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VOL. XLVI. NO. 13. MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1896. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

**AN ABLE ADDRESS**

Delivered by Very Rev. B. Vaughan to the Students of Clongowes Wood College.

The Prizes in Life can only be Obtained by Incessant Labor—The Necessity for Practice.

A Reference to the Learned Professors.

The Irish correspondent of the Catholic Times gives the following interesting report of an able deliverance of the Very Rev. B. Vaughan:—

The annual retreat to the boys of Clongowes Wood College was conducted this year by the Very Rev. B. Vaughan, S. J., rector of the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester. In the course of his instruction, Father Vaughan reminded his hearers that the earth was created for the service of man's body, the body for the service of man's soul, and the soul for the service of man's God. It was only by bringing his soul into subjection to God's will that man could subdue his body to his own will. It was the obedient man who "spoke of victories," and he only was fitted to rule himself and others who had learned to obey his God. The preacher, speaking of the rule of God, said that there was a universal law pressing upon all creatures bearing the burden of life; it was the law of labour. From the ants in their nests or the bees in their hives, right up through all the scale of being to man—in the looms of industry or the assembly of legislators—this law universally obtained. At first the law was imposed as the penalty of sin; but when Christ took upon Him our manhood, taking labour by the hand and embracing it, He changed labour from being a penalty into being a privilege. He, the reputed son of a village workman, pined in the sweat of His brow at the carpenter's bench in order to keep the roof over the head of His sinless Mother.

SINCE THE ADVENT OF CHRIST IN OUR MIDDLE, since the introduction of Christianity, the Christian man, whether peer or peasant, who shirked work shirked his highest duty. Deservedly might he be called a tramp. In this workaday world of ours, it was generally admitted that they only obtained the prizes of life who earned them by incessant work. So keen was the competition, so fine the margin of profit, that the demand for work had become even greater than the supply. Speaking of the learned professions, he might say that such was the glut in the market that one-third went under, one-third survived, and one-third got "into the swim," carrying all before them. At Clongowes they were struggling not for any prize, but the first prize, and the successes that had crowned their splendid efforts in the competitive examinations into which they had entered went to show beyond dispute that the Clongowes of the future would be found "in the swim" and leading it. He was glad to notice that on the fair fields of Clongowes there was no room for barren fig-trees. Irishmen were, perhaps more favourably equipped mentally than other nations to enter into open competition with others; and when they stuck to it, competitors with whom they were heavily enough handicapped in the race for knowledge. But they must not forget that while these splendidly endowed by nature for work, they had, perhaps, a keener relish for pleasure, were more easily disposed, more easily tempted to indolence and idleness than any other nations he might mention. Let them, then, beware of

THE MICROBE OF IDLENESS, which, like a canker, might blight their fairest hopes. But recreation, let them remember, was not idleness, but another form of work; and in their games they would find the very best recreation. He would take the liberty of reminding those who were preparing to take their part as Catholic laymen in the future history of their country what it was that made the successful man. For instance, what was it that made the cricketer? Practice. What the gymnast? Practice. What the athlete? Practice. And he only who practised knew how to throw a fly across the rushing river, or to steer his horse across the hunting-fields. It was practice then, and practice only, that made the efficient sportsman; and what he said of the sportsman he might say of the commercial and of the professional man. What was wanted was a race of men, of Catholic men, to each one of whom "Nature might stand and say to all the world, 'This was a man.'" It was only by sowing acts that they could reap habit; by sowing habits that they could reap conduct; and by sowing conduct that they could reap character. During the retreat from which they had just emerged he had set before them

THE ONE TYPE OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER. Since the dawn of Christianity there was only one true type of true manliness worthy of their imitation; that type

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**A FIGHT WITH DEATH**

In the Task Assumed by an American Doctor.

Among the many curious notions entertained by curious people none will occupy a place of distinction in the history of beautiful hallucinations to compare with that of a member of the medical profession in Brooklyn, who is now tussling with the causes and sources which produce death. An enterprising American paper devotes much space to the statements made by the investigator and has one ghastly illustration as it were to emphasize the subject. We give our readers the introductory portion of the article:—

The germs of cholera, diphtheria, consumption—of nearly all the diseases, in a word—have been identified and photographed. Measures have been taken to exterminate them or to nullify their pernicious activity in the human system. Now we have the bacillus of death itself.

A Brooklyn physician, after close microscopic research, has discovered in the corpuscles of human blood the germ whose life is death—the death of mankind. The physician who has made this startling discovery is G. Fish Clark, of No. 515 Decatur street, Brooklyn.

Dr. Clark is now studying the germ's habits with the view to devising means that will destroy it, or, at least, keep it at bay.

Dr. Clark is confident of success. He believes that he can kill the death germ or at all events so check its ravages that life may be greatly prolonged. He does not go so far as to say that longevity equal to that which prevailed in the days of Methuselah will be attained, but he is confident that he has a clue to the secret of the remarkable ages which not believe men in remote generations attained.

Dr. Clark is a graduate of the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, and he has been in practice in Brooklyn for a number of years. In addition to his regular routine professional work he has long devoted much time to microscopic research and to the study of the germ theory of disease.

It was in the course of studies of this kind, consisting of microscopic examinations of human blood corpuscles, that he made the discovery of what he believes to be the veritable germ of death—the "Mortis-Bacillus," as he has named it.

**SOME PECULIAR DEDUCTIONS.**

A discussion in some European papers of the question as to whether widows should marry again has brought out the statistician with some more or less interesting figures. According to M. Morselli, who is an authority on the subject, out of 365 men who committed suicide in Italy, 100 were married, 108 were bachelors and 157 were widowers. In France it is among the widowers that suicide finds the most victims.

As regards married women, out of every 100 who commit suicide in Italy and France the majority are widows. In France the number of widows who commit suicide is twice as great as that of women whose husbands are living. From these statistics M. Morselli concludes that widows and widowers are far more likely to be driven to despair and death than other men and women, and that, therefore, it is the duty of society to encourage them to marry again.

On the other hand, M. G. Labadie-Lagrave does not think much of these statistics.

"The conclusions arrived at," he says, "seem to me very much exaggerated. If so many widows are unable to support the burdens of life, it is not chargin at the loss of their husbands which drives them to commit suicide, but rather anxiety as to how they shall support themselves and their children. And it is very probable that the reason why they remain widows is not because they desire to remain true to their husbands, but because they cannot find men who are willing to burden themselves with the support of them and their children."

"The true test of religion is to be always prepared for death." This is but a sombre way of putting a truth. Better say, God's will is done in living your life honestly and well. Then you needn't bother yourself about what is to become of you in the future. The man whose to-day is all right can't have any bad dreams about to-morrow.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time; but that happeneth rarely.

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The members of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society did honor to the memory of the great Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, by their religious and patriotic celebration of his anniversary, last Sunday, in St. Ann's church. At 8 o'clock Mass the members received Holy Communion, in a body, and in the evening, at 7 o'clock, they were again present in full regalia, at the religious demonstration, together with delegates from the sister societies of St. Patrick's and St. Gabriel's. The officers of St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, and the visiting delegates, occupied seats of honor in the Sanctuary where the beautiful banner of St. Ann's Society was also conspicuously placed. The cause of temperance has long been honorably sustained by the staunch veterans of these three societies, and they have set a worthy example for the youths of the city. The old time vigor and vitality of these organizations is still apparent in the number of young members who fill the honored ranks that still remain the same strong safeguards for the men of to-day as they proved for an older generation.

After the recital of the Rosary by the Rev. Father Stainforth, the pulpit was occupied by Rev. Father Heffernan, the brilliant and popular young Curate of St. Gabriel's, who delivered an eloquent sermon on the "Life and Mission of Father Mathew." Rev. Father Heffernan's easy flow of language, elegant diction and vivid word-painting held the attention of his eager listeners to the end. Father Heffernan said:—

Assembled here to-night in this House of God, under the special patronage of Mary's Mother, Holy St. Ann, to commemorate the anniversary of the great Theobald Mathew, I judge it not out of place to apply to him these words of my text.—"The Just shall be in everlasting remembrance." For, though he be not a canonized Saint of Holy Church with his name inscribed above an imperishable altar, yet we find in his life those traits which mark and clearly point out a saintly career. He was one of God's chosen ones, selected from among the many who were called, armed with the authority of Christ, the only Son of God, to "go forth, teach all nations; as the Father sent me so I send you." As the anointed of the Lord, he, together with all his fellow priests, had a sealed commission for the whole universe—the commission to save immortal souls. As of old, however, after the descent of the Holy Ghost, the twelve Apostles assembled, and to different ones were allotted different parts of the globe for their special territory, so, also, in the days of Father Mathew, and even in this our own day, different spheres of action, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, are appointed for different men. Some are destined to stand at the helm of the ship of State and to pilot it safely through the troubled waters of the financial sea; some to care for the physical condition of the human race; some to guard, and jealously so, the interests of Holy Church. Others, again, have been selected by God from all eternity to be in a special manner the saviors of men; and of this happy and select number is the hero, that other Christ, that man after God's own heart, on whose shoulders was laid the sweet yoke and light burden of the Lord, the great, the glorious, the not-to-be-forgotten Theobald Mathew.

One of our poets of far-famed renown has, in language beautiful, given expression to a thought more beautiful still:—

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time.

Led on by the knowledge of the truth of these words, you are accustomed to meet each recurring year to recall the noble actions of a great man, who give expression to the sublimity of a grand and noble life. Born in 1790, some four miles west of Cashel, at Thomastown; he died December 1856. It is needless, indeed, at this day to consider the particular events of his early life, or to enter into details of his priestly career. This shall be more becoming for the pulpit when he shall be honored as one of God's saints, when his name shall have been placed above that imperishable altar; we will merely consider, now, his mission, the special design of the author of his mission, and the results of that mission.

The mission of Father Mathew as a priest was to save souls; his mission as

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a particular priest, destined by high Heaven for the accomplishment of a particular end, was to save the souls of Irishmen. This was his grand and noble mission. And thus he fulfilled his mission. In spirit, he stood upon an immense bridge, which the eyes of man saw not then, nor see not now, for it is the bridge which reaches from time to eternity, spanning an immeasurable, bottomless sea. He cast his eyes to the right and to the left and then below into the sea. There, in its turbid flood, he saw souls in desperate struggle, and he heard the agonized cry of despair. His heart was grieved and full of pity; he sought to rescue them, or bring them at least momentary relief, but in vain. He was powerless, for that sea beneath the bridge of signs was the seething mouth of hell, whence no soul returns. In horror at the awful sight, but with a firm resolve, he rushed from the bridge into the midst of his fellowmen, the sworn enemy of hell and of the demon drink.—the avouched friend of men but in a more particular manner of his own race—Irishmen.

Viewing the world around him, his eyes rested upon a figure, in appearance a man, but in reality a God-Man, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He saw Him on a gibbet, a crown of cruel thorns upon His gentle brow. His hands and feet pierced and bleeding. His heart cleft by a lance, and the precious blood flowing in streams to the earth. Finally, the last drop falls, the head droops, the eyes close,—Christ is dead; sin has done its worst. It has crucified the Saviour of mankind; but the outstretched arms on the cross plead, even in death, for mercy for His creatures: "They know not what they do."

This vision was but an incentive to urge on our hero to fulfil strictly his sworn undertaking of snatching souls from the perilous way to the path of duty and God. Now he goes forth as the apostle of God, armed with the high commission of Heaven, and impelled and strengthened by the grace of God—the Apostle of Temperance. He knew full well that all the crime committed in the world was due in great measure to the foul vice of intemperance. He remembered the vast number of souls his eyes gazed upon in the seething pool of hell-fire—lost through the sin of intemperance. He saw around him men bartering their intelligence for the satisfaction of one wine cup. Flinging back to God the priceless treasure of intellect that raised them above the brute creation, they revel in their own brutality and sink beneath the beasts. Could he but gain this generous race of Irish people to the cause of temperance in its strictest sense, as solidly and completely as the Apostle Patrick in olden days had won them to the true faith, what a grand work would be accomplished! He went about seeking souls; some he found enslaved by the vice of intemperance; some he found were tipplers; but one generous appeal he made to all to hearken to his voice, and range themselves beneath the glorious standard of Temperance which he had uplifted. His was the voice of one, like St. John of old, crying in the wilderness: "Make straight the paths of the Lord."

And his voice was hearkened to by that noble race that received God's sweet light of faith without bloodshed, without contention, without unnecessary delay, from the great St. Patrick. The Irish were too Christian, too Catholic, too enlightened, to permit the blot of intemperance to stain the bright escutcheon of their national pride and glory.

It is an historical fact that many who had been enslaved by the terrible vice cast themselves on their knees at the feet of Father Mathew, and pronounced the formula of the pledge, which they maintained unbroken to their dying day. Others there were who had at times forgot themselves, but after their pledge to Father Mathew, never permitted occasion or circumstance to again swerve them from their high resolve. Some, 'tis true, dead to all love of God, dead to all sense of honor, dead to their own eternal interest, drifted again to the old habits, but this need not surprise us, however, for was there not a Judas even in the company of our Lord God on earth? God permits the demons to tempt man, but not beyond man's strength, to test his obedience and to give him opportunity to exercise his gift of free-will in the direction of right or wrong, and man in his blindness, like the Israelites of old, prefers the fl-sh-pots of Egypt to the manna of Divine grace. If Father Mathew's work was not complete and null in its effects, we cannot deny that it was marvellous in its results; and if his days had been longer, who shall say that he might not have compassed even his highest hopes? Theobald Mathew's life work was the continuation of the mission of St. Patrick, the brightening of the Jewel of Faith implanted in the hearts of the Irish nation thirteen hundred years ago by St. Patrick, for though in the course of years change had affected the language, laws and customs of the land, St. Patrick's gift of Faith was flawless and perfect as in the first days of its setting. Other nations have other glories, but the Irish people rejoice in this fact above all others, that the light St. Patrick lit upon their altars still illumines their land. Ireland, the virgin-daughter of the Church of God, has went down into the valley of woe, and walked 'neath the dark shades of sorrow, famine and pestilence, has paled and fevered her brow, but the Jewel of Faith that gleams on her bosom flashes its brightness and beauty still. Is not this a special proof of God's love and fostering care for the Irish people? What a debt of gratitude we owe our

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God! And how can we repay this debt but by living faithful observers of His law; not only by giving full obedience to Holy Church, His Spouse, in regard to all her dogmas of Faith, but also by scrupulously adhering to all her moral principles. This can be done in no other manner than by being true followers of those renowned ones, those bright and glittering stars which he has placed in the firmament of the Irish nation which, if we follow, as did the Magi that star of old, will lead us to the possession of that glory which he has prepared for us. Father Mathew's work is still a thing of life; it is now in our hands to propagate and extend its influence until its ultimate result will be an added glory to the Irish name.

Remember the words of our Lord: "Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things will be given unto you." Seek it by returning special love for special love to God; seek it by walking steadily in the footsteps of our illustrious hero. Then, when you have done this faithfully, you may look, and not in vain, for a return of those glorious days when our little green isle was the recognized land of saints and scholars. Like unto the Church she stands to-day. Like in her sorrows. This is her night of mourning; but the night of nations shall not prevail against Erin's isle if her sons be imbued with the spirit that animated Father Mathew. Let us, then, my dear friends, from this very night, be more careful, more serious, more alive to our own interests; let us refuse the company of the only devil that I believe can interfere with an Irishman's interests—I mean the devil of intemperance. The surest way of being sure of success in our own determination is to be a people of prayer, and a people of belief in total abstinence.

Pray God to guide and guard you, in the blessing I wish you all. Amen.

The sermon was followed by solemn Benediction. Rev. Father Schindler, C.S.S.R., pastor of St. Ann's, Rev. Father Girard, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Stainforth, officiating. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Shea and Mr. J. Morgan, provided special music for the occasion. The pupils of Rev. Bro. Prudent's school were also in attendance.

Success attend the Temperance organizations, and may many follow the edifying example of the men who for years have formed a bulwark against the encroachments of the vice of intemperance. K. D.

**ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.**

St. Ann's Parish will open their bazaar in aid of the poor and orphans, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, on Wednesday, Oct. 14, continuing until the 24th inst. The bazaar is under the direction of the Rev. and Most Rev. Fathers of St. Ann's and the kind supervision of the Ladies of Mercy.

Doors will be open daily at 1:30 P.M. Special entertainments have been prepared for each evening during the bazaar's progress, and a great variety of valuable, useful and pretty articles will be found at the different tables. The ladies have this year received many generous donations of articles. The lady collectors held a competition for fancy work a few weeks ago, and all the articles entered were given to the bazaar, so that a finer display of pretty things will be seen than in former years. All are invited to visit the bazaar, and none need fear any exorbitant demands on their generosity.

The following committee of ladies has been appointed directors of the good work:— President, Mrs. Wm. Brennan; Vice-Presidents, Miss O'Connor, Miss Kane, Miss Garau; Secretary, Miss Lescapance.

The tables are in charge of the following ladies:— President's Table and Advertisement Stall.—Mrs. Wm. Brennan, assisted by Mrs. Jas. Johnson, Mrs. T. Lane, Miss Gavin, Miss Bunnet, Miss Howlet, Miss M. O'Brien, Miss E. Maguire.

Selling Table.—Miss M. A. Kane, assisted by Miss McIner, Miss Gilmore, Miss K. Kane.

Fish Pond.—Misses E. and A. McCarthy. First Fancy Table.—Mrs. Thos. O'Connell, assisted by Miss McIner and Miss Crowe.

Second Fancy Table.—Misses Hatch, Lottery and Harbor of Fortune.—Miss Brennan, assisted by Mrs. Cusack, Miss A. Brennan, Miss E. Martin, Miss R. Ward, Miss K. Quinn.

Flowers and Cigars.—Misses Kannon and Finlay, assisted by Miss K. Martin and Miss M. Cooney.

Wheel of Fortune.—Miss A. Garau Art Studio.—Miss Agnes McArthur. Furniture Booth.—Mrs. McLaughlin, assisted by Miss Kiely, Mrs. N. Walsh, Miss K. Walsh, Miss A. Davey.

**A NEW REGIME.**

"The Protestant Bookseller" of Paternoster Row, London, Exposes Instruments of Penance

Said to be Used and Prescribed by High Churchmen of the Anglican Communion.

An American journal, in keeping with the demands of a great portion of the present generation who seem to enjoy everything that smirks of the conventional feature of life, serves up the following delicate literary morsel to appease the appetites of that greedy section:—

John Kensit, of Paternoster row, in London, has been giving a new sensation to his British fellow citizens. He is called "the Protestant Bookseller," because his principal business seems to be to fight the Church of Rome and all of what he calls the Romish tendencies in the Church of England. His chief abhorrence is extreme High Churchism in the Anglican fold.

Not long ago Mr. Kensit removed the anti-Catholic books, tracts and pamphlets from his show window to make room for a display of instruments of torture, which he said were used and recommended by members of the Church of England as a means of penance. The display has excited the wildest protests from devout Anglicans, who were unwilling to believe that their Church had lapsed into the methods of the flagellants of other days.

The instruments are not joyous objects to be viewed by the imaginative eye. Take that broad scumacher of horse hair, for example and place it next to the skin; imagine the discomfort of the first five minutes as each bristly hair presses against the body, and picture the torture of each succeeding five minutes it is worn. They turn from this mild "discipline" to the severer penance of the barbed heart. This is a maze of wire, the size of the palm of one's hand, upon one side of which barbs project, finer than the ends of the barbed fences of our fields.

TORTURING WRISTLETS. Of similar construction and equally fondish in purpose are the wristlets and anklets and the broad band of netted barbs which the penitent fastens around his or her leg. All of these may possibly be worn under conditions which will mitigate the severity of the torture; but there would seem to be no way of softening the lash when applied to the bare skin. One of the scourges shown is of hard knotted ropes, half a dozen ends attached to a plant handle; the other is of well-harped and polished steel, each end of the five chains neatly finished with a steel rowel. Every blow from this when the penitent swings it over his shoulder will on his bare back must produce five wounds, bruises or sores.

How the pious Anglicans took this exhibition and the announcement that it stood for practices actually in vogue in the English Church is best told by Kensit himself. He says that an indignant churchman came into his shop the other day and delivered himself after this fashion:—

"Look here, sir, whoever you are, if you're the proprietor of this place take those things out of your window. It's a lie. It never could be done. I believe it's just one of your advertising dodges. I won't believe that those things were ever made to be used in this day."

Mr. Kensit waited till his visitor had ended a long tirade, and then quietly remarked:— "Will you take the trouble to go into the shop next door and ask the shopman to show you a selection of those things? Ask him to name his price, and let him tell you who buys them. Then you can come back and apologize to me."

"The gentleman," said Mr. Kensit, when he told the story the other day, "went into the shop next door. In five minutes he was back again with a bundle under his arm. 'Mr. Kensit,' he said, 'you're right. They sell them, and I've bought a few to take home and show to my family. They'll never believe it unless I do.'"

"Well," said Mr. Kensit, "did you ask who purchases them?"

SOLD TO ANGLICANS. "I did," said the gentleman, "and, if you'll believe me, the shopman said that for every one he sold to a Catholic he sold three to Church of England people!"

"I not only believe it," said Mr. Kensit, "but I know it." "Of course, these instruments of torture are used only by extremely pious penitents. It is alleged that they are prescribed by the high church clergymen after confession as a means of mortifying the rebellious flesh."

(Concluded on fifth page.) A hundred and twenty prize medals have been awarded the Chickering & Sons Pianos of Boston, including Legion of Honor, the highest award received by a piano manufacturer. C. W. Lindsay, 2836 St. Catherine street, to whom the agency has recently been transferred, has imported a full assortment of Grands and Uprights.



# ROME AGAIN.

## Archbishop Langevin Tendered a Magnificent Reception on His Return.

Addresses in French and English were Presented to His Grace, to Which he Made an Eloquent Reply—The School Question is not Alone an Absorbing Theme in Canada, it is the Same the World Over.

The Northwest Review.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface reached home on Wednesday last. During his two months absence he had visited Rome and many shrines and other places of Catholic interest on the continent of Europe and it was evident to all when he stepped off the train at the C.P.R. Depot that he returned from his extended trip in the very best of health and good spirits. He was welcomed back by a tremendous throng of his loving children, including a large number of the clergy of the diocese and many of the prominent laymen of St. Boniface and Winnipeg, and escorted to the Cathedral, where His Grace officiated at Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, after which Mr. James E. P. Prendergast, M. P., and Mayor of St. Boniface, stepped to the sanctuary rails and read an address of welcome in French, and Mr. F. W. Russell read the following address on behalf of the Catholics of Winnipeg:—

To His Grace the Most Reverend Dr. Langevin, O.M.I., Archbishop of St. Boniface:

My Lord Archbishop:—It is with the warmest feelings of joy and gratitude that we, the Catholics of the city of Winnipeg, approach your grace, and tender to you, our beloved chief pastor, a most hearty and filial welcome home.

During your Grace's absence many were the fervent prayers that ascended to Heaven from the hearts of your loving and faithful children for your safe return, and today we give thanks to God for the happy realization of our petitions. We were conscious when you left us that it was only the imperative duties of your episcopal station which impelled you to take your departure at a time when your absence caused as much anxious solicitude.

We were, however, greatly consoled by the fact that the cause of your absence was for the purpose of paying a visit to our most holy father, the illustrious Leo XIII, the reverend spiritual ruler and guide of over two hundred and fifty millions of loyal subjects. While kneeling at the feet of the august vicar of Jesus Christ and receiving his blessing, we are sure that your mind flashed back to your faithful children in the west and your heart responding prompted the thought of asking of the Holy Father a similar favor and privilege for us.

How consoled it must have been to the heart of the illustrious Prætor in the Vatican to bear from your Grace's lips the assurance that you ruled over a diocese wherein dwelt a loving, obedient and united Christian people—a people who have ever been a unit with their bishop and clergy on all questions in which the one has a divine commission to direct and the other a divine command to obey.

It is our pleasing duty to repeat, today, the solemn assurances which we gave you on the day of your consecration. Now, as then, we recognize in your Grace our chief pastor and guide in all matters of faith and morals. We therefore wish, in extending to you a cordial and affectionate welcome home, to renew once more our sentiments of loyalty to yourself and reverential homage for your exalted episcopal dignity.

Signed on behalf of the Catholics of the city of Winnipeg, this 23rd day of September, A.D. 1896.

His Grace, in reply, said: My dearly beloved brethren,—I thank you very much for this grand reception that you have tendered me today. Assuredly I do not take this as a recognition of any personal quality; but I know that there by you intend to proclaim your spirit of faith and your sincere attachment to your pastor, and particularly on this occasion to the Holy See. As you have said so eloquently in your beautiful address, you recognize the Divine command by which I have received a commission towards you, and you have laid upon you the obligation of being submissive to your pastor. I thank you most cordially for this eloquent expression of your Catholic spirit. When I knelt at the feet of the Holy Father, that great man, perhaps the greatest personage in Europe or the whole world—when I bowed to him—when I knelt down before the Vicar of Christ, you were all kneeling down with me. It was not only the homage of my faith and my filial affection that I laid at the feet of my supreme pastor; it was also your sentiments of affection and of deep respect. And when he imparted to me the mission of blessing you, he gave me a second mission besides that received at the time of my consecration, to watch over you with a more tender love than ever and to be always ready to share in your joys as well as in your sorrows. He gave me again this mission of keeping the sacred things I have committed to my care; and I come back from the centre of unity, from the Eternal City, with a more loving heart and a more earnest desire to devote my whole life to your welfare. We are not alone, we move in

a mixed community, and it is my sincere desire to promote unity, harmony and attachment to the free institutions of this noble country of ours. I have seen that great man, the Pontiff, who has succeeded in gaining that immense influence over the world that brings before him the monarchs of the different thrones of Europe and other countries. We know the particular solicitude he has for the country that rules over us for England, since he sent a royal gift to a princess of the royal family. This is why I say that, coming from one who teaches how to obey the laws of our country, how to revere and respect sincerely the ruler of the countries where we live, I come back from Rome a Catholic Bishop, with a more sincere attachment than ever for the institutions of our country. I have been much pleased, dearly beloved brethren, to hear you also renew your determination to follow your first pastor. More than ever we need to be united, because the times now are more solemn than ever. We are on the brink of great events. I hope that those who rule over us will understand that it is their duty, their first duty, to do what is right, to proclaim justice, to protect the weak against the strong, and make everybody understand that strength is not law, is not right; but to use their power to give to every free citizen in this country the free use of the sacred liberties that men enjoy in a free country. It is my sincere hope, and I may say it is my conviction, that we will soon see the end of this great school trouble; and that you who have followed your pastor so faithfully will also receive the crown of victory, of peace and of justice. You may rest assured, dearly beloved brethren, I did not forget you when praying in the different churches of the Eternal City, particularly the shrine of St. Peter. I tried to think as much as possible of each of you; and you may rest assured this noble city of Winnipeg, with its sister, St. Boniface, we in my mind—I cannot divide them because they are united with the strong link of love, and consecrated with the same Catholic faith and spirit. I am glad to see you in the cathedral of St. Boniface, showing that you are united in faith and love to your pastor, who thinks of you day and night. When I bless you now, I will do it in the name of the Pope himself, whose body is weak and feeble, but whose soul is yet young, strong and manly. We can see with the shadow of the body the light of genius and the radiance of sanctity; he is not only a great pontiff, but a saint of God. Subsequently His Grace was interviewed by a number of representatives of the press, and in answer to a question regarding the school difficulty said in substance:—

As to the Manitoba school question being the principal cause of his visit to Rome, it was explained that every bishop is required to visit the Holy Father as soon as possible after his consecration, and afterwards once in every ten years. If he had not seen the Pope at all, the position of the school question would have been the same as it is now; he comes back with no particular instructions concerning that question. He wished the school question was settled, so that work for immigration could be done. He thought fewer people were coming now than ever; that question was a great drawback. He was fully of the hope that the school question would be settled soon; there would be no man happier than he when it was settled. The Pope, he said, follows the school question, not only in this country but all over the world. The general rules of the church on primary education were sent all over the world. He was very sure they did not want Godless instruction, nor neutral schools. In France, where the State schools are Godless—not merely secular—even in the name of God is excluded. Catholics in that country were spending millions for the support of Catholic schools. His Grace laughed at the idea that the Pope did not agree with the position taken by the Catholics of Manitoba.

### THE OLD AND NEW

#### METHODS OF ADMINISTRATION IN CATHOLIC SEMINARIES

FORMS THE SUBJECT OF A NEW BOOK, BY DR. JOHN TALBOT SMITH—A REVIEW OF THE WORK BY WALTER LECKY.

The Catholic News, in a recent issue, contains the following review of Dr. John Talbot Smith's latest book, entitled "Our Seminaries":—

Dr. John Talbot Smith, in his latest book, "Our Seminaries," has in some way made a departure from his old line of work. The ideas in this book, I cannot repeat too strongly, do not belong to the author of "Our Seminaries." For years and years they have hung on the lips of cleric and lay, who, from a study of our peculiar environment in the States, held that the training of the American priest must be different from that of his European brother. The vigorous way of putting these ideas and the graceful style we owe to Dr. Smith. "Our Seminaries" is a well-turned plea, impartial and, I think, largely convincing. The taste dogmatic which has been the core of books on this subject is, curiously, but thankfully, missed. "It," says the author, "a capable trainer of clerical students finds in it the opportunity of making public a truer standard and better method, the writer will feel no regret. It is something to be the heel of Achilles, if for no more than to draw a line shot from Apollo." All that is asked is a fair and honest discussion, a keeping of the wheat, the grinding and making of it into bread, the chaff to the wind. The author invites no granary to open its door to chaff, but he will rightly protest against those who snuff their noses and toss their eyes, implying that all the wheat must come from Europe. The Catholic Church in America has been earnest and thoughtful. She has examined her surroundings, made acute observations where her mission has failed through not possessing the necessary instruments. These observations have been given a setting by Dr. Smith. What is the gist of these observations, or, to borrow a pertinent phrase from the literary mint of the day, what mes-

sage to us gives these observations? The cure which runs through "Our Seminaries" speaks of the sickness and that is the message. Our seminarians have not been sufficiently trained. Here I might remark that Dr. Smith, like a true critic, weighs his words when speaking of the past. Taunts and sneers are out of place. The old Latin proverb of not being able to give what you have not, should be kept steadily in mind. Our spiritual fathers were earnest and devoted men, who left what was precious to the heart—home and friends—to labor among difficulties that the present generation cannot understand. Their life was one of poverty, sacrifice, and, what was essential to the growth of the seed they were sowing, piety. Theirs was a great work, with the smallest possible means. The more thoroughly the critic understands it, the greater his admiration. These fathers were not visionaries, but plain, practical men, who in their generation worked as wisely and as well as circumstances permitted. The seminaries they established and the training they followed were never represented in their journals, papers and letters, as the highest possible perfection and a standard for all times and conditions. Times change as change they must, and new conditions arise, and a new order of ideas and training become imperative. The mode of warfare which made Julius Cæsar a victor is long since obsolete. The tactics of Napoleon, wonderfully efficient in their day, are not the methods of our time. Our fathers were of their time, and by prayer and sacrifice hastened the coming of better days and easier methods.

It is for these times, our days, that Dr. Smith pleads. To use his own terse phrase, "We live in complex times, and their needs press us sharply." "We are building seminaries," he continues, "and providing them with facilities." The time has come when radical changes are necessary, and the means of making them are ours. Shall we grasp the opportunity or listen to the siren commotion blunder along and keep alive an effete routine? Will we be blind to the thought of the author, that "perhaps there has never been a time in the history of the Church when men felt so keenly the need and the excellence of a true priesthood as at this moment?"

How shall this true priesthood be accomplished? "The colleges are the natural feeders of the seminary." Let the colleges attain the proper standard. From them take youths, mentally and physically sound. Put these youths in buildings that are constructed to preserve their health, let them have a variety of wholesome and nourishing food, plenty of exercise to digest and assimilate it to the life of the different organs. Let their instructors be gentlemen and scholars who have practical knowledge of the American people, their points of praise as well as their defects. Instructors with these things constantly in mind who will character build their pupils to nourish the natural virtue in the people and make hideous the vice.

### IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

The prices of agricultural produce, at present, are not encouraging to the Irish farmers. Prime oats are sold at 33d. a stone in Castlebar and Westport markets.

An amnesty meeting was held at Tipperary on the 27th ult. which was notable from the fact that Messrs. Redmond, Dillon and Daly all spoke. This is the first occasion since the death of Parnell that these rival leaders have addressed an audience from the same platform.

On September 17, a public meeting was held in Tralee, at which a fund for the released political prisoners was started. The first meeting of the joint Amnesty Committee, representing Nationalists and Fenians, was held on the 18th in Cork. Subscriptions amounting to £50 were received.

Dublin papers announce the death of a venerable priest—Rev. Father Salvian, of the Passionist Order—who died on the morning of September 17th, at the Convent of the Order, Mount Argus, Harold's Cross, Dublin. Father Salvian was born in Carabagnana, diocese of Viterbo, Italy, on the 19th of October, 1822, and became a cleric (or "beneficiario") at thirteen years of age.

On September 2nd, Miss Alicia Walsh, who lived in a house in Gortallowry, Co. Tyrone, where she had some property, was found lying dead in her hall. She lived with an old servant, alone in the house. An inquest was held by Mr. John Malone, coroner, when a number of witnesses having been examined, the jury found that the deceased was found dead at her residence, and that no blame attached to anyone. The verdict was signed by twelve jurors. Mr. Joseph W. Devlin declining to sign.

We record with much regret the death of Rev. E. Foran, P. P., Ballyneale, which occurred at the residence of a friend of his, in Duncarvan, on the morning of September 18th. The deceased clergyman spent over thirty years in the sacred ministry in County Waterford, and by a large circle of friends the sad loss which his death occasioned will be deplored. In Duncarvan, where he was first appointed to a curacy and where he ministered for over a quarter of a century, he was especially beloved.

The patriotic West, with characteristic enthusiasm, opened its heart to the National delegates from abroad. From Sligo to Westport their journey was a triumphal progress; and the great meeting held in Westport, at the close of the journey, was the crown to a remarkable demonstration. Judging by their speeches, all that the delegates experienced since the Convention has more deeply impressed upon them the lesson of that great event. Rev. Dr. Ryan, of Toronto, renewed his assurance of support, and declared that he would tell all the great Irish prelates of the American and Canadian churches what he had seen and what his impressions are. The delegates are the messengers of a new hope to Ireland.

The Waterford Citizen says—Considerable sensation was caused in the city on Monday, when it became known that the saddle of the detachment (4th Hussars) now stationed at the barracks had been deliberately cut in such a manner as to render them thoroughly unfit for parade

# Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It a medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures everywhere, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

# Made

That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all other fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, &c. cents.

duty. The men state that latterly they have been subjected to the most harsh forms of drill labor, which is utterly unnecessary for their physical development and training as soldiers. Certain representations have been made to the commanding officer, all of which were treated with contempt and utter disregard, and as a consequence the men had recourse to the tactics often adopted by army men under similar circumstances.

On September 10, the American and Canadian delegates to the Irish Race Convention visited Letterkenny, the residence of Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, the patriotic Bishop of Raphoe. During the earlier portion of the day they went to Portrush, and visited the Causeway. The party included Hon. Mr. Costigan, Canada; Very Rev. Dr. Ryan, Toronto; Rev. Father O'Callaghan, Boston; Chevalier and Mrs. Heney, Canada; Very Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catharines, Canada; Dr. and Mrs. Timmons, Boston; John O'Callaghan, Boston; Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, Montreal; F. Finn, J. P., Gateshead; Mr. M'Keon, Q.C., Canada; Mr. Curran, Connecticut. The visitors were accompanied by Mr. Thomas Condon, M.P.; Mr. Richard McGehe, M.P., and Rev. James M'Fadden, P.P., Gweedore.

## PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH

WAS THE KEYNOTE OF A RECENT ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL LOGUE, IN REFERRING TO THE ALL-ABSORBING THEME OF NATIONAL UNITY.

In the course of a speech delivered in Monaghan, on the occasion of the blessing of the bells of St. Macartin's Cathedral, and in reply to an address of welcome, His Eminence Cardinal Logue said that there was one topic of which the newspapers were full, and which was referred to by public speakers—that was National unity, says the Irish correspondent of the Catholic Mirror. They all preached National unity, but when their own private opinions and their prejudices and the spirit of faction came into play, they preached one thing and did another. Men should not only preach so, but act according to the principles of union. He thought it was a thing which would have to be done by the people themselves. They had very clever politicians, and however they differed they were all heartily devoted to the interests of the country. That was certain, for some of them had given the best proof of that, because they had suffered for the interests of the country, but they unfortunately permitted themselves to be carried away into opposite parties and into opposite views. He thought if the people put down their feet, and said we must have one party working for one interest—the interest of Ireland, the day would not be far distant when the check to the present state of affairs would take place, and when every Irishman—not for the first time in their history—would march forward with his brother Irishman shoulder to shoulder, having one object in view—the interests of the country. He did not believe that any Government in England could resist the claim put forward by a united Irish people. He trusted, however, it might be brought about that they would have peace in the country, and good fellowship, mutual sympathy, and, above all, mutual forbearance. He did not believe that people could be forced into union, but by a little take and give, a little forbearance and a little sacrifice, perhaps, of people's private opinions, a great deal might be done for the welfare of the country to improve her prospects. He trusted that before long amongst those who were interested in the welfare of the movement, and who were anxious for her political and religious freedom, there would be union like to that which existed among the early Christians when they were all of one mind. They trusted to human means too much, and he thought they ought to pray for the change. He believed much more might be done for the country by prayer than they very often remembered. They should keep in the forefront the principle of charity; it was a virtue not only for private individuals, but for public men; and if newspapers exercise a little more of that virtue they would have a little less trouble in the country, and the spirit of faction would not withstand the spirit of charity. They would have peace among the people and leaders of the people. They would be united for the great object they all desired so much—the welfare of the country.

## MORE CURATIVE POWER

Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber more and it is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

EVEN if there are 1,000,000 bicycles made in this country this year, there will be at least 64,000,000 people who will have to do without one.

## PRIZES WORTH \$500 AND \$250.

At the distribution of the 7th, instant of the Society of Arts of Canada, (1666 Notre Dame), Mr. Gus. Cochenaler, 167 St. James, won a prize worth \$500, and Mr. H. Guenette, 164 St. Elizabeth, one worth \$250.

## POWERFUL SPEECHES.

Speeches in political season are very powerful. The gold and silver question are the topics of the day. Bryan, with his thousands of speeches, has not done as much good to the sufferers of coughs and colds as Menthol Cough Syrup has. It is the most valuable remedy in the season of coughs and colds there is. It is known to the public as not having its equal. Try it; only 25c a bottle. It is sold everywhere by all druggists and general dealers. T. F.

## A DISTINGUISHED PRIEST.

Reverend Father Elliott, the well-known Father Athol, has arranged to visit Ontario, and conduct a series of missions, which will finish November

1st. He will begin in Thorold, where he will give one week to the Catholics of the parish, followed by one week devoted to the non-Catholics. He will in Thorold be the guest of Reverend Father Sullivan. He will then go to Brechin, where he will remain for two weeks more, from October 4th, giving the first week to Catholics and the second to non-Catholics; he will then be the guest of Reverend Father McRae. His final stay will be in Uxbridge, where he will remain from October 20th to November 1st. He will be the guest of Father O'Malley while there.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

## FOR OUR LADY READERS.

### HOOPSKIRTS AND EVENING GOWNS.

Of all revivals of bygone fashions perhaps that which would be least foreseen is the revival of the hoopskirt. Yet even this cumbersome reminder of grandmotherly frivolity is again to be established as a respectable feature of costume. As yet it has not thoroughly made its way into society. Most of the autumn gowns have skirts that are distended with nothing more formidable than silk or crinoline. And for some time the tearfully and wonderfully made affair of steel wire is not likely to make its way into the street. Through the medium of evening gowns, hoopskirts are making their first appearance. And there could be no wiser method of introducing the fashion, for an evening costume of rich brocade or sheer tulle is probably even prettier when the skirt stands out with unnatural stiffness.

An exquisite evening gown of white brocade that was recently worn at Newport covered a hoopskirt in a most attractive way. The neck was cut very low, the bodice was rather short and the sleeves were tiny straps over the shoulders. Into such a costume the hoopskirt seems to fit naturally, and the result, far from being ugly or grotesque, was simply gracefully old-fashioned. The stage is the cradle of many a fashion that afterward develops into robust maturity. One of the very first hoopskirts seen in New York was worn by Cissy Fitzgerald in introducing a dance novelty.

## RATHER LET THE NEW WOMAN GO!

When all has been said and done, when the New Woman has become an established personage among us, and has advanced in years as well as in wisdom and honor, says Scribner's, there will still be one thing for the world to regret and sigh for—we shall have no more fat old ladies, bless 'em!

For of course the New Woman, trained from her youth in the most approved and effective methods of physical culture, with all her superior knowledge of how to control bodily conditions, to put off flesh at will, will never, even in her old age, commit the error of growing stout. So that, when the present generation of old ladies, our mistaken—some may say misshapen—aunts and grandmothers, are laid to rest, there will be nobody left to fill their wide armchairs by the fireside (the New Grandmothers will probably be in the gymnasium), and the world will know a want which no superiority of the New Woman can satisfy. This loss will not be felt all at once; it will steal gradually upon us as a shadow steals over the lawn, and there may even be some in those progressive days "so thin and long and slim in mind" as not to recognize it as a loss at all. But these persons will be the ones who never knew in childhood—for it is upon the children that the loss will fall heaviest—the blessedness of having a stout aunt or grandmother within whose radiant air of serenity and good-nature they crept as into the sunlight when the world suddenly turned bleak and cheerless face upon their souls.

## THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, OF CANADA.

1666 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Distributions every Wednesday. Value of prizes ranging from \$2 to \$2,000. Tickets 10 cents.

"I've been doing something that always makes me feel cheap." "What is that?" "Comparing my salary with what I think it ought to be."

# Consumption

There is ease for those far gone in consumption—not recovery—ease. There is cure for those not far gone. There is prevention for those who are threatened.

## Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil is for you, even if you are only a little thin.

### PRIVATE INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE

IN THE CIRCLES OF PROTESTANTISM, AND ITS EFFECTS.

A Protestant minister, writing in the Church Union, describes the results of the practise of private interpretation of the Bible in the following way: "This process of insane self-assertion has gone on, till this day our Protestantism is no longer a protest, but an internal disorder. An army with equipments so defined and segregated is a mob. A government with states or provinces so self-centered is an anarchy. A household so dismembered into single autocracies is a family scandal and travesty. A constellation so broken from its center is chaos." Another member of the same persuasion, Dr. Barry, contributes an article to the National Review, and, after expressing his opinion about the prevailing sentiment of servility existing in the ranks of Catholics, concludes with the following remarkable statement, coming from such a source: "The great Protestant experiment has been made and is ending, as we see, in disaster. Once more history is asserting its claims; and the ancient institutions of Christendom are emerging from the shade which was cast about them by a speculative system, itself incapable of bringing to a successful issue the enterprise it had snatched from them in an hour of revolt."

## Neurasthenia.

Weakened Nerves and Nervous Diseases Are Cutting Off Thousands.

## Paine's Celery Compound

Makes Nervous People Well and Strong.

Health is the first and most important thing in this life of ours. Health is a blessing far beyond our computation; it is vastly more important than wealth or great social distinction.

One of the most dreaded troubles of the present day is nervousness. It is generally acknowledged that nervous diseases are growing alarmingly prevalent in our midst. The causes that lead to Neurasthenia, or weakness of the nerves, are many. Business cares, feverish haste after riches, social and household worries, sexual and alcoholic excesses all contribute to the breaking down and physical ruin of thousands of men and women.

In words of truth and soberness we set before the sick and afflicted the claims of Paine's Celery Compound as a quick relief and certain cure for all forms of nervous diseases. It is a perfect restorer of nerve force and power to the weakened and debilitated system. Prominent men and women, all over the country, have renewed their lives and kept their places in business and in society by using Paine's Celery Compound. In all large cities, where nervous diseases are most frequently seen, the best physicians prescribe Paine's Celery Compound with immense success.

The following letter from Mrs. Alfred Perry, Port Maitland, N.S., proves that Paine's Celery Compound has no equal for the cure of nervous diseases in whatever form they may present themselves: "For two years my system was all run down, and I suffered more than I can describe from nervous prostration and insomnia; at times I almost lost my reason from severe pain at base of the brain. My husband advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound, which I did, and the effects were wonderful. I soon began to sleep well, the pain left my head, my whole system was strengthened, and I am now enjoying very good health.

"I would cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from like troubles. You have my best wishes for the future success of your excellent remedy."

"I don't know," muttered Rivers, picking himself up from the sidewalk and moving on with a perceptible limp, "whether there is any such thing as a bicycle face or not, but I am thoroughly convinced of the existence of the phenomenon known as the banana skin."

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PRINCE MAXIMILIAN

RESIGNS ALL HIS RIGHTS IN THE ROYAL HOUSE OF SAXONY

TO ENTER THE PRIESTHOOD—NOW MINISTERING TO THE GERMAN CATHOLICS IN THE WHITECHAPEL DISTRICT, LONDON—A PEN-PICTURE OF THE LOCALITY IN WHICH THE YOUNG PRIEST IS AT WORK.

[From the Catholic Witness.]

A prince near in the line of succession to an important European throne has renounced his right of succession, his rank and all its privileges, to labor as a priest in the most miserable region in the world.

Within a few weeks this transformation has taken place, which is not surpassed by anything in the early days of the Church, when Roman patricians were martyred for their devotion to the new faith, or the days of the crusades, when great nobles sold themselves into slavery to deliver the sepulchre of Christ.

These men acted under the impulse of great movements that were stirring humanity, but Prince Max of Saxony was guided only by his own conscience when he gave up his royal rank to become a priest in Whitechapel.

A dry legal document signed less than two months ago in the royal palace at Dresden, tells part of the story. It reads as follows:

"We, Max Duke of Saxony, having been consecrated to the holy priesthood, do hereby renounce for all time, with the restrictions hereafter mentioned, all rights appertaining to us as a prince of the royal house of Saxony, under the decree of September 4, 1831, relating to the succession to the throne, to the administration of the kingdom, to participation in the royal family council, and to membership in the upper house of the Legislature, and also under the royal house decree of December 30, 1837, relating to money allowances, suite and the succession in the collateral line. This renunciation shall be inoperative if, at any time, the Saxon royal throne being vacant, we shall be the only surviving prince of the royal house of Saxony.

"Max, Duke of Saxony, Dresden, August 1, 1896."

But this document tells only half the story. In it the prince renounces his privileges but it leaves you free to suppose that he will enter the priesthood of his native land and rise with rapidity and honor to the highest place in the Saxon hierarchy. It does not, of course, intimate that he will be a priest in filthy Whitechapel. What is more, the prince gave no public intimation that he would do so. The German papers which recorded his entry into the Church as a remarkable fact had no knowledge of his intention.

The young prince was as modest as he was devoted. He tried to divest his great renunciation of any theatrical effect as far as that was possible. The next time that he was spoken of in the newspapers he had preached to the Germans of Whitechapel, telling them that he came among them as a priest, not a prince, and that he wished them to call him "Father Max."

Prince Max put off the uniform of his regiment of lancers in 1893, and assumed the black garb of a theological student. He entered the Seminary of Eichstaett. On July 26 of this year he was received into the priesthood by Dr. Wahl, Vicar Apostolic of Saxony, and on August 1 he celebrated his first Mass in Dresden. The whole royal family was present, and the robe which he wore was the work of Queen Caroline of Saxony. After the ceremony the royal family and the cabinet ministers assembled at the palace, where the deed of renunciation was signed.

Within a month of this time it was learned that Prince Max of Saxony was a working priest in Whitechapel, the East London district, which contains more poverty, misery, filth and crime than any area of equal extent in the world. In Whitechapel there are tens of thousands of German-speaking people, and they are not among the least miserable of its population. The English workmen complain that the Germans are starving them by underbidding, and the Germans can therefore have no easy time.

It must have been a sickening change from the beautiful and pleasant city of Dresden, with its palaces, to the overwhelming misery of Whitechapel. There are poverty and misery in Dresden, but they do not obtrude in a royal prince. In Whitechapel one can see nothing else.

The prince is attached to the Church of St. Boniface, in Union street, which is in the heart of Whitechapel. Over the door of his confessional box is written: "Father Max."

His first sermon dealt simply with religion as applied to the affairs of daily life, and contained nothing peculiarly personal. He showed himself an eloquent preacher. He is able to speak English almost as well as German.

In appearance he is of middle height, with a large head and a very high forehead. His military training has given him creases of carriage, but he is obviously delicate. He has fair hair, which is growing thin on the forehead, and blue eyes. The expression of his face is very spiritual and gentle.

On the evening of his first Sunday in Whitechapel he attended a meeting of the Gezellenverein, or Workingmen's Club, attached to the Mission of St. Boniface. Speeches were made welcoming him, and in reply he said:

"I come among you not as a prince, but simply as a priest. I am a worker myself, for to my mind no honor is so great as that of labor."

Take a brief glance at the district in which the Saxon prince is to labor. The best obtainable statistics are those of Mr. Charles Booth, who is also quoted as an authority by Gen. William Booth, of the Salvation Army. He gives the entire population of the East End of London as 908,000, and of these 231,000 are in want. He divides them as follows: Starving, 100,000; paupers, 17,000; home-

less, 11,000; very poor, 203,000. The vast misery represented by these figures is nowhere more intense than in Whitechapel.

"Tens of thousands," writes a worker, "are crowded together amid horrors which call to mind what we have heard about the middle passages of the slave ships. To get into their homes you have to penetrate courts reeking with poisonous and malarious gases, arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions, and often flowing beneath your feet—courts, many of them, which the sun never penetrates, which are never visited by a breath of fresh air, and are rarely visited by a drop of cleansing water.

"You have to ascend rotten staircases, which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which in some places have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the unwary. You have to grope your way along dark and filthy passages swarming with vermin. Then, if you are not driven back by the intolerable stench, you may gain admittance to the dens in which thousands of human beings—who belong as much as you to the race for whom Christ died—herd together.

"Have you pitied the poor creatures who sleep under railway arches, in carts or casks, or under any shelter which they can find in the open air? You will see that they are to be envied in comparison with those whose lot it is to seek refuge here.

"Every room in these rotten and reeking tenement houses contains a family, often two. In one cellar a sanitary inspector reports finding a father, mother, three children and four pigs. In another room a missionary found a man ill with smallpox, his wife just recovering from her eighth confinement, and the children running about half naked and covered with dirt. Here are seven people living in one underground kitchen, and a little dead child lying in the same room.

Elsewhere is a poor widow, her three children, and a dead child, who has been dead thirteen days. Her husband, who was a cabinet-maker, had shortly before committed suicide. Here lives a widow and six children, including one daughter of 20, another of 21, and a son of 27. Another apartment contains father, mother and six children, two of whom are ill with scarlet fever.

It is also to be remembered that Whitechapel was a few years ago the scene of the most sickening series of murders known in modern times.

THE SIDE SHOW NUISANCE.

In Connection with Country Fairs and Industrial Exhibitions.

An American correspondent, in an exchange, after dealing at length with the present methods of awarding prizes at fairs, closes an admirable letter with the following reference to the side show nuisance, which recently has become a feature of even our local exhibitions:—

On more than one fair ground I have seen what purports to be a "Wild West Show." The writer has yet to pay his first ten cents to enter one of these shows, but if credence can be given to testimony, the kind of education our young men and boys will receive inside of that tent will not conduce to the elevation of the moral tone of society. I did not see a lady enter, and in fact a lady would loath the appearance of the women who showed themselves on the platform, arrayed as they were to attract attention.

On the same ground was a band of gypsies, or some specimens of humanity for whom I know no name. Passing by, I saw what I supposed to be the father, sprawling upon the ground, while beside him were two children not more than two and four years old, and the little boy (certainly not over four years of age) was pulling the smoke from a cob pipe with all the gusto of a professional. I ask the farmers or other citizens of this State if it is worth while to bring their children to witness such exhibitions of squalor and filth, not to speak of worse things?

It may seem a trifling thing for a boy to win a jack-knife by tossing a ring over it, but that same boy will go again next year with his earnings and take his chance at the same or a more questionable game. An occasional lucky throw may bring him a prize, and the foundation is laid for nights at the gambling table or a bid at the horse race.

I believe that the histories of all fairs will prove that so long as strenuous efforts have been made to secure a large and fine exhibit of farm animals, farm products, including fruits, vegetables, poultry and the like, a liberal display of farm machinery, and a well equipped ladies' department—such fair has been successful. People of all classes will go a long distance to see such a display, and fairs of that kind are helpful and uplifting in their influence.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT

POPULAR THURSDAY MUSICAL UNIONS.

A grand rally from St. Mary's Parish! The stage captured by their young ladies! Was the surprise and grand feature of last Thursday's concert of this Club. Mr. Gordon presided, and had the already pretty little stage still further improved by decorations. Programme:—Miss Ina Reid, recitation; Little Misses Norah and Hilda Coghlin, songs; A. Hamilton, song; James Lea, seaman, song; James White, seaman, whistling solo; John Blair, James McLean, seamen, songs; A. Read and J. Milloy, songs; Miss S. and M. Spence, duet—and were loudly applauded.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

plauded; Miss M. Brennan's recitation, "Curlew Bell," was admired; Miss M. Smith and Miss K. Brennan, duet; Mr. H. Kearns, as usual, pleased with his "Irish Jig." Prof. E. Brennan presided at the piano. The chairman here introduced the St. Mary's Young Ladies to give an exhibition of their "Fancy Drill and Tableau," which was a grand treat, especially to the seamen, who loudly applauded. Their movements were very graceful. As they marched, 16 in number, with their captain, Miss Smith, to and from the stage, their appearance was imposing, and they were greeted with cheer after cheer. The hall was fairly packed with citizens and seamen, also a large number from St. Mary's Parish, with Rev. Father Shea, Thomas Hetherington, and others. Also, were noticed Rev. Fathers Devlin, Kavanagh, Cotter, and Acting-Mayor Connaughton. Miss Jennie Street also presided at the piano. At the close of this remarkably successful concert a unanimous vote of thanks was conveyed by the chairman to St. Mary's Young Ladies.—F.C.L.

BURYING GROUND BROKERS.

The Latest Venture in New York—Cemetery Lots Changing Hands Briskly.

We have often listened to the recitals of the enterprise, daring and otherwise, which characterize the efforts of some of the people in the neighboring republic, in their modern thirst for to be in advance in money-making methods, but the new scheme of speculating in cemetery lots caps the climax. The New York Herald tells the story of the mode of operation of the new coterie of burying ground brokers in the following manner:—

"Cemetery lots are now being made the subject of private barter. This queer traffic, which is yet in its infancy, arose from the fact that many families owning burial lots have been forced by financial misfortune to raise money from the sale of the plots. A burial lot capable of receiving several coffins can be sold either in whole or in part.

Then, again, there are owners of cemetery lots who, wishing to move to another section of the country, and they have no further use for the lots that they possess. Under these circumstances, what more natural than that they should attempt to realize money by their sale? But most New Yorkers who are selling their lots are doing so because they are pressed for money. And as a grave owner hardly cares to go around buttonholing his friends, requesting them to take six feet or so of burial land at a bargain, the necessity of the case has naturally called into existence the cemetery agents. These agents make it their business to dispose, either separately or in lots, of lots empty or partly filled.

It is the agent's business to hunt up customers instead of waiting for the customers to do the hunting. There is money in the business, for cemetery lots come high, and there are many who are willing to seize the opportunity of making a cemetery bargain.

There are phases of the cemetery broker's business that only appear when the queer trade is inquired into more closely. It is possible that the purchaser of a lot may decide that he does not want to have a strange body in the lot that he has bought for his own use. In this case the graveyard broker consults his books, gets the name of another lot owner who is anxious to sell a small priced lot, and, by bringing the two customers together, he manages to accomplish the sale and purchase of the cheaper lot, to which the body can be removed. Then he deducts ten per cent commission from all parties concerned.

There is a humorous side to this greivous business. This is supplied in the excuses made by customers as to why they are selling the last resting place of their relatives. A favorite reason is that the owner has become a convert to the great advantages of cremation to the health of the community, and wishing to show a practical interest in the newly acquired belief, he has decided that the bodies of his relatives shall be disinterred and committed decently to the flames. In consideration of this he, of course, has no further use for the empty grave, and has therefore called to ask the broker to dispose of it to the highest bidder.

It is a lucrative industry, and not overcrowded at present, but, in spite of the opposition of the cemetery companies, who strongly object to the sale and barter of their property, it is probable that the enterprising geniuses who are ever on the lookout for a new road to fortune will soon be shouldering the present monopolists for a place in the front rank of the grave selling business.

HORSE SHOES.

A belief in the lucky influence wrought by horse shoes is more widespread than is generally supposed. The superstition has been indulged in by many great men as well as ignorant old ladies. Lord Nelson is supposed to have nailed a horseshoe to the mainmast of the Victory, and Dr. James attributed the large fortune he made out of his fever powders to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage. In 1813 Sir Henry Ellis recorded the noting of seventeen horse shoes outside a house in Monmouth Street, and few establishments were without one or two affixed to the door posts.

The horse shoe unites within itself three "lucky" elements. It is crescent-shaped, it is a portion of a horse, and it is made of iron. Iron has from its first discovery been regarded as a lucky metal. The Romans drove nails into their walls as an antidote to the plague, and to this day the Arabs when overtaken by a simoon will hold pieces of iron aloft and cry, "Iron, iron." Horses have always been looked upon as luck-bringers; a horse's hoof placed under the pillow is yet regarded as a specific.

"SATISFACTORY RESULTS."

So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner, in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

for many diseases in country places. The form of the crescent has from the earliest antiquity been esteemed as a preventative against danger and especially evil spirits. Hudibras refers to this superstition in the couplet:—

Chase evil spirits away by dint Of sickle, horseshoe, and hallow'd pint. And Herrick has it:— Hang up horns and shears to some Hence the hag that rides the mare.

The credited powers of the crescent were early transferred to the horse shoe, which closely resembles it in being curved and ending in two points. The seal of Solomon, the great symbol of luck among Jews, consisted of two triangles, representing six forks. The Chinese build their tombs in semi-circular form, like a horseshoe, to ward off the attacks of evil spirits. It will thus be seen that the idea is as widespread as it is ancient. It is, moreover, a quaint and picturesque belief, this cult of the horse shoe, and unlike so many superstitious it is harmless. Let us, then, continue to trust in it, if only for its beauty.

SOME IRISH STORIES.

Taken From the Recently Published Papers of O'Neill Daunt.

Some good stories are told in the journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt, recently published under the title, "A Life Spent in Ireland," according to the New York Sun. At one time Mr. Daunt was the guest of Father Burke, in whose parish one of the sanguinary tithes always occurred between the parsons and the Catholic people. The soldiers were called on to fire on the populace, and some persons were killed. Soon afterward Father Burke received a government circular inquiring the number of his flock, for the purpose of making up a census. He answered that, as he had not yet ascertained to what extent his people were thinned out on the last shooting day, he could not furnish the required information with accuracy.

When the poor law was first introduced a Dublin beggar woman, whom a gentleman referred to the parsonage, said:

"The poor law's a grand thing for the souls of the gentlemen."

"Why so?"

"Because now, when we ask for alms they only say 'Go to the parsonage, but before there was a parsonage they used to say 'Go to the devil!'"

At a contest for election in Galway a landlord named Foster sold his whole stock of votes for a good sum to each of the candidates. Having pocketed the money of both, he called the voters to gether. Foster was too generous to keep all the traffic to himself.

"B'ys," he exclaimed, to his expectant serfs, "I don't care a button who you vote for. I have made the most I could of you; go and sell your vote, every man of you to the best advantage you can."

When Lord Muskerry was dying the person in attendance remarked that life and its vanities would soon pass away, and exhorted him to repent.

"Repent! For what should I repent?" demanded the old lord. "Why, I don't remember that during my whole life I ever denied myself anything."

MIRTHFUL MENTION.

From the New Moon I A MASTER on the sound—A box on the ear.

"Blanche is a brilliant talker." "Of course; she has lantern jaws."

"What is your idea of faith?" "Putting a nickel on the plate and expecting a crown of pure gold."

"What's a good thing for reumatism?" "You seem to be; you're always complaining of it."

"Even see such a quarrelsome character as Smith?" "Never. I think he'd provoke a professional pugilist into a fight."

"The management has just raised my salary to \$500 a month." "Sorry, old man, but I've got to borrow this week myself."

"I say," said Blinks, "I've got an idea in my head." "If you don't cherish it carefully," remarked Twizzle, "it will die of solitude."

"Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?" "Yes, mamma; we sung a lovely one about 'Greenland's ice-cream mountains.'"

Miss Elderly: "I am sorry to say no. I should think you could read my refusal in my face." The Rejected: "I am not very expert at reading between the lines."

The balance of nature has surely been somewhat disturbed. It takes eight hundred expensive roses to make a teaspoonful of perfume, while a pennyworth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

First Cyclist: "Do you see that gentleman yonder? He holds the largest number of prizes and medals ever possessed by one man." Second Ditto: "What, that fellow? He does not look a bit like a champion." First Ditto: "It's just as I tell you, though. He is a pawnbroker, you see."

A prominent woman physician says: "The first thing I say to a woman when she comes to me for advice and suggestion is: 'Turn your back to me.' It is remarkable how few women present a good-looking back, straight and shapely, with shoulder-tips in line, elbows not poking, hips even, and no protuberant shoulder-blade. One has so many resources to conceal an ill-fitting front—one's arms and hands, a bow of ribbon and the like; but the back is hopeless and must be above reproach. The back is not only the crucial test of a woman's gown; it is also the test of her general appearance. A good back is very rare. Watch women in the streets and you will be surprised to see how few own one."

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Carsley's Price List Useful Merchandise.

JACKET PRICES. 200 Ladies' Beaver Cloth Jackets, Black and Navy, latest style Step Collar, \$3.50. Higher class styles, up to \$25.00. CAPE PRICES. 275 Ladies' Cashmere and Colored Circular Capes, full pleated, long, fancy buttons, Champagne Collar, \$2.95. Higher class styles, up to \$7.00. OVERSKIRT PRICES. 350 Ladies' Circular Cloth Over Skirts, lined throughout, M. Gr. Rep. full sweep, 4 1/2 yards, \$2.25. Higher class styles, up to \$4.00.

SILK PRICES. Fancy Strip Silks, 25 yds. Fancy Figured Silks, 20 yds. a real cut in Silk to our line of Fancy Patterns, 17 1/2.

BOYS' CLOTHING PRICES. Boys' Strong Tweed School Suits, \$1.35. Boys' Navy Blue Serge Suits, \$1.25. Boys' Reeder Jackets, \$1.10. Boys' Navy Nap Jackets, \$1.00.

BLANKET PRICES. 350 good size White Wool Blankets, \$1.45. 200 superior quality, extra size, \$1.20. Extra large size, English make, up to \$1.75.

UNDERSKIRT PRICES. Warm Knitted Underskirts, all colors, 19 yds. M. Gr. Cloth, 60 yds. Fancy Grey Cloth, 70 yds. Higher class styles from \$1.20 to \$12.50.

WRAPPER PRICES. Fancy Print Wrappers, 40 yds. very pretty Fancy Wrappers, lined back, high sleeves, \$1.25. Higher class styles from \$1.75 to \$3.

COMFORTER PRICES. 200 Comforters made specially, good covering, well filled, cut down in price to 40c. Higher class goods up to \$1.75.

QUILT PRICES. 250 White Heavy Quilts, excellent quality, good size, pure white, cut price, 60c. Higher class goods from \$1.25 to \$13.00.

CURTAIN PRICES. 500 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains in White, Cream and Ecru, splendid value, 25c pair. Higher class Curtains, from 70c to \$10.75.

LINEN PRICES. Good Linen Towels, 32 yds. 3 in. Raffer Towelling, 3 1/2 yard, very heavy Terry Mats, 3 1/2 each; Linen Glass Towelling, 5c yard.

FLANNEL PRICES. 50 pieces good quality Heavy Grey Flannel cut price 10c yard; regular price 15c.

HOSIERY PRICES. Ladies' All Wool Hose, Black, He pr. Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Black, 15c pr. Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Black, 20c pr. Ladies' Vests, high neck, long sleeves, 14c.

GLOVE PRICES. 4-Button Ladies' Kid Gloves, 34c. Good Foster Laced Kid Gloves. Ladies' Fine Shopping Kid Gloves, 75c. High-class Gloves up to \$1.50.

BOOT AND SHOE PRICES. Ladies' Fine Dongola Strap Shoe, \$1.00. Ladies' Fine Dongola Patent Tip, Turned Soles, \$1.25. Men's Fine Bull Laced Boots, \$2.00. Boys' School Boots, \$1.00.

MINK RUFF PRICES. Full Fur Mink Ruff, \$1.65. Alaska Sable Fur Ruff, \$3.95. Marten Sable Ruffs with Tails, \$6.40.

LACE PRICES. Valenciennes Laces from 1c yard. Oriental Lace, Open Patterns, 4c. Wide, Fancy Buttonhole Patterns, 7c.

LADIES' GAITER PRICES. Ladies' Cloth Gaiters, 23c. Ladies' Cloth Gaiters, 42c to 90c.

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Further particulars on application to PROF. J. A. FOWLER, Organist, 4 PHILLIPS PLACE.

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The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.  
(LIMITED)  
253 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.  
P. O. Box 1138.

MS. and all other communications intended for publication or notice, should be addressed to the Editor, and all business and other communications to the Managing Director, True Witness P. & P. Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 1138.  
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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1896

BERNADOTTE — BEAUHARNAIS.

Dr. George Sigerson, one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the study of Irish literature and nationality is, as his name denotes, of Danish or Norse descent. Lecturing sometime ago on "Irish Literature, its origin, environment and influence," he referred to his Northern ancestors and endeavored to show that, in spite of their evil name, the consequences of their settlement in Ireland were not so injurious as prejudiced tradition would lead one to infer. He spoke of the churches that they built as being no less worthy of remembrance than the shrines that they had destroyed; of the help that they had rendered to Ireland in her need as equally memorable with their fierce raids and sacks of cities. The blood of those Norse warriors was mingled with that of the ancient Irish kings in many a family that bore Irish names, just as Celtic blood was mingled with Norse in the descendants of Harold Sigurdson.

The Norse settlements in Ireland had long become as Irish as the Irish, and much more Irish than some of the Irish. But if the Norse of those distant centuries helped to lay the foundation of the Irish of to-day, it was not to be forgotten that the Irish, who also had their sea-rovers, some of whom were missionaries, had not failed to lay their mark on the destinies of the Norse communities.

Prof. Visfussen, by birth an Icelander, in writing of the old Sagas of his ancestral land, mentions the not infrequent occurrence of Irish names in the heroic age of Iceland, and considers that intercourse with the Celts in those far-off centuries had not a little effect in heightening and coloring the Teutonic imagination and artistic spirit. There is, indeed, nothing more curious than this strange interaction of race on race, and in view of the long and continuous peace in honor of the Anglo-Saxon with which a line of English writers has regaled their sympathetic countrymen, to the neglect of the Celtic Nazareth, it is refreshing to find English, German and Norse scholars, of rare insight and tireless research, bringing to light such a mass of evidence in honor of the Gael.

If Dr. Sigerson turns to the land of his Norse forefathers to-day, he will find a striking instance of that racial assimilation which his own name, descent and Irish patriotism so well illustrate. And combined therewith he will recognize a curious interblending of the element of romance with that irony of fate which may also be a providential nemesis.

No historic fact has been established on fuller evidence than the rejection by Napoleon of his wife Josephine in order to ally himself with the imperial house of Austria. Yet at this moment no Bonaparte sits on a throne, while the descendants of the discarded Josephine are legitimate Sovereigns. The woman whom the triumphant soldier deemed unfit for the honors of his imperial name was the destined ancestress of a line of kings, while the only son of Francis the Second's daughter, Maria Louisa, died in early manhood, with ambitious hopes unfulfilled. The Duke of Reichstadt figures in French imperial history as Napoleon the Second, just as the hapless son of Louis Sixteenth is remembered as Louis the Seventeenth. Louis Napoleon, who succeeded when all the world prophesied failure, and fell miserably after being the dictator of Europe, left a son, who was the hope of his exile, and, after his death, the solace for a time of the wi-

dowed Empress. That son lost his life at the hands of angry savages on the South African *Veldt*, and with him perished (till the unexpected happens once more) the hopes of a Napoleonic Empire.

Far other is the story of the offspring of Josephine. The Vicomte Alexandre de Beauharnais, it may be recalled, was, after holding positions of authority, accused of treason to the National Convention and met the fate of all who incurred the suspicion of a remorseless clique in that time of terror. His widow, Josephine, attracted the attention of Napoleon Bonaparte, who made her his wife. Her son, Eugene, a fine soldier, was adopted by his stepfather, who placed him in high commands, both civil and military. In 1806 Prince Eugene married Augusta, daughter of King Maximilian of Bavaria, and after the fall of the Emperor, he lived at the Bavarian Court till his death in 1824. About a hundred and thirty years ago there was born to a lawyer named Bernadotte, of Pau in Bearn, close to the Pyrenees, a son who was christened Jean Baptiste-Julius, and for this boy great things were in store. Against the wish of his cautious parents, who preferred the law, he chose the profession of arms (serving in the royal marines in his 16th year. He was not long in proving that he had capacity, but it was not until the Revolution had broken down the old class barriers that his merit obtained full recognition. In 1793, at the age of 27, he was made a brigadier-general. While Bonaparte was in Egypt, he became Minister of War, and when the Emperor seated himself on the throne, he made his former rival a marshal. In 1810 the heir to the throne of Sweden having died and left no successor, Marshal Bernadotte was chosen Crown Prince, and on the death of Charles XIII., in 1818, he succeeded to the crown of the United Kingdom of Sweden and Norway. Both as Crown Prince and King he devoted his energies to furthering the interests of his northern realm, and, notwithstanding the discontent of Norway at being forced to unite with the neighboring Kingdom, Charles XIV. (as he was called after his accession) proved an excellent and a popular sovereign. On his death, in 1844, he was succeeded by his only son, Oscar I. This monarch had married Josephine, daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg and grand-daughter of the ex-Empress Josephine and of the King of Bavaria. The offspring of the marriage comprised two sons, the elder of whom reigned from 1859 till 1872. His daughter Louisa became the wife of Frederick, son of Christian IX. of Denmark, thus bringing the families of Bernadotte and Beauharnais into relationship with the royal imperial houses of Great Britain and Ireland, France, Russia, Greece and, through them, with the entire circle of European royalty. On his death, in 1872, King Carl XV. was succeeded by his brother, Oscar, the actual sovereign. He is said to be a man of great accomplishments, a linguist, a man of science, a poet and an orator. Several of his speeches and addresses have been published and are much admired for their style and vigor of thought. As a statesman, the King has had some opportunities for the display of wisdom and tact. The King has the right to declare war and make peace, but he is expected first to consult his Council of State. He also nominates to the higher offices, civil and military, concludes foreign treaties, and has a right to preside, if he desires it, at the supreme court of justice. The Realm-diet or Parliament has two Houses. The upper appoints the judges of the Supreme Court; the lower, as with us, takes the lead in money bills. Norway has its own Parliament (Storting), which has also two houses. The King can veto laws twice, but if the same bill passes three Storthings, it becomes the law of the land without the sovereign's assent. The great controversy of recent years has been concerned with the Norwegian majority's claims of a distinct consular and diplomatic service. The union was consummated against the wish of the smaller kingdom, which has, however, as much independence as it had under the Dano-Norwegian union. It is hoped by moderate statesmen in both countries that in time a satisfactory understanding will be reached on all the points at issue, such as will place the union on a firm basis. In effecting this desired result King Oscar will find scope for his real and recognized abilities.

As we go to press, we learn that the representatives of the Manitoba government are in Ottawa for the purpose of endeavoring to reach a decision on the School Question. A correspondent of a local paper goes so far as to say that the basis of settlement has been reached and that in a few days the details will be announced. Much as we would wish to have this important matter removed from the arena into which it has been so unfortunately placed, we doubt if a solution can be so easily reached.

The man who is always satisfied with himself is rarely satisfactory to others. A man never realizes how human he is until he has made a big fool of himself.

ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

The wild enthusiasm that the young Czar of Russia has aroused among the people of France is a phenomenon which, viewed simply *per se*, might puzzle a student of comparative politics. According to the opinions of those who have been brought up under responsible government, the Czar's rule is, as a political system, more than a century behind that of the most advanced nations of our time. It is the only Christian power that has not some form of parliament. Even Turkey may be considered a step before it in that respect, for the Porte at least tried the practicability of a representative assembly, and for a few days there were enthusiasts who dreamed that the Sultan had truly entered on the path of reform. For the instrument of the new constitution gave equal rights to Christians and to Moslem. One thing it proved and that was that, had the Sultan been sincere or bold enough to defy the Sheikh-ul-Islam and the traditional prejudices which that functionary represents, there was no lack of ability in the Empire for the formation of such a body.

But it was soon evident that such an innovation, in a land where laws drew all their sanction from the Koran, was nothing but a sham and a pretence. Russia, though an absolute monarchy in name and theory, shows in practice that the Czar's will is tempered and sometimes checked by the operation of a complicated system of delegated authority. Peter the Great, who was a barbarian of genius, did, indeed, make his will the law of the Empire. He made, to suit himself, a rule to the effect that every sovereign should choose his or her successor from among the members of the imperial family, without regard to primogeniture. A hundred years ago this law was annulled in favor of the actual system, which is that of primogeniture with preference of males over females. There are also regular constitutional departments of administration with which the Empire is not supposed to interfere. Even in the appointment of ministers and officials, he must if necessary be guided by advice in general, though in particular cases he may have and exercise his preferences. There are four great councils or colleges of administration, and the marked difference between Russian and western methods is fairly exemplified by the fact that what with us takes precedence—that is, the cabinet or ministry—in Russia comes last. There is first the council of State, consisting of sixty or more members, under a president, all nominated by the Czar. The ministers and six members of the Imperial house have *ex-officio* seats in this body. Occasionally this council meets as a whole, but, in ordinary circumstances, it is divided into three boards, each of which has its own chairman. These boards, which are all consultative, deal, respectively, with legislation, administration, civil and ecclesiastical, and finance. A special committee considers protests or objections addressed to the Emperor against the decisions of the Senate. This is an extraordinary body, consisting of persons of rank and station. It is the high court of justice, being as such divided into nine sections, of which two are counts of cassation. When all meet *in pleno*, the minister of Justice presides. The Senate is not only a court of last resort but a law making body—no law being valid without its sanction. It also supervises the general administration. A committee of seven revises judgments in political offences, and another committee deals with irregularities of crown officials. The third great college, board or council in the Holy Synod, consists of three Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, Moscow, and a number of archbishops and bishops sitting in turn. Every decision must have the Emperor's signature to make it valid. The fourth great council or college is the board of Ministers. Save the first—that of the Imperial house—these ministries are named as in constitutionally governed countries—foreign affairs, war, interior, justice, public instruction, finance, crown lands, public works and railways. There is an additional department of general control, under a controller-general. There are also two private cabinets directly under the Empire—one for imperial charities, the other for the education of girls and special institutions founded by the Empress Maria, mother of Nicholas I. There are also other special cabinets—one for petitions and another, created in 1883, entrusted with certain economies, &c., formerly in the Household Ministry. The local administration of the Empire, dealt with pretty fully in Mackenzie-Wallace's "Russia," comprises some interesting illustrations of popular government—some parochial, some provincial. The administration of Finland, with its national parliament of four estates, was provided for by special grant of the Czar Alexander I., renewed by his successors, and, even as modified in recent years, is entirely exceptional. The inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, who are largely Scandinavian, regard themselves as a people apart from the Russians, and have always

been very jealous of their liberties. The Emperor is Grand Duke of Finland.

The essential part assigned to the Emperor in the government of Russia, and the belief in her divine right to exercise supreme authority over his subjects, had a forcible illustration last summer when His Majesty was crowned with a costly elaboration of ceremony that has no parallel in any other part of the modern world and only a partial precedent in the gorgeous coronations of the Byzantine Emperors. Between such an autocracy and the system of republican rule that prevails in France to day there are few points of contact. The sympathy between the two nations—for clearly it is not confined to the governments—having found expression in the cordial reception of the French sailors by the Russians a few years ago, and by the wild acclamations that greeted the Czar at the end of his rough passage across the channel, must be explained, therefore, by considerations that have nothing to do with principles or forms of government. And, of course, there can be no reason for such a warmth of friendship in any family alliance such as that which gave a special significance to the Czar's visit to Queen Victoria. The last time that France tried to add strength to her position by a dynastic marriage was in the reign of Louis Philippe and the attempt did not prove a success. A grandson of Louis Philippe had the misfortune to incur the resentment of the late Czar, so that if the Bourbons still occupied France's throne, the young Czar might even be a *persona ingrata*. As for the Bonapartes, Russia suffered under the last, as well as the first Napoleon. Forty years ago Alexander II. was beginning the reign that ended so tragically with the wounds inflicted by the clever tenant of the Tuilleries still gaping. Times have changed assuredly since France, England and Sardinia joined Turkey in a counter-crusade for the benefit of Christendom and especially for the benefit of Christendom's new dictator. Sadova was still far off; Solferino and Magenta had to come first and the dark days before and after Sedan were hidden from the eyes both of victors and vanquished. Between 1870 and 1878 France showed powers of self-recuperation that astonished the world, to which she owed so little. In spite of cabals and factions, the rivalries of Monarchists and Republicans, Legitimists and Orleanists, moderate Republicans and Radicals, on one point there was no discord—France must recover her strength, her prestige, her place as a great power. The Bonapartes were once on the point of triumphing, but the tide was not taken at the full and the opportunity went by. Then the Legitimists lost their chance through a too conscientious leader. The day was not yet dreamed of when Royalists should join forces with Boulangists. The Republic had just surmounted its first perils when a cloud arose in the East. That cloud rained blood in the Balkans, but it brought refreshing relief to France. At the Congress of Berlin, when Bismarck and Disraeli attained their zeniths, Prince Gortschakoff saw himself worsted by the German Chancellor, who chose to forget old benefits. For Russia had stood by, a watchful second, while the Prussians knocked France senseless and robbed her, thanking God the while. From that day the good intent between St. Petersburg and Berlin was gone. While the Czar lived, he would pay due courtesy to his old friend and kinsman, the German Kaiser, but he could not forget that he had been deceived and humiliated. Prince Bismarck promptly saw what was coming and promptly took protective measures. The year after the Congress the *Dreibund* was a *fait accompli*. Russia was baited. France could only wait the turn of events. She waited, but not idly. Russia inimical to Prussia was France's friend, even if no word were said. The word would come in time, however, in spite of old grudges and other drawbacks. And that France's foresight, patience and tact have been rewarded by the young Czar's visit is striking proof. The *Dreibund* has been matched by the *Zueibund*.

If despatches received in this city from St. Paul, Minn., can be relied upon, the Catholics of that section, instead of being opposed to an expression of opinion coming from an ecclesiastical source regarding political questions of great importance, rather encourage such expressions, as appears by the announcement that a number of leading business men addressed a letter to His Grace Archbishop Ireland for the purpose of obtaining his views upon the main planks in the platforms of the two parties now soliciting the suffrages of the American electorate. His Grace gives his opinion in a manner which puts it beyond any cavil what condition of things may follow the success of the Silverites. He says that the Bryan policy will lead the country to destruction and that social order will be replaced by lawlessness and anarchy.

It is generally the man who has the least to complain of that does the most kicking.

WANTED A LEADER.

Lord Rosebery's resignation of the leadership of the British Liberals has naturally caused surprise, on account of its suddenness and his omission of the courtesies usual on such occasions. The frame of mind in which he made the resolve and acted on it may be imagined and even understood. It may be taken for granted that, unless the conviction that he was practically without support broke upon him like a flash of lightning, Lord Rosebery must long ago have observed indications of distrust that were not assuring. Mr. Labouchere's House of Lords motion, brought forward deliberately at an unseasonable time—the Nonconformist protests against horse-racing, which he chose to defy—his persistence, in spite of warning, in a foreign policy which was more Tory than Liberal—and, lastly, his known indifference on the question of Home Rule—were surely sufficient to cause uneasiness in any leader's mind. Sometimes, it looked as if Lord Rosebery did not greatly care for the position. He suffered from ill health. His acceptance of office awakened no enthusiasm. By the force of circumstances, moreover, he was obliged to take Mr. Gladstone's place at a most awkward crisis for a member of the House of Lords. If the House of Lords is an antiquated anomaly, it is not surely from one who is a peer himself, and who continues to enjoy all the privileges of the peerage, that the British people could reasonably expect a successful protest. Lord Rosebery's Tory colleagues in the Peers' chamber were not the least afraid of an agitation of which he had the control. Mr. Labouchere, who is also the nephew of a peer, but is known as a consistent, if somewhat eccentric radical, took the earliest occasion to mark his belief that he regarded the agitation, thus led, as a sham.

It must, of course, be borne in mind that the agitation in question was by no means the first Liberal party had inaugurated against the Upper House. But such movements always ended in a number of Liberal Commoners being elevated to the Peerage, where very often they developed into full-blown Tories. Mr. Gladstone has himself shown consistency so far as his personal example is concerned. He might have been Earl of Hawarden twenty years ago, had he desired it, or his wife or heirs desired it. For in matters of this kind a man's conduct cannot always be accepted as the expression solely, or at all, of his own desire or of his estimate of what he has conferred on him. But, on the other hand, can we suppose that, in offering peerages to his political friends and followers, Mr. Gladstone was not fully aware of the value of the gift? It is also too often forgotten that the House of Lords is the original fabric of the English Parliament, the Commons Chamber being of a much later creation; and, although this fact does not make it less out of harmony with popular government, it is a historic claim to consideration. The absurdity of the situation is that, while the Commons branch has undergone modification in keeping with the growth of political ideas, the Lords House has hardly changed at all. But the man that leads a movement for its reform and adaptation to modern opinions and needs must not be a peer, of high rank, in full enjoyment of all the privileges of his order.

As for Lord Rosebery's foreign policy, by colonists and Canadians especially it was deemed one of his claims to respect, for it was combined with regard for our interests and a determination to see them protected. Of his horse racing it may be said that he showed his scorn of middle-class English opinion in clinging to it in spite of so many pious remonstrances. A more prudent and perhaps less honest man would have disguised his boyish delight at being a winner of the Derby. Certainly, his victory on the race-course cost him many a vote at the general elections. To our readers Lord Rosebery's apathy on the Irish question is the worst phase of his leadership. Nevertheless, Irishmen have little reason to rejoice at his retirement. Sir William V. Hartcourt, to whom the succession rightly belongs, is not a popular man. He is a sturdy and obstinate fighter and, although he was once (like his old chief) a bitter opponent of Home Rule, he followed Mr. Gladstone loyally in his battle with the Tory and Unionist coalition and is not likely to desert the cause now. But the choice does not altogether depend on him. Whether he adheres to it or rejects it, it offered the leadership, must depend on the party. As yet, there has been no decisive abandonment of that plank in the Liberal platform, and some of Mr. Gladstone's old colleagues will vigorously combat any attempt to set it aside. There is one proposal, however, that might find favor with a handful of Liberals—an appeal to Mr. Chamberlain to return on his own terms. The chances are against such an appeal and against its acceptance. Nevertheless, unsatisfactory though Lord Rosebery was as a leader of a composite party, and though his advocacy of Home Rule lacked the fervor that he imparted to other subjects in which he was interest-

ed, we are not quite sure that his withdrawal, under all the circumstances and in view of the dearth of fit men for the position, is not to be deplored rather than welcomed. On that point, however, we can only wait patiently for the turn of events.

The shop-keepers in the vicinity of St. Lawrence street are very much agitated over the decision reached by Recorder DeMontigny in the matter of the early closing movement. His Honor in rendering judgement in a number of cases of infraction of the by-law, which were held over for some time, pending a decision of the Superior Court, gave it as his opinion that he yet cherished the belief that the law was unjust, and among other things said:—

"As I wished to have the opinion of a judge of the Superior Court, so I then interested myself to a certain extent in securing such. If the Superior Court recognized the legality either directly or indirectly I would submit myself as I wished a judgment. I submit not my judgment or reason, as I would never bow to an unjust law. There is not a tribunal in the world which would force me to do so."

THE CENTRAL UNION.

Project Discussed by Delegates of the Various Irish Catholic Societies.

The project to form a Central Union, which would embrace all the Irish Catholic organizations in this city, was discussed at a meeting of delegates last night. After a somewhat lengthy debate the following committee was appointed to draw up a plan of action:

Messrs. S. Cross, St. Patrick's Society; John Power, Irish Catholic Benefit Society; John Kilfeather, St. Ann's Temperance Society; J. McMahon, Young Irishmen's Society; M. Sharkey, St. Patrick's Temperance Society; Dr. J. K. Foran, St. Ann's Young Men's Society; D. Doody, St. Anthony's Y. M. S.; D. McCarthy, William O'Brien Branch of the Land League; Sarsfield Fitzpatrick, T. N. Smith, B. Wall and P. J. Tumilty, Ancient Order of Hibernians. The meeting then adjourned until Tuesday, October 27, when the committee is expected to report.

RECEPTION TO HON. MR. HACKETT

Final Arrangements made by the C.M.B.A. Representatives.

Ever since the elevation of the Hon. Mr. Hackett to the office of Grand President of the C.M.B.A., the chief officers of the various branches have been actively engaged in promoting the idea of a public reception to their chief. Last night a meeting was held and final arrangements were completed for that purpose.

Chancellor T. J. Finn and Dr. Germain presided as joint chairmen. Among those present were Brothers H. J. Ward, J. J. Costigan, W. J. McElroy, Thomas Styles, J. P. Gunning, W. Cullen, P. Reynolds, C. Dandelin, J. A. Deniger, Joseph Girard, J. Clement, Dr. Rivet, A. B. Pottvin, P. C. Shannon, U. Racine, A. F. Laviviere, A. T. Martin, F. X. Payette, A. H. Spedding, G. A. Carpenter, T. M. Ireland, F. X. Lenoir, J. Paquette.

The list of the guests to be invited is as follows:—Vicar-General F. Bourgeault, Administrator of this Diocese; His Lordship, Bishop Emard; the reverend pastors of the various parishes, the reverend spiritual advisers of the various branches, His Worship, the Mayor, and aldermen of the City Council, Sir Alexander Lacoste, Chief Justice; Hon. Justices Loranger, Curran, Doherty, Purcell, Gill, Jette, Mathieu, Delormier, Pagnuelo, Quimet, Hon. J. O. Villeneuve, Sir Wm. Hingston, A. Desjardins, L. O. Tourville, J. R. Thibault, J. O'Brien, C. O. Geoffroy, C. Leblanc, J. Nantel, L. O. Taillon, Louis Beaulieu, H. Dupre, M.P.; O. Demarais, M.P.; M. J. Quinn, M.P.; C. Madore, M.P.; C. F. Monk, M.P.; J. Fortin, M.P.; A. Prefontaine, M.P.; R. Lemieux, M.P.; C. Beaulieu, M.P.; O. Guerin, M.L.A.; F. Martineau, M.L.A.; A. Aube, M.L.A.; the professors of Laval University, the Grand President and Grand Deputy of the C.M.B.A. of Quebec, President of the Artisans' Association, President St. Joseph's Union, President Union St. Pierre, President Alliance National and the presidents of other kindred associations. The address to be presented to the Grand President was read and adopted. The date of the reception was fixed for Tuesday, 27th of October.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH NOTES.

The ladies of St. Gabriel are at present, and have been for some time past, actively engaged in organizing a grand bazaar, for the benefit of the church. Success has always perched high upon the column of enterprise in the bazaar line at St. Gabriel's. Now, however, it is the desire of all connected with the undertaking to ensure a greater success than any heretofore achieved. True, it is, that times are more or less hard. This fact, however, presents a very appropriate occasion to verify the old adage that "Where there's a will there's a way." That all the English speaking Catholics of Montreal should encourage this grand work at the Point, follows from the fact that St. Gabriel's church, if not the best, is at least one of the best on the island, and consequently a source of pride to all our Catholics of the English tongue in the city, but, in a special manner, to our friends at the Point. There seems to be no fear but that it will prove a grand success, since this bazaar is under the presidency of the highly esteemed pastor himself. That unprecedented success may crown his efforts as well as the earnest desire of all who believe in the truism, "United we stand, divided we fall." The bazaar opens on the 9th of November, in the basement of the new church.



AN INTERESTING SPOT.

THE HOME OF THE PARNELLS BEAUTIFUL, THOUGH. MELANCHOLY.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. JOHN H. PARNELL, THE PRESENT OCCUPANT—AN IDEAL PEN PORTRAIT OF THE LATE LEADER.

The Westminster Gazette publishes the following interesting article under the heading of "Avondale." The writer says: The one pervading influence of this beautiful spot is melancholy. Perhaps it is difficult to dissociate the place from the sorrowful memories which linger around the name of its late owner.

As I alighted I was met at the door by the present owner, Mr. John Parnell—a quiet, courteous, hospitable, kindly gentleman. He, too, looked sad and thoughtful, and there was for a moment in his eyes that far away look which those who knew Charles Stewart Parnell will never forget.

In this respect Avondale is perfect. Above all around are mementos of the dead Chief. "In the old days," said Mr. John Parnell, "we used to have dances in this hall and the band used to be played in that gallery."

There were tourists at Avoca, of whom John Parnell took no notice, but who looked at him with much interest and curiosity. I learned afterwards that all tourists visiting the place (especially Americans, ask to see "Parnell's home," and are eager to learn "what sort of man John Parnell is."

grand and devil may care. "Well, boys," he said, "I am beaten, but they are not done with me yet." The driver, sir, who brought him home said to us afterwards, "that's a regular devil. He talked all the way out about fighting again and smashing them all, and he looked wild and fierce."

After a ramble round the grounds we returned to luncheon: we sat in the library. It was still a dampish day outside, and there was a nice log fire which gave a pleasant air of comfort to the room.

"How are we to be united?" Taking up the point of conversation where he had dropped it an hour before while we were standing at the window. "The convention cannot bring about unity because it was only the meeting of one side. You must get every side together to work out some plan. I see the situation plainly enough, though, perhaps, people think that I don't. I sit in the House of Commons. I do not make speeches. I do not even ask questions, but I see everything. And what strikes me most is how those English despise us. That is the first thing."

All this was not said in one continuous speech. It was jerked out from time to time, slowly, deliberately, and after many pauses.

I said, "Well, what do you think Charles would do if he were alive now and had to deal with the present situation?" He answered with unusual quickness—"He would forgive everyone." I knew him well, and this is how he would begin.

"Well," I said, "how would he go on, for after all he would need a plan and a policy as a basis of union?" "Ah," he answered, "that is the difficulty." He then rose and said, "let us walk to the Vale of Avoca. You have never seen it, and it is very beautiful. We will think (laughing) over a plan as we go along."

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

SIR JOHN ARNOTT TO EMBARK UPON SOME BENEFICIAL REFORMS.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE THAT PROPERTY HAS ITS DUTIES AS WELL AS ITS RIGHTS—AN ENTERPRISE THAT WILL RESULT IN SUCCESS.

It was an Irish Chief Secretary, Thomas Drummond, as far as we can remember, who declared on a memorable occasion that property has its duties as well as its rights. Unfortunately for the material welfare of this country, this grand principle has been rarely, if ever, acted upon by Irish landowners. They have been on all occasions ready enough to assert not only their rights, but more than their rights, while they have, as a general rule, ignored their duties.

The statements so often and so very generally made, that a friend in need is a friend indeed, and that confidence is the flower of friendship and the ornament of life, could not be much better exemplified than in the Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society. For a sum within the reach of the very poorest—75c yearly—they are at your command should death visit you. Rich and poor are treated alike and all is first class. The Society is prosperous and rich, and therefore confidence is established.

The central office is at 1725 St. Catherine street. Bell Tel 6295. The West End office is at 2159 Notre Dame street, between Murray and Mountain streets. All classes of funerals outside of subscribers at very reasonable prices and conditions. Equipment new and first class. Offices open all night.

A DETERMINED QUAKER.

At one time the town of Huddersfield belonged entirely to Sir John Ramsden, with the exception of a small house which was owned by a Quaker. Sir John was very ambitious to obtain possession of this house so that he could lay claim to the whole of the town. Time after time had he endeavoured to purchase the house, and on each occasion had increased the sum offered. On one occasion, it is reported, he actually offered a price to cover the floor with sovereigns, but the Quaker still refused the offer, and remarked, "Nay, thou shalt not have it at that price; but if thou wilt pile the sovereigns edgewise the house shall be thine."

OLD SHOES. Old shoes in this country are often repaired and sold by second-hand dealers and are cut up and the bits of leather used in a variety of ways, but there is

It deserves the warmest appreciation of everyone who has really at heart the advancement of the material interests of our country. The example he has given is one which other landowners might profitably imitate, and it is certain that if he had predecessors in his philanthropic work the relations between the Irish tenantry and their landlords would be happier than they are, and the condition of the country would be far different from what it is.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARTHA ROSE DONNELLY.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the sudden death of a most estimable member of St. Anthony's parish, Mrs. Thomas Trihey, which sad event took place at her residence last week. The deceased was up to a few hours of her death in the enjoyment of excellent health, and, without any premonition whatever, was stricken with an attack of paralysis, from the effects of which she succumbed.

Mrs. Trihey was widely known in this city among all classes and creeds, and was highly esteemed for her many noble qualities of mind and heart.

She was an earnest and tireless worker in her own household, and her greatest reward was in beholding the success achieved by her sons and daughters.

In works of charity Mrs. Trihey was always an enthusiast, ever ready to devote her leisure to any movement having for its aim the alleviation of distress. For many years she occupied a front rank in the administration of the St. Patrick's Bazaar. In later years, ever since the establishment of St. Anthony's parish, Mrs. Trihey had concentrated all her efforts in forwarding its welfare. The funeral, which was held on Monday morning, was one of the largest which has taken place in this city for many years. In the cortege were seen leading citizens who are connected with public and private enterprises, as well as a large representation of the parishioners of St. Anthony's.

The chief mourners were the two sons of the deceased, Mr. T. F. Trihey of the Trust and Loan Company and Henry J. Trihey, and Messrs. Michael Burke and Israel Clement, sons-in-law.

The Requiem service held at St. Anthony's Church, at which Rev. J. E. Donnelly, the pastor, officiated, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon was of a most impressive character.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. E. F. Casey and Miss Donovan, the organist, rendered the musical portions of the service in a beautiful manner. Mrs. Trihey leaves five daughters and two sons to mourn her loss, three of whom are married. The TRUE WITNESS is them its sympathy in their sad loss.

NOTICE.

The statements so often and so very generally made, that a friend in need is a friend indeed, and that confidence is the flower of friendship and the ornament of life, could not be much better exemplified than in the Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society. For a sum within the reach of the very poorest—75c yearly—they are at your command should death visit you. Rich and poor are treated alike and all is first class. The Society is prosperous and rich, and therefore confidence is established.

THE RIGHT STOCK.

She was small and frail, but, sitting a few seats behind her, I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly, young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody.

As once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and handbag, and seated himself beside her. In the seventy-five mile ride which I took in he same car with them he showed her every attention, and to the end exhibited his devotion by anticipating her smallest need for comfort, and once he put his arm around her in such a lover-like way

not nearly so much demand for them as in France. There the ash heap and other similar places are eagerly watched for them, and they are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold to factories, where the shreds are taken apart and submitted to long manipulations which turn them into a paste, from which the material is transformed into an imitation leather, appearing very much like the finest Morocco. Upon this material stylish designs are stamped and wall papers, trunk covers and similar articles are manufactured from it.

As the French industry using old discarded shoes is the transforming of old into new footwear. This is the principal occupation of the military convicts imprisoned in the fortress of Montpellier. There the shoes are taken apart, all the nails are taken out and then the leather is soaked in water some time to soften it. From those pieces that can be used are cut the uppers for children's shoes, and parts of the soles are similarly used. The smallest pieces of leather are applied to be used in high Louis XV. heels, which were so much in style a few years ago. Even the nails of the old shoes are used again. They are separated by a magnet which attracts the steel nails, while the copper or brass nails are carried on further. The price received for the old copper nails alone almost pays for the first cost of the old shoes. Clippings and cuttings of the leather are also used, being turned into a paste from which artificial leather is made, and what is not good enough to serve for this purpose is sold with the sweepings to agriculturists in the neighborhood, who use this paste with great success as a fertilizer.

A NEW REGIME.

I was unable to discover that any such torture is practised by high church Episcopals in this city. There are several churches of this faith in which the confessional box is to be found. Confession, of course, involves penance, but the usual form of penance is enforced fasting and the devotion of prayers. At St. Mary the Virgin's, in West Forty-sixth street, and St. Ignatius', in West Fortieth street, I could gain no information upon which to base the belief that more drastic inflictions were imposed. The high church rectors are shy and difficult of approach. One of the curates said:

"I have no personal knowledge that 'instruments' of torture are in use with our people. I have heard of isolated cases where very devoted penitents have flagellated themselves. I know one clergyman who is said to wear a hair shirt next his skin. But I think it is safe to say that no Episcopal clergyman in this city recommends such methods of penance as you have described."

A CHICAGO PENITENT.

The clergyman with the hair shirt has a church in Chicago. He is one of the highest of high churchmen. Even a hair shirt is no joke. An Englishman who lately, in the spirit of investigation, put one on for four hours has left a record of his sentiments:

"I put on the garment with some difficulty, and I leave it to any one who has attempted to remove a fish hook from the middle of his back to judge whether it was an easy or pleasant operation. However, with much moving of the shirt and consequent scraping of the skin, it was at length done, and for a few moments I surveyed myself with a renewed feeling of pride. It was positively handsome, that interlacing network of brilliant black upon a white background! But handsome is that handsome does, and it was not a minute before I reversed my opinion and reverted to first impressions of the black, bristly and brutal thing in which I was partially clothed. There were sundry other things to be done before I might venture on lunch; a first article of clothing to be added, oh!—a second, uh!—braces, ah!—waistcoat, wrrrh! That last was the bitterest pang, I think."

SEVERAL HUNDRED NEEDLES.

"The effect of the tight waistcoat was to increase their penetrating power a hundred fold. After that, collar and tie and coat mattered little. The mischief was done, the shirt was buried, held down, pressed against the skin, and each little hair was hard and uncompromising as a nail.

"In the first five minutes of wearing I was conscious of several hundred needles operating independently at as many points. Later a well defined centre of extra irritation was formed, which began to travel aimlessly and without method. At one time it was over the shoulder, then under the arm. For a time it settled over the heart, and later discovered itself between the shoulder blades. Knowing that it would crop up somewhere, it began to be interesting to speculate as to its probable location at the end of a stated period.

"After four hours, during which I went through my ordinary work, I found myself beginning to rejoice in my moral degeneration, and judged it was time to call a halt. With much pain and some sorrow I removed my hair shirt and at once felt a flood of joy and good nature pervade my being, which in some measure perhaps compensated for previous irritation and the parboiled appearance of a cuticle that was no longer white."

that I decided they were a newly married pair enjoying the honeymoon. Imagine my surprise on reaching Chicago to discover her to be old and wrinkled; but when I heard him say "Come, mother," and saw him proudly lead her out of the cars and gently help her to the platform, banishing his lightest anxiety and bearing her many packages, I knew there was no money nor romance behind the exhibition, but that there was a young man who loved his mother.

WOMAN AND TEMPERANCE.

The place of woman, says the C. T. A. News, is in the front ranks of the total abstinence movement, with whatever power God has gifted her working for the preservation of the home. If facile with the pen, if fluent of speech, both or either to be used as the case may be in the waging of her warfare. And if possessing neither of the foregoing attributes then with the power that nature has bestowed upon her, with woman's love and woman's influence, let her wage her battle, and as it is the battle of home against the saloon woman's love and influence will prevail.

There is this difference between a wise man and a fool: A fool's mistakes never teach him anything.

The lightest man on his feet—the man with the cork leg.

Artistic Fur Store

EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

The largest Establishment for the sale of FURS in Canada.

Where the most handsome FUR can be bought at prices which defy all Competition.

Repairs of Furs a Specialty.

Now is the time to attend to repairs. Before our busy season begins we can do them at extremely low prices. Cut, fit and work guaranteed. Old Furs repaired and made as good as new.

Have your Furs repaired at a reliable House.

Being the only firm in Montreal which imports its Furs from the leading markets of the world, and which buys at the lowest cash prices, we are in a position to sell lower than any other house and to make repairs at the lowest rates.

Always in stock the best Cloths and Linings

Of MINK, MUSK-RAT, etc., for Gentlemen's Overcoats, also Venetian Serges and Grey Squirrel and Amster Linings for Ladies' Circulars. A first-class Dressmaker and Tailor of experience employed by the firm, for Cloth Overcoats. We wish to draw the special attention of gentlemen to our trimmings, Otter, Persian Lamb and Mink, For Overcoats.

Special prices on three goods. Really surprising prices on account of the hard times. The only first-class place to buy the finest and best quality of Furs is at the large manufacturer.

CHAS. DESJARDINS & CO., 1537 St. Catherine St.

Look out for our advertisement next week, it will interest you

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

Carpets and House-furnishing Goods, And HAMILTON'S is the House

to buy them from, that is, if Best Goods and Lowest Prices are a consideration to you.

TO-DAY, WEDNESDAY, WE OFFER:

A Line of Extra Quality Brussels Carpets, borders to match. These goods are usually sold at 95c and \$1.00 a yard. Since a fire to the balance of the stock for 75c a yard. Several Lines of Tapestry Carpets, ranging in value from 60c to 75c a yard. Special at 55c a yard. Special Line Tapestry Carpets, all new patterns just received. Usually sold at 50c, for 35c a yard. A Heavy Pile Carpet—Axminster. Special, 75c a yard.

CURTAINS: A new shipment of Derby Curtains, latest patterns and colorings, \$3.75, \$4.50, \$5.35 a pair. Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3 1/2 yards long, white or ecru. Special at \$2.25 a pair.

SPECIAL: 7,000 yards of Union Wrapper Flannel, in light and dark shades, retailed in this city at 10c and 12c. Our price, 6c a yard.

HAMILTON'S ST. CATHERINE AND PEEL STREETS.

Philip Sheridan, B.C.L. ADVOCATE, BARRISTER & SOLICITOR. MONTREAL, P.Q. OFFICE: New York Life Building, Room 706. Bell Telephone 1733

JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

MANTLES!

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY Thousands of New Garments to select from at less than Wholesale Prices! WE INVITE INSPECTION. GLOVES.

Alexander's Button SUEDE GLOVES, in all leading colors, with Fancy Buttons and Embroideries, at \$2.00 pair. Button KID GLOVES, in all the popular Fall Colors, at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$1.75 pair. 20 pairs Button SUEDE GLOVES, in Tan Colors, sizes 6 to 7, at 15c pair. Regular price, \$2.00 pair. A popular button length BLAIRTZ GLOVES, also, English Red, sizes 6 to 9, at 50c per pair. Regular price, \$1.25 pair.

MEN'S KID GLOVES. All leading makes and styles. Only \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 pair. FINEST KID GLOVES, in all colors, \$1.50 pair. Men's BLACK GLOVES, made, \$1, worth \$1.50 pair.

Men's Furnishings.

BOARDING TIES, all colors, from 25c. BOW TIES, 50c. DEERY TIES, 75c. COLLARS, all leading styles, 50c.

White. Colored. Shirts.

WHITE SHIRTS, extra fit and finish, fine value, 50c, 60c and 75c. COLORED CAMBRIC SHIRTS, at 50c, \$1.25 and \$1.50. FLANNEL NIGHT SHIRTS, 75c. BROWN FUR MEN'S COATS, from 15 to 25 up. SEVERAL FALL OVERCOATS FOR MEN, at 25 to 40. MEN'S RAIN COATS, greatly reduced. MEN'S UMBRELLAS, at 75c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 up.

JOHN MURPHY & CO., 2343 St. Catherine St., CORNER OF METCALFE STREET. TELEPHONE NO. 8888. TERMS, CASH.

Hair.. Mattresses, \$7 and \$10.80.

ARE PREPARED: MADE UNDER OUR SUPERVISION, WE CAN GUARANTEE THEM.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 Craig Street.

WANTED.

All are most cordially invited to visit our office at 2159 Notre Dame Street, between Murray and Mountain Streets, and see the Mortuary Room Decoration which is given to our subscribers. The Co-Operative Funeral Expense Society.

DR. BROUSSEAU, L. D. S., SURGICAL DENTIST, No. 7 St. Lawrence Street, MONTREAL. Telephone, 6261.

Your impression in the morning. Teeth in the afternoon. Elegant full gum sets. Rose Pearl (fresh colored). Weighted lower sets for shallow jaws. Upper sets for wanted faces: gold crown plate and bridge work, business extracting without charge if sets are inserted. Teeth filed; teeth repaired in 30 minutes; sets in three hours if required.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

Marie Louise Arand, Plaintiff, vs. Oscar Tessier, Defendant. Dame Marie Louise Arand, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Oscar Tessier, of the same place, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 3rd October, 1896. BEAUFAYE GARNIER, DORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Advocates for Plaintiff.



# EL CRISTO DE LA VEGA.

By REV. JOSEPH NUNAN, in Donaboo's Magazine.

A WONDERFUL story centres round the church of Cristo de la Vega. A stone's throw from the walls of Toledo it stands, an edifice in no way prepossessing. I remember the first time I stood on the knoll overlooking it, and in response to my query a dark-skinned little maiden merely told me that it was "El Cristo de la Vega." My impression at the time was, that it was one of those little convents that are scattered so profusely throughout sunny Spain. Curiosity was not sufficiently aroused to give it close inspection.

I remained for some time seated on the hill, admiring the surrounding scenery. To say it was magnificent by no means does it justice. To my right, tortuously winding along, flowed the rapid river Tajo—*el río noble*, as the Spaniards love to call it—and beyond, like mighty giants, rose the rocky mountains of Toledo, behind which the brilliant sun was sinking. The sky was gorgeously painted. I have often admired the skies of Italy, but those of Spain are in no wise less beautiful, though less known. To my right spread a splendid valley, covered with trees, vines and vegetables. In front of me quietly slept the little church, and in the distance I beheld the celebrated "Fabrica de Armas," whose steel—the famous Toledo steel—is known the world over. I remained in contemplation of this august scene until the sun had set, when, flinging my long manto over my shoulders, I leisurely returned to the city.

A few weeks passed, when I heard it said among my friends that Cristo de la Vega would soon have its annual feast. Upon my inquiring I was informed that it was one of the most popular devotions of the Toledoans.

"Haven't you ever visited the church?" inquired a young friend, well versed in Spanish legendary tales.

"No," I replied, "I have never entered it. I mistook it for a monastery."

"Then, of course, you don't know its story."

I admitted my ignorance, and he continued: "Well, if you give me your undivided attention for a few minutes I will repeat the tale as it has come down to us century after century. It is a pretty story and the truth of it no one can gainsay, for the evidence still exists in the little church. You must go there yourself and be convinced that it is no airy Spanish fiction that I will now narrate to you."

Have you ever studied Spanish history? If so, you are well aware of the fact that the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are justly called the golden age of Spain. Her power and influence were felt, you might say, in every part of the world. Her valiant soldiers swept everything before them. Her fleets and vessels waved her ensign on every sea. There was no daring enterprise, no adventure fraught with danger, that the Spaniard was not ready to undertake; and, in fact, the greater the difficulties and the more foolhardy the action, the quicker he would buckle on his armor and his sword to essay it. Ah! those were the days of chivalric and heroic deeds. How puny, how insignificant are we Spaniards of to-day compared to our illustrious forefathers!

Together with the wonders achieved in America, our noble soldiers in Flanders were daily adding glory to the Spanish name. Victory after victory followed our arms. It was during these exciting times that Diego Martinez and Inez Vargas lived in Toledo. Diego was the son of a poor but respectable family—a tall lad and brave as a lion. Inez, a young girl of sixteen summers, the sole joy of a widowed father, was a perfect type of a real Spanish-Arabian beauty, and you know what that means. Diego loved the fair child, and his love was reciprocated. Life was as sweet to them as a summer's dream. Daily they strolled along the bank of the Tajo, singing together, or wandered in the fertile valley, Diego gathering the fairest flowers for his smiling loved one. Every Sunday, side by side, they walked to the little church to hear the holy Mass chanted, and there, on her knees, Inez seemed like a being from above. Diego often found himself more absorbed in her than in the solemn sacrifice. How beautiful she is! he would say to himself, not one in all Toledo can compare with her.

This ideal existence they lived for some time, when one day the news came to Diego that he was ordered to the war in Flanders. His heart smote him when he thought of Inez. He would have loved to leave her. Where would he find courage to say farewell? Perhaps he would never return. Who knew but that his bones would lie hilted and mouldering on the plains of Flanders?

Bitterly he bewailed his fate, yet there was a secret hope in his heart that he might do brave things and crown his name with glory. He thought how happy Inez would be to hear his name spoken of with praise. "Martinez of Toledo did this in such a battle." "The great Martinez, almost single-handed, routed a whole regiment of the enemy." Such were his thoughts that day, and in truth, war was with him more than love.

The same evening he wended his way to the dwelling of Inez. From the street he heard her singing, singing as only an all-gay heart can sing. What music there was in her voice! To him it was far sweeter than the chant of an angel. He lifted the latch and entered.

"Why, Inez, how happy thou art!" he said.

"Oh! Diego, is it thou? While singing I was thinking of thee. Welcome."

"The evening is beautiful, Inez. Will thou take a walk with me in the valley?"

"Yes, with pleasure. But we must return in one hour. Father will be here

and I must have supper prepared for him, and thee too, Diego, if thou wilt dine with us."

"No, not this evening, Inez, I cannot, for I must sup at home. But come, let us go."

Down the rocky, tortuous street they walked, past the city gates and onward to the gently-sloping meadow. You have seen the vega, how beautiful it is! What a wealth of beautiful flowers are scattered over it! How solemn stands the relic of the old Roman circus! How smoothly flows the noble river! What surroundings more picturesque! What skies more brilliant! I imagine that a meadow more lovely does not deck our mother earth.

Here to this lovely spot came Diego and Inez. How delightfully joyful she was! Not the semblance of a sorrow was in her heart. She was as brimful of pleasure as a ray of the sun is with light. Diego strayed along, plucking as was his wont, sweet flowers for his love. Yet there was a thoughtful look upon his face that was seen there seldom. He was thinking: how he could tell her of his departure on the morrow, but the words died ere they were spoken. Night was coming on and the hour was almost gone.

"Diego," she said, "we must be returning."

"Yes, love," he replied, banding her the bouquet, "and here is a trail offering to my divinity."

"Oh! how beautiful they are. Come, let us go to the church and say an Ave for the dead, and I will place these sweet flowers at the shrine of the Virgin as a present from thee. She is more worthy of them than I."

Up the hill they wandered to the church; and, as they entered, the bells began to ring the "hour of the dead." In the gloom before the crucifix they knelt and prayed. A silence as of the grave encompassed them. Darkness shrouded the altars and the pictures, and the only glimmer of light, feeble and flickering, came from the little oil lamp that hung before the tabernacle. For a short moment they knelt—she wrapped in prayer; he, filled with the thought of his last farewell to his beloved.

"Come, Diego, we must go," she said at last.

"Inez, I must speak with thee."

"Canst thou not do so on our way home?"

"No, here I must speak. It may be the last time. To-morrow I go to Flanders."

"What is it I hear thee say, Diego?" cried she, bewildered.

"Love, I am ordered to Flanders. My life as a soldier now begins."

"Dios mio! Dios mio!" she said, clasping her hands in sorrow. "Oh, I was so happy, and to think I will not see thee more. Listen to me, Diego, do not go."

And she placed her little hands upon his shoulders and pleaded, while her tears fell upon his breast. Embryo soldier that he was, he too, could not restrain himself, and there in the little church, alone in the darkness and silence, they wept together.

"My love, my love," he whispered, "I cannot. One year from this day I will return, and here at this very altar I will wed with thee."

"Will thou truly return and keep thy promise, Diego?"

"Yes, Inez, by my life."

"Will thou swear it?"

"Why, love, is not my word as strong as an oath?"

"No, no, swear that thou wilt come back and wed with me."

"Where dost thou wish me to do so?"

"Here at the foot of the holy image of Christ."

"It is well, love."

"Kneel thou and touch with thy right hand those sacred feet."

He did as she commanded.

"Diego," she said, "swarest thou by the cross of Christ that on thy return thou wilt wed with Inez?"

"Yes, I swear it," he solemnly uttered, and forth from the temple went the two young lovers.

Next day Diego set out for Flanders. Inez bade him a tearful farewell, and he, his heart strangely filled with love and war, kissed her tenderly.

"Weep not, Inez, I will return," were his last words.

The days and months passed by, and sad, in truth, was the heart of the lonely Inez. The smile that once dimpled her cheeks had fled, and no more did the sweet Castilian love songs tremble from her lips. Alone she wandered by the river or through the flowery meadow that once echoed with her buoyant laughter. There was a great void in her heart that only her sworn lover could fill. Daily at the set of the sun would she walk to the little chapel, and there at the foot of the Christ she was wont to pour forth the heavy sorrow that weighed upon her soul.

"Bring him back to me, O God! bring him back to me," was her once fervent prayer.

The year was rapidly drawing to a close. Eagerly did she await its departure. The morning of the eventful day at last arrived. She vested herself in her gayest garments and the old smile came back to her face. "He will come to-day," she kept repeating, "to-day my love will come." And she broke forth into a sweet song she had not sung for many a month. All day long she sat by the window, and watched and waited for the well-known face; but it came not. Her father returned from his day's toil and found her there with her arms folded, and head bowed, and the tears raining from her eyes.

"What now, my beautiful one?" he exclaimed. "What is it all thee?"

"To-day he said he would come and he has not."

"Ah! Diego, Diego, thou art ever thinking of him, Diego! Diablo would suit him better. I never liked the looks of the boy!"

"Father, do not speak so, perhaps he is dead."

"Dead! no fear of it. If so, we would have heard. No, he is acting the gallant to some fair dame in Flanders, Inez Drive him from thy mind. I always said he was unworthy of thee. There are a thousand youths in the city a thousand times better than this vile soldier!"

"Father, speak not thus. For me there can be but one youth and one Diego."

"But thinkest thou that I can endure this incessant moaning? That I can stand quietly by and see my only child fading away like a delicate, uncared for flower? I am an old man, Inez, but to restore the roses to thy cheeks, I myself will go to Flanders and bring back this—this—diablo, or I will let my dagger taste his heart's blood. Before heaven, I—"

"No father," said she, rising and placing her hand upon his mouth, "thou shalt not swear to commit such a deed. Let us leave him to Heaven, I promise I will weep no more."

"Promise that thou wilt think no more of him."

"Father, my loved father, I cannot."

"Then, at least, cease groaning, and fling away this detestable melancholy. Let us see, as of old, thy face lit with smiles. Ah! Inez, thou'rt the fairest lass in Toledo, thou art worthy to be the spouse of a king."

"But, I'm afraid," she smiled, "Diego will never be a king."

"Diablo! Diablo!" the old man muttered, "Mil diablos! Inez, let me hear no more of him."

"As you wish, father."

The old man went to his room, whispering to himself: "Fusion: only a cold fish illusion, she will forget him soon."

But the father knew not the strength of a woman's love.

Another year and yet another hurried away, and still the soldier of Flanders did not appear. The war was ended, but where was Diego? His name did not figure in the list of the dead or wounded, and Inez knew it, but her faith in him was still unshaken. Hope continued to live in her bosom. Not a day in all these years did she relax her practice of visiting at sunset the little church, and praying to Him who hung on the cross.

Bring him back to me, O God! bring him back to me, was ever her whisper prayer.

During her second year there was no outward sign of her grief. She greeted her father with smiles and gaily chatted with him. Mention of the absent lover was never made. The old man was delighted. Once again she begins to be the Inez of other days; she has forgotten the ingrate,—the father thought. He little imagined what was passing in her heart, or dreamt that the canker of love was slowly devouring it.

One cold and miserable day in January, such as Toledo only knows, in the third year of Diego's departure, the old man prepared himself and travelled to the great beyond. Inconsoable was Inez. In all Toledo she had not a bosom friend. In these past years she had shunned her acquaintances, and they had learned to fear her, and when the poor loving father was laid away in the grave she returned to her dwelling alone—a solitary being in the midst of the great city.

What could she do? Live alone in the bustling imperial city? No. The house was hers and her father had left her a comfortable sum of money. She be thought herself of a maternal aunt who lived in a little pueblo of Villasequilla. She wrote and told the old lady of the death of her parent, and requested her to come to Toledo and live with her. The aunt at once prepared and in a few days was with Inez.

"Aunt Josefa" said she, a few days after the arrival, "remember I already told you, you are mistress of the house. Without father or mother you must be both to me."

"In truth I will be, my sweet one," wiping away her tears, "are you not the child of my dear Matilda?"

"And act here as though you lived here always."

"Excuse me, Inez," admiring the young girl's handsome face, "but do you not think it is time for you to marry. At your age your mother was already wed."

"Dear aunt, I have not time to think of such things. But I beg of you never speak of this to me again."

"Love, you are not offended?"

"No, far from it. The subject is not pleasing to me, aunt Josefa."

"I will never mention it again, Inez," she said as she went to prepare the mid-day lunch.

There in the kitchen she thought and thought.

How beautiful she is, she soliloquized, yet what a strange girl. Not wed! What an idea! Ah! I have it. Those black-robed nuns yonder wished to have her. Yesterday I watched her going to the convent. And the old lady was thoroughly convinced.

Life passed along smoothly for the next few months, though after her father's death Inez became sadder than usual. She was more lonely than ever. Her aunt was truly kind and sympathetic, yet she could not fill her father's place. More frequently she strolled in the vega, more frequently she wended her way to the little church. The neighbors long since ceased to stare and wonder at her. They knew not her secret, and they imagined her strange conduct was due to some malady. Nor were there wanting young men and in the high ranks of life, too, who would willingly wed with her. But to all of them she turned a deaf ear. Would she give her hand without her heart?

It was a beautiful morning in July of the third year. Inez was slowly walking along the river's edge, close to the bridge of Alcantara. Life was just beginning to stir in the city above. The fishermen were busy arranging their nets, and some half a dozen women were loudly singing and industriously washing their soiled linen in the waters of the Tajo. From the bridge floated the tinkling sound of bells that were suspended from the necks of innumerable goats on their way to the city.

Under one of the arches of the bridge

Are You Nervous? Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Quiets the nerves and induces sleep.

Carroll Bros., Registered Plumber, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofers.

795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine. Drainage and Ventilation a specialty. Charges moderate. Telephone 1834.

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RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.

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IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF. ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-DRESS.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle.

PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVienne, ROUEN, FRANCE. R.J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

Inez spied a knight seated upon a noble Andalusian stallion. His steel armor glittered in the rising sun. The great feather of his sombrero waved gently in the morning breeze. Inez came nearer. She noticed that his spurs were of gold and likewise the bit of his mighty sword. Both horse and rider seemed to be thoughtfully contemplating the river. He gave no heed to the sound of the footsteps of the maiden. "Tis some noble warrior," she thought; perhaps he can tell me of Diego.

She walked slowly to his side and was about to question him, when she beheld for the first time his face. A great wave of pleasure rushed through her being. Her heart throbed as though it would break its bonds.

"Diego!" she cried, "is it thou?"

The knight slowly turned in his seat, looked at her and calmly said:

"Well, I swear by Bezebub, I do not know who thou art."

Inez wildly stared at him, and with a loud cry that echoed and re-echoed along the banks of the river, she fell senseless upon the ground. The warrior called to the women along the beach and fiercely said to them:

"Take the maiden to her home, and cursed be the witches that make these innocent creatures mad by their evil counsels."

With that he gave the spurs to his horse and sped onwards to Toledo.

Inez had made no mistake. The gaily attired warrior was none other than Diego. He had fought bravely in the war of Flanders and was made a captain. As his rank in life increased, so did his desires. The king had heard of his wonderful bravery and his soldierly capabilities and when Diego returned to Madrid he was knighted and became one of the grandees of Spain. Entering Toledo, seated upon his prancing steed, with his gold-bitted sword dangling at his side and his bright breastplate showing the dints of many a battle-stroke, Diego Martinez was not the humble and obscure soldier that departed from the city three years before.

In the ceaseless strife of Flanders he had forgotten his love in Toledo, nay, even her name escaped his memory. Yet, when he returned to his native place these recollections of the past came back vividly to his mind. He scolded his heart against them. He, the famous soldier, the noble Don Diego Martinez, could not marry a poor plebeian. He would make an alliance with some maiden of noble birth. And as to Inez,—well, none knew of his vow to wed with her, nor would anyone give credence to the report. Such were his reasonings and they satisfied his sordid soul. It was in the midst of these reflections that Inez beheld and spoke to him under the arch of the bridge of Alcantara. For a moment his heart was touched, but the ever-present whisperings of fame and fortune crushed the passing remorse.

A few days after Inez went to the house of Diego. She entreated, she begged and weeping, besought him to fulfil his oath. His heart was obdurate. Coldly he looked upon her and haughtily said:

"Inez, once and for all, remember that the Captain Don Diego is not Diego Martinez. So, farewell to thee."

Raising her weeping eyes, she answered: "To thee I pledged my troth, to me thou gavest thy oath. We shall weigh both in the scales of justice."

Don Pedro de Alarcon was the royal governor of Toledo. He was an old man and as valiant as he was just. In his youth he had fought bravely for his native land, and, like Diego, was knighted for his courageous deeds. At this time he was holding court in Toledo. The great hall was thronged

with judges, lawyers and spectators, listening with patience to the many complaints that were made.

The lawyers pleaded their cases and awaited the sentence of Don Pedro. The busy scribes were writing with furious haste. Some of the gray haired judges were quietly dozing and the spectators passing comments one to the other.

A woman with hair dishevelled, her eyes red with weeping, entered the chamber-hall and cried aloud: "Justice, judges, justice, Don Pedro."

She cast herself at the feet of the governor, who, quieting the confusion, tenderly raised her from the ground and asked her: "Woman! what is it you wish?"

"I look for justice, sir."

"And what do you desire of me?"

"To restore to me a broken jewel."

"Of what jewel do you speak?"

"Sir, my heart."

"Did you not give it away?"

"No, your Excellency, I loaned it."

"Have you witnesses?"

"None."

"And promises, were there any?"

"Yes, ere leaving Toledo he took an oath to return it to me."

"Who is he?"

"Diego Martinez, now noble and Captain."

"Guard! bring to me the Captain and he shall fulfil his oath." A perfect silence fell upon the hall. The drowsy judges and the spectators looked on this strange scene with bated breath. Some minutes after, raising the tapestried curtain that overhung the door, the summoner cried: "The noble Captain Don Diego."

He passed along the crowd with head thrown back and pride and fury gleaming from his eyes.

"Are you the Captain Don Diego?" asked Don Pedro.

"I am, your honor."

"Do you know this girl?"

"Three years or more ago, yes?"

"Did you swear to wed with her?"

"No."

"Will you swear that you did not so swear?"

"Yes."

"Then go in peace."

"He lies, Don Pedro, he lies," exclaimed Inez weeping with shame.

"Woman, do you know what you say?"

"I say he lies and I swear it."

"Have you no witnesses?"

"No, not one."

"Captain, depart and excuse us that we should doubt your honor."

With a smile of deep satisfaction, Diego bowed low to the judges and walked towards the door. Inez, when she saw him departing, cried out between her tears:

"Recall him, I have a witness. Call him back, sir."

The Captain returned. Don Pedro seated himself. The crowd remained silent.

"I have a witness," said Inez. "One who will speak the truth."

"Who is he?"

"A man who heard our words and looked on us from above."

"Was in some balcony?"

"No, my lord, he was on a place of misery, where later on he died."

"You say, then, he died?"

"No, he lives."

"As God lives, you are mad. Who was he?"

"El Cristo de la Vega."

At the mention of the Redeemer's name, judges and spectators arose, raised their hats and bended their knees. In the deep silence that followed this announcement surprise and fear filled the hearts of those present. Diego, shamed and confused, cast down his eyes. The governor whispered with the judges and then said aloud:

"The law is for all. Your witness is the best. There is no higher tribunal than God. Scribe, to-morrow, at set of sun, thou shalt take down the declaration of Cristo de la Vega."

Quickly through the city spread the strange action of Don Pedro. On the following afternoon the roads were filled with people eager to witness the unheard-of sight. The sun was slowly setting when Don Pedro with the judges, the scribe, and the royal guard went onward towards the little church. Close behind them came Inez and her aunt with monks and priests, nobles and plebeians following. A few moments after, Diego, on his noble steed, passed on.

Arrived at the entrance of the church, the governor and his court slowly entered, and ranged themselves before the image. The little church was jammed with people. Before the cross they placed lighted lamps and candles. They knelt and for some moments they prayed. Arising, a notary in his richest robes called for Diego Martinez and Inez de Vargas.

One on either side he placed Inez, on the other Diego. In a deep solemn voice he read the accusation. Finished, he approached the crucifix, and, slightly inclining in a loud voice demanded:

"Jesus, Son of Mary, before us Thou

had been cited as a witness by the mouth of Inez de Vargas. Dost Thou swear that on a certain day, before Thy divine presence, Diego Martinez swore to Inez to take her as his lawful wife?"

Flushed was the multitude. Not one of the mighty crowd seemed to move or breathe. A moment passed and there was heard a voice strange and unearthly, clearly and distinctly they heard the words slowly uttered:

"Yes, I swear it."

The great throng trembled and fixed their eyes on the holy image. And what did they behold? The mouth of the Christ was open and the right hand, that was nailed to the cross, unloosened and raised itself and then fell to the side. A miracle, indeed, it was.

But you wish to know what was done or rather what became of Diego and Inez?

Then and there she renounced the world and entered a rigid order of nuns, where she vowed her whole being to God. And Diego? Fame, fortune and power lost their attractions, and giving all his possessions to the poor, he became a humble Carmelite lay-brother. The scribes gave forth the wonder that was wrought, and Don Pedro erected a beautiful altar to commemorate it. And this is the reason, my friend, why we of Toledo yearly celebrate, with gladness and rejoicing, the feast of Cristo de la Vega.

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THE FASHIONS.

New York Evening Post.

A very beautiful shade of palest corn color is exhibited among evening gowns of both undressed and gaced kind.

Daintily finished woven corsets made of fine-spun wool are among the models set forth for cold-weather wear. They are light, durable, and elastic, and formed of natural undyed wools that exactly match the familiar undergarments of the same soft gray tint. They are far superior to the first models of the kind that were sent out.

Next to the sumptuous yellow satins, moires, and brocades that will take first rank among elegant evening toilets this winter, the beautiful rose tints stand supreme, and the lovely dyes that appear among these exquisite colors exhaust all the superlative adjectives of the admirers of this particular tint. They are certainly very fascinating among the soft and brocades, the lustrous failles, and the undressed Liberty satins and crapes de Chine, Marie Antoinette, silk gauze, chiffons, and similar etc. In dancing toilets diaphanous silk, veiled with lace and trim of ruffled silk, ribbons, they impart an exquisite glow to the complexion. Many of the French toilets in sea-shell pink are pink alone in chiffon or mousseline de soie. Other toilets are mixed or delicately toned with mignonette green, olive, palest mauve, or honey-suckle yellow, and also with a certain very lovely and exceedingly faint shade of fawn color.

Multiple evening toilets of black and white will be in highest vogue all winter, and these gowns, if of elegant materials, have the merit, when designed, of giving a most distinguished appearance to the wearers. Black lace over white moire is lovely. Black moire is used this season for the skirt of the dress, with a white satin bodice as its accompaniment, but there is no violent contrast of the two, for the glowing white satin is subdued by the embroidered chiffon, mousseline de soie, etc. A pretty dinner gown recently worn was made of white satin as to the bodice and skirt, with a bolero jacket and centre of Russian green velvet. There were deep, dusky sleeve caps of the velvet, with close coat sleeves of the satin beneath, trimmed with pearl and gold passementerie, the same beautiful garniture showing on the satin bolero-trim and centre.

Notwithstanding the array of natty and extremely smart walking-jackets and covert coats exhibited this season, a glance at the French models displayed reveals the fact that the ubiquitous little shoulder cape is still very much the fashion. Besides the handsome fur varieties, all sorts of fancy garments are shown. The braided cloth capes vary in length from the waist-length to those that just cover the shoulders. The dressiest models accompanying church and calling costumes are of velvet lined with brocade and richly trimmed. Some of the black velvet capes are a mass of chiffon, lace, and jet arabesques. The cashmere capes with trimmings of black and white lace and chiffon are garments of artistic beauty.

An effective and satisfactory substitute for the (so many women) tedious work of braiding is the applique sets in silk cord passementerie which have all the vivid effect of Russian soutache work. Handsome passementerie sleeve-caps, bolero revers, and vari-shaped collars can be purchased for bodices and jackets, also covers of the same in deep points with wavy and other drop trimmings at the edge. Sherry-suffs in Irish silk crochet are finished with crochet buttons, and these adjustable bolero jackets, vestments, and centures with which to finish and adorn plain dress waists.

In the array of silks lately opened by a Broadway importer were iridescent satins brocaded with Marie Antoinette designs, delicate lawn and gray corded silks with dainty garlands of violets and roses, black watered silks with broad stripes resembling raised passementerie scrolls, white moires brocaded with white or tinted satin carnations and chrysanthemums, and French silks whose gay designs were toned by a film-like over-weaving which gave them a soft chiné effect.

In all the endless category of materials there is none so universally becoming as velvet. Women who cannot wear any other black fabric satisfactorily choose black velvet without hesitation, relieving it with jet, fur, or rich lace if the complexion is florid or sallow, for to either of these types black is not a complimentary—even black velvet. Although not first choice, the handsome crepon fabrics still occupy quite a prominent place in the fashionable world, and many of the novel silk-and-wool mélanges for autumn and winter wear are woven in crepon effects.

Fancy stripes in corded silk and satin will be much worn in demi-dress this season as fancy bodices with handsome black-skirts, as gored skirts with velvet boleros or jacket-bodices, or as entire gowns with satin or velvet accessories. These fabrics admit of so many attractive combinations of color and trimming that it is no wonder that continued favor is shown them.

Faded cloths this autumn appear in a very elegant variety of deep and beautiful dyes—cress and oak-leaf greens, deep russet reds, sage-gray. Several handsome shades in olive and russet and in numerous rich, warm browns are among the most attractive colors, while for smartness the new Danish red is certainly the color. A little of it placed judiciously to lighten a sombre costume is very effective.

Among the epaulette trimmings on French dinner and evening gowns are those showing numerous long loops of broad velvet ribbon or of piece velvet lined with satin, that fall over the short full puffs of the close coat-sleeves. Bands of the same are then carried from the shoulders to the belt, rosetted at the back, and ending in front in a girdle, or in long loops and ends, at the left side if the waist is a round one.

Short, very full ostrich tips are used in profusion by Virot and other celebrated milliners, and the large ostrich plumes with full drooping tips are or-

ranged with studied grace around the high crowns and brims of the new large picture-hats. It is their price, and also the fact that rain and moisture are inimical to ostrich plumes, that militates against even a larger share of popularity than they now, or indeed ever, enjoy. Were it not for these two disadvantages, they would be almost universally worn, for they are pre-eminently stylish and becoming when artistically arranged.

Black materials are to be greatly favored this winter, and a special and attractive exhibit of stylish and elegant black goods made this week included French armures with bourette knots, mohair and canvas weaves with bouc figures, English whipcords, camels' hair serges with glossy silk and wool stripes in raised designs, plain and fancy alpaca and brillantines, satins, moires, both plain and brocaded, Henriettas in silk warp and sheer all wool combinations, drap d'été, repped silks and repped wools in both fine and heavy cords, new designs in crepons and many handsome textiles in crepon effects. The moires and Henrietta cloths, the faced cloths, are represented in different quantities and prices, and possess a degree of durability that is unsurpassed by nearly any black material save silky English serge, which is less dressy in effect than the finer woven fabrics. Many other standard black textiles are displayed that are in steady demand, as the outlook for the winter season indicates an even greater demand for handsome black fabrics than was experienced a year ago, when this color largely prevailed.

In spite of hopes, protests, and sage prognostications, the last hat survives as a leading fall and winter model. The new Paris shapes are conspicuously huge as to brim and ridiculously high as to crown. After experiments and benevolent resolutions in favor of permanently abolishing the wide hat, vanity proves triumphant. Headgear broad, lofty, and aspiring has come promptly back into popular favor. Last spring, in all good faith, an effort was made to establish a smaller hat turned up at the back and tilted over the face, bringing the nose and the hat-brim in familiar proximity. To a certain type of women, with fine eyes and pretty cheeks and chin, this hat was a becoming one, and the compromise rather pleasing. But it did not last, and that is as it should be, for the "picture" hat. Under the shadow of one of these glorified mushroom, every woman fits as securely as did Jonah beneath the gourd vine. Its plumes and drum-major attitudes impart dignity, and the halo of the brim lends a commanding background; therefore the Parisian milliners have provided the ample headgear that their patrons most desire. Designers of hats, it is said, desire to give us a taste of the first end of our country, especially the date when queen Victoria was young, and they propose to continue this mode right on through the winter. The Victorian hat is a most picturesque affair. In black chip or Milan it is astutely wired, and then bent into broad away lines, while the crown is heaped with tulle, fall flowers, and waving plumes. Tucked under the brim, just over the ear, are soft rosettes of velvet ribbon in cerise or rose-color, dahlia-shaped knots of pink and white velvet, or velvet petalled wallflowers, nasturtium, or roses. This arrangement is calculated to take the place of the *coiffe* *reignee* at the back and the large cluster of flowers there massed, and undeniably the effect given to most faces is novel and becoming.—C.D.F.

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FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION. Binding \$2.00, Cat Maple, \$2.50, Thomas' Blocks \$1.75, with 1000 Sheets, \$1.50, \$1.50. J. C. MACDONALD, Richardson Square, Tel. 1835.

Legal Notices. PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Marie Louise Lucie Olyvine Pellerin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Napoleon Lesage, civil employer, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said Napoleon Lesage, Defendant. An action in separation as to property has been this day instituted against the said defendant. Montreal, 26th September, 1896. AUGÉ, GLOBESKY & LAMARRE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 258. Dame Albina alias Matvina Demers, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Ferdinand Bouchard dit Lavalée, joiner, of the same place. Montreal, 29th August, 1896. SAINT-PIERRE, PELISSIER & WILSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 157. Dame Julie Lalonde, of the City and District of Montreal, has, this day, taken an action in separation as to property, against her husband, Hermenegilde Laniel dit Desrosiers, trader, of the same place. Montreal, 9th September, 1896. GEOFFRION & MONET, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 157. Agnes Spalding, of the Town of St. Louis, in the District of Montreal, has, this day, taken an action in separation as to property, against her husband, Charles Lavalée, trader, of the same place. Montreal, September 24th, 1896. ANGERS, DELORMIER & GODIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.





Altered the receipt, and George would probably be in a position to show from the accounts of the firm that he had paid over the \$500. William was without money. It was the Acot week. He could have a fairly good time with \$20. There was no reason why he should not take the money and come back at the end of the week to renew his dispute. He picked up the \$20 note and went out. "Good riddance to bad rubbish," said George as the door closed behind his brother. Then he called his confidential clerk in, and told him that though the firm would still continue to be known as "Jeddon Brothers," Mr. William Jeddon was no longer a partner.

William went to Acot, and managed to win about a hundred pounds. To put it in his simple but expressive language he "lived" for the next fortnight. Then one morning he rolled into his brother's office and demanded more money. George gave him a sovereign this time. After that William came to the office about once a week for money. He was usually in a semi-drunken condition, and George always got rid of him as quickly as he could. But one morning William came in sober. He did not make his customary request for money, but sat down, and waited till his brother was disengaged. Then he said: "I should like word with you, George, alone."

IRELAND'S TURN NOW.

AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION SUGGESTED.

THE OPINION EXPRESSED THAT IT WOULD PROVE OF INFINITE VALUE IN THE DIRECTION OF STIMULATING INDUSTRIES IN THE OLD LAND.

The Dublin Nation has been for some weeks engaged in the laudable work of endeavouring to arouse an enthusiasm amongst the citizens of the old historic city, in order to bring about an organization which would result in holding an Irish International Exhibition.

In referring to the immense advantages which were derived by the people from the Exhibition of 1882, the Nation points out the fact that at that time there were exactly eleven woolen manufacturing in the country, while at present there are upwards of 100. It also says:—

"It is no exaggeration to assert that this splendid proof of industrial progress has been mainly, if not entirely, the outcome of the interest awakened in the products of Irish looms by the display of 1882. One other result of the Exhibition was the placing of the Irish woolen trade on what may be called a basis of self-respect. Before the Exhibition was held the tailor or the draper labelled his Irish tweed "Cheviot," and dare not even whisper the name of its true place of manufacture. To-day Irish tweeds are sought and bought by their own proper title, throughout the world, by the smartest and best bred men and women of society! The change is a remarkable one, but is an additional item in the debt which the nation, as a whole, owes to the promoters of the Exhibition of 1882."

The Nation then deals with the financial features of the last Exhibition and closes its article as follows:—

"It has been our function simply to make a suggestion, and to now reinforce it by a statement of facts which have since come to our knowledge. We shall only repeat, by way of conclusion, that we believe the holding of an Irish International Exhibition might easily be made a source of great benefit to the nation, and that for the securing of this benefit there is needed only the co-operation towards that end of all who really desire the welfare of the nation and of the people as a whole."

BROTHER PARTNERS.

A Penny Magazine publishes the following incident:—George and William Jeddon had been partners in business for two years. By the end of that time William Jeddon had practically withdrawn himself from the firm and had spent it in his brother George had often warned him that his extravagant habits were slowly ruining him; but William had never attempted to reform, though he occasionally gave himself up to fits of remorse and made numberless resolutions. At the end of their two years' partnership George Jeddon determined to get his brother out of the firm. There was an ugly quarrel when the two brothers separated. William declared that he was being cheated, George produced the receipts for money advanced. William looked over the papers carefully until he came to a receipt for \$500. He held it up to the light and examined it closely.

George," he said, "though you're my brother, I say that you're a thief. I never had this \$500; I only had \$50. I remember the day perfectly well; you've added a nought to the fifty and made it five hundred. You're a liar if you say you didn't, and you're a thief into the bargain. But I'm going to have my rights, and if you don't give me 'em peacefully, then, by all that's holy, I'll find a way to make you! Now, then, what have you got to say for yourself?" "What I've got to say for myself is just this," said George. "If you don't shut up and clear out of this office in two minutes I'll have you put out. You know you're lying when you accuse me of cheating you. I suppose you want some money to have a drink with, or to back a horse with, or to fool away somehow. Here, take this and go, and don't come back."

He tossed him over a Bank of England note for twenty pounds. William looked at it quickly, but did not touch it. For several minutes there was silence in the office. "Well," said George, "are you going?" "William was thinking over his position; he could not prove that his brother had

altered the receipt, and George would probably be in a position to show from the accounts of the firm that he had paid over the \$500. William was without money. It was the Acot week. He could have a fairly good time with \$20. There was no reason why he should not take the money and come back at the end of the week to renew his dispute. He picked up the \$20 note and went out. "Good riddance to bad rubbish," said George as the door closed behind his brother. Then he called his confidential clerk in, and told him that though the firm would still continue to be known as "Jeddon Brothers," Mr. William Jeddon was no longer a partner.

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George shut the door. "What is it?" he said. "More money?" "No," said William. "I've—I've done with that, George, I want you to help me. I want to come back to the business—as a clerk—anything you like. Give us another chance, and I'll swear you shan't regret it. I can't be your partner again, I know, but let me have one more shot at earning an honest living, and I'll try and work myself up into a good position again. For God's sake, help me, George. If you won't have me no one else will—you know that—don't trample on a chap when he's—" "Why this sudden change?" asked George.

"Why? ah, you'll laugh when I tell you. You'll say that it's impossible for a silly, drink-soaked devil like myself to be in love, but I am, George, I am—and I want to be better. I met her a week ago to-day. She was with mother. I wanted to speak to mother—I was quite sober—I was, really, and mother introduced me. I've seen her once, twice, three times since, and—" He leaned across the table and laid his head on his outstretched arms.

"And her name?" inquired George. "Frances Brodie."

If William had been looking up he would have seen his brother frown, and start slightly. Neither of the men spoke for a few seconds.

"Well?" said William. "No," said George. "It would be no use; you'd only last in this state a week. Here, clear out, I'm busy. If you're thirsty—as I expect you are by this time—there you are." And he gave him half a sovereign.

Three months afterwards Mr. George Jeddon and Miss Frances Brodie were married.

William Jeddon is now a tramp in a fair way of business. He told me this story, and concluded by informing me that he was a happier man than his brother. I am inclined to think he is right.

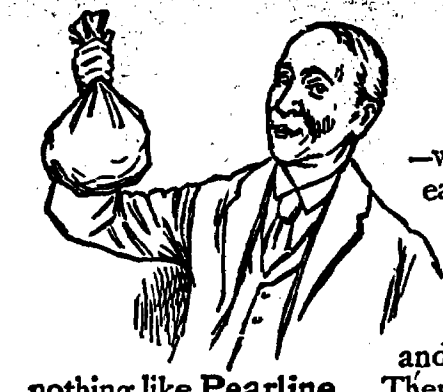
THE GRADING SYSTEM

In Use in American Centres for Farm and Dairy Products—Some Interesting Facts for Farmers.

These are days when every branch of trade and commerce is conducted with skill. Many people fail to achieve success in business because they do not devote the time to learn all that is to be learned in the way of the ever-changing circumstances which are continually taking place. An instance of this may be seen in the produce trade. A correspondent of an exchange says:

The practical workings of the Produce Exchange in cities, and their classification of farm products, should be briefly understood at least by every farmer who expects to ship any of his goods to the city markets. Each city has its own peculiar ideas about the grading of goods, and the methods of packing and shipping, and in sending produce to any one it is always wise to study these. As an illustration of the penalty producers pay by not observing the rules of each market mention should be made of the recent shipments of hay to New York. A great deal of the western hay has come here either in great bulk, loose bales, or in packages pressed as tight as baled cotton. Consumers do not take to either, for they have been accustomed to the large bales properly, but not loosely packed, and they have largely neglected the western hay. The tight packing is all right for out hay, but out hay has no prominence in the trade of New York.

As butter and eggs are among the most important products of the average farmer, a few words might be said with profit to producers about the methods of inspecting and grading them in New York. There are nearly two million packages of butter that come to New York every year, and the bulk of these go through the exchange, where they are graded by experts. There is less likelihood of unfair grading when the butter goes through the exchange, for the inspectors have nothing to gain or lose by favoring either the producers or the consumers. It is fair to assume then that the exchange inspectors endeavor to maintain a certain standard of quality for the various grades, and the producer who ships goods that will reach the highest grade is sure to get the prices quoted in the market for such packings.



nothing like Pearlina. There's no harm if you use it, there's no reason in doing without it.

**Beware** Fedders and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, if your grocers send you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

that is little better than grease, and of butter that has been injured in the packing and shipping. This butter goes to a cheap trade that secures it by bidding almost any price, and the producer rarely makes anything out of the stuff he sends to market graded below "thirds." Butter is inspected at the exchange only upon application of members, and when so inspected and graded, the member receives a certificate of the same, good for three days. Many reliable merchants have all their butter inspected in this way, both as protection to themselves and to their customers. A farmer who objects to the grading of his goods by a private merchant can offer no good excuse why the exchange inspectors should mark it down or up. As there is an impression among many producers that commission men intentionally make returns to their shippers based on low grading, while they actually sell the goods for first-class stock, the leading houses adopt this method of avoiding any such reflections upon their honesty. Their butter goes regularly to the exchange for inspection and grading, and the house thus protects itself. The inspector must examine at least 30 per cent. of each lot received, and the charge to the members is from 50 cents to \$3, according to the size of the lots.

Eggs are inspected in similar manner, and the grades are made according to exact rules of the exchange. The classification is generally made up of "new laid eggs," "fresh gathered," "laid," "refrigerator" and "held eggs." The new laid eggs must comprise ninety per cent. of full, sweet, fresh eggs, and the fresh gathered seventy-five per cent.

In each grade there are classes the same as in the subdivisions of creamery, dairy, factory and imitation creamery, butter, beginning with "firsts," and running down to "thirds" and "known marks." The refrigerator stock is also graded according to the number of months they have been held. The culls and inferiors are usually made up of poor trash, fit only for cheap bakers. They are sold at mere nominal prices.

The prices paid for produce in New York are not always the highest, but there is no city where farmers have a better chance to receive honest treatment if they select reliable houses for dealing. The grading of goods is according to rules carefully laid down, and no reliable house will break these rules. It is true that new and unreliable dealers are constantly coming to the front, offering to the farmers fancy prices, and then either never paying at all, or remitting small checks under the excuse that the goods did not come up to the mark. It is always well to beware of such offers. On the other hand, it should be a matter of great care on the part of every producer to ship only the best goods. Eggs or butter that cannot grade up to "seconds" should not be shipped to New York. It is doubtful if returns will be made large enough to pay any profit to the shipper, and it may be that an actual loss will be sustained.

AN OLD PIANO.

A piano, sixty-two years of age, and as perfect in sound as when it was new, is somewhat of a rarity. One of this age is now in the possession of Messrs. C. W. Lindsay & Co., of this city. It was manufactured by the well-known firm of Chickering & Sons, of Boston, and is in excellent condition. This shows that with great care was exercised in the manufacture of pianos then as it is taken now by the firm in question.

PISTOLS FOR TWO.

LAUGHABLE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN TWO SENTIMENTAL FRENCHMEN.

The duelling hero of the first years of the century in France, remarks the Gentleman's Magazine, was the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie, whose encounters were almost incessant. One of his "affairs of honor" was so silly that it helped to set in motion the current ridicule which has made duelling a pastime so much less honorable than it once was. One day another famous duellist, Pierrot d'Isaac, came to see his friend the Marquis Merle de Sainte-Marie. It should, perhaps, be explained that in French pierrot means sparrow and merle means blackbird. "Marquis," said d'Isaac, "I am a Bonapartist and you are a royalist. Moreover, I am the sparrow and you are the blackbird. Doesn't it strike you that there is one bird of us too many?" "It precisely does," said the Marquis. "My choice is pistols, and, as is appropriate for the birds of our species, let us fight in the trees." As if it were not so sufficiently ridiculous thing that one man should challenge another because his name was Sparrow and the other's Blackbird, the duel was actually fought from trees, the seconds standing on the ground below.

The pistols were fired at the signal. There was a rustling among the leaves of one of the chestnut trees. It was Pierrot d'Isaac, who, wounded severely in one leg, came tumbling to the ground. "Just like a ripe chestnut," said one of Sainte-Marie's supporters. Fortunately, he caught hold of one of the lower branches and was helped to the ground by his seconds. At this point the Marquis began to chirp triumphantly, imitating the song of a blackbird. This was a fresh insult, to be atoned for in only one way; and d'Isaac waited for his wound to recover to challenge Sainte-Marie for the chirp. This time there

There's Money In It

—washing with Pearlina. There's ease and comfort in it, too, and safety. There's wear saved on every thing washed; there's work saved in every thing you do. There's no time wasted, and little time spent. There's

nothing like Pearlina. There's no harm if you use it, there's no reason in doing without it.

**Beware** Fedders and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, if your grocers send you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

A LIFE OF MARTYRDOM

ENDURED BY THOSE WHO SUFFER FROM CONSTANT HEADACHE.

One Who Suffered Thus for Over Twenty Years Relates Her Experience, Which Will Prove Valuable to Others.

From the Tribune, Mattawa, Ont.

Among the residents in the vicinity of Mattawa there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. R. Ranson, who have been residents of this section for the past fifteen years. Mrs. Ranson has been a great sufferer for years, her affliction taking the form of dizziness and violent headaches, and the attacks would come upon her so suddenly that she could scarcely reach her bed unaided, and would be forced to remain for three or four days, unable to take any nourishment and suffering more than tongue can express. She was but seventeen years of age when these attacks first came upon her, and the doctor who then attended her, said that in his opinion her life would not extend over a few years at most. But more than a score of years have since passed during the greater part of which it is true, Mrs. Ranson was a great sufferer. But that is happily now past, and she is enjoying better health than ever she did. To a reporter of the Tribune Mrs. Ranson told her story, adding earnestly that she hoped her experience might prove of benefit to some other sufferer. She said: "The spells of dizziness and intense headaches would attack me every three or four weeks, and would last from two to four days at each attack, and with each attack my suffering appeared to grow more intense. I had good medical advice, and tried many remedies, but no beneficial results. In the spring of 1895 my appetite began to fail, my hands and feet would swell, and my heart palpitate violently. I was utterly discouraged and felt that I would not live much longer. One day my daughter urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but I had taken so much medicine with no benefit that I refused. However, she went to town and got four boxes, and to please her more than for any hope of benefit I agreed to take them. I did not find the first box did me any good, but by the time I had taken the second my appetite began to improve and I could sleep better. I then began to have faith in them and as I continued their use found myself constantly getting better. When I had finished the fourth box both myself and friends were surprised to find that I did not have a headache for more than six weeks, the action of my heart had become regular, and I could sleep soundly all night. I was still weak, however, and decided to continue the use of the pills, which I did until three more boxes were used. Since then I have been stronger than at any time for years before and have not had an ache or pain. I can do my work, have a new interest in life and feel ten years younger. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for others what they have done for me, and believing this I am glad to make my story public in the hope that it will be of value to some sufferer."

Mrs. Ranson's husband and mother were both present at day that they look upon her recovery as miraculous. They further said that many and many a night they had sat up keeping hot cloths on her head, that being the only treatment that had helped her, before she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

This great remedy enriches and purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, and in this way goes to the root of disease, driving it from the system, and curing when other remedies fail.

Every box of the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

AN ACCOMMODATING MAN.

Detroit Free Press.

"Is the house very quiet?" he asked as he inspected the room that had been advertised for rent.

"No," says the landlady wearily, "I can't truthfully say that it is. The four babies don't make so much noise, for they never all cry at once; and the three pianos one gets used to, and the parrot is quiet sometimes; but the man with the clarinet and the boy that's learning to play the flute do make it noisier than I wish it was."

"That's all right," said the man cheerfully; "live and let live is my motto. I'll take the room and move in to-morrow, and the little things you mention will never disturb me a particle. Good-bye."

And it was not until he was moved in and settled that they learned his occupation. He played the trombone in an orchestra.

Dozens of the most prominent educational institutions have purchased Heintzman & Co. pianos. C. W. Lind says, 2906 St. Catherine street, has received a select assortment of the latest designs for the fall trade.

ANNOUNCEMENT. A. T. Wiley & Co. Our special efforts this year have resulted in the accumulation of one of the most attractive cabinets of CHINA and GLASS WARE in Canada. The exceptions are the lilies we have for displaying our stock (on two large streets) enables the purchaser (or visitor) to view the different departments readily. All the best known patterns are represented. Wedding Gifts and Presentations. Art Pottery and Fine Articles of all kinds in fine China, Sparkling CUT GLASS, moderate and high priced. Complete Crystal Wine services. Fruit and De sert Service. Dinner, Breakfast and Tea Sets. From the ordinary every day Dinner Sets at \$6.50, \$8.00 and \$10.00, to the most elegant at \$25.00, \$28.50, \$30.00, \$35.00, \$50.00 and up to \$150.00. A large selection in each price is shown to choose from. Chamber Sets, in all the New Colors, Old Blue Delft and other patterns. Lamps and 5 O'Clock Kettles. Also New Patterns in Lamp Globes now used so much. Flower Pots & Crystal Flower Holders for Table Decorations. INSPECTION INVITED. Out of town trade solicited. Samples sent on application. A. T. WILEY & CO., 1803 Notre Dame St., 2341 St. Catherine St.

THE NATIONAL DRESS CUTTING ACADEMY. 88 ST. DENIS STREET, MONTREAL. COURSES OF CUTTING AND SEWING, Under the direction of MRS. E. L. ETHIER, Lately a Pupil of the Superior and Professional Schools of ABEL GOUBAUD, of the City of Paris. The Leading House of the whole World for Fashions and Dress Cutting. OUR COURSES COMPRISE Pattern Drawing, Cutting, Joining, Rectifying, Moulding, Transforming, Trimming Skirts and Cloaks. These courses, as may be surmised, are not only for Seamstresses, but for ladies and young girls, to whom we most specially recommend them. In order to proceed safely and give the kind of teaching suitable to each one, our courses are divided into two series, as follows: 1st Course for ladies and girls. 2nd For Seamstresses. Let us add that when the course is finished we do all in our power to place our pupils in a special establishment where they can command a good salary. The names are registered at Mrs. E. L. Ethier's model-pattern parlors. Concessions are made for persons of the same family; the conditions are discussed and settled when the name is registered and according to cases.

The Live Stock Markets

LONDON, October 12.—A firmer feeling prevailed in the cattle market, and prices improved 1c to 2c per lb, owing to the improved demand, and choice States cattle sold at 11c, choice Canadians at 10c, Argentines at 9c, and Canadian sheep at 9c.

Another private cable received from Liverpool quoted choice American steers at 11c.

Another private cable received from London quoted choice States cattle at 11c, choice Canadians at 10c, average Canadians at 9c and sheep at 9c.

Messrs. John Old & Son, live stock salesmen of London, Eng., write Wm. Cunningham, live stock agent, of the Board of Trade, as follows:—The trade in the dead meat markets had been very depressed at the end of last week, but bright, cooler weather having set in made sellers hold out for last Thursday's prices, which were obtained for the best qualities States cattle making 5d to 5 1/2d; good Canadian cattle, 5d; ranche cattle, 4d to 5d. 1,604 beasts were for sale from the States, and 1,064 from Canada; there were no arrivals from South America. The supplies of sheep consisted of only Canadian sheep, of which 4,120 were for sale, which met a dragging trade at a reduction realizing 5d to 5 1/2d.

MONTREAL, October 12.—At present prices abroad for cattle and shippers not paying more than 3c per lb. for 1,250 lb steers, they are making very little money, in fact, it is stated that some are not letting out. In regard to sheep considerable money has been dropped in shipping them of late, in consequence of which prices here were reduced 15c to 25c per 100 lbs to-day. The shipments last week show a decrease of 386 head of cattle and an increase of 4,123 sheep as compared with the previous week. The tone of the ocean freight market is firm at 45s to 50s insured.

At the East End Abattoir market good to choice steers and heifers sold at 3c to 3 1/2c; common to fair, 2c to 2 1/2c, and inferior, 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c per pound, live weight. Owing to the continued discouraging advice from abroad and the heavy losses made by shippers of sheep of late the feeling in the market was weaker and prices declined 15c to 25c per 100 lbs. The offerings were small and suitable stock for the export trade was scarce, buyers only being able to pick out about 100 head at \$2.50 to \$2.80 per 100 lbs. live weight. On the other hand the market for lambs was stronger, and prices advanced 3c per lb. on account of the scarcity of choice stock, and local buyers in some cases could not fill their wants. The demand was active, and sales of choice were made at 3c per lb., and in some instances a rifle more was realized. Other sales were made at prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.75 each as to quality. Calves were well enquired for, and choice sold at \$7 to \$9 each, and common at \$5 to \$6 each.

WANTED.

Responsible and active agents—good commission—The Co Operative Mutual Expense Society. Central Office: 1725 St. Catherine Street.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMMENCING OCTOBER 5, 1896. Leave Windsor Street Station for Boston, \$9.00 a.m., \$8.20 p.m. Portland, \$9.00 a.m., \$8.20 p.m. St. Paul, Minneapolis, \$10.00 p.m. \$4.25 p.m. Detroit, Chicago, \$9.00 a.m. Toronto and London, \$8.20 a.m., \$9.00 p.m. St. Paul, Minneapolis, \$10.00 p.m. Winnipeg and Vancouver, \$9.50 a.m. Ottawa, \$9.50 a.m., \$9.10 p.m. Ste. Anne's, Vaureville, etc., \$8.20 a.m., \$1.30 p.m. St. Johns—\$9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., \$7.50 p.m., \$8.10 p.m. Newport—\$9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., \$8.20 p.m. Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., \$7.50 p.m. Sherbrooke—4.05 p.m. and \$7.50 p.m. Beauharnois and Valleyfield, \$10 a.m., \$4.25 p.m. Hudson, Rigaud and Point Fortune, \$1.30 p.m., \$5.15 p.m. Leave Donhouse Square Station for Quebec, \$8.10 a.m., \$3.30 p.m., \$10.30 p.m. Joliette, Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m. Ottawa, \$8.30 a.m., 4.30 p.m. Laculche, \$8.30 a.m., 4.30 p.m., 6.25 p.m. 4.00 p.m.—St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m. St. Jerome, \$8.30 a.m., 9.15 a.m., 5.30 p.m. St. Agathe, \$8.30 a.m., and 2.15 p.m., 5.30 p.m. Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, \$8.30 a.m., 9.15 a.m., 8.15 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.25 p.m.; Saturday, 1.45 p.m., instead of 8 p.m. Daily except Saturdays. Run daily, Sunday included. Other trains week days only unless shown. Parlor and sleeping cars. Saturdays only. \$5 Sunday only. (Except Saturdays and Sunday, 4 Monday. For Sherbrooke and Portland daily. Quebec daily except Sunday. 12.00 noon—For St. Johns, daily except Saturday and Sunday. 1.25 p.m.—For St. Johns on Saturdays only. 4.00 p.m.—For Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Quebec and points on the D. C. R. 4.45 p.m.—For St. Johns, Rouges Point, also Waterloo via St. Lambert and M. P. & N. Y. 5.00 a.m., 6.30 p.m.—For Sorel via St. Lambert. 5.20 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe, also St. Cecile via St. Lambert. 7.10 a.m., \$8.25 p.m.—For Boston and New York via C. V. R. 9.00 a.m.—For New York via D. & E. For Suburban Service, consult new Suburban folder. City Ticket Office, 143 St. James St. east and Bonaventure Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. Trains Leave Bonaventure Station. [Note: signposts runs daily. All other trains run daily except Sundays.] 9.10 a.m., \$4.55 p.m.—For Valleyfield, Ottawa and all points on the C. A. & O. A. & P. S. R's. (Runs to Valleyfield on week days only.) 9.15 a.m., \$6.00 p.m., 10.25 p.m.—For Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, etc. 9.30 a.m. (Mixed)—For Briceville. 1.45 p.m.—For Vaureville (Saturdays only.) 5.15 p.m.—For Grandville, Huntingdon and Massena Springs. 7.00 a.m.—For Hemmingford, Huntingdon and Massena Springs. 4.30 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Huntingdon and Port Covington. 8.00 a.m. (Mixed)—For Island Pond, Port. 8.00 a.m.—For Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Maritling, Old Orchard, Quebec and Rimouski daily. 11.00 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Portland daily. Quebec daily except Sunday. 12.00 noon—For St. Johns, daily except Saturday and Sunday. 1.25 p.m.—For St. Johns on Saturdays only. 4.00 p.m.—For Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Quebec and points on the D. C. R. 4.45 p.m.—For St. Johns, Rouges Point, also Waterloo via St. Lambert and M. P. & N. Y. 5.00 a.m., 6.30 p.m.—For Sorel via St. Lambert. 5.20 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe, also St. Cecile via St. Lambert. 7.10 a.m., \$8.25 p.m.—For Boston and New York via C. V. R. 9.00 a.m.—For New York via D. & E. For Suburban Service, consult new Suburban folder. City Ticket Office, 143 St. James St. east and Bonaventure Station.