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TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

# The True Witness

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

The Senate

VOL. XLIV., NO. 16.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1894

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

We were always under the impression that the criticism of one journal by another was never considered in the light of personal reflection. If we do not agree with the opinions of any of our contemporaries we deem it our right, in the interest of our readers and all whom we represent, to express the contrary of its views—always provided we do so in the language that marks the gentleman. We likewise consider it the right of any other organ to comment upon, take exception to, or criticise our tone, spirit or expressions. The fact of having questioned a contemporary's course in one particular case, by no means prevents us from giving the same paper all the praise and approval that we may deem it deserves. But we do not understand a journalistic spirit that becomes so vindictive that a past criticism, in the ordinary course of events, rankles in the editorial bosom to a degree that would almost indicate an individual spite. Well, we have met with an example of this miserable spirit amongst our city contemporaries. As the sad event of last week gave us an opportunity of learning the animus of that publication, it also suggests a contrast. The late Mr. Mercier once said that he wished to forget all the evil done him and to remember only the good. The opposite is evidently the sentiment of our quondam admirer; it remembers one small criticism with a vengeance, but forgets all the kind things said, all the favorable columns consecrated to those whom it claims to represent. But we will never be mean enough to attribute to a nationality the narrowness of one of its organs, nor small enough to nurse a personal animosity on account of a difference of opinion—be it national, religious, social or political. Truly did Goldsmith tell us that some "Little things are great to little men."

We learn with pleasure that the Sacred Congregation of Rites has published a decree, approved by the Holy Father, proclaiming the validity of the Apostolic process carried out in the dioceses of Rodez, Pamiers and Montreal concerning the miracles for the canonization of the Blessed Jean Baptist de La Salle, founder of the order of the Christian Brothers. We are anxious for the day when this saintly man will be raised to our altars. We know not what special miracles have been examined by the Sacred Congregation, but there is one vast, unceasing miracle that the world must recognize—it is the gigantic and universal success of the magnificent order that de La Salle founded.

The Murphy Lacrosse Club is to come upon the field next season. Pete Murphy, the best known news-agent in Montreal, is the originator of the idea. The intention is to organize a lacrosse club composed of players all bearing the distinguished name of Murphy. Some of the best players in Canada today are Murphys, and we doubt that it will be

difficult for the genial and enterprising Pete to establish the club, provided his numerous namesakes are willing to cooperate. The Quebec team has two Murphys; there is one in the Montrealers; one in the Capitals; and two in the Stars of Ottawa. Thus we have six first-class players already, and Pete himself makes seven. It will be very easy to find five more of the name who could assist in forming a really unique and powerful team. The idea is a good one—as is every other idea that the practical and energetic Pete conceives. We wish him all manner of success in his undertaking; and we trust that when the club is formed it will be as successful and as popular on the field of sport as has been its originator in the arena of newspaper distribution.

A CORRESPONDENT has asked us to publish "The Mystic," some portion of which appeared recently in an issue of the TRUE WITNESS. We expect that our friend refers to "The Song of the Mystic," by the late Father Ryan, "The Poet Priest." If so we will give it in full in our next issue. The occasion having presented itself, we wish to make a remark that we have often intended to publish regarding that poem. A writer in one of the London papers, last year, sought to prove a Rosicrucian theory by the assertion that all believers in religion must be mystics, and he gave as an example the late Father Ryan, and as a proof he quoted the "Song of the Mystic." But he carefully omitted the verses that give to the poet's wonderfully beautiful production all the intensely religious sentiment that permeates his every poem.

ONE of our American Catholic contemporaries has the following:

Great difficulties are met with in the diocese of Oregon, in evangelizing the Indians, owing to the opposition of certain Indian agents. Archbishop Gross writes: "From reports of priests laboring among them, and my own observation in traveling through Oregon, I believe that the number of Catholic Indians in my diocese, scattered over the vast territory, is at least some four or five thousand."

It would seem that the same spirit animates the Indian agents in Oregon that cause the fur-trading companies of the seventeenth century to obstruct the progress of Catholic evangelization and education amongst the Indians of Canada. When, last summer, we pointed out this grand obstacle in the way of early educators and civilizers during the first century of our history, at the Catholic Summer School, we were not aware that similar tactics were being used at the close of this century and in civilized America.

By despatches at the end of last month we learn that the Chief Secretary for Ireland received a deputation which called upon him to demand the release of the Irish political prisoners confined in Irish and English prisons. Mr. Morley informed the deputation that the Cabinet had decided that the law must take its course.

However, he held out a slight hope—that the shadow of one—that the Government might some day reconsider the decision. We are not in the secrets of the British cabinet, but we fail to see what is to be gained by such a decision. Particularly when a government is merely "hanging on by the skin of its teeth," and is dependent on the entire support for its very existence, it seems to our humble mind a very dangerous, if not suicidal, policy. The Chief Secretary "would not say that the Government would never release these prisoners;" language that smacks of Russian rule and has the chill of a Siberian blast in its breath. We trust that before the decision of the Government in this matter assumes a more disagreeable appearance it will be deemed worthy of reconsideration.

ON October 1, a Polish Catholic Church was opened in London. The number of Catholic Poles in London is considerable. Mgr. Bronikowski sang Mass and preached the sermon. He then addressed the audience in three languages, expressing the pleasure it was to see a temple of Truth open for their own special use, and saying to the Poles, in particular, "I hope to see you better citizens in the future and good members of society and fit soldiers of Jesus Christ." This is another evidence of the advance made by Catholicity in England. The signs upon the future's horizon are encouraging.

SPEAKING of mistaken identity regarding poets and poems, we wish to draw attention to the liberties—we suppose innocently, because through lack of information—taken with some of McGee's productions, as well as with his name. His poem, "The Ancient Race," we have found in a Catholic paper ascribed to John Banim, and in the same paper Gerald Griffin's "Youth's Warning," ascribed to McGee. It is true that McGee's fate so resembled the semi-prophetic picture that Griffin drew, that one might be excused for supposing that McGee wrote the poem. We refer to that beautiful production:

"In the days of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,  
That I was to die at the noon of my day;  
Not quietly into the silent grave stealing,  
But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden away."

It is not fair to rob Griffin of what McGee does not require, or to rob McGee of what Banim does not need. Each of the three has done enough to immortalize himself without that the works of brother authors should be added to his already well-filled collection.

TISSOT, the world-renowned French painter, is about to give up his career of success and to become a monk of La Grand Chartreuse. He is the master whose brush has given to the world that remarkable series of pictures illustrating "The Life of Christ," which was the grand attraction in the Champs de Mars last year. There were numberless favorable comments upon these pictures and Jacques Tissot won for himself a

name in the realm of art that will rank with Turner, Dore and others of the latter days. Like Gerald Griffin, he may hide his individuality beneath the cloak of an humble religious, but his name and his works will live on when he is no more.

BULL-FIGHTING—that brutal relic of barbaric ages—still survives in France. Three weeks ago last Sunday bull-fights were held at Dax and at Nimes. The Pope has issued a document condemning the "Corridao," or bull-fighting, and has appealed to the clergy in the south of France to interpose for the suppression of the abominable exhibitions. The document is a second edition of the Bull "De Salute Gregre," issued by Pius IX. It is strange that in our refined and enlightened age people can be so debased as to take delight in such cruel and brutal sports. But America or England cannot cast a stone at France or Spain, as long as that human "carridao"—the bull-fighting of professional pugilists—is tolerated.

THE Church of Montmartre, in Paris, where the practice of perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is held, has now over one hundred Bishops throughout the world, and about four thousand churches in the league formed for that glorious purpose. Despite infidelity and all its workings, Paris still is the centre of great devotions, and France may yet win back her right to the title of "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P. and ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin, one of the best and most widely-known Irish writers, is now in the United States. He has been retained by the International Lyceum Bureau to deliver a series of one hundred lectures on Irish political subjects. Would it not be possible that Mr. Sullivan could be induced to visit Montreal and give our people in Canada a lecture or two upon the most important of national issues? His name has preceded him and his fame has already been established as a poet, journalist and politician. We are sure he would be the recipient of a grand ovation were he to come to this country.

LET it not be forgotten that the month of November is specially dedicated to the intercession for the souls in Purgatory. Besides All Saints Day and All Souls Day there are other notable feasts in November. On the 4th St. Charles Borromeo; on the 11th St. Martin of Tours; the third Sunday is the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin; the 14th St. Stanislaus Kostka; the 17th St. Gregory Thaumaturgus; the 20th the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin; the 22nd St. Cecilia; the 24th St. John of the Cross; the 25th St. Catherine; and the 30th St. Andrew the Apostle.

Docility and easy acquiescence with good advice are the signs of an humble heart.

## THE ARCHBISHOP'S CASE.

Some months ago we were asked why it was that we made no reference to the famous case between the defunct Canada Revue and His Grace Archbishop Fabre of Montreal. We had very good reasons for not commenting upon that now completed action, especially at that particular time. In the first place THE TRUE WITNESS had been one of the hardest strikers at the Canada-Revue, and its editorials, we are informed, served to a great extent to draw the mask from the face of a journal that under the guise of Catholicity and reform was doing more harm to the Church than the most open enemies of our religion could possibly perpetrate. This alone might give rise to a suspicion of animus on our part. In the second place, THE TRUE WITNESS, as is well known, was and is approved of—in its spirit—by the venerable head of our archdiocese, and by the clergy in general. It thus might be suspected—although wrongly—that any comments from our pen were suggested or sanctioned directly by those in ecclesiastical authority. And finally, the case was then pending before the courts, and an Irish-Catholic judge was deliberating upon its merits. We deemed it, consequently, advisable to be silent and await the judgment before expressing the opinion which most naturally might have been expected of us. Not that we imagined for a moment that our arguments or criticisms would have any effect direct or indirect upon a case that was placed in the hands of the Civil Court and that would be decided without any consideration other than that which the law alone dictated; but like Cæsar's wife, we felt it right "to be above suspicion," and we curbed our indignation for the time and ventured no expression on a subject that had become very delicate in view of all those connected with its solution.

Now that the judgment has been given and given in a masterly, erudite, calm, exhaustive and coldly impartial manner, now that the law which obtains in our Province, whether drawn from French sources of principle or English sources of precedent, has been clearly shown to support the contentions of His Grace and to confirm the rights, privileges and prerogatives of all persons occupying positions similar before the state to his; now that it has been declared, in a manner so exact that even the sympathizers with the defeated Plaintiff are obliged to acknowledge the justice and equity of the judgment that His Grace, in forbidding the reading, buying or selling, of the Canada-Revue by members of his flock, only exercised his legitimate jurisdiction, and took advantage of his right, without in any way infringing upon the right of the Plaintiff, we can heartily and openly congratulate His Grace upon the triumph he has scored, congratulate the Catholic clergy and laity of this Province upon the happy termination of that vexatious suit, congratulate the judge upon his magnificent and lucid exposition of the different questions that arose from the action, and congratulate the non-Catholic clergy as well, upon a decision that is to their future advantage as well as to that of the Catholic Church.

If the judgment in this case had been otherwise, then the Congregation of the Index would be perpetually open to actions at law, by the authors of books, pamphlets or publications of any class that might fall under its censure; and every priest, bishop or archbishop who sought to enforce the decisions of that Sacred Congregation would be equally actionable for similar causes. In fact a judgment contrary to the one given would set the seal of legality upon the most dangerous of publications, and

would render it morally impossible for the guardians of souls to prevent the ever increasing plague of immoral or otherwise dangerous literature. Moreover, a judgment that would present the reverse conclusions of the present one, would be flying in the face of the French law, the authorities and principles that obtain in our Province, while it would be disregarding the most pronounced and emphatic decisions of English tribunals, which precedents, when in harmony with the French civil authorities, not only strengthen the latter, but render them invulnerable.

To-day it is the Catholic Archbishop whose right is disputed in matters that most positively pertain to his jurisdiction; to-morrow it might be the Lord Bishop of Montreal, or the Moderator of some scotarian synod, whose privileges and rights—as such—might be brought into legal question. In any and in all cases the judgment in this cause applies. In itself that pronouncement is not merely a settling of the Canada Revue's action against Archbishop Fabre, but it is a judgment that will for all time stand as a precedent in similar matters before the courts of our country. Free from all religious or other bias, based solely upon the law as interpreted by the authorities and confirmed by the decisions, the voice of the State—speaking through the medium of a sworn judge—meting out justice between subject and subject, the judgment is a grand exemplification of the justice that characterizes our tribunals. Once more we extend our congratulations to His Grace, and trust that the day is far distant when he will be troubled again in such an outrageous manner, and that God may grant him many years to continue his noble work as guardian of the interests of his flock.

## NINETEEN CENTURIES.

We are rapidly approaching the close of the nineteenth century; already are we far advanced in the terminal decade of that wonderful epoch. It has been a century of changes, of transformations and of innovations. Along the mountain range of its years, many giant peaks of individual greatness tower sublimely aloft. From Napoleon, at the commencement, to Leo XIII, at the close, in politics, war, church affairs, and in every sphere great minds have flashed upon its sky, and we question whether the sunset of the age is not more magnificent than its dawn.

Standing upon the verge of this remarkable period and looking back over the centuries now dead, it is interesting to note all the grand human institutions and powers that have arisen, flourished, decayed and disappeared. A way back on the rim of the distant horizon appears the phantom form of the Roman Empire. It was so solid in its foundation, so ubiquitous in its influence, so mighty in its power, that men had visions of its immortality. Yet long ages have gone since the days of the Cæsars, and the crumbling ruins of a once magnificent civilization alone tell that the Empire once existed. On its debris arise the different continental powers, and, one by one, they have passed into a semi-oblivion, leaving no trace behind, save their works of art or their architectural monuments, which in turn have crumbled to a great extent. Hun, Vandal, Goth and Visigoth has overrun Europe, and under their coursers' hoofs have been crushed the glories of the past and from the dust have arisen wonderful structures of nationality to surprise the future. The New World dawned upon the vision of humanity and the Genoese traveller opened out mighty vistas of speculation for coming historians. Empire, King-

dom, Republic, followed each other in rapid succession; revolutions ploughed up the fields of Empire and sowed the seeds of a modern democracy; old systems vanished, as the stars disappear at sunrise, and new constitutions appeared in panoramic succession. Nothing permanent, nothing stable, nothing certain of perpetuity. Thus do we behold the generations moving off the scene, even as Arabian caravans are seen from the summit of the Great Pyramid. A moment ago—and years are only moments in presence of "Time's all devastating flight"—and we beheld the procession appearing upon the horizon; it moved swiftly past us, and now it is just upon the verge of the opposite sky; and the sandy plain spreads out, silent, fevered, and inanimate. For ages the Sphinx has gazed upon that ever varied and yet similar picture. Still the grim features of that stony monster have not relaxed for one second—smile has never disturbed its placidness, nor has frown wrinkled its brow.

Sphinx-like the student—the cold and calm eyed historian—looks out over the desert of the nineteen centuries and he beholds but a kaleidoscopic series of changes; kingdoms arising and disappearing; giants of human power springing up and sinking beneath the sands of time. Alone amidst all that solitude one institution, one temple, one power towers sublimely aloft. Ages may whirl around it; tempests may lash its sides; suns of fury may scorch it; storms of opposition may attack it, yet there it remains erect, magnificent, only the more attractive from the ruins at its base, only the more solid from the sands heaped up against its foundations. It is the Roman Catholic Church. Petty minds may argue and dispute over misunderstood texts, sects may brandish the fragments of a broken creed against each other, empires and kingdoms, republics and independent States may grow grey in combat with the ever conquering enemy of humanity; but the Church has not lost one stone in its structure, has not become one iota less powerful as age advanced upon it, has not lost one atom of its vigor, its truth, its security, its infallibility, no matter how things may moulder or men disappear. And to-day, at the close of the nineteenth century, it is grander—proportionately to human advancement—than at any other epoch in its unbroken existence. If we require an evidence of the Divine origin of that Church, we have but to appeal to history, to contemplate the centuries, and to gaze upon the evident littleness of this world's power compared with the kingdom that is not of this earth.

We cannot conceive how Jew, Infidel, or Christian non-Catholic can possibly ignore this wonderful perpetuity of the Church. No matter how great or powerful, how exteriorly regal or mighty a Messiah might be, it is impossible to imagine that conqueror performing, with humbler means, a more stupendous work than that which has resulted from Christ's presence on earth. Even were the expected one to be endowed with all the attributes of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, still history shows us that his empire could, at best, only last a few hundred years. While here we behold a Kingdom—spiritual and indestructible—towering above the centuries and harmonizing with the peculiarities of every race, the accidents of every climate and the mutations of every age. No human creature—no matter how gifted, no matter how potent—could attempt to rival, let alone surpass, such an extraordinary work. And yet there are to be found men, claiming to be educated and thoroughly enlightened, with what they call a knowledge of the past, who seem

to ignore these potent evidences that stand forth in testimony of the Church's origin, glory, and imperishability. And even as we stand—towards the close of this great century—looking back over the past and striving to count the numberless triumphs of Catholicity, so shall the last man, on the extreme verge of time, contemplate the ages, and behold the same Church, in all her perfection of arrangement, organization and beauty, standing alone amidst the desolation of the vanished years, and pointing steadily to the unending haven of eternal triumph, that is the reward of all who have adhered to her precepts, obeyed the law, and "fought the good fight."

Glorious and magnificent relic of the past! Powerful and imperishable structure of the present! Immutable and Divinely founded edifice of the future! We thank God that we are of thy communion and participators in thy glories.

## THE CHOICE OF BOOKS.

A "Reader" has sent us a card asking a few questions regarding this subject of books. It would not be possible to enter into all of them in one issue; but we will touch upon that of novels. It would be difficult, and we don't think it would be advisable, to give a list of the standard romances that might be read with profit. Of course there are the standard works that might be called classical—Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, Scott, and a couple of others—that are always safe, provided they are read judiciously and that the object is improvement, study of style and firm rather than mere pastime. But it is not safe to devour the works of these masters wholesale. All the novels from the pens of these prolific writers are not equally reliable or equally true in spirit. Under Dickens' touching humanity there is ever an undercurrent of materialism; virtues and vices are pictured in an inimitable manner, but the rewards or punishments seem to be all temporary; throughout there is nothing that speaks of God, of eternity, of the beauties of Faith, of the Christian's true Hope, of Divine Charity. Yet there are noble sentiments permeating almost every charmed story conceived by that extraordinary man. When you have read "Bleak House," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Little Dorritt," "David Copperfield," and "Oliver Twist," you may conclude you have read the best of Dickens, the works in which the most important and crying abuses have been exposed, the novels containing the truest morals, in a word, the books most calculated to display his style and to instruct the reader while immortalizing the author. In all his other novels Dickens is more or less careless, and too often he forgets the aim of the work in strained attempts to keep up a most unique and difficult style.

Thackeray is a master of caricature and a delineator of character unsurpassed in the English language; yet from "Pendennis" to the simplest sketch from his pen there is a spirit of cynical mistrust pervading his compositions that unhappily is somewhat contagious—and therefore fearfully dangerous. It would be impossible for any other man, no matter how gifted otherwise, to imitate this wonderful satirist. To attempt such a feat means immediate failure; still his style is one that spurs the youthful reader on to such attempts. And even though a person had no ambition or desire to copy the style, yet, almost imperceptibly one grows so accustomed to it, and becomes so charmed with its twilight-humor and poison-tipped shafts that the delight in reading grows into a natural desire to do likewise; this engenders a habit of practising in real life what

Thackeray caused his personages to perform in fiction; the habit grows apace, and ten to one a bright and a happy nature is finally changed into a sneering, cynical and very undesirable and detestable disposition. We don't say that this is necessarily the result of reading those well arranged fictions; but it is a risk that the students run—and we do not believe in risks.

Bulwer Lytton's works surpass those of any other writer of romance in beauty of diction, in splendor of illustration, in charm of comparison. His historical novels are decidedly the best. One might divide his works into three categories—the social, mystical and historical. The last are far and away the most perfect and the most reliable. His social—or society descriptive—romances were penned in his earlier years, when the world first dawned upon him, or rather when he first dawned upon the social and literary world of England. He had not yet collected his rich stores of information in travel, nor had his thoughts become matured in careful study. "Pelham" is a fair sample of that category, and its stories are more amusing than instructive. His style was somewhat overloaded with flowers of rhetoric and the reader can easily detect the young man, bounding, in all the thoughtless vigor of his age, up the mountain-side to where Fame's temple is built upon a dizzy height.

In his queer conceptions flung upon the canvas of the "Strange Story," "Zanoni," "The Coming Race," and other similar mystical productions, there is a fund of danger lurking beneath the dazzle of magnificent language and the foliage of a luxuriant sophistry. Such books are charming, but for the Catholic student, the serious minded man, the devout Christian, or the youth who has loftier and more practical aims in life than mere dreams of an elixir of rejuvenation, or a Rosicrucian's incantations, they are not to be taken "without a grain of salt." They are not to be pondered over and analyzed in all their minuteness of details. But when we come to Bulwer's historical novels, we have a magnificent field for study, speculation, and intellectual enjoyment. In these did he rise to the sublimest heights, and by these alone has he immortalized himself. "My Novel," with old "Rickeybockey," and the village scenes, the stocks and country curate; "What Will He Do With It?" and the itinerant pedler, the rambling musician and the wonderful dog; "Paul Clifford," in his Jessie James adventures, the London slang, the *blue ruin* and the *crib cracking*; "The Disowned," and all the morbid fancies created by the mind in despair; "Luctetia," and the fiendish conceptions of the Borgias renewed; all these are very interesting, amusing, entertaining or horrifying—as the case may be—but they come not from the same serious and lofty student of history, who ransacked the past in order to make it line with the end of time, or until the English language is no more.

We do not agree with all that Bulwer has written in historical novels, nor are they free from certain religious prejudices; but apart from a few pages here and there, these works are master-pieces, and should be read by every student of history or of English literature. "The Last Days of Pompeii" is not surpassed in any language as an archaeological romance—if we might so call it—one that raises the curtain of the past upon a scene long buried beneath the fiery lava of Vesuvius. It is a wonderful piece of work; as varied as the disinterred mosaics, as perfect as the shattered columns of the lost city. Then we have "Rienzi, the Last of the Roman Tribunes," which

brings us down centuries in the history of that mighty power. In English history we have "Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings," and again that very minute story "The Last of the Barons." In fact one would imagine that Bulwer had marched down the avenue of the Christian era selecting the last tribune, last monarch, last leader in each land and in each age, to hold them up as illustrations of their time and associates. But we have not space to dwell any longer on this author. We merely desire to point out that while Bulwer's novels are, as a rule, above reproach, and are certainly models of lofty English, still they cannot be read from first to last without the aid of a careful guide. While gazing at the stars of brilliancy with which he bespangles his literary sky, a person is apt to overlook the chasm that he sometimes digs at your feet.

We will turn for a moment to the "Great Unknown," that "Wizard of the North," the immortal author of "Waverley," Sir Walter Scott. It is not as a poet we would now speak of him, but as that extraordinary novelist, whose magic pen has peopled the hills, the valleys, the streams and castles of Scotland with a thousand glorious creations of his imagination. Our space is now so limited that we find it almost impossible to do justice to Scott at the tale end of an editorial. We will consecrate a whole article to the Laird of Abbotsford's novels in one of our coming issues. Still we might state that with the exception of a couple of works, in which the author allows some of his latent prejudices to get the better of his historical exactness, to read the "Waverley" series is an education in itself. Scott has done more to cast a halo of interest around Scotland than could or did all the dry historians put together. And yet his works are almost entirely based upon history. Even "Guy Mannering," with Merriles on Ellengowan's Hill cursing the Bertrams, is the fruit of historical research. "The Heart of Midlothian," "Rob Roy," and "Ivanhoe" are decidedly founded upon most positive historical evidence. And in "Old Mortality," "The Antiquary," and all his works of a similar class and epoch, we have the stories of the dead ages revived,—the manners, customs, language and characteristics of the people most graphically portrayed. In "The Abbot" and "The Monastery," the author does, at times, allow his Protestant feelings to get the better of his knowledge and research, thus blotting with prejudice some of the finest pages he has penned. Still we must say that whosoever wishes to know aught authentic of Scotland's past, of her clans, her warriors, her feudal laws, her manners, and her people, must read carefully the novels left by Scott as a literary legacy to the country and to the world. At another time we will return to this subject.

#### OYSTER SUPPER TO-NIGHT.

Last evening the first oyster supper of the season under the auspices of the Ladies of Charity of St. Patrick's parish was given in the Victoria Armory.

The supper was a great success and every effort had been made to make the evening as enjoyable as possible. The suppers will be continued to-night and to-morrow. The attractions on the three nights will be orchestral and vocal music, stage tableaux, the haunted swing, magic lantern views and refreshments at city prices. These annual reunions of the members of St. Patrick's parish and their numerous friends have always in the past proved very enjoyable, and there is each year some novelty or other prepared to make the entertainment particularly attractive. A small sum of money goes a great way with the patrons, as 5 cents and 10 cents are the ruling prices in the hall. The Ladies of Charity devote the proceeds to securing material with which to clothe the poor.

#### THE CZAR'S DEATH.

At last, after weeks of expectancy, alternate hope and despair, on November the first, at half-past one in the afternoon, Alexander III., Czar of all the Russias, passed off the stage of mortal existence. In that most perfect of palaces—Livadia—breathing to the last the sweet, mild atmosphere of the Crimea, the ruler of over 100,000,000 of people fell beneath the merciless blow of the all-conquering Reaper. He was born in 1845, and was comparatively a young man. In 1866 he married the Princess Marie, daughter of King Christian of Denmark and sister of the Princess of Wales and the King of Greece.

In 1881, when Alexander II. was assassinated by the Nihilists, the late Czar ascended the throne. Ever since he has lived in a species of retirement, either at the palace of Gatschina, or in some other of his country residences. He has been called the "peasant Czar" on account of his dislike to regal display or court ceremonies. While the expression was used in a sense of ridicule still he considered it an honor. He has also been styled the "Peace-preserver of Europe," simply because he had it in his power to precipitate many a conflict, but he refrained from so doing through his hatred for war.

Considering all the shocks that his iron framework of nerves received, it is not wonderful that, without being a coward, he should have spent a miserable existence of dread and uncertainty. In his younger days he was a powerfully constituted man, but the eternal fear that was upon him, the many terrible blows he received, from the day of his predecessor's assassination down to his wonderful experience and narrow escape on the Transcaucasian railway in 1888 sufficed to render him much weaker, from a nervous standpoint, than he might have ever been under other circumstances. The chief feature of his reign was his love of peace, and this he carried to the verge of fanaticism. In fact, he was a religious monomaniac on many questions. He imagined that the Almighty had given him a mission, and as part thereof it was necessary to persecute, exterminate if possible, the Jews, Roman Catholics and Baptists. No matter what remonstrances were made to him by members of his own family and of other royal houses, he clung to the idea that no person had a right to believe otherwise than he did.

Alexander III. leaves five children, Grand Duke Nicholas, who succeeds to the throne, born May 18, 1868; Grand Duke George, born May 9, 1871; Grand Duchess Xenia, born April 6, 1875; Grand Duke Michael, born December 4, 1878, and Grand Duchess Olga, born June 13, 1882.

What the result of the Czar's death upon European affairs is yet a matter of conjecture. Perhaps the Emperor may deem it advisable—even if through other motives—to continue the policy of peace that his father sought so hard to preserve. Or he may feel inclined to give his millions of subjects an opportunity of killing others and being killed themselves—if Nihilism demands killing of any kind. The country most immediately affected by the recent death is certainly France. It is only the other day, apparently, that the French and the Russians were weeping tears of fraternal affection upon each other's shoulders. Whether or not the youthful Czar believes in the continuation of this international love is a question that very few months will solve. His is now in his twenty-seventh year. There was nothing very bright about him when a

boy; so dull was he that a medical expert pronounced him a fool, and for his pains got a box in the ear from the Czar. But during the past five years he has presided at all Councils of State and did so in a manner that proved he was the possessor of considerable ability, judgment and determination. He may probably desire to introduce some liberal institutions, and to imitate what he has seen abroad, but he must always reckon on a host of interested and clever courtiers, who will not neglect to look after their own interests. It is always so with rulers of the despotic stamp who are constantly in danger from the revolutionary section of their subjects, who feel that while they are all-powerful they are obliged to depend to a great extent upon men who hold that other power, behind the throne. Yet Nicolas II. may yet astonish the world; he may disappoint many and take a stand that even the most sanguine do not anticipate.

There is no doubt that Russia is to-day a wonderful nation, and one that holds to a great extent the balance of European power. But with all the civilization of our century the Russians are still semi-barbaric. Old Napoleon's saying is as true to-day as upon the occasion of Moscow's catastrophe; "scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." There is a certain amount of Casseck and Tartar barbarism and cruelty that all the world's polish cannot rub off the Russian. Born to rule, and having been rulers for so many generations, the Romanoffs very naturally imagine—like the late Czar—that they have special missions from on high, that they are not of the common clay from which ordinary mortals spring, and that the millions who acknowledge their authority are merely the instruments of their ambitions and eccentric desires. It is only when the phantom of Nihilism arises in their path that they realize for a moment that they are mortal. Not unlike a certain character in an Italian romance, who feared neither God, man, nor devil, who was ready to fling down or pick up a gauntlet of war at any moment, but who invariably crouched in corners, trembled like a child, and almost lost control of his nerves whenever he heard the thunder.

Be it under the new Czar, or under some of his immediate successors, the sun must certainly rise that will look down upon a terrific social outburst in that land. Politically speaking, Russia is simply a sleeping volcano. It may be years before it belches forth its lava; but whenever the day of its activity comes, the monuments and institutions of the present may prepare for a fate like that which befell Herculanium and Pompeii. Meanwhile the nation will bury Alexander Alexandrovitch, and the cannon from Livadia to Cronstadt will proclaim at once the death of the "peace-preserver," and the succession of the enigma Nicholas Alexandrovitch. It is to be fervently hoped that this two-fold event of greatest importance will pass off peacefully and that the demonstrations of sorrow on the one side, and of congratulations on the other, will not be marred by any violent actions on the part of the avowed enemies of autocratic power.

Apart from his public career, we learn that Alexander III. was a model husband and father; that his domestic life was perfect. He was unassuming, and was idolized by all his immediate relatives. His greatest delight was to play with the little soions of royalty and to make them happy in his presence. Mr. Stead says "there was no romps so great as he." He will be missed and mourned in that family circle as few prominent rulers have ever been. And the world can at least say of him, that he died at his post, working till the very last.

## ANOTHER PECULIAR MAGAZINE.

Walter Besant gives, in the November number of the Pall Mall Magazine, the third chapter of his series of articles on Westminster. In this he attempts to picture the Benedictine monastery in the days when the monks enjoyed the freedom of which they were rudely deprived in after years. In order to furnish a minute account of the daily life of a monk, the author selects one Hugh de Steyninge, known in religion as Brother Ambrosine, and attempts to unfold the life and occupations of a religious in the story of this particular monk's daily routine. Whence he derived his information we know not, unless it were in reading some of Scott's novels, or works of fiction, intended as histories, but actually the results of fiery imaginations and prejudiced minds. We will take one short paragraph from that would-be erudite contribution. To the Catholic its absurdity is so patent that comment is almost useless. The italics are ours:

"They offered little Hugh in the Church as a novice. First they cut his long curls round, offering the hair to the Abbey—an act which symbolized something, but I know not what,—only a Brother learned in the Rule could interpret all the symbols in the ritual,—he was then, carrying in his hands the host and chalice, presented to the priest at the altar." The only honest statement in the whole article is that in which the author admits that he does not know anything about what he calls the symbols or Rule. By the way, if Mr. Besant is not responsible for that other contribution to the same issue "The Rosicrucian Theory," it is evident that all the leading spirits of the Pall Mall Magazine are so dreadfully bewildered with signs, symbols, enchantations and perversions of historical facts that their productions bear a great resemblance to each other.

When Professor Robertson wrote his learned "History of Charles V." he marred the whole picture by introducing a chapter on the Jesuits. The famous Rev. Francis Mahoney, (Father Prout) in referring to this unhappy chapter, asks, "What could have possessed the Professor? Did he ever go through the course of 'spiritual exercises?' Did he ever eat a peck of salt of Loyola's intellectual and highly disciplined sons? Did he ever manifest his conscience? Did his venturesome foot ever cross the threshold of a Jesuit sanctuary? Was he deeply versed in the 'ratio studiorum?' Had his ear ever drank the mystic whisperings of the *monita secreta*? No! Then why the deuce did he sit down to write about the Jesuits? Had he not the Brahmins of India at his service? Could he not take up the dervishes of Persia? or the bronzes of Japan? or the illustrious brotherhood of Bohemian gypsies? or the 'ancient order of Druids?' or all of them together? But, in the name of Cornelius a Lapide, why did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?"

These cutting words flashed back upon our memory as we read the attempt of Mr. Besant to describe the Roman Catholic ritual and practices. To talk about matters of which he must necessarily be ignorant, and his ignorance of which he not only displays, but even acknowledges, never occurs to him as very unwise—to say the least. Truly did "Prout" say that "it was reserved for modern days to produce that school of writers who industriously employ their pens on topics the most exalted above their range of mind, and the least adapted to their powers of illustration." In the name of all reason are there not subjects enough in the world for such writers as the contributors to the Pall

Mall Magazine to dilate upon, without making exhibitions of their lack of information in treating questions of Catholic discipline? We are thoroughly aware that Mr. Besant imagines that he has given a wonderfully learned and exact account of the routine observed in monasteries; and if he had any doubts about the correctness of the details, he very naturally supposed that his readers knew as little, if not less than he did, on the subject. Not very complimentary to the readers.

As long as the Pall Mall Magazine confines itself to light and morally useless stories such as "Love's Apostate," "Boss Bierstumpfel's Story," "Cupid and Psyche" and "Another Freak," we can appreciate the endeavors of the millionaire publisher to reach the public heart by means of the morbid hankering after the mysterious, sensational, or preposterous; as long as it remains satisfied with abusing Popery after the fashion of George Clinck, in his account of Christ's Hospital, or with puzzling its sane readers with Mr. I. Zungwell's egotistical, contradictory and eccentric notes "Without Prejudice"—as well as without anything else, except crazy illustrations—we suppose that there cannot be much fault found, since the magazine keeps inside its sphere and the contributors do not venture beyond their depth; but when it undertakes to either deal seriously with matters of history, or to comment upon, describe, or explain questions of Catholic practice, or the details of either ritual, discipline, morals or dogma in the Catholic Church, it is time to draw the line.

Let any Catholic child that has made its First Communion, strive to imagine a boy of his age carrying the Sacred Host in one hand and the consecrated chalice in the other, and offering them to the priest on the altar. It would be a loss of time and a waste of space to comment upon such statements. The Catholic reader requires no explanation of the great mistake Mr. Besant makes, and he, and the majority of non-Catholic readers could not or would not understand it, no matter how lucid we might make it.

We know of no publication, of the present year, that is better in appearance than the Pall Mall Magazine. The paper is of the finest, the illustrations are numerous and most beautiful, the form is all that could be desired. But this is not to be wondered at, since the funds behind the institution are comparatively exhaustless. Decidedly it is interesting, and just as decidedly it is dangerous. In the first place it is anti-Catholic to such a degree that almost all its articles sin, in some way, against the Catholic standard. We don't say that in its every article it makes attacks upon the Church; far from it. That would be a stupid means of carrying on its work; just as stupid as are the majority of its occasional and overt misrepresentations of our religion. But no Catholic will lay it down and feel that he is any the better for having read its sensational, spiritualistic or mystical stories. And when he meets with paragraphs such as the following, (page 315, Nov. No. 94) he must feel that he is in possession of a false and very cunning enemy of what he knows to be the Truth. "Converse with Evil Spirits, or with Science, in the days of the power of the Church, was punished with torture and death. It was the Church that put Galileo upon the rack, and burnt Giordano Bruno at the stake. Under priestly influence human intelligence sank to a level of pitiable brutishness." Etc., etc., in as many lines, which we purpose disposing of in future articles.

Persons who take measures to enlarge their business—Tailors.

## A GRAND BAZAAR.

On Monday next, in the hall of the Monument Nationale, will commence a grand bazaar, and one that deserves the universal support and unstinted encouragement of all the citizens of Montreal. It is for the purpose of securing a fund to assist in rebuilding the Mother House of the Congregation of Notre Dame—that institution which the fire destroyed a short time ago. In the first place we deem it well to state that the Monument Nationale is the new and imposing building on St. Lawrence Main street, midway between Dorchester and St. Catherine streets and directly opposite the old St. Lawrence market.

It is very unnecessary that we should enter into a lengthy panegyric of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame; but we wish to place a few cold facts before our readers. In the first place this society of teachers has been almost co-eval with the foundation of our colony. For over two centuries and a half the Order has taught and educated the many generations of Catholics that have come and gone in that time. Since the days of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, who began her labor of love in a stable, two hundred and fifty years ago, down to the present the needs and requirements of the people have augmented, and in proportion has the Congregation of Notre Dame increased in numbers and expanded over the country. Numerous branches, in the form of Academies, have been established in the city of Montreal; all over Canada houses have been built and institutions opened; and even in the United States a number of their convents exist. But the Mother House, the old home on St. Jean Baptiste street, naturally became too small for the number it had to accommodate. It was then that, beside the Villa Maria Convent—up by the mountain—a new Mother House was built.

While yet a heavy debt was due upon the construction of that much-required establishment the fire swept it out of existence, and with it all the contents. The house has disappeared, but the debt remains. Consequently the Congregation must not only pay off that debt, for a building that is lost, but must rebuild in order to find accommodation for its members. Already is the old building on St. Jean Baptiste street so over-crowded that the members of the community have to be housed and fed in the different branch academies where the accommodations are far from adequate. We know it as a fact that in many cases nuns sleep in their class-rooms—and we know of one superioress who is obliged to occupy the bath-room, in order to help in making place for the many novices and religious who have nowhere to go. Therefore, this rebuilding of the Mother House is an immediate and crying necessity.

This is the first time—in two hundred and fifty years—that this Congregation ever appealed to the public; and to no body of teachers does the public owe such a debt of gratitude. Many of our wealthy or well-to-do families can look back to the time when they received—if not gratis—at least almost free, a complete education from the Sisters of the Congregation, and now that their former friends, teachers, and careful mothers (for they are mothers) are in great need of support, surely the wells of gratitude, deep down in their hearts, will spring up to overflowing. And, again, it is merely in the form of a Bazaar that the good nuns make this appeal. We may state that it has the hearty sanction and fervent blessing of His Grace the Archbishop, and that the clergy from their pulpits will announce the same on Sunday.

The only thing that we have to regret is that the hall in which the Bazaar is to be held is not given without charge. Twenty-five dollars per night must be paid. This speaks very poorly for the society, or company, or whosoever has the control of the Monument Nationale. We would not mind if it belonged to an individual, or a commercial corporation, but the land upon which that edifice is erected was given by the Seminary—and given *gratis* to the St. Jean Baptiste Society, or the Monument Nationale organization. The building is not paid for by any individual; but it is the result of the contributions of the general public. It has only closed a Bazaar in which all sections took part in order to aid in the object of establishing that institution on a solid basis. And in presence of these facts, we consider it very small to ask a paltry rent from the Sisters, when they have been the greatest benefactors of Catholic Montreal during so many long decades.

However, that is not our affair. We merely wish to appeal to all our readers to aid as far as they can, in this work of gratitude and of high and noble charity as well as justice. Since the hall is not free, then the exertions of the workers should be redoubled. In closing we can make one square, truthful, and undeniable statement—we are sorry it is so, but it is a fact—the Congregation of Notre Dame is very poor. Some have tried to excuse themselves from paying the debt of gratitude they owe by proclaiming that the Congregation was wealthy. Not only is that false, but to-day real poverty stares it in the face. And the noble women whose lives have been given to the education of so many generations, who never before asked even a cent from the public, find themselves without as much (in many cases) "as a place whereon to rest their heads." And will not Catholic Montreal rise up in its splendid manhood—and its grand womanhood—to aid in erecting a refuge for these benefactresses of our country? Yes; the Bazaar will be a grand success.

## THE Y. I. L. &amp; B. ASSOCIATION.

The Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association is keeping well to the front these days. Last week a gymnasium class was started by them and a competent leader conducted the exercises. A special uniform was worn by the members, and judging from present indications the gymnasium class will be a most prosperous one.

The dramatic section of the Association is also in a most flourishing condition, and under the instruction of Mr. Varney the young men are making great improvement in histrionic ability. The L. & B. Association have engaged the Queen's theatre for next St. Patrick's night and will present a drama that is expected to eclipse any of their former efforts in that line.

## ORDINATIONS AND NOMINATIONS.

The following ordinations have taken place in the Catholic diocese of Montreal:—Deaconate—E. P. Guilbault, Montreal; P. J. McKeon, London; J. H. Brennan, Manchester; T. R. Halpin, New York; W. A. Gilfillan, Springfield; D. J. Meloche, Valleyfield.

Sub-deaconate—Joseph Forest and Arthur Forest, of Montreal.

The following nominations have been made by Archbishop Fabre:—Rev. Alph. Bourgeois, vicar of St. Charles de Montreal; Rev. J. B. Desrosier, vicar of St. Esprit; Rev. Odilon Forest, vicar of Sacred Heart of Montreal; Rev. Gustave Melancon, vicar of St. Martin.

## THE ARCHBISHOP'S RECEPTION.

Archbishop Fabre held his monthly reception on Sunday evening in the large parlor of the palace, the numbers in attendance being very large. His Grace was warmly congratulated by many present upon the happy issue of the famous trial.

**AN ORMSTOWN CELEBRATION.**

The Feast of St. Malachy, Patron Saint of the Church; Two Sermons by Rev. Father Shea, Curate of St. Mary's, Montreal.

On Sunday last, the Rev. Father Quesnel, the energetic and devoted parish priest of Ormstown, P. Q., had a special celebration in his parish in honor of the patron saint of their Church—the great Irish Bishop and Confessor, St. Malachy. The Catholic parish of Ormstown is part Irish and part French, and it would be a good thing for all our mixed communities if the same union, peace, harmony and Catholic spirit reigned amongst them as exist in Father Quesnel's splendid district. The Rev. Pastor is to be heartily congratulated upon the success, during the two years that he has ministered to the spiritual wants of his number of parishioners, that he has attained and upon the splendid celebration of last Sunday in particular.

The parish church was filled to the very doors. High Mass was celebrated by the parish priest. After the Gospel Rev. Father Shea, the curate of St. Mary's parish, Montreal, ascended the pulpit and delivered a splendid sermon upon the life, labors and virtues of St. Malachy, the patron saint of the Ormstown church. This panegyric was at once an historical treat as well as a series of most wholesome lessons drawn from the life of the great Bishop, Confessor and saint. St. Malachy, as our readers know, was the famous Bishop of Connor, and one of the most glorious figures in the field of Irish history. The rev. preacher traced the career of the great saint from his birth, in the ninth century, down to the close of his life, which also ended his thirty years of episcopal labors. Some of the most striking events in the story of the early centuries of Faith in Ireland took place during St. Malachy's life, and he played an important part in many of them. The subject was most appropriate to the occasion and afforded a fine opportunity for the display of Rev. Father Shea's solid and eloquent style of delivery. The panegyric will be long remembered by the good people of Ormstown, and will serve to a great extent to increase their devotion to the patron saint of their parish.

In the afternoon, at three o'clock, a solemn service in the form of prayers, Benediction and sermon, for the souls in Purgatory, was held. On this occasion, as in the morning, Rev. Father Shea was the preacher. He spoke from that inspiring text that encourages all Christians "to pray for the dead that they may be released from their sins." Having pointed out most clearly the Church's doctrine regarding Purgatory and proved it to be both reasonable and consoling, the preacher entered into a glowing picture of the pains suffered by those holy souls in being deprived—for a long term—of God's glory, and the happiness that their virtues have won for them. He then drew attention to the fact that every living being may expect to have some one or more souls detained in Purgatory and awaiting the prayers of those on earth to open the gates of the prison-house. The touching description of the helpless soul depending upon the aid of those who are still alive to secure the tranquility and joys of heaven was only surpassed by that of the delight and happiness as well as the deep gratitude of the delivered soul once it enters the regions of unending bliss. Perhaps the most striking portion of the whole sermon was that in which the reverend gentleman depicted the countless blessings that would yet fall upon all who aid in the deliverance of suffering souls, by their prayers, alms and sacrifices; blessings due to the grateful intercession of the saints in heaven who owe their early relief to the supplications of their earthly friends. In fact, we might say that if the morning sermon was calculated to inspire the people with a deep and lasting confidence in the power of their glorious saint, the afternoon's one was certain to awaken a holy and noble sentiment of devotion for the benefit of the departed who have not yet reached the realms of happiness.

We are positive that Rev. Father Shea's visit to Ormstown will not soon be forgotten by the good people of St. Malachy's parish, and that Rev. Father Quesnel will find, as the years go past, that his zeal and devotion to the cause

of his flock will be a source of the glorious recompense which all pastors seek—namely, the salvation of the souls confided to their care.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY**

CONDOLE WITH MADAME MERCIER.

The regular monthly meeting of St. Patrick's society was held Monday night, the president, ex-Mayor McShane, in the chair. There was a large attendance of members. It was resolved to have a course of winter lectures, the first to be delivered on November the 19th. The president will deliver the first lecture, and the vice-president, Dr. Kennedy, the second, two weeks later. The subjects have not yet been decided on. After some debate it was determined to give a grand concert in the hall of the Monument Nationale on St. Patrick's night. It was first suggested that it be a dramatic entertainment, but the concert idea was finally unanimously adopted. A vote of condolence with Madame Mercier and her family on the death of the late ex-premier, Hon. Honore Mercier, was adopted. Mr. J. P. Wright moved, and Mr. John O'Leary seconded, the resolution, which was passed without a dissenting voice. A large number of new members were balloted for and admitted.

**ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.**

The usual monthly meeting of St. Mary's Catholic Young Men was held in St. Mary's hall, on Friday evening. After the minutes had been read and other business matters transacted the previously arranged subject, a debate on Home Rule was begun. Excellent speeches were made by those who for the nonce opposed Home Rule. Rev. Father O'Donnell, who acted as chairman, was obliged to award the victory of argument to the opposition. The debate will be continued at the next meeting. By the time the members have thoroughly thrashed out the subject they will be better acquainted with the condition of Ireland in the past and present than they ever were before. Therefore, if the debates do nothing more than extend their knowledge of history the members will benefit by taking part in them.

**A GRAND DINNER.**

The annual dinner for the benefit of the blind of Nazareth will be given on the 28th of November, at 7 p.m., in the Hall of the Institution. It is needless to recommend to the charity of the public this work so eminently social and christian. The marvellous results that follow from the education which these blind children receive are known and appreciated; all Montreal is aware that to give to the blind of Nazareth is not only relieving great misery but moreover placing those afflicted beings on a level with their fellow-creatures. With this charitable object in view it is hoped that crowds will assemble at the asylum on that evening and enjoy the treat in store for them.

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

At a meeting held Sunday afternoon of St. Anthony's Catholic Young Men's society the following officers were elected for the ensuing session:—Spiritual director, Rev. Father Donnelly; president, P. J. Gordon; 1st vice-president, M. C. Morrissey; 2nd vice-president, G. Munday; financial secretary, G. C. Gahan; recording secretary, J. M. Morrissey; assistant secretary, J. S. Farrell; librarian, James Bannan; assistant librarian, W. McVillia; marshal, F. J. Perrigo; committee, C. J. Foley, W. Stewart, T. F. McDonald, J. K. Cleary and J. Ferguson. The society also decided to hold a grand concert on December 6th, the best talent possible to be secured for that occasion.

**KINGSTON CLERGY.**

Rev. Father Collins, of Brockville, who has been cure in St. Francis Xavier church for some time past, has left for Kingston, where he will be assistant in St. Mary's cathedral. He will be succeeded by Rev. Father Carson, of Kingston.

**DEATH OF A PRIEST.**

Rev. Abbe Deguy, late parish priest of Lanoraie, died on Saturday at Contrecoeur. A requiem service is to be chant-

ed at Contrecoeur this morning, after which the remains will be removed for interment to Lanoraie, where a second service will be conducted by Archbishop Fabre.

**STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE**

200,000 VISIT THE MIRACULOUS SHRINE.

The following figures show the number of pilgrims who have visited the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre during the last twenty years.

1874.....	17,200	1883.....	58,000
1875.....	27,000	1884.....	61,000
1876.....	28,000	1885.....	79,282
1877.....	30,500	1886.....	85,657
1878.....	37,530	1887.....	90,884
1879.....	37,500	1888.....	91,437
1880.....	56,500	1889.....	100,951
1881.....	50,000	1890.....	105,672
1882.....	54,000	1894.....	200,000

**SPHERE FOR WOMEN.**

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS SAYS IT IS IN THE HOUSE, NOT AT THE POLLS.

Cardinal Gibbons in his sermon at the Baltimore cathedral on Sunday, the feast of the Holy Rosary, took strong ground against woman suffrage as having a tendency to lessen woman's influence for good in the home circle, which he regarded as her proper sphere.

The subject of this sermon was the glory of womanhood and the duties of Christian woman. He took as his text the blessing pronounced by the angel upon the Virgin Mary. He said:

"To-day we honor the Queen of Saints, our Blessed Lady. She is the great model for all women to follow, whether as maiden, wife or mother. I think every unprejudiced historian will admit that woman is indebted to Mary for the high position, both in social and domestic life, which is hers to-day.

"If to-day woman is esteemed as the peer of her husband, and not as the slave of his passions, as is the case in foreign countries, it is due to the Church. If she is queen in her domestic life, without being confronted with usurping women, as is the case in Mohammedan and Mormon households, she is indebted to this deliverance to the preachings of the Catholic Church and the Popes. The Church follows the preaching of St. Paul, that woman is equal to man, when he declares that God makes no distinction as to nationality, race or sex.

"It seems to me fearful to contemplate what would have been the condition of society to-day if it had not been for the restraining, sanctifying and purifying influence of women.

"I do not speak of those consecrated women, whose lives are given to the cause of Christ and His Church and religion, chastity and charity. I speak of those women who made no vow except the baptismal one; of those who wear no habit except the white robe of innocence, and not of those who wear the royal robe of charity and benevolence.

"I speak not of the religious community of women, so-called, but of those who live in the family relation which God Himself has founded. I speak of Mother Superior of the household.

"Every one of you has a lesson to perfect in your day and generation. You can be verily apostles, preaching in your respective households. It is true you cannot celebrate mass, and yet you can be priests in another and broader sense. You are a holy, national and royal priesthood, because consecrated to God in your baptism.

"It is true woman doesn't to-day exercise the right of Suffrage. She should never vote and I am heartily glad of it.

"I hope the day will never come when she can vote, and if the right of suffrage is granted to her I hope she will reject it, even though there are some misguided women who think they want it.

"Rest assured that if woman enters politics she will be sure to carry away on her some of the mud and dirt of political contact. She will also lose some of the influence which is now hers.

"The proper sphere of woman is home; the proper place for her to reign is in the home circle.

"A ruler of Greece said: 'I command Athens. Athens rules the world and my wife controls me; therefore, she rules the world.'

"So nowadays you men control the United States, and your wives, controlling you, rule this country. If every Christian mother, daughter and sister looked

after religion in the home there would be less need to insist on religious instruction in the schools. The mother is the living oracle of her child. In after years the words spoken by our mothers through life exercise over us a blessed influence.

"The woman is the best teacher, because God has so ordained. She exercises more influence than any other living person. She is an oracle to her child. The greatest men in Church or State were blessed with pious mothers, to whose early instructions they owed all that they were. I might name a long catalogue. St. Louis of France spoke of his sublime mother as an angel. Chief Justice Taney was accustomed to speak of his mother and the influence of her early instructions on his life. John Randolph, of Roanoke, tells us that but for his mother's influence he would have become an infidel and an atheist.

"Let us beg of you to fulfil that mission which God has assigned to you. When husband and son come home let them find there a place of rest. Do not pour out the bitter gall of sharp words, but the oil of consolation. Be angels of charity and guard the sanctity of your homes and keep the fires of conjugal love burning."

**RELIEF AT LAST.**

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LONDESBORO YOUNG LADY.

A VICTIM OF SEVERE PAINS, DIZZINESS AND WATERY BLOOD—AT TIMES COULD NOT GO UP A STEP—HOW SHE REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

From the Clinton New Era.

Miss Kate Longman is a young lady of about 22 years of age, who lives with her mother in the pretty little village of Londesboro, six miles from the town of Clinton. Both are well-known and highly esteemed by their many friends. The New Era having learned that Miss Longman had been a great sufferer and had recently been restored to health by the timely use of a well-known popular remedy, dispatched a representative to get the particulars of the case. In reply to the reporter's inquiries Miss Longman said that if her experience might be the means of helping some other sufferer, she was quite willing that it should be made public. "For a long time," she said, "I was very poorly, I was weak, and run down, and at times suffered pains in my back that were simply awful. My blood was in a watery condition, and I was subject to spells of weakness to such an extent that I could not step up a door step to save my life. I doctored a great deal for my sickness, but without avail. At last, after having frequently read in the New Era of cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I determined to give them a trial. The result was that my health soon began to return and the pains and weakness left and I was again restored to strength." At this moment Mrs. Longman entered, and being informed who the visitor was and what was his mission, said: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest medicine known. My daughter was so sick that I feared she would die, and she continually grew weaker until she began the use of Pink Pills, and they have cured her, as she has not had a recurrence of the trouble since." Miss Longman is now the picture of health, and declares that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are entitled to the credit. The New Era knows of many others who have benefited by this remarkable remedy.

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

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

THE PENAL LAWS.

The Late Mr. Froude's Calumnies.

From an able article by Eugene Davis we clip the following interesting historical facts :

"Froude, the prince of lying historians, died at his home in London on Oct. 20, aged 76 years. Throughout his career, he was the bitterest enemy of Ireland. In his volume, 'The English in Ireland in the 18th Century,' he uttered fabrications of an astounding kind about the habits and customs of the people of that country, defaming their character and denouncing their laziness. Their character of probity and of the virtue of their women have survived Mr. Froude's onslaught on them; for the so-called facts that he has written in his book were supported by any State papers or other documents worthy of credit. In fact, the literary men used to give him the nickname of the 'romancing historian.' Pages on pages, replete with mendacities issued from his fertile imagination, as Diana issued from the brain of Jupiter. His facts were his own invention. As to the laziness of the Irish people, they had no time to indulge in that luxury, in those dreary penal days, when their limbs were whipped by the cat o' nine tails by Anglo-Saxon scorpions. They were persecuted ruthlessly at that time by the minions and officials of England, because they would not abandon the Catholic faith of their fore-fathers. Here are the laws that ruled and oppressed them—laws that would have compelled another nation of bondsmen to rebel against their oppressors. The Irish of that day were so down-trodden, however, by the defeats and disasters at the end of the 17th century that they lost all hope of ridding themselves of the English yoke; yet they nobly and self-sacrificingly clung to their faith. The following are the Penal laws :

1. Catholic peers are deprived of votes.
2. Catholic gentlemen are forbidden to be elected members of the Irish Parliament or hold any official position in Ireland.
3. All Catholics are denied the liberty of voting.
4. Catholics who will abstain from Protestant form of worship, must pay a fine of sixty pounds (\$300) a month.
5. All Catholics are forbidden to travel five miles from their houses, to keep firearms, to maintain suits-at-law, or to be guardians, or executors of wills.
6. Any four Justices of the Peace may, without trial, banish any man for life, if he refuses to attend Protestant service.
7. Any two Justices of the Peace can call any man over sixteen before them, and, if he refuses to abjure the Catholic religion, they can bestow his property on his next of kin who have joined the Protestant fold.
8. No Catholic can send his children to a Catholic schoolmaster, and if he sends his child abroad he is liable to a fine of not less than 100 pounds (\$500), and the child cannot inherit any property in Ireland and England.
9. Any Catholic priest coming to Ireland should be hanged.
10. Any Protestant, suspecting any other Protestant of holding property in trust for any Catholic, may file a bill against the suspected trustee, and take the estate or property from him, and make it his own.
11. Any Protestant seeing a Catholic tenant-at-will on a farm, which in his own opinion yielded one-third more than the year's rent, may enter on the farm; and, by simply swearing to the fact, take possession of it.
12. Any Protestant can take away the horse of a Catholic—no matter how valuable—by simply paying him five pounds (\$25).
13. Horses and waggons, belonging to Catholics, are in all cases to be seized on for the use of the militia.
14. Any Catholic gentleman's child, becoming a Protestant, might at once take possession of his father's property. Edmund Burke, one of the most intellectual Irishmen of the last century, said in the English House of Commons: "The infamous penal laws that were passed by the 'Christian' (forsooth) Parliament of Ireland, are the very worst that ever emanated from the perverted ingenuity of man." The penal laws were finally repealed by the British Parliament in 1829. Thanks to the herculean political energy of Daniel O'Connell. The Catholic Irish

were thus rescued from the persecution of English officials and obtained the rights and privileges of citizens.

Froude crossed the Atlantic in 1873, and delivered a series of lectures containing all the yarns in his volume, in all the leading cities of the United States. His lying statements were refuted by the eloquent Father Burke, a Dominican friar, who was at the same time on a lecturing tour in this country. John Mitchell's perfect knowledge of the history of Ireland in the eighteenth century enabled him to prove on the authority of the English historians of that period that every statement made by Froude to defame the Irish people was false. Father Burke denounced them as "all lies—infamous lies."

FROUDE'S EARLY CAREER.

Richard Hurrell Froude, the elder brother of James Anthony, who was an archdeacon, was conspicuous in the Oxford ritualistic movement. James Anthony was a student of Oriel College, Oxford, at the time, and became a disciple of John Henry Newman, the future great cardinal. Froude, who in 1845 was tempted to follow his intimate friend, Newman, into the Catholic Church, was three years afterwards persecuted for his hostility to all revealed religions. In fact, he became an atheist. Father Burke, in one of his witty moments during his lectures, said, "God abandoned him, when, instead of his becoming a Catholic with Newman, he became antagonistic." Froude was a fraud. Throughout his subsequent career Froude was noted for his bitter hatred of Catholicism.

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude consists in a watchful, minute attention to the particulars of our state, and the multitude of God's gifts, taken one by one. It fills us with a consciousness that God loves and cares for us, even to the least event and smallest need of life. It is a blessed thought that from our childhood God has been laying His Fatherly hands upon us, and always in Benediction; that even the strokes of His hands are blessings, and almost the chiefest we have ever received. When this feeling is awakened, the heart beats with a pulse of thankfulness. Every gift has its return of praise. It awakens an increasing daily converse with our Father—He speaking to us by the ascent of thanksgivings. And all our whole life is thereby drawn under the light of his countenance, and is filled with a gladness, serenity and peace which only thankful hearts can know.—Cardinal Manning.

A HALLOWED ANNIVERSARY.

The twentieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, was begun to be celebrated on the eve of the 28th inst., at Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q., where His Lordship was cordially welcomed on the above-mentioned occasion. At 7 p.m. the appearance of Bourget was like that of an enchanted fairyland. From seventy-five windows were pendant thrice the number of magic lanterns, wreathing the exterior of those classical halls in mellow light, while over the main entrance were suspended similar illuminations of the most artistic and gorgeous designs, which, rustling together on the balmy air of night, seemed to whisper a joyful welcome. The pedestal of the Virgin's statue in the outer court fronting the vestibule, was lighted in a manner similar to that of the entrance, while the railings that skirted the avenue bore on their various pillars flaming luminaries which emitted a strong glare over the space between the college and the street, and lighted the grounds far around. Professors and students awaited the arrival of His Grace, and scarcely were the preparations completed when carriages containing His Lordship and several distinguished churchmen rolled swiftly up to the music of the "Gagetown March," played by the college band. The Archbishop and party having entered, the grandeur of the outside spectacle was enhanced with flaming balls thrown upwards by interested persons. On Sunday, His Lordship celebrated, in the college chapel, Pontifical High Mass, during which he raised to sacerdotal dignity Mr. J. H. Levac, ecclesiastic of his archdiocese. He also officiated at Vespers and Benediction of the evening service; and passed the time pleasantly in the society of his clerical friends. At 8 1/2 p.m. His Grace and clerical party, professors and students of

the college, with a distinguished gathering of the laity, were ushered into the academic hall, which was decorated with grand display of art and skill; there a dramatic and musical entertainment in both French and English was given in honor of His Lordship; this occupied nearly three hours. Addresses in English and French were presented him, and at intervals between which choice selections in vocal and instrumental music were discoursed in masterly style, two scenes were enacted, respectively entitled "Fait Ce Que Dois," and "Barney the Baron," both of which were creditably performed. At the close of the exercises the Archbishop gave lengthy and elegant replies in both languages, conveying deep expressions of gratitude and sincere feeling, rehearsing the friendly attachments that had existed between him and the members of the institution since his residence in the neighboring parish of St. Eugene as parish priest, and commending the community on their rapid progress. The entertainment then closed amidst the good wishes of the audience for His Lordship's welfare.

X. Y. Z.

THE SARNIA CATHOLIC BAZAAR.

LIST OF PRIZE WINNERS AND WINNING TICKETS.

- This Bazaar was held on the 23rd, 24th and 25th October, and was a grand success, over one thousand dollars being realized.
- Mrs Magdalena Mahler, Brantford, arm chair—Ticket No. 229.
  - Miss Helena O'Dwyer, Sarnia, pair vases—Ticket No. 9264.
  - E. F. Law, Port Huron, \$10 cash—Ticket No. 8798.
  - O. Bonneau, Lafontaine, Ont., \$10 cash—Ticket No. 4512.
  - H. Trudelle, Toronto, \$10 cash—Ticket No. 385.
  - T. G. Barron, Sarnia, \$10 cash—Ticket No. 8684.
  - Frank Shank, Sarnia, \$10 cash—Ticket No. 9520.
  - J. Morrissey, Sarnia, \$10 cash—Ticket No. 8516.
  - Miss Ella Blundy, barrel coal oil—Ticket No. 8763.
  - Rev. M. O'Donovan, Grosse Pointe, Mich., caddy of tea—Ticket No. 5341.
  - John Boynes, Mandaumin, \$10 cash—Ticket 8565.
  - Mrs. H. McFee, Sarnia, \$10 cash—Ticket No. 8797.
  - Rev. Father Muga, Corunna, two pictures—Ticket 3785.
  - Rev. Dr. Spetz, Berlin, fancy table—Ticket 5444.
  - Miss Mary Scanlan, Point Edward, rocking chair—8948.
  - Miss Clara Luduc, Montreal, \$20 cash—Ticket No. 3623.
  - Miss Tot Masuret, London, \$20 cash—Ticket No. 4749.
  - Clarence Benbenneck, Mt. Clemens, \$5 cash—Ticket No. 7618.
  - Mrs. A. Diamond, Sarnia, gold ring—Ticket No. 9016.
  - Jas. Lowe, Sarnia, album—Ticket No. 9548.
  - F. C. Jones, St. Thomas, antique steel engraving—Ticket No. 3679.
  - Mrs E. Toupin, Montreal, \$10 cash—Ticket No. 3638.
  - Gordon Deneau, Amherstburg, silver fruit dish—Ticket No. 829.
  - Hon. J. H. Batterose, St. Vincent de Paul, Que., glove case—6761.
  - Thos. Higgins, Elmira, Ont., dinner set—Ticket No. 2462.
  - Mrs. John H. Fletcher, Point Edward, arm chair—Ticket 8699.
  - Miss Kate Cronin, Sarnia, \$5 cash—Ticket No. 9404.
  - G. M. Bruman, Brantford, \$5 cash—Ticket No. 322.
  - Mrs. Jewell, Point Edward, \$5 cash—Ticket No. 8968.
  - Miss Maria Daoust, Montreal, caddy of tea—Ticket M. J. 2487.

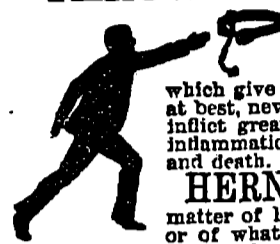
Teach the child that religion is of God, and that God is God of the beautiful; that He is the God that inspired the joy that leaps in his young heart. Teach him that He is a God who loves little children, who made the flowers and stars and everything beautiful in creation; that He incarnate feasted with publicans and sinners, and by His condescension won them; that Christ loved little children, threw His arms around them, told them to come to Him, and said that "of such was the Kingdom of Heaven"; the God who, incarnate, went to the feast at Cana, in Galilee, and gave those who were there the means to prolog harmless pleasure.—Archbishop Ruan.

THREE DAYS AFTER SIGHT.

A man entered a bank, and, walking up to the counter, exclaimed, "Here I am, I want you to take a fair look at me." With a word further he strode out. The next day the same customer appeared, uttered the same words, and again disappeared. The third day, at about the same time, he walked in, and advancing to the teller's desk threw down a draft payable three days after sight. "Now," said he, "you've seen me three times. I want the money for it."

All that God asks of us in good works is labour and application; success depends upon Him, and sometimes He withholds it for our greater good.—Pere Grou

THROW IT AWAY.



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JUDICIAL NOTICE TO ANN DOYLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to ANN DOYLE, whose maiden name was Ann Cassidy and who was the wife of Thomas Doyle, in his lifetime of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, deceased, and who went to the City of Montreal about 19 years ago, and who was, when last heard from about 18 years ago, a cook on a steambath sailing from the said City of Montreal, if she be still living, to communicate, on or before the first day of December 1894 with MESSRS. GORVAN & FRIPP, 74 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Solicitors for the Administrators of the estate of the said Thomas Doyle, deceased; or in default thereof she will be excluded from all claim to dower or otherwise in said estate.  
Dated 22nd September 1894.

W. M. MATHESON,  
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THE SEE OF KINGSTON.

DIFFICULTIES IN ITS FOUNDATION.

Bishop Macdonell and Cardinal Weld.—A Letter from Archbishop Cleary.

(From The Catholic Register)

DEAR SIR,—Although busily engaged with the Pastoral Visitation of this Western division of my diocese. I feel it due to the venerable See of Kingston, which I unworthily occupy, that I should call attention to an error which appears in the first column of the first page of your issue of yesterday. You state, "Cardinal Weld, at the time he was made a member of the Sacred College, was the coadjutor of Bishop Macdonell, the first prelate of Upper Canada." The error consists in the designation you give to the Right Rev. and Hon. Alexander Macdonell. He was never Bishop of Upper Canada, nor has any prelate possessed such a title at any time in the Catholic Church. No blame can attach to you for making this mistake, seeing that so well informed and accurate a writer as Cardinal Wiseman has slipped similarly by stating in his "Last Four Popes" (Pius VIII. Chap. III.) in reference to Mgr. Weld, "The Bishop Vicar Apostolic of Upper Canada obtained his appointment as his coadjutor, and he received, accordingly, the Episcopal Consecration on the 6th of August, 1826." "Quandocque dormitat et bonus Homerus."

The following compendious narration will explain Bishop Macdonell's hierarchical status at the time of Mgr. Weld's appointment to be his coadjutor. So early as the 24th of Oct. 1789, the Right Rev. J. F. Hubert, Bishop of Quebec, opened negotiations with the Holy See for the dismemberment of his vast diocese, extending more than 4500 miles in length, through which he had made a pastoral visitation that occupied ten years, and still left the work of visitation incomplete.

The correspondence, whereof I hold a copy of the Archives of the Palace in Kingston, is exceedingly interesting in many points of view and especially in regard of the political conditions that hampered the action of the Church in Great Britain and her dependencies at that time, as compared with the religious freedom we now happily enjoy under Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. The several possible forms of diocesan dismemberment and new ecclesiastical distribution of the territory subject to the Bishop of Quebec were considered with most attentive and practical eye by the correspondents on both sides, the animus of the British Government being prominent in the programme of every suggested solution of the question.

The last quarter of the eighteenth century, was, indeed, a dark period in England's history. The revolting cruelties of the penal code against the Catholic Religion were then enforced as barbarously in Great Britain and Ireland as they had been in the days of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne. The fact of the existence of the venerable and saintly Cardinal Henry, Duke of York, was constantly alleged in Parliament and in the press as sufficient and imperative reason for stringently maintaining the laws of persecution against the Catholics on the assumption, forsooth, that this holy and aged Cardinal Bishop might possibly take to himself a wife and beget a son, who would be the third Jacobite Pretender to the British Crown. Despite the stipulations of the Treaty of Paris, guaranteeing to the Canadian Catholics the free exercise of their religion, Monsignor Hubert informed the Holy See that Catholicism here was barely "tolerated," although, as he states, the Catholics were nineteen-twentieths of the entire population. Therefore, the formation of new dioceses, and the institution of Bishops in ordinary, could not, for a moment, be contemplated. The creation of Vicars Apostolic, subject directly and immediately to the Holy See, seemed almost equally impracticable, as well from ecclesiastical as from a political point of view. The plan that approved itself, most of all, to the mind of the Bishop of Quebec was the appointment of four coadjutors to himself, each to receive Episcopal Orders, and one of them to reside in Montreal, another in some part of Upper Canada, another in Nova Scotia, and another in some distant place in the North West

regions. This method of providing for the spiritual care of the scattered Catholic populations in the distant parts of the Diocese of Quebec, although it would be, as the Bishop states less disagreeable to the Civil Authorities, appeared to the Holy See more difficult of successful operation in the ecclesiastical order.

Monsignor Hubert died before the close of the eighteenth century, and the negotiations with Rome were resumed by his successors, Bishop Denant and Bishop Plessis, in turn. During the Episcopate of the latter zealous and learned prelate, the condition of public feeling on the part of the Government and people of Great Britain towards the Catholics underwent a salutary and felicitous change.

The Cardinal Duke of York, grandson of King James II. and brother of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," died in 1807, full of years and merits, leaving after him numerous monuments of his piety and princely munificence. His death was the extinction of the male line of the House of Stuart. The bugbear of a third Pretender and a new Civil War in favor of Jacobism vanished from the British mind on the day of the Cardinal's death.

The unswerving allegiance of the Canadian Catholics to the British Crown during the war with the United States in 1812 operated most forcibly on the minds of English statesmen at home, and of the King's representative Governors in Canada, for the mitigation of the spirit of hostility against our holy religion and its development and extension through the British North American Territories. The idea began to develop and gradually prevail, that England had political need of Canada for her defence against her Republican neighbor, and that the loyalty of the Canadian Catholics was her best assurance of safety.

The patriotic and vigorous action of the Reverend Alexander Macdonell, then Parish Priest of St. Raphael's in Glengarry, and subsequently first Bishop of Kingston, who raised two regiments of Scotch Fencibles from amongst his own people, and led them forward, and cheered them on by his presence and bravery in several battles with the enemy in Eastern Ontario, profoundly touched the hearts of statesmen in the Foreign Office in London and in the Governor-General's citadel in Quebec; so much so that, in token of high appreciation, he received from the King a pension for life, which was afterwards doubled, and then quadrupled, and made hereditary in perpetuity to his successors in office after he had become Bishop of Kingston.

Another element of reconciliation between the Protestant mind of England and the Catholic population was the remarkable exhibition of steadfast allegiance of the Irish Catholic soldiers to the British Crown throughout the long series of Napoleonic wars in Europe. When British supremacy was in danger, the Catholics did not allow their spirit to yield to the sense of grievous wrong inflicted on them through hatred for their religion by the government under whose flag they fought. They took their lives in their hands, and marched bravely against England's foes, and shed their blood profusely on countless fields of battle, remembering only their duty to God and their King. The Duke of Wellington frequently bore testimony to their heroism and fidelity; and on one occasion related how, in a critical moment of the fight, he turned to an Irish regiment resting on the battle field and awaiting his orders, and with the free and friendly words, "Up, boys, and at them," fired their souls with enthusiasm in their advance against the enemy and won the fortunes of the day. Impossible that the hard crust of sectarian bigotry should continue to withstand the influence of arguments such as these in the appeal for conciliation and peace to Catholic consciences.

But of all the facts that concurred to bring about a kindly disposition of the English Court and Cabinet and the masses of the people towards the persecuted Catholics, none was more effective than the action of the great and glorious Pope, Pius VII., who ruled the destinies of the Universal Church in those most troublesome times. When Napoleon Bonaparte had overturned thrones and constitutions all round him, as children demolish castles of sand, and trampled the nation of Europe under his iron heel, and England was almost the sole kingdom that dared to oppose him in his career of universal subjugation, he formed a project, styled the Continental

System, for the overthrow of the British power among the nations and the destruction of social peace within the Island by the annihilation of her commerce, which would mean cessation of her industries, and consequently starvation, sedition and revolution. He had effectually terrorized the European monarchies generally into acceptance of his decree to exclude British goods, and all British commerce from their ports and cities of trade. But when he presented his decree to the Sovereign Pontiff, the weakest of all monarchs in a military point of view, and demanded that he should close the ports of Civita Vecchia and Ancona against the importation of British goods, he was met by a firm and absolute refusal. Hence the rupture between and the Emperor and the Pope, which, with other causes and pretexts concurring, culminated in the terrible tragedy of the violent seizure of the Holy Pontiff's person and his transportation with pitiless cruelty and indignity to the fortress of Savona, where he was incarcerated for five long years, without liberty of communication with the outer world or with the departments of ecclesiastical government, and without interchange of a word of sympathy with his dearest friends. This unexampled ill treatment of the gentle, high souled Pope, Pius VII.; the patience and fortitude with which he endured it; and, above all, the sublime example he thus gave to the world, to princes and peoples, of his unflinching asseveration of justice and right in opposition to the despotic will of the most powerful military commander the world had known from the days of Attila the Goth, gave to the Chief of the Catholic Church and his religion a moral and social elevation in the minds of all men, surpassing the glory of all military conquests, and distinguishing him and his office as the central pillar of social order, the living principle of true conservation and stability of the peace and prosperity of public life in Europe. Thenceforth a spirit of reverential regard animated the English people towards the unarmed monarch of the Vatican, and amity and courtesy governed the relations of the British Government with him.

This providential confluence of conciliatory forces supplied a most favorable opportunity to Monsignor Plessis, Bishop of Quebec, for the execution of his project of the territorial division of his diocese. Correspondence with the Foreign office in London and with the Governor-General of Canada became more easy and friendly, and, to make a long story short, it came to pass after thirty years of negotiation and struggle with difficulties, chiefly political, that the good Bishop, aided most powerfully by the truly noble Earl of Bathurst, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, effected his scheme in chief part by the creation, with the British Government's consent, of two Apostolic Vicariates in the extreme East of British America, whose rulers were to receive Episcopal Consecration; and the appointment of his Vicar General, Reverend Alexander Macdonell, to the special charge of Upper Canada, with the character and dignity of Episcopal Orders, for the more effectual discharge of his vicarial duties in this extensive region. The Bull of Pope Pius VII., constituting the Reverend Alexander Macdonell, Mgr. Plessis' Vicar-General, Bishop of Rhadesina, i. p. i., is dated 12th January, 1819; and it defines the relations of the new Bishop with the Bishop of Quebec in these words: "Ut tu, episcopali characteris insignitus, Vicariatus presentis munere, tanquam suffraganeus et auxiliarius Quebecensis Antistitis, utilibus fungi valeas, et Catholicorum degentium sub illius dependentia curam exerceas."

It is worthy of notice, that the finally adopted scheme of territorial distribution gave two Apostolic Vicariates to the remotest Eastern districts of British America; whilst, for Upper Canada, the fiat went forth from the Vatican, with the approbation of the British Foreign Office and Bishop Plessis, that no change whatever was to be made in the relations of Upper Canada with Quebec; that this immense region was still to be part of the Diocese of Quebec; and its Catholic people and its resident ecclesiastical ruler, although a consecrated bishop, were to continue subjects of Mgr. Plessis, "sub illius dependentia"—that Rev. Alexander Macdonell was not to be Bishop in ordinary; nor Apostolic Vicar; nor Coadjutor *cum jure successionis* of the Bishop of Quebec; nor anything more than he had been for many years previously, viz., Vicar-General of the Bishop of Quebec in the region of Upper

Canada; and that he was consecrated a Bishop, i. p. i., solely for the purpose of enabling him to discharge more usefully his "present office of Vicar General and have pastoral charge of the Catholics in this territory, who are subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec." Up to this date, 12 January, 1819, there was no Bishop of Upper Canada, nor was anything yet heard of the Rev. Thomas Weld being made coadjutor to the Vicar General of the Bishop of Quebec.

The foregoing arrangement was not intended to be permanent. The concord between England's rulers and the Head of the Catholic Church was gradually becoming more and more firmly established. On the 27th January, 1826, Pope Leo XII. issued a Bull, withdrawing Upper Canada from the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec, and constituting it a distinct diocese in canonical form with Kingston for its See; and, by a Brief of the same date, sealed under the Fisherman's Ring, created Right Rev. and Hon. A. Macdonell first Bishop of Kingston. Almost immediately after his elevation to his new hierarchical state and dignity, the Bishop of Kingston postulated the Holy See for the appointment of the Rev. Thomas Weld to be his coadjutor with episcopal orders. This petition received the ready assent of Pope Leo XII., and on the 6th August, in the same year, little more than six months from Mgr. Macdonell's institution as Bishop of Kingston, Rev. Thos. Weld received Episcopal Consecration as Titular Bishop of Amyclae, i. p. i. and coadjutor to the Bishop of Kingston, *cum jure successionis*.

Settlement of family affairs (Mr. Weld had been married and had a family) detained the coadjutor Bishop of Kingston in England. Whilst he was preparing to transfer his domicile to Canada, and had already sent forward some articles of his personal property which remain to this day in the Palace at Kingston, Pope Leo XII. died, and Pius VIII. succeeded him on the 31st of March, 1829. A few days later, Catholic Emancipation, or the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, as it is legally termed, had passed through the Houses of the Commons and the Lords in England. It received the Royal Assent on the 23rd April, 1829. To draw closer the bonds of amity between the Vatican and the Crown of Great Britain, and to mark in a special manner His gratitude for the abolition of the penal laws against our holy Religion, Pope Pius VIII. of his own free will and without solicitation, from Court or Cabinet, created the Coadjutor Bishop of Kingston a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church in the Consistory held by him on the 25th of May, 1830. He was the first Englishman raised to the Sacred Purple since Reginald Pole had been elevated to this position of dignity and danger after the murder of Cardinal Fisher by Henry VIII. "The Pope has sent Fisher the Red Hat," said Henry to his amiable courtiers, but I will not leave him a head to place it on."

Be pleased, Mr. Editor, to take in kindly spirit this my remonstrance and my hurried summary of the public events that led up to the dismemberment of the Diocese of Quebec and the election of the Coadjutor Bishop of the See of Kingston—the Mother See of Ontario—to the Cardinalitial rank and dignity. If you claim, as you justly do, that Upper Canada derives honor from a member of its Hierarchy having been the first Canadian prelate raised to this eminent position in the Church, this honor assuredly belongs more directly and more intimately to the Venerable See of Kingston, of whose sacred traditions I am the official guardian.

I remain, dear sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
† JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,  
Archbishop of Kingston.  
Picton, 7th Oct., 1894.

Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home, and hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked, "Is she after you, too?"

Klopstock, the German poet, was once visited by some students from Göttingen to ask the meaning of one of his stanzas. After reading the stanza, he replied, "I cannot remember what I meant when I wrote it; but I remember that it was the finest thing I ever wrote, and you cannot do better than devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."



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WEDNESDAY, .....NOVEMBER 7, 1894.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

A few of our readers have written to us regarding the changes of dates upon their papers. In the course of business, when there are thousands of names, addresses, or dates, to be changed each week, it is possible that some of the labels may not exactly correspond with the dates when the subscriptions are due; but strict account of the same is kept in the books, and the typographical errors are easily detected and at once set right. We trust that our readers will be indulgent in this matter, as they may be sure that all is being done that is possible to satisfy every one of our friends and subscribers.

## AN ORANGE SERMON.

On Sunday evening last, a Rev. W. W. Quicke delivered what is called a sermon, in St. David's Church, New Edinburgh, near Ottawa. It was an Orange meeting and the address was delivered in the usual tone, style and fire brand form of all such appeals to the lower passions of an excitable faction. The preacher took advantage of the occasion to insult the memory of the late Hon. Mr. Mercier, to accuse him of being a libertine who led an evil life in the hope of a final absolution from Rome. If the term Quixotic were not too noble we could certainly apply it to this vile ranting. A man who dare speak of the dead as he has done can only be excused on the ground that he was speaking to an Orange assembly, and that the spirit which should characterize the Christian was necessarily absent from his discourse—Christian charity they know not. But even were he to have attempted to adhere to the truth we would not deem it worth our while to notice his diatribe. He said that Mr. Mercier "was a man of veracity, but not a man of truth." We make bold to say that Mr. Quicke is neither a man of veracity, nor a man of truth. It may be through ignorance, fanaticism, bigotry or any other cause; but decidedly he has not only demeaned himself to heap insults upon the recently closed coffin of a man whose shoe strings he was not fit to tie, he has misrepresented facts historical and otherwise, and calumniated, in an indelicate and un-Christian manner, a Church that he is too narrow-souled to understand, and a people too lofty for his tiny mind to appreciate.

He pointed to Ireland and said that there the result of Rome's rule "was atrocious crime, ignorance and abject poverty." He says what is false—historically and morally. If ever crime was

found in that land, or if ever ignorance or poverty existed there, it was not on account of Rome, but despite all the efforts of the Catholic Church to resist the cruel laws of the Pale, the barbarous Penal enactments, the villany of Ireton, the murderous cannon of Cromwell, the black and hellish crimes perpetrated in the name of Elizabeth, the outrageous and infernal murders as well as other persecutions originating with the same Orange faction that to-day would gladly "walk knee-deep in papist blood," were it not that the civilization of this closing century turns the brutal instincts of such characters into the throbbings of the coward.

Coward did we say! Yes; here is an example of the coward in the man who can find it in his heart to belch forth his venom upon the dead, now that the one whose memory he insults is no longer present to resent the miserable attack. Cowardly, indeed, is the man, who in a land like this, can attempt to raise up the bitterest and worst feelings in a community. "He has assertion without proof, declamation, without argument, and violent censure, without dignity or moderation." His whole sermon is one long chaplet of false statements, each one of which has been refuted times out of mind, and all of which refutations have been accepted by enlightened Protestant thinkers the world over. This gentleman is so far behind the age that we suppose he must not be held totally accountable for his misrepresentation of facts and his antiquated methods of creating ill-feeling. Still the preachers of such sermons are not safe members of any community.

If the telegraphic report of his address be only half exact, the whole tirade must have been a glorious treat for the celebrators of Guy Fawkes' day. A little more Christian charity and a great deal less "gunpowder," in this goblet of historical falsification, would serve to create a mite of respect for, instead of disgust at the wicked utterances of a man who imagines himself safe from criticism because he preaches hatred from a Christian pulpit. It is too bad that our peace-loving, God-fearing, honest-hearted Protestant fellow countrymen should have to bear with this style of propaganda. We would not refer to the man at all were it not that respect for the truth, and above all, Christian respect for the dead, have demanded that we should expose such ignoble methods. Mr. Quicke may rest assured of one thing: no such demonstration will ever be made when he departs for the great eternal region beyond time's limits, as that which proclaimed to the world the sympathy and sorrow, the respect and Christian charity that the death of Hon. Mr. Mercier created.

DESPITE the factious opposition raised against him in New York, Hon. Edward Blake's success there, in the South and in Philadelphia, has been most encouraging. Decidedly, Mr. Blake is not the man to be troubled by outbursts of opposition. He is too serious in his intentions and too self-sacrificing in his conduct to be disturbed by any individual who has neither the soul capable of grasping his lofty aims, nor the heart disinterested enough to pulse in harmony with his noble designs.

THE MONITEUR de Rome says that the Pope will positively refuse to see Emile Zola. The infamous author is now in Rome, and it is expected that he seriously contemplates an attempt to see the Pope. But after the blackguard manner in which he made use of his visit to Lourdes, to insult religion, mock at morals and belittle all who favored him with kindness and attention, it is not

likely that a man of Leo's calibre will expose himself to the ruffian pen of the worthless infidel. Probably were Zola to have an interview with the Pope, his next production would be entitled "The Vatican," or "The Pope," and would add another stone to the black monument of infamy which Zola has been building for himself.

In answer to "Student," the Boston Pilot gives, in a recent issue, a list, published five years ago in the Irish Monthly, of the real names of many of the contributors to the Nation. Many of these writers varied their signatures, from time to time, in order to avoid that monotony which may arise from the constant production of works of the same man. After giving a lengthy list the following remark is made: "The signatures that are, however, identified with those amongst the writers named, to the exclusion of the others are: Thomas Davis, 'The Celt;' Denis Florence McCarthy, 'Desmond;' Gavan Duffy, 'The Black Northern;' John Edward Pigott, 'Fermoy;' Francis Davis, 'The Belfastman;' John O'Hagan, 'Slieveguillion;' and Richard Dalton Williams, 'Shamrock.'" We know that John O'Hagan signed, at different times, "Carolina Wilhermina Amelia," "J. O.," "O.," and "J. O'H.," but we are strongly under the impression that he was not "Slieveguillion." If we are not greatly mistaken Michael Doherty was the writer of "Slieveguillion's" splendid productions. The list above referred to seems to do poor Doherty another injustice in ascribing the poems of "M. D." to Michael Doherty—but this may be a typographical error. "Music Every Where," and the lines to his wife—signed by "M. D.," were written by Doherty when escaping over the County of Waterford mountains in 1848. While Thomas D'Arcy McGee signed "Amergin" in the Nation, we think that Mangan, and not McGee was "Montanus." Why we think so is because McGee once said that he did not believe in the change of *noms-de-plume*; one name should suffice for any one man; moreover, each writer should be known either by his own name or the one of his choice, and because Mangan's style bears such a resemblance to that of "Montanus" that the poems of both seem the production of one mind. If we are mistaken we would be grateful to the Pilot, or to any correspondent who would kindly set us right.

We clip the following interesting item from the Boston Republic:

"The Boston Post did a good local service in sending one of its reporters into the lodges of the A.P.A., in order that he might learn and publish the dark-lantern proceedings of those organizations. There was, however, very little in its exposure which those who have studied the A.P.A. fanaticism did not already know. The infamous oaths which the association requires of its members have been printed before, as also has the fact that full-fledged members are informed that they are Amoreans, and can thus deny that they are Apapists. Possibly the latter fact explains why certain political candidates hereabouts, whose sympathy with Apapism is not doubted, consider themselves justified in declaring that they do not belong to the A.P.A."

The fact is that Apapism is going the way of Knownothingism and all those anti-Catholicisms, that live and buzz for a season, like summer insects, and then having spent their venom and vitality, sink into the oblivion from which they arise.

Little Alice was crying bitterly, and, on being questioned, confessed to having received a slap from one of her playfellows. "You should have returned it," unwisely said the questioner. "Oh, I returned it before!" answered the little girl.

## LITERARY GEMS.

There is no temptation greater than the one which leads us to excuse our own weakness.

He who does not advance in the way of perfection falls back, for love cannot continue in the same degree.—*St. Teresa.*

The various forms of leave-taking have a more special significance than is generally awarded to them. "Adieu" signifies "To God I commend you." "Good-bye" is a contraction of "God be with you," while "Farewell" means "Be happy," or, more literally, "May you journey well."

It is as easy to have good manners as to have bad ones; but to have them they must be taught in the nursery and used habitually at home. The practice of habitual courtesy at home will make one courteous abroad; and to be esteemed well-bred is certainly worth all the trouble that can be taken to gain that distinction.

Obedience of domestic life is a great discipline of humility, piety, and self-content. A good son will make a good priest, and a good daughter will make a good nun. A disobedient son will hardly make an obedient priest, and an unloving daughter will hardly make a Sister of Charity. A good home is a great novitiate.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Of all the solemnities of which the mind can conceive, death is the greatest. There may be here and there an empty heart and a thoughtless brain, across which no churchyard meditation passes for months or years together, but these are exceptional and leave unaffected the truth, that no one reflection comes to man with such uniformity and power as the thought that in a few years we shall be all far away.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines or virago queens. She who makes her husband and her children happy, who reclaim the one from vice and trains up the other to virtue, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.—*Goldsmith.*

## SALUS INFIRMORUM.

Mary, our Mother dear,  
Health of the weak,  
Sick are our souls with fear—  
Jesus we seek:  
Dark lower the clouds around,  
Sunshine grows dim;  
Safety with Thee is found—  
Lead us to Him.

Oft have we lost the track,  
Fierce our dark foe,  
Striving to drive us back  
While on we go:  
Not always strong to fight,  
Weakened by sin,  
Lend us thine arm of might—  
Help us to win.

When in our deepest need,  
Sin-scarred, undone,  
Gently Thy children lead  
Home to Thy Son:  
He, our Physician kind,  
Easing sore pain,  
All our deep wounds she'll bind—  
Wash out each stain.

He, our true Food, bestow  
Strength for the way;  
Bring us with Thee to know  
Love's perfect day:  
Grant us at last a place  
Low at Thy feet,  
There to behold Thy face,  
Mother most sweet.

There to rejoice at last,  
Tear stains no more,  
Trials and sorrows past,  
Gained now the shore:  
There linked in love divine  
Mother and Son,  
Where the lamps burn and shine,  
God, Three in one.

E. L. L.

"John," said a prudent master to his servant, "don't you think you should put by some money for a rainy day, and not spend it all when you get it?" Some time after he said to him again: "Well, John, now much have you added to your store since?" "Begorra, none at all, sir," said John; for the first day it rained I spent it all."

**HON. MERCIER'S FUNERAL.**

The Largest Funeral Since D'Arcy McGee Died—Requiem in the Gesu.

The greatest funeral demonstration since D'Arcy McGee died was the general opinion of Hon. Mercier's funeral which took place on Friday last.

By seven o'clock in the morning parts of St. Denis street and the vicinity of the deceased statesman's house were already crowded with persons waiting patiently for the last sad ceremony in the great man's career.

The funeral procession numbered fully seven thousand persons. In view of the great length of the cortege the original route of the procession had to be extended so as to enable the various societies to fall into line.

The requiem was to be sung at the Gesu Church, and as the body passed the towers of the Notre Dame the great bells boomed out a last sad salutation. It was nearly 12 o'clock when the first part of the procession drew up at the doors of the Jesuit Church.

An immense crowd was packed on the steps of the church, the traffic on the street was stopped and at every window and other point of vantage were crowds of eager quiet people.

The funeral cortege started in the following order:—

- Two mounted policemen.
- Squad of ten policemen.
- Detachment of thirty firemen.
- Police Band of music.
- Detachment of fifty policemen.
- St. Mary's College Cadets with arms reversed and drum draped.
- Laval medical students with flag.
- Laval dentistry students with flag.
- Laval law students with banner.
- St. James's Church choir.
- Two double carriages.

The car bearing floral offerings. The hearse, drawn by six horses and flanked on either side by the pallbearers, came next. The pallbearers were Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice Court of Queen's Bench; the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., leader of the Liberal party; the Hon. Joly de Lotbiniere, ex-chief of the Quebec Liberals; the Hon. F. G. Marchand, M.P.P., the present leader; Mayor Desaulles, of St. Hyacinthe; the Hon. Jas. McShane, Judge Bourgeois, ex-partner of deceased; Mr. Robert McKay, representing the English Liberals; Mr. L. O. David, president St. Jean Baptiste Society, and the Hon. Pierre Garneau.

The chief mourners were: Paul Mercier and Henri Mercier (sons), J. B. Mercier, E. H. Mercier, J. A. Mercier, and F. X. Mercier (brothers), L. Gouin (son-in-law), P. De Cazes, (brother-in-law), L. E. Morin, jr., A. Lafreniere, the Rev. Father Sylvan, of Fall River, Mass., N. H. Dubois, of Actonvale, P.Q.; Lt. Col. A. Denis, of St. Hyacinthe, and Jos. Boivin, assistant provincial secretary (cousin), and Joseph A. Mercier, Arthur Mercier, Honore Mercier and Theo. Mercier (nephews).

Mr. O. Desmarais and Mr. R. Lemieux, both former partners of Mr. Mercier, walked immediately after the members of the family.

The Church had been solemnly draped in black and from the altar dome swung four long black streamers, making a sombre canopy for the coffin and the pall. Round the coffin were arranged more than 200 candle lights which lit up brilliantly the beautiful offerings of white flowers and the white inscriptions on solemn streamers in the aisles.

The requiem Mass was a most impressive one and its solemnity affected strongly the thousands who had gathered to do the last honor to the one time greatest man of the country.

After the service, the remains were conveyed to Cote des Neiges cemetery for interment in the family vault, which is next to that of the late Hon. D'Arcy M. Gee.

It is estimated that over fifty thousand persons lined the streets through which the procession passed.

One of the most interesting features in the procession was the floral offering of the St. Hyacinthe National Club. This was in the shape of a large broken column, on the top of which a dove with extended wings carried in its bill a white ribbon having an appropriate inscription. Two members carried the floral tribute on a cushion.

Among those present at the funeral were fourteen judges, the Mayor and nine members of the City Council, many members of the bar and members of Parliament. There were also members of

the Papal Zouaves, Club Papineau, Club Letelier, Club Nationale, Union Nationale Francais, St. Jean Baptiste Society, Club Laurier, Laval Law Students, Veterinary students, medical students, St. Mary's College cadets. There were also delegations from Chambly and Iberville.

The remains were received at the door of the church by the Rev. Vicar-General Gravel, curé of Beloeil, a college friend of the deceased. The funeral service was chanted by the Rev. Father Renaud, Superior of the Jesuits in Canada, assisted by the Rev. Father Hudon, rector of St. Mary's College, and by the Rev. Father Garceau, Mr. Mercier's spiritual adviser.

**CONCERT.**

The Ivy Social Club will give their annual concert and hop on Thanksgiving Eve. The concert will be given out at the Athletic Club house, and is expected to be a great success.

**MACAULAY'S FAMOUS DESCRIPTION.**

The contrast between Carlyle and Macaulay which Frederick Harrison draws in a recent magazine article is well worth preserving. After quoting Macaulay's famous description of the Catholic Church to be found at the beginning of the essay on Ranke's "History of the Popes," he goes on to say:

"Here we have Macaulay in all his strength and all his limitations. The passage contains in the main a solid truth—a truth which was very little accepted in England in the year 1840—a truth of vast import and very needful to assert. And this truth is clothed in such pomp of illustration and is hammered into the mind with such accumulated blows; it is so clear, so hard, so coruscating with images, that it is impossible to escape its effect. The paragraph is one never to be forgotten, and not easy to be refuted or qualified. No intelligent tyro in history can read that page without being set a-thinking, without feeling that he has a formidable problem to solve. Tens of thousands of young minds must have had that deeply-colored picture of Rome visibly before them in many a Protestant home in England and in America. Now, all this is a very great merit. To have posed a great historical problem, at a time when it was very faintly grasped, and to have sent it ringing across the English-speaking world in such a form that he who runs may read—nay, he who rides, he who sails, he who watches sheep or stock must read—this is a real and signal service conferred on literature and on thought. Compare this solid sense with Carlyle's ribaldry about "the three-headed Papa," "pig's wash," "servants of the Devil," "this accursed nightmare," and the rest of his execrations—and we see the difference between the sane judgment of the man of the world and the prejudices of intolerant fanaticism."

**A TRUE IRISH PRIEST.**

An heroic Irish-American priest has just upheld in a splendid way the reputation for courage of a warrior race and the character for self-sacrifice and devotion of the Irish soggarth. The brave man to whom we refer is the Rev. E. J. Lawlor, pastor of Hinckley, in Minnesota.

At the height of the recent terrible forest fires which devastated such a vast area of American territory, it became only too evident to those who watched the tempest of fire which swept the horizon that Hinckley was doomed to destruction. It was hard to make the townfolk realize the terrible fate which awaited their homes. Some, hoping against hope, refused to believe that their town was doomed, and clung to their property until the fire claimed them as its victims.

Father Lawlor was amongst the first, however, who recognized the fate certain to befall the town, and he ran hither and thither, exhorting, beseeching, threatening the people in turn, to induce them seek shelter in a deep sandpit near the town, and across the top of which he hoped the fiery blast of the tornado of flame which approached would leap without causing grave injury to those beneath. The story of what followed is told in the columns of the American Press, and we read how:—

"Terrible to tell, many men, swearing and blaspheming, hastened with horses to seek escape through the

woods, but they were at once overtaken by the fire, which swept down on them like a tornado. Father Lawlor, seeing that the sand-pit was likely to be crowded, went without hesitation to seek still another refuge, and, having found one, brought many women and children to this place of safety. He encouraged the trembling refugees as they stood in the water, and consoled those who were sick and faint. While his own head and eyes were as if melting with the heat, he tore his coat in two and dipping it in water, placed one portion over the heads of a mother and her babe to keep them cool. He did the like with the other half, to save poor scorching children. His hat, too, he made use of to pour water on the heads of his suffering companions, some of whom died in his presence. Forgetful of himself, he did all that lay in him for the poor sufferers."

Badly maimed and cruelly burned our brave countryman lies to-day in the crowded wards of St. Mary's Hospital, Duluth. His church, his vestments, his altar vessels, and what he cared for least of all—his personal property, have perished in the awful holocaust. Here is a clear duty before Irish-America. It may be safely left to her great heart and generous hands.—*Irish Catholic.*

**THE DEAD CZAR.**

LIVADIA, Nov. 6.—It is officially stated that the body of the late Czar, after lying in state in the church of the Palace here, will be taken to Yalta, and from there conveyed to Sebastopol on board the Russian cruiser Pamyat Merkovia.

On the funeral train to Moscow the escort will include Czar Nicholas, the Czarina, the Czarowitch, Grand Duke George, Princess Alix of Hesse-Darmstadt and other members of the Imperial family and the Prince and Princess of Wales and the members of foreign royal families related to the Imperial family of Russia.

At Moscow the body of Alexander III. will lie in state for several days at the Archangel Cathedral and at St. Petersburg the remains of Alexander III. will repose in state in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

At the towns where the funeral train stops on its way to Moscow and to St. Petersburg, dinners for the poor will be provided at the expense of the Czar and at each stopping place a requiem Mass will be celebrated.

**POLES OBJECT TO THE EULOGY.**

VIENNA, Nov. 6.—There was a noisy scene in the Reichsrath yesterday. The President of the House delivered an eulogy of the late Czar, and during his address the Polish members hotly protested against his praise of the dead Emperor. Finally, the greater number of the Polish members withdrew from the Chamber. The incident was an unpleasant one for the Governor, and Emperor Francis Joseph is likely to take it as a personal offence.

**MEMORIAL SERVICE IN LONDON.**

London, Nov. 6.—The Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught and other members of the royal family, most of the Cabinet ministers and the Diplomatic Corps, all wearing full uniforms, attended a memorial service to-day in honor of the late Czar of Russia.

**A MONUMENT TO JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.**

The next monument to be dedicated in Boston will be that of John Boyle O'Reilly, which, however, is still in the hands of Sculptor French. Ground has been broken in the Back Bay Fens for the foundation of the monument and it is to be put in readiness for the monument at once. The site is on the triangle at the Boylston street entrance to the Fens and is an exceedingly attractive one for such a monument as this one is designed to be.

A young divinity student from Halifax came to supply the pulpit of a neighboring town. It was one of the high win-glass pulpits, and our young friend was only about five feet in height. The old minister had conducted the preliminary exercises, and introduced his young brother, when, to the great amusement of all, a small head was seen to emerge just above the pulpit cushion, and in a tremulous voice announce the text, "It is I, be not afraid."



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Intemperance, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

**KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.**  
49 S. Franklin Street.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

In Montreal by E. LEONARD, 118 St. Lawrence street.

**GETTING ACQUAINTED.**

I got acquainted very quick  
With Teddy Brown, when he  
Moved in the house across the street,  
The nearest one, you see.

I climbed and sat upon a post  
To look, and so did he;  
I stared and stared across him  
And he stared back at me.

I s'posed he wanted me to speak,  
I thought I'd try and see—  
I said, "Hello!" to Teddy Brown;  
He said "Hello!" to me.

—St. Nicholas.

**ALCOHOL'S ALPHABET.**

Dr. Cyrus Edson contributes a paper to the September number of the North American Review on the question, "Is Drunkenness Curable?" and ends the article by reciting an alphabetic rhyme, describing all the stages of alcoholism from the first nip to the drunkard's grave, which he learned from a patient, a young man of great ability and fine moral perceptions, who was an incurable inebriate. The doctor says that his eyes would stream with tears as he recited the following verses, describing his own case and career. It is the most truthful and graphic picture of the kind that has been printed:—

- A stands for Alcohol, deathlike its grip;
- B for Beginner, who just takes a sip;
- C for Companion, who urges him on;
- D for the Demon of Drink that is born;
- E for Endeavor he makes to resist;
- F stands for Friends who so loudly insist;
- G for the Guilt that he afterwards feels;
- H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
- I his intention to drink not at all.
- J stands for Jeering that follows his fall
- K for his knowledge that he is a slave.
- L stands for the Liquors his appetite craves;
- M for convivial Meetings so gay,
- N stands for No that he tries hard to say;
- O for the Orgies that then come to pass;
- P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass;
- Q stands for the Quarrels that nightly abound;
- R stands for Ruin that hovers around.
- S stands for Sights that his vision bedim;
- T stands for Trembling that seizes his limbs;
- U stands for his Usefulness sunk in the slums.
- V stands for Vagrant he quickly becomes;
- W for Waning of life that's soon done;
- X for his Exit, regretted by none.
- Youth of this nation, such weakness is crime;
- Zealously turn from the tempter in time!

Would you win heaven? You must be generous and toil hard and suffer much, for the reward which God has prepared is itself exceedingly great.—St. Jose of Lima.

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER LXXIII.—Continued.

"Do you know your danger in being here?" she asked, as she surrendered her hand to his grasp.

"I know it all, and this moment repays it tenfold."

"You cannot know the full extent of the peril; you cannot know that Captain Curtis and his people are in the castle at this moment, that they are in full cry after you, and that every avenue to this spot is watched and guarded."

"What care! Have I not this?" And he covered her hand with kisses.

"Every moment that you are here increases your danger, and if my absence should become known, there will be a search after me. I shall never forgive myself if my folly shall lead to your being captured."

"If I could but feel my fate was linked with yours, I'd give my life for it willingly."

"It was not to listen to such words as these I came here."

"Remember, dearest, they are last confessions of one you shall never see more. They are the last cry of a heart that will soon be still forever."

"No, no, no!" cried she passionately.

"There is life enough left for you to win a worthy name. Listen to me calmly now; I have heard from Curtis within the last hour all his plans for your capture; I know where his patrols are stationed, and the roads they are to watch."

"And did you care to do this?" said he tenderly.

"I would do more than that to save you."

"Oh, do not say so!" cried he, wildly, "or you will give me such a desire to live as will make a coward of me."

"Curtis suspects you will go northward; either he has had information, or computes it from what you have done already."

"He is wrong, then. When I go hence, it shall be to the court-house at Tullamore, where I mean to give myself up."

"As what?"

"As what I am—a rebel, convicted, sentenced, and escaped, and still a rebel."

"You do not, then, care for life?"

"Do I not, for such moments of life as this!" cried he, as with a wild rapture he kissed her hand again and again.

"And were I to ask you, you would not try to save your life?"

"To share that life with you there is not anything I would not dare. To live and know you were another's is more than I can face. Tell me, Nina, is it true you are to be the wife of this soldier? I cannot utter his name."

"I am to be married to Mr. Walpole."

"What! to that contemptuous young man you have already told me so much of? How have they brought you down to this?"

"There is no thought of bringing down; his rank and place are above my own—he is by family and connection superior to us all."

"And what is he, or how does he aspire to you? Is the vulgar security of competence to live on—is that enough for one like you? Is the well-balanced good breeding of common politeness enough to fill a heart that should be fed on passionate devotion? You may link yourself to mediocrity, but can you humble your nature to resemble it? Do you believe you can plod on the dreary road of life without an impulse or an ambition, or blend your thoughts with those of a man who has neither?"

She stood still, and did not utter a word.

"There are some—I do not know if you are one of them—who have an almost shrinking dread of poverty."

"I am not afraid of poverty."

"It has but one antidote, I know—intense love! The all-powerful sense of living for another begets indifference to the little straits and trials of narrow fortune, till the mind at last comes to feel how much there is to live for beyond the indulgence of vulgar enjoyments; and it, to crown all, a high ambition he pres-

There will be an ecstasy of bliss no words

re."

Not less adroit, too, was the way in

which he showed what a shock and

amazement her conduct would occasion

in that world of her acquaintances—that

world which had hitherto regarded her

as essentially a pleasure-seeker, self-

indulgent and capricious. "Which of

us all, will they say, 'could have done

what that girl has done? Which of us

having the world at her feet, her destiny

at her very bidding, would go off and

brave the storms of life out of the hero-

ism of her own nature! how wrongfully

and unfairly we judged her! In what

"Have you failed in Ireland?" asked she, suddenly.

"Failed, so far as to know that a rebellion will only ratify the subjection of the country to England; a reconquest would be slavery. The chronic discontent that burns in every peasant heart will do more than the appeal to arms. It is slow, but it is certain."

"And where is your part?"

"My part is in another land; my fortune is linked with America—that is, if I care to have a fortune."

"Come, come, Donagan," cried she, calling him inadvertently by his name.

"Men like you do not give up the battle of life so easily. It is the very essence of their natures to resist pressure and defy defeat."

"So I could: so I am ready to show myself. Give me but hope. There are high prizes to be trodden in one region of the globe. There are great prizes to be wrestled for, but it must be by him who would share them with another. Tell me, Nina," said he, suddenly, lowering his voice to a tone of exquisite tenderness, "have you never, as a little child played at that game of what is called seeking your fortune, wandered out into some thick wood or along a winding rivulet, to meet whatever little incident imagination might dignify into adventure; and in the chance heroism of your situation have you not found an intense delight? And if so in childhood, why not see if adult years cannot renew the experience? Why not see if the great world be not as dramatic as the small one? I should say it is still more so. I know you have courage."

"And what will courage do for me?" asked she, after a pause.

"For you, not much; for me, everything."

"I do not understand you."

"I mean this—that if that stout heart could dare the venture and trust its fate to me—to me, poor, outlawed and doomed, there would be a grander heroism in a girl's nature than ever found home in a man's."

"And what should I be?"

"My wife within an hour; my idol while I live."

"There are some who would give this another name than courage," said she, thoughtfully.

"Let them call it what they will, Nina. Is it not to the unbounded trust of a nature that is above all others that I, poor, unknown, ignoble as I am, appeal when I ask—Will you be mine? One word—only one; or better still—"

He clasped her in his arms as he spoke, and, drawing her head towards his, kissed her cheek rapturously.

With wild and fervent words, he now told her rapidly that he had come prepared to make her the declaration, and had provided everything, in the event of her compliance, for their flight. By an unused path through the bog they should gain the main road to Maryborough, where a priest well-known in the Fenian interest would join them in marriage. The officials of the railroad were largely imbued with the Nationalist sentiment, and Donagan could be sure of a safe crossing to Kilkenny, where the members of the party were in great force.

In a very few words he told her how, by the mere utterance of his name, he could secure the faithful services and the devotion of the people in every town or village of the kingdom. "The English have done this for us," cried he, "and we thank them for it. They have no ulcerized rebellion in a way that all our attempts could never have accomplished. How could I, for instance, gain access to those little gatherings at fair or market, in the yard before the chapel, or the square before the court-house—how could I be able to explain to these groups of country people what we mean by a rising in Ireland? what we purpose by a revolt against England? how it is to be carried on, or for whose benefit? what the prizes of success? what the cost of failure? Yet the English have contrived to embody all these in one word, and that word my name!"

There was a certain artifice, there is no doubt, in the way in which a poorly-clad and not distinguished looking man contrived to surround himself with attributes of power and influence, and his self-reliance imparted to his voice as he spoke a tone of confidence that was actually dignified. And, besides this, there was personal daring, for his life was on the hazard, and it was the very contingency of which he seemed to take the least heed.

Not less adroit, too, was the way in

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having the world at her feet, her destiny

at her very bidding, would go off and

brave the storms of life out of the hero-

ism of her own nature! how wrongfully

and unfairly we judged her! In what

utter ignorance of her real character was

every interpretation we made! How

scornfully has she, by one act, repudiated

all our misconception of her! What a

sarcasm on all our worldliness is her

devotion!"

He was eloquent after a fashion, and he had, above most men, the charm of a voice of singular sweetness and melody. It was clear as a bell, and he could modulate its tones till, like the drip, drip of water on a rock, they fell one by one upon the ear. Masses had often been moved by the power of his words, and the mesmeric influence of persuasiveness was a gift to do him good service now.

There was much in the man that she liked. She liked his rugged boldness and determination; she liked his contempt for danger and his self-reliance; and, essentially, she liked how totally different he was to all other men. He had not their objects, their hopes, their fears, and their ways. To share the destiny of such a man was to insure a life that could not pass unrecorded. There might be storm, and even shipwreck, but there was no toriety—perhaps even fame!

And how mean and vulgar did all the others she had known seem by comparison with him; how contemptible the polished insipidity of Walpole, how artificial the neatly-turned epigrams of Atlee. How would either of these have behaved in such a moment of danger as this man's? Every minute he passed there was another peril to his life, and yet he had no thought for himself—his whole anxiety was to gain time to appeal to her. He told her she was more to him than his ambition—she saw herself she was more to him than life. The whirlwind rapidity of his eloquence also moved her, and the varied arguments he addressed now to her heroism, now to her self-sacrifice, now to the power of her beauty, now to the contempt she felt for the inglorious lives of commonplace people—the ignoble herd, who passed unnoticed. All these swayed her; and after a long interval, in which she had heard him without a word, she said in a low murmur to herself: "I will do it."

Donagan clasped her to his heart as she said it, and held her some seconds in a fast embrace. "At last I know what it is to love!" cried he, with rapture.

"Look there!" cried she, suddenly disengaging herself from his arm. "They are in the drawing-room already. I can see them as they pass the windows. I must go back, if it be for a moment, as I should be missed."

"Can I let you leave me now?" he said, and the tears were in his eyes as he spoke.

"I have given you my word, and you may trust me," said she, as she held out her hand.

"I was forgetting this document; this is the lease or the agreement I told you of." She took it, and hurried away.

In less than five minutes afterward she was among the company in the drawing-room.

"Here have I been singing a rebel ballad, Nina," said Kate, "and not knowing the while it was Mr. Atlee who wrote it."

"What, Mr. Atlee," cried Nina, "is the 'Time to Begin' yours?" And then,

# USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

without waiting for his answer, she seated herself at the piano, and striking the chord of the accompaniment with a wild and vigorous hand, she sang:

"If the moment is come and the hour to need us, If we stand man to man, like kindred and kin; If we know we have one who is ready to lead us, What wait we for more than the word to begin?"

The wild ring of defiance in which her clear, full voice gave out these words seemed to electrify all present, and to a second or two of perfect silence a burst of applause followed that even Curtis, with all his loyalty, could not refrain from joining.

"Thank God you're not a man, Miss Nina!" cried he, fervently.

"I'm not sure she's not more dangerous as she is," said Lord Kilgobbin.

"There's people out there in the bog, starving and half naked, would face the Queen's Guards if they only heard her voice to cheer them on. Take my word for it, rebellion would have died out long ago in Ireland if there wasn't the woman's heart to warm it."

"If it were not too great a liberty, Mademoiselle Kostalergi," said Joe, "I should tell you that you have not caught the true expression of my song. The brilliant bravura in which you gave the last line, immensely exciting as it was, is not correct. The whole force consists in the concentrated power of a fixed resolve—the passage should be subdued."

(To be continued.)

Build up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

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Invalid and Table Jellies,

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LEMON,	RASPBERRY,
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C. C. PARSON'S

HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

Will not chap or roughen the skin like ordinary ammonia, will make clothes snowy white, will wash flannels and blankets without shrinking; for the toilet, for the bath, for the sick room and nursery. Cures all insect bites. Cleans and brightens silk, laces, Crapes. For glass, crockery and silverware. Be sure and ask for

PARSON'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA,

To be had at

ENGLISH PROVISION CO.,

2450 ST. CATHERINE STREET,

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LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER.

DIVIDEND No. 58.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three and a half (3½) per cent. for the current half year upon the paid-up capital stock of this institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its banking house, in this city, on and after SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th, November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,  
A. DE MARTIGNY,  
Mgr.-Director.

Montreal, October 20th, 1894. 15-5

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

A new Catholic chapel has been recently dedicated at St. Regis Lake, in the Adirondacks.

The Pope is preparing a special to the clergy of the Anglican Church on the subject of reunion between that and the Roman Church.

Right Rev. Thomas Heslin, Bishop of Natchez, celebrated his silver jubilee on October 24 with appropriate and impressive ceremonies.

At Garparadagna, in Bengal, over eighty Protestants have lately become Catholics. Conversions have also taken place in other districts.

The death was lately announced from Buenos Ayres, in Argentina, of Mgr. Aneiros, for several years past the Archbishop of that see.

The Catholics of France continue to subscribe over £3,000 a month for the completion of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Montmartre.

"Fede e Patria" (Faith and Fatherland), the anti-Masonic organ in Italy, is progressing marvellously well. It is a most interesting periodical.

The consecration of the Right Rev. James A. McFaul, D.D., Bishop-elect of Trenton, N.J., took place at the Trenton cathedral, Thursday, Oct. 18.

A Rome telegram states that Father Francis of Loretto, of the Capuchin Order, has been designated as Prefect-Apostolic of the Italian Red Sea Colony of Erythrea.

Miss Meltier, a member of the sect of the Waldenses, has, says the Civiltà Cattolica, been converted and received into the Church by His Eminence Cardinal Celsia.

The Catholic party in Hungary has recommended the formation of a popular party in that country with a view of obtaining State aid towards a solution of the labor problem.

One of the delegates to the Cologne Catholic Congress was Herr Reichen-sperger, almost ninety years old, who has attended the forty-one congresses since they were started in 1848.

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

Rev. Father Zuhm, the distinguished Catholic scientist, has been received in special audience by the Pope. While in Rome he visited the Vatican observatories respecting whose excellent organization he has prepared a paper.

Eight thousand Catholic Indians live in the diocese of Santa Fe, N. M. There are eighteen churches for their use, attended by four priests, all secular. The eight schools exclusively for the Indians boast of three hundred and eighty-seven children.

Cardinal Ledochowaki, Prefect of the Propaganda, has returned from Switzerland to Rome in excellent health. His Eminence was murdered by the newspapers a few months ago. Long may he enjoy a robust constitution and the best of spirits.

The Berlin newspapers report that the only son of Herr Buhl, heir to an immense fortune, intends to enter a monastery, has created amazement, especially as his father, although a Catholic, is a National Liberal, and opposes the politics of the Centrist party.

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

Bishop Hawkins recently administered confirmation in the cathedral, Providence, and at the conclusion was presented, first, with two handsome mitres, and then with a check for \$5,000 for the endowment of a bed for an incurable patient at St. Joseph's Hospital, to be known as the "Bishop Hawkins' Bed."

Mgr. Lorenzo Pentozzi, of Brescia, Italy, has just passed away. He followed closely in the footsteps of St. Vincent de Paul and Dom Bosco in his love for poor children. He gathered about him the most abandoned boys, watched over their

education, visited their families in their gloomy homes, and did all he could to make them love religion and practice it. These are the men who make the world better.

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE.

BY S. GREATA IN "THE ORPHAN'S BOUQUET"

Holy Saint Anne to thee we raise  
Our eager voices, hear our pray'r,  
All supplicants, while we sing thy praise,  
While we commend us to thy care.

A moment view our anguished tears;  
A moment see our writhing pain;  
A moment list our haunting fears;  
Then pray we be made whole again.

Parent of mothers, all, save one,  
Thy child, our Lady, Virgin blest,  
She who on earth bore God's own Son,  
Will surely help thee give us rest.

Together pray the Lord of Peace;  
Together ask th' Eternal Son;  
Together, that our sorrows cease,  
Pray the Almighty Three in One.

"Many are we, and much we ask  
But oh! thy gifts more numbers own,  
And who shall say, if great the task,  
Saint Anne can not obtain it done."

Sweet angels, guide us on our way;  
Sweet angels, waft to heav'n our  
pray'r;  
Sweet angels, ask St. Anne to-day,  
To take us in her holy care.

Thus prayed a pilgrim o'er whose brow  
A radiant hope through furrows shone,  
Where kind old time a wreath of snow  
Had flung to claim her for his own.

Oft had she trod the sacred shore,  
And oft with faith renewed the vow;  
She said, "I ask, I pray once more,  
Surely Saint Anne will hear me now!"

And the good ship swayed, and her anchor weighed,  
As the holy priest thus spoke,  
"Let each pilgrim kneel ere the bounding keel  
Responds to the helmsman's stroke."

And when he had blessed and upon each breast  
Was the sign of the Holy Cross  
Bright their faces shone for the benison  
Would shield them from fear or loss.

And many a song of praise the throng  
Sent aloft on angel's wing,  
And the pastor's voice with prophetic choice  
Gave the words that they should sing.

And he urged them well by each gentle spell  
To profit by his lore?  
"Redeem the past, life waneth fast,  
Soon must ye quit life's shore."

And now his strain swelled high again  
Like His who first was sent,  
"Tis now at hand that future land  
Repent! Repent! Repent!"

And as each one hears with streaming tears  
These words of holy fire,  
A confession meet at the good priest's feet  
Was the first and last desire.

As the shrift was given, the Gate of Heaven  
Was neared by many there,  
But one, the last, that of death had passed,  
She had prayed her latest prayer.

For the angel of death had stayed her breath  
As the life blood gushed full hot  
From lips which first fain would quench their thirst  
In the Blood of the Lamb without spot.

But Saint Anne knew well, that holy well  
Had cleansed them oft of late,  
And Saint Anne thus saw that heaven's kind law  
Led the pilgrim before heaven's gate.

\* \* \* \* \*  
And now the slow procession winds  
'Neath the Cathedral's lofty dome  
And in sable banner each one finds  
The pilgrim sister's welcome home.



To Nursing Mothers!

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

It is largely prescribed  
**To Assist Digestion,  
To Improve the Appetite,  
To Act as a Food for Consumptives,  
In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.**

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Uprose the incense wafted high  
Uprose the prayers—on angels' wing,  
Uprose the voice, as solemnly  
The choir the *Dies iræ* sings.

For her to heaven the pray'r was sent  
With her shall all their masses share  
And the *Libera* on hope intent  
Consigns her soul to Jesus' care.

"Remember all thy former pow'r;  
Remember that the Son of Man  
Remembereth ever sorrow's hour,"  
Thus sing the pilgrims to Saint Anne.

Irish News.

David Loughran, a merchant of Dunganon, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Tyrone, Dunganon and Moy Petty Sessions Districts.

Patrick Cullen, aged thirty-five, a laborer, residing in Poolbeg street, Dublin, was seized with illness while working in Townsend street on the 4th ult., and died shortly after.

Michael Hickey, of Rathgally, New-castle, has been appointed a magistrate for County Tipperary, district of Clogheen and Ardinnan. Mr. Hickey has always been a firm and consistent Nationalist.

The death is announced of Francis P. Kearney, of the firm of Kearney Brothers, Chapel street, Dublin, at the age of twenty five years. Typhoid fever claimed Mr. Kearney after an illness of only ten days.

Miss Mary St. John, in religion Sister Margaret Mary of the Sacred Heart, daughter of the late Mr. William St. John, of Thurles, made her solemn vows at the Presentation Convent, Clonmel, before Bishop Sheehan, of Waterford.

At Banagher Petty Sessions on October 8, Campbell Bannerman, M.P., Secretary of State for War, obtained an order against Otway Ruthven, D.L., J.P., of Castle Otway, County Galway, for recovery of possession of the old fort and battery at Banagher.

At the Fermoy Guardians meeting October 6, a motion was passed rescinding a former resolution of the Board giving an evicted tenant named O'Connell a laborer's cottage, for which a laborer named O'Neill had got the representation paper signed. The cottage was given to O'Neill by thirteen votes to twelve.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Connolly, T.C., Mayor of Sligo, to the Commission of the Peace for the County Sligo. The appointment is hailed with great satisfaction, as Mr. Connolly has always been an earnest and thorough-going Nationalist, having been president of the Sligo Borough Branch of the Irish National Federation for the past two years.

The golden jubilee of Mother Mary Anastasia Bickett, Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, Birr, was celebrated recently. The Rev. Mother, belonging to an English family of high rank, embraced the Catholic faith early in life, and coming to Ireland was received as a nun fifty years ago in Baggot street Convent of Sisters of Mercy, Dublin, by the foundress of the Order, Mother Macaulay. She is now probably the last surviving nun who was accepted at the hands of that lady. On October 8, Solemn Mass, *coram pontifice*, was celebrated in the convent chapel. Bishop McRedmond presided, and paid a just tribute to the saintly character and holy life of the reverend mother. The subsequent proceedings included the presentation of addresses.

H. P. Davis, of Toronto, champion cyclist of Canada; Hoyland Smith, one of America's famous wheelmen and class A rider, with L. H. Johnson, arrived in

Queenstown on the 9th ult. During an interview the three cracks stated that within the next three weeks they will turn up again at Coventry, and will then commence active training for their approaching races at Herne Hill, where they expect to meet English cracks. The cyclists are in fine form, having during the passage across the Atlantic taken exercise every day in the shape of working heavy weights with the arms, and gone in for training of the legs. After racing in England they intend journeying to Paris to see Zimmermann, who is their particular friend.

At the meeting of the Castlebar Guardians on October 6, this resolution, proposed by P. Vahy, chairman, seconded by James Daly, passed unanimously:—"Resolved—That considering the failure of the potato crop, owing to the unprecedentedly wet summer, and the early appearance of the blight, we, the Guardians of the Castlebar Union, fearing a famine will be the result, respectfully appeal to the landlords of the unions to make adequate abatement in the rents now due and being demanded, to all agricultural tenants valued at £15 and downwards, as this class of tenants have to rely chiefly on the potato crop for the support of their family, having benefitted little or nothing by the recent improvements in the price of stock, as their holdings are too limited to feed stock of a good description, and many of them have no stock to feed.

Cheerfulness is an excellent wearing quality. It has been called the bright weather of the heart.

Notre Dame College,  
COTE DES NEIGES

This well known and popular institution will re-open on MONDAY, the 3rd SEPTEMBER next.

The Electric cars from Bleury street, by way of Outremont, run out to the College every half hour.

The parents are requested to send the pupils as early as possible. 5-18

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec to obtain a Bill authorizing the Board of Examiners of the Dental Association of the said Province of Quebec, to admit THOMAS COLEMAN, L.D.S., D.D.S., of the City of Montreal, to the practice of the profession of Dentistry, and to grant him a certificate of License as Dental Surgeon after examination.  
Montreal, 18th October, 1894.

THOMAS COLEMAN,  
Petitioner.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that the Fabrique of the Parish of St. Louis of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session of the same, to obtain a Bill granting civil erection of said Parish and the power to impose an assessment to complete the construction of the Church.  
Montreal, 3rd November, 1894.

P. G. MARTINEAU,  
Attorney for the Petitioner.

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

# THE CITY OF HAMILTON STIRRED UP.

## An Interesting and Well-known Lad Taken Home from St. Joseph's Hospital to Die.

The Whole Staff of Physicians and Trained Nurses Declared His Case to be a Hopeless One.

### At the Point of Death, Paine's Celery Compound Cures Him.

One of the Most Desperate Cases Ever Known—Limbs and Body Swollen—An Unrecognizable Piece of Humanity—The Boy's Body is Tapped and Two Gallons of Water Taken Away—After Medical Skill Failed, Paine's Celery Compound Works Miraculously—All Statements Vouched for by Geo. LeRiche, Esq., late of J. Winer & Co., and David Morton, Esq., Superintendent of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church Sunday School.

Young Aleck McIntosh, interesting, bright and good-looking, is a lad in his teens, and resides with his parents at No. 167 Catherine street south, Hamilton, Ont. The members of the family are well and favorably known, and attend St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, LL. D. is pastor.

Some months ago, to the great grief and consternation of Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh, their son Aleck was stricken down with a terrible swelling of the limbs and throat. Notwithstanding the fact that the boy was under the care of an able and experienced doctor, his condition became most alarming. At this juncture a consultation was held by three of the leading physicians of the city, and the result was that Aleck was sent to the hospital, where he might have all the advantages of medical skill, and the constant attention of trained nurses.

At the end of four weeks Aleck's condition was more alarming than ever, and his parents were assured that there was no possible chance of recovery for their dear boy. He lay on his hospital bed perfectly helpless, and so swollen from head to foot that he was unrecognizable boy of his age in the city.

The sorrowing parents, feeling that there was no hope, and that the hand of death had securely grasped their loved boy, wished to have him die in their home. As he was being taken from the hospital, those in charge expressed sorrow that nothing more could be done for the dying lad.

While at home, and at the point of death, a kind neighbor called to see him. A thought—a revelation—came to her mind. A joyous hope filled her motherly heart as she gazed on the dying boy, and witnessed the intense grief of the parents. She remembered having herself used in an extreme case that great life-giver and health-restorer, Paine's Celery Compound. Would it meet this case where the vital spark was almost extinguished? Yes, she had faith that it would. The use of Paine's Celery Compound was suggested to the parents. "Ah! yes, try it—anything—if dear Aleck's life can be saved."

The wondrous Compound was immediately procured and properly administered. The first dose produced results that gave the parents hope. There was a virtue in this medicine that no other remedy ever contained. The boy lived, and the medicine was continued from day to day with results that gave joy and gladness. By the time the fourth bottle was finished young Aleck McIntosh was well, and all his troubles banished. Today he is as strong and robust as any

All the physicians look upon the cure as a marvellous one, and the whole staff of St. Joseph's Hospital rejoice at the lad's restoration to health.

Scores of Hamilton's best people can vouch for every statement made in con-

nection with this unparalleled case. The statements made by Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McIntosh, the boy's parents, are ably supported by two of Hamilton's leading business men. Such sterling proof of the value of Paine's Celery Compound should strongly convince every sufferer, and all who have suffering and diseased friends, that there is no other medicine known to the medical profession and the public, that can so effectually and honestly meet the needs of all.

It is the only medicine in the world that saves and cures the sufferer when he or she is given up by the doctor.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McIntosh write as follows:—

"We are willing and anxious to give a testimonial letter in reference to the marvellous cure your Paine's Celery Compound effected in our son Alexander.

"The case is such an important one, and has attracted so much attention in this city, we would like it to be as fully communicated to you and the public as possible.

"Our son Alexander was taken with swelling in the limbs, and in a few days after the throat was similarly affected. At this stage he was confined to his bed for about two weeks, when he became much better. A short time after he got worse, the swelling affecting his whole body and limbs. He continued in bed under the close attention of one of our best doctors, when a consultation of three leading physicians was held, and we were informed that the case was so serious that Aleck would have to go to the hospital where the experience and skill of the whole staff of physicians could be employed, and where trained nurses would be in attendance day and night.

"For four long weeks our boy suffered and battled heroically with his disease. At the end of that time we were assured there was no possible chance of recovery. Everything had been done that could be done, even to tapping, under which operation two gallons of water was taken from the body. For two weeks after this operation he lay perfectly helpless, and so swollen from head to foot as to be unrecognizable.

"That he might die in our midst, we made arrangements to have him conveyed to our home. As we carried him out of the hospital the good people in charge remarked, 'they were sorry that nothing could be done for our poor dying boy.'

"While Aleck lay in bed in our home a friend and neighbor called. She had used Paine's Celery Compound successfully for an extreme case of neuralgia. Our friend said she would write and ask you if it would be advisable to use Paine's Celery Compound, even in this terrible case of kidney trouble, attended with the worst form of erysipelas. You

replied that it was very advisable to try the Compound and kindly sent us four bottles free of charge.

"God bless you for the good advice and the gift. He used the four bottles and no more, and to-day Aleck is as well as ever before, a marvel to his physicians and the whole staff of St. Joseph's hospital, and a large circle of friends in this city."

The above testimony of Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh, is vouched for by Geo. LeRiche, Esq., and David Morton, Esq., as follows:—

"The testimonial letter from Mr. and Mrs. James McIntosh, in reference to the cure of their son Aleck by Paine's Celery Compound, has been submitted to us as neighbors and friends. Having visited this home many times during Aleck's illness, we do most willingly testify to the truthfulness of all statements made."

#### A PLEA FOR LABOR.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent sermon on "Labor," said:

"Before the coming of Christ manual labor was held in degradation and relegated to slaves, as being unworthy of free men. Christ, our Saviour, has dignified and ennobled labor by word and example. He was pleased to devote many years of His life to mechanical pursuits, and ever since He worked in the carpenter shop He has shed a halo around the workshop. Sixty years ago an eminent French writer, DeTocqueville, speaking of the United States, said: 'With us every honest work is honorable.' He could not pay a higher tribute to the genius of our country or the spirit of our institutions. Surely labor is held in as high esteem to day as it was then."

With the better class of sensible Americans labor is, of course, honorable, but De Tocqueville did not know the new men who now dominate our society.

Thousands of our Christians try to forget that Christ was ever a carpenter. They take the position that men who labor with their hands belong to an inferior class and constitute a dangerous element. And yet in America these Christian society leaders are almost without exception the sons and grandsons of men who won their way in the world as farmers, mechanics or common laborers.

Cardinal Gibbons has done society and public morality a good service by bringing out this emphatic mention of the fact that Christ himself was a mechanic, a carpenter, who earned his daily bread by the sweat of his brow.

In these hard times our people need this lesson more than ever. We need it especially in this age of general free education. The light and genteel professions and occupations will never afford enough employment for the teeming millions of this continent. The laborer will always be a necessary factor in our society, and the people who underrate him, and attempt to degrade him are neither patriotic nor enlightened.

A superior mechanic is entitled to as much respect as the superior professional man or business man—*Atlanta Constitution*.

#### IRISH PUNS.

Charles Lamb made some famous puns, and, according to the London Truth, his mantle seems to have fallen upon his namesake, Mr. Charles Lamb Kenney.

The popular journalist just mentioned was dining at the house of a friend, and by chance swallowed a piece of cork with his wine, which gave him a severe coughing fit.

"Take care, my friend," said his next neighbor, with a very brilliant attempt at a witticism: "that's not the way for cork."

"No," gasped the sufferer, "it's the way to kill Kenney."

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Fancy Shirting Flannels in a variety of New Designs, from 30c up  
Fancy Opera Wrapper Flannels in Striped and Figured.  
Plain Opera Flannels in all shades.  
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A Full Line of Eider Down Flannels for Opera Cloaks and Children's Mantles.

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Unbleached Wool Sheeting, 65c. and 85c.  
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Fine White Saxony All Wool Sheeting in 5-4, 6-4, 7-4 wide.

All the New Clans in All Wool Flannels. Striped Flannelettes, 5, 7, 9, 10c.  
English Twilled Flannelette in Choice Patterns.

English Shaker Flannelette in Grey, Pink and Cream.

Cream, Pink, Grey and Brown Mixture Shaker, only 8c.

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#### ALL SORTS.

"Why do you stick out the middle finger of your left hand so straight while you are eating?" asked a lady of a tramp. "Was it ever broken?"

"No, madam; but during my halcyon days I wore a diamond ring on that finger, and old habits are hard to break."

Johnny (sobbingly): "Does it re-really h-h-hurt you to wh-whip me, mamma?" Ma: "Yes, my son, very much more than it hurts you." Johnny (drying his eyes): "I'm so glad."

"You are a regular muff, sir," said a traveller to another, in a great passion, while disputing in a coffee-house. "Thank you," replied Mr. O.R., very coolly. "If I'm a muff, I've done my duty; I've made you warm."

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME.

Sweet Little Maiden: "Is there a letter for me?"

Important Uniformed Clerk: "Who's me?"

Sweet Little Maiden: "I'm Gladys Cummin."

Important Official: "Yes; I dare say you are glad he's coming; but what's your name?"

Sweet Little Maiden: "How dare you? My name is Gladys Cummin."

Important Official: "Oh—oh—I beg your pardon."

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect.

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

Some More Interesting Letters.

DEAR SIR,—As regular as the week comes, I await the arrival of your valuable paper, and, after the editorials, the first thing I look for is the column headed "Youths' Department." I am glad to see that so many young persons are writing for this column, because it shows that there are at least a few persons in the city who take an interest in the only English-speaking Catholic paper we have, and I hope that before long, instead of having only a weekly edition, that it may prosper so that we shall have a daily edition; but I am afraid, when that time comes, that our column will be done away with. Wishing every success to this column and more especially to your paper, I am, yours truly,  
CANADIAN.

[We are grateful for such good wishes, and we can assure "Canadian," that when a daily paper comes into existence, the Youths' Department will still be kept up.]

**A PROFESSIONAL DIVER.**

MY DEAR JIM,—As you are an expert swimmer and a great lover of the craft (although swimming is out of season now except in the bath-rooms) I will tell you something about the life of a professional diver. I have my information from reliable authority, so that if you have any aspirations to the profession it will doubtless prove quite interesting to you. "Full many a gem of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed face of ocean bears" A diver related, when at the bottom of the sea they frequently see spectres, phantoms, and sea monsters that come quite near and survey them closely. On one occasion he saw quite close to him two fiery eye-balls glaring intensely on him. They were the eyes of a shark. He made no attack, but turned friskily around, giving the diver a blow of his tail that sent him reeling at some distance; he was not hurt, however, as the water broke the blow. Although sharks may respect divers yet they are very partial to swimmers and not unfrequently lop off their limbs when they have a chance. A day's work of the diver consists of four hours, at a salary from ten to fifteen dollars a day. Sometimes they lie down and sleep under 120 feet of water. The least negligence on the part of the man who holds the cord may prove fatal to the diver. When he feels himself in danger of death by suffocation or otherwise he gives the death signal, three strokes. It is generally impossible to save him, as it takes more than a moment to bring him above the surface. Professional divers should always pray; yet their spirit of adventure is not at all favorable to the spirit of prayer.

Yours, as ever,  
WM. HEALY,

[William's letter contains interesting information and should be an incentive to his school friends to study those very beautiful books that tell of the marvels of nature—especially as seen beneath the ocean.]

**OUR CANADIAN AUTUMN.**

Our Canadian autumn is a beautiful season. The temperature is cool and healthful. The autumn sky is a beautiful sight, especially towards sunset. The rich purple clouds, through which breaks the golden rays of the setting sun, the grandeur of the autumn woods with its purple foliage, the rich undulating fields of golden corn, form a scene which fills the nature-loving soul with enthusiasm. Nature could not have more sweetly connected the extremes of summer heat and of winter frost. Kind Providence sends this healthy season to refresh His poor drooping creatures after the hot summer months, and also to prepare them for the long cold winter so close at hand. It is during this transition period from heat to cold that people exchange the cotton and summer wear for the more comfortable flannels and heavy winter clothing. Professional men and business men who went to spend a few weeks in the country now return invigorated and refreshed, to renew their labors with energy. As the season advances the fields become bare with the exception of a few dead stalks idly basking in the sun. The gardens so recently full of flowers are now cold and dreary-looking, and the bleak wind whistling through the naked branches would seem to be sighing for the flowers which

are now withered and gone. The forest is clad in her gorgeous robes of crimson red and yellow, but their glory is short-lived; already these richly colored leaves begin to fade and fall, and the branches stand out in their dreary nakedness. The warbling birds forsake their now cheerless abodes and seek a warmer clime. And now all is hushed and still save the squirrels rustling over the dead leaves, or the November winds wailing through the waste of leafless frost.

R. BROWN.

[This is a very beautiful and a very promising description of autumn. That one thought of the wind sighing for the dead flowers is worthy a real poet. Keep on, young friend; the day may come, if you persevere, when your writings will be of the greatest importance to the country and to yourself.]

**AN ENCOURAGING LETTER.**

MY DEAR JOHN :—A friend gave me a copy of the TRUE WITNESS last week and I tell you I was delighted in reading its contents. It is well worth the small sum the Editor asks for it, even if he devotes his whole time on it. It is not, however, to praise this paper that I write to you at present. I could do so with perfect sincerity, but my object is simply to call your attention to the fact that there are many good Catholics who would doubtless help him but have no idea of the good work he is holding in his hands, and I must confess to you that I never saw this paper until last week; I have heard of the TRUE WITNESS but never thought of aiding it. When, however, I read the earnest appeals for aid I could not but regret that I had not given any. Permit me to suggest that it urges the members to distribute copies of the TRUE WITNESS among all their friends with the simple request that they form some idea of the object for which it exists. Doubtless there would be many like myself perfectly willing to share with the Editor in his great work, but at present they are practically in ignorance of the purposes and resolutions of this paper. For myself I am very sure that I shall certainly do all in my power to

bring the matter to the attention of the Catholics in my neighborhood. You may be assured that I will also pray fervently that God will prosper him in his labors in establishing such a great work as the TRUE WITNESS.

G. GUMMERSSELL.

[We are very grateful for the kind expressions of this letter and we trust it will bear a harvest of benefit to the organ that seeks to help the cause of truth, and promote the welfare of Irish-Catholics.]

**"SHORT AND SWEET."**

DEAR ROBERT,—I received your kind and welcome letter of the 21st ult. I am always so glad to hear from you. Your letters are so interesting and full of news. I went up to the Island on Saturday morning and remained there till Sunday night. Our little fishing hut is completely torn down by the waves dashing in upon it. If we go up to the Island next summer we will have it fixed up in grand style, so that the waves, or the ice drifting down the river, cannot injure it. We are all well enough, except Uncle Dan, who is suffering from rheumatism; I hope he will soon be well. Now, Robert, this is all the news I have to give you in return for your big bagful. I will try to do better the next time.

A. O'LEARY.

[We trust that for many long years our young friends will enjoy the renovated hut on the Island—and that Uncle Dan's rheumatism may so far disappear as to enable him to join next year's excursion and jolly outing on the Island.]

We regret that space will not allow the publication of a number of other letters that we have received. But next week those left over will hold the first places.

There is a passage in the Bible which is not unlike some more modern hits at the doctor: "And Asa, in the thirty and ninth year of his reign, was diseased in his feet, until the disease was exceeding great; yet in his disease he sought not the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers." (2 Chron. xvi. 12)

**MARRIED.**

COLLUM—HARRINGTON—At St. Anthony's Church, Montreal, October 30th, by Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., W. J. Collum to Liza Jane, (Lyda) daughter of the late Michael Harrington, in his lifetime Foreman in the Montreal Water Works. 16-2

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

**ST. PATRICK'S.**

The Rev. Father Quinlivan on Sunday morning made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the coming bazaar in the Monument Nationale for the benefit of Ville Marie Convent.

The Rev. Father Martin Callaghan delivered a powerful sermon on Purgatory.

Any number of depraved units cannot form a great nation.

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This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

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

**Holloway's Ointment.**

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

**Bad Legs, Bad Broasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers**

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA, For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,**

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

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 558 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicines throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

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

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

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

GERMAN RICE PUDDING

Mix boiled rice with a well-beaten egg and a little milk. Pour the mixture into a pan until it is about one inch thick, and bake till a delicate brown. Powder with sugar, and serve with cream and vanilla sauce.

BAKED COD FISH

Scald the fish; shred it very fine. Boil some potatoes; while hot put in a large lump of butter; mash them thoroughly, mix potatoes and fish together and beat to a cream with a wooden spoon. Put the mixture into a pudding dish, butter the top and bake until nicely browned. Use one-third more potatoes than fish.

LEMON MACAROONS.

One pound of powdered sugar, four eggs, juice of three lemons, rind of one, one cupful flour (heaping full), one half-teaspoonful nutmeg. Butter your hands lightly, take up small lumps of the mixture, make up into balls the size of a walnut, and lay on buttered paper more than two inches apart.

BREADED EGGS

Boil hard and cut in round thick slices; pepper and salt; dip each in beaten raw egg, then in bread crumbs or powdered crackers, and fry in nice dripping or butter, hissing hot. Drain off every drop of grease and serve on a hot dish for breakfast with sauce, like that for fricasseed eggs, poured over them.

RUSSIAN TOAST.

A very fine breakfast dish may be made with stale bread. Cut the loaf in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; dip in cold milk, and fry a light brown in sweet beef "drippings." Serve very hot. Or you can make a simple dessert by dipping the slices of bread in milk in which an egg has been beaten; then fry, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and serve hot.

LEMON SPONGE.

Half a pint of water, half an ounce of gelatine, whites of two eggs, a quarter of a pound of sugar, juice of one large lemon. Soak the gelatine in enough warm water to cover it until it is perfectly soft. Heat the half pint of water and pour over it. Add the sugar and lemon juice, beat in the egg, it being first well beaten. Let the mixture get very hot, but not quite boil. Pour into the dish in which it is to be served.

ROLLED BEEFSTEAK.

Take a large sirloin, remove the bones, beat well, cover with a plain dressing forming a layer half an inch thick; roll up tightly and tie with soft twine; put an oiled paper around the meat roll; tie at each end; pour over a cup of boiling water; cover closely with another pan and bake until done. A large steak will require an hour. Brown a little at the last; thicken the gravy with browned flour; take off the covering and string; pour the gravy over and send to the table. It is nice cold.

FASHION AND FANCY.

Dull gray skies and breezes with a slight chill of autumn in them tell of the near approach of the rainy storm. Some day, soon, the glistening, life-preserving drops will shower down and the thoughtful woman, busy with her fall wardrobe, will remember one important adjunct to her outfit, of which, until then, she had not thought—a rainy day gown.

If she lacks an old gown, then let her, in purchasing new material, select from the water impervious camel's hair serges, tweeds, chevots, mohairs or plain storm-serges. Rough fabrics are much in evidence this fall, and possess the double attraction of being eminently suitable for rainy day gowns, and also giving an air of warmth and comfort for the wearer. Let the gown be tailor made, by all means, with the plainest kind of a plain skirt, and as jaunty a jacket as is desired. A gown of wood brown would have the needed touch of color by lining the tail of the jacket, the revers, cuffs and collar with warm red silk. The brown felt hat to match would be delightfully coquetish if trimmed with tiny robin red-breasts.

If the thoughtful woman is wise she will have two pockets in the skirt of her

gown, one at either side of the front breadth, with tailor finish. These are for convenience; for she will find her hands fully occupied in keeping the back of her skirt out of the mud, and in holding the sheltering umbrella, that indispensable adjunct of her rainy day outfit.

Umbrellas are characteristic of their owners, both in the style and the manner in which they are carried. The style in umbrellas are unlimited. Each season brings its novelties in the way of handles and tips. They are usually expensive, but she whose purse is limited will never make a mistake in choosing a natural wood handle. A distinctive handle—in price, however, as well as in looks—might be of old ivory, bearing the owner's monogram. Man has long posed as a severe and certainly not altogether untruthful critic on woman's manner of carrying an umbrella. In his eyes an umbrella, in the hands of the average woman, always represents a possible weapon of destruction. While few women carry an umbrella well, a certain amount of character is evidenced by the manner in which it is handled.

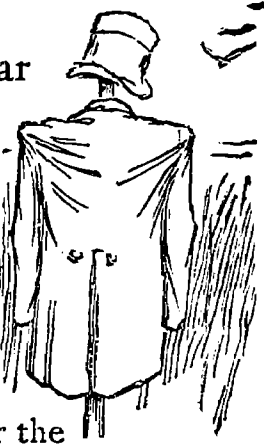
There is no uncertainty about the poise of an umbrella in the hands of the woman with progressive ideas. Independence and energy are stamped all over it. It is held well above the owner's head, and seems to challenge contradiction. In the hands of the nervous woman the umbrella is here, there and everywhere. But it is not so necessary to avoid contact with this umbrella as it is with the one in the hands of the thoughtless woman. Neither life nor property is perfectly safe when the thoughtless woman arrives with her umbrella. She usually carries her closed umbrella horizontally under her arm. Aside from the number of accidents this invites, it is most ungraceful. This latter argument should have some weight with the individual who has shown her superiority to the cries of pain which men have uttered through the press.

The simple fall cape of but few pretensions, worn with the neat walking costume, is very smart. It consists of three-round tailor made capes of cloth, trimmed with the flat stitched bands that figure so prominently on the tailor gowns. These bands are at the edge, or else form a zig-zag trimming. They are of the right cloth shades—green, tan, blue, etc. They have a turned-down velvet collar to match. These capes are very short, and deserve no more imposing name than that of collet.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world.

Nothing To Fear

In washing with Pearl-line. It does wonders, but it does them safely. You can use it on the finest laces or the coarsest paint.



The fine things are washed carefully; the rough work is done easily. Pearl-line does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Wash with Pearl-line, and there is little that is work; wash without it, and there is little that is worse.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearl-line, do the honest thing—send it back. 900 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

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WM. GAMBLE,

Fine Custom Boot and Shoe Maker Hand-Sewn \$4, \$4 50, \$5, to Order. Repairing Neatly and Cheaply Done. 748 Dorchester Street;

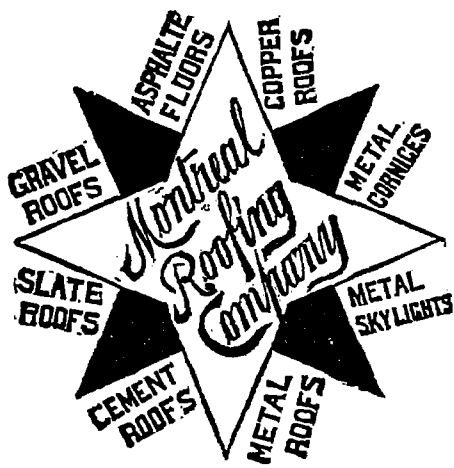
Weak Women

and all mothers who are nursing babies derive great benefit from Scott's Emulsion. This preparation serves two purposes. It gives vital strength to mothers and also enriches their milk and thus makes their babies thrive.

Scott's Emulsion

is a constructive food that promotes the making of healthy tissue and bone. It is a wonderful remedy for Emaciation, General Debility, Throat and Lung Complaints, Coughs, Colds, Anaemia, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for Pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. Free. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.



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TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR, GRAN. Etc.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—Patent Spring.....\$8.25 @ 8.45 Ontario Patent.....2.80 @ 3.25 Manitoba Patents.....8.30 @ 8.35 Straight Roller.....2.60 @ 2.85 Extra.....2.80 @ 2.80 Superfine.....2.10 @ 2.25 City Strong Bakers.....3.25 @ 3.30 Manitoba Bakers.....8.10 @ 8.25 Ontario bags—extra.....1.25 @ 1.30 Straight Rollers.....1.35 @ 1.40

Oatmeal.—We quote jobbing prices as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.00 to \$4.05; Standard, \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.90 to \$2.00, and standard at \$1.85 to \$1.95. Pot barley \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—Sales reported at \$15.50 in car lots, one lot being placed at \$15.25. Shorts have sold at \$16.60 to \$17.00 for ordinary and \$18.00 for fine white. Mouille is quoted at \$19.50 to \$21.50 as to grade.

Wheat.—No 1 hard Manitoba wheat selling at Fort William at equal to 63c laid down here.

Corn.—Market quiet at 65c to 68c duty paid, and 57c to 68c in bond.

Pears.—Business west of Toronto at 50c to 51c f.o.b. per 60 lbs, sales being reported of 25,000 to 30,000 bushels at those figures. Here, a lot was sold in store at 50c per 66 lbs, and we quote 56c to 57c.

Oats.—Sales of car lots at 34c for No. 2, and at 33c to 33c for No. 3 and rejected.

Barley.—Maltsters have been making further purchases at 62c to 53c for No. 1 Ontario. Feed barley is quoted at 46c to 47c.

Malt.—We quote 70c to 80c.

Seeds.—Alsike and red clover continues quiet, the former at \$4.00 to \$5.50, and the latter at \$5.25 to \$6.00 Timothy \$1.90 to \$2.25.

Buckwheat.—At 46c to 48c.

Rye.—Is quiet, and lower at 49c to 50c, with sales in the West at 46c to 41c.

PROVISIONS.

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

Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$18.00 @ 20.00 Canada short cut, light, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....00.00 @ 00.00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....17.50 @ 18.00 Extra mess beef, per bbl.....10.50 @ 11.00 Plate beef, per bbl.....10.50 @ 11.00 Hams, per lb.....10 1/2 @ 11c Lard, pure in pairs, per lb.....8 1/2 @ 9c Lard, com. in pairs, per lb.....7 @ 7 1/2c Bacon, per lb.....11 @ 12c Shoulders, per lb.....9 @ 9 1/2c

Dressed Hogs.—The few small bunches that are coming in fresh killed have sold at \$6.00 to \$6.50 to butchers.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—

Creamery, September and October. 20c to 20 1/2c Creamery, August.....18c to 19c Eastern Townships dairy.....10 1/2c to 18c Western.....10 1/2c to 16c

Roll Butter.—A few lots of Western rolls have been received, with sales reported at 15 1/2c to 16c.

Cheese.—We quote:—Finest Western, colored.....10c to 10 1/2c " " white.....10 1/2c to 10 1/2c " Quebec, colored.....9 1/2c to 10c Under grades.....8c to 9 1/2c Cabbie.....48s 6d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of strictly fresh boiling eggs at 17c to 18c; but the ordinary run of fresh gathered stock sells at 16c to 16c. Quite a lot of pickled eggs have been taken from the vats, and have met with fair demand at 13c to 14c.

Honey.—Extracted reported at 7c to 8c in tins for new, and old selling at 5 1/2c to 6c.

Hops.—We quote from 7c to 9c for the new crops as to quality. Yearlings are quoted at 4c to 6c.

Game.—Venison saddles are lower, with sales at 9c to 10c, while carcasses have sold at 6c to 7c per lb. Partridges have sold at 45c for No. 1, and at 25c for No. 2. Some lots have arrived in very bad condition, one lot of 28 dozen being sold at \$1 per dozen.

Dressed Poultry.—Sales of turkeys were made at 8c to 9c, and chickens and geese 5 1/2c to 7c as to quality.

Baled Hay.—Sales of several hundred tons reported at \$6.75 to \$7.00 alongside vessels.

FRUITS, Etc

Apples.—Sales are hard to push at \$1.00 to \$1.50 for fall varieties and \$2.25 to \$2.60 for winter varieties.

Oranges.—We quote Jamaica \$6.00 per barrel, \$3.25 per box, Florida \$4.25 per box.

Lemons.—Are also commanding fair sales at \$7.50 to \$8.00 per chest and \$3.50 to \$4 per box for Malagas, and \$3 to \$3.50 per box for Floridas.

Pears.—Sales are reported slow at 25c to 40c per basket, \$1.50 to \$2.25 per keg and \$2 to \$4 per barrel. California pears \$1.75 to \$2.00 per box.

Peaches.—There are a few boxes of California peaches in the market at \$1 to \$1.25 per box.

Bananas.—There is only a local demand at \$2.75 to \$3.25 per bunch.

Cranberries.—There is very good demand for cranberries at \$10.00 per barrel for Cape Cod berries and \$8.50 to \$9.50 for Canadian berries.

Grapes.—There is only a fair demand for grapes at 27c per 5 lb basket for Catawba and \$5 to \$7 per keg for Almeria.

Sweet Potatoes.—At \$2.50 per barrel.

Potatoes.—Sales are hard to make at 50c per bag on track, and 10c per bag extra for jobbing lots.

Onions.—We quote Spanish onions 75c per crate, large cases \$2.25, Canadian \$1.50 to \$1.75 per barrel.

FISH AND OILS.

Salt Fish.—We quote Labrador at \$4.50 and shore at \$4.00. Salmon \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small in bbls, and at \$14.50 for No. 1 large. British Columbia is quoted at \$9 to \$10. Dry cod \$4.25 to \$4.50 Green cod at \$4.00 to \$4.50.

Canned Fish.—Lobsters \$5.50 to \$6.50 per case. Mackerel \$3.75 to \$3.85 per case.

**THE WORLD AROUND.**

A plot to assassinate the Sultan of Turkey has been discovered.

The French Chamber of Deputies and Senate resumed their sessions Tuesday.

The Brazilian Chamber of Deputies has adopted the electoral reform bill.

The volcano of Galoengong, on the island of Java, is in a state of eruption.

Ex-President Harrison made twenty-four speeches during his two days' tour in Northern Indiana.

The Portuguese Government has decided to raise a loan of 12,000 contos of reis in order to purchase men-of-war.

Special agents of the Treasury Department have exposed irregularities of long standing in the customs business at San Francisco.

The gale along the British coast Saturday and Sunday has done much damage to shipping and caused the loss of a number of lives.

The detectives of the Adams Express Co. have arrested two men who were concerned in the Aqua creek robbery by which the company lost \$100,000.

An earthquake was felt in the Province of Cordova, Spain, a few days ago. Very heavy rains have fallen and the rivers are overflowing their banks.

Nouri Bey, Turkish ambassador to Austria, will not be received by the latter country because his father was a Frenchman who became a Mussulman.

Chancellor Von Caprivi has invited the leading ministers of the German States to a conference in Berlin in order to discuss the proposed anti-socialistic measures.

A steamer has left Yenistek, Asiatic Russia, in search of the well-known Arctic navigator, Captain Wiggings, and forty men, who opened up the northern passage to Siberia.

The bulletins issued by the Czar's physicians show that the distinguished patient is slowly losing strength. The Princess Alix reached Livadia Monday and will probably be married to-day.

Bishop Mullen of Erie, Pa., who is hale and hearty at 76, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration was observed last year.

The United States Marshal in Minnesota has resigned because he thinks he cannot consistently observe the rule prohibiting Federal office-holders from taking part in political campaigns.

A New York jury has awarded Miss Harriet Monroe judgment for \$5,000 in her suit for damages against the New York World for premature publication of her copyrighted Columbian Ode.

The Socialist members of the Belgian Chamber of Deputies have decided to open negotiations with the labor Deputies throughout Europe, with a view of adopting an identical policy in every Parliament.

A parliamentary election was held in Birkenhead, England, to fill the seat left vacant by Viscount Bury's succession to the peerage. The Conservatives held the seat, returning Elliott Lees, with 6,140 votes against 6,043 cast for W. H. Lever, a Radical. At the last general election the Conservative majority was 604.

The Estafette says that the ultimatum conveyed to Antananarivo by M. LeMyre de Vilers, the French special commissioner to Madagascar, stipulates that France shall exercise an exclusive protectorate over that country and that there shall be a permanent French garrison stationed at Antananarivo. Eight days are allowed to Madagascar in which to make a reply to these demands.

To nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a priceless boon, for it not only strengthens the mother, but also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. For those about to become mothers, it is even more valuable for it lessens the perils and pains of childbirth and shortens labor. Of all dealers.

Ovarian, fibroid and other tumors cured without resort to surgical operation. For pamphlet, testimonials and references send 10 cents (for postage) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Love of liberty and patriotic feeling may have done much, but trial and suffering nobly borne more than all.

**FURNITURE.**

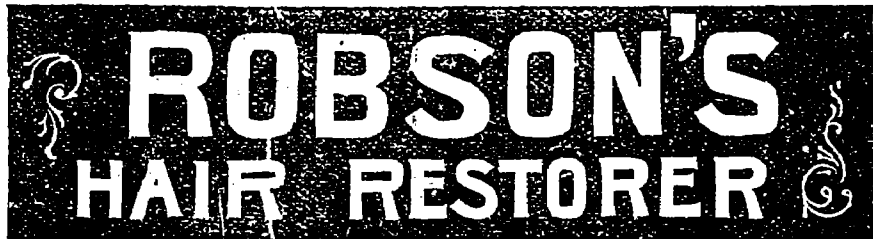
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**WHAT IS**



*It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other citizens of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER. Lack of space allows us to reproduce only the two following:*

**Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.**

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

D. MARSOAIS, M. D.  
Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1885.

**Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Félix de Valois.**

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D.  
St-Félix de Valois, January, 18th 1886.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

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

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

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

Sold Everywhere, 25c. each.

**Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.**

**REPRESENTING ; SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND Assets, \$39,109,332.64.**

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PLUMBER, GAS & STEAMFITTER,  
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**T. E. & A. MARTIN.**

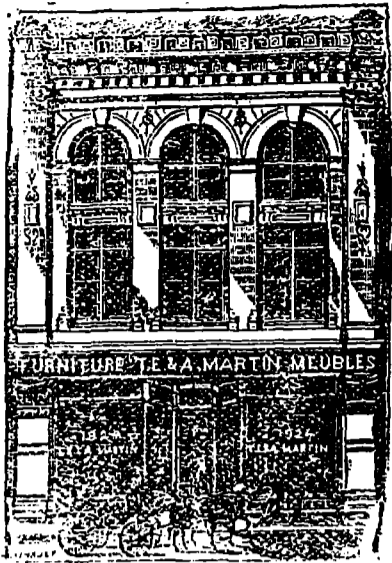
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**NIPPLE : OIL.**

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S

**Syrup of Wild Cherry.**

For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S

**Pile Ointment.**

Will be found superior to all others for all kinds of Piles. Price 25 cents.

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121 Bixby street, corner of Dorchester street.

**BRODIE & HARVIE'S**

**Self-Raising Flour**

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

**FLOUR!**

**Best Hiawatha Flour,**

\$3.95 a Barrel.

Best Creamery Butter.....23c per lb.  
Choice Dairy Butter.....20c per lb.

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Peterboro' and Lakefield Division.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under- signed, and endorsed "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at this Office until noon on Saturday, the Seventeenth day of November, 1894, for the construction of about five and a half miles of Canal on the Simcoe and Balsam Lake Division, and also for the construction of about three and a half miles of Canal on the Peterboro' and Lakefield Division.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, at Ottawa, or at the Superintending Engineer's Office, Peterboro', where forms of tender can be obtained on and after Monday, October 29th, 1894.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of \$7,500 must accompany the tender for each section; this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for work at the rates and terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order, J. H. BALDERSON,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }  
Ottawa, October, 1894. } 15-3

**FOR SALE.**

**A DOG CART SLEIGH**

MADE BY LARIVIERE,

a Set of Silver Mounted Harness, and 8 Buffalo Robes. Apply at 275 Mountain St., or to M. Burke, TRUE WITNESS office 761 Craig St.

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**LADIES' JACKETS**

Handsomely Trimmed with Fur,

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Best Value in Montreal.

**S. CARSLY,**

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**JUST : RECEIVED,**

Five more cases of Choice Novelties in

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Comprising Garments in all newest materials and in all the most fashionable lengths.

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Ladies' New Cheviot Jackets, \$3.50.

Ladies' Stylish Beaver Jackets, \$3.85.

Ladies' Stylish Beaver Jackets, \$6.00.

Ladies' Stylish Golf Capes. \$5.35.

And all other Mantles equally as cheap. Ladies' Mantles up to \$75.00.

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**READ THIS PRICE LIST :**

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Ladies' Stylish Beaver Jackets \$6.00.

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Ladies' New Capes \$6.50.

Misses' Stylish Jackets \$3.50.

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Ladies' Fur Lined Capes \$10.50.

Misses' Tweed Jackets \$2.80.

Children's New Ulsters \$5.40.

Misses' New Ulsters \$6.80.

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