, "this-rock-shall-fly-as-soon-as-I" style of expression, and proceeded solemnly on our journey. Bessie thought we should have spectacles, but Bel reminded her that we were not poets, and therefore could dispense with the glasses, though she admitted they might make us look intellectual.

When we arrived at the ticket office there was the usual feminine scramble for the privilege of purchasing the necessary pasteboards. Bessie wanted to pay, Bel wanted to pay, and I wanted to pay, and everybody forgot their philosophical dignity in trying to put their money through the goals, while the genial ticket agent refereed the three-cornered match. Bel was the winner, and Bessie and I meekly escorted the heroine to the front seat of the car, and took our places on either side of her. Soon we were flying through the northern limits of the city, where the rows of houses gradually diminish in size and grandeur as they stretch out their long ragged arms to grasp the green smiling country, and draw it to the city's heart. Bel thought it was time to begin the business of the day and moved that we at least prepare a subject for future discussion. Bessie had one ready to hand. She thought we should begin by being practical, and proposed for our consideration:

"Street Car Conductors and Motormen; A Much-abused Class."

We seconded her motion, but were unanimous in our wish that she would express her opinions, while we would endeavor to form ours. Bessie agreed and spoke as follows:—

"A great many people seemed to think that a certain amount of abuse and fault-finding was the daily due of the street-car conductor and motorman, and of people who were ordinarily and just in their demeanor would, on the slightest provocation, proceed to hurl their share of complaint and abuse and swell the pile of opprobrious epithets that must ultimately crush his spirit and annihilate him. This fact, for it was a fact, was not within the scope of the S.P.C.A., as that active organization would have long ago taken steps to bring about a more kindly spirit between these men and the public that looks upon them as its natural enemies. It is, however, a subject that should occupy the minds of all thinking women, especially those who are struggling for reforms. Their sex was especially indebted to the street car conductors and motormen for never-failing courtesy. It is no uncommon thing to see a conductor jump off his car ten or twelve times during a trip to aid a feeble old lady in her ascent, or to assist a man with five or six sturdy cherubs, a parcel, a basket, and four or five parcels, to alight safely. And yet an eye witness to all this self-sacrifice and politeness will launch out a lengthy tirade of abuse and gesticulation if the same conductor would bring her half-a-block beyond her particular corner. Let us consider for a moment the ordeal that was inflicted on the conductor and motorman who found themselves, unexpectedly, proprietors of a travelling day-nursery. Now, reverse the picture, continued our orator, waxing eloquent, and imagine a conductor imposing a like responsibility on a passenger. Why the daily press would be ringing from ocean to ocean with the injustice, the carelessness, etc., of the official, and the law-courts would be busy with suits for damages against "the soulless corporation" that employed him. Bessie declared that in her estimation the street-car conductors and motormen were a long-suffering body, and deserved a little politeness and sympathy from the public in return for the services they bestowed indiscriminately on the civil and uncivil.

We did not applaud Bessie, but we smiled benignly on her maiden effort as she composed her perturbed feelings and fanned down her righteous indignation, but the motorman twanged his bell so vigorously that the cattle, fields away, whisked their tails and careered madly, as if sniffing danger. Bel looked as if she had something to say, so I let her have the floor, though it was really my turn. She was very timid about it, and we wondered, because Bel is an independent, clever sort of girl. However, she told us she knew what Bessie said was true, but some conductors were not a bit nice. Why, one had refused her a "transfer" one day when she was returning home from Maisonneuve with a jar of mineral water. It was not a very pleasant thing, she said, to have your honesty doubted before a car full of people who were on the alert for something to break the monotony of staring in each other's faces. "Oh! You were in a closed car?" broke in Bessie. "Well, the cork must have come out and the odorous water put him in bad humor. Forgive me, dear!" "You nasty little thing!" said Bel, "you do not know its medicinal qualities or you would not talk so silly."

"No, dear, I do not; but I know how it smells."

"Order, order," I cried, "what has Maisonneuve mineral water to do with our discussion on street car conductors and motormen? You are getting off the track."

"No, we are not," said Bel, who was still a little ruffled. "It is a favorite beverage with all the conductors and motormen on that line, and shows the necessity there is for the disposal of drinking fountains at convenient points for the use of the street car men, who often during long runs in the hot summer days had to refresh themselves with a tin dipper or painful of water obtained through the mercy of some street urchin, or with a glass of spruce beer from some wayside barrel."

Bessie agreed that their drinking of the mineral water was proof positive of excessive thirst, and in a civilized community such suffering should not be heard of.

I was now called upon for my address, but it seemed to me all had been said that there was to say on the subject, and I felt very much like the gentleman in England, who, after being invited to speak at a temperance meeting, was relegated to a back seat and ignored because more prominent orators had meanwhile been secured. When the clock pointed to 11 p.m. and a weary audience was yawning for its various beds, the chairman, stepping forward, said: "Mr. John Smith will now give us his address!" Mr. John Smith appeared and curtly said: "My address is 19 Hewson Square, Appleton, London, England," and retired.

I felt very much like John Smith, but then I reflected that I was on an electric car flying through the outskirts of a city and John Smith was on a London platform and could walk off with all the hauteur necessary for a good effect, whereas my exit would be minus dignity and plus broken bones; so, after wise deliberation, I concluded that I would veil my disappointment and proceed with my little tale, which is as follows:—

"Ladies"—(I should have added and gentleman, for the motorman was listening)—"Ladies, your exhaustive studies of our first subject has left me but a barren waste to traverse, a stubble field to explore. However, I will not inflict upon you my theories, but will confine myself to the relation of an incident which came under my observation and which illustrates the extreme watchfulness and expertness that is expected from a motorman, and, I might add, the confidence that is placed in his powers of perception, from the daily proofs he gives of his alertness in avoiding danger. "So much for preamble; now for my story! One evening during the past week five or six young ladies and one young gentleman—

(Cries of oh! it was at the seaside?) "As I was saying, one evening last week five or six young ladies and one young gentleman, forming two distinct parties, were waiting in Mount Royal Vale, about 10 p.m., for a Park and Island car—"

Bel—"Well, I would have belonged to the gentleman's party, no matter what his politics were."

"Well, indeed I think you might at least show sufficient politeness to listen, even if the first chapter is not very interesting," I answer.

Bel, the irrepressible, breaks in again with, "Why, you foolish dear, its just because it is interesting that we are anxious to discuss it as you proceed. But go on, we will be as silent as angels with their harp unstrung."

"Well, I continued, "we were waiting for a car in Mount Royal Vale at 10 p.m." "Excuse me, but I would like to know why you were so far from home at that late hour?" chimed Bessie. "Would you? Well, we had been at the bazaar. May I proceed?" "Oh, yes! It is getting quite interesting." This from both. "I proceed:— "While standing there in the moonlight our attention was attracted to a large, dark object lying very close to the track. One decided that it was a rock, another "a log of course," but the gentleman made a closer investigation which resulted in the disclosure of the fact that it was a man with his head pillowed on the rail, in the deep, heavy stupor of intoxication. The car was flashing around the curve and a minute or two

more might have witnessed a tragedy but for the timely and providential arrival of the gentleman and his party. The morning bulletins would have announced another death by the electric car, and worthy citizens reading their evening paper would have found material for pronouncing on the stupidity and wanton recklessness of motormen and the danger to life and limb from the presence of electric cars."

This story ended the first subject taken up by the Philosopher's Convention, but many others were handled in as able a manner, and perhaps at some future date—but I will make no rash promises.

K. DOLORES.



A Minister's Experience. 6
CINCINNATI, Ohio, Jan. 1894.
It is about six years since I felt that something was out of order, although I didn't know it except that I looked pale and thin; a sort of numbness affected me so that I couldn't speak properly, my eyesight was also impaired by sparks apparently moving in the eyes so that I couldn't read, but after I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic all these symptoms disappeared. I feel fresh and well again. May God bless Rev. E. HAUN, Pastor, Koenig.

Thanks to the Almighty.
Toronto, Iowa, Feb. 1894.
My wife had headache sixteen years, and I falling sickness seven years and could not sleep. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic helped at once; my wife has had no more headache since; and I am cured entirely. Thanks to the Almighty God for the Tonic.
JOHN WILCE.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any 22 cts. Poor patients also get the medicine free.
The remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. since 1856, and is now under his direction by the
KOEINIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
49 S. Franklin Street.
Sold by Druggists at 25c per Bottle, 6 for \$2. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.
For sale in Montreal by LAPOSTOLLE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame Street, and by E. B. McGALE, 212 Notre Dame Street.

CANADA'S Great St. Lawrence Valley EXHIBITION

Three Rivers, P.Q. SEPTEMBER 14 to 19, 1896 Agricultural and Industrial. \$10,000 IN PRIZES! Open to the Industry of the Country.

Four days RACES: 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th of September: \$1,000.00 in Prizes. Complete Programme of Attractions: Balcon Ascensions with Parachute every day. Trampac, Acrobats, etc., etc. Twenty thousand dollars have been expended in new buildings. New Grand Stand, with a capacity of 5,000 people. The Dominion Government will send complete Exhibits from the Ottawa Experimental Farm.
For Prize Lists, and other information, apply to P. E. PANNETON, J. A. FRIGON, President, Secretary-Treasurer.

A SESSION OF THE COURT OF QUEEN'S BENCH (Crown Side), holding criminal jurisdiction in and for the DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, will be held in the COURT HOUSE, in the CITY OF MONTREAL, on TUESDAY, the FIRST DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT, at TEN o'clock in the forenoon.

In consequence, I give PUBLIC NOTICE to all who intend to proceed against any prisoners now in the Common Gaol of the said District, and all others, that they must be present then and there; and I also give notice to all Justices of the Peace, Coroners and Peace Officers, in and for the said District, that they must be present, then and there, with their Records, Rolls, Indictments, and other Documents, in order to do those things which belong to them in their respective capacities.

J. ARTHUR FRANCHERE, Deputy Sheriff. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Montreal, 22nd August, 1896.

Telephone 6057 S. L. J. & CO. BILLIARD, POOL AND BOWLING ALLEY. COLUMBIA ELECTRIC CUSHIONS. Are the Cheapest and the Best. Manufacturers, also Importers, of Billiard Material; Second-hand Tables, good as new. Prices from \$100 to \$200 each. ST. DENIS ST. 6th MONTREAL.

Thompson's Pure Bedding. 415 ST. JAMES STREET. Institutions Supplied, at Special Rates, with Combination Iron Beds, Mattresses and Pillows. SEND FOR PRICES. THE THOMPSON MATTRESS CO. DANIEL FURLONG, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON & PORK. Special rates for charitable institutions. 64 PRINCE ARTHUR STREET TELEPHONE 6474.

The National Dress Cutting Academy, 88 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL. COURSES OF CUTTING AND SEWING, Under the direction of MRS. E. L. ETHIER, Lately a Pupil of the Superior and Professional Schools of ABEL GOUBAUD, of the City of Paris—the Leading House of the whole World for Fashions and Dress Cutting. OUR COURSES COMPRISE Pattern Drawing, Cutting, Joining, Rectifying, Moulding, Transforming, Trimming Skirts and Cloaks. These courses, as may be surmised, are not only for Seamstresses, but for ladies and young girls, to whom we most specially recommend them. In order to proceed safely and give the kind of teaching suitable to each one, our courses are divided into two series, as follows: 1st Course for ladies and girls. 2nd For Seamstresses. Let us add that when the course is finished, we do all in our power to place our pupils in a special establishment where they can command a good salary. The names are registered at Mrs. E. L. Ethier's model-pattern parlors. Concessions are made for persons of the same family; the conditions are discussed and settled when the name is registered and according to cases.

A Great Opportunity for Cash Purchasers TO SAVE MONEY JUST NOW In our Carpet Department.

Handsome TAPESTRY CARPETS, 38c, 45c, 56c, 62c. All new designs. Two special lines of BRUSSELS CARPETS, in the latest colorings, at 75c and 85c—worth 95c and \$1.10. Extra special line of AXMINSTER CARPETS, regular \$1.50 goods, for \$1.20. Positively the best value in Canada, the quality of ENGLISH OILCLOTH we are now selling at 25c, worth 35c. We are now offering a Fine Nottingham Lace Curtain, White or Ecru, 3 1/2 yds. long, new patterns, worth \$2.50, for \$1.75. The biggest and choicest lot of 36 inch Art Muslins in the city, regular 30c, now 19c yard.

For the Best Value in Carpets, Curtains or Oilcloths, visit HAMILTON'S St. Catherine and Peel Streets, Montreal.

FOR A C.M.B.A. Piano OR A C.M.B.A. Sewing Machine GO TO A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, 708 ST. LAWRENCE STREET. Where you can buy at C.M.B.A. Prices and Conditions.

SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL INSURANCE CO. OF EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. Assets Exceed Investments in Canada: Forty Million Dollars. \$1,783,487.83. MONTREAL OFFICE, 117 St. Francois Xavier St. WALTER KAVANAGH, Chief Agent. Losses Settled and Paid Without Reference to Home Office.

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The Live Stock Markets.

LIVERPOOL, August 24.—There was a weaker feeling in the cattle market and prices declined 10, which was due to heavier supplies and a slower trade. Choice Steers sold at 11 1/2c and Canadian at 10 1/2c. Sheep were also weak and values are quoted 1c lower on the market at 10c to 11c.

A private cable from London reported trade worse and quoted choice Canadian cattle at 10 1/2c. A private cable from Liverpool stated that the market was weaker and quoted choice Canadian steers at 10c to 10 1/2c.

Messrs. John Olde & Son, live stock salemen of London, Eng., write Wm. Cunningham, live stock agent, of the Board of Trade, as follows:—Although the supplies at Deptford to-day were much shorter, yet the prices ruled lower, as there was very little demand; good States cattle made from 5 1/2d to 5d, and South American 4 1/2d to 5d. There were 1,250 head of cattle for sale, of which 1,000 came from the States and 250 from South America. The small number of sheep on offer at Deptford, viz., 790 from South America, attracted but few buyers, and no sales were effected.

MONTREAL, August 24.—Since our last report of the export live stock trade the markets abroad have taken a turn for the worse, and all cables to hand to-day were of a weak and discouraging character to shippers, they noting a decline in prices for Canadian cattle of 1/4c per lb. since this day week, which means that recent shipments gone forward will hardly let out on account of the higher prices paid here and in the country for the stock. Some of the recent purchases in the Toronto market cost shippers 1/4c laid down here, while the top price paid on spot for the same class of cattle has been 4c. The exports last week show a decrease of 1,118 head of cattle and 1,786 of sheep, as compared with the previous week. In ocean freights there has been no change. The demand for space is good, and rates rule steady at 45c to Liverpool and Glasgow, and 40c to London.

At the East End Abattoir market the offerings of live stock were 600 cattle, 250 sheep, 250 lambs, 250 calves, and 10 fat hogs. Notwithstanding the heavier receipts of cattle and the recent decline in prices of 1/4c per lb. in the Toronto market, the tone of the market here, if anything, was firmer, and higher prices were realized, but no general advance took place. The attendance of local buyers was large and as the weather was cool a good demand was experienced and the indications were at an early hour that a clearance would be made. There was considerable improvement in the quality of the stock offered and this helped the market to some extent. In the export line trade was rather quiet, and only a few small lots were picked up at 31c, but for really prime heaves 4c would be paid. In a local way as high as 31c was paid for a few choice steers, but the bulk of the sales of good cattle were made at 31c to 31 1/2c, while inferior sold at 24c to 26c and common to inferior at 1 1/2c to 2 1/2c per lb. live weight. There were only 250 sheep offered, and as the demand was good for export account, more than half of them were picked up at 80c to 81c per lb., the bulk at the inside figure, while butchers paid from \$2 25 to \$3 each. There was also a good demand for lambs, and good to choice sold at \$3 to \$4 each, and common to inferior at \$1.50 to \$2.50 each. Calves met with a fair sale at prices ranging from \$2 to \$2 1/2 each, as to size and quality. Heavy hogs sold at \$3.50 to \$3.60 per 100 lbs., live weight.

The receipts of cattle at the Point St. Charles market were ten loads. The demand from local dealers was very limited; in fact, none of them seemed to want any and no sales were made, consequently holders shipped them to the above market. There were 250 hogs offered, for which the demand was slow, but prices ruled steady. A few small lots of choice light weights sold at \$3.90 to \$4, while heavy grades were offered at \$3.60 to \$3.65 per 100 lbs., live weight.

PATENTS ON PLOWS.

The following statistics are prepared specially for this paper by Messrs. Marion and Laberge, Civil Engineers and Experts in all matters pertaining to patents, No. 188 St. James, Montreal.

In the class of plows 10, 312 patents have been granted by the U.S. Patent Office. A notable evolution in tilling the soil, over the primitive mode of employing a shovel blade, is the use of disks that penetrate the earth and resolve in contact therewith. In the breaking of prairie land cutting disks are adapted to break up at one operation a wide strip of ground.

One hundred and ninety-one patents have been issued for steam plows. Another important type, which has received considerable attention since 1870, employs a gang of plows arranged to plow back and forth, without turning like the well known hillside plow. U.S. Patent No. 801,806, July 1, 1884, and Ray No. 598,949, April 2, 1895, show such machine designed for horse-power, while Sack's No. 386,162, July 17, 1888, is a heavier machine for use with steam power.

Electricity is beginning to be employed in the art of tillage, as is shown in patent to Roberts, No. 509,551. No. 509,551, November 28, 1893. This is analogous to steam plows in its heavy mudshank construction, designed for plowing level tracks of level ground.

HIGH RATE OF INTEREST.

Right Rev. Thomas McGovern, D.D. bishop of the diocese of Harrisburg, reported to have said in a recent interview that the western farmers are now paying 10 to 15 per cent. for money. Many of these people have bought land for \$5000 on which they have paid \$8000. They are paying 10 to 15 per cent. on the mortgage of \$2000, which is not only the actual value of the property, but the result is that in a short time the farmer will lose their property and be driven from their homes, like the tenant farmers of Ireland, and lose all the money they have paid on them.

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