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HAPPENINGS IN IRELAND.

A STRANGE CASE.—From recent exchanges we learn that a coroner's jury in Cookstown, county Tyrone, has returned a verdict of wilful murder against Samuel Reid, now in America, who is accused of having killed his father sixteen years ago. The body was found by some men engaged in building a wall near a graveyard. It was found in a hole and some peculiarities of the dress clinging to the skeleton helped to identify it as that of a farmer named Reid, who disappeared sixteen years ago. Soon afterwards his son emigrated to America. It is against this son that the coroner's jury has returned a verdict of wilful murder. The evidence against him, so far, is not conclusive. He had quarrels with his father concerning a farm of land, and one witness deposed that the old man complained to him of his son's cruel conduct. In the circumstances of the commission and the discovery of the crime, there is a strong suggestion of the dark deeds imagined by the gloomy romancer. The old man was killed, according to the doctor who gave evidence at the inquest, with a heavy, blunt instrument, with a short handle. At the time it was a "mysterious disappearance." Bog-holes were searched; even the floor of his cottage was taken up. Peculiarly horrible is the incident told by a witness at the inquest:—"The murdered man had a son called John, who was paralyzed. The latter told witness that after his father's disappearance he saw his boots under the kitchen table, and was never stunned so much in his life." The boots spoke of foul play to the poor, paralyzed creature. All the time the body of the farmer was lying doubled up in the hole in which it was found on the 20th of last month. "Murder will out"—even after sixteen years. Yet this awful story, that reads like a "creepy" incident in a novel, is by no means unique in the records of crime, not even in those of our own country. About fourteen years ago William Sheehan was brought back from Australia and hanged for the "Castletownroche murder," committed many years before. It has yet to be proved that Samuel Reid did this dreadful deed, and it may be that he has already gone to his account, but the resemblance to the Castletownroche murder is striking.

THE OLD STORY.—At the meeting of Dungannon Urban Council recently, the chairman, Mr. Hunt W. Chambre, J.P., D.C., said he would read a resolution passed by the Urban District Council of Sligo. He considered it a political matter, but as Mr. Carr had asked him to read it he would do so, but he would not put it to the meeting. The Chairman then read the resolution, which is already well known to the public as calling upon all the Irish members of Parliament to use their best endeavors to have a clause in the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 dealing with Jesuits, friars, and monks revoked as soon as possible, as the clause held every Jesuit, friar, and monk in the kingdom a criminal in the eye of the law of England. Mr. James Carr, J.P., C.C., moved that the resolution be adopted. Mr. James Harkin, in seconding the motion, said the resolution was not political in any sense. It was caused for one reason by the will of the late Judge William O'Brien, who left his library to the Jesuit Order, and that body could not obtain the bequest by reason of the existence of this nefarious law. The Jesuits were a teaching order, and when Her Majesty was over here recently she visited their institutions and complimented them on the education they were giving. Mr. James Brown, J.P., thought that to save discussion, the question should be left to the chair. They had confidence in their chairman, and it should be left to him to decide whether it came within the scope of the resolution on the books. The Chairman declined to put the resolution. Mr. Carr proposed that a vote should be taken as to whether the chairman should put it or not. Mr. Harkin seconded. The Chairman said they might elect another Chairman, but he would not put it either way. Mr. Harkin described the decision of the chairman as one of the most high-handed acts ever done by any chairman in Ireland. Chairman—I have decided not to put it because I believe it to be contrary to the resolution adopted by the Board against the introduction of any political or religious question. Mr. Irwin—I believe the laws are too good. Some people would not be satisfied if they had the country to themselves. The matter then dropped.

THE JUDGE AND WIDOW.—A characteristic story, which has the advantage of being true, is in circulation about the Lord Chief Baron in legal circles, says the Dublin "Freeman." A poor woman in Limerick sued a well-to-do farmer for eight pounds, which she alleged she had lent him. The farmer denied that case came before the County Court Judge, who believed the woman's

story, and gave the plaintiff a decree. On appeal, the Chief Baron decided for the defendant, reversing the County Court Judge's decision. At dinner he talked the matter over with some barrister guests, who were Judge's view; and the Chief Baron, inclined to side with the County Court fearing a mistake might have been made, the next day found out the plaintiff's address and sent her the eight pounds. The fact only became known by an accident, for the Chief Baron is one of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

According to exchanges received this week, we learn that a general meeting of the Irish Bar was held recently in the Law Library, Four Courts, for the purpose of protesting against the appointment of Sir Nathaniel Lindley as Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Lord Morris, it being urged that the appointment of a member of the English Bench was an infringement of the understanding and usage that hitherto existed that one of the Four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary should be a selection from the Irish Bench or Bar. Mr. Wm. Ryan, Q.C., Father of the Irish Bar, presided, and there was a crowded attendance of members. Mr. Hemphill, Q.C., M.P., proposed "that the members of the Irish Bar in general meeting assembled hereby record their protest against the appointment of a member of the English Bench, however distinguished, to fill the vacancy created among the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary by the retirement of Lord Morris. The Bar consider that this appointment is a distinct violation of the understanding hitherto observed that Ireland should be represented in the Court of Ultimate Appeal by the selection from the Irish Bench or Bar of at least one of the four Lords of Appeal in Ordinary."

Sergeant Jellett seconded the resolution, and said they would like to have an explanation of the causes which led to the appointment which was the subject of their protest there that day. The resolution was passed unanimously.

The MacDermot, Q.C., in proposing the second resolution, said the last three centuries, and the history of these centuries, told them without difficulty why this step had been taken. It had been that same English selfishness which had been ever grasping whatever they could take from the poorer Kingdom of Ireland. After recent events they were led to expect a new reign of justice and equity and fair play, and instead of that they had an abrupt termination of all their expectations and a new career of wrong entered upon, reversing judicial history since the year '82. Irish peers were in the House of Lords. The country of Ireland was represented in that House of Lords. But in the judicial body to which all the judicial functions of the House of Lords had been given Ireland was struck out from representation, and their cases were left to be tried by English Lords. He moved the following resolution: "That copies of the resolution just passed be forwarded by the secretaries of the Council of the Bar to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor of England, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland." He had thorough reason for believing that the Irish Executive had been no more consulted in this matter than the Irish Bench or the Irish Bar.

Mr. Campbell, Q.C., M.P., seconded the resolution. He said the matter against which they protested could not be regarded in the light of past events as anything but a direct affront to their profession. He agreed with his friend the MacDermot that this was a most inopportune moment for Her Majesty's Government to have selected for an affront of that kind, not merely having regard to recent events in this country, not merely having regard to the magnificent reception which had been accorded to Her Gracious Majesty the Queen by Irishmen, without distinction of creed or class, but more especially, perhaps, having regard to the acute controversy upon this very point that was likely to be raised in reference to the colonies; and at a time when the principle of the Government seemed to be this, that if they were to unite into a closer alliance these colonies, from which at present they derive no revenue, they were to do that under a system which would have them directly represented on the highest court of appeal in England. He for the life of him could not understand why the Government should have selected this time above all others to deprive Ireland of her constitutional right. The resolution was passed unanimously.

INMATES OF HOSPITALS.—Interference with the religious convictions of Catholic inmates by workhouse officials has not yet ceased, judging by the report of what occurred at Saturday's meeting of the Derry Board of Guardians; says the Belfast "Irish Weekly." The Very Rev. Charles McFaul complained of two outrageous instances, the card indicating the religious denomination of two Catholics having been altered

without the slightest warrant. Some members of the board did not appear to take a sufficiently serious view of this proceeding, and it was urged that instead of promptly dealing with it a committee should be appointed to investigate the facts. There was no excuse for such a course, as the facts are sufficiently clear from the chaplain's report. Finally, Father McFaul's demand that the circumstances should be laid before the Local Government Board was agreed to, and it is to be hoped that that body will take steps to have the matter thoroughly sifted, and to make it clear that workhouses are not to be made convenient centres of operation for the nefarious work of the proselytiser.

ENGLAND'S PREMIER AND IRELAND'S LEADER.

Extract from speech of Premier Salisbury before the Primrose League:

That same spirit of contempt for—or, if that is too strong a word, of depreciation of—our Empire which was the one great blot in Mr. Gladstone's intellect led him to deal, under the influence of the same ideas, with the difficult and intricate Irish problem; and, careless of the future of the country or of its deepest interests, in a moment—in an evil moment for his fame, an evil moment for the party with which he was connected—he attached himself to the idea of separation between England and Ireland. You need not be told that that also has failed. It has been a long struggle, but it has been a successful struggle, and nobody can say or think that the Home Rule cause presents any elements of sanguine anticipation for the future. But it has been, no doubt, the result of strenuous exertion all over the country—strenuous exertion of which every constituency has borne the mark, and in which no agent has borne so splendid or fruitful a part as that which has been borne by the Primrose League. You may tell me that there is still a future to look forward to, and prophesy is always the comfort of the defeated. They may tell you that the time is coming when the Irish idea will arise again, and Mr. Gladstone's aspirations will be fulfilled. I do not believe that causes which have been once well beaten reappear to any purpose in English history. But even if I was not warned by the fate of former struggles I should still tell you that now there is no hope that the predominant partner will ever consent to give Ireland practical independence. We have learned something from the South African war. We have been warned how a disloyal Government can, in spite of any precaution, accumulate munitions of war and artillery, and the elements of military force, which will give, even against the most powerful combatant, a most terrible advantage. We now know better than we knew ten years ago what the risk would be if we gave a disloyal Government in Ireland the power of accumulating forces against the sovereignty of the Queen. I do not, therefore, apprehend that the verdict which has been given upon the Irish claim is likely to meet with any early or prompt reversal, or any reversal at all. For all that I cannot ignore the effect which Mr. Gladstone's great mistake has had upon the constitution of parties and the working of English politics.

Extract from speech of Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., at Manchester:

The Prime Minister of this country had seized this opportunity to administer to Irishmen a valuable reminder of how little they had to expect, so far, at any rate, as he and his class were concerned from British gratitude and British goodwill. How far Lord Salisbury in his recent speech reflected the prevailing voice of Great Britain he knew not, but he believed that he represented faithfully the prevalent voice of his own class, he might say of the ruling classes of England, and, at this moment, when Great Britain had been ringing with praises of Irish troops and the genius of Irish generals. He believed that so far as those for whom Lord Salisbury was concerned, arguments were wasted and words of conciliation were thrown to the winds. He thought it wise to seize every opportunity to reason this matter out in a spirit of moderation and conciliation with the masses of the English people. Lord Salisbury also said that England now knew better than she did ten years ago what the risk would be if England gave a disloyal Government in Ireland the power of accumulating forces against the Sovereign. That meant that the Home Rule proposals of 1886 and 1893 would have created in Ireland a Government as free and independent as existed in the Transvaal. He asked the English public was it not somewhat unworthy of a man in the position of Lord Salisbury to be guilty of so flagrant an attempt at misrepresentation. Under the schemes of 1886 and 1893 Ireland would not have had a separate and independent Government in the sense that the Transvaal had. Ireland would have had no power to accumulate munitions of war nor to control a single soldier, nor a warship, not even an armed policeman. Mr. Redmond proceeded to give details of the schemes of 1886 and 1893 and said this demand for the restoration of the Irish Parliament was a century old, and England had not been able to put it down by coercion or to weaken it by concession. Every increase of the franchise had increased the demand for self-government. The main argument against Home Rule in the past had been that Ireland was not fitted for self-government. Since the local self-government had been granted to Ireland and had created a revolution in that country. The Government of Ireland under the Local Government Act was pure and more economical than it was when it was in the hands of an oligarchy in that country, and he believed the experiences under that Act should advance the cause of Home Rule enormously.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

A couple of weeks ago the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, Lord Bishop of Salford, in England, blessed and laid the memorial stone of a new school-chapel in Dukesbury; after the ceremony His Lordship delivered a most able and eloquent address upon education under Catholic auspices in England. The greater portion of what His Lordship said has special reference to his own diocese and to the modern conditions in regard to education in the country. But there is a portion of his remarks which chimes in most beautifully with a number of editorial expressions which, from time to time, have appeared in the "True Witness." In view of this fact we will skip the introductory remarks and the statistical portions of his address, and merely quote a few sentences that find application in Montreal, as well as elsewhere. His Lordship said:—

"In nothing perhaps had the Catholic Church inherited and displayed more abundantly the spirit of her Divine Founder than in her love for little children, and in supplying them with temporal and spiritual and educational wants (applause). Nor was this a new enterprise upon which the Catholic Church was entering now for the first time. This was no new departure for a Church which had seen the beginning and could trace her life in unbroken continuity up to the very origin of Christianity. As the Catholic Church introduced Christianity into this country, so also did she introduce for the first time Christian education. It was a deep rooted and growing impression with some people who were ignorant of the past history of this country, that until the sixteenth century, England as regards learning, was almost in total darkness, and there were others who cherished the delusion that we should be all in comparative ignorance now, had it not been for the introduction of Board schools (laughter). Those who dream those dreams could have no desire

to enjoy a reputation for learning, otherwise they would not display such deplorable ignorance (hear, hear). The fact was that during the whole period that England was Catholic, from the king on his throne to the peasant in his mud cabin, that is, from the second to the sixteenth century of our era, England, considering her population, was supplied with more and cheaper schools than she had ever been since, or than she was at the present day. In those past centuries Catholic charity supplied the whole country without any Education Department or without any educational rates or taxes whatever, most abundantly, with all needful elementary, grammar, and university education, so that the child of the poorest man, almost without cost to his parents, could climb the educational ladder step by step from the country school to the university, and thus qualify itself for the very highest offices in both Church and State (applause). Our Nonconformist friends were clamoring to-day for free education and for free places in schools, but in those Catholic times, so numerous and so munificent were the endowments for education of every kind, that practically free education prevailed throughout every county in England (applause). All the old universities were Catholic foundations as well as innumerable middle or grammar schools, which then studied and enriched and adorned the face of our dear country England, and had not these endowments been confiscated at the time of the "Reformation" by acts of rapacity that now were generally condemned even by Protestant writers, there would be no educational question to vex and oppress us at the present day."

We need only add that what has been here set forth as applying to England may be, with equal justice and exactness, applied to Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, and almost every European nation.

"A NIGHT IN ROME."

Elsewhere we make a reference to Dr. Croke's interview with Hall Caine on the subject of his forthcoming novel. While we know the hostility of the now famous novelist to all that is Catholic, we cannot deny that he is an elegant and frequently a forcible writer. During his stay of a year in Rome, collecting material for his new book, he has kept a very elaborate and detailed diary. Dr. Croke has succeeded in getting possession of one page of his notes—all destined for subsequent publication. The account given by the author, of two different phases of Roman life, is certainly a wonderful piece of dramatic composition. It runs thus:—

"It was a night in February. The air was dank and chill. I was invited to a reception at one of the old Roman houses in the neighborhood of the Capitol, and I walked to it by way of the Corso. On a doorstep near the Condotti a woman sat selling newspapers. Two little children were with her. One of them lay asleep in her arms, the other played by her side. At the corner of the street going up to S. Silvestro a boy of six or seven was selling matches. His little face was very pale, and he coughed frequently in the damp air. Going by the end of the Via Minghetti I saw that a number of persons were standing outside the office of the Tribune. They were the sellers of journals in the streets and were waiting for their papers. I went up to look at them. There were women, women and boys, and they seemed to be thinly clad and badly nourished. The doors of the office were opened, and they rushed in, snatched at the supplies that were handed to them, and fled back into the streets. In a couple of minutes twenty or thirty of them were flying down into the Corso, crying "Tribune," and fighting for the first sales. Within half an hour they would be all over Rome, sweating, panting, still running and shouting. I buttoned up the collar of my overcoat. In that chill air it made me shiver to think of the price they paid for their bread.

"It was a beautiful reception. Inside the dark stone walls of the prison-like palace of old Rome, with its barred windows and guarded portals, there was warmth and color. Beautiful women in lovely gowns, and men with magnificent decorations. The brilliant apartments, the more brilliant company, the troops of liveried servants, the bright music, the bright talk, I stayed late, and returned, as I had come, on foot.

"The narrow silent streets without seemed very dark after the blaze

of many lights within. I was picking my way in the darkness when I heard the low, tired, hungry cry of a child. It was a boy, apparently of four years, who at midnight was dragging his weary little feet home by the hand of his father. The man was evidently a seller of newspapers. Two or three unsold "Tribunes," carefully folded, were protruding from the side pocket of his jacket. He was carrying a younger child in his arms, asleep.

"A tall, thin, scraggy, underfed man of perhaps five and thirty. A few paces behind him there was a woman, also carrying a child, and whom I thought I recognized as the woman with the children in the Corso by the Via Condotti. She overtook the man, laid hold of the other hand of the little boy who was crying, and between them the child dragged, still crying in his low, broken, tired way all up the street.

"I followed them, and spoke to them, and tried to comfort the little fellow with some soldi, but he took no notice; the soldi dropped out of his cold fingers, and he continued to cry. "Poor little man, he's very sleepy," I said to the parents, who smiled and were pleased, said yes, he was very sleepy, but they were taking him home and they would put him to bed.

"The poor souls had their arms full. Why didn't I carry the little boy myself? Heavens knows I wanted to, but I did not. I appeased my conscience for the moment by giving a trifle to buy milk for the little fellow, and then turned away. As I went off I heard all the way down the silent street the same low, weary, sickly hungry cry of the child. God knows how far they had still to go.

"A long line of carriages stood waiting in a street near to one of the great embassies. Splendid horses in beautiful harness and coachmen and footmen in liveries of buff and brown and blue with cockades and fur tippets and gold braid. There was a great ball in Rome that night.

"Going back by the Corso I came again on my little matchseller. He was propped up in a recess of a doorway, leaning his head on the plinth of a great pilaster. His eyes were closed, his pretty delicate face was very pale, and his tray of matches was almost slipping out of his fingers. He was fast asleep.

"Oh, the cry of the children! the cry of the children! The little helpless, innocent victims of the social maelstrom! All the world over their suffering cries to heaven, and woe to the nation or the dynasty or the people that will not hear and heed them.

HALL CAINE.
(A leaf from my Roman note-book.)

CORRESPONDENTS AND THEIR MOODS.

There are some regular correspondents who are invariably successful in creating attention; they are certainly the exception, but they do exist, and of their number, Howard, in the "Boston Globe" is surely one. Under the peculiar heading "A penny for your thoughts," he has a highly interesting communication in a recent issue of that organ on the subject of thoughts and the close relationship between the writer and the reader. A very good illustration of how we are frequently absorbed in a conversation, and still have our thoughts far away from the active present, is the following:—

"Some one has said, 'As a man thinketh, so is he.' What do you think? Every man has a thinker, and we all use it. Do we abuse the power or do we utilize it to the best advantage. It's great fun to study men and women in public. If perchance they are studying you at the same time, what of it? What do you read and what do you look for in reading? A canvasser came to me a few days ago with a beautiful edition of a well-known author, at \$10 a volume. I was pleased with the work, for it was printed in superb type, on glorious paper, and its illustrations were the finest specimens of the art. The fellow was not content to show me the beauties of his wares, and hadn't sense enough to guess that if I wanted the books at all, I knew what they were, but, in a manner that sickened me, he turned, with assumed carelessness, to certain passages that are best read in one's closet, and turned to sundry engravings that pointed the immoral and adorned the tale. I took his measure at once, and was mortified to feel that he thought he had taken mine."

The phenomenon of dreams is treated in this same letter in a manner well worthy of attention. We might say, at once, that we have no superstitious belief in these queer events of the dreaming hours; but the fact of dreaming, of having the physical in a state of inertia and the mental in a state of abnormal activity is one of the best proofs of the immortality of the human soul. He says:—

"Do you dream? If so, what of it? It's a thousand pities that there is no possibility of preserving the fantastic nonsense that jumps through our queerly constructed brains, when we are in the land of Nod. Oratorical flights are taken, magnificent battles are fought, personal achievements are accomplished in the sha-

dow land, which, when brought beneath the stony glare of wide awake examination, are as flimsy as the baseless fabric of all dreams is. In our dreams we meet the friends of our boyhood. Incidents not even remotely connected with the facts of our everyday life become, for the time being, part and parcel of our most nervous existence. We do things and say things that were never encountered in our daytime thoughts. No philosopher has ever yet satisfactorily explained the length and breadth, the structure and the substance of dreamland. In spite of this, it cannot be denied that our daily life has a direct bearing upon the action of our minds in sleep. I met a man to-day, whom I haven't seen since the Sprague-Paddelford campaign in Rhode Island in 1860. He was then a clever youth in the employ of a manufacturer, and on one occasion did me a very great good physical turn, taking my part in a hand-to-hand contest with a half dozen roughs. He is now considerably over 60, white-haired and portly, yet the instant I laid my eye upon him, the key turned, the door opened and a very flood of reminiscence overwhelmed me. Where all this memory has been during the past 41 years I don't know. That it has been somewhere was evidenced by the fact that the simple sight of this individual laid it before me."

About modern improvements and the spirit of education that prevails there are a few sentences, which we could well ponder over in the quiet hours of study or reflection. He says:

"Consciously or unconsciously, we affect the tendency of our thought every hour in the day. I daresay there are 10,000,000 of people in this country who never read anything but the newspapers. Newspaper reading to-day is equivalent to the magazine literature of 20 years ago. A man can keep abreast of the news, the scientific developments and the literary procession of the time is a realm of education, however, beyond that of the development of the day in which we live. The classic reading, the poetic reading, familiarity with what is recognized as standard authorship. These enable one to stand upon a plane somewhat higher than that occupied by one who confines his study to daily literature. One can accustom himself to desire of all sorts. Some men desire education, some long for excitement, some regard the future as of more consequence than the present."

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY JUNE 2, 1900.

Notes of the Week.

An evidence that the Manitoba School Question is by no means a dead issue is the fact that the Catholics of Winnipeg, decided, at a meeting, held on Sunday last, to petition the Ottawa and Manitoba Governments to have them relieved of the unjust double load that they have been carrying for over ten years.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives deserves praise for its spirit of justice displayed in the adoption of the amendment offered by Mr. Fitzgerald, of Boston, to the bill providing for the care and maintenance of indigent children.

The children in the care or control of the state board shall be placed in private families, provided, however, that in case of illness or change of place, or while awaiting trial, that may be placed in any suitable institution, and provided, also, that every child in the care of the state board shall, as far as practicable, be placed only in such family as is of the same religious denomination, or faith, as the parents, or the last surviving parent of the child.

A Parliamentary return has just been issued concerning emigration and immigration from and into the United Kingdom. It appears from this that in the case of Irish emigration a very great increase has taken place. When this subject was mentioned in the House of Commons on Monday by Captain Donelan, who asked whether it was proposed to take any steps with a view to prevent the further depopulation of Ireland, the Chief Secretary ignored the question, as if so vital a matter as this was of no concern to the Government.

This recalls the expression of England's policy towards Ireland contained in the famous "they are going with a vengeance" article of the London "Times." It is the same spirit and the same policy; there is no real change in the attitude of the British Government towards Ireland—it has had to modify its course through the exigencies of the hour, but underneath it is the same old antagonism.

A New York despatch says that "Referee L. A. Gould has filed in the County Clerk's office in Brooklyn his report in the suit of Jennie E. Brewster against A. Irving Brewster, for a separation on the ground of ill-treatment. The referee finds that although Brewster left his wife and failed to support her, and was violent toward her, his conduct did not make it unsafe or dangerous for her to live with him."

The referee, in dealing with certain allegations, said that they should forget the past except to profit by

the errors and in this manner "a measure of domestic happiness will not be beyond the reach of the parties to the litigation—a measure of happiness which no earthly tribunal has power to bestow."

This is certainly rich, when we consider that it is in the land of divorce and unbridled license in affairs of matrimony this little sermon was preached by a judicial referee.

In Philadelphia, last week, a Common Pleas jury awarded to William F. Waters, a lad who had his eyes blown out by an explosion of acid at the works of the Atlantic Refining Company, \$47,000 damages. The boy was employed at the oil works. The verdict is the largest for damages for personal injuries ever awarded here.

We do not disapprove of this verdict, for the good reason, that we know nothing about the details of the case; but we certainly feel that there is very little equity in what is called justice. We have known a family that lost the only bread-winner in a fire that occurred in a millionaire's manufactory; the poor people sued for damages, but were beaten, on account of their lack of funds. The manufacturer carried his case through every court imaginable, and finally, to the Privy Council—eventually the destitute people got nothing.

It seems only the other day that His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, issued his grand letter of appeal on behalf of sufferers in Hull and Ottawa; that very touching appeal he accompanied with a \$500 donation. Almost immediately after we find His Grace issuing another touching letter addressed to the Catholics and to the clergy of the island of Montreal. This time it was on behalf of the sufferers at Pointe Claire. It would seem as if His Grace could never tire of doing good—and he has ample opportunity to practise that sublime charity so peculiar to the Catholic hierarchy. However, we trust and pray that it will be a long day before His Grace ever has occasion to again issue such pathetic letters.

Over 5,200 children have been confirmed, in the city of Montreal and surroundings, since April last. It is becoming customary, says the "Semaine Religieuse," to confirm children who have not yet sufficiently advanced to receive the Holy Eucharist, but who fully appreciate the value of the Sacrament of Confirmation.

In St. Patrick's parish, forty adults—converts through the effects of the retreat preached last January, were confirmed last week. One old gentleman, over sixty-four, sought to set the example to his former friends and co-religionists, many of whom he is now seeking to bring into the bosom of the church.

Hall Caine, he of the "Manxman," the "Deemster" and similar works has just spent a year in Rome studying the various phases of Roman life. His object is to write a novel that he claims will surpass all his other works in interest and influence. It is evident that he purposes to deal with the influence of religion

on politics, and politics on religion; the future of the church in Italy; how the life of Romans is colored by religion. Dr. Wm. J. D. Croke had a most interesting interview with Mr. Caine, and while he has not apparently succeeded in getting the information he desired, he has certainly made the novelist tell a great deal about his feelings and his coming work on which he depends greatly for an immortality. We need not quote some of Mr. Caine's remarks and theories, because they contain nothing new. After all, we are no wiser than before regarding the scope or spirit of the novel that is to be. This we do know, that Mr. Caine is a man of extraordinary ability, and just as extraordinary bigotry. We are confident that when his novel appears it will be found to contain a most imaginative set of theories concerning the Catholic Church. In fact, we anticipate a book prepared by a mind filled with fantastic ideas and merely superficial soundings of Roman life.

From Kingston comes the report that Corporal Courtney, of A Battery, has been reduced to the ranks for declining to march the men under his control to the canteen to be served with beer in which to drink Her Majesty's health, on the order of the commanding officer.

The Board of Governors of the Catholic High School, held a meeting on Monday evening, when arrangements were made to hold the annual general meeting during this month.

Pool rooms and side door entrances are very much in evidence in Montreal. The San Francisco "Monitor" has this to say in regard to both evils:—

It may be hoped that the police authorities will vigorously enforce the law against pool-rooms. These places are nurseries of youthful vice, centres of public demoralization. They are a disgrace to the city and ought to be permanently closed up. The people should see that the law is fearlessly and faithfully carried out.

A worse evil, to which the supervisors should immediately and earnestly address themselves, is the saloon side door and "family entrance." There is not in the whole list of urban moral snares a more prolific source of degeneracy than the saloon side door. These places hold out to the weak and irresolute a temptation fraught with danger to public and private decency. They furnish the means by which thousands of persons are annually lured to ruin. They breed in many a habit which inevitably ends in crime and misery, or worse. They are a standing menace to respectable homes and degrade the community in which they are tolerated.

CREATING ANTI-CATHOLIC PREJUDICE.

It is remarkable how far afield the bigot will go in order to secure some fact that might lead itself to a construction inimical to Catholicity. At a recent meeting of the Columbian Historical Society, the novelist Harriet Riddle Davis related what is styled an unpublished incident regarding the assassination of President Lincoln. The Washington correspondent of the New York "Tribune" seems to put faith in this unpublished—consequently unauthenticated and unauthentic—story and to lay special stress upon the "Roman Catholic" academy that was the scene of the incident and the "Roman Catholic" teacher who played the principal part. Evidently all this concoction, this raking up of ashes that have long since passed the stage of possible relighting, can be set down to a poor attempt to create prejudice, in certain minds, against the Church. It is true that nothing is directly stated to indicate that the religion of the teacher in question is blamed for the supposed events recorded; but it is clear that pains are taken to have it understood that she was a Catholic and in a Catholic institution. The statements need no further comment; we simply give them in full, in order that our readers may form an idea of one phase of a Catholic journalist's constant labors:—

At the time of Lincoln's murder Mrs. Davis was attending a Roman Catholic academy in town, and her teacher, to whom she referred as Miss Annie X., was the sweetheart of John Surratt, and is said to have been employed by the conspirators to secure a room for them in an E street hotel, where they met before the murder.

"The conduct of Miss X. while teaching," said Mrs. Davis, "was a puzzle to the children. One morning just prior to the assassination of President Lincoln, she appeared in the schoolroom in a state of great excitement. Her clothes were covered with dust, as if she had just returned from a long ride across coun-

try. 'Kneel,' she cried hysterically to the roomful of affrighted children, and as they fell on their knees the woman broke out into an agonized appeal for help and pardon for some unknown persons who were planning a terrible crime. The effect of it was heightened upon the children's imaginations by her haggard appearance and her evidence of great distress. At the conclusion of the prayer she summarily dismissed the children for the day."

Mrs. Davis was naturally much excited over the incident, but her family made light of it, and as it was not again referred to it passed out of her mind. At the trial of John Surratt for complicity in the murder Judge Riddle, the father of Mrs. Davis, was one of the prosecutors for the Government. The jury, it will be remembered, failed to agree. One day shortly after the trial Judge Riddle happened to mention in the presence of his daughter that conviction would have doubtless been assured if it had been possible to get Surratt's sweetheart, Miss X., to testify.

"Why, that's my teacher," said the child. "What did she know about?"

JEAN BAPTISTE DE LA SALLE.

A despatch from Rome, dated the 24th May, commences thus:—

"There was a magnificent spectacle in St. Peter's today, on the occasion of the canonization of Jean Baptiste de la Salle, the founder of the Order of Christian Brothers, and Rita di Cascia, a nun of the Augustinian Order. The interior of the Basilica was illuminated and adorned with magnificent hangings, and the building was filled with a great concourse of people, including all the pontifical dignitaries, diplomats and the Roman nobility. Of the 100,000 spectators, about 50,000 were foreign pilgrims."

These few words have an import for the Catholic world far surpassing the ordinary news that comes from the heart of Christendom. Needless to detail the pomp and splendors of the ceremonies of canonization; in the present cases they were similar in form and substance to all former canonizations. But there is an interest attached to the important event of the founder of the glorious Order of Christian Brothers being raised to our altars, that affects the whole civilized world.

Glory, or, at least, fame, may be said to be the aim, the ambition, the heart's desire of most men. The vast majority of those who succeed in covering themselves with renown and drawing to themselves the praises of their fellowmen, never live to enjoy that coveted distinction. In many cases they are snatched away just as their renown is being established and their so-called immortality is, like their monuments, merely reminders for future generations that they had lived, had soared high, had fallen, and had been swept into the general gulf of oblivion—for, sooner or later oblivion must swallow them all up. The history of the world is an un-failing exemplification of the truth chanted by the psalmist when he described the Almighty as putting down the powerful from their places, and raising up the humble. The lives of the most famous of men are mere illustrations of the vanity of all human greatness, grandeur, wealth and glory.

In the life of the one who has just been proclaimed a Saint of God, we have the reverse of the medal in all its details. Accepting poverty for the sake of God and the poor Jean Baptiste de la Salle became heir to the untold treasures of sainthood in the realms of undying happiness. Seeking, practising and preaching humility, two hundred years after his earthly career was over, his fame has sped on the wings of lightning to the extremities of the earth, and has been embalmed unto all time by the fact that God, through the instrumentality of His Church, has raised him up to a dignity accorded to the sanctified few amongst the sons of men. Shunning notoriety, avoiding all praise, flying from the very thoughts of renown, it has pleased the Eternal that his name should become immortal, his fame be unsurpassed in splendor, and his praise be found on the lips and in the hearts of millions, whose lives have been influenced by the precepts that he had laid down. The very ubiquity of the Order of Christian Brothers to-day, their fear lest any one should usurp their chosen field of labor, the magnificent success of their schools in every land, are all so many testimonials to the foresight and marvellous ability of their founder. No human words could adequately convey an idea of the hidden grandeur of that great soul—a grandeur that has been destined to permeate every land, every social grade, and to cast a warmth and a light of unsurpassed attractiveness upon the two centuries and more that have rolled away since his humble and

saintly soul fled to its reward amidst the peace, glory and repose of God's own select.

Jean Baptiste de la Salle was born at Rheims, April 30, 1651. At the age of 9 he entered the University of Rheims. When 11 he received tonsure. When 16 he was named to a canonry in the cathedral. At 17 he received the minor orders of the priesthood. At 18 he took his degree of Master of Arts. At 19 he entered the seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, in order to pursue his theological studies. On the register of that venerable institution may still be read opposite the date of Oct. 18, 1670, the words: "John Baptist de la Salle, acolyte and Canon of Rheims." After sojourning about a year and a half in this school, he returned, owing to the death of both his parents within a few months of each other. This threw upon him the management of a large estate and the care of his brothers and sisters to the number of six.

In 1678, he resumed his clerical studies, and was ordained priest. In 1681, he founded the Order of Christian Brothers. In 1717, he resigned the office of Superior-General, and spent the two following years in perfect retirement, until Death's Angel came to summon him to his reward. De la Salle vanished bodily from the haunts of men, but he left behind him a work destined to play a leading role in the subsequent stories of the various nations of the world. He had laid the foundations; it remained for others to complete his grand work, by the establishing of the various houses that have appeared in different lands, and from out which have gone forth a countless host of men equipped for life's battle and already assured of victories on account of the educational armor fitted for their use.

Words can scarcely suffice to convey to the grand and beloved community of Christian Brothers, here and elsewhere, the sincere congratulations that we now extend towards them—individually and collectively. At the foot of God's throne they have a saint whose intercession cannot fail to bring down untold blessings of prosperity upon all their undertakings. What a magnificent encouragement for the humble and devoted children of Saint Jean Baptiste de la Salle! With the certainty that their founder is amongst the blessed band that keeps guard in the palace of undying fame, they can walk proudly, and yet ever humbly, along the path which conducted him to an imperishable throne of glory. To-day we join in the prayer of jubilation, "Saint de la Salle pray for us and for your children that sanctity may ever be their lot."

IRISH CATHOLIC INFLUENCE.

On the occasion of the eighth session of the Manchester (England) branch of the Catholic Truth Society, the Rev. Father Poock gave a brilliant lecture upon "Catholic Progress." In proposing a vote of thanks to the lecturer, Councillor McCabe made use of some very significant remarks. He said that they had heard a great deal of how England and Scotland and Wales had been robbed of the faith, and he wondered why the Irish were not robbed of it as well. He thought that the great reason was that they would not let themselves be robbed of it. He thought that one of the lamentable features of this century was the opposition which, according to Bishop Milner, English Catholics gave to the passing of Catholic Emancipation. The Irish Catholics not only shook off the shackles from themselves, but also from the limbs of their English fellow-Catholics, and made it possible for Catholicity to progress in this country. If it had not been for the Irish faith he believed there would be very little Catholicity in England to-day. He believed that the Irish in Manchester and other large towns were advancing rapidly in the social scale, and he thought their energies should be centred upon giving a better education to their people, so that there might be a civic knowledge, a local patriotism, and greater regard and esteem for each other. They should do all they could to help each other, to get each other into better positions, and unite for each other's advancement and progress (loud applause). He thought there was too much heard about the "Nonconformist conscience," which expected every other conscience to be brought to its own level, as in the case of the Irish University, and that too much notice was taken of it.

A very short address but very much to the point. Especially in the last few sentences we find expressions of truths that may be applied with perfect exactness to our conditions in Canada. Decidedly we, Irish Catholics, should esteem each other more than we do; we should help each other to progress in life. In theory ninety-nine out of every hundred will say that it is a perfect

piece of advice, in practice ninety-nine out of every hundred will shun as much as possible the carrying out of its conclusions. Every one seems to be able to give excellent advice, but very few are willing to take it. When are we going to see Irishmen helping each other to rise in the various ranks of their occupations? Rather, will we ever find Irishmen refraining from putting obstacles in the way of their fellow-countrymen?

CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

Several times have we spoken editorially upon the burning question that affects the Catholic world of the United States, and have given our views about the aims of this organization or convention. It is the aim of thousands to distort the expressed intentions of our people and to have the country imagine that it is a political and Catholic party that is sought to be constructed. On this score we agree with the Boston "Republic" when it says:—

"The federation of Catholic societies for the protection of Catholic rights and interests has become a practical question. It is discussed by laymen, by ecclesiastics and by the public generally. Some extremists have been suggesting the formation of a Catholic or centrist party for political purposes. But the best conservative opinion is opposed to this policy. We have expressed our opinion upon this subject frequently. We are not in favor of a Catholic party. We believe it would be harmful rather than helpful. Church and state are separated in this country. Their union is not possible under existing conditions. We are aware that Catholics are discriminated against on account of their religion. This is the case wherever Protestantism has political control, whether it be in America, in England or in South Africa. We believe that this is wrong and that it will take time to correct it. But we do not approve the policy of organizing another political party upon religious lines."

The most authoritative and outspoken expression yet delivered upon this subject may be found in a letter from Bishop McFaul, of Trento, to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, on the occasion of their recent convention in Boston. The power to be created by such a federation should only be exercised when Catholic interests are menaced.

"If we were so organized," writes the bishop, "can it be supposed for a moment that the present administration would have passed over in silence the outrages against religion perpetrated in the Philippines, or that those blinded by religious prejudice would have been selected to investigate and report upon affairs intimately connected with the welfare of the Catholic religion in those countries which have lately come under the flag of the United States?"

Then, following comes a few other important remarks of an assuring nature:—

"I have not the remotest idea," he writes, "of advocating a Catholic, a German or an Irish party in America, but I believe that when there is a question of our rights, as Christians and as Catholics, we should be in a position to maintain and protect them in an intelligent, forcible and legitimate manner. It seems to me that all societies composed of Catholics should endeavor to touch at certain points, so that, while retaining their identity and pursuing their own aims independently of other organizations, there should be a bond of union enabling them, in given circumstances, to exert a united influence."

The whole Catholic press of the United States has commented upon what should be done under existing circumstances, and all agree that a Catholic political party would be a menace to the peace and prosperity of the Catholic element in the country, while the desires of a certain large class to secure a bond of union between all Catholic societies—for purposes of defense and protection—would be a tower of strength to our co-religionists in the "land of freedom."

MR. GORDON OPENS A STUDIO.

Mr. P. J. Gordon, photographer, for many years associated with Mr. Rice, has opened a studio on his own account, at 2327 St. Catherine street. Mr. Gordon holds a foremost place in his profession, and is well known in Montreal. In Catholic circles he may fairly claim a generous support, as he has been a most enthusiastic and earnest worker in every good cause. We wish Mr. Gordon all success in his new venture.

We give notice to delinquent subscribers, that, according to a custom inaugurated two years ago, we will forward the annual list of arrears for subscription to the Collection Agency on July 2nd, 1900.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER ON TOPICS OF INTEREST.

If my scribbles are of any importance the readers must have noticed my absence for some weeks past. While I do not consider myself bound to give a public account of my movements, I think it only fair to state that my silence has been due to an absence somewhat prolonged to an absence somewhat prolonged to an absence somewhat prolonged...

countrymen and co-religionists have just as little to expect from one party, as from the other—save in proportion to their influence and strength. Disunited, both parties may court their votes, but can snap their fingers at them, once the election is over. United, neither party could afford to hazard the loss of their active co-operation. In other words, I believe that were we firmly united, in a bond that no partyism could affect, we might easily hold the balance of power in Canada—even as the old Irish Parliamentary Party once held it in the Imperial House. The moment our people begin to realize this fact, and to act accordingly, their political strength will be such that no party dare refuse their just claims or ignore their honest representations.

Would somebody please suggest the name of one qualified to act as a judge, and give an impetus to the revival of the old Irish dances? DIVISION NO. 4 held a fine meeting on Monday evening. President Bissett presiding. Two candidates were proposed for membership. County President Rawley and County Secretary McIvor were present, in connection with the proposed Field Day of Irish games. The Division was prepared to relinquish its right to Dominion Day, on terms which will undoubtedly meet the approval of the delegates when they assemble tomorrow.

a native of the County Roscommon, Ireland. He came to Canada in the latter part of the first half of this century, and took up his residence in the thriving town where he died. Mr. King was a true type of the brave and generous Irish pioneers, whose energy, enthusiasm and loyalty to church and nationality has left its impress in many institutions that are everywhere visible in districts where they had settled. To Mrs. Patrick King, the bereaved widow, the "True Witness" offers its most sincere sympathy.—R.I.P.

will be forced to take an interest in this matter whether it wants to or not." The first to raise this issue, or to make a platform of it in Canada is Mayor Macdonald, of Toronto. He runs next term upon this one ticket. He argues in this way:—"If a telephone pays well in Stockholm at a rental of eleven dollars a year, including long distance telephoning, fifty dollars seems altogether too big a price to pay in Toronto. Any one in Stockholm can telephone to any place where the lines extend at public pay stations on payment of one cent and a half. These low rates are explained by the fact that the telephone service is owned and operated by the Government. Penny fares on the street cars in Glasgow are the result of municipal ownership, and the same cheapness is seen in the gas, electric lighting and water services."

foeblor. It has been given a fair trial in the secular and sectarian institutions, more especially in the Western States; and the public is now treated to the amusing spectacle of whole troops of dignified educators stealthily backing down from a position to which they had marched with a great blare of trumpets.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGER'S BUDGET.

COUNTY BOARD. — The special meeting of the County Board, A. O. H., held on last Sunday afternoon, was largely attended. The meeting was called for the purpose of making arrangements for the holding of a Field Day of Irish games during the summer. The committee appointed at last regular meeting of Board, reported having secured the splendid grounds of the Shamrock A.A.A. for Dominion Day, but it was found that permission had been granted Division No. 4 to hold an excursion on that date. Consequently no decision could be reached until some understanding could be made with St. Mary's Division.

games, as much as possible, will be governed by the rules of the Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland, but where these rules would conflict with the rules in force in Canada, those governing the Shamrock Association will govern. The prizes will be numerous and costly, and the admission fee will be only twenty-five cents. Temperance refreshments will be served at city prices, and every means will be employed by the committee to make it interesting and enjoyable to those who will attend. In event of the games not being held on Dominion Day, some Saturday in July will be secured.

RECENT DEATHS.

Dr. CHARLES O'CONNOR, one of the most popular young physicians of this city, and a graduate of the '90 class of McGill, died at the residence of his father-in-law, Mr. Jas. J. Coleman, McTavish street, on Thursday morning. His illness was of a short duration, as he attended a public function on Saturday last. That dread disease of pneumonia was the immediate cause of his death. He was an ardent Irishman, and a member of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, (Div. No. 6.) Knights of Columbus, C.M.B.A., and Catholic Foresters. To his sorrowing wife and his parents, who reside at Worcester, Mass., the "True Witness" tenders its deepest sympathy.—R.I.P.

FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

AT ST. MARY'S. — First Communion Day at St. Mary's this year was of unusual interest and splendor. Great preparations had been made for this solemn and great event. A retreat of three days took place, in which not only the First Communicants participated, but all the boys and girls of the parish. Rev. Father McDermott preached during the entire time, and gave a series of practical and instructive discourses. At the eight o'clock Mass, May 24th, a sight that will long remain fixed in the minds of those who had the pleasure of witnessing it took place. About three hundred children approached the Holy Table, first of whom were the young and happy First Communicants to the number of nearly eighty. The many grand decorations and numberless lights, which surrounded the high altar, and the beautiful music rendered by the convent pupils, all lent an additional charm. The church was crowded to the doors by a congregation eager to see this grand event. In the afternoon the children were enrolled in the scapulars of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and Our Lady of Good Counsel; the Rev. Father O'Donnell officiating at the ceremony. In the evening the renewal of the Baptismal Vows were pronounced. Rev. Father McDermott preaching a beautiful sermon on the "Two Standards." The acts of consecration to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin were read aloud during the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. One thing in particular greatly pleased the congregation, it was the choral singing of a number of hymns by all the children at both the morning and evening services, their youthful voices blending in perfect harmony. It must be very consoling, as well as a great source of happiness to those who had charge of the affair, to see their labors crowned with such an abundant measure of success.

MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP.

The greatest question of the day, or of the age is that of municipal ownership. All over the United States strides are being made in this direction. Here are a few of my gleanings:—Galena, Ill., will have a municipal lighting plant. Marshall, Ill., voted to build city waterworks and electric light plants. New York city loses between \$20,000 and \$30,000 a year in revenue, because the Brooklyn Bridge was turned over to the street railway company. Fulton, N.Y., will change from private to public operation of the waterworks system. The first thing the town intends to do after acquiring control is to spend \$10,000 to secure better service. Mayor George A. Carnahan of Rochester, N.Y., said in a recent address: "Municipal ownership is a great deal of thought by all people. As time goes on we shall hear more about the subject. I believe the time is not far remote when the public

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR PICTURE.

The beautiful composition photograph of the members of St. Patrick's Choir, which is on exhibition in the window of Fraser, Viger & Co., the well known grocers of St. James street, has attracted a great deal of attention during the past few days. The group include past and present members, and the grouping is exceedingly well done. The picture now on view was presented to Mr. Robert Warren, president of the Choir. The idea of having the picture taken was conceived by the enthusiastic Organist and Director, Prof. J. A. Fowler.

THE HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS

held their regular monthly meeting on Saturday evening. Captain Keane presiding. A large amount of important business was transacted, and a unanimous vote of thanks tendered those who contributed towards defraying the expenses of the company during their recent visit to Boston. The members were also loud in their praise of the patriotic brothers of South Boston for their generous hospitality and indefatigable exertions to make the visit, both interesting and enjoyable, and a unanimous vote of thanks was ordered sent to the Wolfe Tone Guards of the "Hub."

Gaelic Society

Indications point to the coming entertainment, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society, to be the most successful yet given by that organization. The competition for the silver watch by the Irish jig dancers will be interesting, as many veterans have already signified their intention of competing.

VALUABLE HANDS.

It is said that the great pianist, Paderewski, who sailed for Europe last week, took drafts with him for the handsome sum of \$200,000 the earnings of a recent six months' tour in America. According to an American journal, the expenses of his tour were in the vicinity of \$60,000, the total earnings, therefore, of what probably are the most valuable pair of hands in the world amounted to more than \$260,000. This was Paderewski's fourth visit to this country, and as the others were nearly if not quite as successful as the recent one, he must have carried away from our shores nearly a million good American dollars altogether.

ABOUT NOISY CARS.

I listened the other night to the Park Avenue cars raising a racket sufficient to wake the dead. The greatest good of the greatest number is the main consideration. But a little judicious legislation, properly enforced, would do away with much needless annoyance, and, in the case of sick or nervous persons, much needless torment. There is, for instance, no reason why the corporations, who are waxing fat upon the street monopolies conferred upon them, should not be compelled by the Board of Health, or some other authority, to keep their cars in sound and solid condition, so that the motive apparatus should not rattle and shriek, and bang, and make as much noise as a heavy freight train. Nor is there any reason why switches, which are now the cause of some of the loudest and most continuous racket, should not be laid with sufficient smoothness to prevent the jolting, the noise of which, on summer nights, when windows are open, can be heard for blocks, and drives light sleepers, to say nothing of the sick, to distraction. Another quite unnecessary torture is the result of the playful habit of the midnight motorman, racing recklessly homewards, of "dancing upon de gong," as he calls it, and shattering silence with a peal suggestive of the infernal regions. So savage an indifference to public rights and public feeling surely ought not to be tolerated in a community boasting itself to be civilized.

Have you a sister?

"Have you a sister?" asked Miss Wiling of her brother's college chum. "Alas, no," he replied. "But I've often longed for the soothing influence of a sister's love." "How sad," she said. "But, fortunately, you may be able to secure a substitute." "And what is that?" asked the young man. "The love of some other fellow's sister," replied the artful maid.

Example is Better Than Precept.

It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. Thousands of testimonials are examples of what Hood's has done for others, and what it will do for you.

THE CO-EDUCATION FAD.

The "Ave Maria" says:—"The cry for co-education of the sexes in colleges and universities is each year becoming

MONTREAL City and District Savings Bank.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Eight Dollars per share on the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Tuesday, the 3rd day of July next.

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Our Boys and Girls.

TIMOTHY BROWN.

Oh Timothy Brown was a terrible scamp. And lessons he voted a bore! French, grammar, geography, history, sums. He vowed he'd not learn any more. At the end of a year he knew nothing at all.

About anything under the sun—French, grammar, geography, history, sums. He'd forgotten them every one. One day a rich uncle said, "Timothy Brown, I'll ask you a question or two, if I'm forty-five, and you're younger than I."

"How much am I older than you?" Well, Timothy Brown he thought for a while. And at last he discovered this fact. That he hadn't a notion how long he'd been born.

And he didn't know how to subtract. "Come, when is your birthday? I'll give you a tip." Said his uncle, and patted his pate. But Timothy Brown he burst into tears.

He couldn't remember the date! That's the end of the story of Timothy Brown—a story that's perfectly true. And perhaps there's a moral for no one at all.

And perhaps there's a moral for you! **KIND WORDS.**—Kind words may prove pearls of the highest price; soften and turn away wrath; make friendship out of enmity, and build a monument of good that the storms of time cannot destroy.

Cherish then, dear boys and girls, a kind heart, full of love and sympathy, and loving words will spring to your lips to bless, to help and to comfort all around you.

That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the fountain. **HONESTY AND EXAMINATIONS.**—As the end of the scholastic year is fast approaching, we would warn the boys and girls to be honest in their written examination papers.

Some pupils in order to carry off a valuable prize resort to all manners of dishonest acts, and in the end receive a gift which is unjustly obtained. Do not forget that you are making enemies in different households.

Your conscience will often-times upbraid you for your foolish, cowardly and mean act; you will be despised by your best friends, and last, but not least, you may be paying for yourself the path to dishonesty in business.

Nothing should ever induce a boy or a girl to be so low and degrading as to bring the blush of shame and disgrace even for the sake of the most valuable prize ever offered. Combat this temptation, and throw your little jealousies to the wind, and with a safe conscience your vacation days will be pleasant and happy.

NOTHING LIKE TRYING.—When a task seems hard and you grow despondent about doing it, it is then that if you make up your mind to do that act, that the greatest result will come from its accomplishment. Pick and muster up a little courage, and you'll be surprised at the good results in the end.

tempor, should be taken back, as far as may be. All these things will make the path of life smoother. It is well worth while to clear the way. **GOOD OR EVIL.**—Our lives are like open books. Each day we are writing a page of life's history, and each day some one is reading (unknown to us) its records of good or evil.

When death comes to us, that record will be read, and then put on the shelf of forgetfulness. Try each day to have each page written in letters of gold by your good life. **BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.**—Everybody liked Marion Frazer.

She was a dear child, with such a soft heart that the tears filled her eyes if one even made believe to be angry. Maybe the boys on that street like to tease, but it was a bit unmanly for four or five of them to plague two small girls.

Marion wasn't one of the girls, oh! no. It was going on when she came out and saw those naughty boys, and the girls just ready to cry, or get furious, they hadn't made up their minds which. It did seem as if the little maid was more than wise.

She stood a minute watching, and then she went straight up to them, but not a word did she say, mind you, about the quarrel. "Dess let me show you some pretty things I tan make," she said.

They stopped, they looked, and they circled about her. "Dis is the snow," she raised her hand and softly, softly, let it fall like gentle flakes.

"What's that?" said Tommy Jones, as the movement became faster and louder, it seemed. "It rains now," was the answer.

"Dis is a trumpet," and her chubby fists went up to her lips. "An' dese are soldiers," as she marched her fingers stiffly back and forth. "But I don't like soldiers, 'cause they fight."

Sam Davis grinned, as if he saw the point. "Dis is most pretty of all," she went on, and tall Billy Andrews craned his neck to see.

Marion placed her dainty hands together, so as to make a cradle, rocking it back and forth, while she sang that sweet cradle hymn. "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber."

It was like magic. Every face was pleasant as they glanced at each other. No more quarrels that day. No more teasing of girls ever, for at least one boy who didn't forget, and just because dear Marion made peace without seeming to try.

I think Marion was like the little child who was asked what it meant to be a Christian. "It means to be just what Jesus would be if He were a little child and lived in my home," was the answer. "Can you think of a better one?" — Sunbeam.

USEFUL THINGS.—Never forget—That women are made out of girls, and that men are made out of boys. That if you are a worthless girl, you will be a worthless woman, and if you are a worthless boy, you will be a worthless man.

That the best educated men and women once did not know "A B C." That all the things which you are learning had to be learned by them. That the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to your own happiness.

That a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure. **REVERENCE FOR AGE, ETC.**—Children should carefully cultivate reverence for the aged, and courtesy to strangers.

Remember the hand of old age will be with you in the future, and as you have treated others, you'll be treated the same yourself. Don't fail to be obliging to persons who may be visiting your city or town, for such kindness is often rewarded at a time when least expected.

This example, will illustrate more clearly the meaning of that virtue, which is unfortunately neglected by too many of our young folks—Respect and reverence for the aged. "General U., a venerable hero of the civil war, who is slightly lame, was crossing the porch of the hotel yesterday, when two or three boys, racing and shouting, ran against him and threw him violently to one side.

He staggered to his feet, and said, gently, "You should be more careful, boys." "Oh," replied one of the lads, "when people are too old to keep out of the way, they ought to leave the hotel." The mother of the boy listened, smiling, to the answer, and remarked: "Jack is so bright! He always has a retort ready."

The mother who failed to reproach her boy for such inexcusable rudeness was more blame-worthy than the saucy and unmanly boy. **Random Notes For Busy Households.**

A little attention to the following hints from an old housekeeper will make life easier. Don't, to begin with, be extravagant. Wasting one's strength is the worst sort of extravagance. Be a little lazy whenever you can.

Don't forget to be careful in little things. There's no one for whom I feel sorrier than the hard-working man whose wife keeps dropping his belongings into the leaky well of extravagance. Don't forget that pennies make

dimes and dimes dollars, and that by carefulness you can save a little fortune by the year's end. Don't let soap lie in the water; don't leave dish towels for mice to destroy; don't throw out water in which you had cooked meat without skimming off the grease for soap; don't throw out nice bits of meat that could be minced or fried with bread crumbs and an onion; don't leave the bread pan with the bread-sticking to it; don't let the piecrust you have left over sour before you use it; instead of that make some

little larts for tea. Don't throw away any food that could be warmed over—some things are better for their second cooking. Don't leave wooden or painted buckets near the stove to be ruined. Don't scrape kettles with good knives or with silver spoons. Don't let rust get so thick on your knife blades that brick-dust won't remove it.

Don't let cream stand around in cups or the like to sour and mold. Don't forget to put the cork back in the molasses jug, or to cover the sugar keg. Don't omit to scald your milk pails and pitchers well once a day. Don't keep vinegar in tin, for both vinegar and tin to be spoiled. Don't keep garbage on hand until it sends its death warning through the house. Don't let vinegar weaken on your pickles and don't let it eat them up. Don't let cheese mold—throw it out if you cannot use it up when fresh. Don't let bread grow musty—make it up before it grows past using into puddings and bread cakes. Don't throw out a bag of stale, soft crackers. Put them in a big, shallow pan and let them get crisp again in a moderate oven. Don't burn old bones—make soup of them. Don't throw away your wood ashes—make lye to make soap of. Don't put your clothes on the line and leave them to the mercy of the winds. Don't dig with one side of your broom until it looks friskish, or use your best broom to scrub with. Don't kill yourself washing when a little washing powder or ammonia will help you so willingly. Don't use napkins or tablecloths to wipe dishes with—don't.

Don't let the ashes choke up your grate, and so burn it out; don't keep up a big fire in the range when you've no need of it. I have had domestics who kept a blazing fire from meal to meal with no use for it during the interim, because they were too lazy to build another fire; whole dollars fell into the bottomless pit in the buying of coal to keep up those fires. I'm wiser now.

Don't make beds too early in the morning. I'd rather be a little slow with bed-making than too smart. Don't sleep in a room without good ventilation. Don't expect dishes to wash themselves—jump right at them and get them out of the way before it's time to set the table again. Don't neglect to put water into wash-tubs, pails, etc., between Mondays. Don't make yourself iron the day after you have washed. Rest for a day.

Don't awaken anyone with loud scolding or sudden pushings. Call softly and bring the wandering spirit back to its earthly tenement with caressing little pats and gentle tones. Don't find fault with anybody at meal time. Don't spoil this pleasant vantage-ground, where good humor should preside, where joke and jests and merry gibes should rout all thought of anything unpleasant, where discord should find no foothold, and the dinner of herbs tasted sweeter than the grumbler's staled ox. Don't think you can bring the whole world to accept your views—don't be so idiotic as that—and don't borrow trouble.

From the "Catholic Union and Times" we take the following series of peculiar comments: Sir Benjamin Richardson in his lecture of "How to make the most of life," says alcohol is "the devil in solution," and announces that he believes total abstinence to be the secret of longevity. There are those who disagree with him. He warns also against

touching the food with the hands. Long ago, we thought that if our hands were washed once in a while they were clean, but in these days, when we have learned that the air is filled with microbes, we realize that our hands are not clean and that they should never be put into our mouths nor touch food except when necessity compels.

I know a man, a well-known writer of scientific and philosophical works, who never eats meat. He abstains from its use as a matter of conscience, as a protest against the brutality of the shambles, and because he doubts his right to take the life that the Almighty gave. He knows of thousands who, like him, refuse meat on principle. Right here mention should be made that he is perfectly well and strong.

The Hon. T. P. O'Connor a year or two ago made an elaborate argument against the use of bread. Instead of its being the "staff of life," he called it the "staff of death." He claimed to have discovered proofs that by bread comes death, and that by reforming from its use we could even now prolong our weakened lives, and that had we and our parents and theirs never eaten bread, we should have kept living indefinitely.

Mrs. Rorer, who is trusted by all cooks, says that potatoes have very little food value, and that the race would be better without them, that they supply bulk and weaken the digestive organs in ridding the system of their useless presence. I suppose there are peasants in Ireland, hearty, healthy men and women, who would disagree with her, who would tell her of life having been well sustained for a long time on the worthless potato.

All over the land are physicians who forbid cereals. The paste formed on the walls of the stomach by the sticky mass, paralyzes the glands and prevents their work. And yet I have seen a healthy, beautiful child of five years who had never tasted any food other than oatmeal and milk. Milk, that used to be counted harmless, now gives us consumption and typhoid. Nine adult stomachs out of ten are acid, and a glass of milk poured into one is instantly separated into hard, white, indigestible curds and water. Milk should be cooked—sterilized in the word, or it should be let alone. Babies thrive on it because they are fated to thrive or because their new little stomachs are not acid. Rice is said to be one of the causes for the low grade of intelligence of the Malays, Chinese and kindred nations. Eggs, although strengthening, contain so much sulphur that rheumatism is likely to follow their use. Butter and cheese cannot be eaten in large quantities, as they are too rich in quality. Fruit and vegetables remain. Analysis find that these foods are nothing but water, more or less acid, and wood fibre. About beverages, tea destroys the nerves and liver—although it tastes good and is refreshing—and coffee invites apoplexy. What shall we do?

We must eat, we must have food or die. What shall it be? We look at the proscribed list and find that we have been eating to our own destruction; we search for a harmless food, and all that is left to us is water. Are there any new ways of cooking this one innocent gift or must we take it plain and raw? Doctors say drink three pints—or three quarts is it?—every day between meals. But if our meals must be restricted to water, will it not do

to take our between-meal doses of water with them? It seems to me that it will be a little monotonous, that we shall long for a little wicked meat, deadly bread, unhealthy eggs and cheese and unprofitable fruit.

It is impossible to lay down the law for others. Personal preference has a good deal to do with the matter, but some undiscovered idiosyncrasy of constitution has more influence. An infant, without experience will turn in loathing from food which her brother demands. If it is forced upon her, the little stomach rejects it, and if its use is persisted in, the child sickens and dies. So it is with older ones. I know one woman who cannot eat any article of food containing the slightest quantity of egg. She has eaten it unbeknown to herself, been fooled by someone who pooh-poohed her objection to it, and in an hour has been prostrated by fever, followed by an eruption on the skin. Her father and sisters eat eggs, so it is not an hereditary idiosyncrasy of appetite which affects her. That is, I hasten to say, if there be such a thing as heredity. Nowadays they say there is not, that we are each independent of all mankind, standing alone in our tastes, habits, diseases, without any excuse as to ancestors or any responsibility as to descendants.

OLD AGE.—Old age as it comes in the orderly process of Nature is a beautiful and majestic thing. The very shadow of eclipse which threatens it, makes it the more prized. It stands for experience, knowledge, wisdom and counsel. That is old age as it should be. But old age as it so often is means nothing but a second childhood of mind and body. What makes the difference? Very largely the care of the stomach. In youth and the full strength of manhood it doesn't seem to matter how we treat the stomach. We abuse it, overwork it, injure it. We don't suffer from it "much." But when age comes the stomach is worn out. It can't prepare and distribute the needed nourishment to the body, and the body, un nourished, falls into senile decay. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a wonderful medicine for old people whose stomachs are "weak" and whose digestions are "poor." Its invigorating effects are felt by mind as well as body. It takes the sting from old age, and makes old people strong.

Man is born to expend every particle of strength that Almighty God has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for—to stand it out to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that, and the reward we all get which we are perfectly sure of, if we have merited it, is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work, for that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say that there is not very much more reward than that going in this world.

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A HARD HIT. An Irish attorney said to a client, "Did you present your bill to the defendant?" "I did sir." "And what did he say?" "He told me to go to the devil." "What did you do then?" "I came to you, sir."

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HARD ON LAWYERS.—George F. Bloss, evidently had an inherent dislike for lawyers. In his will, which was filed for probate yesterday in the Surrogate's office, New York, and which he drafted himself, he says that he expects persons of ordinary intelligence to understand it; but doubts if it will be understood by lawyers, idiots and imbeciles.

Hard Workers, You Need A Tonic!
Busy people gather more than honey in life. There are stings which come to those who, in their search for wealth or fame, neglect their health. Enjoy the honey and avoid the stings. Keep in good health and success is easier. It's so easy to be healthy. The daily use of ABBEY'S SALT will positively keep you in good health. To those suffering from overwork sleep comes but slowly at times—the digestion may be impaired—there is no pleasure in work or recreation because the system is run down.
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will change all this. It is Nature's own remedy—the salts extracted from the juices of fresh fruits. It tones up the stomach, dissipates the bile, gives a natural and regular movement of the bowels and purifies the blood. Headaches are unknown where Abbey's is used.
Dr. J. C. Street, New York, N. Y., writes: "I have used ABBEY'S SALT with the most excellent results in treatment of Gastritis. In cases of Nervous Prostration with Nausea, I find that a few small doses will give immediate relief, and continued has effected a cure in every case. In Constipation I have had remarkable results from a daily dose, and in Dyspepsia most beneficial action and ultimate cures have been effected."
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KRUGER LEAVES PRETORIA.

London, June 1. — Reports from Pretoria confirm the rumors of the departure of President Kruger with his Cabinet and staff officials Tuesday night, and the selection at a meeting of citizens of a committee to administer the city provisionally.

Although the War Office has not received a word about it, no one in London harbors the idea that the Boer capital is not already in the hands of the British, or about to be there. The possession of Johannesburg, at all events, as Lord Roberts has telegraphed, is a fact. States Attorney Smuts did not leave with President Kruger, but remained in Pretoria.

The present seat of the Boer Government, according to a despatch from Lorenzo Marques, dated yesterday, is Middleburg, but it will probably be shifted further east.

The Boers lately confronting Lord Roberts appear to have gone eastward also toward the Lydenburg region. The defenders of Laing's Nek, when their position becomes too perilous, will probably trek straight northward toward Lydenburg. When this concentration takes place, there will be possibly 20,000 men who may hold out for a time, with scattered bands of guerrillas elsewhere.

The press despatches from the headquarters of Lord Roberts give no estimate as to the number of Boers who were fighting General French and General Ian Hamilton, Monday and Tuesday; but they all agree that the Boers retired, and that the British casualties were slight.

BRIEF NOTES OF NEWS.

The annual report of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith, has just been printed, under the direction of the Very Rev. Dr. A. L. Magnien, S.S., and the Rev. Dr. Henry Grajzon, Bishop-elect of Tucson, directors of the association in the United States. In 1898 the receipts of the association throughout the world were \$1,388,311.49, and during the last year they rose to \$1,962,854.74.

On Saturday, June 5, the Rt. Rev. James Augustine Healy, D.D., will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration.

James Fitzharris, alias "Skin the Goat," and Joseph Mullett, the two surviving members of the Irish Invincibles, who were recently released from prison in Ireland, where they were sentenced for alleged complicity in the Phoenix Park murders of 1882, were on May 27 ordered excluded from the United States by the board of special inquiry at the immigration station, New York, and to be deported. The exclusion was made under the interpretation of the law which forbids any one being admitted to this country who has been adjudged guilty of a "felony, crime, infamous crime or misdemeanor, involving moral turpitude."

The ex-priest business is going into disrepute. With decent, sensible, right thinking people it never got beyond that stage, says the Baltimore "Mirror." With the other class who long patronized the scandal mongers, real and alleged priests and ex-nuns, it is rapidly going back to that condition, as even these realize that it is no longer available for raising up strife and enmity against the Church. As an instance of the depth of degradation to which the "profession" has sunk, it may be stated that Slatery, whom the English-speaking Protestant world tolerated and encouraged in his tirades against the Catholic Church, has been refused a liquor license in New Zealand.

The "Catholic Standard and Times," Philadelphia, says:—

A man's religion is a matter of at least as much public concern as the relation in which a son-in-law stands to his mother-in-law. This remark is made in view of the unwillingness of the Census Bureau to include religious statistics in the scope of the coming enumeration—or rather analysis. Many questions of relative importance are to be resolved under a variety of headings, some of which are couched in terms similar to the absurd case above cited; but the supreme one of the religion professed by the individual is left out of sight altogether. We doubt whether the primary census takers in old Rome, pagans though they were, would have made so glaring an omission when calling their "colonists" away from their homes to be "enrolled." The question of religious classification ought to possess as much interest for the legislator and the politician as for the various religious bodies themselves, for on accurate returns on the subject many questions of a practical character depend. The business man will be no less inter-

ested than the politician, the statesman no less than the cleric. It is an excellent opportunity to get at the facts of a much-disputed problem; and if there be time to have the necessary steps taken to collect them, the census of 1900 will prove an exceptionally valuable one.

An English correspondent thus describes the visit of Messrs. John E. Redmond, M.P., and John Dillon, M.P., to Manchester recently. The great Free Trade Hall was packed in every part, and on every hand the utmost good feeling prevailed. Long before the time announced for the meeting to begin great crowds gathered round the hall, and by the time the distinguished visitors walked on to the platform there were between 4,000 and 5,000 of their fellow-countrymen and women ready to give them, as they did most heartily, a spontaneous demonstration of the heartfelt joy that all good Irishmen feel at the termination of the divisions of the past ten years. The outburst of cheering and waving of hats, handkerchiefs, etc., which took place when Mr. Redmond and Mr. Dillon stepped on to the platform side by side will be long remembered by those who were there. It lasted for some two or three minutes, and more than one ardent spirit was moved to tears of joy at the welcome sight, bringing back recollections of the good old days of unity, strength and comradeship in the Irish Party before the split.

IRISH IMMIGRANT CHILDREN

An American journal tells the following touching incident, which occurred at the Landing Station, New York:—

They were orphans, five in number. The brown, curly head of the eldest, a boy of eleven, barely reached to the top of the high registry desk. In his arms he held his youngest sister, a toddler of three years, who wore a huge sun bonnet. A lock of flaxen hair and strayed across her eyes and she was making efforts to brush it back, to the imminent danger of a tumble from her snug seat.

"I'm Thomas Graham, sir," the boy announced in a clear voice. "Come from Ballymena, in County Antrim, Ireland, sir, and arrived today on the Anchor liner Anchorina. These are my sisters, and this," nodding at a sturdy boy of six, "is my brother. Father and mother's dead, sir, and I've got to look out for them. Papa said so before he died. This is Mary Ellen," nudging a girl in a scarlet golf cap. "She's ten, one year younger than I am. The next is Annie, nine years old; then comes Bobbie, six, and Jennie, the baby here, is just three. We're going to our Aunt, Annie Hume, in Linwood, Livingston County, New York. Have you got all our names down?"

The clerk said he had, and then asked the boy if he had money, and who paid the passages of himself and family. Thomas answered promptly that he had \$3 and tickets through to Linwood. Aunt Annie had paid the passages.

"I hope we can go right on to Aunt Annie's," he added, anxiously. "Baby has not been well on the trip and Mary Ellen and I have had to watch her all the time. Annie helped, too, but I didn't get as much sleep as I wanted, and if we get there we can take a long sleep, you see."

"Thomas was told that word would be sent to Aunt Annie at once, and then they were taken to the detention room. The little "father" looked rather disheartened at first, but he brightened up when Matron Stucklin told him his aunt would come for him.

"I'd hate to have to go back to Ireland," he said, in a burst of confidence. "You see, father was a poultry dealer, and we had a nice home, but mother died three years ago, just after sister Jennie was born, and then father, I guess, let things go."

"I don't know much about it, but when he died two years ago, a man came and said we couldn't stay there any more. He took us all to the almshouse, and we were there until Aunt Annie sent money for us to come over here. None of our people in Ireland could take care of us. Pop said I must be a father to the others."

"We kept together in the almshouse as much as we could, and we were glad to get away. I hope Aunt Annie will come. She lives with Grandpa and Grandma Hume, that's my mother's father and mother, and we have an uncle, Thomas Hume, in Linwood, and an uncle, Robert Graham, in Chicago, and two other uncles. I think some of them will come for us if Aunt Annie don't, but she will, I'm sure."

The children were all dressed neatly in homespun. They were sent to the lodging boat Narragansett last night and placed in charge of the night matron.

DIED.

CORLEY. — At her residence, 147 St. Alexander street, on Wednesday, 18th of April, Margaret Deegan, relict of the late Jas. Corley. Funeral private. Please omit flowers.

THEY KEEP COMING

Spring Shoes have arrived; now Summer Shoes are arriving, new boxes every day; new styles, new shapes. Now is the time to make your choice.

- LADIES' White Canvas Shoes, with white heel and eyelets, at \$1.50. MISSES and CHILDREN'S White Canvas Shoes, arriving every day. LADIES' Fine Chocolate Kid Bike Boots, at \$2.00. LADIES' Fine French Kid Button and Laced Boots, with handsome Black Serge or Kid Tops, all latest American styles and shapes, at \$3.00. BOYS' Fine Box Calf Boots, sizes, 1 to 5, worth \$2.00, for \$1.50. YOUTHS' Fine Box Calf Boots, size, 11 to 18, worth \$1.75, for \$1.25. MEN'S Russia Calf Boots, with single or double soles, Goodyear Welted.—This is the best and handsomest boot ever sold, for \$3.00. MEN'S Bike Boots, Black and Tan, for \$1.50. A few pairs left of our Men's Dark Tan American Calf, Goodyear welted; regular, \$3.50, for \$2.65. MEN'S White and Colored Canvas Shoes and Boots, at \$1.25 to \$1.75.

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MEN'S WHITE OR COLORED SHIRTS to measure. Best materials used for all special orders, which receive every attention. Perfect fit and general satisfaction guaranteed. Men's White Dress Shirts, made of very superior material, reinforced fronts, continuous facings, and all buttonholes hand-worked; price, \$1.00 each, less 5 per cent. cash. A very handsome line of MEN'S COLORED SHIRTS, IN FRENCH AND ENGLISH CAMBRICS and PERCALES, at from \$1 upwards, less 5 per cent. cash.

Optical Department.

- PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERAS, all sizes, from \$2.50 up. PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES. TRIPOD STANDS, (universal screws), \$1.50. RUBY LAMPS, 6 in 30c up. RUBY LIGHTS, 5c. FUNNELS, 20c; GLASS MEASURES, 25c; SQUEEZES, 25c; TROUGH, 25c; DEVELOPING TRAYS, 25c; PRINTING FRAMES, 35c. DRY PLATES, DARK BOXES, (Special). EXTRA DRY PLATE HOLDERS, 50c. STANLEY DRY PLATES and various others. TONING AND FIXING SOLUTIONS, 25c. TONING AND FIXING POWDERS, 25c. DEVELOPING POWDERS, ARTISTS' PAPER, SOLIO PAPER, PLATINO PAPER. PAGET ENGLISH PAPER, BARNET ENGLISH PAPER. BLUE PRINT PAPER. MOUNTS, Assorted Colors and Sizes.

A large purchase of Fancy Dress Muslins, Organdies and Swiss. We have placed on the two front counters a few THOUSAND YARDS of CHOICE DRESS MUSLINS, all beautiful designs and dainty colorings. The PRICES we are offering these muslins at, are about HALF the REGULAR VALUE, 16c, 18c, 21c, and 30c a yard.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL, Canada.

THE NATURALIST'S CORNER.

DOG COULD REASON. — Those who take an interest in dogs will readily endorse the statement that the pure bred Scotch collie is one of the most intelligent animals in the dog world. Here is a true story of the sagacity of one of those dogs, as related by a gentleman who is fortunate enough to own several of them. In his employ is a man who has charge of these and other fine specimens of the canine race. This man, whom we may call Bob, is a great favorite with all the dogs, but there is one dog in particular, a Scotch collie, known as Duncan, with whom he is on terms of special friendship. One day, while crossing a plank over a large pond, with a ladder on his shoulder, Bob slipped and fell into the water with the ladder on top of him. Duncan, who was near, jumped in after him, but the man had become so entangled in the weeds and grass at the bottom of the pond that, pull and tug as he might, the dog could not extricate him. Then the collie turned, scrambled out of the pond, and darted off barking furiously, apparently leaving the drowning man to his fate. But a moment afterwards it reappeared, followed by its master, who pulled out the hapless Bob just as he was near his last gasp.

TO HAVE A SWARM OF BEES. — If the cluster is low it is easily secured. Slip a basket right under it and jar the limb. If the bees have clustered high up in a tree get a pole long enough to reach them and fasten a basket to one end of it. A common peach basket will do very well. When the basket is right under the cluster give the pole a sharp jerk upward, which motion will jar the limb and the bees will drop into the basket. Have the hive under the tree and dump the bees in front of it, and they will march in like an army. The hive should be raised an inch or two in front to give them air; the bees will commence to give a contented hum, and if there are any remaining on the tree they will hear it and join the swarm. In the evening the hive can be carried to where it is to remain. Sometimes a swarm will cluster on the trunk of a tree or on a fence or wall. Then it will be necessary to use a brush to get them into a basket and proceed as described above. The ringing of bells

and the beating of pans and all such old fogy notions are, of course, of no avail. A prime swarm will most always settle. I have never yet seen it miss, providing the queen was with them, and if the queen is not with them, they will most surely return to their hive. Sometimes a swarm will hang on a tree all day, and then again they may depart in a little while. It is best to have them within half an hour after they have issued.

WILES OF THE FOX. — A fox is entitled to all that is said for its wisdom and sagacity. Not long ago the Washington hunt of Valley Forge started a young fox in the North Valley hills, and the hounds were running it across the open field when the hunters were surprised to see a much larger fox come from the woods and run diagonally across the track of the young fox ahead of the hounds, and when they struck the stronger track of the bigger fox they took it up, young Reynard thereby being saved from being run down and killed by the hounds. Old hunters say they have frequently witnessed this trick when young foxes were being closely pressed and in danger of being run down and killed by the hounds. Another and an even sharper trick was played by an old fox some weeks ago while being hotly chased by hounds. The fox had run some 20 miles, and while crossing an open stretch of country was in danger of being run down and killed. In a field through which the fox was running with the hounds close to its heels was the cellar of an old house,

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

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

SATURDAY, June 2.

Summer Costumes and Skirts!

The variety of nice, natty and novel Summer Outer Garments for Ladies is entirely beyond all imagination. The buyer has exerted his talent more than ever before in selecting the new creations and having special lines made for the Summer season of 1900. Read the following offers:



Cool Summer Skirts.



Ladies' Elegant Hem-stitched Pique Skirts, very handsome, box pleated back and made very wide, \$3.35.

Ladies' Summer Waists.



Ladies' White Lawn Waists, pointed yoke, trimmed insertion, pearl buttons, new stock collar and hand-dried cuffs, \$1.05. Ladies' Stylish White Madras Cloth Waists, insertion, round yoke, stock collar, pointed cuffs, front fastened with beauty pins, \$1.50.

SPLENDID SUMMER HOSIERY.

The great power of a little money is demonstrated in the Big Store's Hosiery values. Consider quality, then compare our items, price for price, with as many others as you will. But it's waste of time, except for the satisfaction of it. You'll end by buying here.

Ladies' Underwear.



Ladies' Cream and White Basket Knitted Silkette Vests, low neck, no sleeves, 26c. Ladies' Pink and White Elastic Ribbed Silk Vests, low neck, no sleeves, 32c.

Ladies' Summer Hose.



Feather-weight Hosiery at feather-weight prices, with steel wire wear. Ladies' Tan Mercerized Lisle Thread Hose give excellent wear and are light for summer, pair, 28c. Ladies' Fine Black Maco Cotton Hose, fully fashioned, spliced ankles and feet, pair, 23c. Special lot Ladies' Black Pleated Silk Hose, slightly shop worn; regular value, \$1.00; to clear, 45c.

SHOE POINTERS.

The Big Store carries Shoes for Men, Women and Children that are light, yet wear like steel. The material is in them, the workmanship is in them, and they endure, and they are also made on scientific lines, and so they are always comfortable.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED.

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

with a portion of the walls still standing. The fox made straight for the old cellar, leaped into it, and made its escape through a narrow opening in the walls. The hounds, supposing the fox was trapped, dashed into the cellar pell-mell, only to find Reynard gone and themselves in a trap, as the hole in the wall through which the fox had escaped was too small to permit them to get through.

WANTS A MILLION. — In announcing the arrival of Archbishop Keane in Detroit, last week, a local secular newspaper says:—

Archbishop Keane is a man of scholarly address and courteous manner. He is not above medium height, but a most attractive personality. He is now engaged in trying to collect \$1,000,000 to endow chairs in the Catholic University of America.

"In St. Louis they have undertaken to endow a chair in honor of Archbishop Kenrick, and in Boston, in honor of Archbishop Williams. It takes at least \$50,000 to endow a chair."

"I think the man who works at that place across the street is the most faithful and conscientious workman I ever saw. He never takes a holiday, and always labors away till it's too dark to see any longer." "Faithful workman? Great Scott! He's the proprietor of the shop!"

"You sign this deed of your own free will, do you, madam?" asked the notary public of the large, red-faced woman. "I mean there has been no compulsion on the part of your husband, has there?" "Him?" she ejaculated, turning to look at the meek little man sitting behind her. "I'd like to see him try to compulse me!"

MARKET REPORT.

FEED AND FLOUR. — The market is steady. Quotations are as follows: Manitoba patents, \$3.90 to

\$4; strong bakers, \$3.50 to \$3.90; winter wheat patents, \$3.50 to \$3.90; straight rollers, \$3.20 to \$3.25, and \$1.52 to \$1.57 in bags; Manitoba bran, \$15.50 in bags, Ontario bran, \$15.50 to \$16 in bulk; shorts, \$18.50 to \$17; moullie, \$18 to \$22.

PROVISIONS. — The market for live hogs is advancing in the West, and dressed hogs are firm here at \$8 to \$8.25.

Other lines show no change. Quotations are as follows: Compound lard, 7c to 7 1/2c; pure lard, 5 1/2c to 9c; kettle rendered, 9 1/2c to 10c; hams, 11c to 12 1/2c; bacon, 11 1/2c to 13c; Canada short cut mess pork, \$17 to \$18.

EGGS. — The market has an easier tone, but prices are unchanged. Best eggs are quoted at 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c; second, 10c to 10 1/2c, and culls at 9c to 9 1/2c.

BUTTER. — The market continues to advance, and it is conceded that 18 1/2c will be the price paid for Townships creamery to-day, while it is possible they may go higher.

CHEESE. — The downward tendency seems to have been checked for the present by a good demand for immediate shipment; but after this week's boats depart, there may be further losses. Finest western at 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c, and Eastern at 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c.

Receipts to-day were 13,847 boxes New York, May 29. — Butter steady; western creamery, 16c to 20 1/2c; do., factory, 14c to 16c; imitation creamery, 15c to 18c; State dairy, 16c to 19c; do., creamery, 16 1/2c to 20c. Cheese weak; fancy large, white, 9 1/2c; fancy large colored, 9 1/2c; fancy small colored, 8c to 8 1/2c.

GRAIN. — Local markets are quiet. Manitoba wheat is firmer at 68 1/2c afloat, Port William; peas have again declined being now quoted at 68 1/2c. Other lines show no change. Oats, 31c; barley, 48c to 49c; rye, 60c; buckwheat, 57c, and spring wheat, 70c afloat, Montreal.

\$300 Payable \$7 Monthly

Gives choice of three strictly first-class American up-to-date Cabinet Grand Pianos; three pedals, handsome cases, all improvements; made by the highest grade makers in the United States, viz.: Mason & Hamlin of Boston, Kranich & Bach and J. & C. Fischer of New York. This is a rare chance for people wanting a high grade piano at less than auction price.

LINDSAY-NORDHEIMER CO. Warerooms, 2366 St. Catherine Street.