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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE has been considerable comment on Premier Crispi's speech in Naples on the tenth of September. He said that the social system was passing through a crisis. The situation had become so acute that it seemed absolutely necessary for civil and religious authority to unite and work harmoniously against that infamous band on whose flag were inscribed the words, "No God, no King." This band had declared war on society. Let society accept the declaration and shout back the battle-ery, "For God, King and Country." Amongst politicians and sensation-mongers these remarks created a flutter. It was at first predicted that a reconciliation between the Vatican and Quirinal might be soon expected. The only place wherein the words of Crispi produced no excitement or wonder was the Vatican. Experience has taught the Pope and the Catholic Church that "the Greeks are to be feared even when bringing gifts." To the least reflecting it must be obvious that these expressions are merely a stroke of policy on the part of a crafty statesman. It would be impossible for the Church and State to combine in Italy unless the King acknowledged the rights of the Pontiff, and this is not very probable; while, on the other hand, the Pontiff could never in honest duty accept the situation of subserviency to which the Holy See is subjected.

A PASTORAL letter from His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau was published last week, in which that eminent prelate transfers the administration of the Archdiocese of Quebec to Mgr. Begin, who has been named coadjutor *avec future succession*. It must not be inferred from this that Cardinal Taschereau has resigned all his rights and powers as head of the Archdiocese. On the contrary he retains his position, with its privileges, rights and prerogatives; but, owing to his advancing years and increased feebleness, he is anxious to have some assistance in the work that falls upon his shoulders. He merely confirms the fact that Mgr. Begin is his assistant and certain successor in the administration of the ecclesiastical affairs of Quebec. It is to be hoped that years yet will roll past before the venerable and eminent head of the Provincial Hierarchy will be obliged to relinquish the helm. There is not to-day a more respected, venerated, honored and beloved personage in our Province than His Eminence, and we trust that God will grant him years of strength and health to continue his glorious work in our midst.

IN THE town of Lugano, in the canton of Tessino, Switzerland, the European anarchists have their headquarters. They bought a theatre where they hold their assemblies. It appears that the movement to revolutionize Italy and France is under the direction of two Italians, Gorgi and Milano, and a Swiss

named Gagliardi. In their theatre lectures are given on the use of the dagger. It was in this school that Caserio learned his lessons in assassination and from this place he started out on his mission—in June, 1893—to kill the rulers of the world. We are under the impression that these lecturers and teachers of the art of murder are somewhat of the Mazzini stamp—men who advocate the dagger, but who send others to do the work, run the risks and accept the consequences. What surprises us the most is the fact that any civilized nation would permit such characters to go at large and such a public institution as the infernal theatre at Lugano to flourish. Until the rulers and representatives of the people learn the necessity of stamping out these characters and others of their ilk they need not be surprised if Presidents and Kings are murdered or menaced.

"THE WIND OF DEATH" is the expression used by the Russians for that terrific storm that recently passed over that country. In its course villages were carried into the sea; the damage done was beyond all calculation. The Sea of Azov felt the full fury of the tempest, it struck the houses of Nogarik, and once it touched the open waters its strength and fury were such that it fairly turned them into billows of death. The story of that storm and the suffering subsequent thereto recall to mind the terrible, the dramatic, the tragic picture drawn by the "Opium Eater" of the "Flight of a Tartar Tribe." In fact we believe that there is no land, on God's earth to-day, that has suffered more from natural and other catastrophes than Russia. Surely there is visible the Hand of a Mighty Providence in all these events. If the land of the Czars can look for any peace or earthly happiness it must be in something beyond the present system, that transforms the country into a region of trembling tyrants and dissatisfied slaves. Great as the tempest was that came from the Sea of Azov, greater still will yet be the tornado political that will lash the country from end to end.

"WHAT is the meaning of the Pope speaking *ex-cathedra*?" asks a reader of THE TRUE WITNESS. It means speaking from the chair of St. Peter, that is to say, speaking not as a man, not as an individual, not as a bishop, but as the Vicar of Christ on earth; and the term only applies when, as the Head of the Church, the Pope pronounces upon questions of dogma or morals. In other words, it is a term used to designate the infallible representative of Christ speaking on subjects and under circumstances that warrant infallibility.

SOME people style Eugene Lawrence a historian. He did write a pile of anti-Catholic stuff for Harper's, and he actually gave, by accident in the mass of his material, a few facts that were authentic—these were the exceptions. Says the Sacred Heart Review: "No man who is possessed and ruled by a single

idea to the extent of its becoming a mania can be a true historian, no matter how much so-called history he may write. Lawrence was an anti-Popery monomaniac, or pretended to be, and his writings are absolutely worthless as history, while altogether objectionable in tone and spirit."

WE LEARN that before long nine martyrs of the Reformation in England will be beatified. They are three Parliamentary Abbots of the Order of St. Benedict, and four priests of the same Order. The other two are Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and Sir Adrian Fortescue, Knight of St. John of Jerusalem. Doubtless this movement on the part of the Church will aid considerably in bringing about the ultimate conversion of England. When fervent and patriotic Catholics invoke such powerful ones, they will in turn interest themselves deeply in the cause of the nation. The beatification would have taken place before this had it not been that the cases were incomplete.

WHO wrote "The Burial of Sir John Moore" in French? This has been asked by one of our numerous correspondents. The translation of that exceptionally perfect poem was made by the Rev. Frances Mahony, who wrote so many wonderful things over the signature of "Father Prout." He took great delight in translating Moore's Melodies into Latin, French, Greek, Italian and Celtic, and tantalizing the Irish Bard by proclaiming his versions to be the originals and Moore's mere translations and plagiarisms. He did not spare Byron, nor any of the great poets of his time. So admirable is his translation of Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," that it has been declared by able critics to equal the original. The first stanza runs thus: "Ni le son du tambour . . . ni le marche funebre . . . Ni le feu des soldats . . . ne marque son depart. — Mais du Brave, a la hate a travers les tenebres, Mornes . . . nous portames le cadavre au rampart!"

IN confirmation of our recent editorial on the question of Free Masonry and in justice to the stand we take regarding the subject, we quote the following from the New York Catholic Review:

A Free Mason requested the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate to investigate Free Masonry as it exists in America and to use his influence with the Pope to have the ban of the Church removed from it here. In reply, Monsignor Satolli wrote: "Freemasonry is essentially anti-Christian in its principles and aims, without questioning the intention and behaviour of the individuals who belong to it. Such a society has been clearly condemned by the Church, which has come to such a decision after a careful and serious examination." The aim given to Free Masonry, by Weishaupt, its legislator, is the destruction of Christianity and the re-construction of society without kings. The altar and the throne are to be overthrown if it triumphs. Satan is to be worshipped instead of Christ and humanity is to be invested with sovereign authority, without rulers, so that civil governments shall in some

undefined way have anarchy without chaos. All the members of the craft in the United States may not know its esoteric principles or accept its fundamental purposes and they may be devoted to its works of benevolence; but the branch in this country is indissolubly joined to the trunk in Europe, receives its orders from the rascal Adrian Lemmi, and is a factor in that war on religion—the secularization of education, the lack of co-operation of Church and State, the spread of divorce, the desecration of Sundays, the increase of blasphemy, the propagation of contempt for authority, etc., etc.—that is the mark of the lodge in Italy, France, Hungary and other countries in which it has seized possession of the civil power. A mask of the beneficence and illumination cannot hide its wicked and dark designs. Free Masonry is essentially inimical to Jesus Christ, and no more than the leopard can it change its spots.

A CIRCULAR has been issued by a society recently formed for the propagation of the Pope's Encyclical on the labor question. Cardinal Parocchi is honorary president of the organization, the headquarters of which are in Rome. The Rev. Richard L. Burtzell, of Rondout, N.Y., has been appointed agent in the United States for the collection of the information asked for in the circular. This is a subject of such importance to the Catholic workmen that we give the following extracts from the circular:

"The society has in hand the compilation of a collection of written opinions on the encyclical (Rerum Novarum) and on its practical application. Until now, almost all the crowned heads of Europe, the episcopacy, and the most celebrated men of social science have contributed to the work; and we are able to state that this demonstration of sympathy with his far-seeing views has gladdened the heart of Leo XIII. If by chance you have not taken part, we beg you to regard yourself as earnestly invited to do so at your earliest convenience. At this moment, however, the same committee is engaged in the compilation of statistics of all the practical works for the benefit of the working classes which have either been called into existence by the words of the Supreme Pontiff, or have brought themselves into conformity with the lines of action traced out in the encyclical. Hence the committee earnestly begs you to second in this undertaking by kindly writing answers to the questions here enclosed." Then follows a blank form containing these questions, the answers to which are to be appended: "Number, name, and location of workingmen's societies; date of foundation; number of members; what percentage of total number of workingmen belong to the societies? by whom are they managed? are there workingmen's banks? what is the capital of each? has the encyclical produced an effect upon these societies?"

HERE is a good story about French duelling; it comes from a paper in France that is waging war against this barbaric custom:

"The two combatants were blindfolded and placed at a distance of five steps. Only one pistol was to be loaded with a ball. At the word 'fire' one of the duellists received in the breast a sponge dipped in ox blood. He thought himself mortally wounded and fainted. They had a hard time to bring that desperate duellist to himself. If ridicule can cure a duellist, this ought to do it."

OLD SOREL.

A Town of Historic Memories.

Its Past Enterprise—Its Commercial Activity—Beautiful Situation—The Islands of Sorel—Days of Yore Recalled—Its Regularity and Modern Appearance.

Forty-five miles below Montreal, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the Richelieu river, stands the old, but apparently modern, town of Sorel. The name of this place is derived from that of an early pioneer French explorer and leader of colonists, M. de Saurel. It is an interesting spot, especially from an historical point of view; it is equally so if we consider its situation, the magnificent scenery by which it is surrounded and the multitude of important events that are connected with its past. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamers plying between Montreal and Quebec have three principal stopping places, equally distant from each other. Sorel is forty-five miles from Montreal; Three Rivers is forty-five miles below Sorel; it is the same distance to Batican and then to Quebec. Consequently Sorel may be called one of the principal points of interest on the St. Lawrence.

It is a peculiar little town and contrasts greatly with the majority of Lower Canadian cities in the fact that it has been laid out with the regularity of Philadelphia, and is a very city of trees. In all directions, radiating from the beautiful Central park, or square, are broad, well-kept and maple-lined streets that are most attractive to the stranger. This phase of Sorel is due to the fact that the Royal Engineers drew the plans and that the foundations of the city were laid in the days when a British military post was there situated. Originally the place was known as Fort William Henry, and the relics of the old stronghold that remain consist in the buildings at the extreme end of the wharf. In the days of Champlain, later on during the old French regime, and still more modern times, when the American powers contended for possession of this colony; and again during the turbulent scenes of the rebellion of 1837-38, this place was a center of attraction and a post of great importance.

In order to enter the port of Sorel the steamer takes a wide sweep outward, so as to escape the shoals that extend from the great western headland; it then turns directly south and faces the mouth of the Richelieu. On landing, the first thing noticeable is the ship yard above the quay. Here are the headquarters of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's works. Not many years ago one of the principal industries of Sorel was the ship-building. Not only were many ocean-going vessels launched from this port, but in the winter time the steamers on the St. Lawrence were placed there for repairs. Consequently the hammer and axe of the ship carpenter made the echoes ring, and there was life and prosperity in and about the place. But of late years, since the railways have come and intersected the land, the lumber shipping has gradually taken another course, and the old activity at Sorel has somewhat died out. Still the historical memories cling to its site and there are a hundred and one other attractions for the traveller in the town.

One of the most interesting of sights is the great market—especially upon a Saturday. If a person could secure a quiet spot in some window and look out upon that very Babel of moving men and women, of vendors and purchasers, of excited carters and rushing horses, of voices in every imaginable key and sounds of every conceivable tone and nature, it would be worth the whole trip in itself. There you see a world that almost belongs to itself, and yet filled with all the passions, feelings, characteristics and qualities of the great world. To a certain extent Sorel is the only market for a very large section of surrounding country; it is too far from Montreal for the villagers and inhabitants of the neighboring district to send their produce—except in certain quantities by steamboat, and it is sufficient of

a commercial center to create an extensive trade for itself. Therefore is it that Sorel on market day presents a sight worth witnessing.

At almost all hours, and in every direction, steamboats, puffers and ferry-boats go forth from Sorel to the different villages on either bank of the St. Lawrence. It is only a short run over to historic old Berthier, or to Lanoraie, or to St. Ann. Then up the Richelieu is one of the most delightful trips in America. There amidst the picturesqueness and grandeur of nature are the famous scenes of St. Ours and St. Denis. But of the places, of Chambly, and of all the localities rendered sacred by the memories of half a century, we will speak some other time. For the present we are taking a hurried glance at Sorel.

THE PRINCIPAL INSTITUTIONS.

The town is decidedly a Catholic one, and the leading institutions of the present belong to members or communities of the Church. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame have a magnificent convent which is one of their oldest missions. The building is an ornament to the place and its imposing proportions can readily be distinguished, even from a great distance on the river. There are two branches in the institution—one for boarding pupils and the other for the externs or day scholars. Wheresoever the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame have set up their tents, there piety and true education find an asylum. And the convent of Sorel is no exception to the rule. Side by side with this home of instruction and education is the hospital and home for the aged under the care of the Sisters of Charity or Grey Nuns. This also is a magnificent building and an establishment that would do honor to any town or country. Almost opposite these splendid buildings rises the Church with its twin-towers, a vast and beautifully decorated edifice. Apart from the religious and educational buildings, we find the Court House, Post Office, Fire Department and other public buildings, nearly all of which look upon the large square in the heart of the town. But it is foreign to our present purpose to enter into a detailed account of all the local establishments of Sorel. That portion of the town now totally given to commerce and business activity, was once the Fort—in the days of old—and its immediate dependencies. Even at the present the people of the surrounding country do not say: "we are going to town," they say: "we are going to the fort." Yet there is nothing left of that old military stronghold except the wooden shed that was once a provision-house for the soldiers and is to-day a store-house for the steamboat companies. Most of the interest that centers in Sorel may find its life in the immediate surroundings. Not far up the Richelieu, and within easy reach of the town, is the old Kent house, that which was built for a residence by the late Duke of Kent, and father of the present Queen of England. It stands there as it did in the time when Sorel was a military garrison, and when its barracks were inhabited by a section of the regular army. It looks out upon one of the most beautiful streams in Canada—a stream that rushes past scenes forever memorable in the story of our country, and that takes its rise away by the majestic lake to which still clings the name of the famed explorer and grand pioneer of civilization, Samuel de Champlain. In a few years hence there will be scarcely a relic of the historic days remaining in or around Sorel; but there is something that cannot change, that can never vanish, it is the magnificent scenery—the grandeur of primeval splendor that must for all time endure. Within a couple hours drive of the town, down along the shore of the broad St. Lawrence, the traveler come upon the enchanting Isles of Sorel.

CIVILIZATION LOST IN A WILDERNESS.

Whoever desires to enjoy a few days in a Canadian forest, in a regular wilderness, and yet has not the leisure nor desire to travel for a week or more into the mountain fastnesses of the North, or out toward the great West, could not do better than take a Richelieu steamboat at Montreal and stopping off at Sorel, go to the Isles. You leave a busy, thriving, nineteenth century town, and as you spin along you behold the giant river, with the ocean vessels, barges, tugs and steamboats—evidences of a great advancing civilization—rolling on towards the sea. On all sides are the sounds and evidences of modern progress. Suddenly

—and before you have the time to feel the change or to believe in the transition—you are launched into a scene of enchantment and wildness that is beyond description. Dozens of islands, of all sizes and forms, seem to have been mysteriously dropped upon the bosom of the stream and to have transformed the whole nature of the great flood. Were it not that the road is in perfect order and bears the traces of considerable travel, you would think you had been translated to the days of old Sauvel, himself, or even to the days of Jacques Cartier. There is no evidence that civilization had ever trod those wilds; the marks of the white man are not to be found either on forest, hill or stream. It is a real plunge from the present into the past, and so sudden has been the leap that you almost feel breathless for the first moment. It would be impossible for us to draw a pen picture sufficiently truthful as to be even suggestive of the scene. We prefer to leave the tableau to the imagination of our readers; perhaps they may yet become curious to behold a primeval forest and to reach it after a few hours pleasant travel.

As we gazed upon the Isles of Sorel, for a first time, on a summer afternoon, when the sky was cloudless, the sun was refulgent, the air bracing and all nature alive with the thousand songsters chanting their melodies in the forest temple, we recalled those lines of Byron that, in presence of a similar yet otherwise glorious picture, he let fall from his immortal pen:

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung;
Where grew the arts of war and peace;
Where Delos rose and Phobos sprung;
Eternal summer gild them yet,
But all, except that sun, has set!"

Here are the isles where roamed the untutored Indian, where savage warriors met in conflict, and savage lovers wooed and wed. The Indian is gone to the setting sun, the fire of his camp is extinguished, the wigwag has long since disappeared, the land has passed into many hands and the country has known many mutations since his day; but the same great river rolls ceaselessly seaward, the same islands dot the great bays, the same hills rise verdure and forest clad, the same species of wild animals range the valleys, the same solitude exists. You are actually within earshot of civilization and practically a hundred miles beyond its confines.

And the people you meet, the inhabitants of that unique section of country! They are of the old trapper and hunter race. To-day, even as a century ago, the only topic of conversation is the chase. What the pen is to the author, the sword to the warrior, the axe to the carpenter, the hammer to the smith, is the gun to the best ranger or forest guide of that locality. We are told that each nation, or class of men, has a peculiar term of friendly salutation, which gives an index of some of the customs or manners of the persons using it. The Englishman will ask, "How do you do?" Probably "doing well," or "doing ill," is his idea of happiness or of misery. The Frenchman will ask, "Comment vous portez vous?" The Chinaman will inquire, "How do you eat your rice?" Certain German races ask, "How is your stomach?" Each one seeks to know how his friend keeps up to what he considers a standard happiness. And the hunter from the Isles of Sorel will ask, "How is your gun, or your trap?" If these instruments, whereby a rude livelihood is gained, are in good order and of the best quality, it should follow—he supposes—that their possessor requires nothing more in life to make his contentment complete.

It is no exaggeration to say that this is a real hunter's or fisherman's paradise, and that the world may rush along as it pleases. Yet the one who has left it to enjoy a good holiday amongst the islands and over the main land adjoining, need care little how it moves. There is a special delight in feeling that you are as free as the air, and that nature—in all her grandeur and beauty—is at your service. People will go across oceans and continents to seek new scenes and adventure, and yet they seem oblivious of the fact that, within easy reach of them, in their own country, they possess to far greater extent than they could secure elsewhere all the elements of change and excitement that go to furnish subject-matter for subsequent fireside stories.

In one of his admirable essays, Thomas Davis, the famous editor of *The Nation*, gives vent to a very natural feeling in

the following manner: "We no more see why Irish people should not visit the Continent, than why Germans or Frenchmen ought not to visit Ireland; but there is a difference between them. A German rarely comes here who has not trampled the heath of Tyrol, studied the museums of Dresden and the frescoes of Munich, and shouted defiance on the banks of the Rhine; and what Frenchman who has not seen the vineyards of Provence and the Bocages of Brittany, and the snows of Jura and the Pyrenees, ever drove on an Irish jingle?" Well might we apply the ideas herein expressed to Canada and America. Says Davis: "Do not fancy that absolute size makes mountain grandeur, or romance, to a mind full of passion and love of strength (and with such only do the mountain spirits walk) the passes of Glenmalur and Barneamure are deep as Chamouni, and Carn Tual and Slieve Donard are as near the lightning as Mount Blanc."

Why should Canadians or Americans spend valuable days of vacation on railways or on ocean steamers, running off to seek variety, scenery, health, recreation and glorious enjoyment when, within a short distance—for Canadians, here at home, for Americans, just across the lines—they have the matchless highway of the St. Lawrence? Here they possess the most majestic stream in the world, navigable for a greater distance than any other river, supplied with a service that is not to be surpassed in either the Old or New Worlds, passing through regions alive with historic incident, and above all affording opportunities of enjoyment, combined with comfort, so varied and so attractive that volumes would not suffice to detail them all. And yet to many thousands this section of America is unknown. How few, even amongst our own people of other provinces, know anything about the Richelieu and the Isles of Sorel? And yet these same people will claim to have learned all about Canada. They may have crossed our continent in a railway car and have seen the great prairies and stupendous glories of the Rockies; still they are not even familiar with the wonders that nature has lavishly flung at their very doors. We trust that the day is not distant when every town, village and hamlet, as well as every spot of historic interest or of superb beauty along our great river will be known to the world. But we also hope that the day is far distant when the hand of civilization or the rush of the world's improvement will cause the primeval wilderness to disappear from the Isles of Sorel. It seems to us to be now a real historic relic—and one that it would be sacrilege to destroy; it carries us back to a greater distance in our past than even do the walls of Quebec or the ancient shrines of Three Rivers. They can only transport us to a period when the early explorer, colonist, or pioneer soldier laid the foundations of our civilization, while the Isles of Sorel and their surroundings of to-day bring us in contact with the pre-historic period when the "stoic of the woods," the child of nature, was "monarch of all he surveyed" on this continent!

EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

SEND TO-DAY.

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

B. BYAN,

22 SHERWOOD STREET, Ottawa, Ont.

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

Lady of the House—"Why in the world don't you take a bath, man? Cleanliness is next to godliness, you know."

Ragged William—I cultivate no second class virtue, madam.—*Tv Bits.*

THE A. P. A.

Bishop Spalding's Telling Arraignment.

The Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., appeared in the September number of the North-American Review in a study of the A.P.A. conspiracy, which seeks not its branches, but its roots; considering it in its most dangerous manifestations—its appeal to the average man. Bishop Spalding calls this study "Catholicism and Apaism," and in a judicial spirit questions whether the Catholic Church in America, or the American adherents of the Church, have given any legitimate excuse for the suspicion and hatred which underlie the A.P.A. conspiracy. He finds none in the Church herself. The Church, as such, takes no cognizance of the politics of her adherents, and has no responsibility for their party affiliations. Resting the case of the Church, the Bishop looks to Catholics as neighbors and citizens. This, at least, he fearlessly claims for them. They are free from the spirit of proscription and persecution.

Says the Bishop:—
"Our life is undisguised, our churches are open to all, our books may be had by every one, in our schools thousands of Protestants are thrown hourly into most intimate contact with our teachers; as servants and partners, as friends and relations, we are intermingled with the whole people. Whoever desires information about us has not far to seek. What, then, is the cause of the abuse which is heaped upon us, of the distrust of which we seem to be the objects.

"What are the causes which have led so many Americans who have no sympathy with Orangeism to form an alliance with the bigots of this sect for the purpose of persecuting Catholics?"
The rapid and vigorous growth of the Church, thinks the Bishop, may have "excited apprehensions of danger among those in whose minds its influence is associated with ignorance, superstition and corruption;" and Catholic success as due largely to immigration "may have aroused jealousy as well as fear." Continues the Bishop: "I am the more willing to believe this as I observe, on many sides, that the envious rivalry of Protestant denominations among themselves is a chief cause of their weakness."

Of corrupt Catholic politicians Bishop Spalding says:—
"Catholics, though generally Catholic, only in name, have been and are busy, often too busy, with politics, especially with municipal politics; but this is a common right of all American citizens, and in centres where there are a great number of Catholics, some of them inevitably will be found among the political schemers, and consequently will be more or less implicated in the hypocrisy, trickery, and fraud by which our whole political life is tainted. A bad Catholic is no better than any other bad man. He is not a Catholic in truth, but since the Catholic Church, whatever those who do not know her spirit may think, is patient, broad, and tolerant, she is slow to expel any one from the fold, loth to pluck up the cockle, lest the wheat also be uprooted."

The Bishop blames the boasting, indulged here and there by Catholics, and unjustified, in his opinion, while "as yet, leaving aside our accessions from Europe, our losses are greater than our gains." Then he severely arraigns recent internal dissensions on race questions, and ecclesiastical polity regarding the school question.

"It happened," he says, "as it nearly always does happen when the controversial spirit is let loose, that the real issue came to be not truth and justice but victory. In the heat of conflict wild words were spoken and overbearing deeds were done. The reporters, who scent a scandal as vultures a carcass, rushed in and the country was filled with sound and fury."

Touching on the developments in religious history, following on these dissensions, the Bishop speaks chiefly of the institutions of the permanent Apostolic Delegation in the United States.

Waiving opinion as to the expediency or inexpediency of its establishment, since it is established, and permanently; waiving also the question of its effect on the workings of the Church in America.

—Bishop Spalding says:—
"The fact that his (the Apostolic

Delegate's) authority is ecclesiastical merely, and concerns Catholics, not as citizens, but as members of the Church, is lost sight of by the multitudes who are persuaded that the Papacy is a political power eager to extend its control wherever opportunity may offer. This feeling, which has existed among us from the beginning, led our first Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, who was beyond doubt a devoted churchman and a true patriot, to make an official declaration in 1797, on Washington's Birthday, wherein he affirmed that the obedience we owed the Pope is 'in things purely spiritual.' And such has been our uniform belief and teaching, as whoever takes the trouble to read what those who have the best right to speak for us have written on this subject will see."

Leaving for the moment the religious aspect of the question, we see with Bishop Spalding, where men who care nothing about religion utilize religious antagonisms for political or personal ends. This portion of his article should appeal to the working classes irrespective of religious divisions. We quote:—

"When the Orange spirit began to become more active, it naturally occurred to the managers of railways and other enter prizes in which large numbers of men are employed, that religious fanaticism might be made use of to divide the laborers and undermine their unions. For this purpose, then, and not from any hatred of the Catholic religion, for corporations being soulless must be indifferent to religion, the Apaisists were encouraged and gained much influence in some of our large carrying and manufacturing concerns. It happened also that the greater number of these fanatics were Republicans, and they became a source of embarrassment to the party. It was impossible to ignore them, and, at first thought, the simplest thing to do was to connive at them. Very soon, however, they became so strong that connivance ceased to have a meaning, and then, not having the courage of the will to expel them, the party which freed the negro began to encourage the bigots who have gotten up a religious persecution and are striving to deprive Catholics of the rights of freedom. Many Democrats, too, whose hatred of the Church is stronger than love of liberty and fair play, have gone over to the Apaisists."

Bishop Spalding is confident, as are all clear-headed American Catholics that A. P. Aism will pass away; justly grounding his faith on the very genius of Americanism, fair play and goodwill. He protests against overprotesting of loyalty on the part of American Catholics. He says:—

"Our record for patriotism is without blot or stain, and it is not necessary for us to hold the flag in our hands when we walk the streets, to wave it when we speak, to fan ourselves with it when we are warm, to wrap it about us when we are cold."

Bishop Spalding's article is instructive reading for Catholics and Protestants alike.—*Irish American.*

A BOY'S VISIT TO THE POPE.

A plucky American youth has succeeded in obtaining an audience with the Pope. The name of the enterprising boy is Ralph Yoerg, of New York City, and he is fourteen years old. When the summer vacation period arrived young Ralph made a trip to Europe with a party of friends.

It was his first visit to Europe, and he was especially anxious to see the Holy City. He was going to see and speak to Pope Leo XIII. or "die in the attempt." Young Yoerg has just returned, and the story of his audience, first briefly told in a letter home, he narrated in detail to Father Spillane, the prefect of studies at St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, and Father O'Connor, the professor of rhetoric. Ralph said little or nothing to his party about his intention—he was afraid his friends and guardians might laugh at him. He boldly presented himself at the Vatican and inquired for one of the secretaries of the household.

A venerable monsignor presented himself and told the youth that what he desired was utterly impossible. He was firmly but courteously refused the favor. He redoubled his efforts. One of the attendants of the Pope told the New York boy that the Holy Father had heard of his wish and would gratify it. The youth presented himself one morning in August in the vestibule of the palace, and upon showing his letter was passed from one guard or attendant to

another till at last he found himself in the audience chamber. For a moment he didn't know what to say or do, and before he was aware of it Pope Leo had come forward, and taking the boy's face in his hands, stooped down and kissed him. "Where do you come from, my child?" asked the Holy Father.

"From New York, Holy Father," replied the young fellow.

"O, indeed; and what school do you attend?" inquired the Pontiff, regarding him with interest.

"The Jesuit College, St. Francis Xavier's," answered the New Yorker.

"Ah, my son, I am glad to see you. I love the Jesuit Fathers," said the Pope.

Then the Holy Father, in kindly tones, told the boy that he himself was once a Jesuit student. He asked many questions about the institution, and his manner was so fatherly and engaging that Ralph became more at ease. The Pope proceeded to question him about the college, asking him who the professors were, how many students there were, and manifesting much interest. The youth had attired himself in the cadet uniform of the college, and the Pope, looking at the cap, noticed the letters, "S. F. X. C." and asked what they signified. Ralph said they stood for St. Francois Xavier's College.

The manly bearing and intelligence of the young student from New York were commented on by the Holy Father, and he grew merry over the boy's determination to secure an audience.

But this was not all. There were several ladies in the party who also wanted to see the Pope. Their case would have been hopeless were it not for the American pluck of Ralph, who pleaded for them, and finally they were introduced. The Pope brought the audience to a close by giving his blessing to Ralph and to his party.

A GRAND LECTURE.

WHAT THE WORLD OWES GREGORY.

The Boston Transcript gives the following short but very interesting report of a notable address.

The largest audience which met during the session of the School of Applied Ethics at Plymouth this summer gathered to hear the lecture on "Gregory the Great," by Rev. Thomas Shahan, D.D., of the Catholic University at Washington. The lecture was a royal tribute from the center of Catholic learning in America to one of the ablest of Popes. To appreciate the work accomplished by Gregory it is necessary to understand the condition of the world at the time he lived, and Doctor Shahan graphically sketched this condition, showing the conflicting influences of the Roman and the barbarian customs and modes of thought.

Former Popes had been essentially Roman in feeling; Gregory, although by birth a Roman noble, seemed to comprehend the significance of the barbarian movement. He realized that they had obtained the mastery and would keep it, and so he turned his attention to the work of Christianizing the barbarians. The influence which he was able to exert upon the rough Northern tribes is one of the two most important aspects of his work. His brief, noble, courteous, earnest language, his great tact and prudence and his indomitable will admirably fitted him for the role he essayed. He was able, by his influence with the barbarians, to soften the harsher elements of their character, to make them more amenable to civilization and to instruct them in the elements of the culture they had overthrown.

Had it not been for his work in thus making possible the preservation of what was best in Roman civilization, that civilization might have been irretrievably lost. This influence is especially seen in the case of the Angles and Saxons. No act of his career has had such momentous consequence as the conversion of these tribes. He himself considered it his greatest work.

Quicker than any other tribes these rude Saxons caught the spirit of Rome, and their devotion to the world-wide Church is the most romantic page in her history. This devotion continued as long as they held control of England. At this day, when the English-speaking nations are in the van of progress, it behooves them to remember with gratitude the noble character who gave them their first impetus on the path of religion and refinement.

The other aspect of his work which

stands with this influence over the barbarians as most important is his attitude toward the economic social problems of the time. He regarded most sympathetically the oppressed condition of the poor, and he did all in his power, while respecting acquired and legal rights, to help to his feet again the oppressed peasant. He heard personally every complaint that was sent in. This Vicar of Christ reminded, one day, of his duties, the Emperor of Constantinople and the Frankish king; the next, he wrote letter after letter to help obtain justice for some poor or oppressed subject. He also aided with money whenever he thought it expedient. His object was to secure justice, and he dealt with abuses in the Church in the same way as with abuses outside of it.

Not only as a Pope and administrator of the succession of Peter did Saint Gregory rank among the greatest men in the history of the Catholic Church, and also as a writer. No other Pope has ever exercised so much influence by his writings. As far as practical ethics and the discipline of life were concerned, the Middle Ages were largely formed on them. His book of Pastoral Rule fashioned the episcopate. By the loftiness of his purpose, by his zeal, and by his ability, he deserved to rank with the foremost of the benefactors of humanity.

TOUCHSTONE OF CATHOLICITY.

There are certain novels such as Thackeray's "Henry Esmonde" and certain other books like Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy" which are termed "touchstones of culture," says the Catholic Citizen. This means that to appreciate and enjoy such books, denotes culture in the reader.

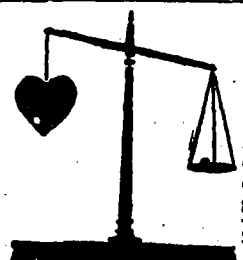
Is there a touchstone of Catholicity? Undoubtedly there is. To take an interest in the topics discussed in the Catholic papers is the best recognizable touchstone of Catholicity. It is probably better than prayers or almsgiving as a test of intelligent religion. It is better than pew holding or graduation medals of service as G. W. M. in Catholic societies—good as all these things are in themselves.

The Catholic family which prefers the flash story paper; the adult man who finds everything insipid except the politics, the criminal column or the sporting news of the daily; or the more pretentious Catholic homes, in which the delicately prepared worldliness of Life and Vogue finds favor with the young people and with whom the Catholic paper and its topics are dull and tame;—all these do not stand the test of Catholicity. The touchstone of Catholicity is applied and they are found wanting.

The most ancient universities in Europe are those of Bologna, Oxford, Cambridge, Paris and Salamanca.

Too Tame.—Manager—"Going out, sir? What's the trouble? Don't you like our 'Wild West' show?"

Brooklyn man—"No! I expected to see thrilling scenes of danger and hair-breadth escapes, but they're nothing to what I go through every day on Fulton street, since the trolley cars have been running!"—Puck.



A LIGHT HEART, strong nerves, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ill.

The "Prescription" relieves every such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic

PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION CURE.

can do—and, by restoring the natural functions, it brings back health and strength.

St. Matthews, Orangeburgh Co., S. C.
DR. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—For four months my wife tried your "Favorite Prescription," and I am able to say that it has done all that it claims to do. She can always praise this medicine for all womanly troubles.
Yours truly,

Israel Matthew

CASTOR FLUID 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 E. GRAY, Chemist, 123 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is wonderful how many women abandon their homes and their domestic duties to go about clamoring from every lecture platform for "women's rights." Of course they mean the right to vote, to take part in politics, to have a share in the legislation, to wear hybrid dresses, to ride bicycles, to smoke cigarettes, and to play the man in general. Did it ever strike these women that they are, themselves, the very best argument against what they claim? How few women, however, raise their voices, or lift their pens, or exercise their influence, to secure the real rights of women. The right to be saved from moral serfdom; the right to have the marriage-tie inviolable; the right to govern at their own firesides; the right to train and educate their children according to the dictates of their conscience? These are women's rights that are gradually becoming extinguished, and for which few women find time to contend. Some day or other we hope that these true rights of women will be recognized and guaranteed.

AN ENGLISH publication is anxious to know whether Mr. Gladstone will "die a Catholic or a Baptist." No doubt the same organ would be very sorry were the Grand Old Man to go back on his own "Vaticanism" and turn to Rome for consolation. Equally disappointed would it be if he were not to die in the Presbyterian faith. In fact no matter how, or in what church, he were to die, those speculators on the consciences of others would not be satisfied. We know of nothing to indicate any likelihood of Gladstone's conversion to Catholicity; these rumors are about as founded as are the crazy stories set afloat regarding the Queen's Catholicity.

THE AVE MARIA, always choice in its selections and always timely in its comments, gives us the following, which is not the least suggestive of its wise editorial notes:

"*Apropos* of our remarks about the besetting sin of women, we may be excused for quoting a portion of a letter written by the wife of a prosperous merchant in a neighbouring city. She says: "The craze for dress is at the root of the evil. The other morning I was making bread, wearing a gingham wrapper, which cost eighty cents (I made it myself), when some one rang the bell. There stood a young woman in attire suitable for the opera—white gown, hat, parasol, and shoes. She wanted to know if I wanted to hire a girl. I didn't."

A goodly number of our "young lady domestics" might take the hint. The fact is that ladies are now-a-days obliged to eschew the fashions in order not to be taken for servants.

ONE of those would-be critics of the Church wants to know if we can deny the fact of Catholic persecution. Our correspondent's name is very suggestive of antiquity—he is a Mr. Noah Adams. His ideas about Catholicity savor of antediluvian and pre-Adamic ignorance. In the first place we would like to know what he means by "the fact of Catholic persecution." Does he mean the persecution of Catholics for their faith, or the persecution of others by Catholics? If he means the former we do not, nor can we, nor would we deny that not only Catholics, but also the Church from the earliest ages down to the present, have been persecuted in one way or another. The Roman amphitheatre, the catacombs, the savage stake, the Penal laws, the despoiled Papal States and a hundred other monuments, attesting that the Church has been persecuted, arise throughout the ages. If, on the other

hand, he means the latter, we desire to make a distinction. There is a difference between acts of persecution perpetrated by individual Catholics for political or other purposes, and persecution by the Church. Of individual acts of cruelty and wrong there are many in history; but persecution by the Church never took place and is contrary to one of the fundamental principles of Catholicity. Between the fact and the principle there is a vast difference. In no case, not even the most notoriously misconstrued, has the Church ever been guilty of any act that might even savor of persecution or fringe upon tyranny. That individuals have acted contrary to the Church's principles cannot be denied; but the Church is not answerable. The Church does not teach immorality, or murder, or robbery; yet individual Catholics have been immoral, have murdered and have robbed. They, not the Church, are responsible.

A MEETING OF PEWHOLDERS OF ST. PATRICKS.

A meeting of pewholders of St. Patrick's was called in the C.Y.M.S. hall, on Sunday after Grand Mass. There was a good attendance of representative members of the parish. Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., presided, and explained that the Rev. Father Quinlivan had visited a number of cities in the States, including Brooklyn, New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Hartford, and had closely studied the styles of decoration there in vogue; his advice would, therefore, be of great value to the advisory committee the pew-holders were there present to elect. The Rev. Father said that the cost of the interior decoration of the church would be about eight or ten thousand dollars. Five artists, three Canadian, and two well known artists of the States, had submitted estimates and designs to Father Quinlivan for approval; it was from these designs that the committee would assist Father Quinlivan in making a selection.

The question as to whether five or seven parishioners should constitute the advisory committee was voted upon and won by those in favor of seven. Those present were then requested to vote for seven pewholders whom they thought would make the most practical advisory board. This being done the ballot papers were handed to Father McCallen for Father Quinlivan, who has selected the seven having the most votes. The result will be announced on Sunday at High Mass.

RETREAT FOR THE CHILDREN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

A special retreat for all the children of St. Patrick's parish will be preached next week. Children of all schools of the parish, whether private or public, are specially invited. Particulars as to the days and hour at which services will be held will be announced on Sunday next. We trust that the parents will make it a duty to see that all the children attend.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

One of the most enjoyable concerts of the season took place in the Sailors' Club on Thursday night. There was a large attendance. Among those conspicuous on the programme were Mr. Tierney with a violin solo and Mr. Parker with a comic character song. The palm of the evening was awarded to Mr. J. Burke, a seaman who is a positive humorous genius, and the repeated encores he received quite failed to exhaust his repertoire; it seemed as though he could continue for hours repeating new songs and sketches. Mr. Burke is a careful actor, and, off-hand as his songs may appear, they also bear every evidence of close study in the matter of gesture and articulation. The next event in connection with these concerts will be the grand second annual concert to be held at the latter end of October.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY MEET

The meeting of the committee of the Catholic Sailors' Club and Catholic Truth Society took place on Friday last in the hall under the Gesu church. After the usual business had been transacted the

question of the second annual concert was discussed, and committees were appointed to undertake the management of the various departments in connection therewith. The concert will be given either on the 22nd or 29th of October. The members hope to secure the use of the hall under the Jesuit church as last year, but if they are unable to do this the concert will be given in the Monument Nationale. The Truth Society will hold special concert meetings every Wednesday evening until the concert takes place.

PROFESSOR STOCKLEY WILL SPEAK.

Next Friday evening, at 8 o'clock, the monthly social meeting of the Catholic Truth Society will be held in the hall under the Gesu. Professor Stockley, in deference to a special request made by the members, has consented to give a dissertation on a literary subject from a Catholic point of view. There will also be other short readings on polemical subjects. The society has resolved to enliven the monthly social meetings during the winter by readings of selected and original articles on Catholic and literary topics. In this way the meetings will not only be more enjoyable, but a deal of valuable information will be accumulated. Ladies and possible members of the Truth Society are specially invited for Friday night.

ST. ANN'S CHARITY BAZAAR.

The following ladies have been appointed to hold office at the forthcoming charity bazaar to be held October 17th, in St. Ann's Hall:—President, Mrs. E. Brennan; 1st Vice-Pres., Miss Johnson; 2nd Vice-Pres., Miss Cullinan; Secretary, Miss O'Brien. Among the ladies who will preside at tables are: the Misses Kane, who will be in charge of the fish pond, Miss L. Brennan, of the lottery, and Miss N. O'Connor, refreshment table. The Rev. Father Strubbe is the director of affairs. The ladies who have identified themselves with the bazaar are displaying great energy and their efforts will doubtless be rewarded by the success they deserve.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOMINATIONS.

His Grace Archbishop Fabre has appointed the following vicars: Messrs. J. A. Cloutier, Lanoraie; A. Champsaur, La Pointe Claire; N. Ferland, Contrecoeur; E. Brien, St. Jean Dorchester; E. Lamoureux, St. Roch de l'Achigan; J. Thibaudau, St. Elizabeth du Portugal; J. H. Mongeau, St. Charles de Montreal; A. Trachemontagne, P.S.S., chaplain at l'Hotel Dieu; J. Leveille, P.S.S., chaplain of the Cong. N.D.; J. A. Thibeault, P.S.S., chaplain of the Grey Nuns; G. Glapin, P.S.S., assistant chaplain of the Hotel Dieu.

FATHER STAFFORD WILL NOT COME.

It has been decided that Father Stafford will not accompany Father Catulle to this country, as was recently announced. The following is a new list of names of the priests who are at present on their way to Canada with Father Catulle: Rev. Fathers Heintz, Lava, Servais, Lectart, Steinfeld and McPhail. Father McPhail is a native of St. Andrews, Ontario, and was formerly school teacher at St. Teresa. The Rev. Father Catulle will reach Montreal on Saturday next on board the Vancouver.

TOOK RELIGIOUS VOWS.

At the convent of the Misericorde the following novices took their first vows last Sunday:—Sister St. Hermenegilde (Clarisse Milette, Montreal); Sister Mary des Sept Douleurs (Dina Prette, St. Elizabeth); Sister St. Timothy (Alexina Poulin, St. Valentin). Miss Mary Ann Levesque, of St. Felix, has taken her holy habit. She will be known in religion as Sister St. Felix of Valois. The sermon of the retreat was preached by R. P. Xavier, of the Franciscan order.

CHAPLAIN OF HOTEL DIEU.

The Rev. Luke Callaghan expects to sail for Liverpool, on his way to Rome, on board the SS. Oregon, which leaves Montreal, October 6th. The Rev. Father Callaghan's place as chaplain of Hotel Dieu has been filled by the Rev. Father Trachemontagne, P.S.S.

AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

ON DEMERARA; THE LAND OF EL DORADO.

On Tuesday evening next, the 25th September, at 8 o'clock, the Rev. Father P. J. Hogan, S.J., of Georgetown, Demerara, will deliver a lecture in the Academic Hall of St. Mary's College, under the Gesu, on Bleury street. The lecture will be illustrated by fifty or sixty views, and between the parts there will be music and songs by well known amateurs. The subject will be "Demerara, its climate, people, customs and wonders." It is perhaps a country better known as British Guiana. It is the gold field of the new world, the famous El Dorado of the adventurous fortune-seekers, and is the greatest of England's sugar colonies. The object of the lecture is to secure funds for the education of the natives and the care of the thousands of orphans in that land. There is in Father Hogan's district some ten thousand native Indians, of whom a fair percentage are inside the true fold. There are at least one hundred and forty thousand Hindoos, who come to work in the sugar fields and are indentured for five years, "civilized slaves," as the Reverend Father calls them. There are over four hundred thousand negroes, of whom ten thousand work in the gold diggings. Some eighty thousand acres of land are under sugar cultivation, and last year some sixty-six thousand hogsheads of sugar were exported from Demerara. It is a land of equal days and nights, where cold is unknown and where the fever lurks, like the poisonous serpents of the forest. To hear Father Hogan is a real treat and to learn all about that land of the Torrid Zone is a part of education. We trust the hall will be filled on the evening of the 25th.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH DONNELLY.

After five months of patient suffering and brave hearted endurance, on Sunday last the spirit of little Madge Donnelly, second eldest daughter of our esteemed fellow-citizens Mr. and Mrs. Michael Donnelly, passed away to a world of happiness. She was thirteen years, seven months and twelve days old when her Guardian Angel came for her and summoned her to the land where the young and innocent meet in unending joy. She was a bright, clever, sympathetic little girl; a light in the home of her parents, and an object of the tenderest love and devotion. She was a dutiful child and gave promise of a future womanhood such as the Church cherishes and the world admires. But God knew better what was in accordance with His designs, and He took her to Himself. When we learn of such a young and beautiful life cut short even in the dawn of its existence, we recall the tender sentiments expressed by poor Williams in his poem of "The Dying Girl," for we feel that all who witnessed the last scene could well repeat:

"Although I've looked on death for years,
I blush not that I wept."

To the sorrowing parents we extend our deep and sincere sympathy and trust that they may find, in their hour of sorrow, the consolation promised by that Church amongst whose saints their little Madge is now living.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. E. Brennan, who has been spending the summer months at Plattsburg, N.Y., has returned to the city just in time to begin her duties as president of the bazaar to be held in St. Ann's parish. The ladies of the bazaar are all glad to have her valuable aid once again.

Mr. Michael Shea and his charming bride, *nee* Miss M. Flannery, daughter of Mr. P. Flannery, of Notre Dame street, have returned to Montreal after spending their honeymoon on a tour in the States. The happy couple visited New York, Buffalo, Toronto, Niagara, Rochester and other places, and returned to this city on Saturday evening.

RETREAT AT HOTEL DIEU.

The annual retreat for the Sisters at Hotel Dieu began this week. The retreat lasts 10 days and is being preached by the Rev. Father Pretot, a distinguished Oblat father. The annual retreat comes as a great welcome rest to the nuns after a year of hard labor in the interests of the sick.

A CRANKY CONTRIBUTION.

From a Friend of "The True Witness."

Seated the other evening, in a chair of ample dimensions, and while inhaling the fragrant smell of trees and shrubs from the rear of my domicile, and the delightful odor of new-laid asphalt from the front, I gave myself up to long, deep thoughts—that is, I tried to do so. But I could think of nothing but supper. I looked about for inspiration, and while so doing saw a tree on the other side of the road. Now, I believe that next to food for the body comes food for thought. The shades of evening were falling, falling fast, and so were the leaves off that tree. There was my inspiration—my food for thought! I do not mean to say that the chewing of maple leaves would furnish me with an idea, or even make me a better Canadian. Oh, no! You will see my meaning as I proceed.

The falling leaves, as they fluttered and trembled in their descent to the hard ground, seemed to whisper a sad farewell to the tree they had adorned so long, and which they were now compelled to abandon. And it seemed to me that the tree sighed as it looked at the departing leaves. A gust of wind shook its almost naked branches, and the sigh developed into a low, sad voice, murmuring, "Ah, they leave me now when I have most need for them; they flee to hide themselves under a mantle of snow, leaving me alone and unprotected against the cold and storm." The reproachful wail put a thought into my head—only one—and, committed to paper, it looks something like this: c-r-a-n-k!

What a trifling event can change the current of one's thoughts,—or of electricity, for that matter, especially if you step on a live wire. A moment ago at the low level of supper, and now at the mountain height of philosophy,—for to speak of cranks is to dip into philosophy, inasmuch as all cranks are philosophers, morally speaking,—and all caused by a falling leaf!

Of course there are different kinds of cranks. Barrel-organ cranks; street-piano cranks; hoisting cranks and—every-day cranks. I will confine myself to the last named of the species.

What a wonderful thing is the crank! He turns sweet, sour; makes milk, vinegar; with him, peaches are lemons; in a word, he is a veritable acid. And he complains of everything and everybody: no one does right—in his eyes. From observation I find that the civic father—the alderman—is particularly the butt of the crank. Now, to my mind, every alderman is a philanthropist. His bump of benevolence is abnormally developed; if it be not, he is not fit to be an alderman. Who, I ask, passes sleepless nights, thinking of, planning for, his beloved people? The Alderman! He is the only man on earth who would willingly and cheerfully leave his business, yes, even his dinner, to sign a civic contract in order that a poor but worthy contractor might have the wherewithal to feed his little children!—And this man is the target for the arrows of the chronic crank!

I was on the top of the mountain the other day. I stood on that beautiful structure called the "Lookout." A man and a girl stood near me, doing as I was doing—gazing at the panorama spread before us. The girl turned to her companion and exclaimed, "What a lovely view!" "Pshaw," said the man, "those mountains over there should be a little nearer, and if we had that river out West we'd make her run right through the middle of the town. But there's no enterprise here. Why, there ain't even a bench to sit on in this old lumber-pile!"

He looked at me, and thinking myself called upon to defend my native town, I ventured to remark that as this wasn't a prohibition city, people here were very much afraid of water, and, as the St. Lawrence was a very wet river, their scruples prevented them from moving it closer to the mountain, but they were putting a lot of mud into it at present to try and dry it up a bit. Then with regard to the lack of benches in the "Lookout," I explained that these were to have been purchased last June, but the money appropriated for park purposes had been exhausted, leaving only enough to pay for one bench and a stool; so that under the circumstances the authorities thought it better to allow matters to stand as they were until next year, when the dog-tax will have been collected. At this explanation the tears

came to the man's eyes, and as he shook my hand he said that I, and every other citizen, should feel proud of the fact that we had such cautious, capable men at the head of affairs, and asked me to forget his hasty and harsh criticism of a moment ago.

We all know the crank who nourishes and causes to flourish a feeling of animosity for the electric-car people, simply because they run until one a.m., thereby making his waking hours so much longer for him. The musical clatter of their cars prolongs his day, as it were, giving him a few extra hours in which to think his thoughts and plan his plans, yet he objects. What ingratitude! But then he is only a crank.

Then we have the theatre crank. He, very obligingly and unasked, informs every one within ear-shot what the hero is going to do next, and what he isn't going to do, and what he has no earthly idea of doing. And he tells when the heavy villain is about to stab the other fellow. No doubt he does this so that the fair girls around him may get their nerves ready and not be caught napping.

Then, again, there is the crank who dislocates his shoulder by violent collision with the corner of a building, simply to prove to the sympathising crowd that if the corner had been made round—his own idea and not patented—such a thing would never occur. I would call him a martyr-crank.

And lastly we have the poor, unfortunate crank, who, to escape a world that cannot or will not appreciate him, shuffles himself into the river, thinking that by so doing he will better himself. This is the cold-water crank, and if his brethren would go and do likewise this weary old world would roll along in peace, and the people who inhabit it would live a happy life—more or less—and die only of old age. While on the subject of cranks I could say a great deal more than I have done, but life to the young is sweet, and I wish to live as long as I possibly can. J. M.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

An Inscription of Great Historical Importance.

Although the following letter was not intended by its author for publication, still we are confident that owing to the great interest it must create he will pardon us for giving it to our readers.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

In a note-book I had with me when in London, two summers ago, I copied the inscription which I send you. The business I had gone over on brought me to the Chamber of Council in the Temple. Even if you have never been in London, I dare say you know more about the Temple than I do. You know that it is off the crowded Strand, the busiest thoroughfare in the world, from which it is reached through a narrow gateway, at the foot of Chancery Lane, near the new Law Courts where Temple Bar stood till quite recently. Down this gateway, and even nearer the Strand than is *Notre Dame de Paris* to our own *Notre Dame Street*, is the Temple Church. Outside its walls it is that, as Denis Florence MacCarthy has it, "a white stone rises over Goldsmith's ashes near the quiet cloistered Temple Bar." It was dedicated in 1185, but now it is given up to the services of the Church of England and none but barristers and persons invited by the benches have a right to attend. The Norman arch of the entrance is one of the most perfect of its style in England and is much admired for its beauty. Inside, lying full length and life-size on the floor are several figures of knights-templars in coats of mail, those who were crusaders having their feet crossed. But the most interesting thing I saw in this old church of early Anglo-Norman times is the inscription inside and over the entrance, so high up, however, as to escape the notice of the greater number. This is how it runs:—

† Anno ab Incarnatione Domini, MCLXXXV. Dedicata—huc ecclesia in honore Beate Marie a Dno Erastio Del gratia See Reurrectionis ecclesie Patriarcha. IIII. Idus. Februarii. Q. ea Annam Petetib, IVNTA. Penitetia LX. dies inclusit.

This must be a very well known inscription, and though it is the only one I particularly noticed, I suppose that the antiquities of England are full of evidences equally convincing as to what was believed by English Christians who lived at the source of Christianity in England. Surely it is at the source that purity should be looked for. If then the

eager Londoners who throng the Strand were eager to know where are still taught the same religious doctrines that were preached in Britain 700 years ago, not more than 50 yards from the Strand they would find the written proof that what was then taught is now denied by Protestants, but is still the teaching of the Catholic Church. Here they would find that Heractius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185 dedicated this church to the honor of the Blessed Mary and indulged all those annually visiting it with 60 days of penance imposed on them.

Looking at that inscription I could not understand how the Protestant occupants of the pulpit in that church could, Sunday after Sunday, face that old inscription and still preach Protestantism, while the writing on the wall told them so plainly that their forefathers in early Christian times built churches for the service of God, in honor of the Blessed Virgin; that they confessed their sins to priests of the Church; that these priests imposed penance for sins confessed, and that then, as now, the Church granted indulgences.

The great fire of London swept the city from where the monument stands, but, though it reached and scorched it, spared the Church of Our Lady of the Temple. This seems to me less wonderful than that during all these years since the Reformation the old inscription of early Catholic times should have been allowed to remain and contradict the Protestant preachers. H. J. K.

OUR LADY'S STATUE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—On witnessing last Sunday week the splendid Catholic demonstration in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, the ever glorious Mother of God, one cannot help thinking of the tempestuous and boisterous opposition made a few years ago to the proposed erection of a statue on Mount Royal to the surangelic Mother of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour by the sects of this city, headed by their pastors. How happy and overjoyed were Catholics on that occasion to give openly and publicly a grand testimony of their admiration, confidence and love for their heavenly queen and mother, and solemnly give a formal protestation to the insults of heretics in general, and in particular, as citizens of our fair city, a rebuttal to the injury inflicted on the honor of the ever Blessed Mother by the multiform sects of this town. Happy were we to claim anew that Montreal is still, as it has ever been, and will ever be, the Royal City of Montreal, of Mary, in spite of what may do or say the sects calling themselves Christian but all united in offering insult to the beloved mother of the Lord Christ.

How easy it is for any fair-minded Protestant to see where is to be found the truth and the true spirit of God, for Catholics know very well that the Immaculate Virgin has crushed the head of the infernal serpent; hence his hatred for all that aims to glorify her, and hence the opposition of his followers and imitators, inspired by his spirit.

J. A. J.

September 14, 1894.

AT THE GESU.

Following is a list of the recently elected choir officers of the Church of the Sacred Heart:—Honorary president, Rev. L. T. Adam; president, J. Gagnon; vice-president, A. Lapierre; secretary, J. A. R. Bastien; treasurer, C. Verdon; librarian, O. Bernier; committee, Messrs. A. Therien, O. Dufault, C. Corbeil, D. Verdon and Z. Gauthier. It has been decided to retain the services of Dr. J. A. Lapierre as choir leader and Prof. Brun as organist.

FANCY FAIR.

The ladies of the sewing circle of St. Mary's parish are organizing a Fancy Fair, to be held in St. Mary's Hall, about the middle of October. To make time spent at the Fair as pleasant as possible, there will be a series of concerts and other entertainments each evening. The proceeds of the bazaar will be devoted to the purpose of assisting the poor of the parish. The ladies who have identified themselves with the work are already working very energetically, and there is every prospect of the Fair being a most successful one.

ST. PATRICK'S.

"SIN AND THE CONFESSIONAL."

A powerful and effective sermon on "Sin and the Confessional" was delivered in St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday, by the Rev. Father Kiernan, formerly of Montreal. The Rev. preacher dwelt logically and eloquently on the heinousness of sin and the value of the confessional. As an illustration of his subject he said: "In your own splendid Catholic paper, the *Montreal True Witness*, there was the story of a man who went about the world with a cloud continually hanging over him, he was always striving to do good but his efforts seemed in vain, all his plans for resisting temptation and performing good works seemed to be frustrated; at last, when almost despairing, he sought the grace of God in the tribunal of penance,—that grace was given him and repose and sanctity filled his soul in place of the sorrow wrought by unavailing effort to do right."

COTE DES NEIGES BAZAAR.

The Catholic bazaar held last week by the ladies of Cote des Neiges, in order to raise funds for the enlargement of the chapel, resulted in the netting of about \$1,600. This is a very creditable sum indeed when the smallness of the place is taken into account, and the ladies of Cote des Neiges who worked in the interest of the bazaar deserve every praise for their energy.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

The members of St. Mary's Young Men's Society are organizing themselves again after the summer vacation. The first meeting will take place in St. Mary's Church Hall on Friday evening, when the members will begin to consider what steps to take for the entertainment of the members during the coming winter months.

CATHOLIC CONCERT.

The members of St. Ann's C. O. F. are preparing for a grand concert to be given by them in the Victoria Armory, on October 31, Hallowe'en. There is no parish in the city that can produce concerts and theatrical performances superior to St. Ann's, and the members of St. Ann's C. O. F. are determined their Hallowe'en concert shall be equal to the best.

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

The young ladies of St. Ann's Parish intend presenting a series of tableaux during the progress of the forthcoming charity bazaar. The ladies have already begun rehearsals. Each evening during the bazaar there will also be a short concert. Several other amusements calculated to make the bazaar attractive are being contemplated.

STATUES BLESSED.

A special service was held in the Franciscan church on Sunday afternoon, when the three new statues of St. Joseph, St. Francis and the Sacred Heart were solemnly blessed by the Superior. The statues are very beautiful life-size ones, that of St. Francis especially being a splendid piece of work. The church was crowded with the tertiaries of the Third Order and other friends.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC IMMIGRANTS

A batch of 56 orphan boys and girls, from Liverpool, will arrive, on the Numidian, at Quebec on Saturday or Sunday. The children are consigned to the Montreal Catholic Immigration Home, and Miss Brennan, the superintendent, will journey to Quebec to meet them. Miss Lucy Yates, of Liverpool, accompanies the children as far as Quebec only. Miss Brennan has already applications for over 90 girls, but the 20 or so that come here this trip will be distributed to those whom she considers they will be the most useful to. Any ladies having boys' or girls' clothes they care to give away would be doing an act of charity in giving them to these orphans. Clothes sent will be accepted and promptly acknowledged by the superintendent of the home.

Never neglect the daily bath for the children.

IRISH TOPICS

Peter McCoy, a laborer, died at Newry, on Sunday, Aug. 19, aged 101 years.

County Monaghan contributed £96 18s. 4d. to the Evicted Tenants' Fund up to Aug. 23.

There died at Cluan recently, Thomas Kavanagh, who had attained the ripe age of 120 years.

Alfred Welsh, M.P., for West Waterford, intimates he will not contest the seat at the next election.

Mr. O'Reilly, of Doogra, Killeshandra, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Leitrim.

Mr. Comerford was elected Clerk to the Kilkenny Union, on Aug. 23, by 25 votes to 24 cast for Mr. Fogarty.

William Fitzgerald, solicitor, has been appointed Clerk of the Peace and Crown for the West Riding of County Cork.

On the 18th ult., Richard Latchford, Jr., was sworn in before J. F. M. Miles, J. P., as justice of the peace for County Kerry.

Tipperary has the distinction of contributing the second largest amount to the Evicted Tenants Fund up to Aug. 23—£1,310 4s. 10d.

The death occurred, on Aug. 15, at the District Asylum, Killarney, of Margaret, wife of Dr. L. T. Griffin, Resident Medical Superintendent.

On August 19, Jeremiah McCarthy, a solicitor of Limerick, was drowned in the Shannon while on a yachting excursion with some friends.

Donegal stands generously by the evicted tenants, as evinced by the fact that up to August 23 she had subscribed £275 8s. 1d. to their fund.

The body of a farmer named Michael Crilly, residing in Carrickbracken, near Camlough, was discovered in the Bessbrook Canal, on August 22.

Mary Kilroy, a widow, aged seventy-three years, residing at Belfast, was found drowned in a water barrel in the yard of her residence on August 22.

John Milling, of Westport, son of Mr. Milling, County Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has passed an examination for a constabulary cadetship.

At a meeting of the board of the City of Dublin Steampacket Company, John Murphy was elected a director in succession to the late Michael Murphy, J. P.

The death occurred on August 20, at Lorette Abbey, Rathfarnham, of Ann (in religion Sister M. Petronilla), eldest daughter of the late John Byrne, of Inch, County Wexford.

The friends of Mrs. McDermott, principal teacher of Manorhamilton Female National School, will be pleased to hear that she has been promoted to first class as a result of the examination of teachers held in Sligo.

At Armagh Petty Sessions, on Aug. 23, an Orangeman named John Warren was fined ten shillings and costs for firing a revolver on the public road at Mullans-town, an almost exclusively Catholic hamlet, on July 27.

It is reported that Edmund M. Kirby, P.L.G., of Ballyhoodane, Caherelly, and Thomas D. Clifford, chairman of the Croom Poor Law Union, have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Limerick.

The Dublin juries, who hate to be passed on the road by what they call "sycycle" riders, and who for a long time regarded the pneumatic tire with no friendly eye, have at last recognized its merits, and a drive on an "outside" car fitted with pneumatic tires is now one of the luxuries of "dear, dirty Dublin."

Michael Carroll, a respectable farmer, was found dead in one of his fields at Ballyvolane, near Fermoy, on August 19. He was aged seventy-six. Another farmer named Daniel Colbert, of Killphebeen, Conna, was working in his field in his usual health when he was attacked with a sudden pain, and being removed home died shortly after. He was aged seventy years.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed the following gentlemen to the Commission of the Peace for County Sligo: P. S. Killgallen, of Orangely, Screen, vice-chairman of the Dromore West Board of Guardians; Thady Tiernan, of Woodville, chairman of the Dromore West Board of Guardians, and Dr. Martyn, of

Sligo. All are Catholics, and as the county magistracy has for so far been almost exclusively Protestant and Conservative the appointments have given widespread satisfaction.

Isolated cases of smallpox (variola) have occurred in Birr district. In the Portumna Union a man has taken the disease in a curious way. Three months ago a pensioner died from it, and this man attended him, although it is only now that the symptoms of the malady are apparent. In the Edenderry Union there are several cases, and two have had a fatal termination. In another instance a tramp was admitted suffering from a virulent type of the disease. Both Edenderry and Portumna guardians have adopted ample precautions against the disease spreading.

CRUEL EVICTIONS.

Two exceedingly harsh evictions are reported from the parish of Barryroe, in West Cork. The landlord is a young gentleman named Bennett, whose father in the Land League days was noted for his harsh treatment of his tenantry. The two victims of the eviction proceedings lived at a place named Carrigeen, in the parish of Barryroe, their names being Patrick Leary, rent £11 10s, and Patrick Fleming, £7 10s. The land is of poor quality, and the tenants owed only one year's rent each. The landlord and his bailiffs were accompanied on the eviction expedition by District Inspector Walsh, of Olonakilly, and a force of police, though no disturbance or resistance of any kind was threatened, the people in this district looking upon eviction proceedings of late as if they are quite innocent transactions, because a Liberal party is in power.

The local clergy, Father McCarthy, P.P., and Father Kearney, C.C., were present and pointed out to the landlord that the crops of the tenants were very promising, and that they would guarantee to pay their rents after the harvest. The landlord ignored these pleas and ordered the evictions to proceed. Fleming and his wife and six children were turned out on the roadside, and would not be admitted back as caretakers. Possession was taken of O'Leary's farm and premises, but the tenant's wife, an invalid 80 years of age, was not removed. Father McCarthy warning the landlord that if she was removed and fatal consequences ensued he would be held responsible. The eviction over, the police escorted the landlord and bailiffs home, without having met with a murmur of opposition, notwithstanding the cruel nature of the proceedings, the evictions being carried out just at the time when the tenants' crops, on which they had spent their toil and money, were coming to maturity. The utter absence of anything like the old Land League spirit under such circumstances is an eloquent testimony to the baneful effects of that West Britonism so industriously propagated amongst the people by Whig priests and Whig politicians.

ROMAN NEWS.

Mgr. Ferrata, Apostolic nuncio in Paris, is spending his vacation in Italy. Mgr. Celli, auditor of the nunciature, attends to the business of the Holy See during his absence.

Sixty Canadian pilgrims attended Mass last Sunday morning in the hall of the Consistory. The Pope acted as celebrant. After the services the Pope spoke a few pleasant words to each of them.

The congregation of Rites has taken another step in the progress of beautification of the Venerable de Marillas, co-foundress with St. Vincent de Paul, of the Sisters of Charity, by deciding that there was nothing contrary to faith in her writings.

Father Herzog has been appointed procurator of the Sulpicians at Rome, thus succeeding Father Captier, the new Superior General of the congregation. The Bishop of Orleans has in consequence confided to Father Herzog the charge of postulator of the cause of the venerable Joan d'Aro which Father Captier's position obliged him to relinquish.

Pope Leo on the Feast of St. Ignatius sent his blessing to an Irish nun, who celebrated her golden jubilee at the Rathfarnham Convent, near Dublin, that day. She is Sister M. Agnes McAllister, who entered the Order of Loretto on the

31st of July, 1844, at the age of 16 years, as a postulant. She was received as a novice on the 15th of October, 1844, and finally became a professed nun on the 15th of October, 1846.

The Romans celebrated the feast of the Assumption of the Mother of God, August 15, with truly remarkable fervor and devotion. His Eminence Cardinal Parrochi celebrated the pontifical high mass in the church of St. Marie, in Trastevere, which was the first in the city of churches that was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and it was to this circumstance that the unchangeable devotion of the inhabitants of that quarter of Rome is attributed.

A MISSIONARY LEGEND.

A TRADITION OF THE EARLY MISSIONS IN NEW MEXICO.

In the Catholic Times Father Hayes, S. J., relates the following tradition of early missions in New Mexico:—

The first faint traces of female religious work in what now constitutes United States territory were found among the Indian tribe of the Xumanas, in the heart of New Mexico, by Father John de Salas, a Franciscan missionary, in the year 1623. Pushing on from tribe to tribe over that uncultivated and uncivilized region, he was surprised to find, here in the depths of the wilderness, the Xumanas familiar with the Christian doctrine, which they declared they had been instructed in by a woman. The missionary showed them the picture of a nun; they declared that the dress was the same, but that the lady who visited them was younger and handsomer.

When Father Benevise, after having founded a mission among them in 1629, returned to Spain, he heard of Sister Maria de Agreda, and at her convent learned that she had, in ecstacy, visited New Mexico and instructed the Indians.

The Franciscan writers of that time speak of this marvelous conversion of the Xumanas by her instrumentality as a settled fact. The venerable Maria de Agreda was born in 1602, and at the age of 16, together with her mother and sister took the religious habit and veil in the order of the Poor Clares, and at the same time her father and two brothers entered the convent of San Antonio. It is said that Sister Maria de Agreda often during her life petitioned the Holy See to define clearly two points, which in our time have been declared articles of faith: viz., the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, and the Infallibility of the Pope. She died in 1665. The process of her canonization began soon after her death and has again been revived. The above is a matter of well substantiated history, never called into question by the chroniclers of that and subsequent times, neither do we doubt the evidences given. It furnishes a most remarkable starting point for the marvelous works accomplished since in real life by the thousands upon thousands of devoted women down to our time and in our own time.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON POPE LEO XIII.

Cardinal Gibbons, in an article in one of the New York dailies of the 27th ult., treats of Pope Leo XIII., as the man, the priest, the pontiff, the statesman, the patriot and the father of his Church. We quote:—

"The Holy Father found the Church suffering, wounded, maimed. The mundane influence and glory of the Papacy had been lessened. The moral influence of Rome seemed shaken. In the seventeen memorable years of his Pontificate, however, Leo XIII. has regained all that has been lost, and won new glories for the Church.

"He has raised the moral, political and spiritual power of Catholic Christendom. He has earned the admiration of the people, the friendship of their rulers, the love of the Catholic clergy, and the willing or unwilling admiration of his adversaries. And all this he has accomplished by hard work, by prayer, by faith, by the force of his firm will, his high intelligence and his inflexible adhesion to principle.

"The spiritual and intellectual qualities which so pre-eminently distinguish Leo XIII. are eloquently reflected in his somewhat fragile and tender frame and his finely-shaped hands, and his expressive, warm and characteristic countenance.

It is plain that the divine fire burns brightly within that apparently delicate body.

"When he enters a room he glides rather than walks across the floor, seeming less a being of mere flesh and matter, like ordinary men, than, as it were, a temporarily embodied spirit. It is marvellous to see with what fortitude the Pope endures long ceremonies which would be trying to the strength of far more youthful priests. Often long after his attendants have retired and he is supposed to be sleeping peacefully, he is praying or reading.

"In his lighter moods the Holy Father is not averse to penning Latin Odes and Italian sonnets. His poems, which fill a moderate sized volume, are equally felicitous, whether they are written in Latin or in his native tongue.

"He is an ardent and patriotic man, eager for the glory of his country and yearning for the renewal of the links of loyalty which till lately bound it closely to the Holy See.

"In nothing has the wisdom and the foresight of the Holy Father been more plain of late years than in his increasing disregard of the more ephemeral phases of politics and his increasing interest in the far greater and more weighty social, moral and educational problems with which the twentieth century may be forced to grapple.

"In the United States this interest has found practical expression in the approval and encouragement afforded to the Catholic University at Washington, in his charitable attitude towards the struggling wage-earners, and in the extraordinary and personal part which he has taken in the spiritual direction of American Catholicism.

"At eighty-four the Holy Father still enjoys good health. His intellectual force and clearness are intact; his activity and zeal seem unabated. Leo XIII. will have a place in history with the great Popes. He is a great statesman, a pure moralist, a keen observer and a deeper thinker."

ANTIQUÉ GLASS.

The world of the Mediterranean sea eighteen centuries ago was rich in works of art and decoration beyond our experience and beyond our flights of imagination. It is an effort which few of us can make with success to picture the wealth in beautiful art of a great city of the empire. The marbles have been burned to lime, the bronzes have been melted into grossous or their equivalent, the stuccoes have crumbled from the walls, the paintings have gone down with their walls to ruin, the shattered pottery has been used in filling and grading and building, and its remaining fragments are of no value except for an inscription or an impressed name—mere potsherds, with now and then a scrap of antiquarian interest.

The shattered glass alone contains in its very substance such beauty and such completeness, even in ruin, that its fragments are treasured up and studied. These broken bits point to a general use of vessels of decorative glass, used as we use porcelain for the finer vessels of table and toilet, and an abundance of objects of pure ornament, of wall linings and floor coverings, made of the same splendid material. No other substance is like that—beautiful in itself, in its every essence. Fragments of glass have often the value that fragments of pottery sometimes have—the partial figure, the incomplete pattern on the surface—and they have also what no pottery and no other artificial substance has—the beauty we generally think of as peculiar to natural stones, to agates and to jaspers.

As a collector fills his cabinet with pieces of precious and semi-precious stones, with here and there a piece which has, as it happens, a head or a piece of a head carved upon it, so the enthusiastic vitreologist collects glass as glass, loving its substance and its surface, its translucency and its opacity, its set patterns and its vague cloudings; here and there a stamped or a wheel ground-pattern adds its own attractiveness, but the glass itself is the thing. Precious and beautiful is glass, even in fragments.—*The Century*.

A total abstinence society has been organized at St. Augustine's colored Catholic Church, Washington. No color line wanted in temperance. The red, the white and the black need temperance in America.

JOHN BANIM.

A Writer of Romances, With a Romance in His Own Life—"Tales of the O'Hara Family."

This distinguished dramatist and novelist was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, on the 13th day of April, 1798. His father was Michael Banim, a respectable shop-keeper and farmer, and his mother, nee Joannah Carroll, was in rank and education the equal of her husband. He had one brother also named Michael, older than himself, and a sister, called after their mother, to whom he was much attached.

At an early age, John was sent to a local school, from which he was soon recalled and subsequently attended several others with little profit to himself or satisfaction to his teachers; not that he was averse to learning, but the imperfect system of tuition then in vogue disgusted his already poetical mind. At length, at thirteen, he entered Kilkenny College and remained there for nearly three years; classics, history, and modern languages being his tasks, poetry and prose fiction his amusement. Having while at the school developed a decided taste for drawing, he was in 1813, sent as a pupil to the Royal Society in Dublin, and for a couple of years applied himself so diligently to the study of design and painting that he was not only rewarded with the highest prize offered for proficiency in that delightful art, but was enabled to establish himself in his native city as a teacher while yet but eighteen years of age; thus at the outset realizing for himself one of his primary objects—personal independence.

THE ROMANCE OF HIS LIFE.

While prosecuting his new avocation, full of romance, and overflowing with affection, he unconsciously fell in love with a young lady, a pupil two years his junior, and who, as might have been expected, returned his love. Her father not only rejected Banim's proposals for his daughter's hand, but removed her secretly to a distant part of the province. When after the lapse of six months he learned that his lady love was dead of a broken heart, he roused himself from his lethargy, and, though in the depth of winter, he forthwith proceeded on foot twenty-five weary Irish miles to gaze once more on the placid features of his intended bride, to follow her hearse to the churchyard and to stand beside her grave. He now abandoned the profession of an artist, and in the May of 1820, his earliest and best drama, *Damon and Pythias*, was acted at Covent Garden Theatre, Ma-ready and Charles Kemble taking the principal parts.

In consultation with Michael Banim, Jr., he laid the foundation of the celebrated "Tales of the O'Hara Family"—John to be known by the *nom de plume* of Abel, and Michael by that of Barnes O'Hara. Each was to write as much as possible, and submit his MS. to the other for criticism.

In the following year, he commenced the first volume of the Tales, which appeared in April, 1825; all the stories but *Crohoore of the Billhook*, and a few chapters of some others, being from his pen. In 1824 he had already published his "Revelations," etc.—a series of good, natural, satirical sketches of the popular follies of the day; but the "O'Hara Tales" were received with so much approbation by the public that his success was at once assured.

Early in 1826 appeared "The Boyne Water," and in November the second series of the "Tales" including "The Nowlans" and "Peter of the Castle." In January, 1827, he produced a tragedy, "Sylla," which, owing to the fastidiousness of Mr. Kean, was not acted then nor till ten years afterwards. "The Croppy," "The Anglo Irish," "The Ghost Hunter and his family," "The Donounced," "The Smuggler," "The Mayor of Windgap," and finally "Father Connell," appeared in succession from this time until 1840, when the literary labors of the brothers were entirely suspended.

Only the cold shadow of fast approaching death could unnerve the brain and pale the hand of that untiring and fruitful mind. While in Dublin and various parts of the provinces, his malady would come upon him with more constant and renewed vigor, until in 1832 he was obliged to go to France. But it was of no avail and in 1835 he

returned to his birthplace to die, his lower limbs having become completely useless, and his general constitution utterly shaken.

Thus amid his friends and relatives the principal author of the "Tales of the O'Hara Family" lingered for several years at his little cottage of Windgap, surrounded by all the attentions that the most affectionate of relatives and the most judicious of friends could bestow, and finally breathed his last in the summer of 1842.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

THE SIN OF SUICIDE.

For several weeks past one of New York's great dailies has held its columns open to a discussion of the question: "Is Suicide a Sin?" The first contributor was Robert E. Ingersoll, who seeks to justify self-murder. Among the subsequent letter writers were some who agreed with him and more who did not. In passing it may be noted that since the beginning of the discussion suicides in New York have been on the increase.

On Sunday last in the Paulists' Church, New York, Rev. G. M. Searle preached on suicide. Father Searle is a man of great learning. He is professor of moral theology in the Paulists' College of St. Thomas, at Washington, which is affiliated with the Catholic University, and he is also director of the University's observatory. His sermon was a comprehensive exposition of the doctrine of the Catholic Church on suicide. His text was: "See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God besides Me; I will kill, and I will make to live." Daut. xxxii., 39.

"I need hardly say that the question as to the morality of suicide is not an open one to Catholics," said he. "We all know, or should know, that suicide is considered by us not only as a sin, but as a mortal or grievous sin, and not only that, but as specially great and grievous among mortal sins, self-murder being of the same nature as the murder of some one else; and yet more, as in one sense the most deadly of all mortal sins, as it ordinarily implies dying in the very act of sin, and therefore shuts out the hope of repentance or pardon.

"Of course, however, we allow it to be quite possible that this most fatal of all acts may be committed in a state of temporary insanity, which may greatly reduce or even entirely remove its criminality, or it may be committed by one who, though sane, is not aware of the teaching of the Church and of right reason on the matter, or, without fault on his own part, does not believe in that teaching.

"Also it is quite possible that even though death should seem to follow immediately, there may yet be time for enlightenment by God's grace and repentance for the act. So in no case can we absolutely assume as a certainty that the soul of a suicide is indeed lost, or even that the act was in itself mortally culpable, as it appeared in the mind of the one committing it.

"One thing more. It should, of course, be understood that we do not class as suicide acts which are really heroic, such as the exposing of one's self to death in order to accomplish some good work for the sake of God or our neighbor; least of all is it suicide to allow one's life to be taken rather than to commit a sin, as the martyrs of faith and charity have done.

"Suicide is, according to Catholic teaching and right reason, clearly a direct attack on God, a clear violation of His rights. It is, in fact, stealing something which belongs to Him. Let us see how this is.

"We should remember that naturally the whole creation belongs to Him who created it. We may acquire a right to some part of it as against other men, but we can never by any act or exertion of our own make anything our own as against Him by whom it was drawn from nothing.

"The natural ownership of God over us remains: He has never parted with it. He can, indeed, commission us or make us His agents or ministers to take even human life. Such a right is recognized by the common sense of mankind and sanctioned in the Scriptures, as inherent in the State; but even by the State it can only be exercised in God's name as the minister of God's justice. Even the State never acquires an ownership over man.

"No man has the right to absolutely dispose of his own life any more than of that of another man. He is here in-

fringing on the right of God, expressed in the words I have taken as a text: 'See ye that I alone am, and there is no other God besides Me; I will kill, and I will make to live.'

"The suicide then directly puts himself in the place of God; he arrogates to himself the right which belongs to God alone and which has always remained reserved and never communicated to any creature in general terms.

"The prohibition is in possession; the presumption reserving the life of each and every one of us as God's untransferred property remains till it is overthrown by an express statement on His part, in general or in the particular case. The suicide then is always a thief, and, moreover, a sacrilegious one, laying hands on what is the exclusive possession of the Almighty."

AN ARTIST.

[The following beautiful poem appeared in the Boston Pilot of September 1. It is from the pen of our old friend Walter Lecky, and is as beautiful as the ivory crucifix that it sings.—Ed. T. W.]

He took a piece of ivory bone
That long had lain aside,
And plac'd it on his carving stone,
Then gazed on it with pride.

And day by day he gladly wrought,
With chisel bright and keen,
To carve the image that he sought,
The hidden treasure glean.

At length his toil was o'er; a cross
Was carved whose beauty won
The critic's hand. An ivory cross;
His master work was done.

He sank within the reach of fame;
His life was dark and drear,
And yet he left behind a name
To coming ages dear.

What matters then, his life was sad?
By want and censure kill'd.
He made the grasping world more glad,
And others' purses fill'd.

They'll raise a marble column high,
Those men who scorn'd his art,
Their cant, their praise is blasphemy,
Above a broken heart.

—Squidville Town. WALTER LECKY.

THE POPE'S TEMPORAL POWER.

We know there are many non-Catholics who will declare that the demand made by the Liege Catholic International Conference for the restoration of the temporal power of the Holy See does not come within the range of practical questions, but we would ask them to study the arguments put forward by the delegates, and we are convinced that if they do so they will quickly alter their opinions. A claim advanced by an assembly representing over two hundred million people cannot, under any circumstances, be ignored, but the importance of the problem dealt with by the Liege Conference is increased a hundred-fold by the nature of the position now occupied by the head of the Church. The Italian Government and its supporters and friends may seek to persuade the world by the force of much speaking that there is no Roman question to be solved, but nobody is deceived by such transparently absurd assertions. It cannot be disputed that Leo XIII. wields the greatest moral power on earth, and it must be evident to the meanest capacity that so long as he is deprived of his full liberty and practically a prisoner the interest of the Roman problem must of necessity be pressing and crucial.—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

REPORT OF THE IRISH LAND COMMISSION.

The report of the Irish Land Commission, just issued, is a big volume, mostly filled with technical statistics.

The Commission say that the evidence before them showed that the Irish rents, fixed by courts between 1831 and 1835, are now materially excessive. The present system, they say, appears to impede seriously the administration of justice to the tenants, owing to the expense and delays. The courts generally have denied the tenant a share in the value of his improvements, although the judgment in the famous case of Adams against Danseath declared him entitled to it. The Commission recommend that the occupant be no longer compelled to pay rent on his improvements. All of these ought to be regarded as made by him unless the contrary be proved.

It is urged that a commission be appointed at the next session of Parliament to inquire further into the subject. The above matter is covered by the majority report.

The minority report admits the desir-

ability of lessening the expense of litigation and revising rents in Ireland, but contends that in the fixing of the judicial rents the act has been construed in the tenant's favor.

ODD LITTLE TRIFLES.

The Queen's Scotch journeys cost her \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses.

In 1552 books on geometry and astronomy were destroyed in England as savoring of magic.

The Harpers are said to have on hand more than \$50,000 worth of accepted manuscripts.

The increase of schools in every country has generally been attended by a decrease of crime.

Greek education comprised reading, writing, arithmetic, music, literature, art and gymnastics.

The first regular effort to instruct the deaf and dumb was by Pedro de Ponce, a Spanish monk, in 1570.

During the sixth, seventh and eighth centuries the Irish monastic schools were the most renowned in Europe.

There is a coal mine at Nanaimo, in British Columbia, the galleries of which extend for a distance of twelve miles under the ocean.

Some one seems to have told the Sultan that chlorate of potash is a dangerous explosive. Consequently no druggist or pharmacist in Constantinople is allowed to possess or sell it. The grand master of artillery alone is allowed to have it in keeping.

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WEDNESDAY.....SEPTEMBER 10, 1894.

PATERNAL RIGHTS.

Under the heading "State Education," in a recent issue we laid the foundation of a powerful argument, by taking the ground that "State Education," as commonly understood, was contrary to the natural law. We have just received reports of a sermon and of an address delivered the following week, by Cardinal Vaughan, in both of which he most graphically carries out and illustrates our ideas and principles on this subject. Were it only to corroborate our statements and fortify our contentions we will give our readers a few remarks from these able and eloquent efforts of the great prelate. The occasion of the sermon was the celebration of the Jubilee of St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle, England. The full text will be found in the London Tablet of Saturday, September 1.

Speaking of God as the Father of Our Lord, as our Father, and consequently we His children, he asks, "What is a father? A father is one who has not only produced his child but has a knowledge, a personal knowledge, of the life, the character, the needs of that child; so with that tenderness in his heart he is guided in all his conduct towards that child by the rules of judgment and of knowledge, and by the dictates of affection." This expression in that admirable sermon is the key-note to all the efforts made of late by the Cardinal to inculcate the principle of paternal rights and to combat the ever increasing tendency to have the children taken from the parents and educated by the State. In the evening of the day upon which this sermon was preached a grand public reception was tendered his Eminence, and in his reply to the address presented he again dwelt upon this subject—a subject evidently uppermost in his mind.

We stated plainly, in our editorial of three weeks ago, that the process of State Education is contrary to the natural law; we felt that we then proved our contention beyond every possibility of refutation. However, some critics have declared to us that they cannot agree with any such argument. Cardinal Vaughan says: "There can be no duty more sacred, or more fundamental, written in the law of nature and confirmed by the law of grace, than the duty of parents to their children." If then the State—which represents the general public—takes steps to interfere between the parent and the child, and in any way to molest the former in the right of exercising that duty, it violates the law of nature as well as the law of grace. And as if this statement were not sufficiently strong, his Eminence continues thus—in that masterly reply:

"My next principle is that the law of nature asserting paternal rights must be

a guarantee of the State. Upon this I shall say a very few words. The State cannot violate the laws of nature without violating the laws of God, and God has given the parents rights for the education of their children which no human power has a right to interfere with. The parents train up sons to God; and after that, no doubt, they give subjects to the commonweal. The parents serve first the common God, and then they serve the commonweal. If the liberty of parents be not guaranteed by the State, there will be no liberty left for man upon earth. The English aphorism that the Englishman's home is his castle, means just this: that the parents have rights which no State can violate—that the home of the parent is sacred, that it is a castle, no matter how humble it may be. Now, my third principle is that any national system of education must be brought into harmony with the rights of the parents."

This is followed by a most interesting dialogue between a minister of the State and a parent, the former striving to show cause why the State should educate the child as it sees fit, and the latter setting forth in strong logic the responsibility that he feels as a parent to have the child educated otherwise than by the State. We may be told that these are the opinions of a Catholic Cardinal and of course they are tinged with his religious views. It is true; but the very fact of a man of such eminence, one whose talents have raised him, with the grace of God, to his grand station, one who has had ample opportunity of observing and studying the requirements of society and of men, thus expressing himself on such a vital question is, in itself, a guarantee of the soundness of the contention. But let us take the non-Catholic comments upon the attitude of the sage and learned churchman upon this question of education.

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle, an organ surely not to be suspected of any leaning toward Catholicity, in the course of a lengthy report says: "His (Cardinal Vaughan's) powerful plea for religion as the only safeguard of democracy—for the laws of God as the only appeal from the *vox populi*—and for religious education in the schools as the only guarantee for the shaping and lifting influence of religion upon the national life. The long address was most animated in its rhetoric and most resourceful in its dialectic, passing from half-humorous apologue to close argument of the great educational question, and rising from cogent exposition to passionate appeal." Mark the following—it comes after a long, careful and favorable synopsis of the address: "Hitherto we have supported the Cardinal's plea solely on the ground of its justice. It might, however, be defended upon what some may reckon the lower ground of expediency, and the still lower ground of economy, although, for our part, we have always been unable to see that an injustice was ever either expedient or cheap in the long run. Cardinal Vaughan asks for the restoration of at least the freedom to choose a religious education, and for the preservation, in its integrity, of parental responsibility in this respect. We do not suppose that the framers of the Education Act of 1870 intended to trench upon either. (Let the framers and supporters of our Manitoba Act of 1890 read the following): They meant well. But to any thoughtful person who imagines that, on the whole, we have been the gainers by the divorce of religion from education and by the slackening of the parental tie which, whether designed or not, have been the practical consequences of the Act, we would say 'Circumspice.' What will he see? We all remember the san-

guine vaticinations of the friends of that legislation. Have they been fulfilled? We see crime increasing at a greater ratio than the population. We find that the ranks of the criminal classes are recruited chiefly from the ranks of the young. The world is filled with cries of horror evoked by the proceedings of a set of mad dreamers who have persuaded themselves that a short cut to material happiness may be carved out by the dagger, or blasted out by the bomb; and when, by accident, the police stumble across one of these enthusiasts, we find that he is virtually a child. And as it is with political crime, so it is with crime of the ordinary description. A large proportion of the offenders are under what the law regards as the age of discretion. The explanation, deplorable as it may be, is simple. We have reared a generation with trained faculties, but with untrained morals. It cannot, assuredly, be expedient that this should be allowed to continue, nor can there be economy in encouraging its persistence. At any rate let the responsibility rest with the parent. If a parent chooses to have his child educated without his religious instruction, let him. But if, on the contrary, he seeks religious instruction for his offspring, let not the State bar his road to it."

We would like to have space to quote the Newcastle Daily Journal and the Newcastle Daily Leader, both non-Catholic, and both supporting Cardinal Vaughan and opposing State education as a menace to the world. But we will return again to our subject, for it is a burning question and one of unlimited capacity of development.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

This is the season of exhibitions and fairs. It is true that these events are looked forward to as a harvest by the vendors of refreshments, the proprietors of games, the patent medicine men and all of that great army of exceptional money-makers that may be always found pitching tents upon the fair grounds and catering to or attracting the public. These, however, are only the natural hangers-on; but the grand and real object of the agricultural fair is something other than mere devices for gathering in the shekels. The public exhibition, including competition, is the only occasion upon which the mechanic, the stock-raiser and the farmer have an opportunity of displaying what they have produced and added to the country's wealth. Upon the aggregate result of the exhibitions, or fairs, may well be based the status of the country at large. For this reason do we look upon the ordinary country show-fair as of an importance equal to the grand central exhibition of any province. There may be less athletic sports and external attractions, but it is there that the farmer is able to show exactly what the wealth and importance of that particular district are.

We would be long sorry to see the day when the great central exhibition would absorb, and therefore, efface, the numerous county or township local fairs. It is well that the public should know the capabilities of each particular district. In fact the whole future of the country depends upon the fundamental basis of its agriculture. Neither city nor country is exempt from a dependence upon this universal branch. For years the staple product of Canada was the timber. Our immense and virgin forests presented a mass of incalculable wealth, that, being developed and used, went to build up our commerce and to unite us by its powerful links with the markets of the world. Thousands of our people have been employed in the woods cutting

down the pine and spruce. Thousands have found remunerative labor on our vast rivers and their tributaries, bringing down the timber to the mills or to the seaports. But, after all, to go back to the support of that wonderful industry, we find it in the agricultural prosperity and activity of the land. The horses required in the woods; the hay and oats to feed those horses; the pork, beef, potatoes, beans, flour, and all the provisions that are consumed by the army of laborers, all come from the farms.

Let the agricultural strength of the country die out, and with it must fall the lumber trade, the mining, the manufacturing, and every other industry. The city—with its wealth of business transactions—is entirely dependent on the farm. As it is in the lumber business, so is it in every other one.

This great truth being acknowledged, we at once see the importance of agriculture, and consequently of the encouragement of the farming population. And there is no better source of information for the consuming public, and of encouragement for the producing population than in the country fall fairs throughout the land. In theory Adam Smith and Riccardo have expatiated upon the subject; but in practice, we find the Catholic hierarchy of our Province establishing agricultural centers and missions that have for special object the teaching of the farmer, the development of the land and its resources, and the augmentation of the material as well as the spiritual prospects of that great body of suppliers. Few moves on the part of the Catholic clergy have been more noticeable than this one, and we find that our American confreres of the press have commented most favorably upon its importance. No other body, religious, political, or otherwise, has given a stronger evidence of a deep and practical interest in the country's well-being than the promoters of the agricultural missions of Quebec. We trust sincerely that the farmers throughout the Province will see the advisability, the necessity in fact, of co-operating in this movement. The result will be apparent each year in the increasing fairs held in the different districts, as well as in the improvement in the live-stock, in the vegetable, and the other exhibits. The success of the scheme will not only belong to the farmer and the general agriculturist, but it will be felt by the whole community, by the whole country, in all the ramifications of commerce and industry.

While anxious to see our country fairs increase in number and importance, we desire to ask our farming readers to join in the movement set on foot by our clergy and to show by their exertions how truly they appreciate the Church's solicitude for their happiness and prosperity, and how grateful they are to God for the multiplied blessings He ever bestows.

As an evidence of the incorrectness of despatches received and published by our general press, we take the following from the Ottawa Free Press of the tenth. It is marked special and comes from Winnipeg: "Governor McIntosh on Saturday prorogued the North-West Legislature. It is expected that the North-West general elections will be held in Quebec." If so there is little doubt as to the result of such elections. But would it not be just as sensible to say that the future Imperial general elections would be held in Canada? It may be an error in the transmission of the despatch, but, if not, it merely shows that either the receiver or the supervising editor are very careless. It is generally so in the case of those sensational pieces of news from Rome that gives us about as accurate an information as does the above.

THE POLICE INVESTIGATION.

The timely expression of strong indignation that fell, last week, from His Honor Judge Wurtele, regarding the abominable crimes that are daily perpetrated with comparative impunity, in our city, has found an echo in the heart of every citizen, and there is not a discordant note in the chorus of gratitude that goes up to the worthy administrator of the law. It is evident that such an expression, coming from the presiding Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, must have the salutary effect of stirring up the public and of forcing an investigation that has been so long delayed and so often successfully burked. Let that movement be made at once and let it be as complete and as careful an examination into the workings of the force as is possible. We rejoice with all our fellow citizens, that something has been done to startle the sleeping guardians of the city's morality from their slumbers and to establish a means whereby such crimes, as that in question, not only should be punished, but especially should be prevented from occurring.

It has been remarked that as far back as 1892 the Citizen's League did a great deal to bring about an investigation into the methods adopted (or rather neglected) for the salvation of the public morality. Without wishing to take one iota from the credit due to certain members of the League on that occasion, we feel bound—in presence of the fact that the originators of that movement are ignored—to point to the work done by the TRUE WITNESS at that time. From June, 1892, till October of that year, our columns teemed with appeals, suggestions and accusations. Twice did we go before the Police Committee and asked for an investigation. It was only after reiterated attempts that we succeeded in securing a special meeting of that committee for the purpose of hearing the complaints formulated. It was after we had hammered away for three months that some prominent members of the League joined in and subsequently accompanied us to the meeting. The story of what then took place is too fresh in the minds of our readers to require a repetition now. And it all resulted in the committee agreeing that there was something wrong some place for which somebody was in some way responsible. But as to who that somebody was, or in how far he was responsible, it was not positively agreed upon. The result is that two years of the old system have passed by, more crimes (that might have been prevented) have been committed, innocent lives been ruined, souls have been sent on the way to perdition—and, after all, the investigation has to be made, the wrong acknowledged and society satisfied.

If any interested person will only take up the back issues of our paper, for the summer of 1892, he will find there most clearly pointed out the exact state of things now brought to light, and that we foretold that which is now taking place. This we do not state in any spirit of self-glorification, but merely to show how and why we are so glad that matters have taken the present turn. We hope that the impetus given by Judge Wurtele's address in court will not die out until the whole question is fully and satisfactorily settled and that the city is freed from the plague of immorality that is worse than an Asiatic cholera. Let the blame fall upon the guilty and negligent, and while the perpetrators of such crimes are punished, let the chances of any future repetition of their deeds be destroyed. It is a million times better to prevent than to punish a crime. In the case of prevention both the criminal and

his victim are saved. In the case of punishment, after detection, the criminal suffers, but the victim is also lost.

While we are raising our humble voice in unison with the others we desire also to draw attention to a certain extravagance of which the over-zealous may sometimes be guilty. We all know how prone human nature is to rush blindfolded and in mad haste after the one supposed to have been guilty of some grave offence. The spirit of vengeance often prevents that of justice from acting. A fearful deed is done by some satanic character, suspicion falls upon certain persons, suspicion creates rumors, rumors create stories, stories that are based upon suppositions are believed, and finally a number of angry people collect, they seize upon the suspected persons and summarily execute them. When the lynching is done, and the calm is restored after vengeance being satisfied, it is discovered that the wrong men were executed, or that only one of them was guilty. In a lesser degree that same spirit of the "hue and cry," which prevents discrimination, exists in almost every affair of life. It is for this very reason that civilization has established legislatures to pass laws and courts of justice to carry them into operation. We may be asked how this applies in the present instance. The answer is simple.

There has been grave neglect and criminal wrong done by those whose duty it is to protect the morality of the city. But there are men connected with the administration of the law and with the work of social protection that cannot be accused of ever having neglected a duty. Therefore, while a complete and thorough investigation into the workings of the police and detective forces is an absolute necessity, and, in the name of order, safety, morality and justice, must be carried out; in the meantime every man who happens to be a member of the police or detective bodies should not be held up as a dangerous and unfaithful servant of the public. There are good men, honest men, conscientious men, upon the force; and they are the most interested in having a complete sifting of the matter and a perfect weeding out of the wrong element amongst them. In the next place, it will not suffice to bring special accusations against individual officers. The whole system—which we believe to be a most pernicious and unsatisfactory one—should be turned inside out and thoroughly examined. Then there is a point of still greater importance. What are the powers of the Superintendent? Let them be defined once for all. What are the limits of his duties? Let that piece of information be had. What force or strength has he to perform to the letter the duties thus imposed? Is that force too weak numerically? or too defective from a point of ability or of character? or too much under the evil influence of wrong-doers to be depended upon? If so, then that force must be at once so remodeled as to meet the requirements of the Superintendent. If then, with a strong, a chosen, an honest, a moral force at his back the Superintendent is not able to eradicate the evil complained of, there remains only one course for the authorities to pursue, viz: to get some person who can do that work.

In any case the wheel has been set in motion and we trust it will not cease turning until every atom of the youthful depravity evil is ground out of existence.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries from across the line have been pointing out that Bishop Hall, the ruler of the Episcopal diocese of Vermont, is an English-

man and a foreigner in the United States, yet he will join in the cry raised that Mgr. Satolli is a foreigner and consequently has no business to act as Apostolic Delegate over the Catholic Church in America. The fact is that if Catholics are satisfied that the Apostolic Delegate should exercise a jurisdiction given him by Rome, we cannot see that it is any other person's business. We know no foreigners in our Church. Ours is a perpetual and universal Church and it belongs to all races of men. It would be another question if the Pope's envoy came to dictate the civil laws to the nation. But his mission is not political—it is religious. And even did the Vatican decide to send a representative to the White House, would that be any more out of the way than the fact of having representatives at the courts of Europe? Such men as Bishop Hall know so little about the Catholic Church that they judge her by their own standard, and that standard is always faulty and below the mark.

THAT A. P. AISM.

Like many another spasmodic outburst of bigotry the A.P.A. is falling gradually back into the obscurity out of which it arose. In the San Francisco Monitor we find an authentic account of the full ritual of that order. In a general way it does not differ very much from the ordinary system adopted by other secret societies. The principal distinctive feature of this is the oath and the peculiarly malicious curse that accompanies it. For the instruction, if not edification, for the amusement, if not approbation, of our readers we will reproduce that oath. It runs thus:

"I do most solemnly promise and swear, that I will not allow any one a member of the Roman Catholic Church to become a member of this Order, I knowing him to be such; that I will use my influence to promote the interest of all Protestants, everywhere in the world; that I will not employ a Roman Catholic in any capacity, if I can procure the services of a Protestant; that I will not aid in building, or in maintaining, by my resources any Roman Catholic Church or institution of their sect or creed whatsoever, but will do all in my power to retard and break down the power of the Pope; that I will not enter into any controversy with a Roman Catholic upon the subject of this Order, nor will I enter into any agreement with a Roman Catholic to strike or create a disturbance, whereby the Roman Catholic employees may undermine and substitute the Protestants; that in all grievances I will seek only Protestants and counsel with them, to the exclusion of all Roman Catholics and will not make known to them anything of any nature matured at such conferences; that I will not countenance the nomination in any caucus or convention, of a Roman Catholic, for any office in the gift of the American people, and that I will not vote for, nor counsel others to vote for, any Roman Catholic, but will vote only for a Protestant; that I will endeavour at all times to place the political positions of this government in the hands of Protestants. [Repeat.] To all of which I do most solemnly promise and swear, so help me God. Amen."

In addition to this very Christian oath, we have the following denunciation, which speaks for itself:

"I hereby denounce Roman Catholicism. I hereby denounce the Pope, sitting at Rome or elsewhere. I denounce the priests and emissaries and the diabolical work of the Roman Catholic Church, and I hereby pledge myself to the cause of Protestantism to the end that there may be no interference with the discharge of the duties of citizenship, and I solemnly bind myself to protect at all times, and with all means in my power, the good name of the Order and its members, so help me God, Amen."

Apart from such ravings we naturally ask ourselves whether Protestantism is really in need, or not, of such oaths and of the men who thus banded themselves together. If not, then it is easy to foretell the end of the organization; if it

does require them, then it is easy to foretell the end of Protestantism. It is true that a goodly number of Protestant clergymen, of different denominations, have spoken out freely against the organization. But in no case has any important body of non-Catholics taken a stand that could justify us in saying that they were opposed to the principles of the organization. If they actually believe that it is dangerous to the State and dangerous to that harmony and good-will which should exist between Christians, why do they not take active steps to suppress an association whose very existence is a menace to their own future?

But if, on the other hand, the non-Catholic element is absolutely in need of A. P. Aism in order to keep abreast of Catholicity, or rather to check the onward march of the Church on this continent, then it is a sad prospect that unfolds itself for them. In previous articles we have pointed out how very unstable was the position of Protestantism. We have shown that in the beginning, when the world, which is ever ready for a change, was glad to seize upon any innovation in order to escape from the yoke of religious obligation, the movement of the so called Reformation had a marked success; but as the years rolled onward and division after division crept into the ranks of the reformers, their power gradually diminished and, at last, the tide of Protestantism came to a standstill.

During the last half of the present century the spirit of Protestantism has been going backward. It is true that special sects, or denominations have increased their numbers, but each division that arose has seemed to weaken the general body, and to-day, the Protestantism of the world is far less powerful than it was three hundred years ago. It is only by spasmodic efforts, by wonderful conventions that end in smoke, and by such means as the A.P. Aists have made use of that it can pretend to face the ever augmenting power of Catholicity.

If then this A. P. Aism is necessary to Protestantism—or rather anti-Catholicism—it is evident, to the one who runs, that the writing is already upon the wall. It is beyond conception that in a free country like America, and under such legislative institutions as we possess on this continent, that a body of men, with similar aims to those who pronounce an oath like the above one, should be tolerated for an hour. We are pleased that the Monitor has been able to expose these workings of the organization and to give to the public the text of their covenant. It does good, for it shows us how very unpatriotic and anti-national are the members of such a body.

We refer to this simply because the A.P.A. is merely a parent of the P.P.A. that at present infests our Dominion of Canada.

ELSEWHERE we give Mgr. Satolli's opinion concerning Freemasonry in America and England. We like to use every authority we can find to substantiate any opinions that we have ever advanced. Signor Boughi, who cannot be accused of having any fixed enmity toward secret societies, in a lengthy article upon the recent Encyclical on religious union issued by the Holy Father, says:

"And of Freemasonry he (the Pope) says things that are true, and in which I, for my part, entirely concur, because by reason of the doctrines it diffuses, the practices by which it initiates members, the policy it follows, and the uses and abuses which it promotes and defends, I do not think it less injurious to the country than the Holy Father himself believes it is."

These are words that should carry considerable weight with them, especially amongst our non-Catholic friends.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXVII.—CONTINUED.

"Indeed! If your remark has any apropos at all, it must mean that in marrying such a man as he is one might escape all the difficulties of family coldness, and I protest, as I think of it, the matter has its advantages."

A faint smile was all Kate's answer.

"I cannot make you angry: I have done my best, and it has failed. I am utterly discomfited, and I'll go to bed."

"Good-night," said Kate, as she held out her hand.

"I wonder is it nice to have this angelic temperament—to be always right in one's judgments, and never carried away by passion? I half suspect perfection does not mean perfect happiness."

"You shall tell me when you are married," said Kate, with a laugh; and Nina darted a flashing glance toward her and swept out of the room.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

A MISERABLE MORNING.

It was not without considerable heart-sinking and misgiving that old Kearney heard that it was Miss Betty O'Shea's desire to have some conversation with him after breakfast. He was, indeed, reassured to a certain extent by his daughter telling him that the old lady was excessively weak, and that her cough was almost incessant, and that she spoke with extreme difficulty. All the comfort that these assurances gave him was dashed by a settled conviction of Miss Betty's subtlety. "She's like one of the foxes they have in Crim Tartary, and when you think they are dead, they're up and at you before you can look round." He affirmed no more than the truth when he said that "he'd rather walk barefoot to Kilbeggan than go up that stair to see her."

There was a strange conflict in his mind all this time between these ignoble fears and the efforts he was making to seem considerate and gentle by Kate's assurance that a cruel word, or even a harsh tone, would be sure to kill her. "You'll have to be very careful, papa dearest," she said. "Her nerves are completely shattered, and every respiration seems as if it would be the last."

Mistrust was, however, so strong in him that he would have employed any subterfuge to avoid the interview; but the Rev. Luke Delany, who had arrived to give her "the consolations," as he briefly phrased it, insisted on Kearney's attending to receive the old lady's forgiveness before she died.

"Upon my conscience," muttered Kearney, "I was always under the belief it was I was injured; but, as the priest says, 'it's only on one's death-bed he sees things clearly.'"

As Kearney groped his way through the darkened room, shocked at his own creaking shoes, and painfully convinced that he was somehow deficient in delicacy, a low, faint cough guided him to the sofa where Miss O'Shea lay. "Is that Maurice Kearney?" said she feebly. "I think I know his foot."

"Yes, indeed, bad luck to them for shoes. Wherever Davy Morris gets the leather I don't know, but it's as loud as a barrel-organ."

"Maybe they're cheap, Maurice. One puts up with many a thing for a little cheapness."

"That's the first shot!" muttered Kearney, to himself, while he gave a little cough to avoid reply.

"Father Luke has been telling me, Maurice, that before I go this long journey I ought to take care to settle any little matter here that's on my mind. 'If there's anybody you bear an ill will to,' says he; 'if there's any one has wronged you,' says he, 'told lies of you, or done you any bodily harm, send for him,' says he, 'and let him hear your forgiveness out of your own mouth. I'll take care afterward,' says Father Luke, 'that he'll have to settle the account with me; but you mustn't mind that. You must be able to tell St. Joseph that you come with a clean breast and a good conscience; and that's"—here she sighed

heavily several times—"and that's the reason I sent for you, Maurice Kearney!"

Poor Kearney sighed heavily over that category of misdoers with whom he found himself classed, but he said nothing.

"I don't want to say anything harsh to you, Maurice, nor have I strength to listen, if you'd try to defend yourself; time is short with me now; but this I must say, if I'm here now sick and sore, and if the poor boy in the other room is lying down with his fractured head, it is you, and you alone have the blame."

"May the Blessed Virgin give me patience!" muttered he, as he wrung his hands despairingly.

"I hope she will; and give you more, Maurice Kearney. I hope she'll give you a hearty repentance. I hope she'll teach you that the few days that remain to you in this life are short enough for contrition—ay—contrition and castigation."

"Ain't I getting it now!" muttered he; but low as he spoke the words her quick hearing had caught them.

"I hope you are; it is the last bit of friendship I can do you. You have a hard, worldly, selfish nature, Maurice; you had it as a boy, and it grew worse as you grew older. What many believed high spirits in you was nothing else than the reckless devilment of a man that only thought of himself. You could afford to be—at least, to look—light-hearted, for you cared for nobody. You squandered your little property, and you'd have made away with the few acres that belonged to your ancestors if the law would have let you. As for the way you brought up your children, that lazy boy below stairs that never did a hand's turn is proof enough, and poor Kitty, just because she wasn't like the rest of you, how she's treated!"

"How is that; what is my cruelty there?" cried he.

"Don't try to make yourself out worse than you are," said she, sternly, "and pretend that you don't know the wrong you done her."

"May I never—if I understand what you mean."

"Maybe you thought it was no business of yours to provide for your own child. Maybe you had a notion that it was enough that she had her food and a roof over her while you were here, and that somehow—anyhow—she'd get on, as they call it, when you were in the other place. Maurice Kearney, I'll say nothing so cruel to you as your own conscience is saying this minute, or maybe, with that light heart that makes your friends so fond of you, you never bothered yourself about her at all, and that's the way it come about."

"What came about it? I want to know that."

"First and foremost, I don't think the law will let you. I don't believe you can charge your estate against the rental. I have a note there to ask M'Keown's opinion, and if I'm right I'll set apart a sum in my will to contest it in the Queen's Bench. I tell you this to your face, Maurice Kearney, and I'm going where I can tell it to somebody better than a hard-hearted, cruel old man."

"What is that I want to do, and that the law won't let me?" asked he, in the most imploring accents.

"At least twelve honest men will decide it."

"Decide what, in the name of the saints?" cried he.

"Don't be profane; don't parade your unbelieving notions to a poor old woman on her death-bed. You may want to leave your daughter a beggar, and your son little better, but you have no right to disturb my last moments with your terrible blasphemies."

"I'm fairly bothered now," cried he, as his two arms dropped powerless to his sides. "So help me, if I know whether I'm awake or in a dream."

"It's an excuse won't serve you where you'll be soon going, and I warn you, don't trust it."

"Have a little pity on me, Miss Betty, darling," said he, in his most coaxing tone; "and tell me what it is I've done?"

"You mean what you are trying to do; but what, please the Virgin, we'll not let you!"

"What is that?"

"And what, weak and ill and dying as I am, I've strength enough left in me to prevent, Maurice Kearney, and if you'll give me that Bible there, I'll kiss it, and take my oath that if he marries her he'll never put foot in a house of mine, nor inherit an acre that belongs to me; and



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all that I'll leave him in my will shall be my— Well, I won't say what, only it's something he'll not have to pay a legacy duty on. Do you understand me now, or ain't I plain enough yet?"

"No, not yet. You'll have to make it clearer still."

"Faith, I must say you did not pick up much 'cuteness from your adopted daughter."

"Who is she?"

"The Greek hussy that you want to marry my nephew, and give a dowry to out of the estate that belongs to your son. I know it all, Maurice. I wasn't two hours in the house before my old woman brought me the story from Mary. Ay, stare if you like, but they all know it below stairs, and a nice way you are discussed in your own house! Getting a promise out of a poor boy in a brain fever—making him give a pledge in his ravings! Won't it tell well in a court of justice, of a magistrate, a county gentleman, a Kearney of Kilgobbin? Oh! Maurice, Maurice, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Upon my oath, you're making me ashamed of myself that I sit here and listen to you," cried he, carried beyond all endurance. "Abusing, ay, black-guarding me this last hour about a lying story that came from the kitchen. It's you that ought to be ashamed, old lady. Not, indeed, for believing ill of an old friend, for that's nature in you, but for not having common-sense—just common-sense to guide you, and a little common decency to warn you. Look now, there is not a word, there is not a syllable of truth in the whole story. Nobody ever thought of your nephew asking my niece to marry him; and if he did, she wouldn't have him. She looks higher, and she has a right to look higher, than to be the wife of an Irish squireen!"

"Go on, Maurice, go on. You waited for me to be as I am now before you had courage for words like these."

"Well, I ask your pardon, and ask it in all humiliation and sorrow. My temper—bad luck to it!—gets the better, or, maybe, it's the worse of me, at times, and I say fifty things that I know I don't feel—just the way sailors load a gun with anything in the heat of an action."

"I'm not in a condition to talk of sea fights, Mr. Kearney, though I'm obliged to you all the same for trying to amuse me. You'll not think me rude if I ask you to send Kate to me? And please to tell Father Luke that I'll not see him this morning. My nerves have been sorely tried. One word before you go, Maurice Kearney; and have compassion enough not to answer me. You may be a just man and an honest man; you may be fair in your dealings, and all that your tenants say of you may be lies and calumnies; but to insult a poor old woman on her death-bed is cruel and unfeeling; and I'll tell you more, Maurice, it's cowardly and it's—"

Kearney did not wait to hear what more it might be, for he was already at the door, and rushed out as if he was escaping from a fire.

"I'm glad he's better than they made him out," said Miss Betty to herself in a tone of calm soliloquy; "and he'll not be worse for some of the home truths I've told him." And with this she drew on her silk mittens and arranged her cap composedly, while she waited for Kate's arrival.

As for poor Kearney, other troubles

were awaiting him in his study, where he found his son and Mr. Holmes, the lawyer, sitting before a table covered with papers. "I have no head for business now," cried Kearney. "I don't feel overwell to day, and if you want to talk to me, you'll have to put it off till tomorrow."

"Mr. Holmes must leave for town, my lord," interposed Dick, in his most insinuating tone, "and he only wants a few minutes with you before he goes."

"And it's just what he won't get. I would not see the Lord-Lieutenant if he was here now."

"The trial is fixed for Tuesday, the 19th, my lord," cried Holmes; "and the National press has taken it up in such a way that we have no chance whatever. The verdict will be 'Guilty,' without leaving the box; and the whole voice of public opinion will demand the very heaviest sentence the law can pronounce."

"Think of that poor fellow O'Shea, just rising from a sick-bed," said Dick, as his voice shook with agitation.

"They can't hang him."

"No, for the scoundrel Gill is alive, and will be the chief witness on the trial; but they may give him two years with prison labor, and if they do, it will kill him."

"I don't know that. I've seen more than one fellow come out fresh and hearty after a spell. In fact, the plain diet, and the regular work, and the steady habits are wonderful things for a young man that has been knocking about in a town life."

"Oh, father, don't speak that way. I know Gorman well, and I can swear he'd not survive it."

Kearney shook his head doubtfully, and muttered: "There's a great deal said about wounded pride and injured feelings, but the truth is, these things are like a bad colic, mighty hard to bear, if you like, but nobody dies of it."

"From all I hear about young M. O'Shea," said Holmes, "I am led to believe he will scarcely live through an imprisonment."

"To be sure! Why not? At three or four-and-twenty we're all of us high-spirited and sensitive and noble-hearted, and we die on the spot if there's a word against our honor. It is only after we cross the line in life, wherever that be, that we become thick-skinned and hardened, and mind nothing that does not touch our account at the bank. Sure I know the theory well! Ay, and the only bit of truth in it all is, that we cry out louder when we're young, for we are not so well used to bad treatment."

"Right or wrong, no man likes to have the whole press of a nation assailing him, and all the sympathies of the people against him," said Holmes.

(To be continued)

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RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The cause of the beatification of Christopher Columbus will again be brought before the Congregation of Rites in October.

The Charitable Irish Society of Boston has determined to establish a system of making known to its members the wants of the unemployed, and as many of its members are business men it is thought that much practical good will result.

Among recent prominent converts to the Catholic church is Prof. Sydney B. Strong, for ten years teacher of natural science in the Friends' Central School in Philadelphia. He was led to the truth by the chance reading of a Ritualist tract on "The Real Presence."

The Rev. Sylvester Malone, rector of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., who recently celebrated his 50th sacerdotal year, during the Civil War gave an effective contradiction to that calumny which says no Catholic priest can be a loyal and patriotic citizen.

Rev. Dr. Burtzell returned to New York from Rome, Wednesday. The Pope has appointed him representative in this country of the Society for the Propagation of the Encyclical Rerum Novarum, of which Cardinal Parocchi, the Pope's Vicar-General, is Honorary President, and Dr. Von Bilger, of Rome, acting Chairman.

If all plans are carried out, there will soon be three Catholic Summer schools in this country. The Catholics of the West are apparently going to work in serious earnest to establish one for themselves, and word now comes that one is to be opened on the Pacific coast. Of sound Catholic education there cannot possibly be too much.

The number of Catholics who emigrated from Europe to the United States for three years ending in 1891 was 946,100. Of this 156,000 came from Ireland, 151,000 from Italy, 107,000 from Germany, 104,000 from Austro-Hungary, 16,000 from Great Britain. The balance were divided up chiefly among Russia, Poland, Spain and Portugal.

The chapel of the Convent of the Holy Cross, New Orleans, was filled with a large and interested attendance Wednesday morning, August 29, to assist at the religious profession and reception of eight young and lovely girls, who had resolved to leave all that youth and ambition holds dear to lead the humble life of the hidden spouse of Christ.

An innovation in the style of seating for Catholic churches has just been inaugurated in the West. Father Cleary's church at Minneapolis, Minn., and St. Leo's church in St. Louis, Mo., have both arranged to have circular pews and bow-shaped floors (amphitheatre plan). This will add much to the appearance of the church and also to the convenience and comfort of its parishioners.

The main church of the great monastery of San Francisco, in Mexico, which since 1869 had been in Protestant hands, is to be restored to Catholic worship. The foreclosure of a mortgage, which could not be paid off, brought into the hands of a wealthy Catholic gentleman the building in which services were attended for three centuries by Spanish viceroys and in which the first *Te Deum* of Mexican independence was celebrated.

The eucharistic conference held at Notre Dame has speedily borne fruit. The announcement was made that Cardinal Gibbons has been requested to call a eucharistic congress and now has the proposal before him for consideration. Before taking any steps in the matter the Baltimore priests will undoubtedly consult the rest of the American archbishops, who, as has been already announced, are to meet for their annual conference next month at Philadelphia. The convening of an American eucharistic congress would mark an epoch in the history of the Catholic church in this country.

There is an unauthenticated report that Cardinal Gibbons has been invited by the Pope to pay him a visit. Should the rumor prove true, it may mean that the Holy Father wishes to consult with the Baltimore prelate regarding the advisability of having another plenary council held in this country. A good many things have happened in Catholic

circles here since the last council was held ten years ago; and ten years, by the way, was the period fixed by the fathers of the first plenary council to divide one gathering from the next. If the cardinal goes to Rome, it is not likely that he will start before December.

THE WORLD AROUND.

In New York 3,000 persons engaged in the clothing sweat shops are on a strike.

A monument to the memory of Emperor William I. was unveiled at Konigsberg, Tuesday.

Five thousand negroes from Alabama are making arrangements to emigrate to Liberia this fall.

The handlers of plain leaf tobacco must, under the new law, pay a tax of six cents per pound.

In the department of Finistere, France, the public schools lost 563 pupils in one year, and the parochial schools gained 2276.

A bronze statue of General McClellan has been completed, and it will be placed in the plaza of the public buildings in Philadelphia.

Prince Bismarck's health is thought to be endangered by his anxiety over the condition of his wife, who has been sick several weeks.

Two Japanese accused of being spies, and who had sought protection of the American consul at Shanghai, have been surrendered to the Chinese authorities.

By her new treaty with the Congo State France is getting too near the head waters of the Nile to please England, which makes the English press growl.

A great railway project for the South is being financially backed by the greatest syndicate in the world, composed of the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, Drexel, Morgan & Co.

Uvalde, Texas, was swept by a flood Thursday and twenty-five persons drowned and two million dollars worth of property destroyed. The Southern Pacific railroad was a heavy sufferer.

The first successful attempt at long distance heliography was made at Denver Tuesday, when a message was signalled from Pike's Peak, a distance of sixty-six miles in an air line.

Some more Atlantic records have been broken. The Campania has reduced the eastward record to 5 days, 10 hours and 47 minutes, and the Lucania the westward to 5 days, 9 hours and 29 minutes.

Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, and at one time Speaker of the House of Representatives, died Saturday. During the war he was commander of the Federal Department of the Gulf.

Japanese merchants residing in China are preparing to leave the country, having become alarmed at the action of the American consul in surrendering two Japanese who had sought the protection of the consulate.

Negotiations have been opened in Madrid for a new commercial treaty between the Spanish colonies and the United States in view of the cancellation of the reciprocity treaty between the two countries.

Charles Mooney, the oldest man in Oregon, died at Oregon City, aged 107 years, last Friday. He was born in Ireland in 1787. He came to the United States after reaching manhood and emigrated to Oregon in 1853, then already 66 years old. He had been too feeble to work for fifteen years.

Terrible forest fires have been raging in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. Several villages, it is reported, have been destroyed. The loss of life has been estimated at 500. Multitudes besides have been severely burned, while thousands have been left homeless. The greatest loss has been in Minnesota. Forest fires have been raging also in many places in the eastern states.

The prefect of the department of the Seine, which includes Paris, to ascertain what supplies could be relied upon from the surrounding country in case of a siege, ordered an account to be taken of all poultry-yards, and found that there were 101,540 chickens, 3,240 geese, 7,020 ducks, 1,315 turkeys, 458 guineas, 32,643 pigeons, 50,640 rabbits. This would hardly furnish a good dinner to Paris.

France is wrestling with the problem of keeping agriculturist laborers at home,



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Who are run down;
Who have lost appetite;
Who have difficulty after eating;
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AN UNLUCKY SWORD.

When Napoleon I. entered Cairo, on the 22nd of July, 1798, he was presented with three swords of honor, richly inlaid with precious stones. He brought them back to Europe, and in 1801 he gave one to General Ney and another to Murat, keeping the third for himself. Ney received his at an imperial reception; the sword passed from one to another of those present, among whom was a young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment. When Napoleon escaped from Elba, Ney left the King and took sides with his former chief. After the allies entered Paris the place became too hot for him, and he made preparations to get out of the country with a pass procured for him under a false name, but his wife and a friend persuaded him that there was really no danger, and he decided to stay in France. Then came the order for his arrest; he fled to a castle in the possession of some friends, and succeeded in reaching it without his whereabouts becoming known. But he was destined to be betrayed by the sword of honor given to him thirteen years previously. He was one day looking at the paintings in one of the more public rooms of the castle which he usually avoided, and feeling tired he threw himself on a couch, first taking off his Oriental sword, which he always wore out of affection for the Emperor. Suddenly he heard voices; he sprang up and hurriedly left the room, forgetting his sword. A minute later a party of ladies and gentlemen entered the room, one of them being the young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment, now a colonel. He at once recognized the sword, and in spite of all the owner of the castle could do, he called in some gendarmes and proceeded to make a search for Marshal Ney. Finding that he was discovered Ney gave himself up quietly. On the 7th of December, the marshal was shot, scarcely two months after the owner of the second sword, Murat, had met his fate in the same way.

SMILES.

"With what are you going to surprise your husband on his recovery from his long illness?" "With my new hat."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Miss Carbart—"Our acquaintance has been so short that I feel I ought to know more about you before I consent to become your wife."

Pelham Parker (stiffly)—"Very well. I can refer you to any of the girls I have been engaged to."—*Tit-Bits*

IT'S A SECRET

that many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The reason—beauty of form and face, as well as grace, radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air, and exercise, coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription." In maidenhood, womanhood, and motherhood, it's a supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening, and curing, the derangements of the sex.

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbances, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money paid for it is refunded.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, indigestion, biliousness, headache and kindred ailments.

It is said that the ruin of agriculture precedes the fall of a nation. The country people no longer form the majority of the population. They go to Paris and other large cities, where many of them contract vicious habits, become idlers and drunkards, and help to swell the ranks of socialism and anarchism. Foreign competition has ruined French agriculture.

THE WHITE SISTERS.

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO THE HEROISM OF CATHOLIC NUNS.

Mission work in Kabilia, as indeed elsewhere throughout Franco-Moslem territories, is due even more to the Sisters of Our Lady of African Missions than to the indefatigable and unselfish labors of the White Fathers, praiseworthy and resultant in innumerable good works as the efforts of these apostolic emissaries have been and are, writes William Sharp in an appreciative article in the current Atlantic Monthly.

Among the Arabs, there was and is a spirit of wonder and admiration for the dauntless courage, the self-sacrificing devotion, the medical knowledge and skill, the tenderness, saintly steadfastness, of these heroic women. Hundreds have been brought to a different attitude through observation of the *Sœurs* of Notre Dame d'Afrique. In the words of an eminent Jesuit, "the moral superiority of these women, with their self-denying kindness, their courage and devotion, deeply impressed the unbelievers, who gazed at them with astonishment and admiration, as if they belonged to a different order of beings, and were something more than human."

From a White Father in Biskra I learned that the work so silently and unostentatiously done by these African Sisters is one of so great importance that if, for any reason, it were impossible for both the White Fathers and White Sisters to remain there as missionaries, the Fathers would unquestionably have to give way.

"In a word," he added, "we are the pioneers, forever on the march after receding boundaries; the Sisters are the first dauntless and indefatigable settlers, who bring the first practically virgin soil into a prosperous condition, full of promise for a wonderful and near future."

I asked if there were many mischances in the career of those devoted women.

"Few," he replied; "strangely enough, fewer than with the White Fathers. We have had many martyrs to savage violence, to the perils and privations of desert life. The Sisters have had martyrs also, but these have lost their lives in ways little different from what have befallen them in any other foreign clime."

Personally, I think the greatest work is being achieved by the Roman Catholic Church, and in particular by the institutions and societies inaugurated, and the specially trained emissaries sent forth by Cardinal Lavigerie. Everywhere I went in North Africa I was struck by this fact.

From what I saw and heard throughout the length and breadth of French North Africa, I am convinced that one of the greatest works of contemporary Christianity is being fulfilled there in divers ways, and mainly through the instrumentality of that famous prelate whose name will henceforth be linked with those of Cyprian and Augustine as among the foremost glories of the Church of Christ in Africa.—*Providence Visitor.*

Powers—"I don't believe in paternal government at all."

Bowers—"There is a greater danger than that ahead of us."

Powers—"What is it?"

Bowers—"Maternal government."—*Puck.*

JOINS THE OLD FAITH.

THE PAULIST FATHERS RECEIVE HIM.

Rev. Walter Clayton Clapp, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, becomes a Convert.

Walter Clayton Clapp, until recently a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is a convert to the Roman Catholic Church. He was received into the Church on Friday by Rev. Father Elliott at the Paulist Church, 59th street and Ninth avenue.

Mr. Clapp is very well known among Episcopalian High Churchmen and his conversion will cause some emotion.

He was graduated from Amherst College in the class of 1883. He studied medicine for a year, and forsook it to prepare for the ministry. For two years he was in the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, in this city, and finished his studies elsewhere.

After ordination he became assistant minister of Mount Calvary, an ultra-Ritualistic church in Baltimore.

Two years ago Mr. Clapp was appointed Professor of Exegesis in Nashotah Theological Seminary, Wisconsin, an institution highly regarded by a large body of High Churchmen.

He resigned his appointment on August 1. He has recently returned from Europe, where he visited Rome, but has only just reached the determination to join the Roman Catholic Church.

He is now staying with the Paulist Fathers at 59th street, the superior of whom, Father Hewitt, is himself a graduate of Amherst College and a convert.

Mr. Clapp is about 32 years of age; He was born in New York, where his father was a prominent business man, but, what is more interesting, a deacon of the Baptist Church of the Redeemer, in Harlem.

The Paulist Fathers have been instrumental in leading a number of persons of New England origin and sympathies into the Roman Catholic Church.

Mr. Clapp is of very striking personal appearance. He is over six feet in height and heavily built. He has a smooth-shaven face and strong, clear-cut features. He is considered an excellent preacher. It is probable that he will enter the Roman Catholic priesthood.—*N. Y. Freeman.*

BAPTIZED ON THE PILGRIMAGE.

The conversion to the Catholic faith of Francis H. Throop, the only Protestant among the pilgrims to Lourdes, as previously published in the Eagle, was verified Sept. 6, when an Eagle reporter called at 412 Clermont avenue, the home of Mr. Throop.

A cablegram a few days ago, followed subsequently by a letter to the Eagle, announced that Mr. Throop had been baptized by Bishop Keane, and that Father Porcile had stood as godfather to the convert. The reporter was received by Mrs. Partington, who was formerly a Mrs. McElgin, and is the mother of Mrs. F. H. Troop. Mrs. Throop is the daughter of Mrs. Partington's first husband and is now with her husband in Europe. Mr. Throop is the silent partner of a brokerage firm in New York.

Mrs. Partington is a Church of England woman, and says she is content to die in that faith, notwithstanding her admission that she attends the Catholic Church more frequently than any other church. She has two daughters who are Catholics and one who is a Protestant.

Mrs. Throop became a convert to the Catholic Church about fifteen years ago while visiting a Catholic family in Dublin. Mr. Throop, after his marriage, began to show a leaning toward his wife's faith, and their two children, a little girl of six and a boy of three-and-a-half years of age, now dead, were baptized in the Catholic faith. Mr. Throop was a High Churchman and regularly attended St. Martin's P. E. Church on President street, prior to going on the pilgrimage. He also attended the Catholic Church with his wife. Since the sudden death of his little boy from concussion of the brain, which occurred in January last, it is said that Mr. Throop had inclined more than ever toward the church to which his wife was a convert and in which his children were baptized.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

SAVED BY A PRIEST'S BLOOD.

Last week, says the Southern Messenger, a quarrel occurred between three butchers at the Polish settlement of St. Hedwig, near San Antonio, and in the altercation one of them, Peter Karezmarek, was stabbed twice, whereby two dangerous wounds were inflicted.

Dr. De Lipscey was called in to attend the wounded man, and found him almost lifeless from loss of blood.

Rev. Louis Dacrowsky, the parish priest of St. Hedwig, having been summoned to administer the last sacraments to the unfortunate man, and being present during the doctor's visit, at once bared his arm and offered to have one of his arteries opened, so as to have some of his own blood transfused into the veins of the dying man.

The doctor accepted the reverend father's offer, and performed the operation successfully. Immediately after the transfusion of blood the man rapidly revived, and he is now in a fair way to recover.

An operation of this kind is always attended with considerable danger, as the admission of the least particle of air into the veins would cause instantaneous death, and the reverend father's act is, therefore, all the more praiseworthy.

In another column will be found an open letter from a prominent physician relating the facts of a cure of consumption after the patient had reached the last stages of this hitherto unconquered disease. The statements made are really remarkable, and mark another advance in the progress of medical science. Our readers will find the article well worth a careful perusal.

Necessity Knows No Law.—She—"I hope you didn't leave your heart behind you at the sea-shore."

He—"No; something more important."

She—"What is it?"

He—"My trunk."

MARRIED.

MAGUIRE-SEGUIN—In this city, on the 10th inst., at Notre Dame Church, by the Rev. Father Moreau, Francis Maguire, son of the late John Maguire, to Marie Clementine Seguin, youngest daughter of Jules Seguin, both of this city.

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In the meantime we are Showing a large collection of early Fall Novelties, suitable for present wear, of which we invite inspection.

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DATES OF DRAWING.

MONASTERY OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood wish to announce to holders of tickets of lady's gold watch and chain that the drawing will take place in the village school of Notre Dame de Grace, on Thursday and Friday, September 20th and 21st, at 2 and 7 p.m.

WANTED.

By a middle aged lady, position as house-keeper, or a place of confidence in a clergyman or doctor's house. Best of reference. Apply "B" this office. 9-2

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

Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

A KNOWING DOG.

A Newfoundland dog belonging to a gentleman in Halifax, N.S., was in the habit of going every morning with a penny to a certain butcher's shop and purchasing his own breakfast. On one occasion, finding this market closed, he walked into another, where he deposited his penny upon the block and licked his chops, the dog's usual manner of asking for breakfast. The butcher, however, instead of serving his would-be customer, took the coin and drove the poor fellow from the shop. The next morning, on receiving his usual allowance, the dog went directly to the shop from which he had been driven the previous day, laid his penny upon the block, and with a growl, as if to say, "Don't you dare play any more tricks on me," placed his paw upon it. The butcher, not caring to risk, under such circumstances, the perpetration of another fraud, gave him a piece of meat, which the dog quickly bolted, and seizing the coin, started for the shop of the more honest tradesman with whom he usually dealt. Here he purchased a second breakfast, and thus made up for his loss of the previous day.

"STINGYENCY" AND STRINGENCY

An aged man, who was not always correct in his pronunciation of big words, had been reading what the daily paper had to say about the stringency in monetary affairs. In repeating what he had read, he remarked that there was "great stingyency in the money market." This created quite a little amusement at the old man's expense; as time goes on we begin to think he was not so far out of the way after all. There has been great "stringency" no doubt, but it is evident that many people are hiding behind that apparent position, and cheating the Church out of her just dues. In other words, it is the stingyency of the times that troubles them.

Educational.

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ON SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1894
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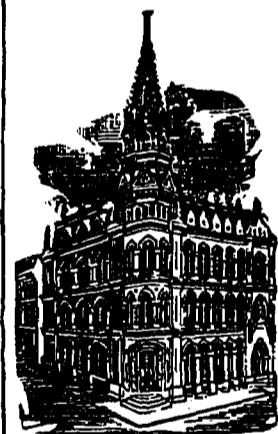
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This well known and popular institution will re-open on MONDAY, the 3rd SEPTEMBER next.

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. 5-13



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AN OPEN LETTER

FROM A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

A Remarkable Cure of Consumption In Its Last Stages—Is This Once Dread Disease Conquered?—Important Facts to all Suffering from Diseased or Weak Lungs

ELMWOOD, Ont., Aug. 31st, 1894.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to call your attention to a remarkable cure of consumption. In March, 1893, I was called in my professional capacity to see Miss Christina Koester of North Brant, who was then suffering from an attack of inflammation of the left lung. The attack was a severe one, the use of the lung being entirely gone from the effect of the disease. I treated her for two weeks, when recovery seemed assured. I afterwards heard from her at intervals that the progress of recovery was satisfactory. The case then passed from my notice until June, when I was again called to see her, her friends thinking she had gone into consumption. On visiting her I found their suspicions too well founded. From robust health she had wasted to a mere skeleton, scarcely able to walk across the room. She was suffering from an intense cough and expectoration of putrid matter, in fact about a pint each night. There was a burning hectic fever with chills daily. A careful examination of the previously diseased lung showed that its function was entirely gone, and that in all probability it was entirely destroyed. Still having hopes that the trouble was due to a collection of water around the lung I asked for a consultation, and the following day with a prominent physician of a neighboring town again made a careful examination. Every symptom and physical sign indicated the onset of rapid consumption and the breaking down of the lungs. Death certainly seemed but a short time distant. A regretful experience had taught me the uselessness of the ordinary remedies used for this dread and fatal disease, and no hope was to be looked for in this direction. I had frequently read the testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in wasting diseases, but not knowing their composition hesitated to use them. Finally, however, I decided to give them a trial, and I am free to say that I only used them at a stage when I knew of absolutely nothing else that could save the patient's life. The test was a most severe one and I must also admit an unfair one, as the patient was so far gone as to make all hope of recovery seem impossible. A very short time, however, convinced me of the value of Pink Pills. Although only using an ordinary soothing cough mixture along with the pills, within a week the symptoms had abated so much that it was no longer necessary for me to make daily calls. Recovery was so rapid that within a month Miss Koester was able to drive to my office, a distance of about six miles, and was feeling reasonably well, except for weakness. The expectoration had ceased, the cough was gone and the breathing in the diseased lung was being restored. The use of the Pink Pills was continued until the end of October, when she ceased to take the medicine, being in perfect health. I still watched her case with deep interest, but almost a year has now passed and not a trace of her illness remains. In fact she is as well as ever she was and no one would suspect that she had ever been ailing, to say nothing of having been in the clutches of such a deadly disease as consumption. Her recovery through the use of Pink Pills after having reached a stage when other remedies were of no avail is so remarkable that I feel myself justified in giving the facts to the public, and I regret that the composition of the pills is not known to the medical profession at large in order that their merit might be tested in many more diseases and their usefulness be thus extended. I intend giving them an extended trial in the case of consumption, believing from their action in this case, (so well marked) that they will prove a curative in all cases where a cure is at all possible—I mean before the lungs are entirely destroyed.

Yours truly,

J. EVANS, M.D.,

The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"I believe the jury have been innoculated with stupidity," said the barrister. "That may be," replied his opponent. "but the jury are of opinion that you had it in the natural way."

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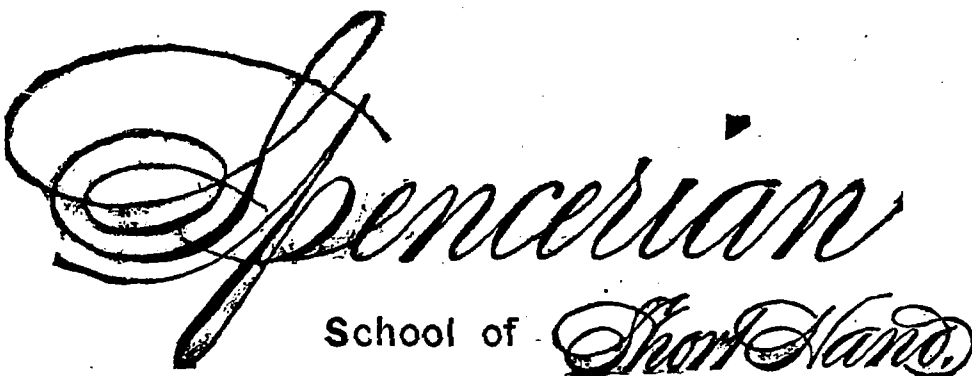
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This combination is a feature to be found only at Bannister's and is winning new customers from all parts of the city. Our Medium Grade Goods are all made special for this store. We are now offering a Dongola Button Boot for the Ladies, at \$1.50, usual price \$2.00 This boot must be seen in order to realize how good it is. We have decided to run the Boys' School Boot another week at \$1.40, after which it will take its normal price of \$1.75 and \$2.00, so those wishing to save the difference will note the change and improve the opportunity offered.

J. F. BANNISTER.



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IN OTHER DAYS.

A venerable Irish priest, of holy life, who had a wide experience in the sacred ministry, once declared that "in his time," when sermons were always either clear explanations of the great truths of the Gospel or earnest exhortations to the practice of the Christian life, when books, though comparatively scarce, were of the order of the "Imitation" and the "Spiritual Combat," devotions few and simple, the number of apostates was small and solid piety flourished everywhere. We can believe it. Oh for the noble simplicity of earlier ages, when the truths of the Gospel were brought home to every heart, and the energies of every life were directed mainly to the observance of the teaching of Christ's Sermon on the Mount!

A FEW TIMELY HINTS.

A basket of charcoal in a damp cellar will absorb odors and keep the air pure. It is essential, particularly at this season, to keep the sponges clean and sweet.

Castor oil applied to warts once a week, for from two to six weeks, will remove them.

Use a little ox gall and no alkali in washing black stockings. Dry them quick in the house.

Meat should never be placed directly upon ice, as its juices will be absorbed; put it on a plate and set it in a cool place.

If dish-towels and clothes are boiled up in water with ammonia every second day there will be less trouble with sticky dishes.

A piece of chamois, fitted to the heel, bound on edges with tape and kept in place by an elastic worn over the stocking, will save much mending.

WIT AND HUMOR.

HAPPY BRIDEGROOM.—"Waiter, I want a dinner for two."

Waiter—"Vill ze lady and gentleman haf table d'note or la carte?"

Happy Bridegroom—(generous to a fault, but weak in French)—"Bring us some of both, and put lots of gravy on 'em."

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for "a candidate as organist, music teacher," etc., was the following: "Gentlemen, I noticed your advertisement for organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer you my services."

EIGHT MINUTES YET—A dude, while walking the streets lately, met a little boy who asked him the time. "Ten minutes to nine," says the dude. "Well," says the boy, "at nine o'clock get your hair cut;" and he took to his heels and ran, the dude after him, when, turning a corner, the dude came in contact with a policeman. The dude, very much out of breath, said: "You see that young urchin running along there? He asked me the time. I told him ten minutes to nine and he said, 'At nine o'clock get your hair cut.'" "Well," says the policeman, "what are you running for? You've eight minutes yet."

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The following was clipped from Harper's Bazaar of June 20, 1868, by a correspondent in the "Catholic Review."

The following beautiful incident may teach a lesson of trust to all, as well as show what loving reliance children have in those who have never deceived them:

Some time ago a boy was discovered in the street, evidently bright and intelligent, but sick.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the gentleman who found him.

"Waiting for God to come for me," he said.

"What do you mean?" said the gentleman, touched by the pathetic tones of the answer, and the condition of the boy, in whose eyes and flushed face he saw the evidences of fever.

"God sent for mother and father and little brother," he said, "and took them away to his home up in the sky; and mother told me when she was sick that God would take care of me. I have no home; nobody to give me anything; and so I came out here and have been looking so long in the sky for God to come and take care of me as mother said he would. He will come, won't he? Mother never told a lie."

"Yes, my lad," said the gentleman, overcome with emotion; "He has sent me to take care of you."

The child's eye flashed, and a smile of triumph breaking over his face, he said:

"Mother never told a lie Sir; but you have been so long on the way."

House and Household.

Useful Recipes.

FRIED BANANAS.

Take ripe bananas, not too soft, and peel them. Dip them in cracker dust, then in beaten egg, and again in cracker dust. Fry them whole, like doughnuts, in boiling hot fat. When of a delicate brown let them drop in a colander. Serve in a fringed napkin on a platter.

SPANISH SANDWICH

Slice rye bread thin, spread it first with made mustard and then with cottage cheese, butter the top slice, lay them together and your sandwich is complete. If you wish to stone olives and lay them in mayonnaise dressing on one slice, covering the other with mustard, or to slice hard boiled eggs, you can have another sandwich.

ORANGE PUDDING.

Peel and slice four large oranges (to not leave any of the white skin); lay in a pudding dish; sprinkle with one cup of sugar; beat yolks of three eggs, one-half cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch; pour over this one quart of boiling milk, and let come to a boil and thicken. Cool a little before pouring over the oranges. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth with sugar; cover the pudding and set in the oven two hours.

LEMON HONEY.

Lemon honey is a queer, old-fashioned desert which is easily made and delicious for a summer-night country dinner. Stir the yolks of six and the whites of four eggs into a pound of granulated sugar. Add the juice of three lemons and the grated rinds of two and a scant two ounces of butter. Cook over a slow fire, stirring constantly, and when the mass is thick and clear like honey pour it into custard cups and set it in the ice-box. If you wish to make this dessert a trifle more elaborate add a meringue to each cup before setting away to cool.

COFFEE JELLY.

Another dainty and exceedingly pretty desert is coffee jelly made with gelatine like any wine jelly, only using strong cold coffee instead of wine, rum or brandy. Pour in a mould, and when to be served turn it out on a small platter, make a wreath of sliced bananas about the jelly, and pour whipped cream over all.

Fashion and Fancy.

Black ribbon, satin and moire is used a great deal on all gowns. Even very light colored crepons, gingham and percales have belts, bows and ends of black ribbon. The contrast is, while striking from its novelty, very effective, particularly on wash gowns.

A new dress material is called "Venetian," and is to take the place of cashmere, and a silk check called "Scotch llama" is very soft and fine in texture. Tiny checks are becoming popular for walking dresses, bicycling costumes and dressy dinner gowns.

Open-work embroidered ecru batiste, lined with white or colored silk, is used for full vests in black silk gowns.

Moire ribbons in delicate colors and chine patterns are in use for trimming black dresses and giving a touch of color to white crepon gowns.

The newest waistcoats for wearing with open coats are made of brown holland, thickly embroidered down the front with fawn color and white flax threads.

New collarettes are made of a circular piece of lace or chiffon. A hole is cut in the middle and a narrow ribbon is run in, by which the material is shirred up to fit the throat. A frill of lace, set in very full, either gathered or plaited, has an insertion heading, with a dainty ribbon.

Velvet has gone through quite a transformation this year. It is to be had in crepe like the crepe associated with mourning. It is covered with spots sunk into the fabric and also with spots in relief. It is shot, miroir velvet and striped and brocaded. There is hardly any end to the treatment of it.

Ribbon is much used on evening gowns and long sash ends are a favorite trimming at the back, while at the front and sides, ribbons, either single or in loops, fall from the waist, and the ends are fast-

ened to the waist with little bouquets of flowers. Overskirts of wide ribbon and insertion lace are very effective, and are usually finished with a ruche of ribbon—Boston Republic.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—Patent Spring.....\$3.40 @ 3.50 Ontario Patent.....3.05 @ 3.20 Straight Roller.....2.75 @ 3.00 Extra.....2.40 @ 2.60 Superfine.....2.15 @ 2.35 City Strong Bakers.....3.30 @ 3.40 Manitoba Bakers.....3.15 @ 3.40 Ontario bags—extra.....1.30 @ 1.40 Straight Rollers.....1.45 @ 1.52

Oatmeal.—We quote as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.35 to \$4.45; Standard, \$4 35. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.15 to \$2.20, and standard at \$2.10 to \$2.15. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are selling at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.40 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—It is firm at \$15.50 to \$16 00, and \$16.25 is said to have been paid. Shorts are just as scarce, and have sold at a wide range of \$17.00 to \$19.50 as to grade. Mouille is unchanged at \$20 to \$21.

Wheat.—No. 1 hard Manitoba wheat is offered at Fort William at 57c afloat, which shows quite a decline. Here No. 1 hard is nominally quoted at 66c to 67c.

Corn.—Market quiet at 68c to 70c duty paid, and 61c to 62c in bond.

Peas.—Sales of new peas have been made in the Stratford district at 65c to 66c per 60 lbs, which is equal to about 63c to 60c per 60 lbs. laid down here.

Oats.—Old No. 2 white oats have sold at 33c to 34c per 60 lbs., and new No. 2 white can be laid down here at 32c to 32c on the export rate, and mixed at 31c to 31c.

Barley.—Feed barley is firm at 46c to 47c, and malting grades at 50c to 55c.

Rye.—At 52c to 53c.

Buckwheat.—At 47c to 48c.

Malt.—Quiet at 72c to 80c. Maltsters refuse to make new contracts until they see how the American Tariff acts.

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

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote:—Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$20 00 @ 22.00 Canada short cut, light, per bbl.....21.00 @ 21.00 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....21.00 @ 21.00 Mess pork, American, new, per bb.....19.50 @ 21.00 Extra mess beef, per bbl.....12.50 @ 13.00 Plate beef, per bbl.....16.25 @ 16.50 Hams, per lb.....11 @ 12c Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....8 1/2 @ 10c Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....7 1/2 @ 7 1/2c Bacon, per lb.....12 1/2 @ 13c Shoulders, per lb.....9 @ 9 1/2c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—per lb. Creamery, fresh.....19c to 19 1/2c Eastern Townships dairy.....16c to 18c Western.....14c to 16c Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.

Cheese.—We quote:—Finest Western, colored.....10 1/2c to 10 1/2c " white.....10 1/2c to 10 1/2c " Quebec, colored.....10 1/2c to 10 1/2c " white.....10 1/2c to 10 1/2c Under grades.....9 1/2c to 10 1/2c Cable.....5 1/2c

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—At 11c to 11 1/2c for fresh candled, and at 12c for single cases. Oulls have sold as low as 7c to 8c, and old held stock at 9c to 10c.

Beans.—At \$1.20 to \$1.50 per bushel for fair to choice stock.

Honey.—At 7c to 9c. New comb 11c to 14c per lb as to quality.

Baled Hay.—Business in No. 2 is reported in the country at \$5 50 to \$6 50 f.o.b. as to quality and position. Alongside ship sales are reported at \$7.00 to \$7.50 for No. 2. No. 1 hay is quoted at \$8 50 to \$9.50.

Hops.—The few first bales of new early varieties were sold at about 12c; but to arrive 10c is said to be all that can be got. Yearlings are quoted at 6c to 8c.

FRUITS, Etc

Apples.—\$1.50 to \$1.75 per barrel for poor to medium quality, and \$2.19 to \$2.50 for selected good fall varieties.

Oranges.—New Jamaica oranges are again in the market, and are selling well at \$5 per barrel. Red oranges are still quoted at \$4.50 to \$5.50 per box.

Lemons.—Fair sales are reported at \$2 to \$3 per box.

Bananas.—Are said to be very slow at 25c to \$1 per bunch according to size and quality.

Peaches.—At 40c to 60c per basket.

Pears.—Sales are reported very slow at \$2 to \$4 per barrel for Canadian, and \$1 2 to \$1.50 per box for California.

Plums.—Canadian plums are selling from 60c to 75c per basket. Quebec plums are expected to sell from \$9 to \$10 per barrel. California plums are quoted at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per box.

Grapes.—Fair sales are reported at 2c per lb for Canadian Champions, Canadian Delaware 40c per basket, and Canadian Niagara 35c per basket.

FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—A cargo of Newfoundland shore herring is on the way to this market, sales of which have been made to arrive at \$4.50 to \$4.75 per bbl. A car load of Cape Breton herring was received this week and offered at \$5.75. Salmon is quoted at \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small in bbls, and at \$14.50 to \$15.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia is quoted at \$9.00 to \$10.00.

Canned Fish.—Lobsters are scarce and quoted at \$8.50 to \$7 per case. A few lots of

dry cod have sold at \$4 50; but the trade is now running on whole skinned fish or cod, and boneless cod put up in more convenient shape.

Oils.—There have been sales of jobbing lots of steam refined seal-oil at 35c to 36c, at which prices the market is firm. In cod there is no change, 34c to 35c being quoted for Newfoundland and 31c to 32c for Halifax and Gaspe. Newfoundland cod liver oil 65c to 75c.

School Books.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Table listing school books with columns for Title, Price, and Retail Price. Includes Dominion Catholic Reading Charts, First Reader, Second Reader, etc.

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STAINED GLASS WINDOWS FOR SALE CHEAP.

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

CHURCH PEWS FOR SALE.

The Pews of St. Patrick's, Montreal, which have been removed from the Church, may be bought very cheap. There are three hundred of them, made of the best clear pine, with neatly paneled ends and doors. The book rests and top bead are of black walnut; each pew is six feet long by thirty-eight inches wide. Apply to J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

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PRICE OF SCRIPS 25 Cents.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, in the SUPERIOR COURT. No. 781 Dame Marie Anne Brien dit Durocher, of the city and district of Montreal, wife of Jean Baptiste Malpart, of the same place, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 23rd August, 1894. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, in the Superior Court. No. 2327. Dame Corinne Leblanc, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Isidore Boileau, clerk, of the same place, Plaintiff; vs. the said Isidore Boileau, Defendant. The Plaintiff hereby gives notice that on the 8th August, 1894, she has sued, for separation as to property, her husband, the said Isidore Boileau. Montreal, 22nd August, 1894. SAINT PIERRE & PELISSIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Youths' Department.

Aleck's References.

Aleck Cotton's father used to say: "I mean to give my children a good education, and then they will be able to take care of themselves when I am gone. Aleck takes to books like a fish to water, and he must have as good a chance as rich men's sons."

So the good hearted man went on, toiling early and late that his loved ones might be sheltered from hardships, and if he had lived this story would never have been written; but there came a day when there was crape on the door, and the widow Cotton and her orphan children wept over a coffin in the darkened parlor. When the funeral was over Aleck piled away his loved books and looked for a job of work, for, as the eldest child, he knew that his hands would be needed to help earn bread for the little ones. He succeeded in picking up a few odd jobs, but somehow no one seemed to be in need of a boy's permanent services, and he was very much discouraged, when some one told him that a boy was wanted at a downtown bookstore.

Without references he feared that he would stand a poor chance, but he determined to try, and for the purpose of applying for the position, started cheerfully on his journey.

Half way across the common he overtook an old woman bending under the weight of a heavy basket.

"Let me carry your load as far as I go," he said brightly, hoisting the basket on his shoulder. Just then a carriage drove by slowly, and the boy noticed that he was attracting attention, but he kept bravely on at the side of his limping companion, until the basket of ironed clothes was deposited on the steps of a dwelling; then, raising his hat to the grateful creature, with as much deference as if she had been a queen, he quickened his steps to make up for lost time. The boys in the carriage trotted after him briskly until their progress was retarded by Aleck crossing the street, in charge of a little waif, who, liking his face, had appealed to him for help.

Soon the bookstore was reached, but, as Mr. Pressley, the proprietor, was not in, Aleck stepped to the door to wait for him.

A boy who had come upon the same errand as himself, was tormenting a fine, large cat that he found sunning itself on the step.

"Let the poor thing alone," said Aleck, interfering on the cat's behalf.

"Does it belong to you?" asked the other boy.

"No; but you have no right to injure it," was the reply. "It did not hurt you, did it?"

"Attend to your own business, if you please," snarled the boy, as he gave an extra twist to poor pussy's tail.

Aleck stooped down and loosened the cruel fingers, thus allowing the suffering creature to escape, and before the coward had time to use the fist he had doubled up, the owner of the bay ponies rubbed past him and entered the store.

The boys both knew Mr. Pressley, and, without renewing the quarrel, followed him into the store. Aleck allowed the other boy to present his credentials and have a quiet talk with the proprietor before he made known his business.

"What references do you bring?" asked the gentleman, eyeing Aleck closely.

"Not any," answered Aleck. "I have never had a position, for while father was living I was kept at school."

"Very well, so far," said the man, "but something more than scholarship is needed in a book store. You do not expect me to take you without references, I suppose."

"I was afraid I would not stand your test, but I thought I would come and see," replied Aleck, turning to go.

"Hold on, boy, I did not say that I would not employ you. I chanced to see some of your references myself this morning and, without inquiring further, am willing to give you a trial," said Mr. Pressley, returning the other boy's papers to him.

"Saw references?" You must be mis-

taken, sir. I never had any," insisted Aleck.

"I was driving past you a while ago and saw the kindness you bestowed upon an old washerwoman. A little later I was obliged to stop my carriage to allow you to help a child over a dangerous crossing, and, as you are aware, I reached the store just in time to see you rescue my pet cat from the clutches of this boy, who has his pockets stuffed with references which under other circumstances would have secured for him the position at my disposal. I do not want a cruel boy about me."

With glowing cheeks Aleck hurried home to tell his mother the good news, while the other boy, crest-fallen over his failure, crept away to lament the ill-luck that persisted in following him.—*Catholic Columbian.*

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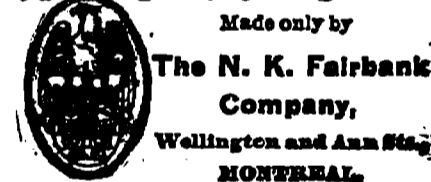
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ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

AN INTERESTING IF NOT INVITING PLACE

How the Criminals Are Employed—The Barriers to Liberty—Different Classes of Inmates—The Chapel and Religious Devotions in the Penitentiary.

In our series of articles on the institutions of Montreal, we come to the penitentiary at St. Vincent de Paul, not a very pleasant place to think of for a length of time, but a very interesting one to visit.

Prisons are an unfortunate necessity in every large community, and when managed in the style of St. Vincent de Paul should lead to reformation in all characters not wholly incorrigible.

Many persons think of a prison as a dismal, dark, damp habitation, lacking in sanitary appliances, a place where criminals are huddled promiscuously together, so that those not wholly bad may become as low as their most vicious fellows by daily unguarded communion. This idea conceived of St. Vincent de Paul would be entirely erroneous.

A squat heavy building, on a hill surrounded by a solid blank stone wall, is the uninviting appearance of St. Vincent de Paul to the stranger as he alights from the train at the village of St. Vincent de Paul, 15 or 16 miles from Montreal. Entering into the outer enclosure of the prison the visitor is accosted at the door of the Warden's house by two tall sturdy guards, and after necessary questions is passed into a hall or corridor and the massive barred door closed behind him. To us it seemed somewhat like being cooped behind the bars of a menagerie caravan. After a few minutes a guard was deputed to show us over the various buildings. The two rows of closely-fitted heavy iron bars with about 50 inches between each row, which took up the end of the corridor, were, we were told, to prevent the visitors who came to see their friends, from passing anything in or from holding any secret conversations.

Passing through several doorways whose barred (apparently impregnable) doors flew noiselessly open as we approached, we came to the hospital, the only room in the prisoners' quarters which presented any appearance of comfort. Here four or five prisoners suffering from slight indisposition were under care of the doctor. There is a special kitchen attached to the hospital, so that any special food that may be required can be provided. The kitchen which supplies the cooking for the whole of the penitentiary contains four enormous coppers and a pot nearly as big as a water cask. The work is performed by the convicts. "There are convicts," said our guide, "of almost every trade and profession at present confined here. Doctors are about the only ones that we lack."

The strongest part of the building is that which contains the cells; in the large space under the dome of this building, which is as high as a church, is a register, where all the names of the inmates are written up in full view. The cells are ranged along corridors, which radiate from the dome, and each corridor has an outlet towards the dome, and for additional security this outlet is barred and protected by a ponderous gate, so that if a prisoner were by chance to escape from his cell he could go no farther than the corridor gate, even if he were not observed, which it is not very likely would happen.

The prisoners' cells are small but very clean, and the doors are not solid but are fashioned of heavy bars so that the guard may see in each cell easily as he passes. The dungeons are in the basement. In the dungeons the doors are solid iron and very little light is admitted into the cell, which is small, without an atom of furniture, nothing but the stone floor and massive walls of masonry nearly a yard thick, and the ceiling, for the prisoner to look upon. None but prisoners who are almost incorrigible are sent to solitary confinement in the dungeon.

Some time ago a man was condemned to solitary confinement, out of which it would seem nothing less than a miracle could release him within his allotted time; and he escaped merely by the use of a common table knife which he had stolen and secreted upon his person. He

must have been hours and hours cutting his way out through the solid wall, but he succeeded at last, and breathed the air of liberty for three days, when he was caught again, as generally happens; so all his perseverance was in vain, worse than in vain, in fact, for he had something added to his original sentence.

Leaving the cells we visit the various shops,—the carpenters, stonemasons, tailors and bakery; in the court yard men who had no trade were breaking stones. Said our guide: The worst class of prisoners we have here are the product of the slums of Liverpool and London. These men are absolutely incorrigible; nearly 50 per cent of the 360 inmates at present here are men who have been convicted on previous occasions.

The prisoners are at present engaged building a new wall immediately inside the old one, and at each angle there is a watch turret, and along the top of the wall, near each corner, silhouetted against the sky, patrols a guard with a loaded repeating rifle on his arm.

The prisoners take their meals in their own cells, and are marshalled into the corridors, where the meals are placed, in gangs of twenty men; they walk in single file, and as each man comes within reach of the cca that contains his meal, he takes it up and walks silently along to his cell, where he is locked up.

The locks on the cells are of a patent kind, and are all opened or closed by turning a handle at one end of the corridor. A register of cell numbers is affixed to a brass plate and by the assistance of this mechanism any cell may be opened at will by the warders in charge.

The religion of the Catholic prisoners is attended to in a pretty chapel, and it is to be hoped that the prayers there offered will bring about the reformation of a good many who have erred against the laws of the country, and who would, perhaps, otherwise never be reclaimed.

A GRAND CONCERT.

FATHER MATHEW ANNIVERSARY.

The committee of management of the St. Patrick's T.A. and B. society are sparing no pains to make the anniversary of Father Mathew a notable one. All the arrangements for their entertainment to be held at the Victoria Armory hall on October 10th are now nearly complete.

An excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music is being arranged by Professor J. A. Fowler. Hon. Senator Murphy, lay president and senior member of the society, will preside. Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., the eloquent rev. president of the society, will deliver a short address, as will also Mr. Frank J. Curran, B.C.L., son of the Hon. J. J. Curran, Solicitor General.

In addition to the above the dramatic section will present a pleasing sketch, entitled "Dr. Killreure." A meeting of the committee of management was held last evening in connection with the event, Mr. John Walsh in the chair, and judging from the reports presented by the various sub-committees the affair promises to be a great success.

HOCHELAGA CHURCH.

During the Forty Hours devotion last week at the Church of the Nativity at Hochelaga, there were more than 3,000 communicants, or more than half the members of the parish. A beautiful new statue of Mary Magdalen added to the adornments of the church recently was solemnly blessed on Sunday last.

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