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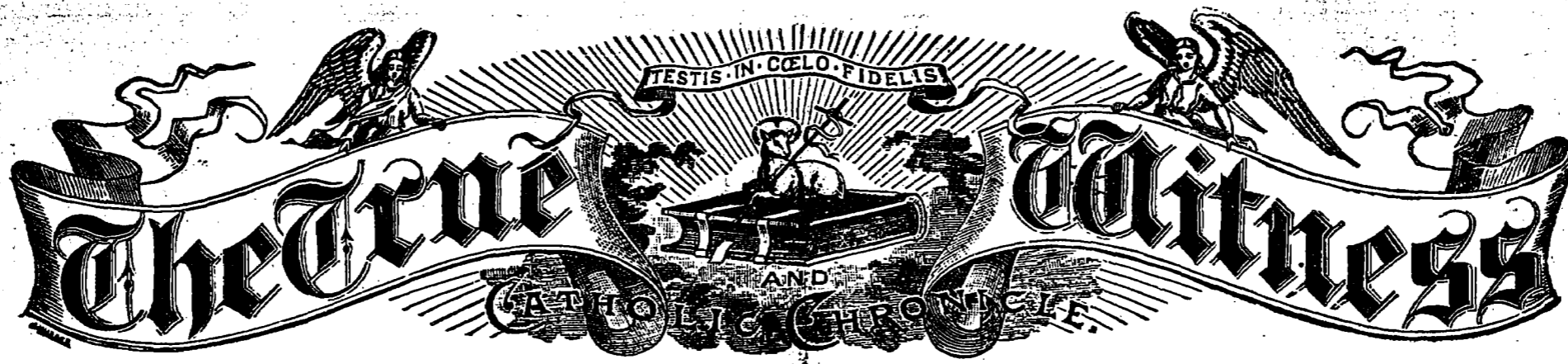
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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

DOINGS AT PLATTSBURG.

SECOND WEEK OF THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

Philadelphia is Prominent—Lectures by Rev. Dr. Loughlin and Rev. Hugh T. Henry.

The second week of the Catholic Summer School of America opened Sunday with Solemn High Mass at St. John's Church, Rev. W. H. O'Connell, of Boston, being the celebrant. The sermon was by Rev. Clarence E. Woodman, Ph. D., C.S.P., of New York, on "Christian Revolution." Among other things he said:

"In dealing with this subject we have to do not with an abstract theory, but with a present fact, and a fact without parallel in the world's history. This fact requires to be accounted for. Will chance account for it? By no means. Does chance account for the Gulf Stream, that strange river in the great deep, flowing constantly in the same direction since immortal time? The Christian faith has been, as it were, a moral 'Gulf Stream'—a steady, uniform current of faith and devotion, never ceasing, never changing, for nearly 2,000 years. Its existence cannot now be explained on the theory that it merely 'happened so.' Does imposture account for it? This is still more preposterous. If our Lord was an impostor, the spread of His revelations would have been marvelous; more extraordinary than if it had been propagated by divine powers. The Gospels give us a full account of the revelation of Christ. How should we regard them? As mere human historical documents they have all the marks of veracity. We read in them of the establishment of a new religious system, with definite doctrines, institutions and laws. We look around over the world today and we see that same system in active operation and those identical doctrines, institutions and laws believed in, practiced and enforced. Is not this the strongest of arguments for the truth of the Gospel record? The annual celebration of the Fourth of July, for instance, is a conclusive proof of the fact of our national independence and of the truth of historical records of it. So is the annual keeping of Easter a proof no less convincing of the truth of the Gospel testimony to the fact of the resurrection of our blessed Lord. An unbroken line of tradition makes a historical chain as irrefragable in the one case as in the other. The acceptance of the simple truth of the Gospel history solves every difficulty; the rejection of it strikes at the foundation of all historical proof, of whatever kind, resting on human evidence."

In the evening Father Woodman preached on "Evidences of Christianity."

MR. SATOLLI'S VIEWS.

On Sunday Rev. Dr. Conaty received the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D.C., July 12, 1895.

Rev. THOMAS J. CONATY, President of the Catholic Summer School of America.

REVEREND AND DEAR DOCTOR: After returning from Plattsburg his Excellency Mr. Satolli directed me to write you and say that while it was a great satisfaction to him last year to present to you a letter from the Holy Father Leo XIII., his pleasure has been rendered and indeed enhanced this year by being present in person at the solemn opening of the Catholic Summer School of America. He admired the location and considered it well adapted for every advantage, physical as well as intellectual, "omne tunc punctum qui miscuit utile dulci." Mr. Satolli wants me to state particularly that according to his judgment the Summer School now in session at Plattsburg in the highest degree deserves the esteem and the confidence of all. It has not only reached, but even surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The clerical and lay members of the Executive and Administrative Boards by their intelligence in instruction and management are well known for their devotion to the interests of religion and education. The lecturers have been chosen from the most competent scholars in every branch of learning. The programme made up as it is of subjects most interesting, discusses very practically questions in the field of religion, philosophy, literature, and science, and is all that could be desired. It was with great pleasure that Mr. Satolli saw the concourse of people who had come from distant places, as well as from the neighborhood, to follow the course of lectures. His uppermost wish is that the number may go on increasing from year to year. It is a pleasure as well as an honor for me, very reverend and dear Doctor, to express to you the entire satisfaction and high appreciation of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate for you and the important work over which you preside so ably and so successfully, and to this I beg to offer my best wishes. Yours respectfully and truly in Christ.

A. CARBAN.

PHILADELPHIA IN EVIDENCE.

Philadelphia was much in evidence this week and the bulk of the new arrivals that marked the opening of the second week's work on Monday were from the Quaker City. On Monday Rev. Dr. James P. Loughlin, chancellor of the Philadelphia Archdiocese, delivered the first of a series of five lectures on the

"Internal Development of the Early Church." His remarks on this day were largely introductory. Among other things he said:

"It follows, first of all, that we must approach the study of church history in a deeply religious and reverential spirit, as feeling the place whereon we stand is holy ground. No contrast can be conceived greater than the spirit in which the true Catholic meditates on the annals of the Church and the animus of those outside the fold when they revolve these same annals. To the Catholic the Church, whether of the first, or of the fourth, or of the fourteenth, or of the twentieth century, is ever the same divinely established organ of truth and sanctity. She is indeed a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing, but holy and without blemish." She is "the holy city, the new Jerusalem," which the beloved apostle saw "coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband," and regarding whom St. John heard a great voice from the throne saying: "Behold the tabernacle of God with men, and He shall dwell with them. And they shall be His people, and God Himself with them shall be their God." If the spirit of patriotism moves us to muse with deep affection over the story of our native country, to rejoice with her in her triumphs, to sorrow with her in her trials, to love her heroes, to detest her foes, shall we, who by God's grace are "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone," shall we read unmoved the glorious records of our Church's history. Rather shall we not kindle with heavenly fire as we recall the triumphant agonies of our martyrs, the strenuous labors of our missionaries, the victorious assertion of orthodoxy by the fathers of our faith, the saintly virtues of a long line of holy bishops, confessors and consecrated virgins, all of whom are truly ours by community of faith and charity. As we claim a share in the glory of all the great men who helped to build up this republic, no matter when they lived or what may have been the special benefit they conferred, so do we claim a share in the saintly achievements of all those who, in whatever age or in whatever manner, contributed to the building up of the kingdom of Christ on earth."

Dr. Loughlin was followed by Rev. Hugh Henry, professor of English literature at the seminary at Overbrook, Pa., with the first of a series of five lectures on the beginning of English literature. The evening lecture was on physiology by Brother Baldwin. He spoke at length on the influence of alcohol on the circulation of the blood.

The three lecturers above named have practically occupied the entire week in that line.

Archbishop Ryan preached in St. John's Church on Sunday last.—*correspondent in Catholic Times.*

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LOUGH DERG, COUNTY DONEGAL, IRELAND.

The love of Faith and Fatherland which Irish emigrants carry with them to the greater Ireland beyond the seas is proverbial. An Irishman may by integrity and ability raise himself to a position of prominence and independence in a foreign land, or he may toil all day long for the mere necessities of life; but whatever his position may be, he never allows his love for his native land to grow cold. The real explanation of the attachment of the Irish people to their native land is to be found in the fact that they associate the love of country with the love of religion. There is no spot in Ireland with which are associated so many holy memories in the minds of Irishmen and especially of Irish emigrants as "St. Patrick's Purgatory," Lough Derg. Lough Derg is situated in the County Donegal, and diocese of Clogher, at a distance of a few miles from Pettigo, a flourishing village on the Bundoran branch of the Great Northern Railway.

This well-known pilgrimage was, according to a tradition which has never been contradicted, founded by the National Apostle of Ireland. We are told that our Saint was accustomed, when laboring in the southern parts of Donegal, to retire for prayer to an island in the secluded lake of Lough Derg. On one occasion, whilst the saint was absorbed in earnest prayer, he besought Heaven to give him a glimpse of the fires of Purgatory. His prayer was granted, and such a deep impression was produced on the mind of St. Patrick by the sight of the torments endured by souls detained in these cleansing flames that he directed that this retreat should henceforth be used as a place where penitent souls might, by the rigor of their exercises, make atonement for their own sins and the sins of the world. The pilgrimage of Lough Derg rapidly grew in popularity. Pilgrims thronged to its shores from all parts of the Christian world. Throughout the Middle Ages St. Patrick's Purgatory was the most renowned pilgrimage in Europe. When the day of trial came for Ireland, when her churches and monasteries were leveled to the ground by the persecutor, and her ecclesiastical property was seized by avaricious plunderers, Lough Derg came in for its share of attention. The pilgrimage had first been plundered by the Danes; and afterwards in the early part of the seventeenth century—when England determined to root the faith of St. Patrick out of Ireland, the Augustinian Monastery in Lough Derg was destroyed, and

the good monks banished from its hallowed shores. To show how vain are the efforts of man to thwart the designs of Providence, Lough Derg sprang into a new existence, which is destined to eclipse the glory of the past. To this sacred shrine thousands of pilgrims annually proceed, many of them coming from England, Scotland, and America, and some even from distant Australia. Hither goes many a soul weighed down with the guilt of years to bow down in humble acknowledgment of its own sinfulness, and to wash away its sins in bitter tears of contrition. Hither proceed many who are old in virtue and in years to place the crowning stone on the edifice of sanctity in the building up of which their lives have been spent. Hither too go many youthful souls to offer to God the first fruits of their innocent hearts, and prepare themselves for the battle of life.

Among the pilgrims to Lough Derg may be seen every year many young men and women, the joy of their homes and the pride of their country, who come to invoke a blessing upon their journey before setting out for the hospitable shores of America. It is painfully touching to witness these generous youths and virtuous girls depart from the shores of the holy retreat with heavy hearts and with eyes dimmed with tears, and a feeling imperceptibly growing upon them of the supreme importance of the step they are about to take and the dangers of the unknown world into which they are on the eve of entering.

The station opens on June 1 and closes on August 15 each year.—*Le Pilot.*

BRITISH ELECTIONS.

LONDON, July 24.—At four o'clock this afternoon the following was the result of the elections:

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Conservatives..... | 306 |
| Unionists..... | 53 |
| Total Ministerialists..... | 359 |
| Liberals..... | 122 |
| McCarthyites..... | 55 |
| Parnellites..... | 9 |
| Labor..... | 2 |

Total Opposition..... 189

The Unionists are found by today's reports to have captured five Liberal seats and the Parnellites to have captured one from the McCarthyites, in East Wicketon. John Dillon, who is already a member for Mayo, unsuccessfully contested South Roscommon against Hayden.

The Government now has a majority of 108.

THE SUCCESSORS OF FATHER DAMIEN AT MOLOKAI.

To Fathers Wendelin and Conrardy fell the task of continuing the noble work of the mission. Father Wendelin being made superior, and continuing to look after the settlement at Kalaupapa, and Father Conrardy, his assistant, making his residence and his field of missionary labor in the district of Kalaupapa. Father Wendelin, whose full name is Rev. Wendelin Moeller, is a German priest who, prior to coming to this mission, had labored long and earnestly in the islands of the Marquesas group, leaving that field when these islands passed under the jurisdiction of France, and attaching himself to the Hawaiian mission, volunteering for service at Molokai.

Rev. Louis Conrardy is a secular priest who is well known in the archdiocese of Oregon, where he labored for years among the Indians. He was later pastor of a church in Portland in that archdiocese; but on learning of Father Damien's dying condition and his need for priestly assistance, he resigned his pastorate, took leave of his ecclesiastical superior, his brother priests and his beloved people, and started immediately for Honolulu to offer himself to the bishop of those islands for duty in Molokai, an offering of which that prelate gladly availed himself.

These two priests have but a single thought, the doing of all in their power for the afflicted lepers, making their lives as comfortable and happy as is consistent with a people so sorely tried, and brightening their passages to the grave with the hope of blessed immortality. With what good purpose they have labored together, both before and since the death of Father Damien, is materially shown in the advancement the mission has enjoyed in the way of increased provision for the care of the lepers and the improved social aspects of the two settlements. Only the tablets of the recording angel can reveal what they have accomplished for the souls of those to whom they minister.—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

PASTORAL VISITS.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre left Montreal on Sunday for St. Augustine. He continued his pastoral visit as follows: Monday, St. Eustache; Tuesday, St. Joseph du Lac; Wednesday, Okla. Friday noon His Grace will return to Montreal, which ends the pastoral visits for this year. His Grace's return will be announced by all the city church bells which will be pealed at noon for half an hour without intermission.

Men are born to be serviceable to one another; therefore, either reform the world or bear with it.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

Youth alone possesses the present, too innocent to know it all, yet too selfish even to doubt of what is its own; too sure of itself to doubt anything.—*F. Marion Crawford.*

PROROGATION.

Fifth Session of Seventh Parliament at an End.

On Monday the Parliament was prorogued by Lord Aberdeen at 3.30 p.m., with the usual formalities. There was the usual guard of honor from the Governor-General's Foot Guards, who received His Excellency on the arrival at the Parliament buildings, escorted by the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, who accompanied the vice-regal carriage from Rideau Hall, and the salute was fired from Nepesin Point by the Ottawa Field Battery.

The attendance of spectators on the grounds and in the Senate Chamber was not large, owing to the doubt as to what time prorogation would take place.

THE SEARCH FROM THE THRONE.

"Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate: 'Gentlemen of the House of Commons: In bringing this session of Parliament to a conclusion, I have to congratulate you on the industry and zeal which have marked your labor."

"The necessary legislation having been passed, the treaty of commerce with France, from which favorable commercial results may be expected, will, as soon as ratified, be put into force by Parliament. The negotiations with Newfoundland, to which reference was made at the opening of the session, I regret to say, have not resulted in any agreement for the present."

"The reply of the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba to the remedial order, issued by my Government on the 31st March last, was considered to be of such a character as to justify a postponement of further action until next session."

"I am pleased to observe the grant of Parliament in aid of the fund contributed by the Canadian people for the benefit of the family of the late Hon. Sir John Thompson."

"The amendments which have been made to the law relating to the civil service will, it is believed, result in an increased efficiency and economy. The legislation of the session will, I trust, lead to an improved administration of criminal law, to the advancement of commerce and the extension of railway and telegraphic communication."

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I thank you for the liberal provision which you have made for the service for the current year."

"Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons: In relieving you from your duties I venture to express the hope that you will find among the people you represent a continuance of that prosperity which marked the opening year."

ROMAN NEWS.

On Jan. 18 the seismometer at the observatory in Rome measured five complete pulsations of slow period characteristic of earthquakes at a great distance. On the same day, forty-nine minutes earlier, a severe earthquake was felt on the east coast of Japan, nearly 6,000 miles away. The pulsations travelled at the rate of 1,987 miles a second.

Since the terrible earthquakes in Tuscany the natives of the villages of the Valdichiana between Lucca and Pistoia with pious thought make nocturnal processions of thanksgiving. They bear the crucifix and chant litanies as they carry tapers in procession from shrine to shrine, ringing the church bells as on a fast-day.

The Holy Father is reported to have resolved to make a diplomatic protest, to be presented by the Apostolic Nuncios to the powers, against the celebration of jubilee festivals, on the 20th of September next, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the triumphal entry of the Italian troops into Rome. It would be rather unreasonable to expect Leo XIII., to sanction the violation of his chief city by the breach battered in the Porta Pia, under the reign of his predecessor Pio Nono. The deposition of an ancient power and the supplementing it by the usurpation of a northern potentate is hardly proper to be made a cause of joy, especially when it is succeeded by national bankruptcy and the falling away of the honored capital from its acknowledged pride of prestige and superiority in arts and the influence of the rendezvous of the cream of the world's purest aristocracy and most reputed intellect.

A MAD TRADE.

A Sample of Anarchist Ideas.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

Edward Leggett, of Eve Road, West Ham, was summoned at the Thames Police court yesterday for travelling on the Great Eastern railway without having previously paid his fare. As the defendant did not appear, he was arrested on a warrant, while waiting in the precincts of the court, by Sergt. F. King, chief warrant officer. As the railway officials were not in attendance, the case could not be gone into, but the following letter, written by the defendant to the superintendent of the company, was handed up to the magistrate and read:

"I am an Anarchist, and refuse to recognize the right of a section of parasites, calling themselves shareholders, to make rules, regulations and by-laws, own railways and monopolize the results of the united labor of thousands of workmen, and then dictate upon what terms they shall travel. I only recognize one class, namely, the working class, who produce all the wealth of the world, and are therefore the only useful class and the only class entitled to ride."

The others, namely, politicians, lawmakers, judges, the modern Solomons called 'magistrates,' retired soapboilers, gamblers on the stock exchange, exploiters, aldermen, sky pilots, bishops and the host of parasites who do not work, but live in luxury and idleness, should be compelled to walk. I always ride first or second class, not because I wish to mix with the respectable or ruling classes, but because as a worker I want comfort, and prefer stuffed cushions to dead boards."

"It is quite true that a labelled slave, uniformed and numbered, called an inspector, asked me why I rode second class. I told him because the third class 'cattle truck' did not suit me; that I object to stand fifteen in one compartment, as the workers do morning and night. I belong to the highest class of the land—the working class—who keep those who neither toil nor spin. I do this on principle—not with any mean, paltry motive, like the 'masher' in the same carriage. When your company thinks proper to give proper accommodation I shall be glad to get away from the pious, good-goody, would-be aristocrats on £2 a week (or less), who, although they profess to believe we shall all meet 'somewhere beyond the moon when we are dead, say, 'For God's sake, keep apart on earth!'"

"Whatever you do, I shall still resist oppression and ride in comfort, whether you call it second or two hundredth class. I refuse to obey the rules framed by those who exist on fraud and robbery, like Lord Hamilton. I shall demand comfort when possible for the class to which I belong, and if that be a crime I shall be proud to be a 'criminal.' He who would be free, himself must strike the blow. Long live anarchy, and to— with the Government!" Mr. Hadn-Corser remanded the defendant, who said he did not want bail.

CANADIAN PILGRIMS.

The Canadian pilgrims departed for Lourdes, France, on Saturday morning, on the steamer Labrador. On Friday evening at 7.15, solemn benediction, presided over by Mgr. Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal, was sung at the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours. The pilgrims about to depart and those of 1894, wearing their badges, met at the music store of A. J. Boucher, No. 1622 Notre Dame street, at seven o'clock, and proceeded thence in a body to the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours.

Following is a complete list of the fourth Canadian pilgrimage to Lourdes, France: Madame Toner, Miss Toner, Miss N. Toner, Miss Patenaude, Miss E. Laurin, Miss E. Bertrand, of Montreal; Miss L. Prevost, of St. Jerome; Messrs N. Quintal, E. Hurlbaise, D. McLean, T. Amyot, L. J. Rivet (organizer of the pilgrimage), of Montreal; Mr. J. Massicotte, of Champlain; Rev. Mr. Brunet, of the Seminary of Ste. Therese (spiritual director); Rev. Mr. Brissette, of Hochelaga; Rev. Mr. Sauriol, of Ste. Marthe; Rev. Mr. Dubois, of St. Esprit; Rev. Mr. Casault, of St. Alban; and Rev. Mr. Gratton, of Worcester, Mass.

THE REFORM SCHOOL.

There was a very interesting dramatic and musical entertainment on Friday afternoon, at the Reform School, de Montigny street, under the distinguished patronage of Mgr. Langevin. The entertainment opened with a splendidly rendered melo-drama, of two acts, entitled: "The Pontifical Zouave," the scene being laid during the stirring contests between the Garibaldian and Papal troops. The musical portion of the programme was likewise a success, the members of the choir as well as the soloists being heartily encored. An address to His Grace of St. Boniface was also read, to which he replied with his usual eloquence. No special reference was made to the Manitoba School Question.

It is told of Leonardo da Vinci that whilst still a pupil, before his genius burst into brilliancy, he received a special inspiration in this way: His old and famous master, because of his growing infirmities of age, felt obliged to give up his own work, and one day bade da Vinci finish for him a picture which he had begun. The young man had such reverence for his master's skill that he shrank from the task. The old artist, however, would not accept any excuse, but persisted in his command, saying simply, "Do your best." Da Vinci at last tremblingly seized the brush and kneeling before the easel, prayed: "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power for this undertaking." As he proceeded his hand grew steady, his eye awoke with slumbering genius. He forgot himself and was filled with enthusiasm for his work. When the painting was finished the old master was carried into the studio to pass judgment on the result. His eye rested on a triumph of art. Throwing his arms around the young artist, he exclaimed, "My son, I paint no more."—*J. R. MILLER.*

Little Willowden, walking with her mother, stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said: "What's the matter, daughter?" "Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

"What is the new boarder's business, Pauline?" asked the Cheerful idiot: "He is running a bicycle school," replied the waiter girl. "Oh! Teaching the young idea how to scoot, is he?"—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

HOME RULE IGNORED.

McCarthyites, Healyites and Redmondites Denouncing Each Other.

The following extracts, from Eugene Davis' last letter to the Western Watchman, may prove interesting at this juncture, and explain, to a certain degree, the Home Rule reverses in the Old Country.

The untitled members of the Tory party are very angry, as well as indignant, against Salisbury, who appointed no less than fifteen peers in his government. One of these is his son-in-law, the Earl of Selbourn, Under Secretary for the Colonial Office, and his niece's husband, W. J. Lowther, is to be appointed chairman of the House of Commons. It has now not at all become certain that the Tory party will have a large majority over the Liberals. Only for the dissensions in the so-called Irish party, that section and the Liberals might have returned with forty votes more than the Tory votes. Joe Chamberlain has promoted his son, Austen, his flunkey and valet de chambre, Jesse Collings, and another creature, John Williams, to lucrative positions in the office of the Secretary of State for the Colonies. These two Ministers of the Cabinet are being denounced by most of the London newspapers. Editors point with scorn to the fact that the pater familias Premier has appointed to office six of his relatives. The important statement will induce a few hundred thousand of Tory voters to abstain from attending the pool-booths at the general election.

The members of the Liberal party have ignored Home Rule in their addresses to their former constituents. Rosebery's first and last measure of reform in a recent speech is the veto on the votes of the House of Peers. Harcourt regards the Legal Veto as imperative. Alone among the chiefs, John Morley had the courage of his convictions in a speech in Manchester, in which he said: "I put Home Rule in the front. If at this election the Liberal candidates shall put Home Rule aside, that party will become the most dishonest political organization in the history of England." We almost forgive Morley for his former political sins; but he stands faithful to the project of an Irish Parliament. The Liberal Anglo-Saxons supported the Home Rule bill because they were always the neck and obedient followers of Mr. Gladstone; but now as the ex-Premier has retired from public life, the vast majority of them have abandoned their former opinions. Mr. Gladstone, in his farewell address to his constituents, advised "the people of England to recognize the just claims of Ireland"—a very vague and mysterious phrase emanating from the heap of the wily "old man." When the Lords rejected the Home Rule bill, it was Gladstone's duty to have the House of Commons dissolved and appeal to the people. He would have certainly won a majority of one hundred votes, and thus could compel the peers to pass the bill. He then retired from the Premiership, ignoring "the just claims of the Irish people," and gave up the battle for Home Rule, retiring to Hawarden Castle, where he translated the Odes of Horace!

Mr. Thomas Sexton, ex M.P., has retired definitely from the British Parliament. He was asked by a McCarthyite: "You do not intend to leave us?" Sexton's reply was to the effect: "Do you think that I am going to remain in a party that is always squabbling? It is hell! Yes, and it is hell, too, in that party in Ireland. (Tim Healy, that dangerous enemy of union, is now the leader of the Dublin Executive of the National Federation, and has succeeded the McCarthy-Dillon-and-O'Brien party over to the control of the elections. This pigmy hopes in the coming Parliament to replace Justin McCarthy by Arthur O'Connor, a creature of Tim. Healy had something to do with the Cork election. I. F. X. O'Brien, the McCarthyite candidate, scored 4,300 votes, the Redmondite, Alderman Roche, 4,132, a majority of 177. Healy's only organ, the Irish Catholic, advised the Catholics of Cork city to support Alderman Roche. Mr. William O'Brien delivered a speech at Malloy after the election was over, and in his usual hysterical accents said that, "Considering the terrific forces that we had against us at this election, we won today one of the greatest victories we ever achieved. We had the whole force of Toryism and the whole of Redmondism, and I deeply and sincerely regret we had the whole force of Healyism against us." The chasm that yawns between the three parties—the McCarthyites, the Healyites and the Redmondites—will ruin the prospects of the national cause of Ireland—probably for a long period. As Moore writes:

"Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
Your fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are bound no more.
In vain the hero's heart had bled,
The sage's tongue hath warned in vain—
(Oh, freedom, once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again.)"

"'Twas fate, they'll say, 'a wayward fate
Your web of discord wove,
And while your years joined in hate,
You never joined in love."

So strong and so futile are the out-reachings of the soul. They must be mutual, or they are impotent and vain. Red, read, they draw together the reced of a planet. Singly, the one reaches for the soul weakly, as a shadow touches the reced, hopelessly as death.—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

"Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all."

Owed and Paid.

By EMMA C. STREET.

Written for The True Witness, and first published June 26th

(Continued from our last issue.)

He was so completely absorbed in his anticipated revenge that he quite forgot his enemy was in the hands of a foe much more relentless than himself, and that it might prove an impossibility to extricate him from them. This view of the situation did not prevent itself to him until Bending-Bough called his attention to the fact that the sun was declining and that, as the party were worn in pursuit of would probably halt at sundown to rest, it behooved the pursuers to advance with greater caution.

Startled back to the realization of much that he had forgotten in the tumult of his feelings, de Courville ceased his exertions and looked about him. The river at the point they had reached was somewhat narrow, and the setting sun cast the shadows of the high trees on the banks far across the water in long level lines, pierced here and there with shafts of golden light. A lonely silence reigned, broken only by the flash of their paddles and the lap of the water as it flowed past the canoe. The colonists looked weary, for the day had been warm and their exertions unusual. Seeing this, de Courville called a halt, and they selected a suitable spot and disembarked to spend a couple of hours in rest and refreshment. It was growing dusk when they resumed their way, this time proceeding slowly and hugging the shore, at the same time keeping a sharp outlook for the enemy's camp fire.

Night had fallen and the stars were shining brightly before their vigilance was rewarded by the flicker of a light amongst the trees some distance ahead. This was what they had been waiting for. Beaching the canoe, and leaving four of the colonists to guard it in case of discovery, de Courville and he remained of the party spread themselves amongst the undergrowth and vegetation that lined the bank and began to make their way with all caution in the direction of the fire.

Bending-Bough kept close to the leader, the others selecting their own paths as was the fashion in forest warfare. It was a task of no little difficulty to approach an encampment of Iroquois undiscovered. They were a people who never relaxed their vigilance when upon the warpath, and it spoke well for de Courville's proficiency in the art of noiseless locomotion that he arrived unheard and unseen upon the edge of the little clearing in the midst of which the Iroquois had lit their fire.

Ensconcing himself with his Huron companion behind the gnarled trunk of a giant tree in the midst of a dense growth of long grass and straggling underwood, he was enabled to obtain a good view of the camp with comparative safety.

Save for the intermittent light of the fire, deep darkness reigned beneath the trees, and it was some time before de Courville could see anything except the dark forms of the savages squatting around the fire. The red light playing upon their faces gave them a hideous look, and intensified the diabolical expression that their paint and feathers already lent them.

While he was straining his eyes to find the prisoners, one of the Indians rose and threw an awful light brushwood upon the fire. It blazed up quickly, throwing long streamers of light upon every side, and revealed the forms of four men fastened by thongs to as many trees upon the edge of the clearing. De Courville scanned them anxiously and almost gave vent to a groan of impatience. The man of whom he was in search was not amongst them. His disappointment was so great that he almost forgot he had started that morning with the intention of saving the lives of those very men, and he was only recalled to it by Bending-Bough's gripping his arm and intimating in the faintest of whispers that someone was bound to the tree behind which they themselves were hidden. A thrill of exultation ran through him and he passed his hands up and down the trunk of the tree and felt the thongs which the Huron had first discovered. Situated as they were, they could not get even a glimpse of the prisoner, but de Courville had no doubt as to his identity. "It must be Leonce Du Chesneau. It surely must. Another disappointment would be too much to bear," he told himself fiercely, and only the knowledge that by doing so he would defeat his own ends prevented him from rushing out and confronting his enemy.

Nothing could be done until the Indians had disposed their guards and lain down to sleep. To attack them while they were all awake and alert was out of the question, and it seemed to the watcher behind the tree that the savages never would go to rest that night. An hour went by and both de Courville and his companion were growing stiff and cramped in their strained position, when one of the Indians got up and picking a brand out of the fire said something to his companions, laughing gutturally at the same time. They all rose to their feet at once and advanced in the direction of the tree behind which the hunter and Huron were hiding. For a moment the hiders thought they were discovered, but only for a moment, then they knew what was about to take place and the blood of one, at least, ran cold.

The Indian advanced with the glowing brand and stooped down, and the next moment a shriek of agony rang out on the night air. He was torturing the prisoner. The remainder of the devilish crew laughed with glee and poured a volley of taunts upon the unhappy wretch for his cowardice, but he continued to cry aloud as his tormentor applied the flaming brand again and again to different parts of his body until de Courville could contain himself no longer. Friends or foe, he could not remain passive while a fellow-being was done to death in so horrible a manner, and plucking his hatchet from his belt he bounded out from behind the tree into the midst of the assembled Iroquois, closely followed by Bending-Bough. Paying no heed to the

others who were momentarily paralyzed with astonishment, he dashed at the Indian who had been torturing the prisoner and split his skull with one blow of his keen weapon. The sight of the fallen brave brought the savages to their senses and they threw themselves with yells of rage upon the hunter and his companion. Fortunately they were able to place their backs against the tree to which the prisoner was tied in a sitting posture, and could there defend themselves for a few moments until the noise of the conflict brought their comrades to their assistance. Absorbed in trying to get at the daring intruders, the Iroquois did not hear the approach of the colonists until they fell upon them in the rear, assisted by the four prisoners whom one of them had the presence of mind to release. Taken by surprise, and unable in the darkness to distinguish the number of their assailants, the Iroquois, after fighting wildly for a few minutes broke and fled, leaving many of their number dead on the ground.

When the last of them had disappeared, de Courville dropped his tomahawk and leaned against the tree, sick and faint. He had received a gash in his shoulder and the blood had been pouring down his arm freely for some time, but in the excitement of the fight he had not noticed it.

"Igh!" exclaimed Bending-Bough, looking at him in alarm; "my brother is wounded." As he spoke he tore off the hunter's shirt and looked at the wound.

de Courville did not answer, he was looking down at the face of the bound figure at his feet upon which the firelight was playing redly. A mist swam before his eyes and his breath came thick and fast. He felt as if he were going to faint, but he made a strong effort to overcome the weakness and putting Bending-Bough quietly aside he stooped down and looked long and steadily into the face upturned to his. The tortured prisoner had fainted and now lay limp and inert against the tree, sustained in his sitting position by the thongs of deer hide that bound him. His face was cut and bruised, and his long hair hung in bloodstained locks around it, but de Courville recognized him nevertheless. It was his cousin and his foe, Leonce Du Chesneau.

Although he had been sure of it all along, the sight of his cousin's face gave him a shock and he turned away with the old hatred surging up in his heart, but this time there was no desire of revenge.

The pitiful tortured thing tied to the tree was not an object that a strong man could meditate revenge upon. Yet he could not forgive him; nor did he try to. He submitted in silence while Bending-Bough tied up his wound as well as he could, and when it was done he called a couple of the colonists and bade them untie Du Chesneau and carry him to the canoe. They lost no time in obeying his orders, and fifteen minutes later they were once more afloat on the bosom of the Richelieu.

Before detaching themselves to the water, they had hunted out and destroyed the two war canoes that the Iroquois had used, thus rendering pursuit less easy; yet despite this precaution they rowed all night and did not venture to land and rest until the sun was sending up streaks of golden fire in the east. Then they selected one of the many islands that dot the great St. Lawrence, into which they had again emerged from the Richelieu, and leaving two of their number to act as sentinels, they threw themselves upon the grass and fell fast asleep. All except de Courville and Bending-Bough. These two had other business on hand. The former had, for humanity's sake, to look after his cousin, the other had to attend to the disposal of the scalps he had purloined from the heads of the fallen Iroquois. "A labor of love, as they were an offering to the names of his departed parent, Great Snake."

de Courville passed him with a shiver of disgust and bent his steps reluctantly in the direction of the spot where Leonce Du Chesneau had been laid. The Huron, well versed in the use of herbaceous remedies, had bound up the unfortunate man's burnt hands and feet in cooling plants; but a glance at his sunken face told the hunter's experienced eyes that more dangerous injuries than burns had been inflicted upon him. His approach was so slow that the injured man did not hear him until he was quite close; then he opened his eyes languidly and looked up and their eyes met.

An expression of incredulous terror gathered over Du Chesneau's disfigured face and he put up his bound hands feebly as though to keep his cousin off. "Don't be afraid. I am not going to hurt you," said de Courville coldly. "I came to see if I could do anything for you."

"How—how did you come here?" asked his cousin, making an effort to raise his head, but falling back with a groan.

"Through the agency of circumstances," was the curt reply. "Here, do you want a drink?" None, but himself knew what it cost de Courville to raise the head of his foe on his arm and hold the water to his lips. His own wound was throbbing painfully, but he scarcely felt it in the mental conflict that was going on within him.

(Concluded in our next.)

ENGLAND AND ITALY.

A debate took place in the Chamber of Deputies, Paris, recently on the Abyssinian question and other problems. Deputy Flowrens spoke on the treaty between England and Italy—a treaty which, he said, infringed on the interests and rights of France. The Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs had caused it to be understood that England and Italy had entered into an alliance as to the development of their colonies in Africa. "England," said M. Flowrens, "had

aimed at the full and complete possession of Egypt for ever, and at preventing France from connecting her different African possessions." England and Italy had endeavored to conquer the great Abyssinian Empire, at first by force by dispatching a few English regiments to the frontiers of that nation; but its military defenders, one hundred thousand strong, easily vanquished the alien red coats of John Bull.

Italy, tottering as she is on the verge of the terrible precipice of bankruptcy—or rather the Italian Government—has decided to call for a loan of 50,000,000 lire in order to defray the expenses of the transport for a corps d'armes of 50,000 soldiers, and all the other necessary materials for warfare. Though France safeguarded the independence of Italy, the new Anglo-Italian convention has for its object the partition of that country between the allies Powers, and placing Abyssinia under Italian protection. England had, therefore, broken her pledges. It is well known that "la perle Albion" ("the faithful England") could never keep a pledge. The Treaty Stone of Limerick is a standing monument of her treachery. The Williamites broke the treaty "before the ink with which it was written was dry," as Thomas Davis wrote in the ballad of Fontenoy. The English Government in power at the close of the eighteenth century, the Premier of which was Pitt, was so perfidious in regard to Archbishop Troy and a few others of the Irish Catholic hierarchy. In fact, Pitt assured those eminent ecclesiastics that the first measure the Imperial Parliament would pass was a Catholic emancipation bill for Ireland. The Irish people were very indignant at the time, in 1799, at the conduct of these prelates, who would sacrifice Grattan's Parliament for the promise given to them by the wily Pitt. The condition imposed by Pitt on these prelates was that they should use every influence on behalf of the Union. Pitt violated his pledge afterward, and twenty-eight years elapsed after the passing of the bill of the Union in the College Green Parliament by a majority, a hired gang of its members, who were promised money and titles by Castlereagh, before Ireland became spiritually emancipated.

HOHELAGA CONVENT.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE JUBILEE TRIDUUM.

A GREAT DAY OF RELIGIOUS AND MASS FESTIVITIES—BANQUET AFTER MASS—COMPLETE LIST OF THE CONVENT GRADUATES WHO WERE PRESENT.

Hochelega Convent presented an animated appearance on Thursday morning last on the occasion of the second day of the grand triduum held in honor of the jubilee of that important institution. Pontifical High Mass was sung by His Grace Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke. During the service the Rev. Canon Bruchesi delivered an eloquent sermon, and alluded to the importance of high education. He also eulogized the ladies of the institution for the good work they had accomplished during the first fifty years of their existence. A choir composed of sixty voices rendered with much effect Haydn's Imperial Mass, with Lavallo's Tu es Petrus, at the offertory. After the service a grand banquet was served in the large dining hall of the convent, at which over three hundred guests were present, including some sixty clergymen from the various dioceses. The convent was again tastefully decorated for the occasion.

A feature of the day was the presence among the guests of the Rev. Mother Veronique du Crucifix, second superior of the convent. Mother Veronique du Crucifix, although seventy-five years of age, is still quite healthy and is to-day commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of her profession. She was highly pleased to see her many old faces, and was the recipient of an address.

In the afternoon there was given by the students of the convent a grand musical programme, which comprised an overture by J. W. Kalliwoda, a cavatine by Oscar Schmidt; "A Tribute of Friendship," C. Chamidine, and a galop, entitled, "Galop Brilliant," F. Bosevici.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was then given, which closed the proceedings of the day.

The former pupils of Hochelega spent a very pleasant day under the hospitable roof of their Alma Mater, exchanging reminiscences of their school days and greetings with their teachers and old friends.

After Mass a grand banquet was served to the clergy and former pupils of the convent, in which over four hundred participated. The banquet was followed by an entertainment in the afternoon under the auspices of His Grace Mgr. Fabre, consisting of original selections of vocal and instrumental music, an address to the presiding clergy, pupils and religious, and a rehearsal of the history of the order in dialogue. The specimens of embroidery, china painting, writing, needle work, etc., and school work generally, from the various houses of the order were exceedingly creditable to the pupils, as well as the religious.

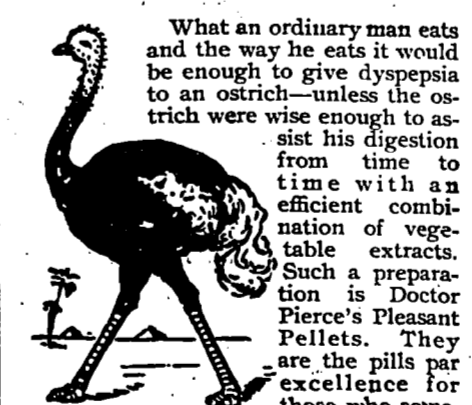
Among the pupils present were: Mesdames Paul Lussier, E. O. Pigeon, M. A. Gaudet, Veuve Thibault, Octave Tremblaine, H. Filion, M. Ritchot, A. Boudreau, L. A. Larose, M. Larocque, A. Raymond, E. A. Bisillon, Louis Mercille, M. J. Viger, M. Mercille, C. Vincelle, J. Alph. Ouimet, C. C. de Lorimier, S. Cote, P. Kearney, L. N. Brault, J. P. Rottot, A. P. Guy, R. Bellemare, J. R. B. Dufresne, J. B. Brousseau, J. D. Rolland, J. R. Brillion, J. Doyle, D. Desrosiers, L. H. Remillard, C. Harwood, W. Fletcher, J. B. Chasson, P. A. Del Vecchio, J. Brousseau, A. Thurber, M. Ferland, A. Callin, A. de Lorimier, E. L. Rolland, A. Germain, T. L. Monty, A. Larocque, C. Arpin, Z. H. Brassant, J. F. Egan, de L. Harwood, J. Chaffers, E. D. Marceau, G. H. Sullivan, A. J. Gelineau, L. de G. Prevost, J. B. Dupuis, A. Raga, A. Marcotte, F. H. Leduc, A. Fontaine, J. B. P. Malchouette, N. A. Savard, E. Barsalou, J. A. Dackett, J. McShane, G. A. Nantel, Normandin, D. Beaudry, N. Roy, D. B. Toulsey, J. G. Duhamel, L. Murray, G. Lajoie, E. Brousseau, L. A. Cadieux, T. A. Valois, M. B. Pénnet, A. Leduc, F. de S. A. Bastien, G. Daveluy, L. O. Lo-

ranger, J. E. Masson, L. G. A. Cresse, J. de Gaspé Stuart, L. Tasse, H. Beland, A. N. Rivet, Z. Poitras, P. Gagnon, W. H. Frost, E. G. Dugenis, A. Mannan, W. E. Blumhart, J. A. Labreche, J. Desrosiers, A. Moretti, J. B. Prayes, J. P. Palmer, J. B. A. Daoust, E. Renaud, the Misses E. Shannon, F. Fauteux, J. Hands, E. Desmarceau, May Goodwin, A. Goodwin, H. Combe, H. Murphy, E. Racicot, A. Racicot, S. Lyons, M. Sheer, C. Dugenis, F. Gauthier, J. Perrault, Anna Hurteau, M. L. Gauvreau, C. Poircher, E. Dubuc, E. Daveluy, B. Malchouette, M. McShane, L. Pelletier, A. Lambert, L. de Rouville, K. G. Harkins, Agnes Harkins, L. Harkins, C. Dupre, J. Roy, E. Bourbonniere, J. Bourbonniere, M. J. Mount, R. H. Morel, B. Rouleau, M. A. Beauchamp, L. Beaudoin, E. Hurteau, J. Barsalou, B. Beauchamp, A. Demers, E. Dugenis, S. Dugenis, M. L. Archambault, B. Bourgeois, M. C. Daveluy, E. Archambault, L. Lavigne, B. Archambault, B. T. Gagnon, A. Dupuis, J. Dupuis, E. Cote, A. Gibeault, A. Beaurpe, E. Demers, E. Ouimet, E. Comte, H. Murphy, A. Labelle, C. Daveluy, A. Polland, A. Gervais, A. Genereux, G. Beaudoin, C. Charlebois, R. Drumm, M. Hayes, E. Lambert, E. Orsalle, P. McKenna, M. Genereux, H. Marchand, A. Daveluy, A. Gauthier, E. Rolland, J. Comte, M. Boivin, A. Claggett, Y. Lamoureux, R. Desjardins, F. Bourbonniere, L. Lafontaine, E. Beauchamp, C. Lafontaine, A. Beauchamp, Y. Decarie, M. A. Beauchamp, B. Decarie, Annette Beauchamp, K. Foley, M. Beauchamp, M. Cleary, O. Gladu, M. Jones, E. Gladu, B. Fauteux, A. Enard, A. Decary, F. Fortin, B. Bourgeois, A. Tougas, M. R. Collin, M. Larue, F. Dubuc, E. Racicot, J. Lacoste, M. Hayes, L. Roy, M. Rourke, G. O'Leary, E. Dubuc, M. Clement, A. Archambault, M. J. Collins, K. A. Mahoney, M. Auger, A. Loranger, A. Auger, M. Dupuis, N. Richard, A. Frigon, A. Monahan, Y. Roy, M. Coutu, E. Lemieux, M. J. Phaneuf, M. A. Bertrand, B. Lacoste, T. Lacoste, C. Filteau, E. Newman, L. Newman, Mary Rafferty, E. Daicier, B. Gaudet, B. Filion, G. Marceau, M. Boisjennu, J. Rheume, L. McShane, E. Daiguenult, M. A. Moquin, R. Deguise, B. Viau, A. Ledoux, I. Seguin, A. Seguin, G. Robinson, H. St. Charles, K. Berrin, A. Labelle, M. D'Eschambault, L. Lamoureux, C. Fortin, M. L. Fortin, E. Malheux, J. Leduc, A. Moreau, Z. Vallee, E. Martineau, A. Lacroix, M. L. Begin, A. Cherrier, E. Raza, E. Ouimet, A. La Palme, R. Savard, A. Rouleau, J. Lacoste, L. Labelle, E. Collin.

DRINK AND SOCIETY.

"In drink we have confronting us a great social problem; for drink is a social sin. It works as much havoc in high circles as in low. And the consequences in the former case are much worse; for, whereas in the poor and illiterate the loss to society is more easily sustained, in the case of the talented, wealthy and cultured, society is robbed of all the good that individual might have accomplished. And how much talent, genius, falls a victim to intemperance! How much evil is done to all classes! According to Cardinal Manning, Gladstone, Farrar, Salisbury and others, drink is the national vice of England; most of the crime in England, according to the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, is traceable to the drink habit. In America the same is true. Judge Davis of New York sets down 80 per cent. of the crime and 90 per cent. of the pauperism in the Empire State to intemperance. Statistics show that drink causes 75 per cent. of the crime in Massachusetts.

"The evil, then, its extraordinary. It is a social condition. It is a moral leprosy. It stands in the way of all endeavor. It blights manhood and womanhood; talent, genius, character, salvation are sacrificed to it. It is a standing menace individually, socially, publicly. To battle with this evil extraordinary weapons must be used. And one of these is total abstinence. Experience approves the use of it. Any one can readily see that if it were extensively adopted drink must lessen; and wherever and whenever it has been tried success has followed. Father Mathew with it did more for the moral and social regeneration of the Irish people than any reformer before or since his time. Total abstinence is efficacious; thousands and tens of thousands of Americans, both Catholic and Protestant, owe their preservation to it. Total abstinence has uplifted and blessed



What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the ostrich were wise enough to assist his digestion from time to time with an efficient combination of vegetable extracts. Such a preparation is Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the pills par excellence for those who sometimes eat the wrong things and too much. They stimulate action in all of the digestive organs. They stop sour stomach, windy belchings, heartburn, flatulence and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache and kindred derangements.

They are gentle, but prompt in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, and have none of the unpleasant features of other pills. They do not gripe and cause no violent shock to the system.

One little "Pellet" is a laxative. Two are mildly cathartic. One taken after dinner insures perfect digestion, sound sleep and an absence of foul breath in the morning.

They are unlike ordinary pills, because you do not become a slave to their use. They not only afford temporary relief, but effect a permanent cure.

Once used they are always in favor. Your name and address on a postal card will bring a free sample package of 4 to 7 doses. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

CAUTION.—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—it's an easy name to remember. Don't let some designing dealer persuade you to take some pills represented as "just as good." He makes more profit on the "just as good" kind. That's why he prefers to sell them. That's the reason why you better not take them.

ed thousands of American homes. As Archbishop Ireland has tersely put it: "to uplift the masses, turn down the glasses."

"It is a mistake to suppose that we can afford to see some members of society become victims to drink. Mankind is a vast brotherhood. And in every such victim a brother falls. We must take up his burden, feed his widow and orphans or discharge his obligations to the State and to society. The race is honored or dishonored in the lives of its lowliest members.

"We should abstain, if not for our own sake, then for the sake of others. We should be willing to sacrifice a social custom when our weaker brother's temporal and spiritual salvation depends so much upon it. We too easily forget that example can save as well as ruin.

"The influential elements of society should take a hand in this matter. Wealth, intelligence, culture, should array their forces against this evil. They should not be content with pity; their sympathy should materialize in leadership. Society looks to its brilliant members for light and guidance. The personal effort of each prominent member, whether lay or clerical, is demanded. Men and women of intelligence in every walk of life should stand together. To wipe out this evil their combined effort is needed.

"The youth of our land requires a total abstinence training. It is in youth that character germinates and is planted. The correct principle should be implanted. If the child comes in daily contact with the glass, the man will hardly abhor it. And yet youthful education in this matter is frequently overlooked. Alas! it is more frequently in favor of the drinking habit.

"We should be willing to make a little personal sacrifice for the public good. Even though we are not in danger, we should, for our neighbor's sake, become total abstainers. We should register our personal influence against this crying public evil."—Rev. Dr. Conaty.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

James Reiwick, designer and architect of the New York cathedral, died in that city on the 23rd.

Twenty-six priests were ordained at the College of the Jesuit Fathers, Woodstock, Baltimore county, June 26, by Archbishop Satolli.

Rt. Rev. Francis Haas, who introduced the Capuchin order in the United States, died at St. Agnes' Convent, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin on Sunday, June 23.

The Catholic church at Clyde, Texas, was completely wrecked by a severe storm recently, but, strange to say, the tabernacle was uninjured and the Blessed Sacrament was saved.

The Bishop of Tarsus says that since 1850 200,000 people have returned to the Catholic Church in Armenia, and that sixteen dioceses have been erected there within the last forty years.

Rev. George V. Leany, who received the licentiate in theology from the Catholic University, America, has returned to Boston, and will assist Rev. Philip J. O'Donnell in the building up of the new parish in the South End.

Four professors of theology and twenty students in the Catholic Seminary of Keice, in Poland, are reported to have been banished to Siberia and Central Russia respectively for alleged complicity in a political conspiracy.

Prince Frederick von Schonberg-Waldenberg, a brilliant cavalry officer of the guard, has been received into the Catholic Church. This conversion, we learn, has caused considerable sensation in the aristocratic circles of Saxony.

Right Rev. Moran, bishop of the diocese of Dunedin, New Zealand, has passed away after a lingering illness. The deceased prelate was, in point of consecration, one of the oldest of the antipodal prelates. He was mitred March 30, 1856, nearly forty years ago now.

A popular subscription has been opened at Florence for the purpose of presenting gold medals to two priests, Fathers Bertelli and Giovanezzi, who by their geological writings since the earthquake have powerfully contributed to calm the fears of the citizens.

Mother Mary Bernard has been elected superior of the Order of Sisters of Mercy, with the title of reverend mother by the sisters of the Maryland jurisdiction, at an election held at Mount St. Agnes' Convent, Mount Washington, Baltimore county. Rev. Mother Bernard was a Miss Mary O'Kane of Ireland.

MAGAZINES.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The Catholic World for July is an excellent number. It opens with "Church Unity and the Papacy," by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, an article especially written for the instruction of the kindly-opposed Protestants who talk vaguely of unity without knowing its precise meaning, or what matters are inextricably interwoven with it. "Irwinseroff" by Mr. F. C. Fairholt, a story rather unusual in length for this magazine, follows, and then comes "Sir Hugh after the Byme, 1640," a vigorous ballad, and this is succeeded by "The Testimony of Character" by Mr. P. J. McGorry, whose paper contains many admirable citations from history and a rather unfortunate quotation from a traveller who seems to be ignorant of the later explorations in Rome. "The Martyrs of Africa, 208, A. D." by the Rev. Dr. Henry Hayman, is a brilliant and intensely interesting article chiefly devoted to St. Perpetua, the noble lady who as Vivia Perpetua has even found her way into the "Readers" prepared for secular schools, and whose tale has again and again been written in English. "Oxford University" by Miss Anne M. Clarke, is well illustrated and pleasantly written, and "The Papal Policy Towards America" is an admirable review of the Apostolic Delegate's book. "By the Great Waters of the Ojibwas," by the Rev. Thomas Jefferson Jenkins, does not need its many illustrations to make it interesting, and the two poems by Miss Margaret H. Lawless and Miss Mary T. Waggaman are above the ordinary level. Mr. John J. O'Shea's "The Catholic Champion 1895" opens a fascinating prospect for those expecting to attend the Summer School and is the closing article. (New York.)



For Suffering Humanity. Suffering much from Nervous Prostration, brought on by sickness, used the valuable Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and find myself relieved and fully strengthened and my health heartily recommends its use to all who suffer with their nerves.

Miss M. S. Benedict, Pupils of the Good Shepherd, Alpena, Mich., Nov. 1892. Last summer I tried Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for sleeplessness and nervousness, from which I suffered for five months. In a short time I was well. JOSEPH GAZNE, 432 Seventh St.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any person who will send for it. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of St. Mary's, Ind., since 1850, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill., 49 S. Franklin Street. Sold by Druggists at 25¢ per Bottle. 6 for \$1.50. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$10. In Montreal by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 1605 Notre Dame Street.

Grand Trunk Railway SEASIDE EXCURSIONS

From MONTREAL to HALIFAX and Return, via Portland or Quebec..... \$12.50 ST. JOHN, N.B., and Return, via Portland or Quebec..... 11.50 MONCTON and Return, via Portland or Quebec..... 11.50 ST. ANDREWS, N.B., and Return via Portland and Steamer..... 10.50

Tickets good going July 25, 26, 27 and 28, and valid to arrive back at starting point on or before AUGUST 10, 1895. Proportionate rates from all other G. T. stations in Canada, but from stations west of Montreal tickets will be good going only on JULY 25, 26 and 27. Tickets will be good for stop-over at Quebec and east thereof if desired. For tickets and full information apply at CITY TICKET OFFICE, 143 St. James St., or at Bonaventure Station.

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, 1895.

WORTH LOOKING INTO.

Some time ago a correspondent, whose name and residence we have since forgotten, stated that THE TRUE WITNESS was "very fond of finding fault." That we do find fault at times we do admit, but that we are fond of the occupation we deny. We only find fault when there is fault to be found and when we deem it our duty, in the interests of those whose views we voice, to play the part of public censor. We now refer to this communication because we feel that circumstances are such that we shall very soon have to make a number of complaints, and if the causes for such complaints are not removed we will have the unpleasant duty of substantiating some unpalatable facts.

On more than one occasion we have referred to the unjust treatment to which Irish Catholics have been subjected in this Province and elsewhere. As a rule our fault-finding was confined to the distribution of public patronage and similar cases. This time we have to do with another class—happily composed of the exceptions. We wish to draw the attention of the authorities concerned to the treatment of Irish Catholics in certain public institutions. When we move along the higher social grades we find representatives of our people marching side by side with the best and most gifted citizens of this land seeking to command that recognition which their superior qualities and qualifications demand. But, in every nationality there are members whose lives have been overclouded by misfortune. Some are unfortunate through a mere combination of adverse circumstances; others so through their own fault. The consequence is that Irish Catholics as well as Protestants, as French Canadians, as people of different races are to be found—happily the proportion is in their favor—in the institutions that society has built for the protection of some and the punishment of others.

If a man is guilty of an offence against the laws he is sent to prison; and there his treatment should be in accordance with his sentence and with the rules of that institution. But his nationality should in no way influence the degree of his punishment. All should be used alike. The men condemned to hard labor should be made to work according to their strength and to the degree of their crimes. If any favor is granted it should be for good conduct or other legitimate reason and always in accord with justice. We would be the last to ask any special privilege for an Irish Catholic, simply on the ground of his creed and nationality. When a man, by his voluntary and evil acts, leaves himself open to a legal condemnation, he forfeits a certain claim that he might otherwise have upon our sympathy, and he becomes anything but an honor to his race and religion. But if we do not, and never would, ask any special favor on the score of nationality, we most positively insist that the prisoner will not be given an unfair share of harsh treatment because he happens to belong to a particular race.

We have no intention of formulating any charges at this moment; but we have the best and most reliable authority for the fact that in many ways, in some of our public institutions, our people are unjustly discriminated against and are made to undergo far more than a fair share of the hardships. As a rule men, in prisons, are changed around, from time to time, are given one work this week and another next week. A man has been breaking stones for five or six days and suffering all the inconveniences of

the weather; the next week he is given an indoor occupation, to sweep, to scrub, to help in the kitchen, to whitewash, to do something or other that renders physical resistance possible. And such change or changes may be regulated according to his conduct or the terms of his commitment.

We know of a prison in which the one who frequents it sufficiently often will remark these changes and will find the man who was scrubbing yesterday, working with the cook to-day. But if there is an Irishman inside those walls he is sure to find him, day in and day out, from early morning till evening, sitting upon a pile of stones, with the red rays of a scorching sun pouring down upon his unprotected back, and the hard lime stone for his seat. He need not look for that prisoner in any other department. Others will be relieved as the circumstances permit; not so the unfortunate Irishman. He is sure to be found out in the yard, hammering away under the vigilant eye of a guard, who seems to count the strokes of his sledge. Woe be to him if he lets an idle half moment overtake him. He is not more guilty than his fellow-prisoner of another nationality; perhaps he is less guilty; perhaps his crime is almost excusable; perhaps his conduct is far superior to that of the other; no matter, there is no change, no relief, no consideration for him. He is only an unfortunate Irishman; there is a pile of stones to be broken, and it is better that he should break them than some more favored one. We are not exaggerating. Rather are we drawing it mildly. We state the simple fact that such is the practice in one prison—not a hundred miles from this city—and such is the character of the even-handed justice to be found in other institutions.

We do not seek to excuse the wrongdoing of any Irishman, simply because he is an Irishman; but we do hold and we persist that, free or bond, in the lowest as well as in the highest sphere, our people must receive fair-play. Not even the rights of an Irish criminal will be tampered with while we possess a pen, a voice, or an influence.

POETS AT WAR.

In a recent number of an American magazine appeared an article on Canadian poets; several of our most prominent writers of English verse were mentioned and their works appreciated. One of the poets discovered that, for some reason or another, he had been slighted by the author of the article in question, and that all his fine qualities were not mentioned. He at once proceeded to criticise the critic, through the columns of a Canadian journal, and the result was a regular "tempest in a teapot." The incident serves us very well as a text for a few remarks we deem pertinent on this subject.

We can readily understand that one gifted with the poetic faculty may feel very "touchy" and often consider that the critic treat his productions unfairly; but it seems to us the height of folly to make a public exhibition of all that natural sensitiveness. Extremes of praise or censure are always injurious, and no wise man—no matter how great his opinion of his own powers and acquisitions—will be either carried away by the former or depressed by the latter. If a work is really devoid of merit all the flattery in the world cannot put life into it, if it positively contains the germs of success, no amount of jealous, ignorant, or harsh condemnation can extinguish it. Consequently it is very childish to fly into a passion on account of real or supposed injustice at the hands of critics. This leads us to ask what poetry is and who are the poets.

It seems to us that poetry consists in the expression of fine sentiments, lofty ideas, touching and noble thoughts. It is not necessary that such expression should take the form of verse. Many a gem of true poetry is found in simple and effective prose. The poets, to our mind, are the men who conceive inspiring and elevating ideas and impart the same to others—no matter by what means, or through what medium. The making of verses, that have a certain number of feet and a certain rhyme at the end, is no more the work of a poet than is the measuring off and curving or otherwise shaping a coping, by a stone-cutter, the work of an architect. No two minds are cast in the same mould; no two intellects are of equal capacity; no two beings possess the exact same faculties in an exactly similar degree of development; consequently what one may consider the perfection of poetic expression another may find extremely prosaic. This critic may discover faults where that one sees beauties and the other finds perfections.

But if a man feels that he has the poetic gift, and if he employs it to the best of his ability, and seeks by that means to add his share to the enjoyment, the happiness, the amelioration, or the elevation of others, he need not feel down-hearted if his merits are not universally recognized. He is conscious of having done his best, of having placed the talents he received to the greatest advantage, and not all the praise that a

thousand writers might bestow upon him could equal his ultimate satisfaction. Moreover there is another consideration that must not be overlooked.

It is certainly an enviable gift that of true poetry—as is that of oratory or any other kindred one. But there is nothing to be proud of in the possession of such a boon. God gave it; and in a flash He can withdraw it. The real merit is in the use made of the faculty. The gift of poetry is a curse to some—for it enables them to do more wrong and perpetrate more evil than they can ever repair. If it be true, as Horace says, that "the Poet is born, not made," then the poet should not feel in any way elated on account of that which a wise Providence has seen fit to bestow upon him. The very same Hand that lit the torch of poetry in his mind can, at any moment, extinguish that light and reduce the gifted child of genius to the condition of a poor, demented creature. He has no positive lease of his faculty; at the very time that he is most vain of his superiority the thunderbolt of ruin may be poised to strike down forever the source of his pride. Rather should the one who claims to enjoy the advantage of a poetic mind be careful and tremble under the weight of his responsibility. We think that the more certain a person is that he has been so endowed, the more necessary for him is deep and true humility. In fact the more humble the man the more elevated his poetry, and the less he imagines that he is superior the more will the world exalt him.

These few reflections were suggested to us by the aforementioned incident. Like many others we, too, have imagined, at times, that we could write poetry; but, after all, it was only imagination. A pleasant past-time, as long as no person is injured thereby; like the marks made by a child, with a stick, on the sandy sea-shore—one tide of time, and it is all effaced. What, then, is the use of quarrelling?

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

Two weeks ago we predicted, in an editorial, that the present Imperial elections would result favorably to the Irish cause. We were strongly criticised and positively contradicted upon that question. The contest commenced with a very rush of success in favor of the new Government; and the wave of Conservative and Unionist triumph that swept, last week, over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, seemed to give color to the arguments of our critics. During the past week between the third and half of the seats were contested. The wonderful series of triumphs in favor of the Salisbury Government might certainly excite the opinion that the Liberal party was doomed forever. Still we adhere more strongly than ever to our forecast.

What we claimed was that the final result will be favorable to the Home Rule cause. Even if the Government has a small majority it will be unable to safely carry on the affairs of the Empire. A union in the Irish ranks would again place the balance of power in their hands. The Liberal party is far from being crushed; and the stronger it is the better the opportunity for the Home Rule party to control the working of the House. Now as to the result so far!

There are six hundred members to be elected. The system of issuing writs is very different from our more reliable and commendable one. Here all the writs are issued upon the same day and the elections take place all over the country on the same day. It is much easier to thus secure a fair and unprejudiced expression of public sentiment. But in Great Britain the Government of the day issues its writs just as it deems proper. The consequence is that the party in power makes sure to open out the constituencies most likely to be favorable to its cause. This is done with the expectation of securing a number of victories and thereby influencing the more uncertain and even the antagonistic constituencies. The hope is that the Opposition, finding everything going for the Government, will lose heart. Such was the case at the last general election. And the final result was a Liberal triumph.

It will be remarked that the government commenced by issuing the writs for the boroughs—the pocket-boroughs especially—and kept the provincial constituencies back. As a natural consequence the great tide of Government success seemed to be universal. But in politics as in the ocean there are both ebb and flow. The boroughs and metropolitan constituencies raised the Conservative and Unionist prospects to high-water mark. Then the ebb naturally had to set in and the final result is yet to be known. Even should the Government have a working majority of seventy or eighty, it is not sufficient to secure it for seven years in the heavy work of Imperial legislation. The balance of power must fall into the hands of the Home Rulers. The position we would like to see them occupy is one of such freedom of action that both Conservatives and Liberals would have to rely upon them for any measure of success.

But there exists one great obstacle—it is apart from all other considerations of

political prospects for Government or Opposition—it is the internal strife that has ruined, and will ruin as long as it lasts, all hopes of immediate success for Home Rule. Close up the ranks; cement the divisions; unite the factions, and we adhere more than ever to our prophecy that the result will be favorable to Ireland's cause.

TIME TO KEEP COOL.

We are in mid-summer, and the heat has driven all who can afford to go away to the sea-side or to the country. It is a time when every person is desirous of "keeping cool." It is very wise, on the part of those who can manage to defeat the attacks of summer heat, to avoid everything that tends to excitement and consequent weakness. As it is in the physical and social domains so it is in the political or national sphere. Most decidedly, while the summer heat of a semi-religious, quasi-political agitation is upon us, it is time to "keep cool." During the past few weeks we have had enough of sensational rumors to satisfy even the most exacting. The Twelfth of July orations came to add their fire to the flames that were kindled in the House of Commons and that have spread over the country—particularly over the prairie Province. Men grew warm in debate, others in controversy; religious animosities were raked up by some and the embers were trampled upon by others. In the glow and perspiration of the excitement many hot things were said and many extravagant statements were made.

The dog-days are over; it is yet very warm and as none of us are anxious for a political sunstroke, we sincerely advise keeping cool. We have six months to draw breath, to calmly weigh and measure the situation and the events, and to form just judgments while shaping rational courses. We trust that the moderate and patriotic people of Canada will "keep cool" and calmly study the pros and cons of the difficult question that the next session of Parliament must decide. We do not expect to convert any person to our views; some are so blinded by prejudice or actuated by self-interest that they are beyond conviction. But we do fondly hope to secure a certain degree of impartial reasoning and fair treatment from all sides. The extremist will cling to the Manitoba Government's contention; the moderate man will be inclined towards justice in favor of a minority. Both parties will fight the battles over and over in the press, or in private disputations.

All we ask is that a spirit of tolerance be allowed to sway the public mind during the next six months. There is no necessity of vituperation, of recriminations, of insults. If a man cannot be reasoned with let him alone; if it is found impossible to touch the question without hurting the feelings of others, don't touch it. Let us remember that we are Christians in a mixed community, and that we must be fair, tolerant, just, and while firm in our convictions we must be charitable to all.

BLAKE'S APPEAL.

Canada is the only colony, the only country, outside the limits of the British Isles, that has sent an active representative to do battle for Irish Home Rule in the arena of Imperial politics. When an appeal comes across the Atlantic from the Irish-Canadian representative in the British House, it strikes a very special chord in the heart of every native Irishman, and every Canadian-born Irishman, in this broad Dominion. We know that some narrow-minded men, whose opinions are too prejudiced to be recognized and whose prejudices are too ignorant to be combatted, have sought to cast a doubt upon the motives that actuated the Hon. Edward Blake in the heroic course he has taken. Not for their benefit, but for that of all reasonable and justice-inspired lovers of truth, we purpose briefly referring to the position which that gentleman has voluntarily accepted.

In Canada he was educated; here he formed all the domestic and popular ties that can bind a man to a country; here he married and built up his home; here he established his wonderful professional practice in the pursuit of which he had the bench within his reach as a final goal and had emoluments sufficient to make an ordinary man independent; he had political opportunities of the rarest; he was Minister of Justice in the administration when his party was in power, and he was the undisputed leader of that party in Opposition, within the range of human probability was the Premiership of the country for him; in a word, he laid aside political advantages, professional prospects, opportunities of wealth, and even family and personal attachments, and expatriated himself for the land of his fathers. He did more.

Any person acquainted with Edward Blake must know what a proud and unbending character is his. He would not stoop to ask, much less to beg, for himself or his dearest friend; he would never descend to accept favors at the hands of the public. And yet, the same man, for the sake of the Irish cause,

trampled upon his own nature and humiliated himself to the degree of becoming a voluntary solicitor of pecuniary assistance. In the cities of Canada and the United States he lectured and asked for money to carry on the work. And now he is in the thick of the fight, he is not discouraged by reverses, and he practices what he preaches to others.

It was said of Meagher that he could speak of the sword but perhaps he could not wield it. On the American continent he proved his capacity of executing what he had advised. It was then said that he neglected the interests of his soldiers and led them into unnecessary dangers. He again vindicated himself by proving that every order he gave was in obedience to one from a superior officer, and that he never asked his men to face a danger that he was not the first to meet. From the heights of Fredericksburg to the slopes of Antietam; by the James and the Rappahannock, by the Potomac and the Chickahominy, wherever the American Irish Brigade went into conflict, the green plume of Meagher was in the van, and his sword—"like the cross at Milan"—glittered in the haze of battle and pointed to victory.

So with Blake on another, a less bloody but none the less important field of strife. In the Flavian Amphitheatre of Imperial politics, where the Irish victim was ever exposed to the British lion, Blake had taken his stand. After giving his time, his talents, his opportunities, he goes down into his pocket, and draws forth, from his ever-decreasing funds, five thousand dollars to head the list. No matter what other reasons may be given, for or against, it is scarcely possible that Irish-Canadians can resist the appeal from such a man.

OUR SCHOOL BOARD.

With the close of the last scholastic term came that period when the annual change on the Board of Catholic School Commissioners should take place. The Board consists of nine members, three chosen by the Archbishop from the clergy, three by the city authorities, and three by the Government of the Province. When the year expires the longest appointed member in each section retires, but is eligible to re-nomination. This year being the first that the new Board has been in existence, all its members were equally entitled to remain. Consequently lots were drawn and the three who drew the lowest numbers were considered as the retiring members. In the ecclesiastical section His Grace re-appointed the Reverend gentleman who drew the retiring number; the same course was followed regarding the city's nominee; but in the case of those appointed by the Provincial Government—or Lieutenant-Governor in Council—the retiring member, who has done good service and has devoted much of his time and talents to the cause of education, does not desire to continue in office. Were he desirous of the place we have no doubt that the Quebec authorities would have recognized his many services and his great merit, by re-naming him for the next term. But matters being otherwise it is now incumbent upon the Government to appoint some person to replace the retiring officer.

We must here state, in justice to all concerned, that since the appointment of the new Board, and particularly since the entry of its members upon the exercise of their duties, great changes have taken place, ameliorations in the administration of affairs have been most noticeable, the old beaten path has been left when it was necessary, and, in all cases, it has been repaired and made more in harmony with the new requirements. The different members of the Board have well, faithfully and conscientiously performed their duties. Of course in one year they could not be expected to do miracles and to deal with every question that required particular attention. But they have commenced the work, have cleared away the underbrush, and prepared the soil; in another year they will be able to sow the much required seed; and before long a fine harvest will be ready for reaping.

Under all these circumstances it would be well for the Provincial authorities to carefully select their next member on the Board. They should be sure to name a man who will be in harmony with the spirit of the present Board, a man calculated to help rather than retard the advancement now being made. It seems to us that this end could be attained, and, at the same time, the Government would be doing a most gracious act, in recognizing the fine qualities and the sterling characteristics of a member of the old Board, and one who, while he does not want the place, would, by his experience and business capacities, render important aid to the new Board, by appointing Mr. Frank Hart to the vacant seat. We make the suggestion to-day on our own responsibility and without the slightest knowledge, on that gentleman's part, of our intention. He may not be pleased with us; but we feel that he will excuse the liberty we take, in consideration of benefits, all around, that would follow from such a course. We trust the Government will appreciate our motive and we can assure its members of the popularity of the nomination.

NIL DESPERANDUM.

In another column will be found an editorial which we wrote last week while yet the ultimate result of the Imperial elections was uncertain. We might refrain from publishing it; but we deem it better that our readers should know the reasons we had for confidence in the outcome of this great contest. We were somewhat mistaken; the tide did not turn at high-water mark, rather did it sweep over the dykes, and like the Zuyder Zee around Holland, deluge all before it. And still we are no way disheartened. We yet have confidence in the final triumph of the Home Rule cause. If this great political flood could only drown forever the divisions of the Irish representatives, it might form the very waters upon which the ark of Irish liberty could float securely.

There is but one cause for all this sad state of affairs, and we do not hesitate to point it out. All the loss, the defeat, the shattered hopes, are due to the dissensions in the Irish ranks. The men, with few exceptions, who pretend to be leaders of Irish thought and representatives of the nation are living examples of the "anti-Irishman."

Their own petty ambitions, their miserable jealousies, their personal animosities, their abominable divisions, have disheartened the truly honest and patriotic and have alienated the sympathies of all who might see the justice of their cause and be willing to help in bringing about a fair settlement of Irish affairs. This is not a new story; it is as old as the hills.

As far back as 1848 we found similar factions destroying every prospect of success; we find the great Liberator going down broken-hearted to the grave, and the men who united against him turning upon each other. It was in Cork that Meagher, in a burst of fiery indignation, cried out: "From the winter of 1846 to the summer of 1848 the wing of an avenging angel swept your sky and soil; the fruits died as the shadow passed, and men, who had nurtured them into life, saw in the withered leaves that they too must die." * * * And all this time you are battalions into faction, drilled into disunion, striking each other above the graves that yawn beneath you, instead of joining hands and snatching victory from death." As it was in 1848 so it is in 1895.

There are numbers of our people who call themselves patriotic, who do not wish to be told the truth; unless you proclaim them the possessors of every virtue imaginable, and unless you agree in every iota with their views, you are ready to denounce you as false to the nationality. The day for self-glorification and tinsel-praise is gone past; it is mere nonsense to be proclaiming our own greatness when all the world is laughing in our face and counting our follies and measuring our littleness. We want no more sham-patriotism. We require honest, sterling, national worth. The man who through inclination or ignorance, through personal ambition or spite, through one motive or another, thinks, speaks or acts in a manner unbecoming a high-bred person and an honorable citizen, is a disgrace to our people and we want him not. Ireland has long enough been the subject of caricature and burlesque; the cause is sacred and cannot be bartered to please the whims of every faction-creating self-seeker. Let the Celtic race the world over rise and demand a united party in the old land, and then the result will be one of early triumph. We don't care what political party grants justice to Ireland; one or the other must do it. If a solid party, an unbroken phalanx of Irish representatives, can be secured, Providence has the destinies of the nation in His hand; we are confident that He intends an Easter of glory to follow the long Lent of suffering; but He will not help those who do not help themselves. Reconstruct the body of representatives and success is inevitable.

CATHOLIC art is to be found in every age, and it is not dying out even in our material and progressive epoch. We learn that:

"At Beuron, a Benedictine abbey on the Danube, due north of the Lake of Constance, a new school of Catholic art has arisen. The monks have painted the decorations of the cathedral at Constance, the frescoes of the life of St. Benedict in the sanctuary at Monte Cassino near Naples, and the life of the Blessed Virgin in the Abbey Church of Emaus at Prague."

The Archbishop of Melbourne, in sending a cheque in aid of the local Jewish charities, stated that the Jews so rarely appealed to the general public for aid, and they so frequently help those of other religions in similar movements, that he was pleased to support their efforts. The spirit of Melbourne's Catholic Archbishop is one that we would like well to have introduced into Canada. There are no more useful citizens than the Jews; they are never dependent upon the public and are always ready to assist in any just cause. We think that a lesson could be taken by some in authority from the course adopted by the Australian prelate. There are Hebrew institutions in our midst that deserve better support than they are getting.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CHICAGO proposes to erect a tower that will surpass in height the Eiffel tower at Paris. Chicago is becoming quite ambitious; a tower after the design of that of Babel might be more in accord with the spirit of the great western city.

THE "Harmonia" is the title of a Catholic newspaper recently established in Athens. There are about 20,780 Roman Catholics in Greece. The influence of the Catholic press is great, and certainly no country of olden traditions and classic relics, deserves more than Greece to have a journal of truth.

MR. L. SANFORD receives \$10,000 a year for showing Senator Bruce's family how to observe the etiquette of fashionable society. It is a good thing for Mr. Sanford that in the case of some people "the rank is but the guinea stamp," and that wealth does not constitute the only requirement in society. Mr. Sanford's knowledge of social capers is worth more than the Senator's millions.

THE preparations for the golden jubilee of Archbishop Croke, of Cashel, are on a most extensive scale. The town commissioners of the city of Cashel, the National teachers of the Arch-diocese, the people of Thurles and all the Catholics under the Archbishop's jurisdiction are doing their utmost to ensure a grand success. Truly the event will be worthy of "Cashel of the Kings."

THE TARTAR is always beneath the Russian skin. The Catholics in that country are now having a pretty hard time of it. Seven professors of theology have been sentenced to ten years' exile in Siberia. Twenty students have been imprisoned at Tomsk. Bishops Likovska is said to have died in prison of typhus. And all this time Russia claims a place in the ranks of civilized nations.

SAM KEE, a wealthy Chinaman, was buried the other day, with a requiem High Mass, from St. Mary's Church, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. He was a member of a Roman Catholic colony recently found in the heart of China, the members of which are said to have kept the faith imparted to their forefathers by the Jesuit missionaries who evangelized that region three hundred years ago, a grand sample of the solidity of Jesuit work.

PROF. GARNER is going back to Africa and taking his iron cage with him. Twelve thousand dollars have been subscribed in order to enable the professor to talk to the apes. He might spend the time and money in a more profitable manner were he to attempt to talk with the Apes at home. It would be very interesting, from a scientific standpoint, to be able to find the key to their language and the real reason for their existence.

ABBE TOLSTOI, a Russian priest who recently joined the Catholic Church, will follow a course of studies in Rome and then become attached to the Oriental Seminary which the Pope intends to open in Constantinople this year. The object of this seminary is to facilitate the recall to Roman unity of the separated Eastern churches. Abbe Tolstoi is not as famous as his great namesake the author; but there is a wide difference in their principles.

POPE LEO XIII. has ordered his tomb and has given the commission to Maroni, the world-renowned sculptor. It will be of pure Carrara marble; on the lid, a lion holding the tiara in his claws. On the right will be a figure of Faith holding a torch in one hand and the Sacred Scriptures in the other. On the left will be Truth, with a mirror and the armorial bearings of the Papacy. The inscription, in large black letters, cut into the marble, will be: "Hic Leo XIII. P.M., Polvis Est."

DENVER police had to guard the homes of eight aldermen to save them from the wrath of constituents who believed the honorable gentlemen to be "hoodlums." The Montreal police have not yet been called upon to do similar duty for our city aldermen. Probably the reverse would be the case here and the aldermen would turn out to protect the police, especially in cases of serious infractions of the law, when the guardians of the peace would stand in need of aldermanic help.

GRAND Master Adam Kennedy, of the 7,000 Orangemen of Pennsylvania, issued an order prohibiting parades on the 12th July. He has threatened to take away the charters of the lodges that declined to obey. He says that such parades are un-American. We would be glad to have Grand Master Kennedy over here for a few days to coach Grand Master Wallace on constitutional matters. If he does not come the Rev. Mr. Graham may be sent to Philadelphia to put a "fla in his ear."

A CORRESPONDENT in our last issue, commenting upon our editorial on "French Evangelization," expresses surprise that the French press neglects so much to resent the insults heaped daily upon their people. We cannot explain it; but the facts are that whenever our French-speaking fellow-Catholics are attacked we never hesitate to take up the cudgels for them. Not that we expect anything in return; simply because we love justice. It is, however, sad to say that there is a great lack of appreciation in this regard from those whose cause we voluntarily serve, and whose cause we voluntarily help for our religion's sake. The French press entirely ignores anything we say favorable—and our columns have been filled during the past four years with serious defenses of their rights.

This we do not mind. Nor are we at all influenced by the fact that we have never yet read a kind line in any French paper about our people, either individually or collectively. Still again, we repeat, we will not be deterred, by any lack of sympathy or appreciation, from doing our best to advance their interests and defend their cause whenever unjustly attacked. We do not seek and do not expect any reciprocity; it never was given, and probably never will be. We are prepared, for our common cause, to let them derive all the benefits—our conscience gives us the credit if no one else does.

THE Pan-American Congress of Religion and Education has commenced in Toronto. It is composed of representative laymen and clergymen from every county, province and State of North and South America, including Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews. Considerable disappointment was felt last week when it was announced that Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, was unavoidably detained from attending. It would have been a grand feature in the programme could His Grace have addressed the Congress; but it must be remembered that he is one of the most busy men in all the United States and not a moment of his time is really his own.

A PAMPHLET by those in charge of the American pilgrimage to Rome, gives the dress requirements for the Papal audience. The details may interest and perhaps be useful to many of our readers. The rules are:—Ladies—black dress, not necessarily silk, the head to be covered by a veil, no gloves. The veil is usually two or two and a half yards black Brussels net, draped from the head, hanging over the shoulders and down the back; the face is not covered; a black lace scarf can be used; avoid all bright colors. Gentlemen—The requirements are full dress, but this is waived in favor of the pilgrims, but they are expected to appear in a suit of black clothes or black coat and vest with white tie; no gloves. Gloves cannot be worn in the presence of the Pope.

THE New York Catholic Review says: "At the election in Italy, out of 36,073 electors in the Province of Bergamo, only 9,827 voted and 73 per centum of the voters did not go near the polls. In 17 election districts not one vote was cast. This shows the indifference of the people to the fate of the Piedmont monarchy and their docility to the wish of the Pope, that Catholics should be neither candidates nor voters under the regime of the usurper."

HOME RULE FUND.

A Successful Meeting in St. Patrick's Parish. On Sunday after High Mass a meeting of the parishioners of St. Patrick's parish was held in the Young Men's hall. The Rev. Father Quinlivan, by request, announced the object of the meeting, which was to ask assistance for the Home Rule cause now passing through a severe crisis. Dr. Gherin, President of St. Patrick's Society, took the chair, and explained that a cable message from Hon. Edward Blake to Hon. John Costigan had asked for assistance to carry on the battle for Irish autonomy. After stating that meetings had been held last week and the week before and that about five hundred dollars in all had been subscribed, the Doctor called upon the people of St. Patrick's to join those of the other parishes in augmenting the fund. Hon. Senator Murphy made a few pertinent remarks, and Hon. J. J. Curran delivered a most effective and very argumentative address. The meeting was not very large, as the object for which it was called had not been mentioned. However, the handsome sum of \$108 was then and there handed in. It is expected that Montreal will be able, at an early date, to send a thousand dollars in reply to Mr. Blake's appeal.

A VETERAN PRIEST BURIED.

On Monday morning at St. Anne de Beauce the funeral of the Rev. R. P. Fievez, who died Saturday at the Convent of the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Anne, took place. The deceased clergyman was born in 1828 at Longros St. Martin, Hainault, Belgium. He was ordained a priest in 1859; in 1868 he was appointed Superior of the College of Binche. Sixteen years ago he was sent to St. Anne with Father Fielen, the pioneers of the order in Quebec.

SACRED HEART PILGRIMAGE.

On Wednesday, 31st July, the steamer Three Rivers will carry a large pilgrimage-party to the shrine at Lanoré. It is the Sacred Heart Pilgrimage of St. Patrick's Parish and under the direction of the zealous and popular Father J. A. McCallen. The tickets are at a very low figure; only 60 cents for adults and 30 cents for children. All desirous of enjoying the benefits of this fine trip and pious excursion can procure their tickets at St. Patrick's presbytery, on Sunday, after High Mass and after Vespers, and on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, from 4 to 6 and 6.30 to 8.30 p.m. We trust that the attendance will be large and that the good people of the parish will thus evidence their appreciation of the Rev. Father McCallen's untiring efforts in behalf of the temporal and spiritual welfare of all.

PILGRIMAGE TO RIGAUD.

The parishioners of St. Ann's will make a pilgrimage to Rigaud on September 2. It will be conducted by the Redemptorist Fathers. The Ottawa River Navigation Co.'s new steamer Duchess of York has been chartered for the occasion.

A MONSTER PILGRIMAGE.

The Rev. M. J. Stanon parish priest, of Smith's Falls, was in the city on Saturday, arranging with the Canadian Pacific Railway for the transportation of a large number of pilgrims to the shrine at St. Anne de Beauce. This monster gathering of the faithful will consist of English speaking Roman

Catholics from all parts of Eastern Ontario, as well as from the diocese of Peterboro and other sections of the West. The Canadian Pacific Railway officials have placed four special trains at the disposal of Mr. Stanton, who expects that the pilgrimage will embrace fully 3,000 persons, including seventy members of the clergy from the different dioceses of Ontario. The pilgrimage will take place on July 30, and the special sermon to the pilgrims will be preached in the church at St. Anne's by His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, Ont., Mgr. Cleary.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Another Successful Entertainment. On Thursday evening last Mr. A. Giroux occupied the chair at the weekly concert given by the members of the Catholic Sailors' Club. The hall was packed to the door by citizens and seamen. The music, songs, recitations and dancing were exceptionally good. The following ladies and gentlemen kindly gave their assistance in carrying out the programme: the Misses Delaney and Wheeler, Messrs. R. B. Milloy, George Parks, J. Rankin, J. Daigault, Durette Brothers, M. Mullin, C. McKeown, A. Walker, M. Bigras, Coalier, O'Hare, Williamson, H. Jones, C. King, J. Milloy, A. Read, A. Allan and Mr. Baird.

We might remark that any persons having reading matter at their disposal would be greatly thanked if they would send the same for the use of the seamen. Address to the "Catholic Sailors' Club, 300 St. Paul Street." The Club will send for the literature on being informed that it may be had. If any person has a second-hand bagatelle table to dispose of or donate he would confer a favor by communicating with the Club. The concerts are a continued success and the good results are incalculable. May this long continue.

THE UNION PILGRIMAGE.

We trust that our readers will not forget that on Saturday, the 27th instant, the grand Union Pilgrimage of the parishes of St. Mary's, St. Anthony's and St. Gabriel's, to St. Anne de Beauce, will take place. It would be advisable for all who are anxious to take part in this very important event, to secure their tickets as early as possible. So many of the stations have been secured that it would be a great mistake not to procure the tickets for such accommodation at once. We believe that this will be one of the most important and successful pilgrimages of the season. Rev. Fathers O'Donnell, Donnelly and O'Meara, are sparing no pains to make it a memorable event. The pleasure as well as the temporal and spiritual blessings to be derived should suffice to attract a large contingent from each parish.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

SATURDAY, 27. 7.30 p.m.—On leaving the wharf the combined choirs will sing "Ave Maria." 8.00 p.m.—Recitation of the Beads. 8.30 p.m.—Supper. 9.00 p.m.—Sermon, evening prayer and supplication of meditation. 10.00 p.m.—All will retire to rest. SUNDAY, 28. 4.30 a.m.—Rising. 5.00 a.m.—Morning prayer and meditation. 6.00 a.m.—Arrival at St. Anne de Beauce.—Procession will be immediately formed and proceed to the church. 6.30 a.m.—Holy Mass and General Communion. 7.00 a.m.—Blessing. 7.30 a.m.—Solemn High Mass and Sermon. 8.00 a.m.—Leave St. Anne de Beauce. 12 noon.—Dinner on board. 1.00 p.m.—Arrive at Quebec. 4.30 p.m.—Leave Quebec. 6.00 p.m.—Recitation of the beads. Supper. 7.30 p.m.—Sermon, evening prayer and meditation. 10 p.m.—All retire in strict silence. MONDAY, 29. 5 a.m.—Rising. 5.30 a.m.—Arrive at Montreal singing the "Magnificat." N.B.—The pilgrims will please understand that complete silence must be kept in the saloon of the boat throughout the pilgrimage. The pilgrimage will leave Jacques Cartier wharf at 3.30 sharp and Molson's wharf at 4 o'clock.

FEAST OF ST. MARGUERITA.

The feast of St. Marguerita, one of the patrons of the Ladies of Mercy of this city, was observed on Saturday with great solemnity at the Convent of Mercy, Dorchester street, where the relics of the saint were exposed to public view. Solemn High Mass was sung in the morning, followed by general communion, partaken of by the Ladies of the Convent. In the afternoon the relics of the saint were venerated, and the celebration was brought to a close by the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE.

The Rev. Sisters of Providence Convent, on Friday commemorated the titular feast of their patron saint, St. Vincent of Paul. High Mass was sung by the Rev. Abbe P. Labreche, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. J. A. Faucher and E. Chevalier as deacon and sub-deacon. Immediately after the gospel, the Rev. J. Thibault, of St. Elizabeth Church, St. Henri, ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent sermon on "Love and Christian Charity." Dinner was served at noon to the many guests present and in the afternoon Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament ended the proceedings.

PILGRIMS AT ST. BLAISE.

The shrine at St. Blaise, at Grand Ligne, continues to grow in popularity with the Catholic population of the city. On Thursday over five hundred pilgrims from the French parishes of Point St. Charles visited the church and joined in a procession in honor of the saint. The pilgrimage was under the direction of the Rev. Father Bonin.

A truism is a seed which ought to have been planted in men's lives as truth, but has been kicked about in the dry and empty garret of their brains.

MISS NARDIN'S GOOD WORK.

The Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

We clip the following interesting correspondence from the Buffalo Courier, and, by request, reproduce it: Miss Ernestine Nardin, Provincial-Superior of the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, who resides at Mount St. Mary's Academy and boarding school for young ladies at No. 135 Cleveland Avenue, between Delaware and Elmwood avenues, has left Buffalo on her annual visit to the Western convents of her community. Before her return she will visit St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Female Industrial School, St. Mary's Female Orphan Asylum, Academy of the Holy Name of Jesus, St. Mary's Home for Working Girls, all in Cleveland; St. Joseph's Academy, Louisville; Mission Houses in Sandusky (3) Canton (2), Massillon and Toledo; St. Ignatius Loyola's Academy, St. Joseph's Home for Working Girls, the Ephpheta School for the improved instruction of deaf-mutes, Our Lady's Night Refuge for homeless women and children, all in Chicago; St. John's Academy, St. Elizabeth's Home, St. Mary's Institute for the deaf and dumb, in St. Paul, Minn.; St. Mary's Home for Working Girls, and the Refuge of Our Lady of the Stable of Bethlehem, in Minneapolis; Villa Maria Academy and Indian Mission, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.; Indian Mission of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Holy Cross Industrial School, and The Child of Jesus Indian Orphan Asylum, Wickwemikong, Manitoulin Island.

The Daughters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary were founded in Paris, during the stormy days of the French Revolution of 1789, by the priests of the Society of Jesus. The nuns live by St. Ignatius Loyola's (desuit) Rule. The Jesuit system of education is adopted in all their educational establishments. The order is sometimes called the Female Jesuit Society. The members, although nuns and taking perpetual vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and zeal, do not wear a religious garb, but simply the ordinary secular dress. They are consequently enabled to perform wonderful works for the Catholic Church that nuns wearing the religious uniforms cannot perform.

The community opened their first convent in the United States, at Cleveland, in 1853, with Madame Anne Panget, Superior, assisted by the following named nuns: Madame Victorie Boucher, Miss Ernestine Nardin, Madame Marie Le Masson, Mademoiselle Louise de Poulpquoit, Miss Marie Mougey, Madame Ida Rompe, Mme. Teresa Lambert and Miss Barbara Schrieter. As in Europe, the success of the order in this country has been marvellous, and their institutions have been crowded with the wealthy and the cultured and the poor and the lowly.

Miss Nardin (Mother Mary of Jesus) was elected provincial in 1884 to succeed Madame Boucher, who died that year. Under her wise direction the order has spread wonderfully, yet quietly. At the present time the community possess about 50 convents and about 800 nuns in the United States and Canada.

Miss Nardin is no stranger in Buffalo. She has been stationed here for the past 35 years, and has established St. Mary's Day Academy for young ladies and the Sacred Heart Seminary for boys under 12, at No. 72 Franklin Street, and Mount St. Mary's boarding school for young ladies and little girls, and St. Joseph's Seminary for boys under 12 years, at No. 135 Cleveland Avenue, near Bishop Ryan's chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. These schools are second to none in the country.

Buffalo, July 13. M. A. CROXYN. PERSONAL.

Rev. Father James Boyle, so well and favorably known to a large circle of Montrealers, has just arrived from the Eternal City. During the spring Father Boyle went to Rome and has since been permanently established there. He came back to Canada this week and purposes spending about a month in this country on special business prior to his return to his official position in the City of the Popes.

One of the saddest conditions to which the human mind can be reduced—not from faith, but from pains and weariness—is no longer to fear the shadow feared of men.

Catarrh in the Head Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following: "My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and at times was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FURSTNER, Newmarket, Ontario. Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c per box.

THIS WEEK JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS Have another Lot of Remnants to Clear Out, also Odds and Ends in each Department, and we must get rid of them during Our Removal Clearing Sale. REMNANTS. At less than Fifty Cents on the Dollar. ODDS AND ENDS. At Fifty and Seventy-Five per cent. reduction. During Our Removal Clearing Sale Strictly Net Cash Sale Prices. REMNANTS. ODD LOTS. Slightly Soiled Blankets, at less than Manufacturers' Prices. 1 Lot Linen Table Cloths, to clear at 45c ea. Another Lot Bleached Linen Table Cloths, at 50c on the dollar or half the regular price in 10-4, 10-12, 10-14, 10-16, 10-18, 10-20, 10-24 and 10-28. Men's Natural Merino Underwear, worth \$1.50 and upwards for 90c a set. Men's White Merino Underwear, 50c a set. Ladies' Vests, 4c and 7c ea. 75 Pair Boys' Tweed and Serge Short Pants, in sizes from 22 in. upwards, at 60c and 75c pr. Ladies' Cloth and Serge Blazors, 25c, 75c, \$1.19. 100 Straw Hats, at 6c each. Tribby Hats, worth \$1.50 for 17c.

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS, Family Drapers and Linen Warehouse 203 to 207 St. Antoine street; 144 to 150 Mountain street—Phone 8225. BRANCH: St. Catherine street, corner Buckingham Avenue—Telephone 3335.

Outremont Beauties. Finest Nutmeg Melons. First-shipment coming into store this morning. FRESH FROM THE BEDS. Every melon is allowed to ripen on the vine. We have secured the crop of some of the best growths on the Island of Montreal. Leave your orders ahead. We particularly request the attention of our out-of-town customers—families residing at Cascoima, Pointe a Pic, Murray Bay, Cap-a-l'Aigle, Tadoussac, Gaspé, and all other seaside and lakeside resorts, to these UNRIVALLED MELONS. Orders will be filled in the order of their receipt, and carefully packed in barrels or boxes. FRASER, VIGER & CO., - 207, 209 and 211 St. James Street.

ENGLAND AND LOURDES. An Interesting Ceremony at the Shrine—Another Remarkable Cure. A correspondent of a London paper writes from Lourdes: In these days when there is a movement towards Christian unity, warmly encouraged by the Vicar of Christ himself, when many of our separated brethren are growing weary of false doctrines and endless schisms, some of the best and even noblest spirits among them even looking to the Holy See for sympathy and help, it may interest your readers to hear of a ceremony that took place on Sunday last in this sanctuary, noted as it is for so many spiritual graces and temporal benefits. It was the day on which we keep in England the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and the idea occurred to an English Catholic lady, now visiting Lourdes, to get special prayers for the conversion of England; it was cordially taken up by other English visitors, among whom were two priests from the diocese of Shrewsbury, Rev. John Barry and Rev. James O'Grady, who gladly offered their services for so good a work. Mass was said in the morning in one of the chapels of the Church of the Rosary, followed by the recital of the Rosary itself; it was, however, in the evening that the most striking ceremony occurred in the basilica, where the high altar and its surroundings were brilliantly illuminated, and benediction of the blessed sacrament was given, the two English priests before mentioned officiating, assisted also by one of the priests of the religious congregation attached to the basilica. English hymns were sung and English prayers said. It was expected by some people that few would be present besides the English visitors, but the church was simply crowded, the solemn function having proved to be most attractive. It was, perhaps, difficult to repress a smile when the benediction was over, the native choir, desirous presumably of paying a compliment to English music, sang some pious canticle to the tune of "The Conquering Hero." But, I think, England got many a prayer on that evening from the devout multitude there assembled.

It is not now the principal season for pilgrimages; and yet there were some well worthy of notice on the day following the ceremony I have just described. Early in the morning, about 5 o'clock, there arrived the pupils educated by the Jesuit fathers at Bordeaux, marching from the station with brass bands, and disturbing the repose of a least one tepid and unworthy Christian. After they had performed their devotions and listened to some stirring sermons they took their departure in the afternoon. Other pilgrims, however, from different French parishes, had arrived; a procession of the blessed sacrament took place, and late in the evening a torchlight procession from the grotto; this last was singularly beautiful, that multitude of pilgrims and other devout persons carrying their candles and singing hymns or litanies as they passed round the garden in front of the church, and finally gathering round the statue of the Blessed Virgin to chant the Magnificat—it requires to be seen to be fully appreciated. I may be allowed to add that a remarkable cure has occurred here quite recently, in the early part of the present month. A girl 19 years old, named Jeanne Dumont, from the Jura, was brought, with difficulty and some risk, to bathe in that water which has incontestably (however you explain it) been the means of restoring so many broken-hearted and prostrate pilgrims. She was carried in a box resembling a coffin, which gained her at Lourdes the name of "La jeune fille au cercueil." Her whole body was paralyzed, with the exception of her head, shoulders and arms, the result evidently of some disease of the spinal marrow; she could take no solid food, and was nourished chiefly upon milk. Great was the astonishment of the young woman who had assisted to put her in the bath, when she raised herself suddenly and unexpectedly, and came out with the restored use of her limbs. Moreover, she at once took solid food, which the doctors required her to do in their presence. The English lady, mentioned above, knew the case, and can testify to the girl's state before she took the bath, but had no opportunity of examining her afterwards. There appears, however, to be no reasonable doubt of the fact of her cure. "Facts," the proverb says, "are stubborn things." You may explain them as you will, but you cannot get rid

The Church's Influence Seen in the Roman Municipal Elections.

The success of the Catholics at the Roman Municipal elections was very complete, more complete than it has ever been before. According to the definite results, thirty-two Catholic Councillors were proposed and elected. Eighty-five Liberal Councillors were proposed, but only forty-eight elected. The Catholic Councillors were elected by 25,091 votes—i.e., 1,375 votes per head. The forty-eight Liberals polled 390,511 votes—i.e., 6,250 votes per head. Thus no Catholic votes were lost, whereas the thirty-six defeated Liberal candidates represent a loss of 123,888 votes. The Catholic party will, therefore, possess the balance of power in the government of the city, and should the Liberals elect, the Catholic party will have the power of a majority. They have also achieved success in the provincial elections, seven Catholics and nine Liberals being elected, the Catholics heading the list with crushing majorities in three of the municipalities or electoral divisions. It is useless to comment upon the result of these elections. The figures given are in themselves an eloquent testimony to the falsehood of the Liberal cant that the Roman question is dead—and buried! The compact body which glories in the name of Catholic represents the historic Rome and perpetuates the rights of the Holy See. "What is your hope of the Temporal Power as far as the Italian people is concerned?" I once asked of a prelate at the Vatican. "It is their indestructible Christianity," he answered. "Their fidelity to the Catholic religion necessarily implies their devotion to the Holy See, and when God's hour comes they will act as one man towards its liberation."

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S. ADVERTISEMENT. GREAT STOCK Reduction Sale! BARGAINS EXTRAORDINARY Our Stock of Children's Flannelette Dresses, to clear at Half Price as follows—Regular Prices, 75c, 95c, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.30. Sale Prices, 38c, 48c, 50c, 55c, 58c, 63c, 65c, 70c. Special Lines in Children's Underwear, slightly soiled, to clear at Half Price. Special Lines in Children's Embroidered Hats and Bonnets, 55c to \$1.50, for 10c; 75c to \$2.00, for 15c; \$1.00 to \$4.00, for 25c. Special Lines in Ladies' White Lawn and Print Blouses. Clearing Price 35c. Special Lines in Ladies' Cotton Costumes and Duck Suits. Clearing Prices \$1.50, \$1.95, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 up. Ladies' Print Wrappers, in newest styles, and fast colors. Clearing Prices \$1.50, \$1.80, \$2.00 up. Special Lines in Ladies' Silk Blouses, to clear at Half Price. PARASOLS. Children's Sateen Parasols, colored, reduced from 25c to 45c per cent. Children's Cream and White Sateen Parasols, plain and frilled, to clear at Half Price. \$1.00 for 50c, etc. A lot of Ladies' Sateen Parasols in fancy colors. Regular Prices from \$1.00 to \$1.55. Your choice for 50c. All our other parasols to clear at 20 per cent discount. SHAWLS. Travelling Shawls. A full range to clear at 20 per cent. discount. Good Shawls from \$1.20. Cashmere Shawls, Colored and Black. A fresh stock to clear at 10 p.c. discount. During July and August our Store closes at 1 p.m. on Saturdays. JOHN MURPHY & CO., 2343 St. Catherine St. CORNER OF METCALFE STREET TELEPHONE NO. 8888.

NORTHERN ITALY.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH CONTINUED.

VERONA, THAT ANCIENT CITY OF RELICS, AND ITS NUMEROUS INTERESTING EDIFICES—VENICE, "THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC"—SOME OF THE LEADING ATTRACTIONS—THE SQUARE OF SAN MARCO—THE PALACE OF THE DOGES—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS BY JOSEPH W. HECKMAN, C. E.]

After five days in Milan I left for Verona, about midway to Venice. Verona is a large city containing some sixty thousand inhabitants, situated on a rapid river, and strongly fortified. The sights specially studied were the following: the ancient Forum, named the Piazza Erbe, now a vegetable market, is very picturesque; the marble column bearing the lion of St. Mark; the old fountain, and the Tribune with its canopy borne by four columns, anciently the seat of judgment; the tower of the Municipio, some three hundred feet in height. Then again around this square are very old buildings, upon the walls of which are seen very old frescoes, wonderfully preserved. A short distance from this place is the Piazza dei Signori, around which are also some old beautiful buildings in whose centre is the statue of Dante. A few steps farther I came to the imposing tombs of the Scaligers with their different devices and enclosed by elaborate railings; adjoining is their old chapel. The churches found in this very ancient city are truly fine. Particularly may be mentioned St. Anastasia, a gothic church whose interior is very beautiful. The Cathedral, in which I assisted at a solemn Mass, is also a gothic structure of the 14th century. Its beautiful interior is very marked, especially the elaborate rood-screen with eight red marble pillars. The paintings found here cannot be passed without admiration. From here I crossed the river and got to the church of St. Giorgio in Braida. The interior is magnificent, containing some fine paintings by noted masters, with many other fine marks, such as the basins for holy water, of exquisite workmanship. For Vespers the church of S. Zeno Maggiore claimed me; this is one of the finest Romanesque churches of northern Italy, and of most noble proportions. The portal to this church is most interesting, with fine rude bronze reliefs. The interior is grand, and among the numerous treasures I particularly noticed an immense vase of great beauty. The large crypt, under the choir, contains the tomb of S. Zeno, and has many altars. Returning from here, I visited the very old and interesting monastery of St. Bernard, whose cloisters are particularly fine. After seeing some other churches, and before leaving for Venice, I made a general survey of the city, which highly pleased me. The large old amphitheatre, built about A.D. 290, was particularly studied, it having pretty much the same appearance as the Roman Coliseum, its measurements being some five hundred by four hundred feet.

After leaving Verona, it took me two hours before I reached Venice. With regard to this city, I may here say it is difficult to do it any sort of justice in a general way, which I will attempt herein to describe. In the first place, after I got there, I found a city which strikes the eye and impresses the fancy, as this peculiarly built one. Not only has nature lavished peculiar beauties here, but art has also adorned Venice with the choicest treasures, like an immense museum, where everything is original, tasteful and unique. Venice, as it is situated in the Lagoon of the inner extremity of the Adriatic sea on one hundred and fifteen islands, connected by three hundred and sixty-seven bridges. Leaving the mainland, the railway crosses a bridge nearly three miles in length, before one lands in this peculiar labyrinth of islands. Your readers who have seen a plan of Venice will notice it is divided into two main parts by a canal, named the Grand, and which is the main artery of this beautiful city. Arriving in the city at night, one most noticeable feature was the great quietude experienced, which predominated not only at night, but during the day also, as vehicle traffic does not exist, and the only means to get about quickly and comfortably is to employ a gondola, which I had to do to get to my hotel, the other end of the grand canal, which is formed like the letter S, yet my gondolier hurried my boat through branch canals, which lessened the distance considerably. The following morning, after assisting at a Mass in the cathedral of St. Mark, I commenced my tour, which I will try briefly to describe in order, as visited. Of course, the first sight every tourist aims to see is the piazza of St. Mark, which is surrounded with edifices of rare beauty, and others near by. This square of St. Mark, one of the finest in the world, and certainly, for the remarkable buildings which surround it, the most unique, is some six hundred by two hundred feet in size. As I crossed this beautiful square the old story "of feeding the pigeons" was seen in reality. Hundreds of these tame birds are seen very often being fed, especially by the visitors, and which incessantly haunt this beautiful piazza, always thronged with crowds of people, which is the main rendezvous of the city. At the east end is the Basilica of St. Mark, founded in the 9th century. In successive ages this beautiful church was enriched with costly decorations in marble and mosaic, nearly all of which are seen at the present day. The facade, particularly, is attractive on entering this beautiful edifice, the costly mosaics, executed by the best Venetian masters, representing scenes from the Old Testament. Another point of interest here is seen on the gallery above the central entrance, the four bronze horses, said by some historians to have decorated Nero's or Trojan's arch in Rome, and removed by Constantine to Constantinople; while others say, to judge from their finish, they were done in Greece. These statues were removed once by Napoleon to Paris, but were replaced, where they are now, at the beginning of the present century. The ground plan of the Basilica is a Greek cross. The interior charm consists in the beauty of the main lines, the noble perspectives, and the gorgeous decorations, as the stone mosaic pavement. The rood screen consists of varie-

gated marbles with eight small columns, its cornice having fourteen marble statues of saints with a large silver crucifix in the centre. The sacristan took me to the High Altar, which stands under a canopy of venic antique, supported by four columns of Greek marble of unique effect and very remarkable for the extremely complicated nature and workmanship of the numerous scenes deeply sculptured in them. Under this altar lie the remains of St. Mark. The Pala d'Oro, an enamelled work with jewels on plates of gold and silver, executed at the beginning of the 12th century in Constantinople, forms the altar-piece. Behind this High Altar is another altar with four large spiral columns of alabaster, said to have belonged to the Temple of Solomon, two of which are translucent. There are many other points of interest found here, but time forbids their details. As one wanders about this gorgeous temple and views the rich mosaics seen everywhere, the sight is, indeed, appalling. I attended the services here on Ash Wednesday, at all of which immense throngs of people congregated. Opposite the cathedral rises the isolated square tower, founded in 888-322 feet in height, from which a fine view of Venice was had. The clock tower was also noticed upon which is a peculiar piece of mechanism, two giants in bronze, who strike the hours on a bell. The piazzetta, at right angles to the main piazza, running to the lagoon, divides the palace of the Doges from the library. The former, founded in 800, is a building of grand beauty; the two pointed arcades, one above the other, are of Gothic style, and remarkably rich, the columns having an architectural design of rare beauty. The court yard of the palace is magnificent, the facade of which is truly gorgeous. Everyone going to Venice of course makes the inspection of this palace one of his primary sights, as statuary and paintings of exquisite workmanship are found in this beautiful palace. With regard to the library of St. Mark, I will only quote the words of Mr. Symonds: "The library of St. Mark remains the crowning triumph of Venetian art. It is impossible to contemplate its noble double row of open arches without echoing the judgment of Palladio, that nothing more sumptuous or beautiful had been invented since the age of ancient Rome." On the way to the lagoon, near by, is passed two immense granite columns bearing different devices, one of which is the winged lion of St. Mark. Before quitting the palace of the Doges, before mentioned, the high Bridge of Sighs over a canal is traversed, which connects the palace with the prison. Here can be seen the many gloomy dungeons, etc., used for political criminals. A good sight of this noted structure was had from a bridge near the lagoon, from which a photograph was taken.

NUNS FLEE FROM DEATH.

Convent in Ecuador Sacked—Fears for the Lives of a Bishop and Prelates.

New York, July 12.—Sisters of Mercy Genevieve, Josephine and Frances and Father A. M. Fesser, a missionary, arrived here yesterday from Colon on the Columbian Line steamship Alliance. The sisters proceeded to St. Walburga's Convent at Elizabeth, N.J., which they left eight years ago to go to Ecuador and found mission schools under the management of Bishop Schumaker, who has established missions at Jipijapa, Bahia, Decaraguez, Rocafuerte and Calcuta.

In the late revolution in Ecuador the Bishop, his priests and the nuns engaged in missionary work suffered very great indignities. Sisters Genevieve, Josephine and Frances and Sister Gertrude, a native of Ecuador, who afterwards remained at Bahia, barely escaped from the country with their lives, and they greatly fear that Bishop Schumaker has been assassinated.

Sister Genevieve, who is 33 years old, was the superior of the mission at Calcuta, which was founded three years ago. Two months ago the revolution extended to Calcuta, and frequent skirmishes occurred there. Bishop Schumaker, with six priests, was on his way to Quito, and stopped at the convent on June 20 to call on the Sisters and take dinner. The revolutionists, who bitterly hated the Bishop, determined to capture him and invaded the town with 400 men under command of a brother of Alford, the leader of the revolution. They surrounded the convent and demanded admission, which was refused. On the next day, June 21, a second demand was made for the Bishop's surrender, and threats were made to burn the convent if the demand was not complied with. Bishop Schumaker, in order to protect the lives of the nuns, gave himself up to the soldiers, and with three of his priests was led away.

Three priests remained in the convent to protect the nuns, as the demonstrations were still threatening. That afternoon a detachment of 600 government soldiers entered Calcuta and gave battle to the rebels. When the latter saw the troops coming part of them rushed back to the convent and began to batter in the doors. Sister Genevieve, who had locked the doors, opened a window and, displaying the American flag, called on the insurgents to desist. A volley of yells and curses was the reply of the mob. "I warn you," cried the plucky nun, "that we are Americans, under the protection of the United States flag, and you will disgrace your country in the eyes of the civilized world by this violence towards defenseless, unoffending women." "Down with the flag!" yelled the crowd, and it redoubled its efforts to break in the doors. The Sisters, thinking their hour had come, made their way to the upper part of the convent, where they fell upon their knees and began to pray. The doors were broken and the mob swarmed up the stairs. The priests were knocked down and cruelly beaten with the butts of muskets, and one, Father Angel, a Capuchin friar, was stabbed twice in the back and sank to the floor. He was carried out unconscious. The other two were bound with ropes and one insurgent raised his machete to bring it down upon a priest's head when Sister Genevieve sprang forward, and, holding forth her hands to receive the blow, implored the insurgent not to kill him. The priests were dragged away and the nuns were ordered to leave. When they remonstrated they, too, were dragged down the stairs to the street, their clothing being badly torn and cut with knives. All the furniture and other contents of the convent were broken up and the building was fired.

By this time the fighting had become sharp in the streets between the insurgents and the soldiers. The unfortunate Sisters were exposed to a shower of bullets, and how they escaped being shot was nothing short of miraculous. They finally obtained refuge that night in a lady's house. The routed insurgents set fire to the town in their retreat and the four nuns were obliged with their host to abandon the house and fly to the country for safety. They got shelter in another house, where they were concealed for three days, the insurgents meanwhile searching for them.

When they got a favorable chance they entered a canoe at 5 o'clock on the morning of June 24 and paddled for twelve hours until they reached Bahia, Decaraguez, where they told their story to the captain of the British steamer Challa, which plies between Bahia and Panama. They had very little money, but the captain agreed to take them to Panama for what they had. In boarding the steamer at Bahia in a rowboat one of the oars broke and they were swept away by the current. The crew of the steamer gave them up for lost, but their boat was blown ashore by the wind and they were rescued and taken aboard in another boat. When they reached Panama they told their tale to the American Consul, who rendered them all the assistance in his power and gave them money enough to reach the United States. He even wanted to take up a collection for them in Panama, but they declined to permit him to do this. They have nothing but words of praise for the kind and generous manner in which they were treated by the officers of the Alliance.

Sister Genevieve expresses the fear that the Bishop and the six priests who were with him at Calcuta have all been slain by the revolutionists. She added, after telling her story: "There are twenty-two other nuns in the three missions of our order in Ecuador and we fear for their safety also."

CHURCH MUSIC.

Archbishop O'Reilly, of Adelaide, Australia, writing on "Church Music in Australia," says: "That the writers of much of our Church music were men of genius, and had a profound knowledge of the resources of their art, is not to be denied. I cannot feel, however, that the greatness of a composer's fame puts me under constraint to believe that his church pieces will benefit the church. Few priests, I suppose would be bold enough to claim a command of English equal to that which Lord Salisbury possesses, or be willing to break a lance with Mr. Chamberlain in the arena of parliamentary debate. Yet, set Lord Salisbury—supposing him to have first studied for the business—to preach a mission to a Catholic congregation; or Mr. Chamberlain, after like preparation, to conduct a retreat for a body of priests. The result would be pure, undefiled Saxon and polished rhetoric most likely. But how far would the discourses be in accord, I shall not say with Catholic faith, but with Catholic taste? Somewhere in his writings, Thackeray tells the story of an Irish Protestant nobleman who, a hundred years or so ago, being desirous of having the chapel attached to his residence renovated, sent to France, the then recognized headquarters of fashion, for an artist to carry out his design. In due course Monsieur made his appearance, and setting colors and palette in order, began his task. With his talent he had brought with him some Catholic notions apparently, for the fact that the chaplain—an Anglican clergyman, of course, though Monsieur called him Labbe—was a married man with a household of children came as a shock to his nerves. With his Catholic notions, however, other notions that were neither Catholic nor Christian were not a little mixed up. Monsieur's ideas of ecclesiastical decoration had been gathered in Parisian salons; and when under his deft brush the outlines of his proposed embellishments crept into view, sundry pagan gods and goddesses—and these by no means the least shady in reputation of the Olympian crew—were seen sporting themselves in all manner of attitudes over the chapel wall. The brilliant display was too much for the worthy chaplain's sense of decorum, and protest followed forthwith. Monsieur was again surprised, and the second time even more than the first. The sketches, were they not classic in the very best style of art? Were they not all the fashion in Paris, and where was taste more correct? How any gentleman with pretensions to education or culture could take exception to such exquisite designs was more than he, Monsieur, could at all understand.

Knowledge of musical rules no more suffices *per se* to make a good church musician than does knowledge of language to make a good preacher, or skill with the brush guarantee the production of truly religious scenes. Beethoven, Mozart, Bach—all three composed Masses. Beethoven was a poor Catholic; Mozart, I fear, a bad one; Bach, no Catholic at all. I think of the saying about the Danaï, even though they be *dona feroces*, and ask myself whether a dubious friend is really more to be trusted than an avowed foe. But all musicians of the modern school, it will be urged, are not assignable to the same category as Bach and Beethoven and Mozart. Some at least, as Haydn and Gounod, must be reckoned amongst the loyal children of the Church. Granting fully the premise, I still question the conclusions that would be deduced. Genius, like ordinary talent and that mental calibre which is not talent at all, is unconsciously moulded by its training, by the nature of its ordinary occupations and by the associations under the influence of which it comes day after day. Take the prima donna of an operatic company or the first actress in a dramatic troupe (we shall suppose the lady a Catholic in either case); rob her in nun's habiliments, and set her to work

on the days she is free from her stage engagement, in orphanage, or refuge, or hospital, or school. Will she fare satisfactorily, and will her actions in all respects be in keeping with the sacred garb she wears? I should be slow to answer for the agreement. The cow makes not the monk; nor is the mere fact that a composer, even a great composer, chooses to pose in the role of a writer of religious music, to me an infallible assurance that the music when finished will be religious in tone. The spirit of the theatre and concert hall and the spirit of the Church are utterly antagonistic; and when the master—no matter how orthodox a Catholic—who engrossed with his new opera, has been busy all the week in finding musical expression for love, and jealousy, and pride, and hate, and every other miserable passion of our fallen nature, would profess to teach me on Sunday (the accents in which I shall address my God, I take leave to doubt the ability of my would-be tutor to discharge satisfactorily his self-assumed task, and prefer to look for assistance to another, less musically gifted, perhaps, but more trustworthy guide.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

At the Listowel Quarter Sessions, Judge Shaw congratulated the Grand Jury on the peaceful state of the district.

The Limerick bacon merchants are arranging for the opening of a large concern near the Limerick Junction Creamery, where experiments will be tried how separated milk may be used to advantage for pig feeding.

D. Horgan, of Banteer, won the championship of Ireland by slinging twenty-eight pounds with a throw of thirty-four feet, seven inches, at Banteer sports. C. Hickey, of Rathmore, won the 440-yards championship of Munster.

Arglass herring fishery business, which is now being carried on briskly, is doing remarkably well, and not for some years past has such success attended the fishermen's labors. There are at the present time about fifty boats engaged on the station.

Sister Mary Francis Joseph Mulligan, eldest daughter of J. W. Mulligan, of Charlestown, and grand-daughter to the late Edward Cannon, of Kilkenny Lodge, was professed on June 15 at the Convent of Mercy, Castletbar, as was also Sister Mary Berchmans Joseph Egan, daughter of Thomas Egan, of Glenisland.

At Longford Quarter Sessions on June 17, before Judge John Adye Curran, an evicted tenant on the Edgeworth estate, named Nicholas Canning, having taken forcible possession. The prisoner stated he would pay all rent due on the farm in a few weeks if he were allowed to return. He had no one but his sister, and he had been in jail for some weeks. Canning stated that he had not had anything to eat since five o'clock that morning. The judge ordered a warmer to procure food for the prisoner. After having eaten something, the tenant pleaded guilty, and said he had laid out over £1,000 on improving the land. Judge Curran let the prisoner out on his own recognizances.

NOW AS STRONG AS EVER.

"My wife and myself have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, and we have also given it to our children. It has strengthened us and has relieved me of lame back. I am now feeling as strong as I ever did."—DAVID McGEORGE, caretaker Colt Institute, Galt, Ont.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

The A.P.A. organization captured the municipal offices of Omaha at the last election. Their conduct has been so scandalous, that the business men, regardless of party feeling, united in the publication of a proclamation, calling for the organization of a movement looking to the introduction of business methods in the city government.

Queen Victoria has given Bell Smith a sitting for her portrait, representing her in the act of placing a wreath upon the coffin of Sir John Thompson, the late Canadian premier.

In order to insure the adoption of the remaining political ecclesiastical bills, Emperor Francis will create additional peers of the realm.

Unless deepened the German canal from the Elbe to the Baltic is proving useless for ships of war and commerce.

A cattle plague of an unknown type is destroying the herds in Oldham County, Ky.

Advertisement for "HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX" Compound Mother Sex. Includes a portrait of a woman and text describing the benefits of the medicine for women's health.

Advertisement for "Empress of Radnor Natural Table Waters." Includes a crown logo and text describing the water's purity and availability at various establishments.

Advertisement for "The ELECTION!" featuring boots and shoes. Includes text: "Elect to buy your Boots and Shoes from J. ROSTON, 2099 St. Catherine St." and a table of prices for men's, ladies', and boys' boots.

Advertisement for "IT MAY GIVE YOU A PAIN PAIN KILLER." Includes an illustration of a hand holding a pill and text describing the product's effectiveness for various pains.

Advertisement for "Here's a Refrigerator" by F. H. BARR. Includes an illustration of a refrigerator and text describing its features and availability at 2373 and 2375 St. Catherine Street.

Advertisement for "WALTER KAVANAGH" representing the SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO. of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND. Includes financial details and contact information.

Large advertisement for "The Durand Fire Extinguisher." Includes an illustration of the extinguisher, text describing its efficiency, and contact information for The Canadian Fire Extinguisher Co., Limited.

Advertisement for "A Wholesome Tonic Horsford's Acid Phosphate." Includes text describing the benefits of the tonic for strengthening the brain and nerves.

AN ABLE SKETCH.

Some Canadian Catholic Women Writers of To-Day.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, M. A., P.H., D.

It is interesting to note the share which Canadian Catholic women writers have taken in the up-building of a Canadian literature. We hear so little of these intellectual heroines through the press, so mild is the trumpet-blast of their achievements, that we are disposed to ask ourselves at the outset: Have Catholic women writers in Canada done any thing for Canadian literature? But a few weeks ago Mrs. James Sandler, of Montreal, in Catholic literature *clarum et venerabile nomen*—was honored by Notre Dame University with the gift of the Letare Medal—a distinction and honor in which Canadians can justly claim at least a share. Few Catholic readers in Canada have not read the works of Mrs. Sandler, whose gifted pen has, for nearly half a century, labored unceasingly for faith and fatherland. Like Desdemona, Mrs. Sandler owes a double allegiance by right of domicile—having resided during one part of her life in New York, and during another part in Montreal.

Her daughter, Miss Anna T. Sandler, who is well known in the literary circles of Canada, occupies very much the same position, spending as she does part of her time in Montreal, and part in New York. But we Canadians believe Miss Sandler is ours, and we consequently glory in the work of her Canadian pen. Her works too, like those of her gifted mother, breathe throughout the atmosphere of faith, and make for the intellectual betterment and moral uplifting of our people.

It was fortunate for Miss Sandler that, shortly after leaving school, she received generous words of encouragement from two such eminent critics and reviewers as Dr. Brownson and George William Curtis. It is well known that Dr. Brownson more frequently dropped his pen upon an author for slaughter than for praise, while a word of commendation from the accomplished and scholarly editor of Harper's Monthly was, indeed, a literary testimonial to be coveted. The late John Boyle O'Reilly, whose unerring judgment and cultivated taste quickly discerned qualities of genuineness in a writer, paid his tribute of praise to the work of Miss Sandler, and spoke of her as "one of the few amongst us who did artistic work."

Miss Sandler has been particularly successful in her translations from French and Italian authors; the chief among these being "The Monk's Pardon," "Mathilda of Canossa," "Ubaldo and Irene," "Idols" and "Wonders of Lourdes." Two of her best known works are biographical—"Names that Live" and "Women of Catholicity."

Miss Sandler has also for many years been a generous contributor to nearly all the American Catholic periodicals, and occasionally to some of the English ones. Hers has indeed been an industrious literary life which at its noontide brings the satisfaction of labor well performed, and a share in the glorious work of her noble-hearted and gifted mother, in building up a Catholic literature upon this continent.

Another name which straightway springs to memory when discussing the Catholic women writers of Canada, is Mrs. Berlinguet (nee A. M. Pope). Mrs. Berlinguet, like her brother, Mr. Joseph Pope, late private secretary to Sir John Macdonald, is a convert to the Catholic faith. She belongs to a highly intellectual family which has given to Canada judges and statesmen of acknowledged eminence. Her first literary work was done for McGee's Weekly—a series of sketches of Montreal—and when that journal passed out of the hands of Mr. McGee, she became a contributor to the Catholic World. In 1883 Mrs. Berlinguet visited the Lazaretto at Tracadie, New Brunswick, where she remained the guest of the nuns, visiting the lepers daily, and having free access to all the records of the institution. This visit to the Lazaretto as well as one to the Magdalen Islands, she afterwards wrote up for the Catholic World. She was also a regular contributor till 1889 to the Ave Maria, and was for a year on the staff of the Toronto Empire, the London (Ont.) Catholic Record, and has also contributed frequently to the Montreal Gazette and Star. Her published works are a translation of the Memoirs of Pere Vincent, the Trappist, which she found in the Trappist Monastery at Tracadie, and her paper contributed to the Catholic World on the Magdalen Islands, which was issued in pamphlet form. Mrs. Berlinguet has done a good deal of translating from the French for various papers, among others for the "American Catholic Researches" of Philadelphia. She also prepared for the late Bishop McIntire, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., a history of each parish in his diocese, with a short biography of his predecessors in the episcopal office, and of each priest of the diocese. Mrs. Berlinguet, then Miss A. M. Pope, became a Catholic in 1878, under the instruction of Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., now Archbishop of Halifax, N.S.

It might well be expected that Ottawa, the Canadian capital, whence flows the arteries of political thought and action, would be a centre too of literary life and culture, reflecting much that is best in the higher life of the Canadian people. Nor is the expectation vain. Ottawa has its contingent of bright literary whose contributions to some of the leading magazines of the day give ample proof of the intellectual character of this people of the North. Among the Catholics of the Capital whose names stand for scholarship and literary culture, one of the brightest and most promising is Miss K. Madeleine Barry, whose name attached to any article is always a guarantee of scholarship and good taste.

Miss Barry's first printed effort was a novel, "Honor Edgeworth," which appeared in 1882 under the name de plume of "Vera." As the writer was then but a school girl in her seventeenth year, it could not be expected that the work would be without imperfections. Miss Barry perceived this, and decided against issuing a second edition, though the first edition was exhausted a few months after its appearance. The book received very favorable criticism from

many distinguished quarters, and Miss Barry, encouraged by this, essayed a second novel, bearing the title of "The Doctor's Daughter," which met with a favorable reception at the hands of both critics and readers. Unfortunately, just at this promising period, our young author's health gave way and she was forced to abandon her literary work indefinitely. Happily, Miss Barry's illness passed away, but since her recovery she has not seriously turned her attention to literature. A few articles contributed at times to the Catholic World and Toronto Week, give evidence of riper thought and increased skill in workmanship, and augur for this gifted writer, should she again essay the field of literature, increased fortune and fame.

Our song birds in Canada have distinct notes heard only in the North, so have the singers in our literary groves. The voice of Canadian poetry is sweet and strong and full of native timber, but what would our choir be without our tuneful sopranos and our soul-melting altos? We could perhaps part with some of our strong-plummed songsters whose notes warble within the orbit of the bass, but not a single soprano with glorious note shall leave us in the morning of our poetic life. In this Canadian choir whose melody has lately charmed the ear of the literary critics of the Old and the New World, a goodly few of the best voices are those of women whose deep heart notes throbb with the inspired love of country, home and virtue.

Among these gifted writers Miss Emily McManus occupies a prominent place. Miss McManus is an honor graduate in the departments of English and Political Science of Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and is at present engaged in teaching.

She has never as yet published a volume of poems, but her contributions to literary periodicals are of such high character as to give her a recognized place among the women writers of Canada. Her happiest and fullest inspiration is wrought out in the subjective mood. The following fine poem from her pen, which appears in a volume of Canadian poems compiled by W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, and published in London, England, gives an insight into the character of her workmanship. Her theme is the prairie province of "Manitoba."

"Softly the shadows of prairie-land sweep,
Ripple and rustle about her feet:
Murmurs all Nature with joyous acclaim,
Fragrance of summer and shimmer of flame:
Heaven she hears while the centurie ship—
Chime of poppy is laid on her lip.

Hark! From the East comes a ravishing note—
Sweeter was never in nightingale's throat—
Silence of centuries thrills to the song,
Singing their silence awaited so long,
Love, yet it swells to the heaven's blue dome,
Child-like, have called the wild meadow-land
"Home."

Deep as she listens, a dewy surprise
Dawns in the languor that darkens her eyes:
Swift the red blood through her veins in its flow,
Kindles to rapture her bosom below.
A voice she hears while the centurie ship—
"Look to thy future, thou Mother of Men!"

"Onward, and onward! Her fertile expanse
Shakes as the tide of her children advance:
Onward, and onward! Her blossoming floor
Yields her an odour of perfume more:
Onward, and onward! Her waving soil
Cities shall palpitate, myriads tell."

Miss McManus has contributed poems to the Kingston Whig, Toronto Globe, Irish Canadian, Educational Journal, Queen's College Journal, and Toronto Week. The last named journal is the highest exponent of literary thought and criticism in Canada, and it is no small tribute to Miss McManus that she should be given a place among the host of scholarly contributors to that excellent periodical.

Miss McManus has also been given a place in a work entitled, "A Woman of the Century," edited by Frances E. Willard and Mary A. Livermore, published in Buffalo, N.Y.

Space forbids me from dealing with more than briefly the work of two other Catholic women writers, the product of whose pens has, from time to time, attracted attention—Miss Frances M. O. Smith, of Lucan, Ontario, and Miss Belle Guerin, of Montreal.

Like Mrs. Berlinguet, Miss Smith is a convert to the Catholic faith. She has written for several well-known Catholic magazines and journals, and has been encouraged and aided in her literary work by no less a distinguished prelate of the Church than the accomplished and kindly Archbishop of Toronto, Most Rev. J. Walsh, D.D., who is a warm and generous friend of every Catholic *litterateur* in Canada.

There is a beautiful mingling in the poems of Miss Smith, of Irish patriotism and Catholic faith.

Here is a poem from her pen full of much daintiness. It is entitled, "My Lady June."

She is here in all her glory,
With her hair falling free,
Singing still the same sweet story
She has always sung to me.
Oh, the roses blush to meet her,
Sparkle in their diamond dew,
And the stately lilies greet her,
As for her alone they grew.
How her voice, with joy o'erflowing,
Fishes Nature's harp in tone,
Music only hers bestowing:
She is here—my Lady June.

Memory near her gently pressing
Lends her song one tender tone,
And one touch to her caressing,
For the heart that she has known,
It may be some picture graven,
With the lines too deep to fade,
Or some half-forgotten haven,
For which Faith in youth had prayed,
But she gazes even sorrow
With a wreath that dies too soon:
It will wither ere the morrow—
She is here—my Lady June.

duced in English and American papers. Miss Guerin has been warmly received as a writer, and it is her intention to publish, in the near future, a volume of her poems.

With this short sketch and study of some of the Catholic women writers of Canada, I close this paper, feeling deep regret that I cannot do fuller justice to the unselfish labors of that noble contingent of Canadian women writers who are aiding, in however humble a way, in the building up of a distinct Canadian literature.—*Catholic Reading Circle Review.*

WIT AND HUMOUR.

Noiseless Breakage—The break of day. Men who make money by the barrel—Coopers.

The laundress's motto—"Let's soap for the best."

Sovereign contempt—Refusal of a twenty-shilling gold piece.

The largest circulation of any paper in the country—Curl paper.

When does time fly fast?—When it is urged on by the spur of the moment.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," may be good advice, but many a man goes to his "uncle" instead.

Nodd: Your cook has gone, hasn't she? Todd: Yes, but she gave my wife a splendid recommendation.

Merely Reposeful—Hardworker: Idleness is as fatiguing as repose is sweet. Tramp: That's why I ain't never idle.

Kingley: Does your wife try to boss you as much as she used to? Bingo: No; she doesn't even have to try now.

Applicant: I always attend to my own business. Merchant: You won't suit me. I want clerks to attend to my business.

"Well, Johnnie," said a dotting uncle to his little nephew, who had been fishing all day, "did you catch a good many fish?" "No, uncle, but I drowned a good many worms."

Shopkeeper to boys causing an annoyance: If you don't clear out I'll call that officer and have you locked up. Boy: There's where you'd be taken in—that policeman's my dad—Jo is.

Teacher: Well, Tommy, you were not present yesterday; were you detained at home in consequence of the inclemency of the weather? Tommy: No, ma'am; I couldn't come 'cause of the rain.

Mrs. Lumkins: Joshua, I'm going to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled out. You mind the baby while I'm gone. Mr. L. with alacrity: You mind the baby, Jennie; I'll go and get a tooth pulled out.

"Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money, but I didn't have the price of a telegram."

THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN, published by the M. T. Richardson Co., 27 Park Place, New York, comes to our table this month richly laden with interesting reading for hunters, anglers and dog fanciers. It contains many appropriate half-tone engravings, instructive and practical articles on Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Natural History, the Rifle and the Dog. It is the purpose of its publishers and owners to make the Amateur Sportsman in all respects a first-class paper for all sportsmen. A sample copy will be sent free of charge.

As you grow older and the heart within you pines for Heaven, as a bird, long imprisoned, pines for the green covert of the woods, don't you find yourself growing more charitable towards sinners? Why should we shed tears over a broken body and have no dew of sympathy in our hearts for a broken soul?

Whenever we deviate from the line of moral rectitude, we must inevitably do a wrong to ourselves or others; justice, which ever leans on the side of mercy, will teach us the right paths in life to walk in, and if we follow its teachings we shall always be on the side of right. He who commits a wrong knowingly and willfully ostracises himself from the society of the virtuous and the good.

Cultivate the tenderness within you that yearns over evil-doers and has a tear at hand for rogues and rascals. It is something you will not be ashamed of when you come to die.

The end of education is the formation of character; character rests on the basis of morality; and morality, if we have life and vigor, is interspersed with religion.—Bishop Spalding.

It is important to think right, more important to feel right, still more important to do right, but to be right is most important of all.

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Ladies' Colored Straw Hats, 18c ea Ladies' Straw Sailor Hats, 4c ea Ladies' Trimmed Sailor Hats, 25c ea Ladies' Colored Sailor Hats, 32c ea Ladies' Straw Hats, several shapes, 4c ea Ladies' Straw Tribby Hats, 27c ea Fancy Straw Flop Hats, 20c ea

BLACK GOODS. JULY PRICES.

Black Wool Crepons, 34c yd Mohair and Wool Crepons, 72c yd Black Fancy Dress Goods, 43c yd Black Estamene Serges, 35c yd Black Foutle Serges, 28c yd Black Nun's Veilings, 24c yd Black Cashmere, 22c yd

WASHING PRINTS. JULY PRICES.

Useful Washing Prints, 4c yd Printed Cotton Challies, 4c yd Extra Wide Washing Prints, 8c yd Fancy Dress Gingham, 4c yd Fancy Duck Suitings, 9c yd Best French Dress Satens, 12c yd Fancy Crinkled Zephyrs.

LADIES' BLOUSES. JULY PRICES.

Ladies' Colored Cambric Blouses, 23c ea Ladies' Fancy Print Blouses, 30c ea Ladies' Blouses, several styles, 65c ea Ladies' Blouses, extra value, 95c ea Ladies' Dressed Shirts, 50c ea Ladies' Shirt Waists, 65c ea Ladies' Fancy Waistcoats, 60c ea

SUNSHADES. JULY PRICES.

Ladies' Fancy Saten Sunshades, 63c ea Ladies' Black Silk Sunshades, 81c ea Ladies' Frilled Silk Sunshades, 90c ea Ladies' Plain Silk Sunshades, \$1.95 ea Ladies' Cream Silk Sunshades, \$2.70 ea Ladies' Novelty Sunshades, 83c ea Children's Sunshades, 40c ea

BABY LINEN. JULY PRICES.

Infants' Honeycomb Bibs, 4c ea Infants' Night Slips, 32c ea Infants' Lay Slips, 68c ea Infants' Christening Robes, \$1.18 ea Infants' Christening Cloaks, \$1.60 ea Infants' Christening Hoods, 36c ea Infants' Short Dresses.

MEN'S TWEED SUITINGS. JULY PRICES.

Fancy Tweed Suitings, 25c yd Fancy Tweed Trousers, 30c yd Fancy Halifax Tweed Suitings, 32c yd Navy Serge Suitings, 54 inches, 95c yd Scotch Tweed Suitings, 79c yd English Tweed Suitings, 81 yd Black Worsted Suitings, \$1.18 yd

GLASSWARE. JULY PRICES.

Crystal Preserve Dishes, 3c ea Crystal Berry Dishes, 9c ea Crystal Water Pitchers, 32c ea Crystal Cake Holders, 32c ea Crystal Berry Bowls, 16c ea Crystal Butter Dishes, 8c ea Crystal Pepper and Salt Castors, 7c pr

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