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# The Catholic Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

AND

THE CATHOLIC THROUGH THE WORLD

VOL. XLIV., NO. 14

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1894

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

EX PERE HYACINTHE, otherwise known as Mr. Hyacinthe-Loyson, proclaims his belief in the confessional, but states that he does not make use of it himself. It is a self-evident fact that he does not frequent the confessional; if he had made more use of that source of grace he would not be where he is to-day.

HENRI LASERRE, writing to Zola, states that the novelist was much touched during a visit with him to Lourdes, and promised to write nothing that would grieve his friends of Lourdes. Zola naturally forgot his promise, and M. Laserre was very confiding, credulous or simple (no matter which), to believe for a moment that Zola was man enough to keep such a promise.

THE famous Dr. Oertel, assistant at the Hygiene Institute of Hamburg, experimented recently with the infected water of the Vistula. He was very successful in breeding bacilli in this medium, but unfortunately he contracted cholera, and died in consequence. It is a good lesson to others. It is always dangerous to conjure into existence aught that menaces the lives of others. Many a one has raised a ghost that he was never able to exorcise.

ACCORDING to the Cork Examiner, Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, has stated that he is in accord with Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, President of the Irish National Federation of America, in condemning the dissensions in the Irish party. Last week we referred to the cry of the London Times regarding the Archbishop's silence. We said that when he deemed it necessary the learned prelate would speak, and not till then. We scarcely think that his attitude suits the Thunderer. It would serve the purposes of the Times much better were it to let the Irish prelates alone and to mind its own business.

SOME people are never satisfied; the more you do for them the more they seem to demand. As a rule they forget all that has been done, and imagine that because exceptional pains have been taken to please and benefit them, it follows that the same should be eternally kept up—irrespective of every other consideration—and regardless of the interests of thousands of others, with equally strong claims. We have had recently a couple of samples of persons for whom we went out of our way to praise and assist, and who seem to imagine that we thereby gave them a special hypothec upon our columns and that we are under some special obligation to laud their work, whether it deserves or does not deserve the praise they seek. On this question we desire to be distinctly understood. When we undertake to praise or criticise any of our contributors or our literary aspirants, it is for their benefit and for the greater good of the cause that they are enabled to assist. But we will

never become fulsome in our approvals nor unjust in our censures, no matter who is in question. Because a person writes a good poem, or one able article, or does some literary work of merit, it does not necessarily follow that he or she is a genius and is able to write with the same power, exactness, or success upon every other subject. We make these remarks not so much as a chiding to the persons referred to as a piece of advice to all future literary aspirants. Keep cool, we say, and never let newspaper approval destroy your equilibrium; don't run off with the idea that the world depends upon your production; rather study and work that everything you produce may merit the praise your first attempt received.

THE Supreme Convention of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association recently held a session in Philadelphia. During the meeting the Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, read the following cablegram from Pope Leo. XIII.:

ROME, October 2 1894.

To Monsignor the Archbishop of Philadelphia:

The Holy Father having learned that the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association will assemble in your city on the 9th of October, charges your Grace to impart the Apostolic Benediction to the president and members of the entire association, auguring copious fruits from their convention. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

This announcement was the signal for three rousing cheers for the Pope. We are happy to be able to refer to this incident as it at once shows the interest the Holy Father takes in all Catholic movements and the great faith he has in the beneficial results expected from the C. M. B. A. It is encouraging to know that such eminently Catholic bodies receive such high recognition.

THE Liverpool Catholic Times, referring to the Catholic and Protestant converts in the East, has the following very pertinent editorial note:

"So far from its being true that it is easier to make Catholic than Protestant converts, humanly speaking the chances are all in favor of the Protestant missionary. In many cases all he asks of the pagan is to abandon certain practices, take up instead a very limited creed and come to church on Sunday. The Catholic missionary exacts full instruction in the beliefs and practices of the Catholic Church and for this purpose converts are not admitted to baptism but remain in the condition of 'catechumens' for six months or a year after they express the wish to be Christians. During this time they are not only instructed but are made to practise the duties of their new religion, so far as they can be observed by one who is not yet baptized. It is only after having successfully passed this long test of his sincerity, that the pagan is baptized and his name is added to the register as a convert of the mission. The mission reports give every year the number of their converts, but the catechumens appear in a separate return. From all this it will be judged how wide of the mark are the comments of the Westminster, based as they are on the insinuations of a jealous rival of the

Catholic missionaries, and set off with a heading the 'smartness' of which is more apparent than its good taste.

IT WOULD seem that the hand of sickness has fallen heavily on the royal house of Romanoff. The Czar lies at death's door and other members of the immediate household are in danger of severe illness. There is an old saying that "it never rains but it pours." These severe lessons, if properly taken, should teach the powerful that there is yet a Power above them that they cannot ignore. No matter how potent man may be, he is ever the weak and dependent creature of an Almighty Creator. We may exult in our strength and in the wealth or position that we occupy; but the moment the Angel of Death appears on the scene, we are all reduced to a common level—Czar and peasant alike.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is dead. The writer of so much history, and so many pages that he sought to pass for history, is no more. As a man—and an able man—we regret his demise; we regret still more the fact that he did not use his splendid opportunities and talents in a better cause. When Barney Wright, of Clonmel, was flogged by the famous, or notorious, "flogging Fitzgerald," the sting remained for many years in his memory. One day he heard of Fitzgerald's death, and he grew pale with excitement. The gentleman who had informed him, said: "Wright, you must forget the past; remember the saying, *nil de mortuis nisi bonum.*" Wright paused a moment and replied:—

"Nil de mortuis nisi bonum,  
The words are good but I don't own them."

It is even so to-day with every Irish-Catholic and every fair-minded lover of history; while unwilling to say aught injurious of the dead, still we cannot but regret that Froude left behind him several literary monuments that are not calculated to immortalize his name nor transmit his fame to posterity.

A GLOWING tribute is always admirable; but when we find such a man as Talmage pouring forth his unstinted praise upon a man like Father Damien, we see truly that the work of the great apostle of the lepers has had its influence even beyond the limits of the island upon which he labored and died. It is thus Talmage speaks of that work:

"That moral hero completely transformed the isle of lepers. It was before his work began a pen of abomination. No law. No decency. All the tigers of passion were let loose. Drunkenness and blasphemy and libertinism and cruelty dominated. The moral disease eclipsed the physical. But Damien dawned upon the darkness. He helped them build cottages. He medicated their physical distress. The plague which he could not arrest he alleviated. He settled the controversies of the people. He prepared the dead for burial and digged for them Christian graves and pronounced a benediction. He launched a Christian civilization upon the wretchedness. He gave them the gospel of good cheer. He told the poor victims concerning the land of

eternal health, where the inhabitant never says 'I am sick,' and the swollen faces took on the look of hope and the glassy eyes saw coming relief and the footless and limbless and the fingerless looked forward to a place where they might walk with the King in white and everlasting crowns upon their heads. Good and Christlike Joseph Damien! Let all religions honor his memory. Let poetry and canvas and sculpture tell the story of the man who lived and died for others and from century to century kept them in bright remembrance long after the last leper of all the earth shall have felt through all his recovering and revitalized nature the voice of the Son of God saying 'I will. Be thou clean.'"

It is rumored that the Archbishop of New York has requested the Reverend Superior of the Sulpicians, in this city, to establish a seminary in that State. Abbe Collin, it is said, placed Archbishop Corrigan's offer before the General Chapter, and again before the General Council of the Order in Paris, this summer, and that the movement received the hearty approbation of the heads of the Order. It is said that the new seminary, now being built outside of New York, at a cost of about one million dollars, will be the scene of the Sulpicians' labor. Whether these rumors are true we are not prepared to assert; but we can say that if this noble Order is extended to the Empire State the result must be of great benefit both to the public at large and the aspirants to the priesthood in particular. The majority of the priests scattered over the Eastern States to-day were trained at the Grand Seminary here, and considering the increase in population and the number of new candidates for sacerdotal orders, the establishment of a native seminary in the vicinity of New York would be of incalculable benefit to ecclesiastical America.

THE sad accident that occurred last Friday at the Canadian Rubber works, when young Master Bowen, aged ten years, of Shaw street, was accidentally drowned, should be a severe warning and a good lesson, not only to children, but especially to parents. The two little brothers were playing near the river, when the elder of the two reached out to grasp some floating wood, fell in and was carried off by the current. Great sympathy is felt for the sorrowing mother, who is a widow. Parents cannot be too careful regarding their children. It is only when such sad events occur that they begin to realize how necessary it is to keep a vigilant watch over these young boys. Often children are sent to school and no precautions are taken to find out whether they go there or not. In a city like this, where lives are constantly exposed, and where older and grown up people are constantly meeting with accidents or death, either on the street or in the river, it behooves the parents to keep as constant a guard as possible over the movements of the little ones confided by Providence to their charge. We trust that this sad event will be a warning that will not go unheeded.

FATHER MALONE'S JUBILEE.

HONORED BY MEN OF ALL CREEDS AND NATIONALITIES.

Archbishop Ireland, Several Bishops and Hundreds of Priests Joined in the Celebration.

We take the following interesting item from the columns of the Irish World:

The venerable Father Sylvester Malone, pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Wythe avenue, Brooklyn, regent of the University of the State of New York, and the oldest priest in the diocese, began the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood on Sunday, the 14th Oct.

The church interior, newly and beautifully arranged, was decorated with an abundance of national flags. The pillars and walls were almost literally covered with the Stars and Stripes in silk and in bunting. The celebration began with a Solemn High Mass. Among the prelates in the sanctuary were Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul; the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, the Right Rev. John Keane, of Washington; the Right Rev. Fitzgerald, of Little Rock, Ark.; the Right Rev. James McGorrick, of Duluth, Minn.; the Right Rev. James B. Cotter, of Winona, and the Right Rev. Hennessy, of Wichita, Kan. The Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Malone, assisted by the Rev. H. A. Gallagher as deacon, the Rev. Hugh Ward as sub-deacon, both former assistant pastors of the church—and the Rev. Maurice C. Hartnett as master of ceremonies.

When the mass was finished, Father Malone stepped forward and said: "It is a blessed thing to live in a country where, no matter what the profession or calling of a man, he could, by pursuing his line of duty to himself and his neighbor and acting the part of a good citizen, secure for himself the well wishes of all."

He thanked the Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn and the other bishops and archbishops and clergy from other cities for their presence at the church, and also those whose duties made it impossible for them to be present. The greatest pleasure of all to him, the venerable priest said, was the paternal blessing sent to him by the Holy Father at Rome. It was a very great thing to him, he said—a very blessed thing that he would remember as long as he lived.

Bishop John J. Keane of Washington delivered the sermon. In the afternoon a magnificent banquet was given in the parish school house, and in reply to the toast, "Fifty years of Catholicity of America," His Grace Archbishop Ireland delivered a magnificent address. Amongst other points touched upon, he said:

"It is a pleasure to be with you and pay my respects to my old friend, Father Malone. It is a pleasure to meet all my old friends. I came from the far West, and that represents the far-reaching power of his influence. Minnesota, Kansas and Arkansas are here to testify that the wisdom of this venerable priest has gone out to the West. It is many years since I heard of Father Malone, when a young man told me of his good works and how he said if you want to serve God, serve the country at the same time. I sought out Father Malone and we have worked together in harmony and in the same line ever since. If you wish to know Catholicity in America, look at Father Malone's fifty years of work. The growth of the Church in Brooklyn indicates the great growth it has had throughout the entire country, and while it has grown it has been along the lines set forth by Father Malone's career of American patriotism. I was thrilled today when I saw the pillars of Father Malone's church wrapped up in the national flag. Of late years the Catholic priests have given more words to their patriotism, and this is wise because it instills it in the souls of our children."

The TRUE WITNESS desires to unite its voice with that of the Catholic, and even non-Catholic, press of America in paying a tribute to the great and good priest who for fifty years has labored in the field of Catholic truth, and has done such wonderful things for God and country, that prelate, priest and layman, from all ends of the land, come to bear testimony to Father Malone's exceptional apostolic success. May he be spared to

celebrate many a future anniversary of his ordination, and to carry on in a city of over three hundred and fifty thousand souls the work he began half a century ago, when Brooklyn had only a population of ten thousand. Heartily we say *ad multos annos*.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The usual monthly meeting of the Catholic Truth Society took place in the Hall of the Gesu on Friday night. There was a fair attendance. Mr. Feeley presided. After the minutes had been read Mr. Wurtele read a selection from a very thoughtful religious book. This was followed by a reading, "Was St. Peter Bishop of Rome," also by Mr. Wurtele. The selections, which were excellently read, were much appreciated. After the readings Father Jones spoke for a short time explanatory of them.

A vote of condolence with Mr. Sharkey, on the death of his sister, was proposed and carried.

ST. GABRIEL'S CHURCH.

THE GIFT OF A SPLENDID WINDOW.

We leave with pleasure that Division No. 2 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held a meeting recently and its members have completed arrangements, with the Rev. Father O'Meara, P. P., of St. Gabriel's, to put in a beautiful window in the transept of the magnificent new Church. This window will be a lasting memorial and a credit for the present members of the order in that parish. The design is exceptionally fine and all future Hibernians will be able to point with pride to the evidence of their Order's zeal and devotedness. We must congratulate the members of Division No. 2 upon their noble determination, and we trust that when the light pours in upon the worshippers through that splendid window it will be but the image of the blessings that the Almighty will shower upon all who go the temple to do Him honor.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The concert at the Catholic Seamen's Club on Thursday night was well attended. Mr. Feeley occupied the chair. A larger number of citizens were present than usual and the programme provided was very satisfactory.

Among the items were some very clever clog dancing by Mr. Rankin, songs and recitations by a little lady of ten years or so; Mr. M. Carthy's singing was much appreciated.

At the close of the concert the chairman spoke of the coming grand annual concert in the Gesu, and recommended as many as could do so to be present, as it was for the good object of providing funds for the maintenance of the Sailors' Club, which was a place for the innocent recreation of sailors while in port.

Mr. F. O. Lawlor was then called on and spoke very pleasantly for a few minutes, giving words of encouragement to the sailors.

The following ladies and gentlemen took part and helped to pass a pleasant evening: Messrs. Green, Taylor, Breeden, Page, A. E. Reid, F. Reid, McCarthy, Rankin, Greenwood, F. C. Lawlor, Misses N. Coughlin, Mortimer and A. Wheeler.

BOURGET COLLEGE.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOR OF ARCHBISHOP DUHAMEL.

On Sunday next, the 28th instant, a grand dramatic and musical entertainment will be given by the pupils of Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q., in honor of His Grace Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, to celebrate the 20th anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The programme is an elaborate and complete one; it consists of a French and an English part. The College band will open the entertainment with one of its selections. Mr. Francois Grenier will then present an address to the Archbishop. An interesting and historic drama, in one act, entitled "Un Proverbe de France," produced for a first time by the students of St. Mary's College, Montreal, before the late Comte de Paris, will be enacted. The English portion of the programme will consist of music, an address by Mr. George Fairfield to His Grace, and a comedy in two acts, entitled "Barney the Baron." On the occasion the diplomas will be given to the new academicians. A special chorus has been prepared for the occa-

sion. After the concert and dramatic representations His Grace will address the pupils in French and English. If there exists to-day any member of our Catholic hierarchy who deserves credit for all he has done for the education of youth and the establishment of the faith in our new country, that one is Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, and it is most gratifying to learn that the directors and pupils of Rigaud College have been so thoughtful as to commemorate the 20th anniversary of his episcopal consecration. Heartily do we repeat the words *ad multos annos*.

NEW FORESTERS' COUNCIL.

After the regular meeting on Oct. 5th of St. Anthony Court No. 126, C. O. F., the members of the Court formed a side rank Degree Council No. 113 was regularly installed. The following are the officers for the ensuing term:

- Grand High Ruler, W. F. Cochrane.
- Grand Vice-High Ruler, D. Lynch.
- Grand Past High Ruler, W. Flanagan.
- Grand High Prophet, F. A. Bussiere.
- Grand High Secretary, J. P. Doran.
- Grand High Treasurer, M. J. Walsh.
- Grand High Guide, H. O. McCallum.
- Grand High Inside Sentinel, J. Pier-son.

SINGING CLASS IN ST. ANTHONY'S.

The singing class for young men and boys that was inaugurated in St. Anthony's parish two weeks ago by the Rev. Father Donnelly, is a distinct success. The classes are on Tuesday and Friday evenings. There are 40 members in the class, all with good voices, and the reverend teacher is sure that good results will follow the opening of the class, singing being an accomplishment as valuable socially as it is in the church. By about Christmas time Father Donnelly expects that a great number of his pupils will be sufficiently advanced to sing together at vespers.

OBITUARY.

MR MICHAEL FRANCIS MAULEY.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of a most promising young man in the person of Mr Michael Francis McAuley, second son of Mr. Francis McAuley, one of our most popular and highly respected citizens. The funeral, which was very largely attended, left his father's residence on Friday morning at 7.45, to the Church of the Nativity, Hochelaga. Thence, after a requiem Mass was chanted, the cortege proceeded to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, where all that was mortal of this good and exemplary Catholic young man were laid to rest. The deceased was a nephew of the Very Rev. M. McAuley, Vicar-General, who celebrated the Mass on that occasion. While tendering the bereaved parents and relatives of the deceased our deep-felt sorrow at the early death of young Mr. McAuley, we cannot but feel a sense of not unalloyed happiness in the fact that his virtuous life and noble Catholic principles have certainly been guarantees of an eternal reward promised to all dutiful children of the Church. We join in that holy and consoling prayer, "May his soul rest in peace."

THE LATE MR. THOMAS HEWITT.

The late Thomas Hewitt, who departed this life on the 2nd inst., at the ripe old age of ninety-four, was a native of Birr, Kin's County, Ireland, was brought up in the City of Limerick, where he received a classical and musical education; he came to Montreal in 1881, where his services were soon recognized by the government and clergy, at the request of the Rev. Father Phelan, afterwards Bishop of Kingston, who was then Irish parish priest. He organized, taught and led the choir of the old Recollet Church, which stood at the corner of Notre Dame and St. Helen streets, where the Berlin House now stands, he afterwards for many years assisted the St. Patrick's choir; he was a government employee for over forty years, receiving his last appointment as paymaster of the Department of Public Works, in April, 1843, which position he honorably held until his superannuation, in April, 1872, since which time he has been a confirmed invalid, bearing his seclusion and sufferings with great patience and fortitude.

He was a warm friend of the late Rev. Father Dowd, who held a high opinion of his judgment and practical management in church affairs; his name as

secretary appears on the books of the first temperance society founded in Montreal, which position he held until his duties as paymaster obliged him to absent himself from the city, but he still kept up his connection with the society, giving his strongest assistance and advice to the members, most of whom have been called home before him. He peacefully breathed his last on Tuesday, 2nd inst., fortified by all the sacraments of the Church of which he was a devout member for so many years, and surrounded by his children, four sons and two daughters. Sympathizing with the family of the deceased gentleman, we pray, with the Church, that he may find eternal rest.

MISS TERESA KENTLE.

We have the painful duty this week of announcing the early demise of a universally admired and deeply lamented young lady, in the person of Miss Teresa Kentle, of Plattsburgh, N. Y. The sad event took place last Saturday morning at the residence of her parents. Miss Kentle was an accomplished and charming young person, and added to the attractions of a polished education the splendid attribute of a thoroughly and devoted Catholic life. She was a teacher of music and also an artist of no ordinary merit. Her talents won for her the admiration of all who knew her, while her constant and practical works of charity and for the Church have left an impress that will not be readily effaced. She had been ill for some time, and despite all her sufferings she displayed unto the end, and through the trying ordeal, a Christian resignation that fully harmonized with the active Catholic spirit of her life.

To her father, mother, brother, and two remaining sisters the TRUE WITNESS begs to extend its sincere sympathy and to pray that while heaven sends them the necessary consolation in the hour of sorrow, the reward of the departed one will be in accordance to her good works and virtuous life—that her soul may rest in peace.

GENEROUS VETERAN FIREMEN.

In accordance with a pretty custom, the Montreal Veteran Volunteer Firemen's Association presented to the children of the Protestant and St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum a large box of candies. The committee received from the delighted children of St. Patrick's Asylum the following letter of acknowledgment:—

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM,  
MONTREAL, October 15, 1894.

To Mr. James Knox, Secretary M.V.V. F.A.:

The children of St. Patrick's received the nice boxes of candies that the old veterans were so kind as to send them, and they thank you very much for them. All the prayers of the children yesterday were for you, that God may guard and bless you and your families.

We remain, with many thanks,  
THE CHILDREN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

NOTES.

The Catholic Order of Forresters in this city have organized a rank degree and council. It is the first ever instituted in the province.

The members of Emerald Court, No. 378, C.O.F., intend holding their first entertainment on the 29th instant, in St. Mary's Hall. The committee have spared no pains to make the gathering a pleasant one.

The feast of St. Luke, the patron saint of medical students, was last week celebrated by the students of Laval university with great ceremony. In the morning the students attended mass in the Gesu and a brilliant discourse was delivered to them by Abbe Corbeil. In the evening a grand banquet was given at the Balmoral Hotel.

A solemn requiem Mass sung in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame Church on Thursday morning, there was a large attendance of the elite French citizens. Rev. Abbe Mane officiated, assisted by Rev. Abbe Fahay as deacon, and Rev. Abbe Laurier as sub-deacon.

The students of Bourget college, Rigaud, will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the consecration of Archbishop Duhamel by a dramatic and musical entertainment on the evening of the 28th inst. One half the entertainment will be in English and the other half in French.

THE WORLD AROUND.

Washington bakers have agreed to reduce the price of bread one cent per loaf.

Over \$100,000 worth of potatoes were brought from Scotland to the United States in nine months ended June last.

A change for the worse is reported to have taken place in the condition of the Czar, rendering an operation necessary.

The military barracks at Granada, Nicaragua, have been blown up. Two hundred were killed and many more injured.

The Czar's physician has notified him that his condition is hopeless, although his life may by care be prolonged for some months.

Fire Monday visited the "Old Antwerp" section of the Belgian exhibition and destroyed six houses. The loss is heavy.

A convention of delegates representing American agricultural colleges and experiment stations will be held in Washington November 13th to 16th, inclusive.

In the nomination of Nathan Straus as its candidate for Mayor, Tammany Hall put up not only a Cleveland Democrat, but a close personal friend of President Cleveland.

A young son of United States Collector of Internal Revenue Burk, Vincennes, Ind., was burned to death Monday night. He was playing with a burning pile of leaves.

John Redmond declared at a meeting in Dublin this week that the Parnellites, at the next meeting of Parliament, would do all in their power to force a dissolution.

It is expected that soon after his return from Gray Gables, President Cleveland will give his decision as arbitrator of the important boundary dispute between Brazil and the Argentine Republic.

An infernal machine was found on the window sill of the police barracks in Milan a few days ago, and a story was circulated in Rome that an anarchist plot had been discovered which extended over the whole of Italy.

The Chilean Government has paid \$240,564.35 into the State Department at Washington to satisfy judgments rendered against it by the Chilean claims commission, which closed its work in Washington three months ago.

Acting Attorney General Maxwell, in an opinion given Secretary Carlisle, holds that the word "wool" as used in the woolen schedule of the new tariff act refers to the hair of the sheep only, and that the new and lower duties on goods made of the hair of other animals went into effect when the act became a law.

Anton Cerevas, a noted scientist, has returned from the State of Tobasco, where he has discovered some of the most wonderful and interesting ruins yet found in Mexico. While exploring a wild and wooded district in the valley of the San Pedro river in that State he came upon an ancient deserted village, which is surrounded by eighteen pyramids. These pyramids are thirty meters high and are constructed of brick and stone.

ROMAN NEWS.

At Tivoli there have been solemn religious and civil festivals in honour of the recognition of the body of San Getulio.

The Holy Father lately received in private audience Mgr. Domenico Ferrata, Archbishop of Thessalonica, Apostolic Nuncio in France, also Father Bonifacio of Verona, of the Minor Observants, on his return from America.

Cardinal Hohenlohe, Archbishop of Santa Maria Maggiore, has been operated on successfully for an abscess by Drs. Marchiafava and Postempski, and is now happily regaining health. Cardinal Aloisi-Masella, who has fallen ill at Pontecorvo, is on the mending hand.

The Spanish College at Rome will be transferred before the end of the present month to the Palazzo Altemps. This institution, which is very dear to the Holy Father, will throw open its portals with a list of forty-five alumni on the books, but this will be augmented to seventy almost immediately.

The Marquis Pappalopore, Italian Consul to the Government of Bosnia and Herzegovina, has presented the

museum of the Roman College (pre-historic and ethnographic section) with a sumptuous and multicolored and richly embroidered Peruvian poncho, or vest, which was the object of admiration in the museum of Lima previous to the sacking of the institute during the war between Chili and Peru.

The Holy Father, not content with sharing in the general grief by the grave loss to religion and science of Commander de Rossi, has ordered a Requiem Mass for his soul to be celebrated in the Church of St. Maria in Transpontina. The august Pontiff does not forget that the archaeological studies of the deceased were continuously devoted to the defence of the faith and the honour of religion.

A conference of the Hungarian Bishops has assembled at Buda-Pesth under the presidency of the Cardinal Primate Vazary. Nearly the entire episcopacy was present. The line of conduct to be pursued in consequence of the recent eclesiastical policy in the Chamber of Magnates was deliberated upon, but before the closing of the Congress it was resolved to keep secret the result of the deliberations. Another meeting will be held a couple of weeks hence.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Pere Monsabre, the famous Dominican preacher, has published a remarkable work entitled "L'Empire du Diable."

A telegram from Buenos Ayres announces the death of Mgr. Ameiros, Archbishop of that See. His Grace passed away suddenly.

The death is announced of the eminent Spanish historian, Senor Fernandez Guerra. He was a member of the Spanish Academy.

The shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre has become the American Lourdes. The number of pilgrims has increased from 17,000 in 1874 to 200,000 in 1894.

Rev. B. M. Curry, of Killaloe, county Clare, Ire., is visiting this country for the purpose of collecting funds with which to erect a cathedral for the diocese.

The Holy See has directed the Vicars Apostolic of China, Japan and Corea to act with extreme prudence so as not to afford any excuse for persecuting measures against the Catholic missions.

A new Catholic home for the aged is about to be built at Nos. 5142 62 Prairie avenue, Chicago. The structure is to cost \$150,000. The institution is to be opened in October.

This year's Peter's pence collection in Ireland was greater than in any year since the yearly collection for the Pope was established. The diocese of Dublin contributed \$80,000.

A great pilgrimage to Rome next spring is now being organized in Lisbon. Many of the Portuguese Bishops have already expressed their intention of accompanying their flocks.

James Tissot, the famous artist, whose series of pictures on the Life of Christ was the main attraction of the Champ de Mars salon this year, is about to become a monk of La Grande Chartreuse. The painter practically lived the life of a recluse and ascetic during the seven years he was engaged on his work.

A number of prominent Catholic ladies of Chicago have organized the Illinois Charitable Relief Corps. The object of the society is general charitable work and the visitation of sick in public institutions.

It is reported that during the present month three Catholic patriarchs of the eastern rite will go to Rome to lay before the Holy See the views of the dissident churches of the East respecting the projected reunion with the Roman Church.

Mr. Gladstone has lost an old and valued friend in Dr. Greenhill, a well-known physician at Hastings. He was Newman's church warden at St. Mary's, Oxford, and married Laura Ward, niece of Dr. Arnold, by whom he was educated at Rugby.

During his recent visit to Europe the Bishop of Dutch Guiana applied to a community of Sisters in Holland for six religious to minister to the lepers in his diocese. The difficulty was not to get the required number, but to make a selection. Ninety religious promptly ex-

pressed their willingness to devote themselves to the work. Such are the noble women against whom bigots vent their hate

The oldest Catholic Church in New England is at Damariscotta Mills, Me., and was built more than 100 years ago. It is still occupied for religious purposes one Sunday in each month. The interior is said to be decorated and furnished like a drawing-room.

The Czar of Russia has shown his good will toward the Church of Rome by contributions toward the erection of San Gioachimo Church, began in Rome in honor of the Pope's jubilee. He has sent a number of chests of valuable stone, including malachite and lapis lazuli for the interior decoration of the building.

A number of influential Scottish Catholics have, says the Roman correspondent of the Daily Chronicle, petitioned the Pope to nominate a Cardinal among the prelates of the hierarchy of Scotland. Dr. Angus Macdonald, the Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh, has declined to allow his name to be put forward, on the ground that precedence of seniority and dignity should be given to Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow.

Some of the Catholic clergy in Hungary receive very inadequate salaries, and a committee of clerical dignitaries are deliberating upon a plan whereby a reform in this particular may be brought about. The committee proposes that the revenues of Bishops and Canons should be consolidated, and the yearly salaries of the Bishops regulated on a pre-arranged scale, the surplus being used to augment the stipends of the lower clergy.

In consequence of the Pope's invitation to the Eastern Catholic Patriarchs to visit Rome in October, the congregation is preparing a programme for conference, which will be held under the presidency of His Holiness. The object of these conferences is to facilitate the return of the Eastern dissident churches to the communion of Rome and the attainment of Catholic unity. Negotiations looking to the accomplishment of these objects are being pushed with great secrecy in the East, and it is understood that France is assisting the work in hand.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

At the regular monthly meeting of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, held on the 3rd instant, the following resolutions of condolence were passed:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in the exercise of His divine will, to afflict the family of one of our oldest and most esteemed fellow-members and ex-president, Mr. Joseph O'Brien, in the death of his father;

Be it Resolved, That we, the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association, tender to Mr. O'Brien and family our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement in the loss of a loving and devoted father, and who, by his amiable manner and charitable character, endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact.

Be it further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be entered in our books, a copy transmitted to his family, and a copy sent to the press for publication.

"What a superb face," said one Boston girl to another as they stood before a marble head of Minerva. "Yes," said the other. "What a nose for spectacles!" —Harper's Bazar.

PIERCE'S GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

For all chronic, or lingering, Pulmonary or Chest Diseases, as Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Severe Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Pains in Chest and Sides, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sovereign remedy.

In Asthma it is specific. To build up both flesh and strength, when reduced below the standard of health by pneumonia, or "lung fever," grip, or exhausting fevers, it is the best restorative tonic known.

E. B. NORMAN, Esq., of Anon, Ga., says: "I think the 'Golden Medical Discovery' is the best medicine for pain in the chest that I have ever known. I am sound and well, and I owe it all to the 'Discovery'."

THE PLAN OF SELLING MEDICINES ON TRIAL. PIERCE IS PECULIAR TO

A NEW FIELD FOR INDUSTRY.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—As the capacities of the free grants as a settlement cannot be too fully discussed, and as you have so generously afforded me space in the columns of your valuable paper, I again venture to contribute my mite towards assisting those of my co-religionists who entertain the idea of seeking new ground as a field for their labors, and to aid them to form some opinion of Muskoka, and to familiarize them to some extent with its characteristics.

Timber rights is a point upon which many, no doubt, are not conversant, and as it is a subject of grave importance to the well being of the settlement, I would like to say a few words to the intending settler on the subject. The settler, when he locates a lot has possession of the timber, with the exception of pine, which the Government reserves for its own disposal. The object of this reservation is to protect the bona-fide settler and to ensure the settlement of the land. It is to prevent persons from going upon it, under pretence of settlement, but in reality for the purpose of stripping it of its timber, which is very valuable. If this reservation had not been made, I feel convinced that the free grants at the present moment would have had but few settlers. What would have been our condition if the pine had not been reserved? We would have no colonization roads, no locks built, no works for the improvement of navigation, no mills erected, settlement could not go on, as it would be impossible for want of roads to get back into the bush, and the vast extent of good and profitable land would have remained in statu quo with the exception of a few spots here and there where the venturesome pioneer would have made his home, travelling by canoe, and settling on the lake shores, and what would have been his life, especially, if a man of family? Buried in the wilderness, no market for his produce, no education for his children, and great difficulties in getting in his stores; his state would be most wretched. But what have we in the place of this to encourage the settler? The pine is reserved by the Government and sold; the settler gets a present of the land and a large portion of the proceeds of the sale of this timber is appropriated for procuring means of ingress and egress to his property; Colonization roads are made, penetrating the forest as far north as Lake Nipissing and beyond, and running as far as the shores of the Georgian Bay, throwing out branches in every direction in the most convenient places. These roads are continued farther into the forest; new roads are made and old ones repaired every year by the Government. These works employ a great many settlers when they are free to engage in them; bridges are constructed and then local improvements done. The lumbermen come in, erect their shanties, and give an immensity of work to both man and beast during the winter months. They buy up hay, oats and other produce from the settlers, thereby bringing a market to their very doors. They circulate a great deal of money through the district, and enable many the settler to hold his ground, when otherwise he would feel discouraged, for many settlers, when they come in, have very little money, and for the first few years have to go out to work. The lumbering, therefore, going on in our midst, is a great boon to the working man, particularly to those in the neighborhood, where it is carried on. Many of the free grant lots have very little pine in them, others have an abundance, and settlers agree in saying that it is far better that the value of the pine should be equally distributed in road-making, etc. for the benefit of all, rather than be monopolized by the greedy few to the detriment of the many; and such would be the case if the pine were to be the property of the actual settler. In fact, lumbermen carry settlement with them, and greatly help to open up the country. If reservation of the pine were to be relinquished, what would happen? Great jealousies would arise, discord would reign supreme, settlement would be impeded and become scattered, as lots to a great extent would be chosen for the sake of the pine. Pineless lots would be left idle, appropriations for colonization roads and other improvements must cease, the present roads would soon be impassable, for stumps labor could not keep them in repair, and new roads into new townships would not be opened. Not long ago, if I am rightly informed, a meeting was held passing resolutions asking the Government to sell the limits and open up at once new townships for settlement in the vicinity of the Maganetawan River,—a neighborhood abounding in good land of a rich clay loam. Again, if the pine were not reserved by the Government, railways could not be subsidized, and without railways the material interests of any pioneering country must suffer. Then, again, if I were choosing land for farming purposes and a permanent home, I would not make a choice of land upon which much pine grew; for it is generally of a light sandy character; and when the timber is cut you will never forget having cut it, for the stumps remain as an everlasting monument of the fact, and in clearing your land, when you get your logs piled in readiness for burning you will find that pine gives you more trouble than any other kind of wood, as it is less inflammable.

I have dwelt at some length in this letter on the justification of the Government in regard to the reservation of pine, contrary to the views of many outsiders who would seem to have no hesitation in taking up free grant lots if the pine were not reserved, and I contend against such views for the reasons I have given, that Government is not only justified in this respect but it has safeguarded the rights of old and new settlers against the unjust intrusions of grasping speculators. I remain yours truly,

T. F. FLEMING, Priest. Bracebridge, Muskoka, Oct. 10th, 1894.

THE LORD AND THE DAISY.

A Sunday school teacher was trying to impress upon his pupils the care of the Deity for all living things, great or small, and getting to the peroration of his address, he said: "The Lord, who made the mountain, made the little blade of grass. The Lord, who made the ocean, made the pebble on the shore. The Lord, who made me, made a daisy."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

(Continued from page one.)

THE "Church Times"—always so wise—desires to explain certain terms, that it calls "misused,"—to its readers. It says that a "super-altar" is a "portable marble slab for celebrations in places where there is no consecrated altar." It is also used, the Times says, for Holy Communion in private houses. As a rule, Holy Communion is only given in private houses in cases of approaching death—that is to say, when the Holy Viaticum is necessary. Imagine a Catholic priest carrying a slab of marble around with him whenever he goes to visit the sick or the agonizing. The next thing we will hear of is a priest carrying a whole altar, or a church upon such occasions. It is strange how ridiculous certain organs make themselves when attempting to explain Catholic practices; especially when trying to Catholicize the Church of England.

In this issue we give a short account of the Golden Jubilee of the Rev. Sylvestre Malone, parish priest of St. Peter and St. Paul Church, Brooklyn, New York. There are a host of Father Malone's friends in Montreal and thought-out Canada, and we are confident that they will all rejoice in learning of the grand tribute paid to that venerable, exemplary and zealous priest. May his days be long in the land, and may his good works never cease to bear the fruit that he so much desires. Perhaps no prelate in America was ever more honored than was Father Malone. A special blessing was sent by His Holiness and the number of archbishops, bishops, priests and eminent Catholic laymen present far exceeded that at any other similar celebration for long years back. It is consoling after half a century of labor to feel that one's work has been duly appreciated, and that heaven's blessing is showered upon it.

The Abbe Leone Monteuinis, editor of the "Moniteur de Rome," has been expelled from the Eternal City. He was summarily dealt with under Article 90 of the Laws of Public Security. It appears that he commented somewhat severely on the Procurator of the king—equivalent to our Crown Prosecutor—and as a result he was seized by the arm of the law. The order was to be put into immediate execution, but the Reverend editor asked to be allowed a day to put his ward-robe in order. He was permitted one hour for that purpose. From the police station he was conducted to the railway terminus, where he and some of his staff were allowed to take a light repast. Thence he was accompanied by two guards to the Italian frontier at Modane. Here is a sample of the vaunted liberty of the press in Italy. If every newspaper editor who criticises a Crown Prosecutor in Canada were to be treated in that manner there would soon be a revolution in the country. But such is Liberty under an anti-Papal government.

A WRITER in one of our Irish exchanges, who speaks of the fall in the price of bread, and refers to a four-pound loaf being sold for 2d., quotes the Liverpool Express as follows:

"The Spalding Guardians accepted the tender of Stephen Smith, baker, of Spalding, to supply bread for the workhouse and outdoor poor, at 2d per 4 lb. loaf. The sample of bread submitted was of good quality, and Mr. Smith, who has held the contract for many years, has given satisfaction. The price is the lowest charged anywhere in the country. The bread is stipulated to be made of the best season's flour." I may mention that in Ramsay flour is sold at 7s. 6d. per 100 stone bag, and very best pastry flour at 1s. 8d. a stone.

Now, this announcement should ap-

pear strange to Canadians. This is the country from which the greater portion of the wheat is sent to Great Britain, and yet they can sell bread at two pence per four-pound loaf, while we in Canada are obliged to pay six and seven cents for a two-pound loaf. How is this? The wheat is imported from this country; our bakers have no transatlantic freight to pay, no transshipments, and yet the bakers in England and Ireland can sell at a price that would astound our Canadian bakers. There must be some reason for this; a screw is loose some place. While congratulating our transatlantic friends on their cheap bread, we would be highly pleased to be enabled to pay the same compliments to our Canadian citizens.

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THE death of Dr. Holmes removes the last of the nine illustrious men of letters who came upon life's scene in the early days of the American Republic. It was these men who laid the foundation of what might be styled American literature. Of course we cannot endorse all that was written by these pioneers in the field of letters; but there is a certain credit due to them all that will not be grudgingly granted, and certainly their names will go down to the future as the Fathers of American Literature. We might here mention their names and the dates of their births and deaths: Washington Irving, born 1783, died 1858; William Cullen Bryant, born 1794, died 1878; Ralph Waldo Emerson, born 1803, died 1882; Nathaniel Hawthorne, born 1804, died 1864; Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born 1807, died 1882; John Greenleaf Whittier, born 1807, died 1892; Edgar Allan Poe, born 1809, died 1849; Oliver Wendell Holmes, born 1809, died 1894; and James Russell Lowell, born 1819, died 1891. Looking over the field of American literature to-day we can well ask ourselves this question: "Who is there to replace any of these men?" Of course each generation brings its own eminent personages; but will the dawn of the next century produce such a galaxy as that which arose upon the morning sky of this one?

A WEDDING.

A pretty wedding took place in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, St. James Church, St. Denis Street, on Thursday morning. The contracting parties were Mr. M. F. Sheridan and Miss Alice Rajotte, daughter of Mr. Alex. Rajotte, of the C.P.R. The bridesmaid was Miss W. Rajotte, sister to the bride; and the maids of honor were Miss R. Sheridan and Miss M. Sheridan. The groomsmen were Mr. P. Sheridan, brother to the groom. The bride was given away by her father, and wore a charming dress of brocaded satin with orange blossoms, a veil and a diamond star, the present of the groom; she carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid was attired in white surah silk, trimmed with white velvet and ostrich feathers. The maids each wore a white pearl pin, the gift of the groom. Rev. Father Huot, of Lavalrie, officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan left for New York on their wedding trip.

ST. MARY'S FANCY FAIR OPENED.

The Fancy Fair managed by the ladies of the Good Council Sewing Circle was opened last evening. There was a grand display of fancy and useful articles, and the large number that attended speaks well for the energies of the ladies and Father Shea and Father O'Donnell. The home-made cake and candy contest was entered into enthusiastically and splendid specimens of confectionery art were on view, the prizes offered were a valuable gold watch for the candy and a handsome silver cake basket for the cake competition. Each evening there is a promenade concert at which first-class talent assists, also between 8 and 10 a supper is served by the ladies at a moderate price. The proceeds of the Fair will be devoted to the poor. Tonight is the last night, and all who can

possibly do so should certainly pay a visit to St. Mary's Hall and spend a jolly sociable evening, and do an act of charity at the same time.

THE A. O. H. APPROVED.

At the annual conference of the Archbishops of the United States, held in the city of Philadelphia on October 10th inst., the subject of the official recognition of the Ancient Order of Hibernians was the one subject upon which there was a long discussion. It was shown that the Order now numbered over 100,000 members in the United States, and that its national chaplain was a Bishop; that it had Bishops and numerous priests in its ranks, and that none but Catholics were admitted. After a full and free talk it was unanimously decided to recognize the Ancient Order of Hibernians as a most admirable society.

A GRAND CEREMONY.

THE BLESSING OF THE NEW CHURCH AT AYLMEER, P.Q.

One of the most important and imposing events that has, for long years, marked the history of the Ottawa Valley, was the blessing of the new Roman Catholic Church at Aylmer. The event took place a week ago last Thursday, and the magnificent ceremonies gathered together the representatives of the hierarchy, clergy, and laity of the Church. The Archbishops of Ottawa and Montreal were present, accompanied by over one hundred priests. The special train bringing the illustrious visitors was met at the station by the St. Jean Baptiste Society and the Hull band, as well as by a large concourse of citizens and strangers. The success of the magnificent celebration must have made the heart of good Father Labelle, the genial and zealous parish priest rejoice; for he beheld the realization of a grand dream and the accomplishment of what might be styled a life purpose. We clip the following account from the Aylmer Gazette:

"The services commenced at 10 o'clock sharp. The Archbishop, of Ottawa, followed by the priests of his diocese marched around the church before entering it and upon entering the building, a circuit of the outside siles was taken from the Sanctuary and back to it again.

The Archbishop of Ottawa occupied the Archiepiscopal throne during the ceremony supported by Canons Michel and Bouillon. Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, said High Mass, supported by Canon Compeau as assistant priest and Fathers Myrand and Coutlee as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

Father Devlin delivered the sermon in English, taking as the text for his discourse words found in the account of Solomon's dedication of the temple. "I have chosen this place as my house of Sacrifice." The reverend gentleman arranged his theme under three heads:

First, a house for sacrifice. The sacrifices of old were typical of Christ the great sacrifice; the sacrifice of the Mass is in remembrance of Christ's suffering upon the Cross.

Second—People came to this House to hear God's word—not man's word; but God's, and consequently when the priest preached from the pulpit, God was speaking to the people through his minister the priest.

Third—It was the people's duty to give heed to what they heard in God's house and prepare to offer the sacrifice of good deeds. The Apostle said, a man might have the faith that would move a mountain, but without the charity that prompted him to works, his faith would not save him.

The Reverend gentleman occupied three-quarters of an hour, especially elaborating on the teaching of the Catholic Church in regard to the sacrifice of the Mass.

Father Alexis followed in French. His address was chiefly a history of the Catholic Church in Canada, beginning with the formation of Montreal diocese, followed by that of Kingston, then of Ottawa and lastly of Pontiac; when the Reverend gentleman came to deal with later times he alluded specially and feelingly to the labors of the several priests of the Ottawa diocese and more particularly still to those priests who had occupied the parish of Aylmer. Some of them had gone to their reward and others were present in the church.

The musical portion of the service was conducted by the Aylmer choir, assisted

by the Hull band. Solos, choruses and responses were beautifully rendered.

Peters' Mass was the music chosen. In the Kyrie—Christe, the alto solo was sung by Miss Macdonald.

In the Gloria—Laudamus, the soprano solo was sung by Miss Quirk and bass by Dr. Quirk.

Deus Pater—duet by the Misses Rainboth and Roney.

Quoniam—Solo, tenor by Mr. Parent, of Hull.

The Sanctus—Benedictus, soprano solo Miss A. McArthur; tenor, Mr. Parent; Duet, the Misses McArthur and Macdonald.

Agnus Dei by Farmer—Soprano and alto, Misses Devlin and Roney; tenor and bass, Messrs. Parent and Dr. Woods.

At the Offertory: Veni Creator by Millard—The solo was sung by Miss Bourgeau.

Miss Woods, the organist, played the instrument with her accustomed skill.

At the close of the religious portion of the ceremonies, C. R. Devlin, Esq., M.P., approached and standing on the front of the Sanctuary, read the English address of welcome to the Princes of the Church and Mr. Doumouchel, N. P., read the French address, both being on behalf of the Congregation of St. Paul's, Aylmer.

The Archbishops of Ottawa and of Montreal, both replied in French and English, expressive of their pleasure and praising the people for the church they had built.

When the services were over Rev. Father Labelle, the parish priest, gave a banquet in the Convent to the Archbishop, and visiting priests; there were also at the banquet Hon. Justice Malhiot, Dis. Mag. St. Julian, C. R. Devlin, Esq., M. P., C. Devlin, Sheriff Coutlee, Postmaster Woods, J. L. Doumouchel, President of St. Jean Baptiste Society of this town, Mr. John Ryan, with the representatives of La Presse, of Montreal, and the local papers. About one hundred priests and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of the church accepted Father Labelle's invitation to the blessing of the new church. The reverend gentleman's heart must be glad at the success of the day's proceedings and he and his congregation are to be congratulated on the success.

The editor of the TRUE WITNESS very naturally feels a deep interest in the completion of the magnificent temple, whose spire flings a shadow upon the silent church-yard where slumber the pioneers of his native place, and under whose mounds repose the ashes of many a well-remembered friend of the days now dead, of many a face familiar to boyhood, of many a tender hand whose gentle touch is not forgotten, of many a generous heart whose pulsations were the effects of love, reverence or friendships. Again, when he recalls that the first humble church erected on that ground, away back in the thirties, was the work of Joseph Lebel, James Smith (God rest their souls), and his own father, John Foran, who still survives, healthy and energetic, at the grand old age of eighty-four years, it is but natural that he should summon up the memories of the past, and silently tell over the chaplet of names connected with Catholicity in that old and yet ever young town.

The first priest to administer to the religious wants of Aylmer was Mgr. Desautels, afterwards parish priest of Varennes. His successors were Rev. Fathers Lynch, Hughes, Hand, Michel, Brunet, Angel, Beauchamp and the present incumbent, Labelle. The majority of these have gone to their eternal reward. Father Michel, now a canon of the Archdiocese of Ottawa, is stationed at Buckingham, Father Brunet is at Portage-du-Fort; Father Beauchamp is in St. Ann's parish, Ottawa, and Father Labelle, the present incumbent, is there—in Aylmer—to carry on the magnificent work commenced by his predecessors, continued so energetically and successfully by himself, and which promises results that will yet bring untold benedictions upon the parish, the district and the children of other generations.

ST. ANN'S C.O.F. CONCERT.

The members of St. Ann's C.O.F. are preparing for a grand Concert to be given on Wednesday next, Halloween Night. First-class talent will assist with the programme and a very large attendance is sure to reward the energy of St. Ann's C.O.F. The Concert will take place in the Victoria Armory, and the Irish National Minstrel Troupe will present some of their unique selections.

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

Successful Charity Bazaar in St. Ann's Hall—First Class Entertainments—Mr. Cunningham Will Sing Tomorrow.

For a number of weeks the ladies of St. Ann's Parish have been working energetically to bring to a successful issue the annual charity bazaar. Their efforts were eminently successful, and on Wednesday last one of the prettiest bazaar rooms of the season was thrown open to the public.

The bazaar is being held in the Young Men's hall, down one side of which the prettily draped stalls are arranged. The ladies who have undertaken the task of being present for ten consecutive nights and working in the interests of the poor are:—Mrs. R. Brennan, president; Misses M. A. and K. Kane, Cullinan, Drew, Mulcair, E. and A. McCarthy, M. O'Brien, L. Brennan, Enright, Cloran, E. Martin, O'Connor, Finn, Gillis, Cullinan, M. O'Connor, A. Gareau, Walsh, O'Neill, K. O'Brien, Johnstone, and L'Esperance.

On entering the bazaar hall the visitor's attention is first attracted by the booth at the end. A sign informs the visitor that it is the Holy Inn. In appearance it resembles a large summer-house. Misses O'Connor, Finn, Gillis, K. Cullinan, K. Finley and M. O'Connor are in charge and distribute sweet morsels to the hungry visitors. Just alongside of the Holy Inn is a very pretty little hut. A sign announces that the celebrated fortune-tellers will acquaint you with the future. The clairvoyants in charge were Misses Walsh and O'Neill. The next point of attraction was a booth filled with fancy articles of every description. The arrangement of the knick-knacks was very tasteful, Miss Cullinan and Miss Drew were responsible for its pretty appearance. A fish pond, where one was liable to get anything from a box of blacking to a washboard, was next. The destiny of the fishermen was in the hands of Misses M. A. Kane and K. Kane. The lottery table, where one would win a fortune by a turn of the wheel, was just next to the fish pond. The fickle goddess was under the command of Miss E. Brennan. Another fancy table arranged in a very artistic manner was next to where

THE GODDESS OF FORTUNE

reigned, and was in charge of Misses E. and A. McCarthy and Miss O'Brien. A neat little booth was the next one. The young lady in charge sweetly invited the visitor to incidentally try his luck. As the prizes were not on view it was with a feeling of trepidation that the visitor tried. Miss A. Gareau was in charge. In the booth next door one was invited to steer into the Harbor of Fortune and see what the fates had in store for him. Miss Enright was the Port Warden. In a booth covered with Turkish rugs was the round table where sat, not knights, but the ladies who had charge of the bazaar. They were Mrs. E. Brennan, president; Miss M. Cullinan, vice-president, and Miss K. O'Brien, secretary. The office of the Bazaar Journal, a bright daily paper published in the interest of the bazaar, was just next to the Round Table. Miss O'Brien filled the editorial chair with ability and dignity. The last booth was the selling table in charge of Miss Cloran, where the various articles for sale in the other booths could be purchased.

The various booths so neatly arranged were a very pretty sight, and did credit to those who arranged them.

The entertainments during the bazaar are very fine and some of the finest artists of the city assist.

To-morrow night there will be sure to be a large attendance to hear Mr. Cunningham, one of the most brilliant singers of Canada.

The tableaux presented have been very fine and the drilling of St. Ann's School, which is always good, was better than ever this year.

The bazaar will not close until Saturday, the 27th.

Every evening entertainments will be given; always of the first quality.

All who can do so should certainly attend and leave a small mite for the benefit of the poor in the hands of the ladies of St. Ann's Bazaar.

BAZAAR NOTES.

A night that has always been eagerly looked forward to at our annual Bazaars is that on which the pupils of St. Ann's Academy provide the entertainment.

The attendance is always such that the capacity of the Hall is well tested. This year was no exception. From early in the evening, little family groups moved about the Hall, admiring the different booths with their wealth of pretty articles, and as the minutes moved onward the number of visitors to the hall was steadily augmented until the rising of the curtain, when "standing room only" was to be found.

The first number on the programme was a "Gavotte" very prettily executed on the piano by Miss May Brown. The Hoop Drill and Song followed. There have been many pretty drills presented on our stage during bazaars, but nothing to surpass this one of 1894. Many new features were introduced in form and movement, and the whole was performed in a style as near perfection as one could well imagine. The dainty little misses in their gay costumes, tripping lightly to the music, were a pretty sight. Health and happiness were stamped upon their glowing countenances and animated figures, and their beholders were thrilled with a sympathetic pleasure as the fitting forms passed quickly before their eyes. Miss Lillie Callaghan rendered the accompaniment with a precision that spoke well for her musical proficiency. The following are the names of the little ladies forming the corps:—Misses Maggie Price, Bridget O'Neill, Lizzie McEwan, Mary White, Katie Hart, Alice Donnelly, Katie Walsh, Eva Hargrave, Maggie McEwan, and Mary Ann Collins.

A merry group of little maidens—Katie Flanagan, Katie Foley, Tilly Finnegan, Lizzie Foley, Mary McNamara, May Brown, Mary Downes, Maggie Craven, Annie O'Brien, Agnes Doherty, Ellen Kenahan, Amelia Gibbons, Lizzie Donnelly, Teresa Coleman, Lizzie Henry and Agnes Hogan, then took possession of the boards, and with song and dance regaled their friends.

A quick transformation—gypsies and fairies from forest and fort come quickly into view to display their varied talents and terpsichorean graces with all the rivalry of their opposing natures, for the pleasure of an attentive audience, of delighted parents, and the substantial comfort of less blessed mothers and children during the coming winter. The following are the names of the pupils who formed this scene: Lizzie Foley, Katie Foley, Lizzie Donnelly, Mary Downes, Maggie McEwan, Mary Gleeson, Katie O'Neill, Katie Flannigan, May Brown, Ellen Kenahan, Teresa Coleman, Janet Donovan, Amelia Gibbons. A Grand March and Tableau completed a most successful evening's entertainment, and the following young ladies acquitted themselves as creditably as their preceding companions: Maggie Price, Bridget O'Neill, Lizzie McEwan, Mary Morris, Katie O'Neill, Martha Manning, Hannah McGarrity, Maggie Sullivan, Lulu O'Leary, Mary Boyle, Lizzie Sheridan, Nellie Healey, Maggie Craven, Katie Walsh, Alice Donnelly, Katie Hart, Lizzie Henry, Mary White, Eva Hargrave and Clara Doherty.

To-night is the grand lacrosse night, and the ladies have made great preparations for the reception of the Shamrock Lacrosse Champions of the world.

SAILORS' CONCERT.

On Monday evening, October 29th, a grand concert will be held in the Academic hall, under the Gesu. The concert will be under the auspices of the Catholic Truth Society, and the proceeds will be devoted to the maintenance of the Sailors' Club. Some of the very best talent of the city will contribute to the programme, among whom will be: Mr. Holland, Prof. Sullivan, May Milloy, Camille Hone and others.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

The monthly meeting of the young men of St. Mary's Society will take place on Friday evening in St. Mary's hall. The programme of the evening's meeting is a very interesting one, and as many of the members as can do so should be present.

On Thursday morning last His Grace Archbishop Fabre officiated at a solemn service in the chapel of the Mother House, St. Jean Baptiste Convent. The following ladies took vows: Sisters Ste. Augustin du Cantorbery, Ste. Croix de Jesus, Ste. Marcelle, Ste. Phoebe, and Sister de la Sainte Famille.

FIDES AD MORTEM.

[TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BAILEY, ESQ., DIED 5TH OCT., 1894.]

The awful shadow of the spectre of Death Has fall'n across the threshold of a friend! Hushed in eternal silence is the final breath— 'Tis o'er—the solemn vigil 'till the peaceful end.

But one remains beside her beloved dead, To close the lifeless lids that never more Shall open to read the message hearts have read.

In other eyes while on this mortal shore. Ah, noble wife! so faithful to the end; Thine was the sacred duty and the grace: What solace this, when love doth love befriend, In a last look from out a dying face! There is no fear while yet such lives remain, To make earth beautiful with a holy light; Men hear and feel the universal gain Won by the faithful in Death's awful fight. And womanhood, where'er thy gifts are shown,

Before thy constant faith we gladly bow; To thee we look, for unto thee is known The strength sublime that beamed from Mary's brow!

Oh, may we see, when the sad hour is nigh, Some love-lit radiance in life's gathering night, And feel that one beloved standeth by. To close our lids upon the dying sight. Farewells shall echo o'er the yawning grave, And bitter tears be shed to ease the heart, Yet in the deepest gloom one ray of faith can save.

The perplexed soul—of God it is a part. There is a silence now in the old home, A voice is hushed and shall no more be heard;

The days shall pass and other days will come, But never more shall accents that have stirred Responsive feelings, break upon the ear: Ah, never more, his wonted place shall know The godly presence and the kindly cheer

Of his true heart, while days shall come and go. This is the anguish that the living feel, Bow'd low in grief beneath the unseen hand.

Father of pity! as they humbly kneel, Comfort the stricken ones that they may stand, True-hearted, loyal and generous,—even as he, So called away to see Thee, face to face: Inuse divine faith that each may be, Recipient of Thy love and of Thy grace.

—E. F. D. DUNN.

THE PROPAGANDA.

In the course of a recent conversation the Holy Father lamented the effects of the Italian legislation regarding the world-wide and inter national institution for the spread of the Gospel. New taxes have been imposed upon it, so as to cripple its usefulness. The Propaganda was established in the sixteenth century by Pope Gregory XII., at a time when the discoveries of navigators and men of commerce made known many new lands. The Popes of the time labored to provide, on a vast scale, for the sending forth of missionaries for the conversion of the heathen in countries then discovered.

It was clearly international in its scope, and much of its revenues were derived from other nations than Italy. The new government that was established in Rome sold at a bad time, and consequently at a very reduced rate, the landed property throughout Italy by the Propaganda, and placed the monies received in the Italian funds, paying an interest on the same to the Propaganda. This interest was reduced by a taxation of 13 per cent., and this enormous income tax is now being increased to 20 per cent. The increase of the tax reduces the income of the Propaganda by an additional 40,000 francs a year. And these losses coincide with the ever increasing necessities of the institution.

Each year enlarges the field of action of the Propaganda. The recent earthquake at Constantinople has seriously damaged the residence of the Apostolic Delegate and other properties belonging to the Propaganda. The war in Corea, between China and Japan, will necessitate new expenses for the safeguarding of the missions and the missionaries. With the varying fortunes of the Italian government, which seems driving to hopeless bankruptcy, this eminently civilizing institution suffers and will also become bankrupt when Italian funds fail. Nearly all the Bishops of the world protested in the name of their flocks against the action of the Italian government in 1888 when it declared the Propaganda an Italian institution, and so subject to Italian guardianship. No heed was paid to such protests, because they were not backed by material force—the only appeal that Italy listens to. These were the considerations that occupied the mind of Leo XIII. in speaking of that institution. He is quite conscious of the aid the Propaganda has furnished toward civilization.—*Catholic Universe.*

Rev. Abbe Goussard, titular canon of Chartres, has been appointed honorary canon of the cathedral, Montreal.

PLEASE RESPECT THESE NAMES.

NEW-FOUND-LAND AND SAN FRAN-CIS-CO IS THE WAY TO PRONOUNCE THEM.

A man from St. John's, Newfoundland, and another man from San Francisco, California, met at a cafe table, but after some casual talk they happened to speak of the foreign pronunciation of the province from whence one hailed and the city of the other, and thus they soon became fervid friends, bound by a sympathetic tie, which was bountifully irrigated before they parted.

"It used to make us only weary, but now it makes us angry," explained the St. John's man. "Indeed, at first we did not know what visitors from the United States were talking about when they spoke of 'Nu-fun-lan,' with the accent on the first syllable. The name of my country is exactly as it is spelled, made up of three words, namely, 'new,' 'found,' and 'land.' If Lieutenant Peary should find a new land this winter, I wonder if New Yorkers would, in conversation, speak of it as the 'nu fun lan?'"

"That is pretty tough," said the San Franciscan, "but we suffer worse, because from a worse cause. People probably mispronounce the name of your country through carelessness, but Easterners call my city out of its name with malicious purpose, and that none of them have been hanged for it shows that we are a forbearing people beyond all others. They call my city"—the speaker choked at the word—"they call it 'Frisco!' Why do they not call it 'Denis,' or 'Mars?' They have just as much right, and, darn them, sir, they seem to think they are doing something pleasant and smart; yet every San Franciscan loathes, with a murderous loathing, to hear his city so called. No native or resident of San Francisco ever calls it 'Frisco.' He would rather admit that its climate is bad. Californians never abbreviate their geographical names. Even San Bernardino, San Luis Obispo and San Bonaventura are honored in every syllable."—*Catholic Standard.*

A PROTEST AGAINST MODERATE DRINKING.

The man who teaches the young that moderate drinking is beneficial, the woman who without resistance permits those whom she might influence to contract this daily habit, commits a crime. There is no middle ground which is absolutely safe. Nothing new can be said on this subject. One can only repeat the old arguments and point to the infinite examples that at all times are to be found on every hand.

And yet, when one reads that at the antialcohol congress held in Holland it is seriously advised that the young should be instructed that the moderate use of alcohol is beneficial, it is impossible to keep silent. We seem to hear the voice of helpless women, of innocent little ones crying out in protest. We cannot permit the perpetration of this wrong upon our children. Rather let them be taught such laws of health as will render any stimulant unnecessary, and let it be impressed upon them that it is not only very foolish but extremely dangerous to contract a habit which, if carried beyond a boundary line so uncertain that it cannot be defined, will bring inevitable destruction.

So long as young people are under the instruction and training of the home and the school let them be taught, in regard to intoxicating liquor, to abstain totally from its use. When they reach years of discretion and go out into the world, trust that they may understand from observation the importance of adhering to this rule. However this may be, it is the imperative duty of parents and teachers to lay the foundation, instill the principles and build up the moral strength necessary for a temperate life. We may depend upon it that there will never be a public sentiment in this country which will favor our becoming a nation of moderate drinkers.

NATIONAL FLOWERS.

The flower badges of nations are as follows: Athens, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, flower-de-luce (lily); Florence, giglio (lily); Germany, cornflower; Ireland, shamrock leaf; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek leaf.

MIGUEL CERVANTES.

DON QUIXOTE; A WISE, INTERESTING WORK.

For Perusal by Catholic Reading Circles—Adventurous Life of its Author—The Soldier—Post—Cervantes, Member of the Third Order of St. Francis.

There is no more fitting book for forming a pleasant contrast to the heavier studies of a reading circle than the ludicrous adventures of Don Quixote. With a view, therefore, to commending this work to the perusal of such circles we shall attempt to point out a few of its beauties, and at the same time to say a little about its author, Miguel Cervantes.

In half a dozen European languages the word Quixotic has become synonymous of absurdity and extravagant romanticism. With an idea in our minds, perhaps emanating from this very source, but few of us ever pause to consider that the adventures of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance have anything to commend them but a string of mirth-provoking incidents; and, in possession of the book, straightway proceed to race through it in eager search of some adventure at which we may strain a laugh. Yet this book, this ludicrous string of adventures of Don Quixote, is the greatest work of Spain's greatest literary artist, and mirrors the life, customs and thoughts of the people of Spain at that period as faithfully as Shakespeare ever mirrored those of England, Goethe those of Germany, or Dante those of Italy.

Miguel Cervantes, the author of the adventures of Don Quixote, opened his eyes on this world in October of 1547, and simultaneously began a life fuller of romantic adventure and disappointments than that of the fictitious Don Quixote himself. The old town of Alcada de Heneres, near Madrid, bears the honor of being the birthplace of Spain's greatest son.

Cervantes was born of noble Castilian parents, whose pride of ancestry was equalled by nothing except their extreme poverty.

At the age of twenty he had already joined the glittering band of needy poets, who gravitated in search of recognition to Madrid and Seville. Whether recommended by his sprightly temperament or otherwise it is impossible to say, but at about this time we see him entered into employment as personal companion of Monsignor Aquaviva, Papal delegate to Spain, a brilliant young man, very little older than himself, and one who, in his 24th year, wore the purple of a Cardinal's hat. In the employment and company of Monsignor Aquaviva, Cervantes travelled luxuriously to Rome, and it seemed, at this time, as if a brilliant peaceable future had opened up before him. When next, however, we hear of Cervantes, he had left the service of the Papal delegate and was fighting desperately as a Spanish soldier in the army of the allied forces of Venice, the Papal States and Spain. The war-loving rapacious Turks, anomalous ancestors to the sleek, calm, polite Turk of to-day, in the predatory excursions which made up their life, had seized the Island of Cyprus. A great Christian army was raised to oppose them, and at Lepanto a fierce battle was fought in which the Christian allies, coming off victorious, secured the release from the hands of the Turks of 15,000 Christian captives. On the morning of the battle Cervantes lay sick with a fever, but when the din of fighting struck his ear excitement overcame his weakness. He went out into the fight, and in view of his known valour was placed in a position of honor where he fought fiercely and was desperately wounded with two gunshot wounds in his chest, and one in his left hand, which maimed it for the rest of his life.

Describing his wounds in a letter to a courtier, Cervantes says:—"I held my sword in one hand; from the other flowed waves of blood. My bosom was struck with a deep wound, my left hand broken and crushed; but such was the sovereign joy that filled my soul that I was unconscious of my wounds. Yet I was fainting from the loss of blood. Cervantes was a soldier from his 22nd to his 28th year, when embarking at Naples with a party of other wounded or veteran warriors, his ship, on its way to Spain was captured by Turks, after a desperate fight, and Cervantes and his companions

were borne into captivity. For five years Cervantes remained a prisoner at Algiers and despite his continued attempts to escape and help others to do so he was looked upon by the Turks with unusual respect and was considered to be the greatest power among the thousands of Christian captives there at that time. His magnanimity, his purity, cheerfulness and bravery, his many hairbreadth escapes from death and torture, and his final release by a ransom laboriously collected by his already impoverished family, read like a wonderful romance.

Returning to Spain Cervantes settled at Valladolid, and there wrote the book which was to make him famous as Spain's greatest writer.

The adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, became so much read and so well-known as a provocative of laughter that King Philip one day observing from his palace a young student with a book in his hand who was slapping his leg and waving himself about in uncontrollable laughter said: "That youth is either an idiot or he is reading Don Quixote." Another prominent characteristic of the book is its charming pastoral nature, every scene has a fresh open air attractiveness about it, and the scenery is clearly and easily defined down almost to each separate tree.

The adventures of Don Quixote and his squire Sancho have been the models for innumerable stories, and they have had no small influence in modern English fiction. Russell Lowell in one of his thoughtful and valuable lectures said:—"Cervantes has more or less directly given impulse and direction to all humoristic literature since his time. We see traces of him in Moliere, in Swift, and still more clearly in Sterne and Richter. Fielding assimilated and Smollett copied him. Scott was his disciple in the "Antiquary," that most delightful of his novels. Irving imitated him in his "Knickerbocker," and Dickens in his "Pickwick Papers."

The Knight of La Mancha, despite his extravagant knighterrantry, his tilting at windmills, charging at flocks of sheep and his innumerable other eccentricities, outcome of his belief that he is a knight of chivalry warring against enchanters and spirits, is one of the most lovable characters in fiction, and one cannot help but sympathize with him in his misfortunes any more than one can help smiling when he argues down on plea of enchantment, Sancho's protestations that sheep are only sheep and not armed hosts, and windmills are not giants but windmills. Sancho, too, for all his cunning and worldliness, is a good faithful servant, with always a thought to his wife at home, even when under the immediate influence of Don Quixote's rhetoric, he hunts for some enchanted damsel whom they shall deliver from the hands of her captors.

The whole book is a faithful index to the character of Cervantes. Nowhere in it is there shown the least bitterness or resentment, but everywhere where fun is made it is made good humoredly; and under the greatest reverses Sancho and his master are always cheerful.

Don Quixote, as an instructive book, is full of wise saws and solid wisdom disguised as jest so charmingly that it is ten times more interesting to read than those more pretentious books whose stated object is to impart wisdom.

Sancho, after an imaginary ride in the sky with his master, says of the island he had been promised by the duke:

What greatness can there be in being at the head of a puny dominion that is but a little nook of a tiny mustard seed? And what dignity and power can a man be reckoned to have in governing half a dozen men no bigger than hazel nuts? No; if your grace would throw away upon me never so little a corner in heaven, though it were but half a league or so, I would take it with better will than I would the largest island on earth. "Friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I cannot dispose of an inch of heaven, for that is the province of God alone; but what I am able to bestow I give you—that is, an island." \* \* \* "Well, then," quoth Sancho, "give me this island, and I will do my best to be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, I shall not want a small nook in heaven some day or other."

Then again, when reproved by Don Quixote for over-much sleeping there is much wisdom in his answer:

"Whilst I am sleeping," says Sancho, "I know that I neither fear, nor hope, nor toil, nor glory, and blessed be he

that invented sleep, the cloak that covers all human thoughts, the food that stayeth hunger, the drink that slakest thirst, the fire that warmeth cold; the cold that tempers heat, and, last of all, the universal money which buyeth all things, the weights which make the shepherd equal with the King and the simple with the wise. Sleep hath only one evil thing as I have ever heard, that it looks like death."

Cervantes makes Don Quixote speak eloquently and well on many occasions. In speaking of knight errantry, he says:

It is a brave sight to see a goodly knight in the arena before his prince give a thrust with his lance to a fierce bull. And it is a brave sight to see a knight, armed in shining armour, pass into the tilt-yard, at the cheerful jousts, before the ladies, but a knight-errant is a better sight succouring some poor widow in some desert, than a court knight courting some gamczell in a city. \* \* \* For the knight errant let him search the corners of the world, enter the most intricate labyrinths, every foot undertake impossibles, resist the sunbeams in the midst of summer, and all frosts in winter. Let not lions fright him nor spirits terrify him, nor hobgoblins make him quake; for to seek these, to set upon them, and overcome all, are his prime exercises. And since it fell to my lot to be one of the number of these knights I cannot but undergo all that I think falls within the jurisdiction of my profession.

The foregoing examples are taken from the original English translation of Don Quixote which was published at the end of the 17th century by Shelton; this translation, though its style is antiquated, is more faithful to the original than any other that has followed it.

Cervantes was in the declining years of his life when Don Quixote appeared and its immediate open-armed reception by the people of Spain, must have compensated for many of the trials in his vicissitudinous life.

The poet was a loving child of the Third Order of St. Francis, and in the tranquil days that immediately preceded his death his attention was drawn more and more to the beauty of the Order and the graces accruing to an observance of its rules. Cheerful to the end and fully aware of the ghastly hand of death stretched out to seize him he wrote until the pen fell from his relaxing fingers, with undimmed jollity and good humour.

On April 18th, 1616, Cervantes received Extreme Unction.

On the 23rd he died, on the same date that Shakespeare, that other great poet, passed away in England.

The body of Cervantes was borne to its first and last resting-place by his brethren of the Third Order of St. Francis. He was buried in the convent of the Holy Trinity, where his only daughter was a nun. A few years later when the Sisters removed, his bones were taken up and carried by them in a common reliquary to their new home. Thus Spain, who honored so little her greatest writer in this life, was forbidden the small privilege of paying posthumous honor at his tomb.—LAURENCE CLARKE.

ABOUT SACRED TREES.

The East Indian has his banyan, the Congo African his aobab, the South Australian his devil tree, and the Ceylonese his bo tree. The mystic rites performed under the sacred shadows of the bo, perhaps, exceed in heathenish solemnity anything known to the tree-worshippers of either of the other countries named. The oldest written description of the bo tree of Ceylon known to exist is that by the Chinese historian and traveller, Fa Hian, who visited it in the year 414 A.D. According to the learned Chinaman, it was at that time 702 years old, having been planted by King Devinipatissa in the year 288 before our era. In October, 1887, after having been daily—one might say almost hourly—worshipped for 2,175 years, the sacred bo met with a great calamity. For months the Island of Ceylon had been parched with drought. They had assembled by twos, tens, dozens, and hundreds under its branches to pray for rain, but all to no purpose. In dire extremity representatives from all parts of the island gathered to the number of many thousands, and prayed to the tree for just one more refreshing shower before their withered bodies should perish for want of water. Hardly had the lamentations extended throughout the length and breadth of the assemblage

ere ominous clouds began to gather and the forked lightning to flit in all fantastic freaks imaginable. The thunder rolled, the wind roared, and the water poured. For three whole days and nights the island was overwhelmed with waterspouts and cyclones. Hundreds of blind devotees clung around the sacred tree, and were killed or drowned during the commotion. For these many deaths there was but little mourning. However, on the morning of October 7th, there was grief throughout the land. The sacred tree which had withstood the cyclones that had rolled over the island every year for twenty-one centuries succumbed to this, the giant of them all. After a season of mourning, which was participated in by the entire population of the island, the tree was cut into the lengths of human beings, wrapped in white cloth, and cremated with as much formality and pomp as though each section had been a member of the royal family.—Selected.

THE WORLD'S FIRST WEDDING.

What a morning that was of the world's first wedding! Sky without a cloud. Atmosphere without a chill. Foliage without a crumpled leaf. Meadows without a thorn. It shall be in church—the great temple of a world, sky-domed mountain-pillared, sapphire-roofed. The sparkling waters of the Gihon and the Kiddekell will make the fount of the temple. Larks, robins and goldfinches will chant the wedding march. Violet, lily and rose-burning incense in the morning sun. Luxuriant vines sweeping their long trails through the forest aisle—upholstery of a spring morning. Wild beasts, standing outside the circle looking on, like family servants from the back door gazing upon the nuptials; the eagle, king of birds; the locust, king of insects; the lion, king of beasts, waiting. Carpets of grass like emerald for the human pair to walk on. Hum of excitement, as there always is before a ceremony. Grass blades and leaves whispering, and the birds a chatter, each one to his mate. Hush, all the clouds. Hush all the birds. Hush, the waters, for the king of the human race advances and his bride. Perfect man, leading to the altar a perfect woman. God, her Father, gives away the bride, and angels are the witnesses, and tears of morning dew stand in the blue eyes of the violets. And Adam takes the round hand that has never been worn with work or stung with pain, in his own stout grasp and says: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh." Tumults of joy break forth and all the trees of the wood clap their hands, and all the galleries of the forest sound with carol and chirp and chant, and the circle of Edenic happiness is complete; for while quail hath answering quail, and every fish answering fish, and every fowl answering fowl, and every beast of the forest a fit companion, at last man, the immortal, has for mate woman, the immortal.—Selected.

DEATHS OF THE APOSTLES.

It is generally believed that only one of Christ's apostles, John, escaped martyrdom. Matthew is supposed to have been slain with a sword in Ethiopia. James, son of Zebedee, was beheaded at Jerusalem. James, the brother of our Lord, was thrown from a pinnacle of the Temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club. Philip was hanged up against a pillar of Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia. Bartholomew was flayed alive at Albanapolis, in Armenia. Andrew suffered martyrdom on a cross at Patra, in Achaia. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies. Thaddeus was shot to death with arrows. Simon Zelotes was crucified in Persia. Peter was crucified, head downward, it is said, during the Neronian persecution. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded, and Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero. Judas Iscariot, after the betrayal of our Lord, hanged himself.

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The name given to seven very remarkable objects of the ancient world: The Pyramids of Egypt; Pharos of Alexandria; Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon; Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Statue of the Olympian Jupiter; Mausoleum of Artemis; Colossus of Rhodes.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

**"THE MARK OF THE BEAST."**

An Able Dissertation in Answer to Prof. X. of Montreal—Something Worth Careful Reading.

The old interpretations of the passages concerning the "Scarlet Lady," the "Beast," "Antichrist," etc., which—when no better excuse could be found for expelling the House of Stuart from the throne of England,—were, for political purposes, blasphemously quoted against the Mother and Mistress of all Churches, have lately, and singularly enough, now that the political purposes whose turn they were then made to serve exist no longer, been revived by some of our Protestant neighbors of the good city of Montreal, and notably so by Prof. X. Whether impelled by curiosity, or whether urged by that taste for the absurd which forms so leading a trait in the character of our own times, large crowds have formed the audiences on those occasions, as we read in the newspapers, and have listened with morbid relish, as their plaudits sufficiently show, to the worn out old profanities which the heat of party feelings, if not also religious animosities, might once, if not have excused, at least have accounted for. But now that the doctrines of the Catholic Church are so well-known; that her system of education is so well appreciated; that her labors in the noble cause of civilization are so universally acknowledged; that the morality of life which she inculcates is so generally felt as a social blessing, it does seem strange that these old follies should have the hardihood to show their faces once more. It may perhaps be the last flicker of the uprising torch. Let us hope it is.

There is one blessing, however, that we have not happily seen revived: It is that which stigmatized the Loving Cross of Lord Jesus Christ as the "Mark of the Beast." Scarcely, when every edifice calling itself a Christian temple—even though it be of the most Puritanical stamp—is now surmounted by the Blessed Sign, could the most hardened of the hardened have dared to trample on the universally-revered symbol of Christianity. Our preachers of the class of the Joseph Cooke and company must sacrifice the consistency of their blasphemies to the needs of popularity, at least, to this extent.

As to the "Mark of the Beast" itself, it is pretty clear what it is, at least in the moral order. We call a drunkard a *beast*, not, indeed, as it has been wittily remarked, because beasts are addicted to the use of spirituous liquors; but because such indulgence dethrones that reason which alone, in the intellectual order, elevates man above the brute: his actions are no longer those of the man: he wills to walk straight, but he staggers in spite of himself; he wills to speak coherently, but his speech is thick and disordered. These involuntary actions resemble those of an animal; not because an animal is disorderly in his gait, or in the sounds it emits, but because they are not the actions of that free will which constitutes man a human person. They are the "mark of the beast" that is in us. So every passion—violent or gentle—has its appropriate *mark*: anger has its frenzy, its foaming and its pallor. Sloth, its yawning and its nodding; and we may notice here that there are "marks of the beast" in all *involuntary bodily convulsions*. We use the word *involuntary*, not because we believe that the soul can never, even after years of self-control, obtain such mastery over the body as to be supreme mistress of all the actions of the latter; but because, although this is the true destiny of man, yet so few attain to it, that even though distinguished for the opposite virtue, and united to the Divinity of His grace, the marks of involuntary passion still perturb the body generally until the end of life. So it is related that a gallant officer in the Revolutionary war never could go into an engagement without excessive trembling. "Why, you're afraid, Colonel!" exclaimed an impertinent young subaltern. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and if you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run away." The man was most brave and courageous, and had been so for many years; but *the beast* was still strong enough in him to make him tremble, although not to make him run away.

Perfect men are they, and truly admirable, though few indeed in number—in all our lives did we ever meet with one?—where reason has established her-

self supreme ruler over all the faculties which the great Creator has formed for her use, whose personality is concerned in the lifting of a finger, or the blinking of an eye. It is a perfection which makes us tremble from its very sublimity; and yet it is not an impossibility. It is what we must all aspire to who have heard the words: "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect," or who have trembled (and who among the reflecting have not!) at the "strict account" to be given, one day, for "every idle word." It is what some men—the Saints—have actually reached! . . .

The *mark of the beast* in the purely moral order being *convulsive and involuntary bodily action*, why should we look for any other mark in the religious order? We find, by a little attentive examination, that it is the mark of all false religions. To begin with paganism; in what do we find religious exercises among the heathens chiefly to consist? In the consultation of the *divinity* by means of oracles, and in the celebration of mysteries, such as the Eleusinian, etc. In both of these we find the *mark of the beast*. The oracles given by Apollo at Delphi were conveyed to mortals, as is well known, by the instrumentality of a woman in a furious state of convulsion. A mere allusion to the Pithia, so well known to every classical student, is sufficient here; we need only remark that all oracular responses partook of the general character. Even the gentle *Aeneas*, inquiring the future of the yet more gentle *Heleneus* found himself "*multo suspensum numine*;" and the frenzy of the *vatis* was something more than the mere imaginative excitement of the Roman poet.

If, granting that fury was naturally the characteristic of the orgies of *Bacchus*, drunkenness cannot be pleaded as the cause of the disorders perpetrated by the votaries of *Ceres*, on what was called the "Torch-day" of the Eleusinian Mysteries. In fact, all the mysteries of whatever divinity—*Isis*, *Mithras*, *Cybele*, *Hecate*—had convulsions as a part of the initiation ceremonies. Less classic paganism bore the same character, and yet *Baal* answered them not.

Modern paganism, among the races of Asia, Africa and America, places also its religious act in bodily perturbation. Witness the votaries of the loathsome gods of Hindoostan, dancing with skewers stuck through the muscular portions of their limbs. See the fetish worshippers of Africa executing the antics of insanity in honor of the bundle of sticks which they suppose to be the residence of the Supreme power. Observe the similar performances of the Medicine-man of the North American Indians. Consider all, then, and say whether the *convulsive state* is not the constant and essential *mark of heathen-worship*.

Witchcraft, which is, indeed, only paganism in a blacker and more occult shape, a more direct and explicit worship of demons—bears the same mark in a more prominent form. From the witch of Endor, the witches of New England in the colonial times, to the spiritual mediums of modern times, convulsion is the *sine qua non* of divination.

Mahometanism has neither priests nor altars. It is rather the service of the world and the flesh than of any object of religious worship; but it has its devotees, though they be few. The accounts we have of the dancing dervishes do not permit us to doubt that the extraordinary, and oftentimes astounding and revolting, phenomena they exhibit are those of pure bodily convulsion caused, in all cases, by excessive mental perturbation.

And now we have come to a delicate part of our essay. What if our fellow-citizens in Protestant communities should find in some of the religions prevalent among them the indisputable mark of the beast? Our liberal friends of the various Protestant persuasions—with very few exceptions—have often expressed themselves so much ashamed of the epithets hurled against the Catholic Church by their forefathers of a few generations past, that it is hardly polite to show them where the *mark* really is. Politeness generally ranks herself under the amiable banner of charity; but when charity requires that truth should be told, and politeness rebels against the requisition, must we follow the rebel? Besides, the late most unwarranted and odious attacks made by the Rev. Joseph Cook, in Boston, Professor X., in Montreal, and the redoubtable Cole, editor of the *Cleveland Leader*, in his own paper, remove our scruples on that point. Protestantism, in itself, is a

negation rather than a religion; but since the human heart must have a religion, Protestantism has, in several instances, stooped to pick up the fragments of what she has destroyed, and put them together in some strange and novel form to gratify the religious instinct of the nations whom she has deceived. And whenever we find any form of positive religion among Protestants, there also do we find the *convulsive state*.

Some, as the Shakers and Quakers, derive their very name from this bodily perturbation. Others are only spasmodic on occasions—at revivals, camp-meetings, etc.; but all agree in blasphemously attributing those irregular, involuntary, unseemly, *unholy* nervous twitchings and gaspings to the influence of Him whom the True Church invokes as the "Spirit Creator," the Holy Ghost—the God of calmness, serenity and peace. If they blasphemed once in calling the cross of Christ the *mark of the beast*, is their present blasphemy less in calling these the *real marks of the beast*, the workings of the Holy Spirit?

Reason is the legitimate governing power—the Viceroy, we may say, appointed by the Supreme Ruler to hold in check the passions and the animal man. When these become too strong for her authority, and rebel, what should the Viceroy do? Seek aid from the Supreme Ruler. And what will the Supreme Ruler do? Will He descend into the province for the purpose of giving His faithful Viceroy up to her rebellious subjects, to be led captive, maltreated and put in chains? Yet that is how our separated brethren represent the action of the Holy Ghost, who, they say, descends into the human soul for the purpose of dethroning reason, throwing the faculties into disorder, turning the princely power of speech into inarticulate howlings, and subjecting the body to the contortions of insanity.

But far different is the true action of the Creating Spirit. When He descends into His creation all is harmony and grace. That order, which is said to be "heaven's first law," is re-established; reason is re-instated in her legitimate authority—the passions lie prostrate at her feet. The tongue is her faithful servant, and sings in serene, holy and ennobling strains the praises of the Creator. The body is composed and decorous in all its postures; a sanctity clothes the human personality well described by America's favorite poet, Longfellow, in his portrait of Evangeline, the Acadian sweetest maid:

"But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty  
Shone on her face, and encircled her form,  
When, after confession,  
Homeward serenely she walked with God's  
benediction upon her."

Compare this portrait,—no mere creation of poetic fancy, for Longfellow saw it realized, more than once, if his steps ever led him past the portals of a parish church on a Saturday evening,—compare this portrait, I say, with that of a howling Redfield, or Sankay or Moody, and say in which do you see the fruit of the Spirit, which are manifest: "charity, joy, peace, patience, longanimity, goodness, benignity, mildness, modesty," and the rest. But let us take a more perfect picture of a more perfect character. Let us hear what St. Bernard tells us of one of Erin's greatest and loveliest saints, St. Malachy: "For to be silent about his inner character, the beauty, fortitude and purity of which were sufficiently shown by his manners and life, he governed his exterior always in one and the same way, and that most modest and becoming; so that nothing whatever appeared in him which could offend or startle the beholders. . . ." But in Malachy, what man ever watching him very narrowly, could perceive, I will not say merely an idle word, but even an idle gesture?—When was he ever seen to move hand or foot without a purpose? When was aught disedifying seen in his gait, his aspect, his manner, or his countenance? Everything in him was under discipline, everything was the very criterion of virtue, the very form of perfection."

Such are the effects of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in a soul not only passively submissive to His inspirations, but actively co-operating with His grace, and succeeding at last in absolutely effacing the *mark of the heart*; so that not the faintest trace of it remains. Such is the Christian perfection to which we ought to aspire—the fulfilment of our true and sole destiny—including the "*mens sana in corpore sano*," with much more superadded, of which the ancient

philosophers, with their boasted equanimity of soul, could never have dreamed in their mild speculations on the possibilities of human perfection—bare metaphysical possibilities to them but made moral possibilities and glorious realities by the all-sufficient and all-efficient grace of God, flowing through its established channels in the Holy Catholic Church.

One objection remains to be answered: Do we not find the saints canonized by the Catholic Church, often represented as carried away by ecstasies, raptures, trances, in which the functions of reason and speech are suspended, and which are, therefore, comparable to the paroxysms just mentioned as found in other denominations? We answer that these ecstasies and raptures neither destroy the empire reason over the other faculties, nor suspend its functions. The reason is occupied, at these times, in acts of praise and adoration—conscious acts, meritorious acts; and consequently, acts of the free will. If it appears dead to external things, it is because it has an opportunity of absorbing itself in the contemplation of things far more worthy of its attention. In this, it makes a reasonable preference—it shows itself by its action. As for the lower faculties, they are still under its dominion—never more so. The body may be lifted into the air; but far from any indecorum in its postures, and still further from the nervous twitchings and convulsions which we have called the *marks of the heart*, its dignity and beauty are wonderfully increased. A holy calm reigns upon the countenance; joy beams from the eyes; and if the functions of the tongue are exercised it is not howlings or incoherent words, but in the sweet and harmoniously modulated praises of the Spirit who "fortiter, suariterque disponens omnia." Nor are the exterior virtues forgotten or neglected, much less discarded: if a vow of obedience binds the subject of these ecstasies, the command of a Superior is sufficient to call it instantly from the most absorbing rapture to the performance of some,—perhaps menial, duty, as has been shown by numerous examples. Who, understanding rightly the character of these raptures, could, for a moment, consider the comparison of them with the yellings and the contortions of false religions as anything but profane, to say the least?

Let me conclude, young gentlemen, by summing up my thesis concerning the true *mark of the beast* in a few words:—

1. The *mark of the beast* consists in those outward bodily signs by which the animal nature of man shows itself in opposition to reason.
2. The *mark* is found naturally in all men by reason of original sin.
3. It is fostered and intensified into the *convulsive state* by false religions, of which this intense form of it properly becomes the distinguishing *mark*.
4. It is effaced by divine grace entering the soul by channels established in the Holy Catholic Church.
5. It may be completely obliterated by the constant and sedulous co-operation of the soul with divine grace in the state of Evangelical perfection.
6. It is permitted, by Divine Providence, to appear more manifest in some than in others; as, for instance, when it is said "God set a *mark* upon Cain," which *mark*, according to the universal tradition of the Jews, and the opinion of the Christian commentators of the Holy Scriptures, was a convulsive trembling of the body.

It is, perhaps, made more manifest in those forms of hurry which are most seductive to the intellectual man, that their true character may be revealed; hence the amazing convulsions which followed the adherents of Jansenism and its outbreak.

By REV. JOSEPH CARRIER, C.S.C.  
St. Laurent College.

## TESTING HIS HONESTY.

Your druggist is honest, if, when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez, leaning his chin on his cane and glancing at William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica. "Why so?" inquired William Henry. "Well, they commenced as a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly, and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

# The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY, ..... OCTOBER 23, 1894.

## THE BAZAAR SEASON.

This is the season of bazaars, and indeed it is one that should be welcomed by all. For those who are actively concerned in the good works a great deal of enjoyment, mutual intercourse and happy incidents serve to lighten the labor consequent upon the thorough organization and efficient management of a bazaar. For the people who are desirous of contributing their share to the cause of religion, or charity, the bazaar affords a very good opportunity of doing so, and doing it in a most satisfactory and pleasant manner. In November a bazaar will be held by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, for the purpose of securing the basis of a fund to rebuild the novitiate, destroyed some time ago by the fire. This month St. Mary's parish will forego the pleasure of a regular bazaar, and merely have the fancy fair that commenced yesterday and terminates to-night. Consequently, the "Rainbow" will not span the sky of that fine parish as it did last autumn. Still we trust that the "Bazaar Calendar," issued during these two days, will receive proportionate encouragement and that to-night the hall will be thronged when the numerous splendid articles are to be sold and the prizes to be distributed.

In St. Gabriel's, there will also be a bazaar in December, and the very exterior of the magnificent new Church in that parish tells in silent but eloquent language the object of that effort to raise some much needed means. The people of St. Gabriel's can well be proud of their Church; it is an ornament to the city and a credit to the Archdiocese. It certainly is the duty of each one in that section of the city to do all in his, or her, power to make that bazaar a telling success. It is for themselves that they work, and the time, money, or labor expended will come back, with blessings, a hundred-fold.

The most extensive and most important bazaar of the season is that of St. Ann's. It is being held in the St. Ann's Hall, corner of Young and Ottawa streets. Under the direction of the indefatigable and zealous Father Strubbe, and with its splendid and lively paper, "The Bazaar Journal," edited by the bright-penned poetess of Montreal, Miss O'Brien, it cannot fail to be an unprecedented success. An editorial is not the place for a lengthy description nor minute details of such an important series of events as connect with the bazaar at St. Ann's; but we must not let the occasion pass without making one very pertinent remark. The object of this bazaar is to come to the aid of the orphans and poor of the parish. It is well known that the good Fathers of St. Ann's have a very

heavy load to carry and very hard work to perform. They have debts that, in proportion to their means, are very weighty, and they have an immense number of poor to shelter, provide for and protect. Their parish is a thickly populated one, but it is not proportionately wealthy. In no place in Canada—we might say on the continent—is there a greater degree of the Catholic Faith, of practical charity, of warm hospitality than in St. Ann's parish. But true is the saying that *nemo dat quod non habet*, and if a bazaar is gotten up for the purpose of ameliorating the condition and improving the prospects of the indigent, the orphan, and the widowed, it becomes a general duty, incumbent upon all our Irish Catholics of sufficient means,—inside and outside that parish—to lend a helping hand, to aid the Redemptorists in their noble work and to secure a grand success for every such enterprise on behalf of that splendid Irish Catholic district and parish. Between this and Saturday we trust that the bazaar room will be thronged, and that when the results are summed up Father Strubbe will have good and happy news for the orphans and poor of St. Ann's.

## A QUEER PUBLICATION.

We were always under the impression that "The Arena" was one of the most serious publications on the continent; but its October number has somewhat shaken that opinion. We are at a loss to know whether it has developed into a downright infidel organ, or else a humorous magazine, or, finally, a volume of eccentric fairy tales. From the first to the last page the only article that seems to be seriously intended, or free from a suspicion of humbug, is the short description by Stephen Crane, entitled "The men in the storm." It is a very fine piece of word-painting, and conveys a fairly accurate picture of a number of homeless men striving to gain admission to some refuge in New York. But taking out those six pages, we would feel inclined to accuse the editor and his contributors of poking fun at their readers. Dr. Heinrich Hensoldt seems to have got wonderfully captivated by "the occult science in Thibet," and he tells a most wonderful and highly improbable story about his visit to the Grand Lama—the eight-year old, mystic child, who by mere psychic influences has the power of speaking all the languages of the earth, and who knows every science conceivable. Cervantes or Jules Verne could not beat this Philosophic Doctor in flights of imagination. Even the author of "King Solomon's Mines" could take lessons from the German student of the occult. He places himself in an impossible position; he reaches a palace that no other white-man ever approached; he deceives the guards as to his race; and he beholds and converses with the mystic Dalai Lama, and is not expelled, although the god-child knows who he is, speaks his native dialect and reads his innermost thoughts. He must either take his readers to be fools, children, or very ignorant.

Unless such articles are taken seriously there may be no more harm in them than in an ordinary tale of the Arabian Nights; but when a man undertakes to place Krishna, Buddha and Christ in the same category, to prove that the twelve disciples are merely the twelve signs of the zodiac, to make out Christianity to be a mere allegory illustrative of astronomical phenomena, it is time to think that he means harm. He suggests that Christ is a being, or a name intended for the sun, which rises in the sign of Virgo (born of a Virgin) and during the summer

solstice passes higher each day till it crosses the meridian (the origin of the cross and crucifixion), then gradually sinks, bringing summer to another hemisphere (the descent into Limbo), till finally it rises in renewed splendor over another sphere (the resurrection from the dead). Either this man is trying to be humorous with a most serious and sacred subject, or else he is bent on preaching infidelity and overturning Christianity. In either case he is not a safe person to have any communion of spirit with.

We would be surprised at the gifted editor, Mr. B. O. Flower, issuing a number of his magazine—such as the October one—were it not that his own contributions indicate very erratic ideas in their author. His present series "In the Psychic Dream," which he opens by quoting Oliver J. Lodge, Victor Hugo and Andrew Lang, show clearly that he lives—or strives to live—in some mysterious sphere in the company of spooks, ghosts, and other disembodied creatures. We can read with pleasure and even profit—on account of their literary excellence—"The Strange Story," or even "Zanoni;" but we know that we are reading fiction, that Bulwer Lytton merely sought to add another attractive feature to modern romance. But when it comes to a serious man, in a serious magazine article, trying to stuff us with all this kind of nonsense, and make us believe that he believes in it, we draw the line and prefer to keep out of the "Arena." If it is serious, Lord help the writers; if it is not serious, Lord pity the readers.

## THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

In our last issue we gave a few hints that might be useful to our organizers of reading circles concerning the choice of books. We desire to continue this subject, as it is one not only of interest, but of profit. "Thinking cannot be done by deputy," wrote Davis, "people must think for themselves." This is absolutely true; but at the same time students can derive great assistance from the grand sources of thoughts—books. To read for the purpose of passing away the time is very dangerous. It is still more dangerous, and is even dishonest, to read for the purpose of repeating an author's expressions, or rather stealing his thoughts. We will quote again from that wonderfully learned editor of the old Nation:

"Reading to consume time is an honest but a weak employment. It is a positive disease with multitudes of people. They crouch in corners, going over novels and biographies at the rate of two volumes a day, when they would have been far better employed in digging or playing shuttle-cock. Still it is hard to distinguish between this long-looking through books and the voracity of a curious and powerful mind gathering stores which it will afterwards arrange and use. Indeed the highest reading of all (which may be called epic reading) is of this class. When we are youngest and heartiest we read them. The fate and passions of men are all in all to us; for we are then true lovers, candidates for laurel crowns, assured liberators and conquerors of the earth, rivals of arch-angels perchance in our dreams. We never pause then upon the artistical excellence of a book—we never try to look at and realize the scenery and sounds described (if the author make them clear, well and good—if not, no matter)—we hurry on to the end of the shipwreck, or the battle, the courtship or the journey—palpitating for our hero's fate. This, we repeat, is the highest kind of reading. Earnest readers of science read their books at first as ordinary people do their histories—for the plot. But most readers of science read in order to use it. They try to acquire command over each part for convenience sake, and for curiosity, or love. All men who persevere in science do this latter mainly; but all of them retain or acquire the epic spirit in reading, and we have seen a dry

lawyer swallow a treatise, not thinking of its use in his arguments, but its intrinsic beauty of system and accuracy of logic."

The reader of narrative literature (be it novel, poem, drama, history or travel), must learn scientific as well as epic reading. It is not necessary that he should criticize and review every book, still less need he pause on every sentence and word till the full meaning of it stands before him. But it is well to analyze at times, while enjoying the work. He should consider the elements as well as the argument of a book just as, long-dwelling on a landscape, he will begin to know the trees and rocks, the sun-flooded hollow and the cloud-crowned top, which go to make the scene—or, to use a more illustrative thought—as one, long listening to the noise on a summer day, comes to separate and mark the bleat of the lamb, the hoarse caw of the crow, the song of the bird, the buzz of the bee and the trickle of the brook.

Enough of theory for one week! We will come to something more immediately affecting those whom we particularly address. If our friends of the Reading Circle will commence by mapping out a course for the season and by deciding upon what kind of literature they will seek to cultivate during the coming winter, they will have taken a very good step.

We would not advise the members of any circle to confine their reading to any one branch to the exclusion of all others. We mean by this that it would not be well to select works on history, or poetry, or science, or fiction, and to leave aside all other books. As a good dinner consists of several courses, so should a good literary feed (if we may use the term) consist of a certain amount of mixtures. This is very different from unmethodical or indiscriminate reading. A person can certainly be very fond of soup, or of beef, or of pie; but if one were to drink soup three times a day, and take nothing else, or to eat only beef, or live entirely on pies, the relish would soon die away and the very health would be injured. So if a person were to read only romance, or poetry, or history, or travels, or sacred literature, the study would become monotonous, the taste for that branch would deteriorate, and the result would be either a general disgust for reading or else a monomania, a species of crankiness, on one subject. It is very difficult to make out a list of books suitable for a Reading Circle. The means are necessarily limited and at the very most must be made of what the members possess. It would never do to squander money or time experimenting with books that might prove eventually useless.

There is a little volume, published about a year ago, and sold, we believe, by Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, of this city, entitled "English Literature," by Prof. Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., professor of English Literature in the University of Notre Dame. It is a primer, a real introduction to the study of English literature. The book consists of a little over two hundred pages, and it is, in our estimation, one of the most valuable helps that the members of any Reading Circle could secure. The cost is insignificant, and if a person were to read it carefully and then take up, one after the other, the authors whose works are analyzed in its pages, the result would be astonishing. We could not do better than quote from the preface the three objects of the author: "One is to give the Catholic student a standard of judgment; the others, to interest him in the literature of his own language, and to encourage such a taste for it that he would long to read books and not be satisfied with the

opinions of other people about them. I beg that the teacher and the student will remember that this little book is by a Catholic for Catholics, and that it is merely an introduction to the study of English literature." And a most useful, necessary, timely introduction it is. Next week we will continue this subject.

**THE HYDRA OF DISSENSION.**

Last week we referred to the circular issued by a number of persons in New York, in which a fierce attack was made upon the Hon. Mr. Blake. We felt confident that a great deal of harm would result from that document, and our fears were realized in the conduct of a certain crowd on the occasion of Mr. Blake's address in the Lenox Lyceum. Whether the disturbances were premeditated or spontaneous, whether the tube brought in and ignited were a fire-cracker or a bomb, is not the question uppermost in our mind at this moment. What causes us the deepest anxiety and the greatest humiliation is to find that even in free America our people cannot learn the wisdom of being united. No matter how great the success of an individual, or how wonderful the triumphs of a party, no matter how close the cause may come to the goal of success, or how hopeful the beam that flashes upon the brow of the nation, it would seem that the hydra of discord—with his hundred heads—must spring up, and create a rupture at the most critical moment. We care not who they are, or what they call themselves; we care not what loud professions they make, or what flimsy arguments they advance; be they Whigs or Tories, Liberals or Conservatives, Democrats or Republicans, Parnellites or anti-Parnellites, the moment they raise issues that in turn give rise to dissensions, to jealousies, to animosities, they are enemies of the Irish cause and instruments in the hands of the most bitter opponents of Home Rule.

If memory serves us well, it was in Limerick that the immortal orator and heroic patriot, Thomas Francis Meagher, pronounced those words—words that should have sunk into the heart of every honest Irishman, words that should have found an echo in the breast of every child of the Celtic race, words that should be recalled a thousand times, and from which mothers should teach lessons to their babes as they rock them to slumber. "From the summer of 1846 to the winter of 1848, the wing of an avenging angel swept our sky and soil. The fruits died as the shadow passed, and men, who nurtured them into life, saw in the withered leaves they too must die—and dying swell the red catalogue of carnage that was the stay and the support of that Empire of which we are the prosecuted foes. And all that time, you were battalions in to faction, drilled into disunion; striking each other above the graves that yawned beneath, instead of joining hands and snatching victory from death."

But what effect can even that appeal have upon men who cannot comprehend the spirit that animated Meagher? Each one, with his own petty plans, his peculiar views, his head-strong indifference to the cause provided his ideas prevail; the spectacle is enough to dishearten any other people in the world and to silence the voices and break the pens of the sincerest and most determined advocates of any other cause on earth. The men—and we don't refer to any persons individually—who pretend to have their hearts and souls wrapped up in the Liberty of Ireland, and who are eternally spiking the guns and clogging the wheels of the advancing army of Home

Rulers, must know very little about the aspirations and hopes of the noblest advocates the old land ever possessed. Why should the Irish people stand as a laughing-stock for the world? The artist paints our race in caricature; the journalist depicts our divisions with a sneer of triumph; the opponents of our people—no matter what their profession, art or trade, find a fruitful source of ridicule in the constantly arising factions, and the ubiquity of disunion's hydra.

Let us suppose for a moment that the methods of one section or the other are not all that could be desired; let us suppose that what is now sought is not all that should be given; even so—for God's sake, let us get that portion of the loaf; let us go with the majority, no matter who leads, no matter who follows; let us concentrate our forces around the strongest standard. There will be ample time and opportunity later on to discuss methods and plans, but at this moment, and in this crisis, for the sake of the respectability of our cause and the honor of our race, let us trample under foot any personal differences, or individual interests, and accept the spirit that dictated, fifty years ago, those noble lines to "Slievegullion"—Michael Doheney:

"What path is best your rights to wrest,  
Let other heads divine;  
By work or word, with voice or sword,  
To follow them be mine."

It was the same spirit that animated Moore when he passionately cried out:  
"Erin thy silent tear never shall cease;  
Erin thy languid smile ne'er shall increase;  
'Till like the rainbow's light,  
Thy various tints unite,  
And form in heaven's sight,  
One arch of peace."

The immortal bard was right; and the smile has not yet removed the tear, and while at times the shadows may be golden, as if the flush of dawn were on the hill-tops, the tempest clouds of disunion at once sweep over the face of heaven, and the blackness of despair falls upon a race. When Ingram penned that imperishable appeal, "The Memory of the Dead," he could not terminate his mighty chant without touching upon that fearful danger, that only real danger:

"Then here's their memory—may it be  
For us a guiding light,  
To cheer our strife for liberty,  
And teach us to unite."

Even the gentle-hearted McCarthy could not draw his poetic picture of the "Bell-Founder" without lamenting exactly what ever lover of Ireland laments to day:

"Oh! Erin, thou desolate Mother,  
The heart in thy bosom is sore;  
And wringing thy hands in despair,  
Thou dost roam round a plague-stricken shore.  
Thy children are dying, or flying,  
Thy great ones are laid in the dust,  
And those who survive are divided,  
And those who control are unjust."

And injustice will continue until the Irish people learn to unite. Here we have two principal divisions in the ranks, when the combined forces of the two would be scarcely strong enough to carry the day. We are not siding with one party or the other; we are appealing to both to come to some kind of rational understanding. If they are not prepared to do so, then the sooner the battle for Home Rule is given up the better. If there is not enough of self-sacrificing patriotism in a man to thus reason: "I feel I am right, the other's methods do not suit me, but for the present his methods are the most likely to secure a national boon. I will sink my views in the great principle at stake; for Ireland's sake I will follow rather than lead?" Was that beautiful story of Con. O'Donnell and MacJohn lost upon our people? They had deadly war between clan and clan; none could be prouder than O'Donnell, none more stern than Mac-

John. Yet the moment that Con. O'Donnell saw that the fate of his country depended upon the union of their conflicting forces, he went to his rival, his foe-man, and, offering his hand, he said:

"MacJohn, I stretch to yours and you  
This hand beneath God's blessed sun,  
And for the wrong that I might do,  
Forgive the wrong that I have done."

Are the days of Celtic chivalry dead? Is there none of that grand spirit left; the spirit that is most powerful in its concessions, most noble in its submission, most triumphant in its humility? Let the feeling that exists to-day between the different sections of Irishmen but die out for one short year, and Parnellite and anti-Parnellite can go hand in hand to the grave of the mighty leader and wave a flag of Home Rule triumphant over his remains; they can go thence and carve the lines—so long unwritten—upon Emmet's tomb. But are there enough generous-souled, noble-hearted men in both parties to accomplish such a purpose? The leader, or the party that would be the first to extend the hand and to close the chasm, would be the winner of Home Rule and the greatest benefactor the Irish race has ever had. Which party or which leader is prepared to take that step?

**A WONDERFUL JOURNAL.**

We will always be amongst the first to welcome a new addition to the ranks of journalism. Particularly delighted are we to hear of some fresh publication that promises to be really a newspaper as well as a new paper. A meteor is generally appreciated according to the length and the brilliancy of its tail; a sudden apparition in the sky of journalism is usually judged by the length and brilliancy of its programme. One of these shooting-stars has flashed, unexpectedly, upon our sphere. Literary and especially political star-gazers will do well to secure telescopes and prepare for observations. If we are to judge from the announcement of the new organ's programme, there are hundreds of people, who now imagine their futures secured, will do well to begin looking out for some other employment. In fact the social, political and general revolution that will follow in the wake of this wonderful visitor will create a commotion heretofore unheard of, and may, not improbably, reduce the existing order of things to chaos. It is a cyclone that is on the way; its announcement recalls to mind the opening lines of the late lamented Dr. Holmes' "Address to the Comet":

"Behold across the skies this dread  
And fearful monster sail,  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion miles of tail."

It is in the usually quiet and always pleasant town of Three Rivers that the extraordinary journal with the mighty programme of universal reform appears. According to its prospectus this Dominion may look out for wonderful changes. We do not pretend to criticize the advisability of all the intended reforms; perhaps many of them are needed; but we fear the result should they be all put into force at the same moment. In fact the change would be too sudden and the consequences might be disastrous.

The name of this new journal is "L'Independance Canadienne," and has been founded by Mr. G. E. Barthe. The title "Independance" does not mean that the paper will be "Independent," either politically or otherwise. "Canadian Independance" means clearly a policy whereby Canada would become an independent power. But according to the programme laid down, this does not seem to be the idea or aim of the founder of the paper; so we must conclude that the title merely means nothing in particular, unless it be the independence of the

editor. Prepare for squalls! Here are a few of the sweeping changes that will produce a regular metamorphosis in the Dominion.

The Governor General is, in future, to be paid by the metropolis; it don't say whether it is the metropolis of Canada or that of Great Britain. We presume that Ottawa—as the political metropolis of Canada—will have that privilege. Of course Montreal is the commercial metropolis; but then Montreal has almost enough to do in supporting half a province without assuming the payment of the Governor's salary. If London is the metropolis referred to, well—adieu to our Independence Canadienne. The Lieutenant-Governors are to be elected every five years, and are to receive only \$6,000 per year. Of course, in order to do away with the necessity of a Lieutenant-Governor keeping up a state in accordance with his rank, Spencerwood will be sold as well as the other government properties. The \$4,000 taken from the Lieutenant-Governor's salary and the purchase money of the property will be used to clear off the debt. The Senators will have to go before the people for election. The Legislative Councillors will have to go into private life. No person will have a right to vote unless he can both read and write. Of course a man—and there are hundreds of them—who can read and cannot write, but who can read and understand what he reads, and who can help in building up the country by his industry and the exercise of his native talents, will not be allowed to vote. The double mandate to the Senate and Legislative Council is to be abolished; very naturally, since the Legislative Council, itself, is to be wiped out, the double mandate will die a natural death. These are considerable reforms to start with; but they are not the quarter of the number.

We are to have "religious liberty, separate schools and no schools without God." Not a bad feature this in the programme. "Religious liberty," "no schools without God," are two splendid phrases; yet we don't exactly see how they apply as far as Canada, or this Province, is concerned. That is to say, always supposing the new organ to class these amongst its reforms. In France, perhaps, there might be a reason for these announcements; but we have yet to learn in what part of this Province there is no religious liberty, or where the schools are that have no God. Such expressions savor too much of continental journalism for our liking; but we have not space to enter into this question. Obligatory voting; universal franchise; "one man one vote;" a summary law punishing briber and bribed with one year's imprisonment; representation based on population; judges to be excluded from participation in all disputes of a political nature; judges to be chosen from among members of the legal profession who had devoted the ten previous years exclusively to the practice of law; and upon recommendation of a majority of the Bar; abolition of the Grand Jury, and a few other changes affecting the administration of justice are to be expected.

But this is not all. We are to have free trade with the whole world, restricted to such duties only as are absolutely required to pay the public service. Provincial taxes are to be abolished—probably the reduction of the Lieutenant-Governor's salary and the sale of Spencerwood will suffice to pay off the Provincial debt, and keep the public service going during the life time of "L'Independance Canadienne." The militia is to be replaced by a small, effective national army—likely for the purpose of keeping guard over Independent Canada. There are other reforms too numerous to mention, but we cannot omit stating that the programme also includes "mutual liberty, tolerance, respect and justice to all." Not a bad list, as far as we have gone. We only hope that the "Independance Canadienne" will not fire all these changes at once; we are just Liberal enough to accept necessary reforms, and Conservative enough not to want unnecessary changes.

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER LXXI.—Continued.

And then she persuaded herself she would like to hear Donogan talk as once before. She had heard him talk of his hopes and his ambitions. There was something in the high-sounding aspirations of the man, a lofty heroism in all he said, that struck a chord in her Greek nature. The cause that was so intensely associated with danger, that life was always on the issue, was exactly the thing to excite her heart, and, like the trumpet-blast to the charger, she felt stirred to her inmost soul by whatever appealed to reckless daring and peril. "He shall tell me what he intends to do—his plans, his projects, and his troubles. He shall tell me of his hopes, what he desires in the future, and where he himself will stand when his efforts have succeeded; and, oh!" thought she, "are not the wild extravagances of these men better a thousand times than the well-turned nothings of the fine gentlemen who surround us? Are not their very risks and vicissitudes more manly teachings than the small casualties of the polished world? If life were all 'salon,' taste, perhaps, might decide against them; but it is not all 'salon,' or, if it were, it would be a poorer thing even than I think it!" She turned to her desk as she said this, and wrote:

"DEAR MR. DONOGAN—I wish to thank you in person for the great kindness you have shown me, though there is some mistake on your part in the matter. I cannot suppose you are able to come here openly, but if you will be in the garden on Saturday evening at nine o'clock, I shall be there to meet you. I am very truly yours,

"NINA KOSTALERGI."

"Very imprudent—scarce delicate—perhaps, all this, and for a girl who is to be married to another man in some three weeks hence; but I will tell Cecil Walpole all when he returns, and if he desires to be off his engagement he shall have the liberty. I have one-half at least of the Bayard legend, and, if I cannot say I am 'without reproach'—I am certainly without fear."

The letter-bag lay in the hall, and Nina went down at once and deposited her letter in it; this done, she lay down on her bed, not to sleep, but to think over Donogan and his letter till day-break.

## CHAPTER LXXXII.

## THE BREAKFAST ROOM.

"STRANGE house this!" said Joseph Atlee, as Nina entered the room the next morning where he sat alone at breakfast. "Lord Kilgobbin and Dick were home a moment ago, and disappeared suddenly; Miss Kearney for an instant, and also left as abruptly; and now you have come, I most earnestly hope, not to fly away in the same fashion."

"No; I mean to eat my breakfast, and so far to keep you company."

"I thank the tea-urn for my good fortune," said he, solemnly.

"A *tete a tete* with Mr. Atlee is a piece of good luck," said Nina, as she sat down. "Has anything occurred to call our hosts away?"

"In a house like this," said he, jocularly, "where people are marrying or giving in marriage at every turn, what may not happen? It may be a question of the settlement, or the bride-cake, the white satin 'slip'—if that's the name for it, the orange flowers, or the choice of the best man—who knows?"

"You seem to know the whole bead-roll of wedding incidents."

"It is a dull 'repertoire' after all, for whether the piece be melodrama, farce, genteel comedy, or harrowing tragedy, it has to be played by the same actors."

"What would you have—marriages cannot be all alike. There must be marriages for many things besides love; for ambition, for interest, for money, for convenience."

"Convenience is exactly the phrase I wanted and could not catch."

"It is not the word I wanted, nor do I think we mean the same thing by it."

"What I mean is this," said Atlee, with a firm voice: "that when a young

girl has decided in her own mind that she has had enough of that social bondage of the daughter, and cannot marry the man she would like, she will marry the man that she can."

"And like him, too," added Nina, with a strange, dubious sort of smile.

"Yes, and like him, too, for there is a curious feature in the woman's nature that, without any falsehood or disloyalty, permits her to like different people in different ways, so that the quiet, gentle, almost impassive woman might, if differently mated, have been a being of fervid temper, headstrong and passionate. If it were not for this species of accommodation, marriage would be a worse thing than it is."

"I never suspected you of having made a study of the subject. Since when have you devoted your attention to the theme?"

"I could answer in the words of Wilkes—since I have had the honor to know your royal highness; but, perhaps, you might be displeased with the flippancy."

"I should think that very probable," said she, gravely.

"Don't look so serious. Remember that I did not commit myself, after all."

"I thought it was possible to discuss this problem without a personality."

"Don't you know that, let one deal in abstractions as long as he will, he is only skirmishing around special instances? It is out of what I glean from individuals I make up my generalities."

"Am I to understand by this that I have supplied you with the material of one of these reflections?"

"You have given me the subject of many. If I were to tell you how often I have thought of you, I could not answer for the words in which I might tell it."

"Do not tell it, then."

"I know—I am aware—I have heard since I came here that there is a special reason why you could not listen to me."

"And being so, why do you propose that I should hear you?"

"I will tell you," said he, with an earnestness that almost startled her; "I will tell you, because there are things in which a doubt or an equivocation is actually maddening; and I will not, I cannot believe that you have accepted Cecil Walpole."

"Will you please to say why it should seem so incredible?"

"Because I have seen you not merely in admiration, and that admiration would be better conveyed by a stranger word; and because I have measured you with others infinitely beneath you in every way, and who are yet soaring into very high regions indeed; because I have learned enough of the world to know that alongside of—often above—the influence that men are wielding in life by their genius and their capacity, there is another power exercised by women of marvelous beauty, of infinite attractions, and exquisite grace, which sways and molds the fate of mankind far more than cabinets and councils. There are not above half a dozen of these in Europe, and you might be one added to the number."

"Even admitting all this—and I don't see that I should go so far—it is no answer to my question."

"Must I then say there can be no—not companionship, that's not the word; no, I must take the French expression, and call it 'solidarite'—there can be no solidarity of interests, of objects, of passions or of hopes between people so widely dissevered as you and Walpole. I am so convinced of this, that still I can dare to declare I cannot believe you could marry him."

"And if I were to tell you it were true?"

"I should still regard it as a passing caprice, that the mere mention of tomorrow would offend you. It is no disparagement of Walpole to say he is unworthy of you, for who would be worthy? but the presumption of his daring is enough to excite indignation—at least, I feel it such. How he could dare to link his supreme littleness with consummate perfection; to freight the miserable bark of his fortunes with so precious a cargo; to encounter the feeling—and there is no escape for it—I must drag that woman down, not alone into obscurity, but into all the sordid meanness of a small condition, that never can emerge into anything better. He cannot disguise from himself that it is not within his reach to attain power, or place, or high consideration. Such men make no name in life; they leave no mark on their



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time. They are heaven-born subordinates, and never refute their destiny. Does a woman with ambition—does a woman conscious of her own great merits condescend to ally herself, not alone with small fortune—that might be borne—but with the smaller associations that make up these men's lives? with the peddling efforts to mount even one rung higher of that crazy little ladder of their ambition—to be a clerk of another grade—a creature of some fifty pounds more—a being in an upper office?"

"And the Prince—for he ought to be at least a prince who should make me the offer of his name—when is he to come, Mr. Atlee?"

"There are men who are not born to princely station who, by their genius and their determination, are just as sure to become famous, and who need but the glorious prize of such a woman's love—No, no, don't treat what I say as rant and rhodomontade; there are words of sober sense and seriousness."

"Indeed!" said she, with a faint sigh. "So that it really amounts to this—that I shall actually have missed my whole fortune in life—thrown myself away—all because I had not waited for Mr. Atlee to propose for me?"

Nothing less than Atlee's marvelous assurance and self-possession could have sustained this speech unabashed.

"You have only said what my heart has told me many a day since."

"But you seem to forget," added she, with a very faint curl of scorn on her lip, "that I had no more to guide me to the discovery of Mr. Atlee's affection than to that of his future greatness. Indeed, I could more readily believe in the latter than the former."

"Believe in both," cried he warmly. "If I have conquered difficulties in life, if I have achieved some successes—now for a passing triumph, now for a moment of gratified vanity, now for a mere caprice—try me by a mere hope—I only plead for a hope—try me by a hope of being one day worthy of calling that hand my own."

As he spoke, he tried to grasp her hand; but she withdrew it coldly and slowly, saying: "I have no fancy to make myself the prize of any success in life, political and literary; nor can I believe that the man who reasons in this fashion has any really high ambition. Mr. Atlee," said she, more gravely, "your memory may not be as good as mine, and you will pardon me if I remind you that, almost at our first meeting, we struck up a sort of friendship, on the very equivocal ground of a common country. We agreed that each of us claimed for their native land the mythical Bohemia, and we agreed, besides, that the natives of that country are admirable colleagues, but not good partners."

"You are not quite fair in this," he began; but before he could say more Dick Kearney entered hurriedly, and cried out: "It's all true. The people are in wild excitement, and all declare that they will not let him be taken. Oh! I forgot," added he. "You were not here when my father and I were called away by the dispatch from the police-station, to say that Donogan has been seen at Moate, and is about to hold a meeting on the bog. Of course, this is mere rumor; but the constabulary are determined to capture him, and Curtis has

written to inform my father that a party of police will patrol the grounds here this evening."

"And if they should take him, what would happen—to him, I mean?" asked Nina, coldly.

"An escaped convict is usually condemned to death; but I suppose they would not hang him," said Dick.

"Hang him!" cried Atlee; "nothing of the kind. Mr. Gladstone would present him with a suit of clothes, a ten-pound note, and a first-class passage to America. He would make a 'healing measure' of him."

"I must say, gentleman," said Nina, scornfully, "you can discuss your friend's fate with a marvelous equanimity."

"So we do," rejoined Atlee. "He is another Bohemian."

"Don't say so, sir," said she, passionately. "The men who put their lives on a venture—and that venture not a mere gain to themselves—are in no wise the associates of those poor adventurers who are gambling for their daily living. He is a rebel, if you like; but he believes in rebellion. How much do you believe in, Mr. Atlee?"

"I say, Joe, you are getting the worst of this discussion. Seriously, however, I hope they'll not catch poor Donogan; and my father has asked Curtis to come over and dine here, and I trust to a good fire and some old claret to keep him quiet for this evening, at least. We must not molest the police; but there's no great harm done if we mislead them."

"Once in the drawing-room, if Mademoiselle Kostalergi will only condescend to aid us," added Atlee. "I think Curtis will be more than a chief constable if he will bethink him of his duty."

"You are a strange set of people, you Irish," said Nina, as she walked away. "Even such of you as don't want to overthrow the Government, are always ready to impede its march and contribute to its difficulties."

"She only meant that for an impertinence," said Atlee, after she had left the room, "but she was wonderfully near the truth, though not truthfully expressed."

(To be continued.)

## IT SHARPENS

the appetite, improves digestion, and restores health and vigor; all the organs of the body are aroused to healthy action by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. More than all, the liver—and that's the key to the whole system. You have pure blood or poisonous blood, just as your liver chooses. The blood controls the health, the liver controls the blood, the "Discovery" controls the liver.

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You pay only for the good you get.

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

[We have received such a number of interesting and beautiful letters for this column that we are obliged to keep over some of them for our next issue. We give as many as space will permit this week. Many thanks to the young contributors; this is exactly what we have been desirous of attaining, and now that the work is commenced we hope that it will be kept up.—Ed. T.W.]

To THE EDITOR.—Having seen in last week's TRUE WITNESS a cordial invitation to all boys and girls to write to the Children's Column of your valuable paper, I ask to be permitted to join the ranks as one of your correspondents. I already have the honor of writing to the Pilot, one of the best American papers published.

Our school has been rapidly coming to the front. During the past year many new things have been introduced, such as drills, marches, running, jumping, throwing the weight, playing football and handball, for which a large alley has been built.

We have also started a reading circle which promotes many things in regard to training the mind.

I will now bring my letter to a close, asking to be admitted to the columns of our best Canadian paper.

"SNOWBALL."

["Snowball" is welcome to our columns. He says, rightly, that the Pilot is one of the best American papers, and we are grateful for his appreciation of our own organ.]

**A GOOD STORY.**

DEAR JOSEPH.—I now take the pleasure of writing to you, knowing that you are fond of stories. I have a nice little story which I heard from a friend the other day. A dog was bereaved of its master, and afterwards became old and blind, passing the dark evening of his existence sadly in the same corner, which he hardly ever quitted. One day came a step like that of his lost master, and he suddenly left his place. The man who had just entered, wore ribbed stockings: The old dog had lost his scent, and referred at once to the stockings that he remembered rubbing his face against. Believing that his master had returned after those weary years of absence, he gave way to the most extravagant delight. The man spoke, the momentary illusion was dispelled; the dog went sadly back to his place, lay wearily down and died.

PETER.

[It is often so in life, Peter; many a heart has been broken by a sudden disappointment, after expectations had been raised to the highest. Remember the moral of this story, and it may serve many a good purpose in life.]

**THE APOSTLES' CREED.**

DEAR WILLIE.—I have read a very interesting story since I last wrote you. It happened in the early period of Christianity when the Christians were only known by the Apostles' Creed. The king, who was a pagan, tried to do away with the Catholic faith, by way of teaching the young children the faith of himself. On one occasion he brought a little child before him; he tried to turn the little child's faith, but it was of no use, he began reciting the Apostles' Creed; the king sent for his mother; when she came he ordered him to be lashed, thinking that his mother would make him turn, but she did not. While the child was getting lashed the boy said to his mother, I am thirsty. She said, Have patience, my boy, you will soon be at the fountain of life. The boy still kept reciting the Creed; the king, who did not want to be overcome by a child, ordered him to be killed. So he expired.

CELT.

[This story, which "Celt" tells so nicely, is the account of a real fact that can be found recorded in the Lives of the Saints. It is a good sign to see our youth reading such inspiring stories and repeating them for each other.]

**A DIALOGUE.**

[TROL LEE AND JOW LEE.]

Tommy—Can you tell me the difference between a Trol Lee and a Jow Lee?

Mickey—Well, the only difference I can see, Tommy, is that when you pull

a Trol Lee's tail he stops, but when you pull Jow Lee's tail he runs.

Tommy—Very good, Mickey; can you give me another difference?

Mickey—Oh, yes, Tommy, Jow Lee takes in washing and Trol Lee takes in hair.

Tommy—Is that all the difference you remark?

Mickey—Oh, yes, Tommy, there is another slight difference, Trol Lee runs the irons over the ties, while Jow Lee runs the irons over the shirt. T. J. D.

[By keeping Tommy and Mickey before the public T.J.D. will afford considerable amusement to our young readers. These lads seem to be smart boys. At all events, they can find distinctions and differences where older people would fail to discover any.]

**ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.**

DEAR CHARLIE:—I have very interesting news to tell you. The Bazaar, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the orphans and the poor, will start on Wednesday and I hope it may be well attended. Every night there will be a little entertainment for which is charged the small fee of 10 cents.

JACOB.

[That is right, Jacob. Let all your young friends know about the Bazaar and the entertainments, because the proceeds are for a noble purpose, and all should try to attend.]

**GOOD NEWS.**

DEAR ROBERT:—I have joyful news to tell you. The editor of THE TRUE WITNESS has opened a column in his paper for boys and girls. Every one should take the resolution to fill up this column with good work, such as letters, dialogues, poems, stories, etc. I wrote a letter last week, but it was not printed; I suppose it was not good enough, but I'll try again, like Bruce's spider, and at last I will succeed.

A. O'L.

["A. O'L" is greatly mistaken—his letter certainly was not printed, but for the very good reason that the editor did not receive it. If it had come it would have gone in. Perhaps it slipped out of the bundle. Certainly a letter written as well as the above one would never be neglected. If it turns up, it will be inserted at once.]

**AN ABSENT CLASS-MATE.**

MY DEAR CHARLIE:—How goes it at Quebec? Do you feel lonely yet? I am sure you must feel quite at home in your old home. We were all so sorry that you left your school. Your place is still vacant in the choir, in the Arnold reading Circle, and in the officers' staff of Cadet Co. No. 1. Indeed, Charlie, it is no wonder our teacher felt so sorry to lose a pupil whose good qualities and bright talents fitted him for so many offices. I am sure your former teacher and classmates are overjoyed at your return in their midst. We are all studying very hard as usual. Willie Healy has taken your role in the drama and I think he will be a fair success. We entertain the Patrons of St. Ann's Bazaar on the 19th inst. I will send you a copy of our program, it is quite interesting, most of the items being original and adapted to the occasion.

Now, Charlie, although you are again amid the scenes and friends of your childhood, you must not forget those you left in Montreal. We are all anxious to hear from you. In the meantime, I wish you all the enjoyment and happiness that this world can afford a parent-loving, good dutiful boy. GEORGE.

[This is indeed a noble letter, both in composition, sentiment and principle. We are sure that Charlie cannot fail to ever preserve happy recollections of such a school as that of St. Ann's and such companions as George.]

**CATHOLIC DISCOVERERS.**

The first who made known the existence of petroleum was the Franciscan Father Joseph de la Roche d'Allion, who was at Niagara in 1629.

The first who discovered the salt-springs of Salina, N. Y., was the Jesuit Father le Moyné, in 1654.

The first who worked the copper of Lake Superior was the Jesuit lay Brother Giles Mzier, about 1675.

The Jesuits were the first who raised a crop of wheat in Illinois, and the first who introduced sugar-cane into Louisiana.

**House and Household.**

**THE WHOLESOME APPLE.**

MANY GOOD THINGS CAN BE MADE FROM IT BESIDES PIE.

The sight of the baskets and barrels of apples which now grace the market-stalls is pleasantly suggestive to the housewife of a valuable addition to her list of agreeable and wholesome edibles. For a standby fruit there is none to equal the apple; one can appreciate the feelings which prompted a pious New-England woman to "thank the Lord" she had got back "to the apple latitudes," after a long stay South. To her, apples undoubtedly meant pie material, of which she had long been deprived; but there are better things to be made of apples than pie. The wise provider will be a little chary in the use of the fruit while peaches, grapes, pears, and the rest of the autumn list are in their choice profusion. The evil days will come when apples will be almost the only resource she will have, and it is then she will study over her apple recipes for appetizing variety.

**APPLE CUSTARD.**

Pare and core half a dozen very tart apples; cook them in half a teacupful of water till they begin to soften; put them in a pudding-dish; beat five eggs with three tablespoonfuls of sugar; add one quart of milk, and pour over the apples; bake half an hour.

**APPLE SNOW.**

Peel, core, and quarter six or eight apples; set them to boil with a very little water and the thin rind of a lemon, sweetening slightly as they are taken from the stove. When they are done tender, take out the rind and pass the apples through a fine wire sieve. Have the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, beat into them the apple puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture is of the consistency of whipped cream and quite stiff. Serve heaped upon a dish garnished with lady-fingers.

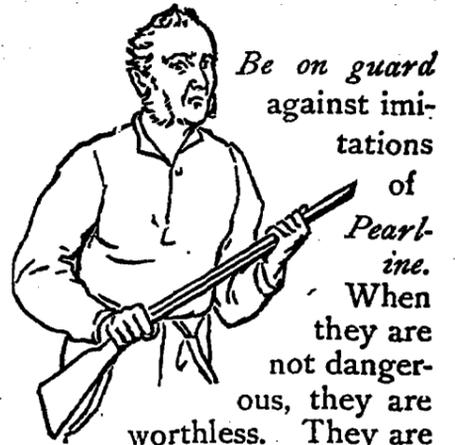
**APPLE SALAD.**

Take six apples, four teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful of cinnamon, and one gill of sherry. Pare, core, and cut the apple into very thin slices. Put a layer of these slices in the bottom of a salad dish, sprinkle them with sugar and a little cinnamon, then another layer of apples, and so continue until all is used. Pour the wine over and stand away in a cool place, and it is ready for use.

**FRIED APPLES.**

Make a batter of one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder mixed with flour; chop some good tart apples; them in the batter, and fry in hot lard. Served with powdered sugar, and if the sherry decanter is sent around with the dish, a few drops of the wine will be found a pleasant addition.

English children often get a simple apple pudding made as follows: Butter a deep dish and line the bottom with a layer of sliced or chopped apples sprinkled



ed with sugar and a little nutmeg; on this put a layer of small slices of buttered bread, with another layer of apples. Fill the dish in this fashion, having apples on top. Pour a little water over all, cover with a plate, and bake three-quarters of an hour. Eat with sugar and milk or cream.

Which is like and yet not like the toothsome Brown Betty, than which, when properly made, it is hard to produce a better apple dish for young or old. The most approved recipe, and one warranted to produce the caramel top that is the best part of the pudding, reads thus:

Pare, core and slice six tart, juicy apples; put in a layer of stale bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of apples, then more crumbs, till all is used, having the last layer crumbs. Add a half cup of water to a half cup of molasses and stir in two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar; pour this over and bake in a moderate oven one hour. Serve with cream.

**OLD NURSERY RHYMES.**

Many of our old nursery rhymes had in their day a political significance. Some of them owe their origin to distinguished writers. "Sing a song of sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three blind mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The frog and the mouse" was licensed in 1580. "London Bridge is broken down" is of unfathomable antiquity. "Boys and girls come out to play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket lost her pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy cat, where have you been?" is one of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The old woman tossed in a blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to refer.

**THE MAN AND THE TOMATO CAN.**

A certain man's wife heard him in the adjoining pantry making explosive remarks. "What are you doing, my dear?" she asked.

"Opening a can of tomatoes," he answered.

"What are you opening it with?" she asked sweetly.

"With a knife," he replied savagely. "Did you suppose I was opening it with my teeth?"

"No. From the language which you used I thought you were opening it by prayer.

**EXPERIENCED.**

"I am thinking," said Mr. Essy, "of writing a chapter on the decline of the American young man."

"Good idea," said Cholly. "I'll help you. I've proposed lots of times, you know."

"I hadn't occurred to me that you would be willing to be a study."

"Oh, ya-a-s. I can give you lots of points. I don't believe there is any American young man who has been declined oftener than I have.—Washington Star.

**Mothers**

suffering with weakness and emaciation, who give little nourishment to babies, should take

**Scott's**

**Emulsion**

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It will give them strength and make their babies fat. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Scott & Borne, Belleville, All Druggists, 50c. & 1.

## HOME SLAVES.

From Early Morn Till  
Late at Night.

WORK, WORRY AND BUSTLE.

Results: Nervousness! Sleep-  
lessness! Headache! Dys-  
pepsia and Run-down  
Constitution!

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND THE WIFE  
AND MOTHER'S SALVATION.

It Gives Health and Strength and a  
New Lease of Life.

The home slaves of our country—the thousands of wives and mothers who toil from early morn till late at night—deserve comfort, cheering and encouragement.

The daily toil, worry and bustle in the management of home and children is so severe on the vast majority of mothers, that they become prematurely aged and broken down in body. Thousands are nervous, sleepless, dyspeptic, despondent and melancholic.

Unless some effort, some means of recourse, be devised for saving these devoted and slaves of home life, the dark gray will greedily engulf many wearied and worn-out mothers, leaving mourning husbands and helpless little ones behind. 'Tis a fearful picture, but nevertheless true as heaven's sun shines on earth. It is well to know the truth. It is our duty to utter warnings in tones that cannot be misunderstood.

Our weary, nervous, faint, weak and broken-down wives and mothers must follow the example of a multitude of their sisters who have renewed and changed their lives, by the use of Paine's Celery Compound, nature's true and infallible invigorator and strengthener.

Oh! ye overworked, burdened mothers, your duty is clear. Your husband and dear ones need your presence in the home for years to come. Lay hold of that great health builder, Paine's Celery Compound, at once; it will give you new life, vigor, strength and lengthened years. Husbands, you have a duty to perform; a true devotion to wife and children will compel its performance. See that your devoted wives are supplied with the medicine that is so well adapted for their condition. Nothing but Paine's Celery Compound can bring back the glow of health to the fading and pallid cheeks; nothing else can make your weak and despondent wives bright, vigorous and happy.

Saved and cured women in all parts of Canada have sent in telling testimony regarding the life-giving effects of Paine's Celery Compound; the following from Mrs. Joseph Lloyd, Gananoque, Ont., will be interesting to all women:—

"I feel it my duty to tell you what Paine's Celery Compound has done for me. I was always a sufferer from nervous debility and very bad headache, and found it impossible to obtain regular sleep and rest.

Two years ago I read of your Paine's Celery Compound, and bought a bottle of it. After I had used it I found I could get rest and quiet. I have used altogether seven bottles and find myself completely cured.

Your medicine purifies the blood and

regulates the system; and I would not be without it in my house if it took my last dollar.

Before using Paine's Celery Compound my weight was only 100 pounds; now I weigh 141 pounds. Is this not sufficient reason for me to praise the Compound highly?

Before I knew of your wonderful medicine I was treated by the doctors, but never received any good. Five of my friends are now using your valuable medicine since they have seen what it has done for me.

I wish you to use my statements as they may be of encouragement to others."

## GIRLS AS HELPS TO MEN.

Almost every man has his private accounts, which require constant recording, and which in many cases are transferred to a clerk in his office to attend to, writes Edward W. Bok in an article showing "How a Girl May Help Her Father Financially," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Here a daughter could be of invaluable assistance. A man's household bills are often to him a matter of annoyance in their necessary auditing, and it would be a relief to the mother, as well as to the father, to know that the accounting was in the hands of a daughter who would bring a personal interest in the work. The lawyer, also, has at times certain briefs and affidavits which cannot always be written at the office, and he, too, would be glad to have his daughter's assistance. In fact, every man has certain things in his life which he would gladly turn into the hands of a daughter if he felt that it would please her to be able to relieve him. Few daughters either realize this or even imagine it. I have often felt that if girls could enter more into the lives of their fathers, and take from them some of the burdens, they would be the better for it. Not only would such help be a relief to the father, but it would be an educative training for the girl which would stand her in good stead in her later years. Helping her father to remember his daily engagements, seeing that his accounts are properly balanced, following his personal matters—all these things enter into the life of a girl when she becomes a wife. And, if she begins with her father's interests she will have a better idea of the things which constitute a man's life when she becomes a wife. Daughters should come much closer to their fathers than they do. And it must be remembered that they are not aloof because of any unwillingness on the part of the father.

## ORIGIN OF "WE WON'T GO HOME."

An interesting history of an old and well-known comic tune was given by Prof. Ensel, a music teacher, in a speech in the Music Teachers' Association recently. He said that when the army of the first Napoleon was in Egypt in 1799 the camp for a while was near the pyramids. One afternoon about sunset the band was playing. The inhabitants of the desert had collected near and were listening to the music. Nothing unusual happened until the band struck up a tune which we now hear under the name of "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Instantly there were the wildest demonstrations of joy among the Bedouins. They embraced each other and shouted and danced in the delirium of their pleasure. The reason was that they were listening to the favorite and oldest tune of their people. Prof. Ensel then stated that the tune had been taken to Europe from Africa in the eleventh century by the Crusaders, and had lived separately in both countries over seven hundred years. This is certainly enough to make "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" a classic. Its origin is more of a mystery than the source of the Nile.

## THE ORIGIN OF GERMAN.

The Rev. Mr. Spurgeon said to a friend one day: "Do you know how the German language originated?" "No," was the reply. "Well," said the preacher, "I do. There were two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as German."

## JOHN MURPHY &amp; CO'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

## BY APPOINTMENT

Of Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, Canadian Agents for the Irish Home Industries' Association.

In all lines of Dry Goods, we offer the best quality combined with the cheapest price.

## FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.

White Flannels, from 10c.  
Cream Flannel, from 10c.  
Gray Flannels, from 15c.  
Scarlet Flannels, from 25c.  
Fancy Shirting Flannels, from 20c.  
Fancy Printed French Opera Flannels, from 35c.  
Plain French Opera Flannels, from 30c.  
Embroidered Flannels, White and col'd.  
Fancy Flannelettes, from 5c per yard.  
All the best makes of Flannels to select from.

## BLANKET DEPARTMENT.

Scotch Blankets.  
English Blankets.  
Canadian Blankets.  
Full sized White Wool Blankets, from \$2.25 per pair.

We keep only the best makes in Blankets

## COTTON DEPARTMENT.

Bleached Cotton Sheetings, English, Scotch and Canadian, in all widths, plain and twilled.

Unbleached Cotton Sheetings, the best imported and Canadian makes, plain and twilled in all widths.

Pillow Cottons, plain and circular, in all widths, imported and Canadian makes.

Bleached Cottons in English, American and Canadian makes, plain and twilled. Prices from 5c per yard.

Unbleached Cottons, plain and twilled in all the best makes. Prices from 4c per yard.

Special line of Bleached Table Linens, a manufacturer's stock, all qualities, all new designs; this lot we shall offer at 33 1/2 per cent. below regular prices.

## JOHN MURPHY &amp; CO.,

2343 St. Catherine St.,

CORNER OF METCALFE STREET.

TELEPHONE No. 3888.

## NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec to obtain a Bill authorizing the Board of Examiners of the Dental Association of the said Province of Quebec, to admit THOMAS COLEMAN, L.D.S., D.D.S., of the City of Montreal, to the practice of the profession of Dentistry, and to grant him a certificate of License as Dental Surgeon after examination.

Montreal, 18th October, 1894.  
THOMAS COLEMAN,  
Petitioner.

14-5

## WANTED.

By a young person, situation as waitress in hotel or table-maid in private family; English; good references. Apply "B.S." 84 Osborne street. 14 1

## HALLOWE'EN

GRAND



## Concert &amp; Social

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

ST. ANN'S COURT, NO. 149, C.O.F.

Hallowe'en Night, October 31, '94

—AT THE—

ARMOURY HALL, Cathcart St.

Concert to commence at 8 o'clock sharp.

Ticket admitting lady and gent, 75c.

Single ticket 50c.

The Piano to be used on the above occasion is the magnificent "Knabe Grand Piano," kindly loaned by Messrs. Willis & Co., 1824 Notre Dame Street. 14-1

## ROBERTS'

AND

Table Jelly

Table Creams.

NEW RAISINS,

NEW CURRANTS.

Fresh Canned Fruits  
and Vegetables.

D. STEWART.

PHONE 8168. 206 ST. ANTOINE STREET.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for improvement of the Lower Narrows above Pembroke," River Ottawa, will be received until Friday, the 23rd day of November next, in-clusively, for the improvement of the Lower Narrows of the River Ottawa, above Pembroke, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Post Office, Pembroke, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of four hundred dollars (\$400.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

E. F. E. ROY,  
Secretary.Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 18th October, 1894. } 14-2

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, Dist. of Montreal, Circuit Court, No. 11497. Martin Honan, plaintiff, vs. De Emma Langlois dit Lachapelle, defendant. On the 8th day of November, 1894, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said defendant, No. 169 1/2 Montcalm Street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of one Cottage Piano, Household Furniture, etc. Terms of Sale, Cash. M. J. A. DECELLES F.S.O. Montreal, Oct. 25th, 1894. 14

Subscribe for THE TRUE WIT-  
NESS, only \$1 per year.

## Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER

Buy Big 25c. Bottle NO OTHER MEDICINE ON EARTH is so efficacious for Colic, Canadian Cholera, Cramps, Chills, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum and all Bowel Complaints.

HEATING STOVES,  
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SPECIALTIES:

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STOVE REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

PLUMBING, TINSMITHING, GAS FITTING.

F. H. BARR-

2373-75 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

Telephone 4241

A GRATEFUL GIRL.

The Experience of a Young Lady in Montreal who Expected to Die—How Her Life Was Saved. From La Patrie, Montreal.

The full duty of a newspaper is not simply to convey news to its readers, but to give such information as will be of value to them in all walks of life, and this, we take it, includes the publication of such evidence as will warrant those who may unfortunately be in poor health giving a fair trial to the remedy that has proved of lasting benefit to others. La Patrie having heard of the cure of a young lady living at 147 St. Charles...

"In that case it must be myself," said the young girl smiling, "for I have been very sick and laid up with heart disease, and some months ago thought I would soon sleep in Cote des Neiges cemetery. Won't you come in and sit down and I will tell you all about it?"

The young girl, whose name is Adrienne Sauve, is about 19 years of age. She stated that some years ago she became ill, and gradually the disease took an alarming character. She was pale and listless, her blood was thin and watery, she could not walk fast, could not climb a stair, or do in fact any work requiring exertion. Her heart troubled her so much and the palpitations were so violent as to frequently prevent her from sleeping at night, her lips were blue and bloodless, and she was subject to extremely severe headaches. Her condition made her very unhappy for, being an orphan, she wanted to be of help to the relations with whom she lived, but instead was becoming an incumbrance. Having read of the wonders worked by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Sauve determined to give them a trial. After using one or two boxes she began to revive somewhat and felt stronger than before. She slept better, the color began to return to her cheeks, and a new light shone in her eyes.

This encouraged her so much that she determined to continue the treatment, and soon the heart palpitations and spasms which had made her life miserable passed away, and she was able to assist once more in the household labor. To-day she feels as young and as cheerful as any other young and healthy girl of her age. She is very thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and feels that she cannot too highly praise that marvellous remedy. Indeed her case points a means of rescue to all other young girls who find that health's roses have flown from their cheeks, or who are tired on slight exertion, subject to fits of nervousness, headaches and palpitation of the heart. In all such cases Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

HUMBLE PIE.

The phrase "to eat humble pie" originally meant to sit at the lower table below the seat. How it came to mean to experience humiliation is explained by an exchange as follows:

The word "umbles," from the Latin umbilicus, had long been used in England to designate the viscera of deer, swine, sheep and oxen. They were cooked in half a dozen different ways—soups, hashes, stews and pasties. Tripe, liver and bacon were among the humble messes in which the old English delighted. The name, after being spelled in several different ways, finally took the form of "umbles."

In the days of the Tudors humbles of all kinds were regarded as meat fit only for the inferior tables of noble houses. It then became the fashion to serve them in pies and hashes to sitters beneath the salt, while the occupants of the highest seats were regaled with slices from the prime joints. This usage gave rise to the phrase "to eat humble pie."

A FOOLISH FALSEHOOD.

WHAT IT COSTS TO TELL A LIE.

"Harry," said Mr. Hand, as he was about to go from home, "Be sure and take all the cut wood into the shed."

"Yes sir," answered Harry promptly, meaning at the moment to obey; but before he had commenced his work three of his companions came into the yard and begged that he would have a game of "I-ppy" with them.

"I will as soon as I take in this wood," said Harry, pointing to quite a large pile of hickory cut up neat y for the stove.

The other boys worked with Harry and very soon had the wood piled in the shed.

"Now work is done, we can play," cried the three guests in concert.

"Yes, now we can play," said Harry, "there's that other pile, but never mind it."

So they had a merry game, although Harry kept thinking of his want of obedience with a somewhat burdened heart, but he hoped he could finish the work when the boys went away, and that would make matters right. But scarcely were the boys gone when mamma sent him to the store, and when he returned it was dark, papa was at home, and supper was ready.

"Did you bring the wood in, as I bade you?" asked Mr. Hand, when at supper. "Yes, sir," replied Harry, fearing an other question.

"That's my good, obedient son," said the father with a pleased look that smote the boy's conscience.

Punishment was sure to follow when his guilt came out, and Harry went to bed feeling troubled indeed.

Upon the following morning Mr. Hand soon discovered the fact that only one pile of good had been put into the shed.

"Why," said he to Harry, "did you only take in part of the wood? I bade you take in all that was cut."

"I took in all that I saw, sir," answered the guilty Harry, trying to conceal his fault with a lie, although he was generally honorable.

"All that you saw! What do you mean? Do you wish to make me believe that you didn't see the pile that was left out?"

"Yes sir, I didn't see but one pile, and that is the truth," said the boy, trying to look innocent.

Puzzled and yet almost certain that the boy had told a lie, the father questioned further, but Harry stood to his statement. At length Mr. Hand was convinced of his guilt, but mamma could not believe her usually truthful little son guilty of falsehood.

"He must have seen the pile of wood," said Mr. Hand, "for it was in plain sight. And here comes one of the boys who was with him. We will ask him."

The little boy whom Mr. Hand had seen through the window, was called in and asked about the matter.

"Oh," said he, "Harry said 'never mind that other pile.'"

Even the mother knew then that her little son had told a lie to cover up his disobedience and oh, how grieved she was!

Now this little story is true, and it shows that prompt and full obedience is wise, and that telling a lie to cover a fault is very foolish and almost certain to come out, to the sorrow of the child who is trying to escape disgrace and punishment in this wicked way.

There are but two paths to walk in, the right and the wrong; and although the wrong path often looks smoother and easiest to travel, it is thick with thorns, which are well concealed until you tread upon them, and then they cause pain such as is never found in the right path. Tell the truth always, come what may, God knows all and the result is certain.

"Now," said the physician who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature." "All right," responded the patient, in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about every thing else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that, too."

PARENTAL ADVICE.—"No, my son, it is not always polite to tell a man what you think of him. It is safer to tell it to somebody else, and is just as effective in most instances."

Proprietor of Cheap Restaurant: Yes, I want to engage a man. Are you willing to do any kind of work? Applicant: Oh, yes; I am perfectly willing to do any kind of work, sir, except eat here.

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS ADVERTISEMENT.

ANOTHER SUCH WEEK

in our Mantles and Jackets as we had last week and then we could boast of

THE TWO BEST WEEKS

In the Mantle Department since we have been in the trade. Our Mantles, Jackets and Usters

ARE MUCH NICER.

ARE MORE STYLISH,

AND CHEAPER THAN EVER.

Ten Per Cent. and Five Per Cent. Extra Off for Cash

On all our New Mantles, Jackets and Usters.

WE ARE WELL DETERMINED

Not to carry over any this season. And if business only holds out as it did last week, there will be very few left by New Year. Our assortment of

MANTLES AND JACKETS

was never so complete. All the New Makes in Mantles and Jackets in Long and Short for Short and Slender Ladies. Mantles and Jackets for Ladies, Misses and Youths.

SEE OUR MANTLES

which for Price and Quality are the best value in town.

Ten Per Cent. and Five Per Cent. Extra off for Cash on all our New Mantles, at

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS,

THE FAMILY LINEN AND DRAPERY HOUSE, 208 to 207 ST. ANTOINE ST. Telephone 144 to 160 MOUNTAIN ST. 8225.

Branch, ST CATHERINE STREET, Cor. Buckingham Avenue. Telephone 3335.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR GRA N. Etc.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—

Patent Spring.....\$2.30 @ 3.45 Ontario Patent..... 2.95 @ 3.10 Straight Roller..... 2.60 @ 2.85 Extra..... 2.30 @ 2.50 Superfine..... 2.10 @ 2.25 City Strong Bakers..... 3.25 @ 3.80 Manitoba Bakers..... 3.10 @ 3.20 Ontario bags—extra..... 1.25 @ 1.30 Straight Rollers..... 1.35 @ 1.45

Oatmeal.—We quote as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.00 to \$4.10; Standard, \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.90 to \$2.00, and standard at \$1.85 to \$1.95. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are quoted at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls. and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—Sales of Manitoba bran have transpired at \$15 to \$16 50, and lower prices are looked for. There have been sales of ordinary shorts at \$17 and fine white at \$18. Buyers are very cautious. We quote moullie at \$19.50 to \$21.50 as to grade.

Wheat.—No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat has been laid down here at 80c to 81c in cargo lots; but in car lots it is quoted at higher prices. No. 2 red winter wheat is nominally quoted at 65c to 69c.

Corn.—Market quiet at 61c to 62c duty paid, and 55c to 56c in bond.

Peas.—Peas in the Stratford district at 49c; but since then they have sold at 49c per 60 lb., about 15 to 20 cars being placed at that price. Here prices are slightly firmer, and quoted at 65c to 66c per 60 lbs. Five cars sold at 65c.

Oats.—Sales having been made of car lots for local purposes at 3c for No. 2 and at 3c for No. 3. Prices in the west are steady.

Barley.—Which are 50c to 55c. Feed barley is quoted at 48c to 47c.

Buckwheat.—We quote prices here at 49c to 50c.

Re.—There is no change in th's market, and we still quote car lots at 52c to 53c.

Malt.—The market is quiet and steady at 72c to 80c.

—The market for alkali and red clover continues easy, the former being quoted at \$4 50 to \$6 00, and the latter at \$5 25 to \$6 00.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote prices as follows:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$19 00 @ 21 00 Canada short cut, light, per bbl..... 18 50 @ 19 00 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl..... 17 50 @ 18 00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl..... 10 00 @ 10 50 Extra mess beef, per bbl..... 14 00 @ 14 50 Plate beef, per bbl..... 11 @ 11 50 Hams, per lb..... 9 1/2 @ 10c Lard, pure in pails, per lb..... 7 1/2 @ 10c Lard, com. in pails, per lb..... 7 1/2 @ 7c Bacon, per lb..... 12 1/2 @ 13c Shoulders per lb..... 9 @ 9 1/2

Dressed Hogs.—Receipts during the past week were 100 head against 61 head last week. Sales have been made of light fresh killed hogs at \$7 to \$7 25 per 100 lbs., with country lots quoted at \$6.50 to \$6 75

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—

Creamery, September..... 21c to 21c Creamery, August..... 19c to 20c Eastern Townships dairy..... 16c to 18c Western..... 14c to 16c

Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.

Cheese.—We quote:—

Finest Western, colored..... 10c to 10c " white..... 10c to 10c " Quebec, colored..... 10c to 10c " white..... 10c to 10c Under grades..... 9c to 10c Cable..... 49s 6d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Fancy fall stock have sold at 15c. We have very little news from the West this week, although some of the shippers there are still sending forward shipments to England. Advice from New York State that a few lots of fine fresh Canadian stock have been received there, and sold at 10c to 12c.

Beans.—Sales during the week have been made in this market at \$1.40 to \$1.45 for fancy hand-picked, other kinds selling at \$1.20 to \$1.30, the latter for good.

Honey.—Sales are reported of extracted at 7c to 8c in tins for new, lots of old selling at 6c.

Hops.—From 7c to 10c for the new crops as to quality. A very fine lot brought 11c Yearlings are quoted at 5c to 6c.

Partridges.—Sales of fine conditioned birds, however, have been made at 50c and No. 2 at 25c to 30c.

Baled Hay.—Business reported in No. 2 at \$7.00 to \$7.25 alongside ship in 100 and 200 ton lots. No. 1 timothy which is scarce is quoted at \$8 00 to \$9.50 on track. At points on the Grand Trunk and C. P. R., sales have been made at \$5.50 to \$8 00 for No. 2, and at \$6.75 to \$7 No. 1.

FRUITS, Etc

Apples.—Sales are reported to be very slow at \$1 to \$1.75 for fall varieties and \$2 to \$3 per bbl. for winter varieties.

Oranges.—Jamaica oranges are quoted at \$7.00 per bbl., a few boxes of Floridas the first of the season, have arrived, and are selling fairly well at \$4 per box. Two cars of Florida oranges will be sold by auction on Wednesday, the 24th inst.

Peas.—We quote barrels \$2.50 to \$3, fancy \$4 to \$5, baskets 35c to 50c, California \$1.50 to \$2.50 per box.

Grapes.—Receipts are very heavy, but there is a good demand at 2c; blue, 2c, red Niagara 2c, Delaware 3c, Malaga kegs 5c.

Onions.—Canadian onions are in good demand, but the heavy receipts keep the market glutted at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per barrel; Spanish onions are in good demand at 75c to 80c per crate. We hear of some other good sized sales of Spanish onions this week at 85c.

Potatoes.—Several cars have brought as high as 52c on track here, but we hear of others having sold at 50c. And we quote 50c per bag of 90 lbs on track, and 55c to 60c in jobbing lots.

FISH AND OILS.

Salt Fish.—Newfoundland shore herring continues to sell in small quantities at \$3.00 to \$4 50 per bbl. Cape Breton herring \$4 75 to \$5.25 as to quality. Salmon \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small in bbls, and at \$14.50 for No. 1 large. British Columbia is quoted at \$9 to \$10. Dry cod \$4 25 to \$4.50 Green cod plentiful at \$4 25 to \$4.50.

Canned Fish.—Lobsters \$8 50 to \$7 per case. Mackerel \$3 80 to \$3 70 per case.

Oils.—Jobbing lots of steam refined seal oil 31c to 35c. Cod oil 34c to 35c for Newfoundland and 31c to 33c for Halifax and Gaspe. These prices shaded for round lots. Newfoundland cod liver oil 65c to 70c. It is said that no more seal oil need be expected from below, as there is no more to come forward.

When a man robs a safe and gets caught his operation can scarcely be considered a safe robbery.

Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years Cured by "The D.&L." Menthol Plaster.

My wife was afflicted for two years with a severe pain under the left shoulder and through to the heart; after using many remedies without relief, she tried a "D.&L." Menthol Plaster, it did its work, and owing to this cure hundreds of these plasters have been sold by me here, giving equal satisfaction.

J. B. SUTHERLAND Druggist, River John, N.S.

Sold Everywhere, 25c. each.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, in the SUPERIOR COURT, No. 2083. Daniel Ford, Plaintiff, vs. John Humphries and al., Defendants. On the 5th day of November, 1894, at 8 o'clock in the forenoon, at the place of business of the said Defendant, John Humphries, on Roy lane, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of horses, carriages, etc. Terms of sale cash. M. J. A. DECELLES, B.S.C. Montreal, Oct. 25th, 1894.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, in the Superior Court No. 2083. Daniel Ford, Plaintiff, vs. John Humphries et al. Defendants. On the 3rd day of November, 1894, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, John Humphries, No. 449 St. Antoine street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture, etc. Terms of sale, cash. M. J. A. DECELLES, B.S.C. Montreal, October 25th, 1894.

JIGGINSTOWN CASTLE.

A writer in a Dublin paper says: A strange tradition has recently been brought to light regarding the high road between Dublin and Naas, Co. Kildare. Jigginstown Castle, as it is familiarly called, is a remarkable object to all who journey on this old coach road, standing, as it does, hard by the old highway on the left hand side as one approaches Naas from the city of Dublin. It is a curious ruin of brick of the most finished and perfect manufacture, while the "laying" evidences the very maximum of workmanship. History is strangely silent as to its builder and his object, so tradition alone must be fallen back upon for an approximate elucidation of its mystery. We have it that Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stratford, caused this building to be erected as a hunting lodge for himself and his court during his term of office as deputy, and that finding the road from Dublin to the selected site in so wretched a condition, rendering transit of material almost a hopeless task, the tradition goes on to state that Stafford, impatient of delay, actually caused a line of men at arms' length from each other to be formed between Dublin and Jigginstown, along which the bricks travelled, being handed from man to man till they arrived at their destination, a distance of 25 miles or thereabouts. If such was the case decidedly the bricks would travel fairly quick along the line and keep the workmen on the walls busy enough. There is a probability that the ill-starred and unpopular earl did actually adopt this bold plan. It will be remembered he also caused the first theatre Dublin possessed to be erected, an architect named O'Gilbey having received the contract for its erection. Jigginstown Castle was never finished, because—as the tradition further states—Stafford was recalled and put on his trial for high treason, found guilty, and executed, a fitting tribute for his unscrupulous and high-handed treatment of the native chiefs and princes whose territories he confiscated wholesale while he held his viceroyalty.

SHOOST SO LONG AS IT WAS.

A Chicago correspondent sends the following:  
At a recent trial before Justice Dougherty it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time certain "2 quarters of beef, 2 hogs and 1 sheep" remained in an express wagon in front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by defendant. The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very straightforward way to having carried it out and put it in the wagon.  
Then the following ensued:  
Counsel—"State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store, and put it into the wagon before it was taken away."  
Witness—"Now I shoosh cand dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat."  
Counsel—"You don't understand me How long was it from the time the meat left the store, and put into the wagon, before it was taken away by defendant?"  
Witness—"Now I know not vat you ask dat for. Der wagon was back u mit der sidewalk, and dat's shoost so long as it vas. You tell me how long der sidewalk vas. Den foot? Dwelve feet? Den I tell you how long it vas."  
Counsel—"I don't want to find out how long the sidewalk was, but I want to know," (speaking very slowly) "how—long—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away?"  
Witness—"Oh, dat! Well, now, I no sold meat so. I all time weigh him; never measured any meet not yet. But I dinks 'bout dree feet. (Here the spectators and his honor and the jury smiled audibly). I know not sbentlemen how is dis. I dell you all I can so good as I know."  
Counsel—"Look here, I want to know how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon?"  
Witness—"(Looking very knowingly at counsel)—"Now you try and get me in a scrape. Dat meat was shoos so long in der wagon as he was in the shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat was dead meat. He don't got mooch longer in den doussand year, not mooch he don't."  
Counsel—"That will do."



To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes: "During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty, WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

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AN EXERCISE IN ARTICULATION.

There are some combinations of words the articulation of which to the unpractised presents much difficulty. The following are good examples, and many a girl will find that she must perseveringly rehearse them before they can be delivered with distinctness and ease:—  
Truly rural.  
A piper picked a peck of pepper off a pewter plate.  
Up a high hill he heaved a huge round stone.  
His sister is a thistle-sifter, and she sifts thistles with a thistle-sifter.  
An itinerary literary lecturer.  
He ran round the contrary oad into Hertford road.  
Approach, then, like the rugged Russian bear.  
Old Dame Monk cannot teach children needful lessons.

AN ADMIRAL BY ANY NAME.

When A 'miral de Horsey, who some years ago had command of the British fleet in the Pacific, was admiral of the North Atlantic squadron, he was one evening dining on shore, at Port Royal, Jamaica. On returning to his flagship alone after dinner his way to the boat led across the barrack square. A black sentry of one of the West India regiments halted him at the gate with "Who goes dar?" Great was the admiral's annoyance to find that he had neglected to get the password before leaving the ship. "That's all right," he said carelessly, hoping to overcome the man's scruples by indifference; "you know who I am." "Dunno nobody sar," replied the man, pompously; "you can't go in dar." "Why, I'm Admiral de Horsey." "Wel, you can't go in, I don't care if you's Admiral de Donkey."

DON'T

Find fault with the cook if the pastry does not exactly suit you. Nor with your wife either—perhaps she is not to

BLAME

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These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, yet soothingly, on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers  
This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA, For glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilised world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not of Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

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Registered; a delightfully refreshing PREPARATION for the Hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

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JUDICIAL NOTICE TO ANN DOYLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to Ann Doyle, whose maiden name was Ann Cassidy, and who was the wife of Thomas Doyle, in his lifetime of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, deceased, and who went to the City of Montreal about 18 years ago, and who was, when last heard from about 18 years ago, a cook on a steamboat sailing from the said City of Montreal, if she be still living, to communicate, on or before the First day of December 1894 with MESSRS. GORMAN & FRIPP, 74 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Solicitors for the Administrators of the estate of the said Thomas Doyle, deceased; or in default thereof she will be excluded from all claim to dower or otherwise in said estate. Dated 22nd September 1894. W. M. MATHESON Local Master at Ottawa, Ontario

**STAINED GLASS WINDOWS FOR SALE CHEAP.**

Four of the large, rich Stained Glass Windows in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, which do not harmonize with the others, are for sale cheap. The patterns are such that they could be easily divided into eight windows, each of about twenty feet in height and about five feet in width. May be had after a month's notice. Apply to

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J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

**NOTICE.**

Notice is hereby given by Miss Josephine Vanier, spinster, and Joseph Eleodore L. Vanier, civil employe, both of Montreal, that they will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for the purpose of obtaining an act to authorize them to sell the substituted immoveable properties belonging to the estate of late Dame Adelphine Vanier, widow of Pierre Vanier, gentleman, of Montreal, which said immoveables are all situated in the District of Montreal.

Montreal, 28th September, 1884.  
DEMERS & DE LORIMIER,  
Solicitors for Petitioners.

11-5

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Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais,  
Lavaltrie.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.

Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1886.

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

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

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CANADA: PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. No. 276. Dame Alice Jane Swail, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, wife of George W. Clarke, Trader, of the same place, gives notice that she has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband.  
Montreal, 20th September, 1924.

**HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,**  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

11-4

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