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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

REV. Father Reichart, of Heaton Norris, England, has prepared a "Convert's Catechism." Cardinal Vaughan thus refers to it:—

"The book supplies a much felt need, and so in a very efficient and satisfactory way. The clearness and simplicity of its style, combined with the soundness of its matter, will make it a most useful help to all our clergy engaged in the important work of receiving converts into the fold of the one true Church."

Such a book would prove of a great use in this country where we are having so many converts to the Faith. We are anxious to see a copy of this Catechism in order to make it more widely known.

THE Colored Catholic young men of Washington are establishing a Catholic club. So it is all the world over, the Catholic Church is the same universal mother, inculcating the same principles, fostering the same grand sentiments, stimulating the same actions, and inspiring the same confidence. She knows no color, race or country; every human being is precious to her, and she loves them all equally. It is encouraging to know that the Catholic colored young men at the capital are so fervent in their devotion and so zealous in their actions. We wish their club every success imaginable.

THE Ave Maria recently expressed the hope that the standard of Catholic literature would not be judged by the kind of books given as premiums in many of our educational establishments. The truth is that the greatest care should be exercised in the selecting of prizes for pupils. The recipient of a volume, under such circumstances, is apt to consider that what he possesses is a model work and one that should serve to guide him either in the formation of his literary taste, in his principles of faith, or in his morals: how often, alas, is the youth mistaken! As great care should be paid in the selecting of premiums as in that of text-books for the classes.

IT HAS often been remarked that great minds, even when obscured by the mists of passion or irregularities, have in their grandest moments turned toward Catholicity and beheld in the Church the exponent of the sublimest principles and the advocate of the most undeniable Truth. The following anecdote may serve to illustrate our meaning:

"Here," said Lord Byron, on one occasion to a friend, "is a little book on Christianity which has been sent me, and which makes me very uneasy. The reasoning appears to be very strong, and the proofs are alarming. I do not think you could answer them. Shelley; at least I am sure I could not, and besides I don't wish to do it. I am no enemy to religion, quite otherwise; the proof of which is that I am having my daughter brought up a good Catholic in a convent of the Romagna; for I think if we are to have any religion we cannot have too much. I am strongly in favor of Catholic dogmas."

WHEN the St. Vincent de Paul pilgrimage was returning from Ste. Anne de Beaupre, on Wednesday last, two babies, in charge of their mothers, died on board the steamer Three Rivers. This sad event should be a lesson to mothers. They should know that a crowded pil-

grimage, or any excursion, in the heat of summer is no place for infants. It is painful to notice how, in all kinds of weather, mothers are found crusading their way in crowded cars, or trudging off to the mountain, or going to exciting picnics, with poor little beings in their arms—tiny children that should be at home in their comfortable cradles. Perhaps these mothers are not aware that they are risking, if not always the lives, at least the health and strength of their children. Good Ste. Anne never requires that a mother should so expose her infant—even for the purpose of visiting the holy shrine. She who was a mother herself would prefer to come and visit the child, if only she were fervently invoked and that her presence were required.

THE Queen of Italy has sent a splendid tea service, mounted in silver, to the Countess Setacci-Merlini, as Her Majesty's contribution to the lottery which is being organized in aid of the Arts and Crafts Institute which is to be founded at Sinigaglia in honor of the centenary of Pius IX. Often have we remarked that if there is a redeeming feature in the House of Savoy, and if there is a hope for Italy, they exist in the personality of the Queen. Her piety and her devotion to the Faith—she loves, but which she is forced by circumstances to behold insulted and ignored, are virtues calculated to rise between the rulers of the land and the fate that they are preparing for themselves.

THE Irish Catholic, of Dublin, says that, "as usual amongst those of the successful Catholic candidates at the examinations of London University, the names of Irish students are plentiful. Out of 66 Catholics who matriculated, no less than 30 were Irish. The Celtic intellect is evidently still able to hold its own." Truly might we apply that line of Scott:

"Old times are changed, old manners gone," and they have changed, in many cases, for the better. The day is past when the Irish scholar was under the shadow of a cruel statutory legislation; he can now rise to his proper level—even in London, (Goldwin Smith's opposition notwithstanding.)

UNDER the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, a number of London Catholics recently made a third pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas a Becket. Some four hundred attended, led by Rev. Father Fletcher, Master of the Guild. When Canterbury was reached, an imposing procession took place through the streets of the ancient and historic city. They chanted hymns for the conversion of England to Catholicity. The Cathedral was thrown open to the pilgrims and the Chapel of Martyrdom was visited. These different movements in the direction of Catholicity are attracting the attention of the world, and there are signs upon the horizon of the near future that foretell a mighty change in the spirit of religion as far as England is con-

cerned. One of the principal ultra-Protestant organs, The Rock, asks very innocently, "where is all this Romanizing work going to end?" The answer is very simple: "it is all going to end in Rome."

THE New York News, of July 19th, has the following very sage remark:—

"The decline of the proscriptive organization in Canada known as the Protestant Protective Association probably foreshadows a like result to the order in this country. Its leaders were confident of winning in the recent election in Ontario, but on the contrary they were badly beaten. The leading newspaper in the province, after admitting its misgivings about the result, dismisses the association as a future political factor, and congratulates the people because "the appeal to prejudice, to passion, to ignorance, has been made in vain."

Many times have we pointed out that these different organizations of fire-brand anti-Romanism are merely spasmodic efforts made by men who behold the shattering of their cause and who cannot devise any rational plan whereby the steady, all-embracing, irresistible onward march of Catholicity can be checked. They are all in vain; a few months, a few weeks, a few days and they are left behind on the great ocean of history, they vanish beneath the horizon, forever, and the vessel of Truth steams on toward the harbor of eternal promise.

WHILE it is to the interest of the Street Car Company and to the benefit of the public that we should have a good Sunday service, still it seems to us that the employees should also be taken into consideration. Speaking for those of our own Faith, we think that the Company could so arrange matters that each one of the men could have an opportunity of attending Mass on Sunday and that they could be so changed about as to give each, at least, a portion of that day of rest free from the great strain of an uninterrupted work. It is too bad that men, who are upon constant duty all week, cannot even have time to fulfil their religious duties on Sundays. There are certain hours in the day when the demand for cars is not very great and we don't think that a generous public would complain if a point were stretched in favor of the men who stand all day doing a most wearing work.

A FRIEND of the TRUE WITNESS and a widely known correspondent, who has just returned to Canada from London, England, informed us that, in the course of a conversation which he had with Mr. Dillon, M.P., in the British House of Commons, a couple of weeks ago, the Home Rule member stated that it was his positive conviction that the desires of the Irish people were rapidly approaching realization; but, in Mr. Dillon's mind, the only obstacle in the way, the only cause that might retard for any considerable time that result, was the unnecessary and vexatious split in the ranks of the Irish representatives. He further said that it was the desire of the Parliamentary party and of all the friends of Home Rule that the press and the moulders of public opinion in America and Canada should strive to bring about

—by strong expression of opinion—a cementing of the discordant elements. It may seem that all is safe as long as on the more vital questions all the Irish members vote together; but this system of keeping up an endless feverish feeling, by dividing upon minor issues, is not only endangering the cause but is keeping back very forcibly the day of its ultimate triumph. Much as funds may be needed they require a strong union of action far more; for without the harmony in action all the funds in the world could not carry the victory. We think that Mr. Dillon's remarks are well deserving of the most serious attention by all lovers of Irish liberty.

"THY KINGDOM COME" is the very appropriate motto of the leading French Catholic organ of our Province—La Croix. This publication, which deserves all the encouragement that Catholics can give it, is happily succeeding somewhat better than at the start in climbing up that dangerous and difficult hill of journalism. In the midst of all the indifferent, irreligious, anti-clerical and otherwise dangerous publications of the hour, it is encouraging to notice the true spirit of Catholicity fearlessly embodied in the lines of a well written and carefully edited organ. We trust that La Croix may find success along its athpway, and that, like of old in Milan, where "the Cross glittered in the haze of battle," amidst the confusion of conflicting elements La Croix may shine brightly and, as its model, point constantly upward and to eternity.

LAST week we gave an account of the death of that grand old Irish patriot, O'Neill Daunt. He had reached a ripe old age before his days of earthly usefulness were numbered. He was a connecting link between the age that has long gone past and the age that is just expiring; he seemed to join together, in his person, the stories of Old and of New Ireland. He was a fervent Catholic, a sterling Nationalist, a powerful writer, an untiring worker, a man of the highest character and gifted beyond the ordinary with the blessings of a fine mind, a rich heart and a noble soul. He was, in his time, a strong supporter and admirer of O'Connell. Since the death of the "Liberator," his faithful companion has been the constant advocate of the grand principles laid down by the dead tribune. In the narrow circle of his intimate acquaintances, and the still more sacred one of his relatives and close friends, the memory of O'Neill Daunt will remain green for all time. In the natural course it could not have been expected that he should live on many years; but his life was a full and complete one, and he is amongst the number of those whom his country blesses in grateful remembrance, and whose names are without a speck, whose lives were without a cloud. If great men are rare, good men and true men are not a few in the world, and of these O'Neill Daunt was certainly one.

# "Early Educators in Canada"

## LECTURE

By J. K. FORAN, LL.B., Lit.D.

Editor of the Montreal "True Witness."

BEFORE THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

Third Session, July, 1894.

Rev. President and Friends:—While politicians, statesmen and diplomats are puzzling their brains about the future possibilities of our respective countries, thank Providence, we have a field of common interest upon which we can meet and enjoy an "unrestricted reciprocity" of ideas and sentiments. In the vast arena of Catholic Education the giants of intellect wrestle for supremacy; the contest is one of emulation, not rivalry, and no matter to whom the honors may belong the spoils of victory must fall into the lap of a rising generation and the garland of triumph be twined around the brow of our Holy Religion. While the American eagle, symbolic of your glorious Republic, soars higher and higher in the atmosphere of national greatness, our Canadian beaver, with his characteristic industry and perseverance, is steadily cutting down the pillars of "the forest primeval" and laying the foundations of an edifice calculated to resist the strongest floods of adversity. Side by side America and Canada are moving along the highway of material progress; but in the midst of all the commercial and political improvements, it is necessary to pause and contemplate the rainbow of promise that unites our destinies—the great, all-embracing arch of Higher Education. To-day I come to speak to you of the early history of Canada, of the first missionaries, the martyrs, the men and women who sowed the seed from which have sprung the admirable institutions of education and religion that are at once the pride of that young country and the glory of our Church.

Canada is young in years, but old in the experience of the trials and obstacles with which the great nations of Europe have, during long centuries, contended. We have pages of history as glowing as any that tell of Greece or Rome; we have monuments as sacred to us as are the debris of ancient splendor to the inhabitants of the old world; all we would require are ruins that might eloquently speak of our heroic past.

One day, in the summer of 1878, I stood in front of the old Basilica of Quebec and I watched a score of men with axes, picks, powder and dynamite, working to demolish the walls of the first Jesuit College. Day after day, during that summer, and again the following year, I returned to note the progress made by the instruments of, what I considered, a modern vandalism.

It had been reported that these walls were dangerous, and might at any moment fall on the heads of the passers-by; on this pretext, permission was obtained to destroy the most precious landmark in Canadian history. Yet, the cement was as solid as the stones, and it required months, yes, three years—the most powerful explosives being used—to tear the edifice to pieces. It told a story of two centuries and a half of struggles in the cause of Catholic education; but that element of barbarism, that clings to purely material interests or commercial advancement, swayed the decisions of those in power and the result was the final destruction of the Jesuit College of Quebec—an institution founded in 1635, one year before Harvard, and consequently the oldest educational establishment on this continent. At last young Canada had ruins; and ruins of historical importance.

Standing upon the shattered walls, that were built to last for centuries, I recalled—not without a pang of sorrow and

a sense of humiliation—the words of the Poet Priest:—

"Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,  
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;

Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,  
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom;  
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,  
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn."

Yes, out of the night clouds of paganism and barbarism that hung round the cradle of our country, out of the misty shadows of persecution, misery and suffering that enshrouded the early labors of Catholic pioneers, educators and missionaries, have come forth the noble institutions that dot the land to-day, and from which, like stars on the sky of our history, flash the beams of promise that illumine the country's future.

Standing again, but this time in imagination, upon the broken pillars and battered remains of the Jesuit College of Quebec, and looking down into the grave of almost three centuries, I summon up the shadowy forms of scenes long vanished and actors long since disappeared. Lo! at my mandate the picture changes; the cities of to-day are lost in the wilderness of trees, and the events of our early history enroll themselves before my vision. I invite you for half an hour to that interesting theatre. You will perceive how like the old walls of the present ruin are the institutions, religious bodies and grand organizations of the Church; yes, how like their story except in the accomplishment of their destruction—is that Church herself. The thoughtless, the irreverent and the wicked have said that she is but a human institution, destined to one day crumble, and to crush in that fall the men who confided in her stability; but the axe of the infidel, the pick of the iconoclast, the powder of the innovator, and the dynamite of the secretly organized enemies of Truth, have failed to detach from each other stones that were laid by the Hand of Divinity and cemented by the blood of ten thousand martyrs.

There are two questions of vital importance connected with the origin of our early educational establishments and the labors of the first missionaries, that I will ask you to consider. The first regards the intentions and aims of the French Kings, who sent out explorers, traders and colonists to Canada; the second refers to the grand and all-important obstacle that stood in the way of the Early Educators and teachers of Christian Truth amongst the Indians. On the first point there are many false impressions which historians have taken very little pains to dispel, on the second, by means of suppressing evidence, writers, like Parkman, Bancroft, Lescarbot and others, have succeeded in keeping in the foreground facts of minor importance and covering up—for one reason or another—events and circumstances that are calculated to cast an entirely different light upon the labors and sacrifices of the heroic missionaries of that first century.

We are too often led to suppose that the grand object of the French monarchs was to secure more territory and consequently greater revenues, as well as increased power; but history proves, beyond a doubt, that from Francis I. to Louis XIV., every one of the French Kings entertained a desire of advancing the cause of religion, and that any con-

siderations of conquest or material gain were merely secondary and in the majority of cases absolutely nil. By the letters-patent conferred, the edicts promulgated, the conditions set down in the grants of lands, the communications with ecclesiastical and civil authorities concerning the missionaries, and, in a word, every document that connects French royalty with Canadian history, all prove most conclusively that the thought of Christianizing a new world was uppermost in the minds of the monarchs and that the idea of great material gains never swayed their councils. (A.) As we proceed with the history of that epoch you will observe how strongly the documents, and other evidence adduced, refute the oft-repeated assertion that Canada was first colonized through mercenary motives.

On the subject of the obstacles with which the missionaries had to contend there is ample opportunity afforded by the principal historians for misconceptions of the actual state of affairs. Parkman, that accurate historian, when it suits his own purposes, goes out of his way to praise the Jesuits for deeds that could not be ignored without risking entirely his own reputation; but he is very careful to counteract whatever effect his truthful statements might produce, by holding them up to ridicule, as men of little minds and victims of an overwrought enthusiasm. So is it in the case that I wish to analyze. We are told that these pioneer educators had to contend against the severity of the climate, the disadvantages arising from imperfect means of navigation, the long winters and months of separation from Europe, the famines that consequently menaced their little bands, and finally against the ferocity of the Iroquois, the treachery of the Huron and ignorance of all the savage tribes. It did not require Mr. Parkman nor Mr. Lescarbot to tell us these things. They are obstacles so natural to the situation that to ignore them would be entirely impossible. But these writers, who claim the high post of accurate historians, neglect to mention the real and all-important obstruction that blocked the way of civilization and Christianity—particularly Catholicity—in the first years of our history. Intentionally, or through lack of knowledge, they suppress what seems to me the most important evidence of the difficulties to be overcome by the founders of our educational institutions.

Yes; the grand obstacles in the path of the missionaries was the opposition created by the members and employees of the different commercial and trading companies. These organizations, from time to time, received certain privileges, and were granted the monopoly of the fur-trade in the colony. The special agents of DeMont, of de Caen, and those of the company of "One Hundred Associates," the company of "New France" and the company of "Montreal" made it their business to create distrust in the breast of the Huron, enmity in that of the Iroquois, and to retard, by every imaginable means, the cause of religion and instruction. Through these monopolies they were building up colossal fortunes in Europe at the expense of the Indian's enlightenment and Christianity. They knew that the more domesticated, or civilized, the tribes became the more were they liable to neglect the hunting fields, and a consequent loss to the dealer and adventurer would follow; they knew, also, that the more enlightened the Indians became the more likely were they to know the value of the furs that they had been so long selling at a sacrifice. The result was that the agents, factors, interpreters and other employees of those companies cast every conceivable impediment in the way of education and civilization. They went so far as even to refuse to teach the missionaries the Indian languages; and, as a rule, when called upon to translate their sermons, these unscrupulous mercenaries interpreted the words of the priests in the very opposite sense to that in which they were used. The result was untold miseries and sufferings on the part of the missionaries, unnecessary wars between the Indians, unprovoked massacres of colonists, and (as the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation wrote), "had it not been for the villainess of the company's agents and the treachery of the paid servants of the traders, perhaps Fathers Lallement and de Bebeuf would never have been

martyred by the irritated Iroquois." (B.)

These are two points that I wish particularly to emphasize in the course of the few remarks that the limited time at my disposal will allow me to make.

Long before the days of Cartier the shores of Canada were known to the Basques; those Norman and Breton fishermen, who chased the whale into the straits of Labrador and supplied the markets of Europe with cod from the banks of Newfoundland. (C)

When the Florentine adventurer, Jean Verazzani, wrote from Dieppe, in 1524, to Francis I. that he had discovered Indians who had neither temples nor altars, and seemed to possess no religion, but who were of a nature calculated to accept the mysteries of our Faith, he fanned into an all-consuming flame the smouldering embers of royal fervor, and the King determined on sending out explorers and envoys to rescue the savage tribes from the night of ignorance and infidelity. "What," cried out Francis, "the Kings of Spain and Portugal calmly divide the New World between them; I would like to see that portion of Adam's will in which he creates them heirs to America." Again he said: "Am I a 'most Christian King,' and yet careless of the Catholic cause; if old France be the 'eldest daughter of the Church,' then New France must become the youngest one." (D.)

In 1540 Jacques Cartier received letters-patent whereby he was instructed to "execute the King's will in New France, and establish the Catholic religion in the colony." Lescarbot suppresses many of Cartier's beautiful letters that illustrate his great faith and the object of his mission. But happily these documents are conserved in manuscript at Paris. (E)

The Recollet Fathers were the first missionaries in what was long known as Canada proper; but if we refer to the country, according to the geographical limits of the present Dominion, the palm goes to the Jesuits—for as early as 1611, Fathers Beard and Masse planted the cross on the shores of Acadia. (F.) In fact, in 1604, Rev. Nicholas Aubry and a companion priest came to the place called Port Royal. (A)

The wildest flights of fancy and the most extravagant pencillings of romance are tame compared with the true history of those early days. The *Compagnies Marchandes* had obtained the monopoly of trade in New France on the condition of establishing, at their own expense, colonies, and securing the establishment of the Catholic faith amongst the tribes. But to the members of the companies fur was more precious than souls; sailors became merchant traders; and a regular post was established at Tadoussac. Jacques Noel, a nephew of Cartier, was the first to receive a royal commission to execute, at his own expense, the plans conceived by Francis I., and was therefore the one to open that commercial avenue along which hundreds found fortunes and thousands met with ruin. (G.)

To conciliate contending parties in France, after the edict of Nantes, and the expedition of the Norman Calvinist, Saint Chauvin, Henri IV. granted a com-

B—Fallant, "Hist. de la Col. Franc. au Can.," vols. 1, 2 and 3.

"Premier établis. de la Fol," by Father Sagard, p. 10.

Champlain's voyage of 1615, Paris, 1627; 2d ed., 1615.

Relations des Jesuites, 1620.

Ven. Marie de l'Incarnation, Lettre du 15 Juin, 1630.

Father Leclercq, vol I, pp. 300-313.

Champlain, 1632, 2d part, pp. 78 and 84, also pp. 218-220.

La Pêre Sagard, pp. 837, &c.

Archives de la Prefecture de Rouen; Registre de N. D. de Rouen, la 7 & 8 Dec., 1617.

Prem. établis. de la Fol, vol. I, pp. 172, &c., 308, &c.

C—Davity's "Description du monde," 1660, vol V, part 3, p. 27.

Lescarbot. Edit. of 1618, p. 228.

D—L'Art de verifier les dates. Edit. 1783; Vol. I, p. 635.

Lescarbot. Book I, ch. I, page 3.

E—Els. de la Colonte Franc. Introduction, p. 8.

Complement des Ordonnances, &c. Quebec, 1856, p. 5.

"Relations de la Nouvelle France," by Pere Biard, 1616, p. 23.

F—Lescarbot, p. 632.

P. Biard, p. 127, &c.

Antiquites et Chroniques de Dieppe, par Asseline, l'An. 1611.

G—Archbishop O'Brien's life of Blahop Burke.

H—Lescarbot, vol. III, ch. XXXI, p. 403.

"Hist. de la N. France," by P. Charlevoix; vol. I, p. 107.

Relations des Jesuites pour 1626, p. 5.

Voyage of Champlain in 1613.

Second voyage of Cartier, ch. I, p. 23.

Voyages en Canada, Quebec, 1843, pp. 99, 100, 101.

A—Abbe Fallant, Introduction to "Histoire de la Colonie Francoise au Canada."



mission to a young, but brave and tried soldier, Samuel de Champlain, of Brouage. He it is whose name has been given to yonder lake. His character was as pure as the mirror like waters of that historic expanse; his zeal was as restless as its surface in autumn; his courage was as irresistible as the western hurricane sweeping over its bosom. He bore with him an important mandate, "to carry out the intentions of the Catholic monarchs of France, and establish the Faith in Canada." (H)

In 1603 we find Champlain, with Dupont-Grave, teaching Indians at Tadoussac. In 1610 several Indian adults were baptized at Port Royal, in Acadia, without having received the required instructions. When the news of this event reached France, the Jesuits went before Marie de Medicis, and begged to be allowed to go to Canada. The Queen granted the request, and expressed the desire that Fathers Bard and Masse should be the first to go. She gave them from her private purse 500 ecus, the Marquise de Verneuil gave them sacred ornaments, Madame Sourdis contributed altar clothes, and the Marquise de Guercheville added provisions. (I)

The Queen and the young King—Louis XIII—both sent autograph letters to Pourtincourt, the Governor, recommending the Jesuits as special envoys of royalty. Another evidence of the Catholic aims of the French monarchs. (J)

Now that we have the missionaries fairly started upon the long and difficult path of Catholic evangelization, we will skip details and simply take a bird's-eye-view of those adventurous times.

It was 1615 before Quebec had any priest. At that period O. Sieur Hanel—a brave soldier and true Christian—became a member of the Company; soon he forced his associates to accept the missionaries, and in answer to an application which he made to the Provincial of the Recollets, Fathers Jamay, d'Olbeau, Le Caron and du Plessis were sent out to Quebec. They also came with letters from Louis XIII, who confirmed their mission in Canada. (K)

On their arrival Mass and a *Te Deum* were chanted to the accompaniment of artillery; but the reception they got from the Company's agents was of another kind. The interpreters refused positively to teach the Fathers the Indian language, thereby preventing them from beginning the work of evangelization and instruction. In vain they appealed to France for help; the Indians had become furious on account of the Company's excessive charges, and were incited to deeds of violence by the stories circulated regarding the priests. Despite all this the corner stone of Notre Dame de Grace, at Quebec, was laid, and the Recollet Convent was built. Champlain began the fortifications, but the Company's men refused to help; de Mont's private company got in trouble; de Caen's was formed; they both amalgamated and both opposed the Catholic missionaries. (L)

The Iroquois Indians had become so excited under the lash of the company's agents, and so prejudiced against the priests by the false interpretations of sermons, that they sacked the Recollet convent, and brought Pere Poullain to the stake. By a Providence of God the good priest escaped the torture, but the lesson was not lost on the colony. Champlain and Father Irene went to France and asked the Jesuits to come to the rescue. The consequence was an amalgamation of the two orders and the return of the Jesuits to Canada in 1625. (M)

The first of the new band to cross the Atlantic were Fathers Charles Lallement, de Brebeuf, Ennemond Masse and two Brothers of the Order, Francois

Charton and Gilbert Buret. With them came a Recollet of illustrious parentage, Father Joseph de la Roche d'Allion. They were received not only discourteously, but even in a hostile manner by de Caen, who claimed that since they had merely verbal authorization from the King, he could not lodge them at the Fort. He ordered them to return by the vessel that brought them. But the Recollets gave them half of their convent and for two years and six months they remained there until they were enabled to build for themselves. They wished to live and labor amongst the Hurons, but owing to the opposition of de Caen, the deception of the clerks, the tricks of the interpreters, and the plots formed against them by the agents, they were forced to confine their exertions to Quebec and the immediate surroundings. (N)

The *Compagnie des Associes* having failed to fulfil the obligations imposed upon it, was suddenly suppressed, and, in April, 1627, the Duke de Montmorency established the "Company of New France." This company consisted of one hundred members, who agreed—in 1628—to send 200 to 300 men to Canada for the purpose of Catholic colonization. (O) The King, in his anxiety to establish the Faith, gave exceptional powers to the company; at the same time he withdrew those accorded to de Caen—allowing him in compensation, at the request of Cardinal Richelieu, one year of full control over the fur trade.

At that juncture a wealthy nobleman, Rene Robauet, eldest son of the Marquis of Gamache, entered the Jesuit order and dedicated his fortune to the establishment of a College at Quebec. But the taking of that city by David Kirk, an adventurer from Dieppe, in the service of England, and the long train of difficulties that followed, rendered impossible, until 1632, any attempt at the grand work. When the Jesuits landed, with Champlain, they found the Governor's residence destroyed, the mission house in ruins, and scarcely a place of shelter for their travel-tired bodies. But they were not discouraged, and before the summer of 1635 they had laid the foundation of the grand old college, whose destruction I witnessed in 1878. Father Lejeune wrote home, in 1632: "I have become a tutor here in Canada; at this moment I have two pupils, learning their alphabet. After so many years of teaching I have come back to A. B. C., and with so great a delight that, believe me, I would not give up my two scholars for the finest audience in France." The following year he added: "Last year I had two pupils; I have grown rich, for now I possess more than twenty of them." (P)

On Christmas Day, 1635, the noble soul of Champlain went to its certain reward. His was a saintly death, as his life had been one long obedience to the will of God. He was succeeded by Charles Huoult de Montmorency. (Q)

It was a strange and striking coincidence that at the same moment God inspired, in Paris, the Duchess d'Aiguillon to erect a Hotel Dieu for Indian children in Canada, and Madame de la Pelterie, in another part of the country, to establish a seminary for female Indian children at Quebec, and under the direction of the Ursulines. And although neither knew of the other's designs, the Hospital Nuns and the Ursulines crossed the ocean in the same vessel with Madame de la Pelterie. (R) The superiress of the Ursulines was from Tours—the venerable Mother Marie Guyard de l'Incarnation; and the directress of the Hospital Nuns was sister Marie de St. Ignace. (S)

Here we have reached the foundation after twenty years of unexampled and factious opposition, of the first educational establishments in Canada—the Hotel Dieu, the Ursuline Convent and the Jesuit College of Quebec. The new company gave the Jesuits six acres of

land in the heart of the city, and thereon they built the historic edifice so often spoken of in this lecture. The men who taught there had occupied the most important positions in the largest colleges of France, and the names of Lejeune, Lallement, Rogvenan, Chastelain, Vi-mont and de Quen are associated with the histories of the leading educational establishments of the world. It was men of that high calibre that commenced the glorious work of Catholic instruction in Canada. And that college had sheltered Louis Joliet; it was inside its walls that Marquet drew the plans of his famous voyage of discovery to the Mississippi; under its roof lived and labored the now immortal martyrs Nauve, Jogues, Daniel, de Brebeuf, Lallement, Garnier, Chabanel, Buteux, Garreau and Pierron. A number of these men met death while seeking recruits, amongst the Indian tribes, for the classes of the grand old college. Is it any wonder that I characterized as an act of vandalism the wanton destruction of such an historical relic? (T)

I have dwelt principally upon the fact that the opposition, the neglect or indifference of the monopolist companies was the most formidable obstruction to the way of these pioneers of education, because the historians seem to ignore this phase of the question, while the correspondence and other documentary evidence, both of a public and a private nature, which I have been fortunate enough to secure, establish beyond the shadow of a doubt that, had the early missionaries only to contend with the climate and the Indians, their path would have been much more pleasant and their successes proportionately more numerous and earlier.

Gladly would I unfold the story of the prodigies performed in Quebec and Sillery, in the interest of the Indian children, by the Ursulines and the Hospital Nuns; but the career of venerable Marie de l'Incarnation, alone, would furnish subject matter for a dozen lectures. We must rush on to the establishment of the first institutions in Montreal; leaving the Hospital Nuns with their thousand Indian converts—poor forest-children who accepted the faith because it was that of the brave women who came to them during the epidemic of 1639. (U)

The aims of the French Kings received the first approach to realization when the *Compagnie de Montreal* was formed; an institution destined to play an important part in the history of the colony, but equally destined to final suppression. On the Feast of the Purification, 1636, M. de la Dauversiere conceived the idea of planting a Catholic colony at Ville Marie, and establishing a community of priests for that purpose. (V) The first to feel the inspiration of the grand vocation was a young country priest—28 years of age—Jean Jacques Olier, the subsequent founder of the Community and Seminary of Saint Sulpice, in Paris. Although M. Olier never visited Canada, he may well be called the founder of Montreal. (W) He always had a wish to end his days in a new country; but such was not the will of Providence. He once had a vision of a pillar on which were erected two churches—one old, the other new. (X) These extraordinary signs confirmed the young priest in his purposes and to his grand project is due the existence of the Sulpician Order. (Y)

It would seem as if the Almighty had special designs upon the mission of Montreal, for almost at the same time did the three great communities, destined to lay the foundations of religion and education on that island, spring into the attitude of organized bodies. At Vaugiard, the Order of Saint Sulpice; at L'Ecluse, in Anjou, the Institute of the Daughters of St. Joseph; and at Troyes, the Congregation of Notre Dame, the creation of Marguerite Bourgeoys. Wonderful are the ways of God. (Z)

The "Company of Montreal" resolved

to send out a detachment of well-trained and reliable men who could keep the Iroquois Indians in check and save the missionaries and teachers from the trials and dangers that had harassed the early educators in Quebec. In Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, was found the man best calculated to lead the little army of pioneers. Previ us to accepting the honorable, but dangerous post, de Maisonneuve held several consultations with the Sisters at Troyes (A1) He, however, explained to those enthusiastic ladies that it would be useless for them to go out to Canada until the country was more settled and colony more securely established. It was then that the devout Sister Louise de Sainte Marie penned the beautiful prayer:

"Saint Mere de Dieu, pure vierge au cœur loyal,  
Gardez nous une place en votre Mont-real."

A prayer that was heard and granted; and which might thus be translated:

"Holy Mother of God, Pure Virgin of the loyal heart,  
In Montreal's great work, reserve for us a part." (B1)

In February, 1642 a solemn service was held in the Metropolitan Church, of Paris; Mass was sung by M. Olier and the Island of Montreal was consecrated to the Holy Family—Jesus, Mary and Joseph. (C1)

On the 6th of January, 1643, de Maisonneuve, amidst imposing ceremonies, planted a cross on the summit of Mount Royal; at its base an altar was erected, Pere Duperron said Mass, and Madame de la Pelterie was the first communicant in that isolated, but glorious spot. (D1) The pilgrimage to the mountain, the goodness of Melle. Mance, the heroic and generous character of de Maisonneuve, all served to produce a wonderful effect upon the Indians, and the prospects of the colony correspondingly brightened. (E1)

At last the monopolists were stricken down; the builders up of fortunes at the expense of religion and civilization beheld their day of triumph decline; young Louis XIV., under Anne of Austria and the Prince of Conde, took up the noble work that Louis XIII. had laid down at the summons of Death's Angel; the mighty giant of commercial opposition, with which the early education had to wrestle, was forever paralyzed.

On his return from France, in 1653, de Maisonneuve brought with him the famous Sister Marguerite Bourgeoys. During five years that noble lady labored alone amongst the children of the colony and the children of the forest. Her only habitation and schoolhouse was a stable which the commander gave her. Therein she suffered from the cold of winter, the heat of summer, the rain of spring, and the frost of autumn. Yet it was a glorious commencement. It was in a stable that Our Blessed Lord begun His tremendous work on earth.

Later on, when the Seminarists had arrived, and the governor felt his position fortified, he secured from the *Associes de Montreal* a stone house, 36 feet by 18, situated near the hospital, and surrounded by 48 perches of land, which he gave to Sister Bourgeoys, "for the purpose of the instruction of girls in Montreal, otherwise Ville Marie, during the lifetime of the said Marguerite Bourgeoys, as well as after her death, in perpetuity." (F1)

On the 4th August, 1658, this saintly woman had the first Indian child baptised and called *Marie des Neiges*—for it was the feast of Notre Dame des Neiges. Her zeal extended, not only to children, but to the whole colony, and even before the arrival of the Fathers of Saint Sulpice, she had conceived the idea of a chapel to Our Lady of Good Help. Already in 1657 had she stirred the colonists into activity, and all contributed—in one way or another—to the work. The following year de Maisonneuve

A 1—Hist de Mont., par M. Dollier de Casson, 1640-1641.  
La Conduite de la Providence dans l'établissement de la Congregation. Toul. 1682, vol. II, p. 198.

B 1—Ecrits autographes de la Sœur Bourgeoys, et vie de la même. Vol. I, pp. 20, 27, &c.

C 1—Hist. de Mont., par Dollier de Casson, 1641-1642.  
Premier établis. de la Foi, vol II, p. 48.

D 1—Ecrits autographes de la Sœur Bourgeoys.

E 1—Relations, 1643, pp. 63, 61.

F 1—Archives de l'Hotel Dieu Saint Joseph, Acte du 22 Juin, 1658.

H—Champlain. Edit. 1640. Vol 1, ch. VII, p. 33.

I—Hist. de France, par le P. Daniel. Ann. 1589, Vol. VII, pp. 17, 18.

J—Hist. du Nouveau Monde. In. fol. 1640, p. 46

K—Relations des Jesuites, 1640, p. 34.

L—Champlain, 1632, p. 156.

M—Les Navigateurs Français, par L. Guerin, pp. 250, &c.

N—7th oct. 1610, date of letters, Lescarbot, p. 602.

O—Pere Biard, pp. 129, &c.

P—Anti. et chron. de Dieppe, par Asseline, l'an. 1811.

Q—Premier établis. de la Foi, by P. Leclercq, Vol. I, pp. 41, &c.

R—Le P. Sagard, p. 22

S—Champlain, 1627, p. 10.

T—Relations de 1626, p. 67.

U—Le P. Lallement. Relation de 1640, p. 90.

V—Champlain, 1632, 2nd part, p. 25 and p. 34.

W—Premier établis., vol. I, pp. 181 to 199.

X—L'Art de Verifier les dates, Vol. I, p. 671.

Y—Le P. Leclercq, vol. I, p. 208.

Z—Le P. Leclercq, pp. 219 to 300.

AA—Le P. Sagard, pp. 302, &c.

N—Champlain, 1632, 2d part, pp. 85, &c.

Le P. Leclercq, vol. I, p. 332.

L'Hist. de la Col. Franc. au Can., vol. I, pp. 215 to 220.

O—Cours. d'Hist. du Can. Vol. I, p. 222.

Mercure Français, vol. XIV, p. 233.

Archives des Affaires Etrangères a Paris, vol. "Amerique," 1592 to 1690, fol. 55.

P—Pamphlet on Hist. of the Jesuit College of Que., pages 4 and 5.

Letters of P. Lejeune, 1632 and 1633.

Relations des Jesuites, 1663.

Q—Abbe Faillant. Hist. de la Col. Franc. au Can., vol. I, pp. 288 to 290.

Chroniques des Ursulines, Vie de Mde. Champlain.

R—Relations 1639, p. 6.

S—Archives de la Prefecture de Rouen; fond. des Ursulines de Dieppe, 21 Ap. 1629.

Relations, 1639, p. 6, &c.

Evêche de Quebec. Reg. B. fol. 13 and 16.

T—See Father Larcher's pamphlet, composed in 1875; 2d edition published for the Montreal Gesu in 1887.

U—Relations, 1641, p. 24.

Letter of Sister Sainte Croix, 2d Sept., 1639.

Hist. of Hotel Dieu of Quebec, p. 14.

V—Hist. de Montreal, par M. Dollier de Casson, 1640 to 1641.

Relations de 1637, p. 74.

W—Autograph memoires of M. Olier, vol. I, p. 96.

Life of M. Olier, by Pere Giry, part I, ch. VI.

X—Memoirs of M. Olier, vol. IV, p. 109.

Y—Hist. de Mont. de 1640 a 1641.

Les veritables motifs, &c., p. 27.

Z—Relations de 1640, p. 4, &c.

Vie de Melle. Mance, Vol. I, p. XXV.

Vie de la Sœur Bourgeoys, vol. I, pp. 6 and 7.

neuve, in person, took part in the construction. A pious legend tells that angels built portions of the edifice while the colonists slept. But the angel hands were those of loving and willing Catholics who appreciated the grand work and wished to have a share in the honor of laying the foundations of a country's first institutions. (G1)

I have sought to show—in the brief space at my disposal—that the Recollets and Ursulines, the Jesuits and Hospital nuns, the Sulpicians and Congregational Sisters, had all to contend with the great enemy—the monopolists. But despite the terrors of Indian warfare, the severity of the climate, the long months of isolation, the enmity of the Huguenot traders and even of the so-called Catholic companies, these missionaries succeeded in laying the foundations of the glorious institutions that are the country's most priceless treasures to-day. They sowed the seed in soil dampened by the blood of martyrs; we of this generation enjoy the fruits of that precious tree. (H1)

No sooner was one great obstacle overcome than another arose. The introduction of liquor amongst the Indians by d'Avoungour brought down a curse upon the colony. Drunken Indians threatened the colony with war and massacres; excommunicated liquor-sellers threatened to "wipe out priests, nuns and all white men;" women were no longer secure against the brutality of human tigers; good men were no longer able to continue the work of God; chapels were destroyed, confessionals deserted, and New Year 1663 beheld the blackest cloud that ever hung over the community lower upon church and chapel, convent and college, educators and people. (I1)

But the Almighty had a glorious mission in store for that young nation; and even, as in the days of Israel, He stretched forth His Hand, and seizing the earth, shook it until the people awoke from their stupor and, recognizing their errors, turn back to God and Faith. From the 5th February, 1663, until the beginning of September of that year, the earthquake that convulsed the country was terrific. This wonderful event was rendered still more exceptional on account of the length of time the danger lasted, the extent of country over which it was felt, and the miraculous fact that not a single human being was injured. (J1) Were it not that accounts given by Father Lallemon, Marie de l'Incarnation, M. Boucher, and the Jesuit Relations correspond so exactly, one would feel inclined to believe that the whole story was an invention of Jules Verne or Baron Munchausen. In the woods there was a regular battle of trees, so much so that the Indians said the streams ran firewater, and the forest was drunk. (K1) Mountains were torn asunder and buildings of the strongest class were demolished. Father Lallemon says: "We saw fiery phantoms with torches in hand and lances of fire flash through the heavens, and burning brands descended on our houses, without consuming or injuring them." (L1) "The Hand of God is upon us" was the cry heard on all sides. During that fearful period the nuns were kept busy instructing the thousands who flocked to them; the priests were so occupied in the confessionals that they had no time to devote to any other work. Colonists and Indians, good and wicked, devout Catholics and ex-communicated men, rushed to the missionaries, prayed pardon for their sins, vowed sincere repentance, and registered resolutions of reparation for all the wrong that had been done. (M1)

De Maisonneuve conquered; the liquor traffic was killed; the instruction of the Indians commenced anew. The obstacles, of greatest magnitude, were overcome, and the early educators proceeded to build up the sacred institutions of the land. Two hundred and thirty years have rolled away since the last shock of that earthquake was felt, and with the picture of those days of sacrifice and trial before me, I gaze with

legitimate pride upon the educational institutions that are the outcome of so much heroism and devotion. I will come again to speak to you of the beneficent effects upon the present generation of all that I have detailed this evening; in my next lecture I will attempt to describe the labors and successes of our Indian missionaries and leading educators during the last fifty years of Canada's history.

May Providence look upon those homes of education; may He watch over and guide this Catholic Summer School of America; and when that day comes on which the standard of Faith shall wave over all this continent, may He raise up an Epic poet in the land, cleanse his lips as He did those of Isaiah, fill his bosom with inspirations like unto those that thrilled in the breast of the Royal Prophet, give him the vigor of Homer, the polish of Virgil, the sublime language of Milton, that while he is recording, in stately verse, the wonderful story of those heroic times, he may worthily chant that deathless anthem of gratitude:

"Te Deum Laudamus,  
Te Dominum, Confitemur."

PILGRIMAGE TO LANORAIE.

A most successful pilgrimage to the League of the Sacred Heart at Lanoraie was held on Wednesday last by the St. Patrick's Branch of Montreal. The steamer Bohemian left the wharf with the six hundred pilgrims at ten o'clock. Mr. Scanlan, of the Dominion Line, ordered a salute of six guns fired as the steamer left the wharf and also when she returned. The courtesy was highly appreciated by all on board and was a topic of very favorable comment during the pilgrimage. Devotional exercises were conducted during the down trip, Lanoraie being reached about noon. The Rosary was recited in the parish church and at its close a recess for dinner was held. At three o'clock Rev. J. A. McCallen, of St. Patrick's, delivered an impressive address on the efficacy of prayer. Following the discourse, the Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated by the Rev. Father McCallen. The steamer left for Montreal about four. During the return trip the Rosary was again recited and appropriate hymns sung. The pilgrims reached the city about seven, where a second salute of six guns was given. The Rev. Father McCallen conducted the trip with the assistance of a committee from the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, composed of Messrs. John Walsh, W. P. Doyle, John H. Feeley, A. Brogan, N. P. L. C. O'Brien and the Rev. Thomas Meehan, who assisted Father McCallen during the pilgrimage. The thanks of the pilgrims is offered to Mr. Michael Scanlan, superintendent of the Dominion Steamship Line, for his great courtesy in having a parting salute of six guns fired, and another similar salute on the return of the pilgrimage. This mark of respect has been shown on former occasions by Mr. Scanlan and decidedly he deserves the gratitude of all who take part in such pious excursions.

ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENTS

The Rev. Abbe Bellerose has been appointed vicar of the parish of Boucherville.

HELP IS OFFERED

every nervous, exhausted, woman suffering from "female complaint" or weakness. All pains, bearing-down sensations, and inflammations are relieved and cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Haydentown, Pa.  
WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,  
Buffalo, N. Y.:



MRS. SWEENEY.

Gentlemen—We cannot sufficiently thank you for the great amount of benefit my wife received from the use of your medicine. My wife had a bad case of leucorrhoea, and she used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for it. I cannot praise it above its value. I have a daughter who has been poorly over a year; she is taking the "Favorite Prescription," and is already feeling better, after taking two bottles. Yours,  
GEO. W. SWEENEY.

PIERCE Guar- CURE  
antees a  
OR MONEY RETURNED.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. JOHN HEELAN.

It is with deep and unfeigned regret that we record the death of Mr. John Heelan, which sad event took place on Sunday morning, at his late residence, Ottawa street. It is true that Mr. Heelan's death was not quite unexpected, yet it came like a shock to his great host of friends and admirers in Montreal. A short time ago deceased visited Colorado for the benefit of his health, but ever since his return the fatal malady, that finally carried him off, had been making steady headway. He was in his thirty-second year, in the full bloom of noble manhood and at that period of life when the future looks rosy with promise and hope. When the painful news of his death became known the Shamrock Athletic Association ordered a floral star, with an inlaid inscription wrought in natural flowers, to be sent to decorate the couch whereon the one-time star of the lacrosse field slept his last sleep. Eight years have gone by since Mr. Heelan was an active member of the Shamrock team, and yet it seems only yesterday since he was seen on the grounds wearing the colors of the club and evoking enthusiastic applause from the thousands who watched and admired his prowess. He was, physically, a splendid specimen of manhood; he was one of the most expert players of his day; when seen with the ball on his lacrosse rushing towards the goal of an opposing team, many is the cheer that encouraged him and that told how keenly awake to the importance of his triumph were all who took interest in the manly game.

While occupying a place of distinction in the ranks of the amateur athletic men of his time, he was foremost in the grand work of placing in the front every organization with which his nationality was specially connected or in which his fellow-countrymen were particularly interested. In the field of physical culture he nobly did his part. But apart from those achievements, that will not soon be forgotten, he devoted his time to the acquiring and cultivating of the qualities of mind and heart that tend to elevate a people. He was a young Irishman of whom his fellow-countrymen could well be proud, and a Catholic whose life and example should not be lost upon his co-religionists. Socially, he was a charming companion, and all who enjoyed the privilege of an acquaintance with him have ever felt better and happier by reason of his association and companionship. And above all, to these fine characteristics, we must add that of a deep and solid religious spirit, a Faith that no obstacle could shake and a Charity that kept pace with the devotion of his heart. In the last hours, and during the trying months that preceded the end, this religious fervor was his grandest consolation and his truest guarantee of a future of happiness.

The chief mourners at the funeral were the father of the deceased, Mr. William Heelan, and his brother, Mr. Patrick Heelan, as well as other near relatives. The pall-bearers were Messrs. E. Kennedy, R. S. Kelly, Jas. Wilson, W. O'Brien, F. Ryan and F. Barret.

The large concourse of sorrowing relatives, mourning friends and grief-stricken admirers that followed his remains to that silent city beyond the mountain, is the best evidence of the esteem, respect and love in which he was held by hundreds. In the words of that service which the church chants over her faithful children, we bid him farewell—"May his soul rest in peace."

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

PASSED AT A MEETING OF THE S. A. A.

A meeting of the Directors of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association was held last night. Mr. J. P. Clarke, president, occupied the chair.

Previous to the reading of the minutes, the president made a feeling reference to the death of Mr. John Heelan, whom he termed one of the stalwarts who did yeoman service in carrying their colors to the front. The following resolutions were then proposed:

Moved by J. P. Clarke, seconded by D. Gallery, and resolved:

That having learned of the death of Mr. John Heelan, a former prominent member of the Shamrock lacrosse team and also a life member of the Association, we desire to place on record our deep sorrow that he was called from our

midst just at a time when he had only entered the decade which leads to the prime of life.

Moved by T. Butler, seconded by F. O'Reilly, and resolved:

That we furthermore wish to express our admiration for the noble endeavor he has made during many years to advance and promote the prosperity of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association and its affiliated clubs.

Moved by E. Halley, seconded by J. McCay, and resolved:

That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the relatives of the deceased in their bereavement.

THE LATE MR. DANIEL SHEA.

At the last monthly meeting of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, held on Sunday, 5th August, the following resolutions of condolence were unanimously adopted:—

Whereas,—It has pleased Almighty God, in His wisdom, to remove from our midst one of our oldest parishioners in the person of the late Mr. Daniel Shea, father of our esteemed fellow members, Messrs. P. Shea and M. Shea:

Be it resolved,—That we, the members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, desire to place on record our sincere sorrow and regret at the loss they have sustained, and in extending to them our sympathy in their sad bereavement we earnestly hope that the Giver of all our joys and sorrows will comfort them in their dire affliction:

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Messrs. P. Shea and M. Shea, and also to the TRUE WITNESS for publication.

JOHN J. MCGINN, Sec.

TO BECOME NUNS.

At the convent of the Sisters of Ste. Croix, at St. Laurent, Mgr. Fabre conferred the garb of religion on the following: Sister Marie de St. Paul, Flora Kennedy, of St. Raphael, Ontario; Sister Marie St. Denis, nee Allen Connors, of Montreal; Sister Marie de St. Albine, nee Catherine McDougall, of Alexandria, Ont.

A SPLENDID CANOPY FOR THE NEW CATHEDRAL.

Bermoria's famous Canopy, in the Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, is to be copied for the new Cathedral in this city. The Canopy will be of embossed bronze and will be forty-three feet in height. The important work of executing this splendid canopy has been entrusted to Mr. Vincent, one of our most artistic sculptors.

Bargains in Furniture going on this month, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every Evening. Tell your friends about it.

ALEXANDRIA SEPARATE SCHOOLS.

The following is a list of the pupils of the Separate Schools who were successful at the High School entrance examination. Convent School—Rachel Donovan, Catherine T. Kennedy, Agnes McDonald, Mary M. McDonald, Christie McDonald, Flora Ann McDonnell and Flora McPherson. Boys' Department—Eugene Huot, Donald John McDougall, Donald D. McDonald and James McPhee.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per box and the "Face Whitening" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to,

R. RYAN,

22 SHEERWOOD STREET, Ottawa, Ont.

P. S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose, then it will save us the rush of P. O. stamps.

G 1—Ecrits autographes de la Sœur Bourgeoys.

H 1—See second lecture, by J. K. F.

I 1—Journal des Jesuits, 18th Sept., 1662, and 20th Sept., 1662.

Marie de l'Incarnation, Lettre 63d 671, 10th Aug. 1662.

Journal des Jesuites, Jan. 1663.

J 1—Fallant, vol. III, p. 46. Hist. de la Col. Franc. au Can.

K 1—Marie de l'Incarnation, lettre 65, p. 578

L 1—Relations des Jesuits, 1663, p. 4.

M 1—Lettres de Marie de l'Incarnation. Lettre 67, p. 590.

Jesuits' Journal for Feb., 1663.



**THE PROTEST WITHDRAWN.**

Letter of the Honorary Secretary of the Torontos.

TORONTO, July 31, 1894.

SECRETARY-TREASURER SHAMROCK A. A. A. 186 St. James St., Montreal, P. Q. :

DEAR SIR,—At a meeting of our Board of Directors, held yesterday, the protest of Messrs. Tansey, Dwyer and Kelly, of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, filed by Mr. S. S. Martin on behalf of our club, was fully discussed. It seems that on the eve of Mr. Martin leaving for Montreal, Mr. Hugh McConaghy, the secretary of the Canadian Lacrosse Association, whose statement should be reliable, assured us that he had positive proof that Mr. Tansey had played for Peterboro' against Port Hope on June 27. Now, on Mr. McConaghy's positive assurances and on his stating that he was fully prepared to prove that Mr. Tansey had played on that date, Mr. Martin was requested to make further enquiries in Montreal, and should he think fit, protest the said gentleman. It seems that Mr. Martin made some enquiries and on the strength of these included Messrs. Dwyer and Kelly in the protest.

Since the protest was filed, Mr. McConaghy does not feel so confident and makes a number of shifting statements, one being that he has mis-laid the list of names, and is not sure whether Mr. Tansey played under his own name or not, etc., etc., and on thoroughly sifting the matter, we feel that Mr. McConaghy's proof is faulty.

We especially regret that Messrs. Dwyer and Kelly's names were mixed up in the affair at all, as about them we really have no evidence.

Regretting that our evidence was so misleading and caused so much trouble and annoyance,

I remain, yours very truly.

(Signed), HARVEY A. WILLIS, Hon.-Sec.

The Directors of the S. A. A. A. have decided to answer the above letter and exonerate the Toronto association from any desire to create unnecessary annoyance, but they will communicate with Mr. McConaghy and request him to withdraw his statements regarding Tansey, which appeared in the press at different intervals and credited to him.

**THE BANNER PILGRIMAGE.**

The largest pilgrimage to Ste. Ann de Beaupre of this year passed through the city on Friday on its return journey. There were two thousand pilgrims, mostly from Central Ontario. The pilgrims were in charge of the Rev. Father Staunton, of Smith's Falls, assisted by 30 other priests.

**A DISTINGUISHED PRELATE.**

Monseigneur Farley, Vicar-General of New York, and second only in power in that metropolis to Archbishop Corrigan, passed through the city last week en route to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. He was accompanied by Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Mgr. Farley sang grand Mass in St. James' Cathedral on Sunday morning, and Rev. Father Lavelle said low Mass.

**FEAST OF ST. IGNATIUS.**

THE SERMON AT THE CHURCH OF THE GESU BY FATHER HAMON, S. J.

The feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, was celebrated at the Church of the Gesu on Sunday. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Father Hamon, S. J., at High Mass. The Rev. Father sketched the history of the Order, and dwelt upon the causes which had led to its foundation. He described the indefatigable energy displayed by the Jesuit fathers in combating the doctrines of Protestantism. Whenever a Protestant doctor had addressed an audience in a public place he had been followed immediately by a Jesuit divine, who replied to his arguments. In the universities of Europe the Jesuits had exercised a powerful influence, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, and their missionary labors in distant lands had been wonderfully fruitful. The order waged uncompromising war against Protestantism, not against Protestants. The reverend father asserted that the labors of the Jesuits had resulted in at least arresting

the progress of Protestantism in Austria and Germany. Wherever Protestantism appeared to prosper, the Jesuits pitched their camp, founded colleges, joined in religious controversy and endeavored to win people to the Catholic faith. Father Hamon commented on the fact that there was only a difference in age of some eight years between Loyola and his great adversary, Martin Luther. He showed how the two men, whose paths had appeared at first to lie in the same direction, had gradually drifted apart and become, one the vigorous assailant, the other the champion and zealous defender of the ancient faith.

**CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.**

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE ORCHESTRA PLAY.

The clever young men of St. Laurent College assisted at the Catholic Sailors' concert last Thursday evening, with some of their splendid musical selections. Mr. E. Callahan is the director, and the players of the various instruments are all excellent musicians. The concert was a most successful one and the hall was crowded with sailors, who seem every week to be more pleased with the entertainments provided for them. A very diverting idea on the programme was the acrobatic musical clog-dance medley performed by one of the sailors. These concerts are of high artistic order, and the various items on the programme are such as any one could listen to and be pleased. The following persons contributed to the evening's entertainment: Misses Wheeler and Holt, Messrs. Cluff, R. B. Milloy, A. E. Carpenter, A. Read, Geo. Parker, A. Jackson, F. Butler, P. Wallace and Stanton.

**AN ADDITION TO THE PALACE.**

The additions to the Archbishop's Palace, that are being built on the ground of the old pro-Cathedral, are rapidly approaching completion. The building is to provide room for the priests and officers of the Cathedral. One end of the new wing joins the Cathedral, so that a passage is made from the Palace to the Cathedral.

**HE WILL WALK TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.**

Wilgelin Taylor, a young man whom the Sisters of Providence had assisted and cared for for some time, has set out on a real pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupre; he will walk the whole way there and back, a distance in all of about 300 miles. He is suffering from partial blindness, and being out of employment as well, he determined to pay a visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne and ask her to intercede for him.

**YOUNG IRISHMEN'S EXCURSION.**

At a meeting held last week the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association made all final arrangements for the successful issue of their excursion, to be held on August 15th. The steamer Three Rivers has been chartered and Blasi's orchestra will provide the music for the occasion. The energy displayed by the young men augurs well for the success of this excursion, and if the weather is fine it will doubtless be one of the most enjoyable of the season.

**PILGRIMAGE FROM ST. ANN'S PARISH.**

The pilgrimage for men, under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's church, took place on Saturday last, and was most successful. The pilgrims went by train, and through the courtesy of the railway officials, the four cars occupied by the party were sent directly through to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. There was a very much larger number of pilgrims than on the two former pilgrimages. The Rev. Joseph Belleau preached the sermon and Father Godts acted as director. The weather was beautiful, and by going by train the pilgrims took much less time on the journey and had three or four hours more than is generally the case to spend at the shrine.

**THE INDULGENCE OF THE PORTIUNCULA.**

The Franciscan Church, on Dorchester street, is the only one in the city granted the indulgence of the Portiuncula, which is a plenary indulgence granted to the

faithful who, after receiving Holy Communion, pay a visit to the church. The time for gaining the indulgence is between the middle of the first day of August and sunset on the second. A great many people availed themselves of the opportunity of gaining the indulgence this year, and although it is impossible to give the exact number, the Franciscan Fathers say that between two and three thousand persons visited the church during the prescribed time.

**GRAND PILGRIMAGE TO OKA.**

At the general monthly meeting of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, held on Sunday, August 5th, the final arrangements for the Society's third annual pilgrimage to Oka, which takes place on Labor Day, Sept. 3rd, were made. A first class steamer has been engaged, and will leave the Canal Basin, on that morning, at six o'clock. The tickets are strictly limited and will be found for sale at St. Ann's Presbytery, from Sunday next. The price of tickets will be the same as previous years. Any one missing the boat, at the foot of Colborne street, can take the Lachine train at 7 a.m. and meet the boat at Lachine wharf.

**ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.**

THE APPOINTMENTS FOR THE COMING YEAR.

On Wednesday last, the feast of St. Ignatius, the appointments for the coming year at St. Mary's College were announced:—The Rev. Father Brault replaces the Rev. Father Heroux as minister of the house, and the Rev. Father Duguay replaces Father Devlin as general prefect. These are the only changes. The full list is as follows:

- Director, the Rev. Father Hyacinthe, Hudson.
- Minister, the Rev. Father Brault.
- Apostles of Prayer, the Rev. Father A. Jones and the Rev. Father Nolin.
- President Union Catholique, the Rev. Father Hamon.
- General Prefect, the Rev. Father Duguay.
- Professor of Mathematics and Physics, the Rev. Father Pouliquen.
- Professor of Ethics, the Rev. Father Ruhlmann.
- Procurator, the Rev. Father Lemire.
- Professor of Logic and Metaphysics, the Rev. Father Dugas.
- Professor of mathematics, chemistry and natural history, the Rev. Father Lalonde.
- Professors of rhetoric, the Rev. Father Chaput and the Rev. Father Hazelton.
- Professors of Belles Lettres, the Rev. Father Chossengros and the Rev. Father Hazelton.
- Professors of versification, the Rev. Father Lefebvre and the Rev. Father O'Gara.
- Professors of method, the Rev. Father Guibeau and the Rev. Father O'Gara.
- Professors of Syntax, the Rev. Father Dumesnil, the Rev. Father Desjardins and the Rev. Father Forhan.
- Professors of Elements, the Rev. Father Th. Hudon, the Rev. Father Garceau and the Rev. Father Devlin.

**IMMIGRATION HOME.**

Between 60 and 70 orphan children, from England, will leave for Montreal, to be sent to the Catholic immigration home, on September 11th. Miss Brennan, the lady superintendent of the home, is very successful in the management of the children and is careful to secure them good homes.

**ST. GABRIEL'S C. O. F.**

St. Gabriel's Court, 185, C.O.F., held a meeting on Monday night, in the new hall, under St. Gabriel's church. After routine business had been transacted four new members were installed. This Court, which is in a flourishing condition, is rapidly increasing in strength.

**THE SANSFIELD'S PICNIC.**

The picnic of the Sansfield Court, of the C. O. F., held on Saturday, was a grand success, and every thing went off without a hitch. The picnic was held at Sherringham park, and more than 600 persons were present. The beautiful weather, and the splendid manner in which all the arrangements were carried out by the brothers of the Order, made the picnic one of the most enjoyable of the season.

**PERSONAL.**

Miss A. Cassidy is spending her vacation at Ste. Ann de Beaupre.

Rev. Father Judge, of St. Charles College, Baltimore, is in the city for a few days.

Mr. J. P. Kavanagh, manager of the Ogdensburg Coal and Towing Co., is spending a few weeks at Old Orchard.

Rev. Thomas McMillan, the Paulist, dined at St. Patrick's presbytery on last Saturday.

Rev. M. Callaghan brought on Tuesday 30 orphan boys to the Island free bath. He was accompanied by the kind and talented organist of St. Patrick's Church. The lads enjoyed the dip.

The Sisters of Providence of Montreal began their annual retreat on Monday evening, and they will continue it for about seven days.

The Rev. Alphonse Belleau, of St. Ann's parish, is spending two weeks at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre for the benefit of his health.

The Rev. Father Schauer, of Rome, who has been appointed visiting inspector of the Redemptorist houses, under the American rule, is at present staying in Quebec.

The Rev. Father Catulle, of St. Ann's, has written to say that he will leave Belgium for Montreal on the 30th of the month, and will pay a visit to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre on his way up the river.

**C. M. B. A. EXCURSION.**

The C.M.B.A. excursion down the river on Saturday was a most pronounced success. There was a large attendance, and the dancing, music and other amusements were enjoyed to the full. The excursion was splendidly managed, and the officers deserve every commendation for their energy in bringing the excursion to such a successful issue.

**ST. ANTHONY'S YOUNG MEN'S EXCURSION.**

St. Anthony's Young Men's picnic takes place to-morrow. The young men and their friends will leave Montreal, for Sherringham Park, on the steamer Prince of Wales, at 9 o'clock in the morning. The picnic, which is excellently managed, will, without doubt, be a most signal success.

**THE VATICAN AND QUIRINAL.**

LONDON, August 6—Apparently that threat by the Vatican, to proceed to extremities of excommunication with King Humbert, has borne fruit. Four Bishops whose names had been obstinately hung up for a long period have just been granted exequaturs, and a Roman correspondent understands that the new Cardinal and Archbishops of Bologna, Milan and Ferrara, the last of whom was preconized as long as June, 1893, are also to be admitted into their sees in a week or so.

**LIVE STOCK MARKET.**

There were about 450 head of butchers' cattle, 225 calves and 750 sheep offered at the East End Abattoir yesterday. A few of the best heaves were sold at about 3 1/2c per lb., with pretty good stock at from a little over 3c to 3 1/2c do.; common dry cows, rough half-tatted steers and thrifty young stock sold at from 2 1/2c to nearly 3c per lb., and some of the leaner beasts would not bring over 2c per lb. Calves were more plentiful than usual, but they were mostly of common and inferior quality, selling at from \$1.75 to \$4 each. Mr. Burassa bought 11 superior calves, paying from \$6 to \$10 the head for them. Sheep and lambs continue to bring pretty low prices, the sheep selling at from \$2.25 to \$4.75 each and lambs at from \$2 to \$3.75 each. Fat hogs are rather plentiful and lower in price. Sales to-day ranged from \$5.15 to \$5.35 per 100 lbs.

Cables from London and Bristol quote Canadian cattle 4 1/2d to 4 3/4d. Cables from Liverpool quote 4 1/2d to 4 3/4d for Canadian cattle. Cables from Glasgow quote 5d for Canadian cattle. Export cattle purchased in Montreal during the week ranged from 3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb. Ocean freight, 40s. Hay, \$6.75 to \$7 per ton. Moullie, \$20 per ton. Insurance, 1/2 per cent.

Bargains in Furniture going on this month, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every Evening. Tell your friends about it.

## A VISIT TO OKA.

## THE TRAPPIST ABBEY IN THE BEAUTIFUL LAURENTIAN HILLS.

The Work and Austere Life of the Monks—A True Witness Representative Visits the Abbey—A Statement of Facts that Speak Volumes for the Catholic Church and the Work Done by Her Orders.

Thirty miles or so west of Montreal there stands near the wooded shores of the broad blue Ottawa river, and nestling amid the beautiful Laurentian hills, the Trappist Abbey of Our Lady of the Lake of Two Mountains. The strong grey stone walls of the Abbey, quiet and far removed from the strife of cities, raising themselves in the solitude above the surrounding green trees—the silent, peaceful monks, in their penitential habits, working industriously in the fields, all make a picture that carries one swiftly back over the centuries to the Middle Ages, when the predecessors of the severy Father, dressed in habits of the same, also labored peacefully in the fields, and around this Abbey, reposing in the solitude of the hills, there are none of man's modern achievements visible to dispel the illusion, no clanking engines, no telegraphs and no railways or other devices to remind one that the middle ages of war and piety have fled.

The Abbey of Our Lady of the Lake of Two Mountains has but recently been built and is not yet completed, it being but three-sided, and the rules of the Order require that abbeys and monasteries be built in a square so that the cloister in which the monks are to walk in their daily devotions shall be one continuous passage. The windows of the cloister all look upon the quadrangle, which is the burying place of the monks, who, as they walk silently—for they are not allowed to speak in the cloister—along they may meditate on the great debt of life that must be paid by all men. Oka, which is the nearest village to the Trappist Abbey, may be reached by boat from Lachine or Montreal, and a trip in the summer time across the broad lake St. Louis and up the picturesque Ottawa river is one of the most beautiful it is possible to conceive.

Arriving at Oka we take a public conveyance to the Abbey, which is four miles away, and after passing over a very rugged road marked at short distances with neat looking whitewashed farm houses, we come upon in about an hour's time a red painted solid looking building on a hillside; this is the old monastery and is now occupied by farm laborers of the Abbey and farm apprentices. The young carefully loaded shrubbery spreading over the hillside is a nursery of fruit trees which the Trappist Fathers raise to sell and for their own use. About a quarter of a mile further on from the densely wooded brow of a hill we see the new Abbey in the valley, with its outbuildings clustered around it and a mill stream running prettily on one side. At last we are arrived at the Abbey, and reading a notice at the door to the effect that no ladies are admitted, we ring the bell and are ushered into a reception room, where the first question is asked us is "How long shall you stay?" This is asked in a spirit of hospitality, for it is the rule of the order to extend a welcome to all strangers and to give them the best that the Abbey produces and contains; if the visitor go but for a day or for a couple of weeks he is equally well treated. Before looking over the building we are conducted to a private room, where we might rest if we wished until dinner, which takes place at half-past eleven, is announced. Visitors to the Abbey partake of meals of a most wholesome and tasty nature, and which, though entirely vegetarian, present as much variety and give as much satisfaction to the palate as meals at a first-class hotel. The bread and the butter, both manufactured by the monks, is delicious and the home made cider of a special kind served to visitors is a most delightful drink. The first place visited was the refectory, a large bare room in the basement, with tables on four sides of it; at one end of the room is the Abbot's seats and at the right and left of him the seats of the prior and sub-prior.

The tables, besides being bare of cloths are destitute also of all the attractive fancy contrivances and furniture which are considered almost necessary to make a meal palatable in the

world; the spoons and forks are made entirely of wood and the Fathers are not allowed to eat little meat, butter, eggs, cheese or fish; milk they are allowed, and sometimes to wash down their frugal meals a little weak home-made cider is permitted. Silence is strictly enforced in the refectory, and the courteous father who was conducting us had to stand outside the door as he described the rules of the room to us; the monks, when in the refectory, are not allowed to ask their neighbors to pass the salt, but it is the rule of the order that each father before beginning his own meal shall see that those who sit next to him are in reach of all they may require. To the right hand of the door of the refectory is hung a curious board which caused us some speculation until its use was explained. The board itself is perhaps a yard square and is pierced with rows of holes, under which are names written on slips of paper; the holes over a few of the names we noticed had a peg stuck in them. The names the Father told us were the names of all the monks in the Abbey and those over whose name a peg is stuck are the delicate ones, or those who are sick, and in consequence are allowed what is called a little consolation, that is the choicest portion of the food is reserved for them, and butter, cheese, eggs and even fish is allowed if it is necessary. The reason for the little pegs over the names is to acquaint the brothers who are waiting at table with the names and place of those entitled to consolation.

Leaving the refectory we ascend the stairs and pass along a corridor, looking as we pass into the comfortable rooms reserved for the Archbishop when he visits the Abbey. Our conductor had promised to show us the outbuildings of the farm, and as we pass out he tells us that the farm belonging to the Trappists is 1,000 acres in extent, and was granted to them by the Sulpicians when it was woods and brush that had never heard the ring of the axe or had been cultivated in any way by the hand of man. That was eleven years ago, said the Father, and now we have 500 acres in a high state of cultivation. Then, as the Father, in accord with the rules of his order, went into the clothes room—which looked much like a barracks—and slipped off his white outer garment and put on a straw hat, we gazed as we walked along the lovely vista of wooded scenery which undulated below us down to the broad blue river's bank, and far off across the river we could see more woods and a steeple shining in the sun; to the right of us was a high green mountain looking quiet and cool in the sunlight. Presently the Father came out and told us about the changing of his garment; it was the rule of the order, he said, to change their outer habit every time they went to work in the fields, and, as well, most of the brothers put on high boots or leggings. The monks never have any recreation; their time is fully divided between sleeping, praying, working in the fields, and study; they work in the fields for about nine hours a day; and when it is remembered that they sustain themselves on only two meals in twenty-four hours, and then never taste meat, it will be understood that this is no easy task.

After leaving the Abbey, the Father led us to the large stables, where nearly 200 cattle find accommodation. The monks keep nothing but the best quality animals, and some of their horses are extremely handsome, spirited animals. The Fathers have a great love for their animals, and over each stable the name of its occupant is painted. At one end of the stable is a large room with two immense troughs in it, in which the warm fodder needed for the cattle in winter is prepared; one trough holds enough for all the cattle, and as soon as one is empty warm fodder is taken from the other and the empty one filled again; then by the time that is heated the other is emptied and so on. Thus the cattle at all times can be provided with hot food. Another excellent contrivance is the silo, a very high windowless room, partially opened at the top; into these silos when the winter is coming on is placed green fodder, and pressed down as tightly as possible, this green fodder, of which the silo will hold very many tons, is then carefully salted and covered over with boards, the whole being made air-tight. It is said that fodder prepared and packed in this fashion could be kept green and fresh for several winters. At the back of the stables is an enormous barn packed with hay and provided with patent hay-forks, worked by horses, which will pick up

and put in place about as much hay as would go on 100 ordinary hay-forks. Near the barn are the blacksmith's and wheelwright's shops. There is also a creamery and an excellent wine house, where much of the altar wine used in Canada is made. The Trappists do not grow all their own grapes, but experiments are being made which, if successful, will enable them to cultivate grapes as well as if they were at the first monastery in the beautiful valley of La Trappe in France.

The monks of Oka have classes of practical agriculture, where boys may be taught all the practical and theoretical rules of farming. At present the monks have about twenty boys receiving tuition, and it is impossible to conceive a better place for the boys to serve their apprenticeship, for they are daily surrounded by an atmosphere of devotion and self-denial that will be as valuable in aiding them to battle in the world of business as the temporal knowledge they obtain. One of the finest sights connected with the Abbey is to see the brothers working hard in the fields at harvest times, and to see running in and out among them the favorite dog of the Abbey in the possession of one of the lay brothers, who has taught him very clever diverting tricks.

On a knoll of ground in front of the monastery is a pretty open chapel of the Sacred Heart where the monks often make their devotions in summer time. The order of the Trappists, about whom little is known even among well educated Catholics, was founded fourteen centuries ago—in the year 529—by St. Benedict. For many years the Trappists, or Cistercians as they were then called, lived the strict life of austerity and piety laid down for them by their sainted founder, but as centuries passed innovations which tended towards a laxity of rules were admitted, and at last even flagrant mismanagement was not uncommon. In the year 1638 Armond Jean le Bouthellier de Rance was created titular abbot of the Cistercian monastery of Notre Dame at La Trappe, when only fourteen years of age, and after a youth spent in dissipation was at length converted, and in 1664 instituting a vigorous reform of the order he spent the rest of his life in the strict practice of the rules which had been followed by his predecessors of the middle ages.

Later on we find the Trappists being driven out of France at the revolution and wandering about the world homeless and destitute for many years; but the darkest cloud of adversity often has a silver lining, and at last, decimated by their misfortunes, we see the faithful children of St. Benedict back again in their beloved country and established once more in the beautiful peaceful valley of La Trappe.

At the death of St. Bernard there were scattered over Europe more than five hundred Trappist Monasteries.

Among the great saints who have been members of the Trappist order are St. Robert, St. Alberic, St. Stephen Harding, of England, and many others. Until recent years there had been three orders of Trappists. Those who adhered in full to austere rules of the founder of the order those who were not so severe, and a third who interpreted the rules very easily.

But a few years ago the Pope strengthened the order very much by bringing the different portions of it together and prescribing for them one rule of life.

The monks of the Abbey of Oka were originally of the strict order, and by their amalgamation with the other two portions of the order they were relieved of several of the greater severities that they had imposed upon themselves. It was formerly the rule with them to take only one meal a day from September until the end of Lent, but now two meals are allowed the year round.

A day's visit to this splendid body of holy men is a little retreat in itself and no one can visit them without being edified and feeling anxious to emulate the many great sacrifices they have made to obtain for ever the happiness of heaven.

The Senate committee on judiciary has decided to report favorably the House bill providing for the taxation of greenbacks.

Signor Crispi says that the object of Italian effort in Africa should be to substitute emigration to Africa for emigration to America.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

From New York last week, 187 pilgrims sailed for Europe on route to Lourdes.

The Duke of Norfolk, the head of England's nobility, has just made his twelfth pilgrimage to Lourdes.

The Koelnische Volkzeitung is of the opinion that the law removing restrictions on the return of the Jesuit Fathers to Germany must ultimately pass.

The Anzeiger of Einsiedeln announces that Madame Rees, of Ratisbonne, has been cured of paralysis, after having gone on a pilgrimage to that ancient and famous Swiss shrine.

Sister Mary Grace (Miss Agnes Carey), of the Convent of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Roxbury, a member of the Order of Notre Dame, died on Saturday, July 21.

Nearly 5,000 people visited the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York, on last Thursday, it being the eighth day of the novena of St. Anne, and the relic of the saint which the church possesses was viewed by many.

At a meeting in Manchester the Catholic Bishop of Salford is credited with the statement that in this year there had already been received into the Catholic Church more non-Catholics than had ever been received during the same time since Tudor the schism.

Verdi, the grandest musician of the age, has forsaken his chosen field of operatic composition to write some pieces for the service of the Catholic Church. He has already finished six beautiful compositions devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and is engaged on two or more addresses also to the Holy Mother of God.

The memory of two good Catholic queens is about to be honored in a striking way by a group of English Protestant ecclesiastics. The dean and chapter of Peterborough Cathedral, England, have decided to erect memorials in that splendid relic of the ancient Church of England to Queen Catherine of Aragon and Mary, Queen of Scots.

The Marquess de Segur appeals to generous French Catholics for aid to ecclesiastics whose living or revenues are suppressed. In addition to the Archbishop of Aix and Lyons, seventy-eight parish priests and chaplains are actually living in a state of penury; others, aged or infirm, are reduced to a diet of bread without a glass of the country wine to moisten it. When the motto of the Revolution of 1787 was adopted, to the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," they forgot to add "Humanity."

## BREVITIES.

The Khedive of Egypt is to marry the daughter of the late Sultan of Turkey.

The official report shows that there were 148 new cases of cholera and 54 deaths from the disease in St. Petersburg in one day.

The new French President, it is asserted, has resisted the pressure brought on him and has refused to join the Freemasons, although they claim him, as they frequently do men of prominence.

Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, has issued an appeal for subscriptions to a fund for the defense of Eugene V. Debs, president of the American Railway Union, charged with conspiracy at Chicago.

French Radicals don't like the new President. President Casimir-Perier having been recognized while walking on the street, and loudly cheered, a radical organ said that the demonstration had been gotten up by the police.

Casario Santo, the president-killer, is said to have written a cynic letter to President Casimir-Perier, in which he asks for money to mitigate the severity of prison life. His fare is very poor, and Casimir-Perier is under obligations to him for having made him president.

The French government has ordered the customs officials at all French ports to inspect minutely the baggage of foreigners entering the country. Suspected persons must be searched. The object of the order is to prevent anarchists from importing small bombs.



## THE CHRISTIAN'S CHOICE.

Father McCallen's Sermon at the Summer School.

"You shall be converted, and shall see the difference between the just and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not."—(MALACHI III., 18.)

*Dear Beloved Brethren*.—Since we have been created by God, to know, love, and serve Him here on earth, in order to be happy with Him forever in heaven, it is all important for us to choose rather to take upon ourselves the sweet yoke and light burden of Jesus Christ, than to submit to the galling slavery of Satan here, and its inevitable consequence, eternal misery hereafter. There should be no hesitancy about the choice. For whether we accept the teachings of experience and observation, or those of Faith, we must come to the conclusion, that "one day in the courts of the Lord is above thousands;" and that it is better "to be an object in the house of God than to dwell in the tabernacles of sinners." (Ps. 83, 11.) Yet comparatively few serve God faithfully, so many seem to prefer the service of the devil.

If we seek the reason, we may find it in the exaggerated view which most people take of the difficulties to be met with in the practice of virtue. Like the messengers sent out by Moses to reconnoitre the land of the Amorrite, and who returned dismayed, saying: "The multitude is great and taller than we; the cities are great and walled up to the sky" (Deuteronomy I., 28) so, too many Christians of our day, after having tasted the sweets of a virtuous life, turn back disheartened, because some slight effort must still be made to preserve the precious fruits already acquired. But, just as Moses restored the courage of his people by exclaiming: "Fear not, for the Lord God who is your leader will fight for you" (Deuteronomy I., 30), so may we restore our courage by listening to a greater than Moses, as, with arms outstretched, He says to us: "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you. Take up My yoke upon you . . . and you shall find rest for your souls. For My yoke is sweet and My burden light" (Matthew XI., 28, 29, 30)—or by listening to St. Paul: "I can do all things in Him, who strengtheneth me" (Philippian IV., 13).

It is true, the devil likewise seeks to gain our allegiance by promises of reward; but if we profit by the lessons of experience, or observation, and by the teachings of faith, we cannot refuse to choose "the better part," which I trust will never be taken from us.

That Christian makes a great mistake who believes, or asserts, that the service of God costs more than the service of the devil. Had we no other guide to direct us in our choice than that innate cleverness which makes the people of this country so shrewd in striking a bargain, it would suffice, without considerations of a higher order, to incline us to the service of God, because this service is in every respect the best.

How easily the sinner is beguiled into the opposite service by false promises which are never fulfilled! How willingly he closes his eyes to the price, might I not rather say penalty, of sin! Yes, a price must be paid for the enjoyment of every sinful pleasure. What price? Ask the drunkard the day after his drunken debauch what he has had to pay for the passing gratification of his palate; and if he cannot answer, you may answer for him,—soul ruined, will weakened, vicious habit encouraged, intellect destroyed, talents squandered, time wasted, purse emptied, health shattered, name tainted, reputation lost. These are the price, of what? Of the momentary gratification of a base animal appetite. As Americans, we ought to be ashamed to be caught by one such bad bargain; but, alas! there are thousands of bright, intellectual and otherwise clever men who make such bargains every week of their lives!

Ask the libertine what it costs him to enjoy the husks of his illicit pleasures. He will tell you,—gnawing remorse, loss of grace, of peace, of true happiness—a diseased soul and a diseased, corrupted body. One proof among many. I once was called to see a sick patient in an hospital. Near by lay a man, who bore from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet the evident marks of the criminal life he had led. I do not exaggerate when I say, that from head to foot he was one mass of corruption. I do not ex-

aggerate when I say, that had I to anoint the man, I would not have been able to find one untainted spot to which to apply the sacred oil. Day and night, for five months, he lay there; and at the end of that time, in spite of the constant care of physician and nurse, his putrid body gave out a stench which would have polluted the air of the whole hospital had not the cloths that hung around his bed been saturated with the strongest disinfectant. Men may not always pay as terrible a penalty for sin as that man did, but the loss of innocence is always dear at any price.

So I might go on, if time permitted, over the whole list, experience always proving to the poor sinner how much he has to pay for the little he gets out of the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. The dishonest clerk whose slight pilferings grow day by day, begetting sin in his soul, worry and anxiety in his mind, finally lodging him in a felon's cell; the proud vain woman subjecting herself to a thousand inconveniences to secure a little mite of praise, admiration or honor, left inconsolable, because perhaps there is one who refuses to pay tribute to her pride and vanity, or one other who is more popular than herself; the irate husband or wife whose every victory of self opinion or self will, means loss of peace, concord and mutual love; the disobedient untruthful child paying bitterly through life for his disobedience and his lies; the jealous neighbor neither possessing nor yet taking away what she envies in others, punished more than she punishes—one and all prove, that the vain passing pleasures of sin must be bought at a price—a price which yields no sufficient return for such unprofitable investments.

Now turn for a moment to contemplate the other side of the picture; for the rewards of a virtuous life cannot be purchased unless a price is paid therefor.

A sober man, especially a total abstainer, who, for his own security, love of neighbor, and desire of honoring Christ's Sacred Thirst, abstains from all intoxicating drink, must place upon himself certain restraints; must forego certain companies; put up with the raileries of well meaning but unworthy friends; and if he has been previously a victim of drink, must engage in passing conflict with returning craving for liquor. But in a short time these efforts will cost him nothing. These sacrifices will scarcely attract his attention. Meanwhile what does he receive in return? Let us take an illustration from among many. One evening, about a year ago, a young man waited on me, and said he wished to renew his pledge. "Eleven months ago," he continued, "I came to you shattered in health, out of pocket, burdened with sin, an object of such disgust to my friends, that I have seen them turn out of my way to avoid meeting me. I have kept my pledge now for about eleven months. I want to renew it, for it is a good thing. Look at me, father, I am no longer the same man. I am in the best of health, my purse is well filled, I commit less sin, I enjoy the esteem of devoted friends. I'll try the pledge for another year." Now, this last sentence was the only one that saddened me during the entire conversation, and I have heard it so often. "I'll try it for another year." Why not for life? O, victims of drink, how is it possible for you, after tasting the bitter fruits of intemperance, and the wholesome fruit of sobriety; after the punishment that always follows excessive indulgence, and the peace, prosperity and happiness which are the reward of sobriety; how is it possible for you to waver for one moment in making these rewards perpetual by a life pledge of total abstinence?

No matter what virtue we practise, no matter at what pain and sacrifice it is purchased, the reward is always greater than the price. Tell me, has anyone ever overcome sloth on Sunday morning, and assisted at Holy Mass, who has regretted the effort made to fulfil this precept of God's church? Has anyone ever told the truth, obeyed legitimate authority, bestowed an alms, forgiven an injury, kept back an angry retort, practised kindness and charity; and, as he laid his head on his pillow at night to rest, not felt the holier, the nobler, the happier for the good thus accomplished? Has anyone ever come out of those terrible conflicts with the demon of lust, and co-operating with divine grace, put the enemy of his innocence to flight, who has not enjoyed in consequence the most profound peace and happiness?

And yet, in spite of these lessons

taught by experience or observation, Christians hesitate about the choice between the service of God and the service of His enemies, the world, the flesh and the devil. How ashamed ought we not to be of the slight efforts we make to persevere in a life of virtue! See what will power the children of this world bring to the acquisition of wealth, honor and pleasure. What labor, what toil, what sacrifice, are willingly undergone to secure that which must be purchased at so great a price; that which can be enjoyed for so short a period; that which is far more easily lost than gained! With the aid of Divine grace, we need make no such effort to secure the rewards of a virtuous life—peace of soul, friendship of God, increased merits, happiness here, and never ending happiness hereafter.

Why are we, the children of light, so weak of will, so little generous in faithful allegiance to our good God, that we so soon grow weary of even this slight effort; so soon dismayed by the obstacles in our path; so soon tired of the restraints of the sweet yoke of Christ; and so soon exhausted by His light burden, as to desert His standard and return to the old time slavery of a sinful life?

Why should we, I repeat, the children of light, with the super-abundance of God's grace ever at our disposal, prove less strong of will or less generous in God's service than the children of the world in the service of the demon? We serve a Master who never deceives nor makes a promise which He does not fulfill. They serve a tyrant who promises liberty and makes them slaves; promises light and joy and leads them to darkness and misery; promises satiety and leaves their souls so empty of all true happiness and such a prey to gnawing remorse, that they cry out, "peace, peace"—but "there is no peace for the wicked." Augustin tried both services, the service of the demon and the service of God. He rebelled against truth; he sought satiety in the gratification of the basest passions, but only to find out that the human heart created for God can never be satisfied with anything less than God. "Thou hast made our hearts for Thee, O Lord, and till they rest and repose in Thee they shall never know peace." And Solomon, who possessed every joy, every pleasure, every honor the world could give, made the same experiment: "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity." (Ecclesiastes I., 2.)

I have said that God does not deceive His servants by concealing from them that though His yoke is sweet, it is still a yoke; and though His burden is light it still remains a burden. "Son, when thou comest into the service of God prepare thy soul for temptation. Join thyself to God and endure that thy life may be increased in the latter end." (Ecclesiasticus II., 1, 3) Such was ever the teaching of the Divine Master when He walked on earth. "The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent bear it away." (Matthew XI., 12) "If any man will come after me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." (Matthew XVI., 24) "How narrow is the gate and straight is the way that leadeth to life!" (Matthew VII., 14)

But if He does not conceal from us the price of our service, neither does He conceal its rewards. "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God. Blessed are you, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake; rejoice and be exceedingly glad because your reward is very great in heaven." "Well done good and faithful servant; because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matthew xxv., 23.) How consoling these teachings of Faith! It is Eternal Truth who speaks! The mother may forget her child, but He will not forget those who trust in Him! He is the great King of Heaven and earth, powerful enough, to put to flight every enemy of our soul; rich enough, to satisfy every longing of our heart; devoted enough, to stand by us in every conflict, pour out upon us his abundant effusions, and lead us each and every day to a victory, and to the rewards of . . . —peace, joy, happiness

here below; peace, joy, happiness eternal in heaven. Why then not make our choice, and make it well? Satan is our enemy, and his associates, the world and the flesh, are leagued with him for our destruction. God is our best friend—good, amiable, perfect, and therefore worthy of our love for his own sake; exceedingly good, merciful and forgiving to us, and therefore worthy of our grateful service forever. "You shall be converted and shall see the difference between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not." Make the choice, brethren, and persevere in it to the end. Having thus chosen "the better part," it shall not be taken from you.

## IRISH TOPICS

The scrutiny for the Swinford and Brackloon Divisions of Swinford Union was held on July 9, resulting as follows: Meelick—Staunton, 164; Davitt, 60. Swinford—James Durkan, 48; Price, 16; John W. Mulligan, 1.

At Monaghan, on July 4, an evicted tenant named James Quinn summoned Robert Gillespie, who has taken his farm, for presenting a revolver at him. The case was dismissed, and counter charges against Quinn were adjourned.

James H. Hegarty, of Derry City, son of the late James Hegarty, of Diamond, was successful at the recent Pharmaceutical License Examination of Ireland. Mr. Hegarty, who served his apprenticeship with P. J. Lyons, of Belfast, is now a qualified chemist.

The municipal election for councillor for the South Ward, of Cork, made vacant by the death of J. Fitzgibbon, Redmondite, took place on July 12. The candidates were, T. Coughlan, Nationalist; D. J. Lucy, Redmondite; and L. Scully, Unionist. The result of the poll was as follows:—Lucy, 104; Coughlan, 82; Scully, 48.

It is rumored that a Catholic Institute for soldiers is about to be established at the Curragh Camp. The piece of ground has, we understand, been granted by the War Office, and a committee of representatives from the various corps, etc., formed to carry out the suggestions. An appeal for funds will shortly be issued, and Major-General Lord R. D. Kerr, C.B., will contribute £50.

Justice Johnson opened the Commission for Tyrone at Omagh, on July 10. Addressing the grand jury, he said: "The Crown business is exceedingly light. There are only five cases, of which one was adjourned from last assizes, and in which a bill has already been found. The other four are of the ordinary character—larceny, wounded, etc."

The Rev. Aidan Kennedy, of Leighlin Bridge, is dead. He was engaged assisting at the Mission opened by the Passionist Fathers, but when returning from the conference in Borris, he contracted a chill, which developed into pneumonia, and notwithstanding all that medical skill could do to arrest the progress of the malady, he passed peacefully away.

A meeting of the Bornacoola Branch of the Federation was held on July 1, M. Canning, President, in the chair. An acknowledgment for £5 to the Central Branch was read. The chairman and members of the committee instructed the secretary to apply to the Central office for a grant for Mrs. Rogers and her four children of this parish, evicted. The next meeting was announced for July 29.

Addressing the grand jury at the Sligo Assizes, on July 7, Justice O'Brien said one single case expressed the quota of criminal business which they had to deal with, and it bore testimony to the state of uniform tranquillity that existed within the county. He had great reason to congratulate them on the state of public tranquillity and the absence of crime, which was attended by an extraordinary indication of prosperity.

P. J. McDonald, on behalf of the National Federation, has visited a large number of parishes in North and South Meath. Mr. McDonald was most warmly received by both priest and people. In Trim he was accorded an enthusiastic reception. At Navan, under the presidency of the respected Administrator, the Very Rev. P. McNamee, a goodly sum was subscribed for the Irish Parliamentary Fund. At Crossakel a new branch of the National Federation was formed.



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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 8, 1894.

## OUR AGENT.

Mr. James Martin, one of the most popular and widely known young men in Montreal, has undertaken the duties of advertising and canvassing agent for THE TRUE WITNESS. It is daily becoming more evident that our people require an organ to defend their interests and advocate their rights; it is also apparent that THE TRUE WITNESS, as it is conducted to-day—on broad and solid principles—is a necessity. It only requires that it should become known to the public, that each one should have an idea of the work that it is doing, in order to secure its permanent success. In all Montreal no better or more able man than Mr. Martin could be found to lay our claims and position before the public. Himself a writer of high merit and one calculated to appreciate fully the value of an Irish-Catholic organ, he will receive, we are confident, a kindly welcome from all whom he may visit, and we trust that through his instrumentality THE TRUE WITNESS will enter many homes where to-day no representative paper of our people in this province is to be found. It is, therefore, with great pleasure that we introduce Mr. Martin to our friends and well-wishers and bespeak for him that encouragement which his zeal and exertions so well deserve.

## OUR INTERVIEWS.

We have a number of important interviews on hand regarding the School Commissioners' appointments, but owing to the crush of matter this week we are obliged to leave them over. We did not anticipate that the material furnished in this issue, and for which a great majority of our readers has been anxiously looking forward, would occupy so much space. Moreover, the matter of the School Board cannot at present be materially advanced until the Government has an opportunity to act. If no action is taken, we have emphatically entered our protest, and there is nothing to prevent us from striking again upon the same anvil the moment the blows can be of practical utility. We make this short explanation in order that all concerned may know that if the interviews in question do not appear this week, it is not due to the fact that we have at all lost sight of the question, nor that we hesitate for a moment in our determination to see justice done in this matter.

## AUGUST THOUGHTS.

It is mid-summer; the season of flowers, of ripening harvests, of blue skies, of gorgeous sun-sets, of nature's bounties lavished upon and around the Earth. It is the season in which we behold—perhaps more than in any other—the wonderful goodness of the Creator and the care that He bestows upon His creatures. Abroad, the hills are beautiful in the fulness of the foliage; the fields are golden with their loads of grain; the breezes fan the brow of day and temper the fierce rays of a glorious sun; the husbandman watches joyously the rapid changing of the crops, and the winter's provisions are secure to him—for he looks forward to a successful harvest when autumn comes. It is also a season of rest, the vacation time, the period when the haunts of busy life are abandoned for the temporary repose that all need, the time when strength and energies are recuperated for the coming struggle in the great harvest-fields of the approaching season.

How like the seasons, in their unbroken revolutions, is the life of man on earth. Each one has the spring-time of hope, joy, light, when the seeds of the future are sown in the parterres of his mortal existence; then comes the summer, the fulness of vitality in June, the gradually ripening powers in July, the completion of gathering vigor in August's matured manhood. And then comes the season of Autumn; the time of harvest, when all the fruits of the life are collected and placed in the granary for the long, chill winter that is approaching. But while the different seasons of the year are like unto those in life there is yet a wonderful abyss between them. Year after year the seasons come and go, winter is succeeded by spring, spring is followed by summer; but to man, once the snows fall upon his earthly career there is no renewal of life in the spring-time.

Looking at the seasons and again at man, how often do we not recall those admirable lines of Beattie—lines that have immortalized his "Hermit."

"Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn;  
Kind Nature the embryo blossom shall  
save:  
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering  
urn?  
Oh! when shall day dawn on the night of  
the grave?"

When August's glories are upon the land and the mid-summer moon rolls red and large above the eastern horizon, ascends gloriously toward the zenith, and looks down upon a world of enchantment, that other stanza comes back, from old school days, wafted upon the wings of memory:

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,  
The moon half extinguished her crescent  
displays;  
But lately I marked, when majestic on high,  
The shone and the planets were lost in her  
blaze.  
Roll on thou fair orb, and with gladness  
pursue  
The path which conducts thee to splendor  
again!  
But man's faded glory; what change can  
renew?  
Ah! fool, to exult in a glory so vain!"

It is August; the mid-day of life for many of us. The hills of our existence are all beautiful in the full foliage of manhood, the golden fields of our prosperity, the heated rays of life's fevered struggle, are tempered by the cooling shades of domestic or social joys; we watch the ripening of the grain that promises an abundant harvest of temporal wealth, power or honor. Poor dreamers! The autumn is at hand; the leaves of the forest will be painted by the frosty pencil of the Invisible, and the great gathering in of the treasures will take place. We will scarcely have stored them in the granaries that our industry built, when the chill breath of the North will sweep down and the shroud of snow will cover us. In the spring time others will take out that

grain and sow the seeds of another harvest, while we sleep on oblivious of all that we left behind.

But in another domain, in the grand spiritual sphere, it is the August, the mid-summer, of our opportunities. The seeds are ripening, seeds of Truth, of Faith, of Hope, of Charity. Their golden spears nod to the breeze that comes from beyond the realms of Time. The harvest that we must reap will not be stored in perishable barns, but in a treasure-house where it shall be multiplied a hundred and a thousand fold. When the snows of death's winter fall upon the past, we shall find the guarantee of an unending summer in the fruits that our hands have culled and that we have treasured up against an unending existence.

This may be for many of us the last August we are to enjoy. How glorious it should be if in the spiritual life of each the blue of a summer sky over-arched it, and the gorgeous splendors of the summer sunset flung a majesty and a promise around its close! Spring and Autumn are each suggestive of very wonderful reflections; Winter brings its sad thoughts and sombre comparisons; but August is not without its salutary lessons—lessons that, if taken to heart, may lead to a rich harvest in the autumn of life and a glorious prospect beyond the sphere of that Winter which must come, sooner or later, to all.

## THE CONFESSIONAL.

Times out of mind have we written on the subject of this great institution—the Roman Catholic Confessional; we have argued the utility, the necessity, the power, of that tribunal from different standpoints; we have adduced one argument after another in favor of its existence and its inviolability; but there is a light in which it may be viewed and in which we have not sought to place it before our readers.

He was a lonely man—he moved through the thronged streets of the city as solitary as if he been amidst a primeval wilderness. Outwardly the man pursued his way to business and daily avocations; but on his brow there was a shadow and in his heart a fire; his soul was in an abyss of misery that he could not explain to the world and his life was haunted by spectres that he vainly sought to exorcise. He wished to do well, he desired to shed happiness on all sides, he sought to perform his duties, he dreaded temptation, he hoped against hope. Turn as he might, move as he wished, act as best he could, a phantom seemed to hover above and around him—and in the shadow of its wing he felt every good slipping from him, all his best intentions turned to failures, his every effort to perform his sacred duties translated into a defeat. He asked himself, "Am I not accursed of God? How is it that temptations spring up where I least expect them? How is it that with all my will, and strength, and character, I invariably succumb? Why am I not like other men, who go about their business, and all they touch turns to gold, their every undertaking is a success, their homes are the scenes of domestic felicity and their most cherished aspirations are always gratified? How is it that my every intention, no matter how good it may be, is turned against me, and the results of my every action are the very opposite of what I desire?"

Thus did the lone and mysterious man (a mystery to himself and to everyone else) move along down the avenues of a checkered life; ever seeking to do good, and ever performing ill; ever wondering at his own fate and ever finding his life an undefinable mystery; now filled with

a fitful hope, now verging upon a dreaded despair. To the world he was most successful, and in his own life he felt but failure; to the "cold-eyed many" he was honored, and in the mirror of his own conscience he was miserable; to the busy crowd he had attained all that he could expect in life, and on his own soul there was a cloud, in his own heart a void, in his own bosom a fire that scorched. Was he pursued by a curse? Or had he fallen the victim of some unholy incantation?

One day this sad-browed, pensive, lonely man passed by a church. The great tide of commercial life rushed onward along the street; he left the busy thoroughfare and entered to rest in the temple. It was cool, shaded, and even gloomy within; the aspect of the church corresponded with his whole being. Away down the main aisle a little lamp flickered in front of the altar; it was so like the one tiny light that still shone through the shades of his spiritual life. A few worshippers knelt around, absorbed in their pious meditations or fervent prayers. A black-robed priest came forth from the sanctuary and silently moved down the side of the temple and entered a confessional box. The lone and troubled man watched the priest until he had disappeared behind the grated doors. Every now and again a penitent dropped into the confessional box and came forth silently to take up some interrupted devotions or to make the Stations of the Cross.

An idea suddenly flashed upon the mind of the observer; like the ray that struck down Saul on his road to Damascus, it overpowered him, seized his whole being and imparted an impulse that he could not resist. He, too, arose and went noiselessly into the confessional. Much longer than any of the others did he remain. What there was said no man shall ever know; it is a secret that belongs to the penitent; the priest had forgotten it all before the weary-hearted man was well back in the church pew, the only audience consisted of God and His Recording Angel.

The lone man returned to the seat he had occupied, he looked down the vista of the church, the sanctuary lamp still flickered; but beyond it he saw the little door of the tabernacle, and above that abode of Divinity he noticed the sacred emblem of boundless Love and universal salvation. Half an hour, and that man was once more in the midst of the great rushing, throbbing world; the eddies of life whirled around him, men came and went as ever, all intent upon their business or pleasure. But he was no longer dejected; his face glowed with an inward light; his eyes seemed to have borrowed new life from some mysterious source. The days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months; again and again might he be seen going quietly into that temple and kneeling at that same confessional. Exterially, to all his friends and acquaintances, he was the same as of old; he performed the same routine of business. But a change had come; a mighty metamorphosis had taken place; happiness succeeded disquietude, success replaced failure; his home grew radiant; the seasons came and went and each brought its blessings; the air was alive with grand creatures of the soul; the earth unfolded evidence of God's bounty; the sky above seemed to bend lovingly over his span of existence; all men grew apparently better; his every intention, instead of being frustrated, was realized to its fulness. In a word, the man was as happy as imperfect human nature can possibly be.

Dear readers, this is no fiction; it is not a story drawn from the realms of

fancy and painted in the hues of the imagination; it is an absolute fact that we relate. Perchance the incredulous or the irreverent may ask us to prove that our story is true. We cannot do more than assert it to be so; but if you want the proof, all ye who are harassed with care, whose lives seem unaccountably miserable, whose hearts are ill at ease, whose steps are haunted by some such phantom of unrest as we have pictured, learn the source, the root of it all; go then and pluck that root from the soil of your existence, fling it far over the walls. In other words, just try the confessional, and if the result is not such as we have described, then we will be prepared to admit our story to be fiction; but go and try.

### "THE HARPIES."

The recent articles of the *Observateur Municipale*, on the subject of the League and other organizations of a similar class, are unworthy any public organ. The attacks made upon the ladies, who form a considerable factor in many of the benevolent, missionary, or other societies, are beneath all consideration. It is true that we do not happen to be totally in accord with all the methods used by the members of certain temperance bodies, leagues for the suppression of vice, organizations for the rescue of the fallen, and kindred associations; we often find that their zeal runs away with their discretion, and that many fail to distinguish between a public and a private duty, thereby overstepping the mark, at times, by what might be considered an unnecessary and even unjustifiable intrusion upon other members of the community. But these cases are more the exceptions than the rule; while judged from the standpoint of the people who have a social or religious cause at heart, they may not be as enormous as some might suppose or feel them to be. But all these things have nothing to do with the question in hand. No matter how provoked the writers in the *Observateur Municipale* may feel, that provocation cannot justify ungentlemanly language—even in a public organ—especially when it is aimed at ladies.

One would imagine that the whole vocabulary of Billingsgate had been ransacked to find and combine the low, vile and mean terms used in the articles to which we refer. A sweeping attack upon a whole body of ladies is not and cannot be fair nor just. Judged by the standard of that publication each one of these female members of such organizations should be ranked, in the public mind, as an abandoned, miserable wretch, a being apparently created in a moment of anger, and sent forth to annoy humanity at large. The age, the dress, the walk, the external accidents that may mark the appearance of any lady should not be made a subject of ridicule; it is the mind, the heart, the aims and the sentiments of the person that should be considered when judging of the conduct in life. If those ladies feel that they have a mission to perform, and that in the exercise thereof they are doing good to humanity, we have no right to insult them nor to hold them up as a laughing-stock for the public. The language used by the *Observateur* does not reflect very strongly on those against whom it is aimed; but it does indicate the calibre of the persons who use it. Alone, it would suffice to brand any man—making use thereof—as devoid of every fine feeling, every delicacy of sentiment, every gentlemanly instinct. The vulgar is not excusable, no matter what the plea of provocation may be.

We regret exceedingly that any section of our race should have gone so far; the

action recoils upon the perpetrator and has the very opposite effect from that desired to produce. If the *Observateur* does not like the methods of the ladies referred to, if it is not in sympathy with their labors, and if it feels it advisable to oppose their work, let its expressions be sufficiently refined not to grate upon the feelings of its own readers, as well as upon those of all respectable citizens. Lord Chesterfield once wrote the following definition of a gentleman: "One who never hurts the most delicate feelings of any person." If the *Observateur* desires to come within the limits of that very just definition it will have to learn that abuse is not argument, insult is not proof, and disrespect for women is not a convincing system of reasoning. The language used is a disgrace to journalism and should be repudiated by every writer who respects womanhood and who has a care for his own reputation.

### THE LIQUOR FIGHT.

Bishop Watterson, of Ohio, recently created consternation in certain circles by declaring that liquor dealers were not to be considered as admissible into Catholic Societies. From this decision of the Bishop appeal was made to Mgr. Satolli, the Apostolic Delegate, and to the surprise of thousands the direct representative of Rome confirmed Bishop Watterson's views. The *Wine and Spirit Gazette* then came out with a statement that the new principle laid down would never become a policy of the Church in America. It went a step further and openly defied Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, to enforce it. The *Gazette* closes its article with these words: "Let the Archbishop do it, and watch the consequences."

Here is Archbishop Corrigan's reply:—

Archbishop's House,  
No. 452 Madison Avenue,  
New York, July 28, 1894.

Editor *Wine and Spirit Gazette*:—

Sir,—Returning to town yesterday, I found on my table a copy of your journal of July 25. In reply to your expressed wish I have the honor to say that I loyally accept the principles laid down by His Excellency Mgr. Satolli, both in the spirit and the letter. More than this, no Roman Catholic can refuse to accept them.

As to the fear of consequences, I have yet, thank God, to learn what fear is in the discharge of duty.

Please remember, however, that acceptance of principles is not to be confounded with the blind application of the same on all occasions, and under all circumstances. Respectfully,

M. A. Corrigan, Archbishop.

This savors very much of a strong determination on the part of the hierarchy, and it indicates a coming conflict between two elements that must eventually bring to a solution the great liquor problem of the age. While this correspondence is going on we find, in St. Paul, Minnesota, over two thousand Catholic abstainers, representing different sections of the surrounding country, coming together as delegates to the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Among the prominent ecclesiastics present were Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio; Bishop Tierney, of Hartford, Conn.; Bishop Messmer, of Green Bay, Wis.; Father Hadneme, of Chicago; Father Conorty, of Springfield; and a host of other guiding spirits. Archbishop Ireland, the leading churchman of the West, comes out in full vigor against the evils of intemperance and lends his powerful aid to the cause that has been so energetically taken up.

All these signs indicate that there is a solid determination, on the part of the Catholic Church in America, to carry to victory the standard of temperance. Within the past few years different bodies, organizations and churches have striven to make headway against the torrent that has been deluging the continent; but apparently their efforts have been of little avail. Prohibitionists have sought to legislate in such a manner that

the liquor traffic would be killed by the arm of the law; temperance advocates have called conventions and have had resolutions moved and adopted, in the hope of bringing a social power to bear upon the matter and crush out the hydra that has been destroying so many lives and homes; but, as in every other case that affects the spiritual and temporal well-being of humanity, it is only when the great voice of the Catholic Church is raised that men pause to listen and that the machinery of evil is checked in its death-dealing revolutions. Like the signal-lights at night on the railway, the different other bodies swing the red or blue lanterns that—in the darkness—tell the train-conductor whether to advance, to stand still or back up. But in the noon-day, when the sun is abroad in all his refulgence, these lights are of no use; then it is that the great arm of the Church's semaphore rises or falls, indicating the dangers ahead and pointing to the track that must be taken. There was a saying in the South of Ireland, "When Rome speaks Dungarvan shakes;" and so it is to-day; when Rome pronounces the smallest hamlet in the remotest part of the land must hearken and obey. The Liquor Fight is on; but if Rome has taken up the sword on one side, the end is easy to foretell and is not far off.

The Protestant Standard, one of those pious English publications that constantly harps upon the old chord of bearing false witness, contains the following queer statement. It is under the signature of "Verity," a peculiar *nom de plume* for an expounder of such fabrications. The author of the letter attributes the remarks to Cardinal Bellarmine:

"If the Pope should so far err as to command vices and prohibit virtues, the Church would be bound to believe that vices are good and virtues are evil unless she should sin against her conscience."

There is no evidence that Cardinal Bellarmine ever penned these words, nor does "Verity" quote the works of the eminent Churchman to show when, where, or under what circumstances he so wrote. But on page 29, of the second volume of his work on Roman Pontiffs, Cardinal Bellarmine says the very opposite of the above; he thus expresses himself:

"As it is lawful to resist the Pope if he assaulted a man's person, so it is lawful to resist him if he assaulted souls, or troubled the State (turbant rempublicam), and much more if he strove to destroy the Church. It is lawful, I say, to resist him, by not doing what he commands, and hindering the execution of his will."

There is a tax, in France, on bicycles; any person not using that vehicle "for administrative business emanating from a competent authority" is liable to a fine. A parish priest near Amiens has been using a bicycle on his sick calls. He was brought before the judges of the Conseil de Prefecture, for the Department of Somme, and fined. The judges decided that while the priest might be on administrative business, still his instructions did not come from a recognized competent authority—in other words that God is not a competent authority.

### EVICTED TENANTS' BILL.

THE UNIONISTS WANT A COMPROMISE ON THE COMPULSORY CLAUSE.

LONDON, Aug. 6.—The political leaders of the Unionist party in Parliament have served notice upon the Government that if the Evicted Tenants' bill is transformed into a voluntary measure it will have some chance of receiving the gracious consideration of the House of Lords. The provision for the compulsory reinstatement of an evicted tenant with the assistance of public funds the Unionists denounce as a species of plundering. A provision for voluntary reinstatement, giving the landlords a great degree of

control over the arrangement for reinstatement, they think might avert the rejection of the bill by the House of Lords, but otherwise they contend that it has no chance of acceptance by the Peers. The Irish members, however, while anxious to obtain some form of a measure to relieve the present situation, feel that the abandonment of the compulsory provision is impossible. Redmond and Sexton concur in seeking some sort of a compromise that will enable the evicted tenants to obtain speedy relief, as the Paris relief fund cannot be reckoned upon for some time to come. It is certain that the fund cannot be released in time to alleviate the distress which the coming winter is sure to bring, but no form of compromise has yet been hit upon that is likely to be acceptable to the opponents of the bill in its present shape.

### THE LIFE OF DE MAISONNEUVE.

(CONTINUED.)

De Maisonneuve was not only a knight without fear and without reproach, a wise and capable captain, who maintained for more than twenty years, with the help of his companions, a siege against the violence and perfidy of Iroquois hordes; he also possessed in an eminent degree the qualities of the diplomat, the judge, the administrator, and above all those of the Christian.

Dreaded by the barbarians on account of his bravery and prudence, he only made use of arms when necessity required it; if negotiations were possible he had recourse to them, at the same time taking precautions that showed his consummate tact; the goodness of which he gave them touching proofs contributed powerfully to soften the fury with which they were animated towards the colonists of New France, for they were heard to exclaim with admiration, in speaking of the inhabitants of Montreal:—"They are demons when attacked, but the gentlest, the most courteous, the most affable in the world, when treated as friends."

A vigilant protector of morality, of public honesty and public peace, he, by the wisdom of his laws, and the prudence and equity of his judgments, contributed greatly to keep the colony in the happy state described by a contemporary author: "All the colonists lived like saints, in a perfect union of wish and desire, in a spirit of piety, of devotion, and of sincere religion towards God."

An immoral word was never spoken. Even the men who were the least devout had a horror of vice. In short, our dear Montreal was in its beginning and in its progress an image of the primitive Church, and this state of things lasted about thirty two years."

Far from endeavoring to indefinitely prolong military rule, as had been done at Quebec, the governor of Ville Marie hastened to obtain from royal authority for the new city, two years after its foundation, a municipal corporation, of which the head, called the syndic, was to be elected by the inhabitants themselves and who was to have neither fee nor personal privilege. He favored as far as lay in his power Melle. Mance and the Nuns of the Hotel Dieu, who took care of the sick and wounded. The Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, drawn to Canada by her zeal for the education of children, before there was in the colony a single child capable of being taught, found in him a devoted protector when she could at length open schools for little girls, while M. Stouart, a Sulpician priest, first Rector of Ville Marie, gloried in being the first instructor of the boys.

Finally, that which gave to the great qualities of our hero an incomparable splendor was the practice of all the Christian virtues, which he carried to an eminent degree; chaste and pure as an angel, disinterested to such a point that he would leave to his companions in arms all the booty justly taken from the enemy; exempt from all ambition and refusing the title of Governor-General of New France, through devotion to Ville Marie; simple in all his habits, tenderly solicitous for the welfare of those who were subject to him, enduring the most cruel outrages with an unalterable patience and an amiable smile, intrepid and firm when justice required, pious without ostentation, filled with apostolic zeal for the conversion of the barbarians, keeping absolute silence about the good he had done, Maisonneuve was at the same time a great man and a good Christian.

(To be continued.)



## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER LXX., Continued.

In the few words that passed between Lord Danesbury and himself on arriving he learned that there was but little chance of his winning his election for the borough. Indeed, he bore the disappointment jauntily and good-humoredly. That great philosophy of not attaching too much importance to any one thing in life sustained him in every venture. "Bet on the field—never back the favorite," was his formula for inculcating the wisdom of trusting to the general game of life, rather than to any particular emergency. "Back the field," he would say, "and you must be unlucky or you'll come right in the long run."

They dined that day alone—that is, they were but three at table; and Atlee enjoyed the unspeakable pleasure of hearing them talk with the freedom and unconstraint people only indulge in when "at home". Lord Danesbury discussed confidential questions of political importance; told how his colleagues agreed in this, or differed on that; adverted to the nice points of temperament, which made one man hopeful and that other despondent or distrustful; he exposed the difficulties they had to meet in the Commons, and where the Upper House was intractable; and even went so far in his confidence as to admit where the criticisms of the press were felt to be damaging to the administration.

"The real danger of ridicule," said he, is not the pungency of the satire, it is the facility with which it is remembered and circulated. The man who reads the strong leader in the Times may have some general impression of being convinced, but he cannot repeat its arguments or quote its expressions. The pasquinade or the squib gets a hold on the mind, and its very drollery will insure its being retained there."

Atlee was not a little gratified to hear that this opinion was delivered *a propos* to a short paper of his own, whose witty sarcasms on the Cabinet were exciting great amusement in town, and much curiosity as to the writer.

"He has not seen 'The Whitebait Dinner' yet," said Lady Maude: "the cleverest jeu d'esprit of the day."

"Ay, or of any day," broke in Lord Danesbury. "Even the Anti-Jacobin has nothing better. The notion is this. The devil happens to be taking a holiday, and he is in town just at the time of the Ministerial dinner, and hearing that he is at Claridge's, the Cabinet, ashamed at the little attention bestowed on a crowned head, ask him down to Greenwich. He accepts, and to kill an hour—

"He strolled down, of course, To the Parliament House, And heard how England stood, As she has since the Flood, Without ally or friend to assist her. But while every persuasion Was full of invasion, From Russian or Prussian, Yet the only discussion Was, how should a gentleman marry his sister."

"Can you remember any more of it, my lord?" asked Atlee, on whose table at that moment were lying the proof-sheets of the production.

"Maude has it all somewhere. You must find it for him, and let him guess the writer—if he can."

"What do the clubs say?" asked Atlee.

"I think they are divided between Orlop and Bouverie. I'm told that the Garrick people say it's Sankey, a young fellow in F.O."

"You should see Aunt Jeringham about it, Mr. Atlee—her eagerness is driving her half mad."

"Take him out to 'Lebanon' on Sunday," said my lord; and Lady Maude agreed with a charming grace and courtesy, adding, as she left the room: "So remember you are engaged for Sunday." Atlee bowed as he held the door open for her to pass out, and threw into his glance what he desired might mean homage and eternal devotion.

"Now, then, for a little quiet confab," said my lord. "Let me hear what you

meant by your telegram. All I could make out was that you found our man."

"Yes; I found him, and passed several hours in his company."

"Was the fellow very much out at elbows, as usual?"

"No, my lord—thriving, and likely to thrive. He has just been named envoy to the Ottoman Court."

"Bah!" was all the reply his incredulity could permit.

"True, I assure you. Such is the estimation he is held in at Athens, the Greeks declare he has not his equal. You are aware that his name is Speridion Kostalergi, and he claims to be Prince of Delos."

"With all my heart. Our Hellenic friends never quarrel over their nobility. There are titles, and to spare, for everyone. Will he give us our papers?"

"Yes; but not without high terms. He declares, in fact, my lord, that you can no more return to the Bosphorus without him, than he can go there without you."

"Is the fellow insolent enough to make this ground?"

"That is he. In fact, he presumes to talk as your lordship's colleague, and hints at the several points in which you may act in concert."

"It is very Greek, all this."

"His terms are ten thousand pounds in cash, and—"

"There, there, that will do. Why not fifty—why not a hundred thousand?"

"He affects a desire to be moderate, my lord."

"I hope you withdrew at once, after such a proposal? I trust you did not prolong the interview a moment longer?"

"I arose, indeed, and declared that the mere mention of such terms was like a refusal to treat at all."

"And you retired?"

"I gained the door, when he detained me. He has, I must admit, a marvelous plausibility, for, though at first he seemed to rely on the all-importance of these documents to your lordship, how far they would compromise you in the past and impede you for the future; how they would impair your influence, and excite the animosity of many who were freely canvassed and discussed in them—yet he abandoned all that at the end of our interview, and restricted himself to the plea that the sum, if a large one, could not be a serious difficulty to a great English noble, and would be the crowning fortune of a poor Greek gentleman, who merely desired to secure a marriage portion for his only daughter."

"And you believed this?"

"I so far believe him that I have his pledge in writing, that, when he has your lordship's assurance that you will comply with his terms—and he only asks that much—he will deposit the papers in the hands of the minister at Athens, and constitute your lordship the trustee of the amount in favor of his daughter, the sum only to be paid on her marriage."

"How can it possibly concern me that he has a daughter; or why should I accept such a trust?"

"The proposition had no other meaning than to guarantee the good faith on which his demand is made."

"I don't believe in the daughter."

"That is, that there is one?"

"No. I am persuaded that she has no existence. It is some question of a mistress or a dependent; and, if so, the sentimentality, which would seem to have appealed so forcibly to you, fails at once."

"That is quite true, my lord; and I cannot deny the weakness you accuse me of. There may be no daughter in the question."

"Ah! You begin to perceive now that you surrendered your convictions too easily, Atlee. You failed in that element of 'restless distrust' that Talleyrand used to call the temper of the diplomatist."

"It is not the first time I have had to feel I am your lordship's inferior."

"My education was not made in a day, Atlee. It need be no discouragement to you that you are not as long-sighted as I am. No, no; rely upon it, there is no daughter in the case."

"With that conviction, my lord, what is easier than to make your adhesion to his terms conditional on his truth? You agree, if his statement be in all respects verified."

"Which implies that it is of the least consequence to me whether the fellow has a daughter or not?"

"It is so only as the guarantee of the man's veracity."

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"And shall I give ten thousand pounds to test that?"

"No, my lord; but to reposes yourself of what, in very doubtful hands, might prove a great scandal and a great disaster."

"Ten thousand pounds! ten thousand pounds!"

"Why not eight, perhaps five? I have not your lordship's great knowledge to guide me, and I cannot tell when these men really mean to maintain their ground. From my own very meagre experiences I should say he was not a very tractable individual. He sees some promise of better fortune before him, and like a genuine gambler—as I hear he is—he determines to back his luck."

"Ten thousand pounds!" muttered the other, below his breath.

"As regards the money, my lord, I take it that these same papers were documents which more or less concerned the public service—they were in no sense personal, although meant to be private; and although in my ignorance I may be mistaken, it seems to me that the fund devoted to secret services could not be more fittingly appropriated than in acquiring documents whose publicity could prove a national injury."

"Totally wrong—utterly wrong. The money could never be paid on such a pretense—the 'Office' would not sanction—no minister would dare to advise it."

"Then I come back to my original suggestion. I should give a conditional acceptance, and treat for a reduction of the amount."

"You would say five?"

"I opine, my lord, eight would have more chance of success."

"You are a warm advocate for your client," said his lordship, laughing; and though the shot was merely a random one, it went so true to the mark that Atlee flushed up and became crimson all over. "Don't mistake me, Atlee," said his lordship, in a kindly tone. "I know thoroughly how my interests, and only mine, have any claim on your attention. This Greek fellow must be less than nothing to you. Tell me now frankly, do you believe one word he has told you? Is he really named as minister to Turkey?"

"That much I can answer for—he is."

"What of the daughter—is there a daughter?"

"I suspect there may be. However, the matter admits of an easy proof. He has given me names and addresses in Ireland of relatives with whom she is living. Now I am thoroughly conversant with Ireland, and, by the indications in my power, I can pledge myself to learn all, not only about the existence of this person, but of such family circumstances as might serve to guide you in your resolve. Time is what is most to be thought of here. Kostalergi requires a prompt answer—first of all, your assurance that you will support his claim to be received by the sultan. Well, my lord, if you refuse, Mouravieff will do it. You know better than me how impolitic it might be to throw these Turks more into Russian influence—"

Never mind that, Atlee. Don't distress yourself about the political aspect of the question."

"I promised a telegraphic line to say would you or would you not sustain his nomination. It was to be yes or no—not more."

"Say yes. I'll not split hairs about what Greek best represents his nation. Say yes."

"I am sure, my lord, you do wisely. He is evidently a man of ability, and, I

suspect, not morally much worse than his countrymen in general."

"Say yes; and then"—he mused for some minutes before he continued—"and then run over to Ireland; learn something, if you can, of this girl, with whom she is staying, in what position, what guarantees, if any, could be had for the due employment and destination of a sum of money, in the event of our agreeing to pay it. Mind, it is simply as a gauge of the fellow's veracity that this story has any value for us. Daughter or no daughter is not of any moment to me; but I want to test the problem—can he tell one word of truth about anything? You are shrewd enough to see the bearing of this narrative on all he has told you—where it sustains, where it accuses him."

"Shall I set out at once, my lord?"

"No. Next week will do. We'll leave him to ruminate over your telegram. That will show him we have entertained his project; and he is too practised a hand not to know the value of an opened negotiation. Cradock and Melish, and one or two more, wish to talk with you about Turkey. Graydon, too, has some questions to ask you about Suez. They dine here on Monday. Tuesday we are to have the Hargraves and Lord Masham, and a couple of Under-Secretaries of State; and Lady Maude will tell us about Wednesday, for all these people, Atlee, are coming to see you. The newspapers have so persistently been keeping you before the world, everyone wants to see you."

Atlee might have told his lordship—but but he did not—by what agency it chanced that his journeys and his jests were so thoroughly known to the press of every capital in Europe.

(To be Continued.)

## FRENCHMEN RESPECT NUNS.

The Theatre Francais, the famous house of Moliere, and the venerable home of the best European school of classical comedy, has made an error of judgment in producing a one-act comedy entitled "Le Voile," by the Belgian poet, George Rodenback. The story, according to the correspondent of the Catholic Times, is of a nursing Sister in charge of a sick woman whose nephew, by daily association with the nun, conceives a romantic passion for her. The play is of a morbid and melancholy character, and is rendered particularly distasteful by the constant allusion to religious things, and even to the recital of the Lord's Prayer and making the sign of the cross. The author has no offensive intention, but the nature of the sketch makes it inevitable. On the second performance the play was hissed. Frenchmen are bad enough in too many cases, heaven knows, but they look up to nuns with reverence and respect. There is a halo about the cornette which brings out the best feelings of this volatile people, and they will have no mimicry or caricature of the Sister of Charity. The religieuse is associated with their childhood, their schools, their homes, their sick beds, their battle fields, and it is a consoling and pleasing circumstance to be able to record that even a well meant effort to treat the nun on the stage at once meets with reprobation.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

Excused.—Mother: Good gracious! How did you get so muddy? Small Son: Runnin' home to see if there was anything you wanted me to do.

**AURORA BOREALIS.**

**THE GRAND PHENOMENON OF THE HEAVENS.**

Witnessed Amid the Rugged Wilds of the Far Northwest—Parading on the Frontiers of Eternity—Graphic and Poetic Description of the Play of the Northern Lights—Symbolism of Faith and Religion.

[By J. K. Foran, LL. B., Lit. D., Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.]

The following article appeared in the July number of the Catholic Reading Circle Review, and has been extensively reproduced all over the United States:—

Perhaps there is no natural phenomenon as wonderful and as beautiful as the Aurora Borealis, the fantastic and kaleidoscopic phantom of the Arctic skies. Superstition has woven a hundred legends with that shuttle of light in the great loom of the heavens; science has not arrived at any positive conclusion regarding the cause of the luminous apparition; theories have been formulated, some very reasonable, no doubt, but as yet nothing positive is known on the subject. Scott causes the "Last Minstrel" to sing:

"He knew by the streamers that shot so bright,  
That spirits were riding the Northern Light."

The Indian is naturally superstitious and the miracles of beauty or power that he beholds in the heavens always suggests to his untutored mind thoughts wild and ungovernable. The Northern Lights he considers as signals flung out by the Great Spirit to warn him of impending evils; the thunder-storm he looks upon as a manifestation of the Spirit's anger. He gazes upon the ever-shifting splendors of the Aurora Borealis with mingled feelings of astonishment and dread. The shantyman partakes, more or less, of the Indian's sentiments—especially his awe. In the woods the men believe that the appearance of the Northern Lights is a sign of war, confusion, bloodshed; they believe that when they see this phenomenon that great battles are then being fought some place in the world.

Several missionaries have taken advantage of such scenes as I am about to describe to illustrate to the Indian and the shanty man the power, the goodness, the omni-presence, the glory of God. Late in October, 1884, I had occasion to note how skillfully an earnest missionary can turn a source of superstitious fear into a means of solid instruction. I was traveling with old Simon along the Moose Creek; we had been out on a two days hunt and were returning to the depot. A small band of Indians were camped beneath the Snake Hills, a series of upheavals that line the upper part of Moose Creek. It was late in the evening when we reached the wigwams and we determined to spend the night with our Tete-de-Boule friends. Simon was always welcome on account of his flute, and I was a white-haired boy amongst these people.

Scarcely had we taken our supper when the Indians gathered around, in the expectation, no doubt, of hearing some music and songs. Before we had time to begin the evening entertainment that was to represent cash for hospitality received, we were interrupted by the arrival of a stranger. He came from the north-east, evidently from the Victoria Lake region; but in the dusk and at a distance we were not, at first, able to recognize the traveler. When he reached the camp-fire we saw that he was a priest. He had been at a Hudson Bay Company's depot or fort some miles north, and was returning by way of our depot to the head of the Black River. Like ourselves he was very glad to meet with the Indians and to have company for the night. It is a lonely thing to sleep alone in the woods. It was a beautiful evening and we enjoyed it chatting and smoking around the fire. Father Miron told us several stories of recent adventures he had experienced. Simon played several airs and sang a song, and the night grew darker, the hours flew past, the time approached when travelers love to rest, and we all prepared to roll up in our blankets.

Before retiring the priest asked us all to join him in an evening prayer; the Indians were Catholics, so that there was no one to demur, and the prayer commenced.

While we were praying a strange

transformation commenced in the heavens above us. To the Southward the sky was inky dark, to the Westward a slight, but rapidly vanishing streak of crimson told that the sun had lately gone that way, to the Eastward a pale, shimmering light announced that the moon would soon roll up from beneath the horizon, in the zenith a few stars peeped out from the blue depths and gazed calmly down upon the wilderness of trees. Along the North, and upon the very verge of the horizon and over the summits of the dark-frowning hills, a pale, soft yellowish tinge appeared—so faint that it might have been an extension of the glow that spreads out when the darkness of night gathers upon the track of the departed sun. To a species of lemon hue and then a light orange the shivering glimmer changed. Gradually it rose higher and became much brighter, while beneath a long purple streak formed a strata of color between it and the blackish green that rested upon the extreme rim of the sky. All eyes were turned toward the advancing phenomenon. Higher still rolled the chest of golden brilliancy, lighter still grew the purple band below, and greener still became the mass of transparent blackness upon the line of the hill tops. Soon, as if a giant breath from the lips of some invisible power had swept over the face of the picture, the shades shifted, interblended, undulated to and fro, and seemed as Scott describes the shadows on the mountain:

"Neither broken nor at rest."

As we gazed in mute contemplation, in silent wonderment, the scene changed with the rapidity of a panorama. From out the scene of the moving and variegated color a beam of light shot with electric rapidity up into the heavens; it was followed by a second and a third until fully twenty score of glittering lances pierced the dark blue of the vault above. As if some detachment from the Angelic Army of the Church Triumphant were parading on the frontier of eternity, the shimmering spears arose, fell moved, from side to side, came together in groups, separated into detachments, and finally united in one immeasurable sheaf of glory. Meanwhile a crimson flush crept up from behind the hills, and a deep vermilion tinge spread over the brow of night. Higher and higher rolled, flashed, spurted, undulated, the ever changing, ever interlacing, ever fantastic glories; wider and wider, to East and to West, the yellowish green of the huge foundation of light expanded until half the circle of the horizon was taken in. Zenithward softly, silently, mysteriously moved the scintillating points of the giant spears and the silver shafts that upheld them. At last, in the very centre of the empyrean, riveted to the ceiling of the skies by a diamond-headed bolt, the gathered folds of the wondrous prismatic canopy remained fixed. A golden bar, reaching from the extremes of the sky, rested horizontally in space; at either end it was supported by a star and from its quivering edge hung a curtain of endless shades and colors; the immense fringes of that restless veil touched the tops of the Laurentians and seemed to become tangled in the branches of the lofty pine trees. It would almost make one think that this must be the curtain that hides from our human eyes the glories of the Beatific Vision. Never before did I gaze upon aught so wonderful; never again do I expect to behold such a spectacle of glory. It is only in the North, in the land of the long winters and the short days, away towards the sources of our mighty rivers, that the Aurora Borealis is to be seen in all its perfection. Perchance that very night people in Ottawa were gazing upon the upper rim of that pavilion of prismatic splendor beneath which we said our prayers; if so they could glean but a faint idea of all the shifting beauties that were hidden beneath their horizon.

But even as we watched every change in the form and combination of the vision before us, the immense curtain seemed to quiver, as if stirred by a breeze; to glimmer, as if it were miles of shot silk; to roll up, as if some mighty crank were turned by an irresistible power. Up, up it rolled, until half the dark stage in that wonderful theatre of nature was visible; suddenly, the strength that worked the wheel gave out, for the drop-curtain came down with a flash and rushing noise. Meanwhile the canopy overhead had changed, and a million arrows of silver and gold were pointed downward, at us, from the centre of the heavens. These



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soon vanished; a velvety cloud of a rose-a-hue replaced them; wheels of varied proportions whirled through space; waves of greenish lustre leaped over in rapid succession. It would seem as if the hand of the Almighty were turning the kaleidoscope of the universe for the amusement of the dusky children of the forest.

All these transformations took less time than it does to write, or in fact to read, of them. An immense cloud of black, devoid of all color, all reflection even of the hues around it, came tearing along from the East; it seemed like some fearful monster escaped from the infernal regions and bent on running amuck through the realms of the sky. It came on like a tempest of the desert, like a hurricane of the South, like the demon phantom of the Orient; it crushed its way through the spears of light, snapping and shivering them into atoms; it plunged into the curtain of glories and tore it into ribbons, leaving them streeling in its track like fragments of a ripped and riven rainbow. In the wake of the monster there was a seething mass of phosphorescent foam—something like that peculiar glimmer that is seen at night upon the Atlantic when the mackerel are in motion. "The Phantom of the Threshold" vanished behind the hills and below the horizon, and into the cavern of Erebus it dragged the remaining shreds of the tattered canopy of light.

In an hour from the time that the first flush of the Aurora Borealis appeared upon the sky the whole picture of glory had vanished. During all that hour not a single word was spoken in our camp. The priest told his beads and repeated some of his other prayers; never did he pray in a grander basilica, and never had temple such a canopy of splendor. It recalled to my mind, especially when the moon rolled zenithward, those four inimitable lines from Denis Florence McCarthy's "Voyage of St. Brendan":

"What earthly temple such a roof can boast?  
What flickering lamp with the rich star-light vies,  
When the round moon rests, like a sacred Host,  
Upon the azure altar of the skies?"

I was too much absorbed in the unspeakable glories about me to break the silence during that hour of transport; I almost imagine that it is somewhat thus a soul would feel thrilled with wonder, admiration, love, adoration, perfected bliss and immeasurable contentment when the first gleam of heaven's glories would break upon its vision and the majesty of God's splendor would encompass its existence. In presence of such phenomena the heart is too full, the soul too wrapt, the mind too occupied to permit of speech; one can only kneel, contemplate and adore.

When all was over, and we decided that it was time to retire for the night, the good missionary asked us to listen to his explanation of the wonders we had just beheld. It is unnecessary that I should repeat the able manner in which Father Miron explained to the Indians the meaning of our Faith, the ideas of God, of creation, of redemption, of the devil, of the veil that hides the beauties of heaven from our sight, but through which, by the light of the Church's teaching, we can catch a glimpse of the effects of sin, of how the monster cloud of evil tears and destroys the most perfectly harmonized virtues in the soul. It is sufficient to say that the priest taught these poor forest children a lesson that they never forgot. Five years later Simon told me that every Indian in that band could describe the glories of heaven, the evils of sin, the beauty of faith, the majesty of God and the perfections of the Church better than any ordinarily educated person that he had ever met. Since that night I have never seen Father Miron,

nor do I know whether he is living or dead; but should he be alive and ever read these pages I am sure they will serve to awaken pleasant memories.

**THE QUESTION OF SLAVERY.**

IS IT WRONG?

There are two kinds of slavery, willing and unwilling. There is no question about the second being wrong; it is against Nature for a man to hold and use another like an animal. Such a dominion ignores the essential right of man to liberty. It is worse than tyranny, and essentially wrong. Willing slavery is when a man consents to be a slave. This question is more difficult to resolve. Man can give up those essential rights which cannot be taken from him, as priests give up the right to marry. We read of St. Dominic offering himself to be sold into slavery as a ransom. This may seem to belong to the heroic and exceptional class of actions which cannot establish a rule. Neither, however, can they contradict an essential rule of Nature. It would seem, perhaps, probable that a man may surrender his entire liberty and be a slave of his own will, always putting aside the case of sin. This, however, is different from the case of hereditary slavery which is willing, perhaps, but only from custom or fear of a freedom not experienced and therefore dangerous. Men born in slavery are willingly slaves, but in a negative sense, and they never claim rights because they have not known them. This kind of slavery is not lawful, and on the part of the master at least is sinful.

The Church in the ancient world had to confront not an abstract principle, but a state of society in the institution of slavery. There was not one will but two bound in the institution. There was the will of the master and the will of the slave. It was not easy, therefore, to say how far this complex state of things was wrong, when the will of the slave consented to and upheld it. Multitudes of slaves wished for no other lot, and were fitted for no other. They were happy, fed, cared for, taught. If set at liberty, as then understood, they would starve, fall into neglect and ignorance. Next, granting a state of things to be wrong, it requires great prudence, care and thought to know how and when to condemn it. To condemn at all sometimes entails a greater evil. To condemn false principles is one thing, to condemn a state of society is another. The Church was bound from the first to condemn the principles of slavery. She did so, as we see from the New Testament, and in the best way by proclaiming the opposite truth. St. Paul says, "One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism." These words and many others were a knell in the ears of the slaveholder. Rarely does the Church condemn positive states of society. This belongs more to the individual conscience. Give conscience its true light, provide it with sound general principles, and by degrees, slowly and surely the walls of iniquity fall down.

So it was with slavery. Instead of a wholesale ban against slavery equally unwelcome both to master and slave, because neither would have understood it, the Church poured her calm, clear light on man, and in due time the abominable thing which had enslaved both master and slave in different degrees of dishonorable servitude, crept from the new illumination and vanished.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

**Bargains in Furniture going on this month, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every Evening. Tell your friends about it.**

"Still a bachelor, Winters?" "Yes."  
"Necessity or choice?" "Both. My necessity, her choice."



## TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

## THE CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL UNION

Endorses the Action of Monsignor Satolli—Strong Statement by Total Abstinence Catholics.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 4.—The decision of Mgr. Satolli sustaining Bishop Watterson of Columbus, O., in refusing to recognize in his church Catholic societies officered by liquor dealers was endorsed in the strongest possible manner by the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America at its twenty-fourth general convention now being held here.

The endorsement was in the form of a general statement, which was adopted with but one dissenting vote, that of James E. Laughlin, a delegate from Philadelphia, who contended that Satolli's decision amounted to an interference with personal liberty. Mr. Laughlin's opposition and its remarks called out some sharp retorts from both male and female delegates. The statement adopted is:

"The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, assembled in its twenty-fourth general convention, see in the signs of the times much evidence that the temperance cause will have many triumphs to record in the early future. It sees in the recent action of Bishop Watterson, which has been so nobly sustained by Mgr. Satolli, a long step in the right direction.

"It believes that this action will crystallize the influence of the Church against the saloon, and will stamp the latter indelibly as the irreclaimable enemy of the Church.

"The decision of the Papal Delegate cannot fail to give additional authority to the recommendation of the council of Baltimore that all Catholic saloon keepers abandon, as soon as they can, the dangerous traffic, and embark in some becoming way of making a living. The decision will serve as a renewal of the invitation which our Holy Father Leo XIII. has already addressed to all the priests of the land to enter into the work of temperance reform.

"Let all the pastors therefore do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation and by living before all as models of abstinence, that so many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State may by their strenuous endeavors be averted."

"These words of the Holy Father, now emphasized by the decision of his representative, will enlist the sympathies of the whole body of the clergymen in the cause of total abstinence, and, with the clergy strongly committed against the saloon, the day of vindication for the Church in America will be at hand. The scandal of a preponderating number of Catholics in the saloon business is a disgrace too long endured. Whatever the cause of the fact, a new day is at hand.

"The convention rejoices that Catholics are now aroused to the great evil and the great disgrace of intemperance and dens of intemperance among Catholics. Let this be a spur to make all Catholics strive all the more ardently to realize the counsels of Christian perfection, whose corner stone is mortification, and the best mortification for these times is total abstinence.

"We urge all Catholics to banish liquor from their homes, and from their social and political clubs. Let Catholic banquets be made remarkable by the absence of all alcoholic drinks; let saloon-keepers be excluded from membership in all societies of Catholics; give no support to Catholic papers which allow liquor dealers to advertise in their columns.

"The Catholic paper must be an auxiliary of the pulpit. It must not encourage what would silence the pulpit. On the other hand, let Catholics give their hearty support to all temperance papers which are honestly devoted to the cause of temperance. Let every faithful son of the holy mother Church do his utmost to make the name of Catholic stand unmistakably for total abstinence.

"This Convention wishes a hearty god-speed to every worthy worker for total abstinence. Many associations may not be workers on the same lines as the C. T. A. U., but every man who is working for total abstinence is so far in the sight of God.

"This Convention recommends to

Catholics to seek out ways and means of furthering the cause of sobriety from every honest worker in the same cause. We recommend in an especial manner that every subordinate union have its own Literary Bureau and issue its own bulletin regularly. We recommend that every society in our union establish a permanent committee on missionary work among the victims of intemperance where they are most needed, and let them try in every way, and especially by personal appeals, to move the drunkard from self-destruction.

"The Convention approves most heartily and rejoices at the formation of societies among women and of total abstinence corps among our boys. It believes with Bishop Keane that women are to do a great work for the cause of total abstinence. Total abstinence cadet corps formed among the boys are the ounce of prevention which is worth a pound of cure.

"The Convention desires most ardently that society and individual members of the C. T. A. U. exert every effort to enlist colored Catholics in the cause of total abstinence. We heartily rejoice in the good work so far done in the cause of total abstinence by the League of the Sacred Heart, and we are glad to welcome this new auxiliary in the great work of total abstinence."

Telegrams were received from Bishop Watterson of Ohio regretting his absence, and from the Rev. Thomas Conaty reading:

Bishop Watterson's action is a second independence declaration, which assures our Church of greater success than ever before.

Prior to adjournment, addresses were made by Bishop Stanley of North Dakota and the Rev. Fr. Cranley of Notre Dame, Ind.

At the meeting in the evening this cable dispatch from Rome was read:

The Holy Father blesses your convention with his whole heart.

M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

Mgr. Satolli, from Washington, sent this dispatch:

My Cardinal blessing upon the Convention. I pray that the best fruits follow from it. The Total Abstinence Society is the guardian of the homes of America. They who strive for the mastery restrain themselves from all intoxicating drinks. They are they who receive the incorruptible crown. For religion and country.

FRANCIS SATOLLI,  
Delegate Apostolic.

Bargains in Furniture going on this month, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every Evening. Tell your friends about it.

## FARMS FOR SALE.

FARMS In every county in Canada, NEBRASKA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, MANITOBA, MISSOURI, NOVA SCOTIA, DAKOTA, etc. Please send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address.

## FARMS A SPECIALTY.

P. E. BROWN,

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

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

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

Sold Everywhere, 25c. each.

Don't Burn Your Hands.

BUY A FRUIT JAR HOLDER

Don't Burn Your Fruit.

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RANGES, GAS STOVES, TINWARE, CUTLERY, HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

ALL KINDS OF STOVES REPAIRED.

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INTEND, IF POSSIBLE,

During the Month of August to Clear Out all Summer Stock left over, and if Genuine Reductions is the Right Motor we will surely drive them out.

## THIS WEEK

We are offering Special Values in GENTS' FURNISHINGS, such as

SHIRTS, : TIES, : BRACES,  
—AND—  
BOYS' CLOTHING.

Men's Flannelette Boating Shirts, 25c each.

Men's Flannelette Boating Shirts, fine quality, 35c, 50c, 75c.

Men's Oxford Boating Shirts 75 cents each.

Men's Silk Warp Boating Shirts, \$1.50 each.

Men's Flannelette and Twilled Cotton Night Shirts, 75c each.

Boys' Twilled Cotton Night Shirts, all sizes.

Men's Fine White Shirts, "our own make," 75c and \$1.00.

Nice Silk Four-in-Hand Ties, 15c, 20c, 25c up.

Men's Washing Derby Ties, 5 cents each.

Men's Braces, 15c up.

Boys' Braces, 9c up.

And all BOYS' SUITS left in Stock at Half Regular Price.

## JAS. A. O'GILVY &amp; SON,

THE FAMILY LINEN AND DRAPERY HOUSE,

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Cakes delivered to all parts of the city, Reductions to Restaurants, Hotels, etc.

## T. C. O'BRIEN,

FANCY BOOTS and SHOES,

281 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

MONTREAL.

Youths' Department.

TOM'S RIDE.

Tom Bromly was nearly ten years old and a pretty good boy generally, but he had one rather unhappy failing, he would sometimes shirk his duties, especially if they were unpleasant. Now if there was one thing above another that Tom disliked, it was picking up potatoes. Grandpa Bromly had a large field to dig, and it was Tom's business to pick the potatoes up into the cart. How he dreaded it!

Grandpa had been digging all the forenoon of one September day. After dinner Tom went out, and sat down very dejectedly on the bulkhead door. If he could only devise some means to avoid picking up those potatoes!

By and by he heard grandpa get up from his nap. It was now or never, and Tom took to his heels, and ran out to the barn, which stood at the top of a long hill. Lying there was a stout old vinegar barrel, and in a trice he had crept into it, and pulled a great bunch of pea-vines in after him to conceal his presence, while grandpa trudged around the barn, and shouted himself hoarse calling for him.

Tom had not been in there long when he fell asleep.

Now there was a great hog in the sty, that grandpa called Sampson, because he was so strong. He had rooted under the fence, and carried it on his back so many times, that grandpa had been obliged to put a ring in his nose. But in some way, Sampson had got rid of it that day, and, to celebrate his liberty, he again rooted under the fence. He came warily around the corner of the barn, expecting trouble, but finding nothing worse than the gobbler strutting about, he began to hunt for something to eat.

Immediately he snuffed out a few early potatoes under the side of the barrel, let over from sorting. Ah, how he crunched them!

But in a moment they were gone, and Sampson began to push his nose under the barrel in quest of more. Suddenly it began to sway, then to roll down on Sampson, who backed off slowly. It had got over the brink of the hill when Tom awoke. Away it rolled, faster and faster, Sampson could not understand it, and in great alarm turned and fled down the hill, his great ears flapping wildly.

"Stop it! stop it!" shrieked Tom, with jerky, muffled cries from the inside.

But how could Sampson stop it? He would have been glad to, no doubt, for the horrible thing was right on to his heels and nearly skinning them at every jump. He did what he could, he squealed in sympathy at the very top of his voice, drowning poor Tom's howls for help, 'tis true, but bringing grandma Bromly out in a panic. She could not catch the barrel. Dear, no! And on it went, bound, bound—pump, pump! poor Tom going over and over with such rapidity, that his head was all in a whirl. It struck a big rock in the road. Away it bounded into the air, coming down on Sampson's back with such force, as to send him sprawling in the middle of the road, and rolled on over him, leaving him for a moment nearly stunned. Then he sprang to his feet, and fled up the hill to his pen, where he hid himself in the darkest corner, "hooting" and holding his breath and listening for the terrible creature which had overtaken him, and nearly broken his back.

"Ow-w-w! Sto-o-p it!" came from the barrel, while it fairly hummed over the stones. Leaping higher and higher, it flew to the bottom of the hill, and with a little skip, plunged into the goose-pond right among the squalling, hissing geese, while grandma came on behind, with her cap hanging to the back of her neck and one slipper lost off.

Tom crawled out of the pond, wet and dizzy, and so bruised up and sick, that he could not stand; and after wiping the mud off him with some tansy leaves, grandma went after grandpa Bromly, who wheeled him up the hill in a wheelbarrow, with such a comical twinkle in his eye, that Tom was ashamed and hid his face in his old wet hat.

But that ride did Tom more good than any other he ever took in his life, for it cured him of the habit of shirking.

Yours respectfully—Venie, in Catholic Columbian.

HOW JANIE SETTLED IT.

"Here comes mamma," said Janie. "Oh, mamma, must I save some of my candy for Grace?"

"I think a good little sister would." "But Grace didn't give me any of hers yesterday."

"Didn't she? How did you like that?" "I didn't like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too, because I think she was real mean."

"Dear, dear, and is mamma to have two mean little girls then?"

Janie looked at her mother and was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck, and said: "No no, mamma, dear! You shall not have any mean little girls at all. I guess Grace forgot; and I'll go and give her some of my candy now, so she won't ever forget again."

Her mother smiled. "I think that is the way to make her remember," she said "and I am so glad I am to have two kind little girls."

A QUEER COACH.

Louella Allen lives on a big farm in California. There were some very large squashes on the place, and one of them was so large that her father had it hollowed out to make a Cinderella coach for Louella.

One day, while a gentleman from the East was visiting the family, Mr. Allen and Louella and the guest were walking over the place. Louella slipped away and ran to her squash and got inside.

Then as they walked over the field, Mr. Allen said, "I suppose you would hardly believe that girls would grow in squashes out here, but I shouldn't wonder if you would find one in this big squash."

He tapped the squash, the sides fell apart, and out sprang his little girl!

The Eastern gentleman was so astonished that his hair has been white ever since; but I rather think it was white before.

This squash was more than three feet in length.

A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system, due to impure blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk! The proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery take all the chances. They make a straightforward offer to return your money if their remedy fails to benefit or cure in all disorders and affections due to impure blood or inactive liver. The germs of disease circulate through the blood; the liver is the filter which permits the germs to enter or not. The liver active, and the blood pure, and you escape disease.

When you're run down, debilitated, weak, and your weight below a healthy standard, you regain health, strength, and wholesome flesh, by using the "Discovery." It builds up the body faster than nauseating Cod liver oil or emulsions.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, and headaches.

Music Soothes the Soul

Paine's Celery Compound Makes the Sick and Diseased Body Healthy and Strong.

ST. GERTRUDE.—11.11.11.11.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



Onward all ye weary, nervous, weak and pale,

Use that mighty Compound, which can never fail; It will strength and vigor give to old and young; It will build the body, strengthen nerves unstrung.

Onward then ye weary, nervous, weak pale, Use that mighty Compound, which can never fail.

By this Compound's power, fell disease must fly, Health will lift its banner, o'er us all on high; The broken-down and wearied, all will strength regain, Perfect health and pleasure will for us remain.

Onward then ye weary, etc.

Thousands of our people who once suffered long, Now rejoice in vigor, feel robust and strong; That remedy of virtue, Paine's Celery Compound, Saved them from the perils that compassed them around.

Onward then ye weary, etc.

Onward then ye people, hearken to the sound! Victory will follow Paine's Celery Compound; Disease and pain can never 'gainst our lives prevail; While we use this Compound we can never fail.

Onward then ye weary, etc.

TRADE AND COMMERCE

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—We quote:

Patent Spring	3.40 @ 3.50
Ontario Patent	3.10 @ 3.20
Straight Roller	2.80 @ 3.05
Extra	2.40 @ 2.60
Superfine	2.15 @ 2.35
City Strong Bakers	3.30 @ 3.40
Manitoba Bakers	3.15 @ 3.40
Ontario bags—extra	1.30 @ 1.40
Straight Rollers	1.50 @ 1.65

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.60. Standard \$4.45 to \$4.50. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.25 to \$2.25, and standard at \$2.15 to \$2.20. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are selling at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.40 to \$3.50.

Bran, etc.—Car lots have changed hands during the week at \$14.50 to \$15.50. Shorts are scarce at \$18 to \$20, and moullie at \$20 to \$22 as to grade.

Wheat.—For a lot of No. 2 red winter wheat, however, in store here, 60c was bid. No. 1 hard spring wheat is quoted here nominally at 60c to 70c, and No. 2 at 60c to 67c. At Fort William, No. 1 hard is quoted at 62c afloat, and car lots delivered at Ontario mills are quoted at 71c to 73c.

Corn.—Market quiet at 60c to 61c duty paid, and 62c to 63c in bond.

Peas.—The market is quiet but steady at 73c in store or 74c afloat, business being reported at 73c in store.

Oats.—Car lots have been sold for local account at 39c to 39c for No. 2 in store, and at 38c to 36c for rejected and No. 3. New oats have been offered here for September shipment at 35c, and lower prices are looked for.

Barley.—The market is quiet at 45c to 47c for feed, and 50c to 53c for malting.

Rye.—Quotations are nominal at 52c to 53c. Sales at 52c.

Buckwheat.—The market is quiet at 47c to 48c.

Malt.—Quiet at 72c to 75c.

Seeds.—We quote Canadian timothy \$2.25 to \$2.50, and Western timothy \$1.90 to \$2.10. Alsike \$7.00 to \$7.50 for good to fancy. Red clover quiet at \$6 to \$7 as to quality.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote:

Canada short cut pork per bbl	\$18.50 @ 20.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl	18.00 @ 18.50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl	18.00 @ 18.25
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl	17.50 @ 18.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl	12.25 @ 12.50
Plate beef, per bbl	16.25 @ 16.50
Hams, per lb	8 1/2 @ 10 1/2
Lard, pure in pails, per lb	8 1/2 @ 10c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb	7 1/2 @ 7 1/2
Bacon, per lb	10 @ 11c
Shoulders, per lb	8 1/2 @ 9c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—

per lb.	
Creamery, fresh	13c to 19c
Eastern Townships dairy	17c to 17 1/2c
Western	14c to 16 1/2c

Cheese.—We quote:

Finest Western, colored	9c to 9 1/2c
" white	8 1/2c to 9c
" Quebec, colored	9c to 9 1/2c
" white	8c to 8 1/2c
Under grades	8c to 8 1/2c
Cable	45s

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Round lots of candled stock have sold at 10c to 10 1/2c, and choice fresh stock in single cases at 10 1/2c to 11c.

Baled Hay.—Sales are reported in baled hay at \$7.25 to \$7.50 for No. 2 alongside vessel. At stations on the Grand Trunk and C.P.R., sales have been made at \$6.50 to \$7 for No. 2, and inferior qualities at \$5.50 to \$6.00.

Hops.—We quote 10c to 12c for good to choice qualities and 9c medium; old at 3c to 7c.

FRUITS, Etc

Oranges.—Very high prices are being commanded, namely \$5.50 for 160s; there is no 200s or 300s left in the market.

Lemons.—Prices high and firm, namely \$3.75 to \$4 per box.

Bananas.—Good sales are reported at \$1 to \$1.50 per bunch.

Cherries.—Fair sales are reported of California cherries at \$1.75 per box.

Peaches.—There is a good demand for peaches at \$2.50 per crate.

Plums.—Are also selling well at \$1.75 to \$2.25 per crate.

Pears.—Command good sales at \$2 to \$2.50 per box.

Tomatoes.—Are pretty well cleaned up at \$2.25 for 4 crate carrier.

Watermelons.—Receipts have been light, with sales at 15c each for small and 18c to 20c for large.

Raspberries.—Raspberries are selling very well at 12c per box, 40c per small bucket and 80c for large bucket.

Apples.—Sales are reported as being very slow and hard to push at \$1.25 to \$3 per barrel.

FISH OILS.

Oils.—We also hear of a lot of 100 bbls to arrive, being offered at under 34c; but on spot we quote 35c to 37c as to quantity. Newfoundland cod oil is quiet but steady at 34c to 35c in jobbing lots, and Gaspe at 32c to 33c. Round lots would be shaded. Cod liver oil is quiet at 65c to 75c.

Charles—What do you think of a man who will return an umbrella the same day he borrows it?"

James—"Oh, I never concern myself with anything but facts."



**A CORNWALL MIRACLE.**

**AN AFFLICTED FAMILY RESTORED TO HEALTH.**

Only One of Many Similar Cases—How the Restoration to Health Was Brought About—A Plain Recital of Facts.

From the Cornwall Standard.

There is no longer reason to seek far for proof of the miraculous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We have heard of numerous marvelous cures following the use of this wonderful medicine, and have been successful in obtaining the facts for publication in one of them. Mr. Andrew Bowen, an employee of the Canada Cotton Mill, was taken ill about three years ago, and compelled to give up his position and cease work entirely. He was suffering from rheumatism which was followed by a complication of diseases, and in a few months became a helpless cripple. His wife became thoroughly worn out through waiting on him and in a short time also became an invalid, and their plight was most pitiable indeed. They secured the best medical advice within their reach, spending a large amount of money in medicines which failed to give them any permanent relief. This went on for nearly three years, and during that period they suffered untold agonies.

The above is summarized from the statements made by Mr. and Mrs. Bowen to the Standard representative. We will give the remainder of the story in Mr. Bowen's own words. He said: "We were both terribly run down and completely discouraged at seeing dollar after dollar go for medicine that did not seem to do us any good. We had about given up all hope of ever getting well again, when my attention was called to a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had nearly lost all faith in medicines, and had made up my mind that my wife and myself were past human aid and would have to endure our suffering. We were repeatedly urged by friends to try the Pink Pills, and at last consented. After taking a couple of boxes we did not see any noticeable benefit and were about to give them up, but were urged to persevere with them and did so. When my wife had taken the fifth box she began to feel a decided improvement in her health and I decided to keep on taking them. The seventh box marked the turning point in my case, and I have continued to improve ever since, and to-day, as you see, we are both enjoying excellent health, almost as good as we ever did. Many times I have thought we would never have been well again and I cannot tell you how glad I am that we tried Dr. Williams' great medicine. I am now able to do a good day's work without feeling the least bit tired, and my wife can perform her household duties without an effort. I consider that I have received hundreds of dollars value for the few dollars I spent on Pink Pills. We always keep them in the house now, although we do not need to use them, but think it safer to have them on hand in case they should be required."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, head ache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

"It's funny about bridal pairs. They're not like other pairs at all." "Why not?" "They're softest when they're green."

Chelly—"Weally, I must select some fad. Now, what would you advise?" Grace—"I think dolls would suit you exactly."

**House and Household.**

**USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**APPLE SNOW.**

Grate a large sour apple; while grating pour over it a cup of sugar to keep it from being discolored by the air; when grated break into the apple and sugar the whites of two eggs. Beat all together for thirty minutes, or until firm and white. This is enough desert for five or six persons, and is very delicious.

**LYONNAISE POTATOES.**

Cut cold (boiled) potatoes in'o dice, and to every pint of potatoes allow one small onion chopped fine, or two table spoonfuls of onion juice, two table spoonfuls of butter, one table spoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Put the butter in a frying-pan and when hot add the onion, stir until the onion begins to brown, then add the potatoes and stir until they are thoroughly heated through and a light brown; season and serve.

**QUICK WAFFLES.**

One pint of milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three eggs, one table spoonful of butter. Beat the yolks of the eggs until light, then add the milk, then the flour and salt; give the whole a good beating—beat until smooth; add the butter, melted, and lastly, whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and add the baking powder, mix thoroughly and bake the same as plain waffles.

**HOUSEHOLD HINTS.**

If you wish to remove from your hands the odor of fish or onions rub the hands with fine salt and then give them a good warm bath.

A soothing wash for sunburn after a sea bath is found in a basin of water to which has been added two parts of borax to one of alum and one of camphor.

Perspiration stains may be removed from the arms of white woolen or silk dresses by sponging with warm water into which ammonia has been poured and then with clear water. Press the place before it becomes quite dry.

Faded hangings may be restored by beating the dust from them and brushing, then apply a strong lather of castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clean water and afterwards with alum water. When dry the colors will generally be found to be restored.

To wash summer silks remove all grease or other spots with soap and water before proceeding. Make a solution of a table spoonful of ammonia and a little soap in a pailful of water, and in this dip the silk again and again, until the dirt is removed. Do not ring out, but press between the hands. Rinse in water from which the chill is gone, and hang in a shady place until partly dry, when lay between two cloths and press with a hot iron.

Flannels should always be washed by themselves in a suds prepared for them; on no account to be rubbed on the board unless very dirty. The suds should be pleasantly warm to the hands, not too hot, and no hot or cold water be added while the flannels are in the tub. They should be rinsed in clean water of the same temperature as the washing suds, and as many waters used as may be necessary to take all the soap out, as the flannels will never be soft with the soap left in them. They should never be blued. They should be pulled in shape before hanging, undershirts being hung from the shoulders. They should never be hung out of doors in freezing weather, but quickly dried before the fire, or, better, over the register, and pressed as soon as dry enough.

Mr. Binks—"I see by this paper that hairpins were invented in 1545 and—"  
Mrs. Binks—"Dear me! How do you suppose women buttoned their shoes and unlocked trunks before that?"

Mudge—"Er—Miss Laura, I hope I am not talking too much about myself."  
Miss Laura—"Oh, no. You have to be talked about by somebody, of course."

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Tickets for sale by Pearson & Co., Chaboillez Square; Gendron Manuf'g Co., Balmoral Block; Dick Kelly, Bleury street; J. T. Lyons, corner Craig and Bleury streets; B. Taylor, Grand Trunk street; THE TRUE WITNESS, Craig street; and the Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, 186 St. James street, where state-rooms may be secured daily, between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., and on Monday and Thursday between 8 and 10 p.m.

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Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.  
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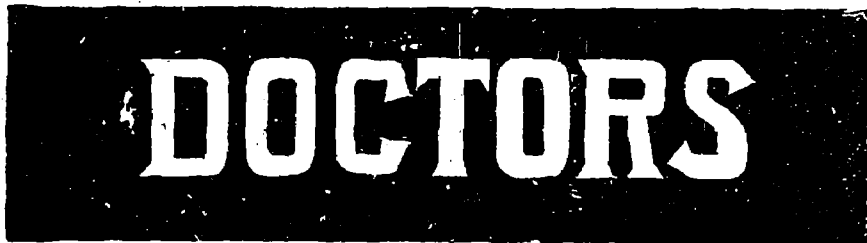
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Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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Prof. of chemistry at Laval University Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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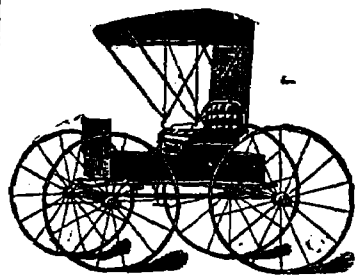
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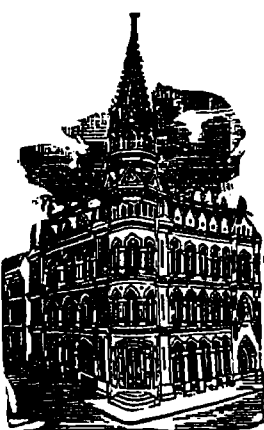
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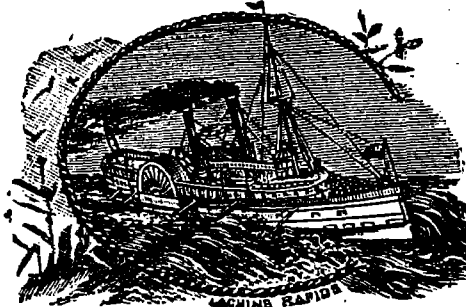
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