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The True Witness

If you have something that the people need advertise with courage and faith, and the people at home and abroad will respond to your profit.

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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE DUBLIN CONVENTION.

The Exiles Are Unanimous That Harmony Shall Prevail.

The Delegates from Montreal Who Will Attend—The Spirited Summing Up of the Situation by Donahoe's Magazine—Opinions of Contemporaries and Leading Irishmen.

The committee on credentials in this city for the Dublin Convention, have completed their work. They have now had communication with all the gentlemen whose names were proposed at the public meeting held some time ago, with the result that four amongst the number have consented to attend the Convention. They are Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, pastor of St. Mary's; H. J. Kavanagh, Q.C., and Edward Halley, of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. There is a genuine feeling of satisfaction in the ranks of Irishmen here that these gentlemen have consented to represent this city.

A well known member of one of our leading national societies informed the TRUE WITNESS, yesterday, that in his opinion the Dublin Convention was the last chance which the present generation would have to forward the cause of Home Rule. He also expressed the conviction, that unless the practical work of cementing the different elements previous to the opening of the proceedings of the convention, could be effected, it would be folly to attempt it at the public conference. There should be no recognition of personality, said he, nor any striving after men with special talents for the position of the leadership, but they should take the man who can unite the different factions, even though he lacked that brilliancy and profound judgment which has marked the career of leaders in the past.

The current number of Donahoe's Magazine contains an able and forcible article on the character of the influence which the representatives of the Irish exiles should wield in the great gathering of the Irish race. The closing paragraph of the article fairly expresses the prevailing opinion of the Irish people on this continent:—

The Irish party must once be raised to the solidity and strength it held in 1886. This must be the work of the convention. The exiles who are to be there have the power to accomplish it. If they abandon the cause, the country shall be blotted from the nations, and the last page shall close of a history that links the mysteries of the earlier world with the rise of European civilization, and this with the dawn of constitutional government, and this with the latest development of representative institutions. They will abandon the cause if the factions are impracticable. Let those who may be responsible for such a consummation think of the present which they are to face; think of the future which shall preserve their names with the names of all who in any land or any age have labored to earn the scorn and hatred of the human race.

MR. EDWARD HALLEY, who has been chosen as one of the delegates to the Dublin Convention, is a young man who has devoted the greater part of his life in the endeavor to promote the cause of Irish National Young Men's Societies and Irish athletic organizations in this city. He has been twice elected president of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society and was among the moving spirits which strove so earnestly to secure a permanent home for that organization. He was also president of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club at a critical moment in its career, and by his pluck and indomitable perseverance succeeded in turning out a team of young athletes who have since become famous by their achievements in the lacrosse arena. He was also a director of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association during that period when it required young men of judgment, enterprise, patience and patriotism to guide it. In company with his fellow-directors, he labored unceasingly to build a home for the Association in the northern part of the city which is now regarded as a monument of the sterling worth of young Irish Canadians.

Mr. Halley was born in the typical County of Tipperary, and is a clever debater, as more than one of his opponents in our local organizations can bear testimony. He is also a close student of Irish affairs, and never shirked his duty even in the days when many of our fellow-countrymen were anything but Home Rulers.

MR. H. J. KAVANAGH, Q. C., is the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Kavanagh. He received his education at the Jesuit College here, and was twice

elected vice president of the Alumni Society of the College. He graduated with high honors in the Law Faculty of McGill University and was admitted to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1879. Since then he has devoted himself exclusively to the practice of his profession. He was created a Queen's Counsel in 1893, and for the past five years has been a member of the law firm of Judah, Branchaud & Kavanagh.

Mr. Kavanagh has always been a staunch supporter of the cause of Home Rule, from the days of the first formation of the Association which was organized to assist that great movement in this Province. He has frequently delivered lectures on the subject before our local national societies, and his views on Irish matters are very well-known.

HON CHARLES J. DOHERTY, J. S. C.

The Honorable Charles J. Doherty, Judge of the Superior Court for the Province of Quebec, is one of the Irish Canadians of whom the section of the community to which he belongs may justly feel proud. Although one of the youngest members of our Judiciary, he ranks high as a jurist, and has handed down many decisions indicative of attainments of a high order. Judge Doherty is a native of Montreal, second son of Hon. Marcus Doherty, ex-Judge of S. C., whom he replaced on the Bench. He was born on the 11th May, 1855, was educated at St. Mary's College, Bleury Street, where he graduated in arts in 1873. He was gold medalist in the law class of McGill University in 1876, his graduating year as B.C.L. His admission to the Bar dates January 1877, and he was elevated to the Bench in 1891. Dur-



HON. CHARLES J. DOHERTY, J.S.C. Delegate to Dublin Convention.

ing his professional career Judge Doherty took an active part in politics. For two years, from 1880 until 1883, he was president of the Junior Conservative Club. He was a candidate for the constituency of Montreal Centre in the general election of 1881, for the Local Legislature of Quebec, but his pronounced views as a Home Ruler and his Presidency of the Land League caused a considerable falling off amongst his political friends, many of whom did not share his opinions on Irish questions, and although he polled an overwhelming majority of the electors of Irish extraction he was defeated by a small majority of the total vote. As President of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, he rendered signal service to that organization, and during the Kiel rebellion, by going to the front and enduring the hardships of the campaign with the 65th Battalion, in which he held a captaincy, he proved that an Irish Canadian may be true to the Dominion and yet remain faithful to the land of his forefathers. Judge Doherty is professor of Civil Law at McGill College, and has a splendid career before him in the judiciary of the country.

REV. FATHER O'DONNELL.

"The story of a good man is always a lesson for the world," wrote Emerson. "The life of a zealous priest is the most precious chapter in the Book of God's Records," said the Abbe MacGeoghan. In the career of Rev. Father O'Donnell, the beloved and energetic pastor of St. Mary's we have the exemplification of both sayings. The subject of this short sketch was born on the 10th December, 1852, at St. Antoine Abbe, in the County of Huntingdon, Que. His parents were Irish, and he inherited their love of faith and fatherland. His early education commenced in the village school near his birth place, and ended bril-

liantly in St. Therese College, whence he graduated in 1879. During three years he studied theology at the Grand Seminary of Montreal, and on the 23rd December, 1882, he was ordained priest by His Grace Archbishop Fabre.

Father O'Donnell at once entered into active ministry, and all his heart, soul, energy and devotion were given in the cause of religion, education and charity. He was first appointed curate of St. Ann's under Rev. Father Hogan. He was removed thence to Hochelaga, but again recalled to St. Ann's. In 1883 he became assistant to the late Rev. Father McCarthy, of St. Gabriel's. In December, 1885—three years after his ordination—he was transferred to the parish of St. Mary, where he has since remained. A month before Father O'Donnell's arrival the parish mourned the loss of the good zealous Father Simon Loneragan. Father O'Donnell acted as assistant priest until October, 1892, when, on the departure of

harmony is essential to union. These remarks are not inspired by any ill feeling toward the great leaders who have battled so earnestly to redeem their motherland. I do not love them less, but I love Ireland more. When union comes, action will follow."

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in a paper in the Contemporary Review, entitled "Home Rule and the Irish Party," speaks of the prospects of Home Rule at length, and concludes in the following manner:

"Finally, a word as to the position of the Irish Party. The position is as yet far from good, but only those who are on the inside of the Party can see how much it has changed for the better in the last six months. Disunion is not yet dead, but it is dying—not so much of its own return to sense and to loyalty, as owing to the pressure of circumstances. The



REV. P. F. O'DONNELL, PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S. DELEGATE TO THE DUBLIN CONVENTION.

Rev. Father Salmon, he was appointed, by Archbishop Fabre to the responsible position of pastor of St. Mary's.

Since then he has given all his time, his talents, his zeal and his heart to the labor that was cut out for him. While performing all the countless duties of pastor, he has taken a special interest in the education of the children and in the spiritual and temporal welfare of his vast congregation. No sower was he named pastor than all branches of his flock, the children, the young people, the elder members of the congregation, and the different societies presented him with the most flattering and hearty addresses. However, his path has not been strewn with roses alone, there have been a few thorns here and there that tempered the joys of success and happiness with that pain which all good souls experience when the world does not fully appreciate their merits. But patiently and calmly he plucked out the thorns one by one, and he let not those who love him so dearly know of his many trials and the difficulties with which their good pastor had to contend. Meekly and steadfastly he has walked the sacred path of duty, and on all sides he has won the hearts of the really appreciative.

OPINIONS OF LEADING IRISHMEN.

Dr. Justus J. Spreng contributes an article to the Irish World under the caption of "Time for a United Action." We take the following extract from it.

"Home Rule, as a phrase, is dead, because associated in the popular mind with separation." Such is the announcement of an American just returned from one of his periodical visits to England. He was dined and wined and lunched by the leaders of both English parties, and he was feted at the Queen's garden party. In a short visit of eight days, and in such company, he reached the popular heart, he felt the popular pulse, and he brings the dread tidings that Ireland's cause is lost.

"It is time for united action in the cause of Ireland. Union without action, or action without union, will be useless; but united action will bring about her deliverance, as sure as one day succeeds another. It is little less than a crime to call to action before union is effected. Even a peaceful revolution necessarily requires sacrifice, which is a waste of energy, unless the whole people are united. No faction has a right to arrogate to itself powers which belong to the nation. No man who stands in the way of union is worthy to be a leader. Let Dillon, Healy and Redmond return to the ranks as the first step towards union. A grateful nation will not forget their brilliant services; but, for the sake of harmony, men should come to the front who were less prominent in the past unfortunate controversies. Union is not attained while any considerable body of Nationalists remains unrepresented. Every effort should be made to bring in men from the highways and byways; but this cannot be done while unreconciled factionists presume to dictate the national policy. New leaders are necessary for harmony, and

lover of disunion is, I believe, running towards the end and a spirit is rising up which will compel even the most factions to return to the old party discipline. In about a month from the date when this article appears, a great Convention of the Irish race will assemble in the Irish Capital. Boycotted by some, neglected and ignored by others for a time, this Convention has ended by attracting serious, and in some quarters enthusiastic attention, and all the signs point to its being one of the most influential gatherings that ever met in Dublin. It is my forecast that this assembly will not allow itself to be degraded or diverted by the discussion of personal claims, incidents and attacks. Its duty and its inclination will be to lay down a broad and intelligible platform of National unity and Party discipline, and to leave to the future the settlement of how far this man or that lives up to this platform. From the deliberations of this body, then, I expect to see a new movement and a new spirit arise. When the Irish Nationalists are united, the question of what place Home Rule for Ireland is to take in Ministerial programmes will settle itself."

The Dublin correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, New York, refers to the preparatory work of the great Convention in the following terms:—

The joint committee of the National Federation and National party has been hard at work during the past week on the preparation of the text of the constitution for the forthcoming convention, and this has now been brought forth in its final shape and given to the public. On looking over this text one sees at a glance that the resident Irish Nationalists are to have a preponderance of the voting power, but this will cause no jealousy whatever, and there is little or no fear of the residential element working to defeat their brethren from beyond the seas. On the contrary, they are now disposed to grant them every indulgence consistent with the harmony and sentiment of the convention, and to allow the fullest latitude possible on all questions that may arise, and certainly on the greatest of all questions—on that of unity. Nor is it to be expected that the exiled Irish coming from abroad will land on the shores of their unfortunate country with a hostile intention toward those who have still remained by her and watched her every struggle for freedom. No, visiting Irishmen can have no such desire to swamp out their less fortunate brethren on any question, either of policy or discipline, and the expected overriding which some feared will not, it is to be hoped, be manifested by any section. If all will only study the great programme, they may glean what is each and every man's duty in the coming Convention. All will be representative Irishmen, and as such they should consider the gravity of the situation and the duty they owe to their fellow-countrymen and to generations to come. Ireland is afflicted with troubles that they alone can remove, and as they meet in judgment to con-

sider the ways and means of removing them they must remember that bickerings and ill-feeling can have no place in their discussions.

Nobody is so sanguine as to expect entire harmony; there must be differences of opinion, of course, but this is far removed from downright dissension and forcing of issues. This must not be, and the efforts of all are asked to avert such a calamitous issue. But there is a healthy hope in the breasts of all, and this is more than justified by the willingness with which the exiled brethren have accepted the invitations sent them, and the expression of their determination to aid in every way in maturing this grand scheme of unity. At any rate, there will be unity in extending a cordial welcome to the visiting Gaels, and there will be due deference to their views on the great questions of the day. Access to the convention will be denied to no one who can show any claim to be heard from an official or representative standpoint. All Irish bodies will be represented; all Irish Nationalists, of course, for whatever branch of Irish work organized, every Nationalist of a public representative body, every clergyman of whatever denomination—all will have a locus standi. It is cheering to think that the old sections of Nationalists who broke away in the midst of the great schism a few years ago have come back, at least temporarily, and it is to be hoped that the convention will so mold these various temperaments that they may be induced to yield entire allegiance henceforth. There will be more than 500 active organizations represented, and in this representation Parnellites, McCarthyites, and all other titles have combined to share with the Nationalists for the grand object to be attained. Differences of opinion must obtain there, but these will be more or less directed in shaping the details which go to build up the one grand thing aimed at.

The Very Rev. Canon Kellar of Youghal, in regard to the representatives to be appointed by the city of Cork, wrote a letter in which he put his views of the present situation in a very striking manner.

"It is too notorious and too painful a fact," writes the Very Rev. Canon, "that this nation suffers in its most vital majority, large as that is, but from the internal dissensions existing among good men, which have weakened our national strength, demoralized the spirit of the people, and degraded us before the nations of the earth. If Irish patriotism and Irish intelligence are incapable of finding an effective remedy for this sad condition of things, let us no longer cast the blame upon the alien enemy. Let us bow our heads in shame, and candidly declare that henceforth our subjection and humiliation are to be laid at our own doors. If we forget that we have national interests to protect and national aspirations to realize, and if meanwhile we exhaust our resources in the vehemence of our applause or censure of individual men, we should honestly confess that we are either unable or unwilling to strive for the attainment of the higher and holier object of our country's legislative independence and true welfare. But history and reason forbid me to despair of the public spirit of Irishmen at the present day. We have passed through sadder times in our national existence, and the past fifteen years has taught us what union and strict discipline can accomplish for our country. Let the voice of the nation be once more lifted at the coming convention, and let the nation's sons lend a willing and obedient ear. Let peace, mutual forbearance and trust be in the hearts and on the lips of all, and a new era of strength and hope will be initiated by the National Convention."

IN MEMORIAM

The following resolutions were passed at the Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the Province of Quebec, held at Montreal in June, 1896.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Divine Providence to take from our midst by the unrelenting hand of death our dearly beloved brother, the late Michael F. Nolan, in the prime of life, to his celestial glory, to wear the crown of immortality which his mortality gained for him, therefore be it

RESOLVED, that the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the Province of Quebec, whilst bowing in submission to the will of an Omnipotent God, feel their very regrettable loss in the demise of so amiable, so truly loyal and patriotic a brother, whose generous sentiments of love and solicitude were ever predominant in his soul;

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, be entered in the Minutes of this meeting, and published in the TRUE WITNESS.

ED. REYNOLDS,
THOS. N. SMITH,
H. T. KEARNS,
Provincial Officers, A.O.H., P. of Q.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's, left for New York yesterday afternoon to attend the dedication ceremonies of St. Joseph's Seminary, which takes place to-day.

CRUEL MOCKERY.

THE SYMBOL OF THE REDEMPTION MADE A TARGET FOR BIGOTS.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ST. FRANCISCAN CHAPEL ON DORCHESTER STREET—COWARDLY TACTICS ON THE PART OF UNKNOWN PERSONS—THE APATHY OF THE POLICE AUTHORITIES.

In front of the Franciscan chapel, on Dorchester street west, stands a cross upon which is nailed a life-size figure of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. It is a representation of the last act in the great tragedy of Calvary, when the Son of God sacrificed His heart's blood to wash away the sin of our first parents and redeem mankind. It was erected by the good Fathers in close proximity to the roadway that the memorable event of man's redemption might be recalled to each passer-by, and the money-seeking worldling of to-day mutely, yet forcibly reminded of the deep debt man owes to God. In gazing on this representation of his dying Saviour, every Christian should be inspired with thoughts of gratitude and love toward his Creator, and a desire to make himself, in some small degree, worthy of being a faithful follower of Christ and a consistent adherent to the doctrine of Christianity.

This was the object in placing it there, and, doubtless, this the general effect. Yet, there are scores who pass the chapel daily, people Christian in name and intelligent by reputation, who sneer and scoff at the figure of their Lord and ridicule its appearance. But the haters of Catholics and everything which appertains to the Roman Catholic Church have not stopped at this. They have taken other and viler methods of displaying their bigotry.

They have gone a step too far, and justice—stern, retributive justice—should be meted out to them.

The image has not escaped the indignities which were heaped upon the Divine Original. The mocking, blasphemous Jews of Calvary have found imitators in the city of Montreal, in a district whose residents boast of their "higher education" and their broad-minded tolerance (?)

The Crucifix has become a target for missiles of dirt, stones, filth and decayed vegetables. A putrid fish has been hung on the arm of the cross. Beneath the cowardly shadow of darkness the sacrilegious work has been carried on, and morning after morning a patient priest washes off the traces of the preceding night's insults from the figure of his Master.

Who are the authors of these distasteful outrages?

Nobody seems to know. The police do not appear to take more than a passing interest in the matter. What are they paid for? Does this predominantly Catholic city support a police force that objects of religious devotion and reverence may be laughed at and defaced with impunity? We think not, and now demand a satisfactory explanation, why such glaring outrages can be, and are, perpetrated time and time again, and the law remain inactive—a passive witness of a contemptible crime.

That the presence of this symbol of the Crucifixion is distasteful to a number of the residents in the vicinity is evidenced by the fact that a petition asking for its removal has been circulated. Why it should offend the tastes of any Christian is difficult to understand—there must be some occult reason. Perhaps, it savors too much of Catholicism, exhibits too vividly the true spirit of Christ, to conform with the "religious principles" of certain people.

It is hard to believe, however, that the signers of the petition, although deeply disappointed at the non-success of their appeal, would lower themselves by resorting to acts of blackguardly iconoclasm.

Whoever the guilty parties are, there can be no other feeling but one of real pity for them in their moral degradation, and, in so far as theirs is a sin against the Almighty, would repeat the words of the Divine Model when insult and injury was showered upon His agonized form:—"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." If men, they are naturally depraved, intellectually warped and morally dead; if boys, they have not yet outgrown the influences of a narrow-minded, bigoted, anti-Catholic home circle (of which there are thousands in our midst) and may live to realize the enormity of their crime and sincerely repent it.

On the police, however, it devolves to look out for the culprits who at least must be made amenable to the law for damaging and defacing property. If the police are too busily engaged otherwise, let the Superintendent say so, and adequate steps will be promptly taken by other people to effectively stop these public insults to the religion professed by the majority of Montreal citizens.

On the more grievous charge the guilty souls will be tried before a higher tribunal than earthly law courts or popular indignation.

The Franciscan Fathers, while feeling keenly the insults which have been offered to their Master they serve so faithfully and well, are inclined, in the excess of their charity, to avoid giving publicity to this disgraceful matter. Meantime, by extra acts of penance and mortification, they seek to appease the anger of an offended God.

OUR OBSERVER.

WHAT THE CITY COUNCIL SHOULD REGARDING UNDERGROUND WIRES.

ANOTHER REFERENCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—WHAT ST. ANN'S WARD REPRESENTATIVES SHOULD DO—A POLICEMAN IN TROUBLE—THE SHAMROCK'S DEFEAT—AN EASY WAY TO HAPPINESS, AND OTHER MATTERS.

[Specially written for THE TRUE WITNESS.] The idea of putting the telephone wires under the roadways is a good one. It might have been wiser, had they been put underground before the streets were asphalted, but this would be expecting too much for thoughtless monopolies and unenlightened councillors. When the telephone wires are all down and the roads nicely smoothed out and levelled it will be in order for the Telegraph Companies to suddenly discover that the underground system is exactly what they have wanted all along.

I see that the Hon. Mr. Tarte, in his official organ, Le Citoyen, says that the present Administration intends to assist the International Exhibition along. Unless the assistance comes fast and strong, and Montrealers get a rapid move on, we will be blushing with the great Paris Exposition of 1900.

Aldermen Connaughton and Kinsella should take a memorandum book and a pencil, a walk through St. Ann's Ward, and a note of the sidewalks requiring renewal.

Quite a crowd of people congregated at the corner of Noix Dame and Guy streets the other evening. The centre of attraction was a stalwart policeman who was performing a surgical operation beneath the rays of an electric light. He was probing for a splinter in his left thumb and took no chloroform. This great display of nerve amazed his audience and held them spellbound.

Protests have been entered against the return of Ald. Kenny and M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., as members of parliament. Why not call both off!

The defeat of the Shamrocks by a team from Cornwall caused general surprise in this city, and emphasized a fact (which should be well known), that men cannot play lacrosse without practice. To have expected, or ever hoped, that a man with half an hour's regular practice could do justice to himself or to his club, in a hard-fought two-hours match, was absurd. Such a policy in selecting a team is suicidal, and there must have been a lapse of judgment on the part of the Shamrock executive for a period.

Judging by the crowded state of the street cars on the warm evenings of last week there are a few people still left in town.

The Minister of Public Works is using heavy ammunition in the preliminary skirmishes. If the hon. gentleman is not careful, he will exhaust the supply and have to fall back on a pea-shooter.

"Take things philosophically" is easy advice to give and difficult to follow. If in our hours of reverses and loss we could regularly call up a philosophic humor, our troubles would cease to be troublesome—a fact, it might become necessary after a while, in the excess of our philosophic happiness, to take a dose of pessimistic pills in order to retain our mental equilibrium. However, I am afraid that as long as there are men small things will worry them. We are annoyed at men's notions and grow wrinkled over trifles. Burns says: "Man was made to mourn." Whether he was or not, the average man seems to do it on the slightest provocation. He requires no coaxing to muster up a regiment of grunts and growls at what he considers the eternal "unfitness" of things. If we met all our crosses and disappointments with a true spirit of philosophy, they would disappear with the marvelous ease and rapidity of a coin from the palm of a magician, and the growling and grunting part of the programme would be left to the brute creation. Methinks the chances are, nevertheless, that the quadruped will never have monopoly of those outward expressions of inward woe, and that the dismal biped will ever be in evidence.

There may be some consolation in the thought that under an up-to-date definition of the word we may all be philosophic without any unnatural effort. This definition is to the effect that "philosophy is that fortitude with which one endures the misfortunes of other people."

I sincerely hope that Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., will accompany Montreal's delegation to the Irish National Convention. The mightiest Leinster Halling with true Irish-Canadian eloquence. WALTER R.

"THE IRISH BOG AND THE WAY OUT."

The above is the name of a pamphlet, by Thomas Martin, secretary of the United Irish Association of London, England, which has come to hand. The little book is written with the intention of propagating the ideas of the Association, of which the author is an officer, and contains several facts relative to Irish connection with Great Britain and the disadvantage of the Union for the people of Ireland. Mr. Martin laments the divisions in the ranks of the Irish party, and states that unity must be restored, even at the cost of sweeping from out the political arena all the present party leaders if necessary. An alliance with either English party is deprecated as unsafe and unwise, as, in the author's opinion, neither is to be trusted and the both would betray the Irish cause. The policy of the United Irish Association as outlined is as aggressive as possible within the limits of constitutionality.

Upon the hypothesis that Ireland cannot get the right of Home Rule from Great Britain on the principle of justice, the United Irish Association by organizations in every city of any pretence in the United Kingdom propose to take active and unanimous interest in all local and general questions of politics with the one object in view, of worrying the English people by systematic obstruction in every branch of their administration until they are obliged to accord Home Rule to Ireland to get rid of the incubus of Irish malcontents in England. The pamphlet, which invites the co-operation of the Irish people throughout the world in successfully carrying out the scheme of appealing to the self-interests of the English people rather than to their sense of justice, is published by Ware & Son, Kennington, London.

SUCCESSFUL PILGRIMAGE

Of the Archdiocese of Kingston—Many Remarkable Cures Reported.

[Smith's Falls News]

The fifth annual pilgrimage of the Archdiocese of Kingston, under the distinguished auspices of His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Cleary, which took place on Tuesday, July 28th, to the famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, over the C.P.R., was a decided success in every sense of the word.

From various points in Ontario and the United States pilgrims came in large numbers and all were delighted with the perfect arrangements made by the C.P.R. for their accommodation and speedy travel. Three special trains carried 1,400 passengers from Peterboro', Pembroke and Smith's Falls. Supt. F. F. Brady, Smith's Falls, was most energetic and solicitous to do everything possible for all passengers and his efforts in this respect were ably seconded by Messrs. Spencer and Bennett of the C.P.R. staff here. Supt. Folger and F. J. Conway, of the K. & P., with their usual kindness and push, did much to promote the success of the pilgrimage.

The organization of the pilgrimage was under the charge of Rev. Father Stanton, Smith's Falls, and he was ably assisted by Rev. Father McDonald of Kemptonville, and Rev. Father O'Gorman of Gananoque. Of the Rev. Father Stanton it may be truly said that he never tired of the arduous labor attending the successful issue of such a great undertaking. As on previous occasions his thoughtfulness and anxiety for the comfort and safety of pilgrims gave to him additional strength and ability, and the success following his efforts must certainly afford him much gratification.

Several remarkable cures took place. Amongst the many are those of a young lady of Kemptonville. She had been deaf for seven years and was restored to her hearing. A lady from Michigan who had been paralyzed for several years was able to walk home without crutches. Another instance is that of Miss Cairns, a girl of eight years, from Tamworth, who had been deaf for 4 years and who miraculously received the use of her hearing. A boy twelve years old from Wisconsin, who had epileptic fits daily, was relieved. A young lady from South Leeds, who had been deaf and dumb for years regained both speech and hearing. Another remarkable case is that of Mr. Fitzgerald from Picton, who had been unable to walk without crutches for years; he left his crutches in the church of St. Anne de Beaupré and was able to walk unaided. These were only a few of the many cures effected at the shrine of the Good St. Anne.

Although the pilgrimage of last week was the fifth under the direction of Rev. Father Stanton, it was in every respect just as successful as the former ones, and the Rev. director desires to express to all grateful appreciation for the very liberal manner in which the undertaking was patronized, and it clearly demonstrates the confidence and esteem entertained for the Rev. Father. There was not an unpleasant or annoying incident during the whole trip, and all who attended express their delight and admiration with the able manner in which the pilgrimage was conducted.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB CONCERT

"Always so jolly!" was the favorable and pleasant expression heard on all sides as the large and respectable audience slowly, almost unwillingly, rose from their seats to leave the hall at last Thursday evening's concert of the Sailors' Club. Mr. Gordon ably presided and conducted the following programme: Miss Wheeler opened with a piano solo. The gem of the evening was the kind Mrs. Tygh, who delighted the house by her beautiful rendering of the good old songs—"Annie Laurie," "Comin' through the Rye," "Last Rose of Summer," to her own fine accompaniment on a splendid new piano from Lindsay's warerooms. Mr. Linton, recitation; Messrs. W. P. Sheridan, J. Clark, F. Kieley, M. Strachan, W. Greenwood, A. Read, George Wilson, J. Dodd, Mr. Cochrane, S. Lancashire, and J. Williams, citizens and seamen, were all heartily applauded for their successful efforts. Miss Wheeler and Miss Delaney, in their sweet duets, never fail to please. Miss Mabel Appleton, Miss Wright, and Miss Kearney, all did justice to their several parts and afforded much pleasure. Several members of the Club were on duty as ushers. The chairman earnestly thanked the talent for their cheerful assistance, and closed an enjoyable evening.—P.C.L.

THE POPE'S ENCYCLICAL.

There are minds, no doubt, in England which will be disappointed by the Pope's proud utterance,—minds which are filled with the modern passion for compromise, which can not rid themselves of the hope that the Papacy will concede something, will declare that two plus two make three and ninety-nine hundredths, and that then there will be a restoration of visible unity and a ceasing of varieties of faith. We do not believe those minds are numerous, but still they exist; and they may be driven by the Pope's trenchancy into a sharp recoil, which will take them farther from perfect submission than ever. But there must be many more minds in which any fresh perception of the unchangeableness of the Roman Church, of its unbroken continuity, of the haughtiness with which

it disregards not opinion but its own apparent interests, will develop admiration; and with admiration, love; and with love, belief in the institution loved. Only the possession of truth, they will say, could give the Church such impenetrability to modern ideas, such scorn for all that seems powerful outside herself, such profound confidence in herself and her own permanent teaching. The English minds that long for Rome are usually tired of their own fluctuating judgments, and longing to be guided by some pre-emptory and final authority; and here is the authority asserting itself, unearring, unhesitating, as incapable of doubt as it claims to be of error, calmly demanding the one thing—obedience—which those minds have hitherto refused. Even we ourselves, who reject the Papal pretensions as founded on unproved assumptions, can not avoid feeling a certain sympathy for the frankness and disinterestedness of the Encyclical.—London Spectator.

ELECTION ELOQUENCE.

A CAPITAL SPECIMEN OF THE SPEECHES MADE IN LOCAL ELECTIONS.

The following manifesto, copied verbatim from the original poster, is a capital specimen of election eloquence as applied to parochial contests: "Follow workingmen, gentlemen and ladies, I honorably put myself forward under your very kind notice for a seat on the Swanscombe parish council. Let me tell you as a man that I was the first to give cheap meat on Galley Hill and Swanscombe and all round. I never did and never will hurt a workingman. When times is good, I want to get paid for my very superior food that I always supply, and when times is hard then you can take it at any price you like to feed your wives and children and your families from George Clinch, 'The Peoples only Butcher' in this parish. I shall work hand in hand with the Reverend George Hale to bury the dead at the lowest price and put the poor body deep in mother earth, where they ought to be, and I promise that I shall sell my meat at the same price. I shall also help Mr. Dunbar (for he is an old toff) to reduce the salaries of clergymen, as it do cost too much for prayen, and we can go up to glory at a less price. I also promise to do more than the last council, for they done nothing, and as Mickey Finn is not standing, but sitting down low, we can do good business and have no Donnybrook fair at our meetings—in fact, gentlemen and ladies, I shall do every moral thing for the good of your body, and the parson will take care of your departed souls. I shall reduce the rates and get rent for the workingmen cheaper. I shall light up your roads so that you can see them upon a dark moonlight night. The last word I say unto you is, do your duty to yourselves and never mind about me, but put me on the council for your own sake and the interest of the men who get bread by the sweat of their brow."—Household Words.

LARGEST SCHOOL IN THE WORLD.

Within a stone's throw of Whitechapel, surrounded by some of the very worst slums, stands the largest school in the world. It is presided over by a peer of the realm, Lord Rothschild, who is regarded with love and admiration by every pupil, for he is, indeed, their good fairy. This school educates 3,000 children, belonging mostly to the poorer foreign Jews, and has a staff of 100 teachers.

It is well known that this is Lord Rothschild's pet institution, and that were it not for his munificent support the school would be unable to meet its vast expenditure. It is owing to his generosity that free breakfasts are given every morning to all children who wish to take them, no questions being asked. Again, he presents every boy with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots, and every girl with a dress and a pair of boots in the month of April, near the Jewish Passover.

An idea of the poverty of the children may be gleaned from the fact that not more than 2 per cent of them decline to avail themselves of this charity. A second pair of boots is offered in the month of October to every child whose boots are not likely to last during the approaching winter. It is scarcely necessary to state that few do not get them.

A very popular feature in the school is the savings bank department, instituted by the kindly president. In order to encourage habits of thrift he allows an interest of 10 per cent per annum on all savings, the said savings not to exceed 25 in a year. The teachers are also permitted to avail themselves of the benefits of this bank, the maximum savings allowed them being £15 per annum.

It remains to be mentioned that in pursuing this noble work, Lord Rothschild is following in the footsteps of other members of his family, who have supported this school in a princely fashion since its foundation, fifty-five years ago.—Church Standard.

It was an odd coincidence that the Standard, the A.P.A. organ in Boston, died a natural death on the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Its age was twelve years and four months; its editor was a discredited politician, and the only motive for its existence was hostility, in season and out of season, to Catholics. Two hundred thousand dollars are said to have been sunk in this enterprise, and the money came almost entirely out of the pockets of honest but narrow-minded people who could ill afford to lose it. The stockholders numbered four thousand. If now the British American, which exists solely for the purpose of vilifying the Irish, and one or two Irish papers—not those in Boston—which exist solely for vilifying the English, could follow the Standard to its unhalloved grave, the cause of true Americanism would be served.—Harper's Weekly.

In Missouri ideas of hospitality and of the attributes of perfect freedom seem to be still a little crude. At Jefferson City, on July 16, Governor Stone gave a reception to the Hon. "Silver Dick" Bland, at which he is reported to have said: "When I was a candidate for Governor, I told the people that, if elected, they would be welcome to call at the mar-

trust him

You want Scott's Emulsion. If you ask your druggist for it and get it—you can trust that man. But if he offers you "something just as good," he will do the same when your doctor writes a prescription for which he wants to get a special effect—play the game of life and death for the sake of a penny or two more profit. You can't trust that man. Get what you ask for, and pay for, whether it is Scott's Emulsion or anything else.

Scott & Bowen, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and \$1.00

tion, put their feet on the table, and spit on the carpet. Many friends called on me to-day, and when reminded of the promise, I pointed out the table, the floor, and offered to furnish the tobacco to everyone who wanted to spit." The report says that Mr. Bland and all his friends promptly accepted the Governor's invitation, but it is not a sworn report, and may be doubted, though the population of Jefferson City is only 7,000, and no doubt diversion is scarce there, and visitors have to be content with simple pleasures.—Harper's Weekly.

MET AFTER YEARS.

Curious Scene in a London Hotel Between Two Americans.

[London, Eng., Telegraph.]

There was a remarkable scene at a Northumberland avenue hotel on Thursday. It seems that a party of newly arrived Americans, most of them strangers to each other, were sitting at luncheon, and one of them was with an English friend, who had called to see him.

The conversation between the two naturally drifted back to the war time, and the American, who had been a Federal, described some of his adventures, and now at one place the opposing soldiers used to work so near each other in the trenches that they were able to engage in conversation, and surreptitiously exchanged tobacco and tea—the Northerners having plenty of the latter and none of the former, while the Southerners were in exactly the opposite condition. But, he continued, the most curious "swop" he ever made was a small packet of quinine for a pound of tobacco, to which the Confederate added a curiously carved wooden pipe. That pipe he had kept ever since, because he regarded it and the tobacco as having saved his life; for somehow or other his superior officer had come to know that he possessed a quantity of "the weed," and ordered him to report himself concerning it. Before he could regain his post a skirmish occurred, and the man who was in his very place was killed.

At this point a tall, sunburnt American, with white hair and beard, who had been listening to the other with considerable emotion, interrupted him with, "Excuse me, though I am a stranger to you, but didn't that Southerner tell you that the quinine was for his little daughter, who was down with fever?"

"Yes," said the other, "and didn't the Northerner say that his little girl was ill of fever, too, but he would share her medicine with the other little one, even without the tobacco?"

"Why, yes," cried the original narrator, "I believe he did, and that was me."

"And I was the Southerner," cried the other, "and here is my daughter, whose life you helped to save, and here's one of my grandchildren with her."

The Englishman who was present says that there was then such a scene of hand shaking, introductions and congratulations as must have made people at the other tables think the company must have been visitors from Bedlam. The Northerner had also a daughter with him, who is a widow, and the embrace of the two women who had never seen each other before, but whose early lives had so closely touched, was peculiarly affecting.

"And to think we should meet each other so far from home, and in England, too," exclaimed one.

"God bless England for it, say I," replied the other.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A MEMORIAL UNVEILED IN CHELSEA.

LONDON, August 5.—The memorial to Sir Thomas More, the cost of which has been defrayed by public subscription, has been unveiled in the Chelsea Public Library, and formally handed over to the Library Commissioners. The subscribers were represented by Mr. Alfred Cook, D.D., Mr. H. A. de Colyar, and Mr. Sidney Lee, author of the life of Sir Thomas More, in "The Dictionary of National Biography." These three gentlemen, with the Bishop of Emmanus, who was unfortunately absent from illness, have acted as the Organizing Committee. The commissioners of the Chelsea Public Library were represented by Mr. D. H. Hodge, the Chairman; Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. C. C. Blore and Mr. George White, with Mr. Quinn, the librarian. After Mr. Cook had made the presentation Mr. Hodge expressed the pleasure it gave the commissioners in accepting the gift. The memorial consists of a very delicately executed bronze statuette by Herr Ludwig Gauer, of Berlin, which was exhibited in last year's Royal Academy. More is represented seated, and wears the furled robes of a member of the Court, as in Holbein's sketch of More and his household which is now in the Basel Museum. On the pedestal is a tablet with the inscription:—"Sir Thomas More. Born in London, 1478. Lived in Chelsea, 1523-1534. Executed on Tower Hill, 1535. This statuette was placed here by public subscription, 1896." Additional interest attaches to this memorial, in that it is

the first public endeavor to pay honor to More which is free from sectarian associations. The subscribers include the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Ripon, Earl Cadogan, Lord James of Hereford, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Teynham, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Justice Mathew, Mr. Justice Day, Mr. Justice Will, Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. Cook, Q.C., Mr. Bigham, Q.C., M.P., Judge Bagshaw, Mr. Richards, M.P., Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. Willis, Q.C., Mr. Aspinall, Q.C., Mr. Bowen Rowlands, Q.C., Mr. J. Walton, Q.C., Mrs. Goschen, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

SILVER JUBILEE.

Bishop Mesmer Celebrates the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of His Ordination.

The jubilee celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Bishop Mesmer, bishop of the diocese of Green Bay, took place last week. The clergy, wearing the cassock and surplice, escorted the bishop to the cathedral. The services there were most impressive, Bishop Mesmer himself celebrating high pontifical mass. He was assisted by Father O'Malley of Oshkosh as arch-deacon, Fathers Czarnowski and July, deacons of honor; Fathers Kraemer and Hummel, deacons of the mass, and Fathers Lau and Vanier, masters of ceremonies. Archbishop Kutzer and Bishop Vertin occupied a throne on the epistle side, assisted by Revs. Dewitt and Richards. Very Rev. J. J. Fox, vicar-general, Very Rev. J. Kainer, rector of St. Francis seminary, and Father Kersten of Milwaukee, also occupied seats in the sanctuary. After the mass the Te Deum was sung. It was expected that Bishop Cotter of Winona would be present and preach but illness prevented his attendance.

AT ST. JOSEPH'S ORPHANAGE.

When the service at the Cathedral was over the bishop and clergy took the street cars to St. Joseph's Orphan asylum. There dinner was served and the bishop received the congratulations of the clergy.

Directly after the dinner an interesting occurrence took place which was not down on the program. Vicar-General Fox, on behalf of the priests of the diocese, presented the bishop with a purse containing \$2,500. The bishop, in a few chosen remarks, returned his thanks for the handsome presentation so kindly made.

The presentation was in the form of a check and was enclosed in a handsome silver frame. On a silver heart was inscribed the names of the priests whose donations had made the splendid gift possible.

THEY DIDN'T GET IT.

MANDY AND AARON COULDN'T AGREE ON A GRAVESTONE.

An elderly couple came into the office of a dealer in marble the other day and wanted to look at "something kind o' nice in gravestones."

"What kind of a stone did you want? Something for a child or adult or—"

"No. It's for ourselves."

"For yourselves?"

"Yes. We're kind o' gettin' long in years, an' we've kind o' talked the matter over an' made up our minds to pick out our own gravestone. It won't hurry us off a day sooner to do it, an' we'll have the satisfaction of getting one to suit us."

"About how much do you want to pay for one?"

"Well, we set the figger at from \$30 to \$30. Can't we get something kind o' neat and tasty for that?"

"Yes. Now, here's a brown granite one for—"

"I don't like them nasty brown or gray gravestones," interrupted the old lady. "I'd never rest easy under one. I want a white one."

"Sho, now, Mandy," said her husband, "I think them brown ones are real rich lookin'."

"I don't, Aaron Puddy, an' I won't have one. How much is this white one?"

"La, Mandy, you don't want a gravestone with a little lamb carved on it?"

"I'm going to have either a lamb or a dove on it, Aaron Puddy."

"Did you want one stone for both of you?"

"Yes. We thought it'd save expense. How much is this one with the cross on it?"

"I won't have one with a cross on it. Folks'd think we was Catholics or Episcopalists 'stead o' Free Will Baptists. How much is this one?"

"Great Scott, Mandy! You s'pose I'd have a monnyment like that set up over me?"

"It's a plageny sight prettier than that thing with the cross on."

"No, it ain't."

"It is too."

"It isn't."

"It is."

"Why don't you get one for each of you, so that each could be pleased?"

"Well, there's no use payin' for two stones when one will do. How'd you like this one, Mandy?"

"There's no lamb nor dove on it."

"I could put one on it for you," said the proprietor.

"I don't like the shape of it. How much would this one be with a lamb on it?"

"I tell you flatfooted, Mandy Puddy, that no lamb nor dove goes on my gravestone. Purty lookin' lambs an' doves we air!"

"That's polite to me, now ain't it, Aaron Puddy? If you ain't got any more manners than to talk like that right before strangers, you ain't fit to have a tombstone over your grave. I'm goin' home, an' you kin git a tombstone to suit yourself, an' I'll come in some day myself an' get me one if it does cost double. Good day, mister."—New York Sunday World.

TESTING HIS HONESTY.

Your druggist is honest, if, when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion, he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best form in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

PATENT REPORTS.

Below will be found the only complete weekly up to date record of patents granted to Canadian inventors in the following countries, which is prepared especially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Laberge, Solicitors of Patents and Experts. Head office, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained.

CANADIAN PATENTS.

- 53140—John Leask, Gare Bay, Ont., Improvements in Rolls for holding Ribbon.
53120—Katherine Campbell, Montreal, Carpet Fastener.
53129—C. Bourgeois, Henrysburg, Que., Bale Tie.
53145—F. Longtin, St. Constant, Que., Apparatus for crossing Rivers, Canals etc.

Relief for Lung Troubles. The D.P. EMULSION. IS CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.
By the aid of the "D. & L." Emulsion, I have got rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight. I think this Emulsion so well I was glad when the time came around to take it.
T. E. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.
50c. and \$1 per Bottle.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

Sadlier's Perfected Sanctuary Oil. The Original! The Cheapest! The Best! The only pure 8 day oil in the market. It gives constant light, without smoke, without waste.
The Wonderful 8 Day Taper. Burns 8 days with Sadlier's Perfected Sanctuary Oil.
Tapers for one year, 75c.
Ring for Glass, 75c.
S. F. S. Oil, per Jar, 75c.
Red Glass, 10c.
Paraffine Wax Candles, Moulded Bees Wax Candles, Wax Souches, Unbleached, Wax Tapers, Stearic Wax Candles, Gas Lighter and Extinguisher, Floats, etc.
Fluents for Sanctuary Lamp, \$75.00 doz.
Milton Fluents, \$1.00.
Incense for Churches.
Extra Fine, \$1.00 per box.
Incense No. 1, 75c.
Incense No. 2, 50c.
Artificial Charcoal.
Box containing 50 tablets, 50c.
Large Wooden Box, Incensed, \$2.00.
Celluloid Roman Collars and Cuffs.
Collars, sizes 14 to 17, price 25c each.
Cuffs, sizes 9, 9 1/2 and 10, 50c per pair.
D. & J. SADLIER & CO.
Catholic Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers.
Church Ornaments, Vestments, Statuary and Religious Articles.
1669 Notre Dame St., 123 Church St. Montreal, Toronto.

Railway Time Tables. CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Leave Windsor Street Station for:
Boston, 9:00 a.m., \$3.20 p.m.
Portland, 9:00 a.m., 12:20 p.m.
New York, 8:10 a.m., 8:45 p.m.
Toronto, Detroit, 8:20 a.m., \$3.00 p.m.
St. Paul, Minneapolis, 8:40 p.m.
Winnipeg and Vancouver, 8:20 a.m.
Ste. Anne's, Vaudreuil, etc., 8:20 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 8:15 p.m., \$3.00 p.m.
St. Johns—8:00 a.m., 4:05 p.m., \$3.00 p.m., 1:30 p.m.
Newport—8:0 a.m., 4:05 p.m., \$3.20 p.m.
Halifax, N.S., St. John N.B., etc., 1:30-4:00 p.m.
Sherbrooke—1:05 p.m. and 1:44 p.m.
Beauport and Valleyfield, 8:10 a.m., 11 a.m., \$4.25 p.m., 7:10 p.m.
Hudson, Rigaud and Point Fortune, 1:30 p.m., 8:15 p.m., 6:15 p.m.
Leave Dalhousie Square Station for:
Quebec, 8:10 a.m., \$3.30 p.m., 10:30 p.m.
Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5:15 p.m.
Ottawa, Lachute, 8:30 a.m., 6:05 p.m.
St. Lin, St. Basile, 5:30 p.m.
St. Jerome, 8:30 a.m., 9:15 a.m., 5:30 p.m.
St. Agathe and Labelle, 5:30 p.m.
Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, 5:30 a.m., (a) 5 p.m., 5:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m., Saturday, 1:45 p.m., instead of 3 p.m.
(Daily except Saturdays. "Run daily, Sunday included. Other trains week days only unless shown, a Parlor and sleeping cars, a Saturday only, a Sunday only. (b) Except Saturday and Sunday.

CITY TICKET AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE. 129 St. James St., next to Post Office. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXCURSIONS. Sunday Schools and Societies should make early applications for their summer excursions, as the choice dates for Otterburn Park, Clarke's Island, Valleyfield, Ormstown, Ibroville, Roussay Point, etc., are being rapidly secured.

Moonlight Excursions Through Lake St. Louis. The above can now be arranged for with societies, clubs, military and other organizations. The Trip is as follows: Leave Bonaventure Station by special excursion train about 8 p.m., twenty minutes ride to Lachine Wharf, where the "Duchess of York," a steel steamer, electric lighted, and with a carrying capacity of 700, will be in attendance for a three hour moonlight sail through Lake St. Louis, and hour moonlight run in time to reach Montreal return to Lachine Wharf in time to reach Montreal by special train at 11:30 p.m. These moonlight excursions will only be run on application of societies, clubs, etc., the Excursion Committee being allowed to control the sale of tickets if desired. For choice dates, rates, etc., early application should be made at City Ticket Office, 143 St. James Street, or to D. O. Poirer, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station.

OUR PHILOSOPHER

PAYS A TRIBUTE TO AN IRISH AUTHORESS.

MARCELLA GRACE, A CHARMING STUDY OF IRISH JOYS AND SORROWS—A REFERENCE TO A RECENT ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MRS. G. A. DRUMMOND.

A delightful tale, equally interesting to mature and youthful minds, is "Marcella Grace," the latest production from the gifted pen of the clever Irish authoress, Rosa Mulholland, whose books have long been favorites as true pictures of Irish life and character.

"Marcella Grace" has a charm all its own, and a power of attraction that fixes the reader's attention to every page and every line from the opening chapter to the end.

It is a story of a woman's strong, enduring love, under many difficulties and trials furnished by the political discord of the times.

Marcella Grace, the heroine of the story, lives with her aged father, who is a weaver, in a quarter of Dublin called the Liberties. Her quiet uneventful life is interrupted by an incident slight in itself, but which proves the turning point of her later career.

After carefully reviewing the position of women and further dissecting the faults laid up against them, Mrs. Drummond refers to their aim as embodied in the National Council of Canadian Women, as follows:—

"No do we ask for a vain and spurious liberty, a liberty that would violate the most tender and beautiful traditions of our womanhood, and set us free to yield all that make us most distinctively women."

"No, the freedom that we ask and the dignity that we seek are quite other than these, the dignity of service, God's service and the world's, and the freedom to use and to develop for that service in all their plenitude those varied gifts of mind and character which God has given us."

A FLOOD OF SILVER.

Portland Concern Gives Its Employees a Lesson.

[FROM THE PRESS, OF PORTLAND, MAINE.]

On Saturday evening a well-known business concern in this city gave its employees a lesson in finance, in view of the approaching conflict over the silver question. They had sent for a large supply of Mexican silver dollars, which have in them several more grains of silver than there are in the American dollar.

"TO OUR EMPLOYEES.

"The company pays your wages this week in Mexican silver dollars. We bought them in the open market at a cost of 55 cents each. We pay them to you at the rate of two for one of the United States money. When you come to pay your bills with these dollars, you will have a good illustration of the real value and actual purchasing power of the 420 grains of silver contained therein."

"The United States dollar contains 412 2/3 grains of silver, which is worth, when melted into bullion, a fraction less than 50 cents. Our silver friends propose to allow the whole world to bring its silver to the United States mint, have it coined free of charge into pieces of 412 2/3 grains each stamped "One Dollar," "In God We Trust," and make them a legal tender for all debts public and private.

They claim that what this country needs is a rise in prices. If this plan prevails, there is likely to be one. How long do you think the purchasing power of such a dollar would be greater than its actual value? How long before it would drive all other money out of circulation? Will wages and salaries rise as fast and as much in proportion as the things that have to be purchased with them?

"Have you any money on deposit in a savings bank? If so, you will be paid in silver, if that becomes the standard of value. If you hold a life insurance policy or a membership in some benefit association, do you wish your family to receive the amount thereof in 50-cent dollars."

"It rests with you and the other people of the United States to determine at the coming national election whether the present gold standard of value shall be maintained, and the dollar which you receive be worth 100 cents all over the world, or whether we shall enter upon a career of folly, repudiation and dishonesty, the disastrous and ruinous consequences of which cannot now be foretold."

The men found the silver very bulky and had to carry it to the banks and sell it. There the dollars did not bring quite 50 cents each, so that the company will probably make the difference up. They did not wish their employes to lose, but only wished to give them an object lesson.

It is understood that Mexican dollars are being used for this purpose in many portions of the country, particularly the South.

Of course the only reason why the American dollar, which has several grains less silver than the Mexican, buys 100 cents worth where the Mexican buys only 50 cents worth, is because the United States government has made it a policy practically to redeem the silver dollar in gold, when required.

Bryan and Sewall want to do away with this policy.

THE LONGEST RIDE FOR A FIVE-CENT FARE.

Some time ago the editor of the Street Railway Journal, of New York, began to gather information as to the longest rides

given for a five-cent fare in the cities of this country containing over 50,000 inhabitants. The result of his labor appears in the July number of the Journal. The list contains twenty-two cities, beginning with New York, with nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, and ending with Indianapolis, with over 100,000 inhabitants. The longest ride for a five-cent cash fare in miles is as follows: New York, 12 1/2; Chicago, 15; Philadelphia, 11 1/2; Brooklyn, 18; St. Louis, 15; Boston, 10; Jersey City, 8 1/2; San Francisco, 12; Minneapolis, 13; Cincinnati, 13 1/2; Cleveland, 10; Buffalo, 13 1/2; Lynn, 6; New Orleans, 7; Washington, 9 1/2; Detroit, 10; Milwaukee, 9; Kansas City, 11; Louisville, 9; Rochester, 9; Denver, 11 1/2; Indianapolis, 11.—New York Sun.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

THE FOUNDERS PERMANENTLY SECURE THE FUTURE OF THE INSTITUTION BY FURTHER DONATIONS.

The governors of the Royal Victoria Hospital announce that they have received another and munificent donation from the founders, Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald A. Smith, G.C.M.G., these gentlemen having placed in the hands of E. S. Clouston, John Turnbull, J. W. Stirling and R. B. Angus, as trustees, securities of the value of \$800,000, that may be expected to yield at least forty thousand dollars per annum, for the permanent endowment of the hospital. Beside purchasing the land on which the buildings stand, the founders originally contributed \$500,000 each for the purpose of establishing a hospital at Montreal for the reception and treatment of sick and injured persons of all races and creeds without distinction. After defraying the cost of the various buildings and their equipment there will remain of the original donation with accrued interest, about \$250,000, which will also be applicable to the special endowment fund.

The governors are consequently, as regards revenue, in a position to carry on the work for the present on a moderate scale, and, as originally intended, without much assistance from the public, and it is to be hoped that such moderate pecuniary help as may be required will be freely rendered by the people of Montreal as an indication that they appreciate the very generous scale on which the hospital has been founded and endowed.

The accommodation provided to the buildings is not yet used to its full capacity, and its extension in some direction will doubtless be found desirable in the near future; and, therefore, the citizens of Montreal who are so disposed will have ample opportunity to participate in the work of this noble charity.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

AN OPINION EXPRESSED THAT HE WILL BE THE NEXT CARDINAL.

The Progres du Valleyfield says that people are already asking who will get the cardinal's hat which the venerable metropolitan of Quebec cannot hold very much longer, and it adds that many are of opinion that the next Canadian cardinal will be the Archbishop of Montreal. In support of this claim the Valleyfield journal says:—"For a number of years past the centre of gravitation of the French-Canadian Catholic nationality has been to the city of Maisonneuve. Montreal has furnished all the political leaders of that nationality. From the diocese of Ville-Marie have come Viger, Lafontaine, Morin, Cartier, Dorion, Mercier, Chapeau and finally Laurier, the most famous among them. The city of Montreal has also been for a long time the religious metropolis of Canada. In it are centred the great ecclesiastical bodies of the Sulpicians, the Jesuits, the Oblats the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Montreal has the work, it should also have the honor. It is then more than probable that the future primate of the Canadian Church will have a seat in Montreal. No doubt this was taken into consideration when the Bishop of Montreal was elevated to the dignity of an archbishop. So long as the head pastor of the metropolis was simply a bishop, it was impossible to contest the pretensions of Quebec. Now Montreal has its archbishop like Quebec, and there is no obstacle to stop the course of its legitimate ambition."

ABENAKIS SPRINGS.

List of guests registered at the Abenakis House, Abenakis Springs, Que., August 5th:

- A. J. Lealie, Miss Alice Munro, G. Luckhurst, Mrs. Luckhurst, E. E. Sheppard, P. D. Dode, H. Simpson, J. G. Goldthorpe, Ch. Sheppard, Mrs. Sheppard, C. W. Shearer, E. Luckhurst, jr., Mrs. C. Sheppard, Jr., Miss Gertie Sheppard, Mrs. J. T. Shearer, Miss J. Shearer, Geo. W. Shearer, W. J. Benalack, Mrs. Benalack, William Robert, T. W. Spalding, John Pevy, L. W. Watt, M. R. Watt, Miss M. A. Butler, C. F. Beauchemin, Miss M. Moudain, Miss G. Higgins, Miss J. Higgins, Mrs. D. Lari-viere, David Madore, D. Marin, John P. Kennedy, G. Francœur, G. A. Toupin, Mrs. Toupin, M. Charbonneau, Geo. McIntyre, J. G. Thom, J. J. Hatchette, Montreal.

- Carl W. Kempton, J. N. Daggett, Mrs. Daggett, Philadelphia, Pa. Miss Maggie Muir, Howick, G. D. Brodie, Burlington, Vt. Mrs. T. H. Henderson, Huntington, Mass. Mrs. Jennie L. W. Cline, Sherbrooke. Miss Hall, Stanbridge East, Que. M. L. Keasey, Mrs. Keasey, Milton, Mass. Rev. F. A. Ball, Waterville. Rev. C. Vizeet, Holyoke. Gasper Harris, J. A. Wright, Sorel. Rev. Loiselle, Turenne Galie, A. A. Mondou, Ed. Oullette, Geo. D. Ponthiau, Pierreville. C. McCaffery, Nicolet. V. Normandin, Boucherville. Rosanne Tessier, Dina Tessier, St. Bonaventure. Leopold Verville, V. Robillard, Evangeline Salvia, Blanche Salvia, Joseph Salvia, St. Francois du Lac. Marie Louise, Geo. McDougall, Mrs. McDougall, Drummondville. Miss E. H. Simpson, Miss E. Simpson, Richmond.

DRINK! DRINK!

THE BANEFUL RESULTS OF INTemperance AMONG YOUNG MEN.

SAD SCENES IN OUR POLICE COURTS—THE EVIL CONSEQUENCES OF THE TREATING HABIT—THE PREVALENCE OF SELLING LIQUOR ON SUNDAY IN SURROUNDING DISTRICTS.

A young man stood in the Police Court dock. He had just entered the year which marks the entrance into manhood's estate. But already he had fallen from that straight and narrow path which leads to eternal happiness. His face was heartless, but it bore the imprint of the wine god, Bacchus. He was a drunkard. He came of good family. There, to one side, was his father, a grey-haired, honorable man, who sobbed occasionally, as though his heart would break. His son, while under the influence of liquor had brok into a store and stolen a quantity of goods. He had no need of them. They were mere trifles; he could easily have purchased them with his pocket money. But the drunkard knows not what he does.

In reply to the Judge's usual query, as to what he had to say for himself, he said:

"I was drunk when I stole them. I didn't want them. I am sorry."

"Drink! Drink! always drink," interrupted the judge. "It's always the same excuse, 'I was drunk.' Well, go to jail for a year to sober up."

This was an actual scene in the Montreal Police Court not long ago. He was a young man whose life was wrecked just at the beginning, through drink.

To even a casual observer in this great city of ours, the hold the curse of intemperance has over the young men must be very apparent. The growth of this sin has been covered by the indifference and carelessness of parents and the example of elders. In very few families is the same care extended to the boys as to the girls, and the fault is that the boys, when mere striplings, are permitted to run about the streets at an hour when they ought to be in bed. On the streets at night they are subject to temptation unthought of by their parents. I have seen a group of boys standing on a corner making up a subscription among themselves to buy a bottle of wine. When the necessary amount was made up the eldest would be sent to the nearest grocery, and here a bottle of cheap port wine would be purchased. The port wine would be but the beginning. The end would in many cases be a drunkard's grave.

There is a law, to be sure, forbidding the sale of liquor to minors. But in this nineteenth century rush for gain laws play but a small part.

Go into all the mercantile offices of the city. A traveller, looking for an order, will come in. Even if he is a temperance man, nine times out of ten he will invite the proprietor out for a drink. The office boy, sitting unnoticed by his ears this. What's good for his superiors must be good for him, thinks he, and so he begins to drink; and then commences his downfall.

These may seem the ramblings of a temperance crank, but they are too real. For a long time I covered the police courts for a metropolitan newspaper, and I saw there sights and scenes which would appeal more to the human heart than a lifetime of sermons. I have seen a wretched creature, the remnant of what had once been a beautiful, happy woman, clothed in rags, squirm and crawl in the cells of a police station and beg for a drink of liquor, and when it was refused her she screamed vile imprecations at the guard and cursed the Creator that gave her life. Her downfall was due to drink.

In the Recorder's Court every day almost 90 per cent of the cases are for drunkenness. There they are in all grades, from the youth who gets intoxicated and refuses to pay a carter or else creates a disturbance, to human wrecks whose food is the poisonous alcohol.

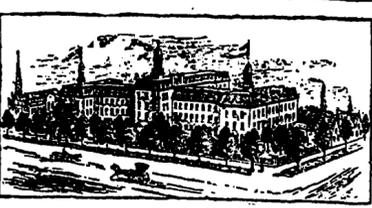
In the Coroner's Court, about half the deaths on which inquests are held are due, directly and indirectly, to drink.

It is an easy matter for young fellows to obtain drink in any saloon. I have seen boys of 17, 18, 19 and 20, go into bars in every part of the city and order intoxicating beverages and receive them unquestioned. In a few of the well establishments they obey the law, but only in a very few.

Last Christmas Eve, I saw a party of young men attend Midnight Mass. They were all between 18 and 19 years old. With unsteady steps they climbed to the gallery, and there they occupied a few laughing and talking, unmindful of the sacred surroundings, unmindful of the Divine Presence. These young men, after imbibing numerous potations of the "cup that cheers," had visited several houses where virtue is unknown and shame reigns rampant, and then they visited the House of God. The occurrence is, alas, true.

O, mothers, why do you not watch over your sons more carefully? The road to hell is broad and easy travelling; youth is heedless. The bright saloon looks pleasant. The future has no place there. The present appears cheerful and happy.

Something ought to be done, and at once, to stop the growing evil. An indifferent public has permitted saloon keepers to grow rich by breaking the law. Habits obtained in youth are hard to break off, and the lad who commences to drink generally keeps the practice up, to the gain of the liquor dealer and the detriment of his own soul. There is a Dominion Alliance, which we hear of occasionally prosecuting some saloon keeper for selling without a license, but we never hear of any saloon keeper being prosecuted for selling liquor to a minor. Another source of evil which our complacent authorities overlook is the roadhouses. On any drive on the Island of Montreal anybody can obtain drink on Sunday. In fact a good many roadhouses derive the major part of their revenue from the Sunday sale of liquor. It is sold openly, there is no back door, the front one is open, and wide too. It is a common sight to see drunken men in the cars coming from Back River and from Maisonneuve, on a



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Sunday, and in the majority of rigs that pass on the Back River and Lachine Roads on Sunday you will see men, and, oftentimes, women, in a state of beastly intoxication.

This is not a new state of affairs; it has been going on for years, and apparently our Provincial authorities are powerless to stop it; at least they have never taken any steps in the matter.

Parents should endeavor to make home attractive and pleasant for the boys. The youth who stays at home, if he is not being continually requested to "stay quiet" or to "keep out of the way," has nothing to do and becomes attacked with ennui, and restless boyhood finds in the street and saloons more congenial companions, and so to the street and saloon he goes. Resorts for Catholic youths are, in the majority of instances, but poor, unattractive institutions, and do more to repel him than otherwise. There was spoken of some years ago an institution for Montreal to be run on lines similar to the Y. M. C. A., but nothing has ever come of the matter. Surely, Catholics can afford to build an institution which will provide both recreation and instruction for our growing lads. Smaller cities than Montreal have done so. Are we to remain behind? Wake up, dormant Catholics, and save our youth.

C. J. H.

A SHOCKING FATALITY.

A LITTLE BOY VENTURED TOO NEAR A CHAIN DOG WITH AWFUL CONSEQUENCES.

Chilliotte, Q., Aug. 7.—Eddie Hurd, the two-year old son of Manager Hurd, was killed by a lion on Wednesday afternoon. Hurd and his wife are in charge of a part of Hagenbeck's trained menagerie which is exhibiting at the fair grounds, near town during the week at the Ross County fair. As a drawing, and they had a two-year-old lion that to stake near the entrance to the tent. The lion belongs to Jim Corbett, the prize-fighter, and was not regarded as ferocious. At two o'clock this afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Hurd were at the tent taking tickets, with a big crowd on the outside. Little Eddie Hurd had been playing about the tent, and finally ventured too near the lion, which had been watching him closely. Suddenly the lion switched his tail, sprang violently forward, and the next instant the child's entire head was in the animal's mouth.

The ferocious animal shook the infant as a terrier dog would shake a rat. The mother, reckless of danger, rushed to the rescue of her babe and might have been torn to pieces but for the quick presence of mind of the father. People screamed and fled, while Hurd rushed to the lion, seized him by the jaws, pulled them apart, and the headless body of his boy fell to the ground. It required a long time to club the lion into submission and get him into his cage. The audience was dismissed and no performance given to-day.

NEW OCEAN RECORD.

The American liner, St. Louis, Captain Randle, which arrived in New York from Southampton, has made a new record over the Southampton course. She sailed from Southampton on Aug. 3, passing Hurst Castle at 1 50 p.m., and equal to the record which is held by her sister ship St. Paul, of six days, five hours and thirty-two minutes.

AN ITALIAN LADY DOCTOR.

A Roman correspondent says that a lady taking the degree to practice medicine in Rome is so uncommon that it should be recorded. Signorina Maria Montessori was named Doctor of the Faculty of Medicine and Surgery of Rome a few days ago, having passed her examinations with flying colours. She has acted as assistant-doctor in St. John's Hospital for the past two years, and has studied her profession with the greatest zeal for fifteen years.

WANTED,

By a Catholic young lady, holding first-class Model Diploma (French and English), and capable of teaching Music, position as Teacher in Model School or Academy, or as Governess in private family, for term beginning September next. Several years experience. Excellent testimonials. Address A. M. D., P.O. Box 4, Rawdon, Que. -1-

ANOTHER STRANGE LAPSE OF MEMORY.

"Those lapses of memory of which we read are hard to believe," said the woman, unless one has known something of them from personal contact. I knew a very nice girl who lost her memory altogether. She occupied a room with her sister. One night as they were about to retire she complained of a severe headache—so severe she could hardly bear the pain. It seemed to wear off, however, and she went to sleep. The next morning she awoke dead to the past. She was an entire stranger, knowing no one and recognizing nothing familiar in her surroundings. A strange feature of her case was in regard to her fiancé. She was engaged to be married to a very excellent young man. In the

general obliteration of the past, her recollection of him had gone, and not only that, but she did not recognize in him as he came to her a stranger a desirable man to become engaged to, and utterly refused to have anything to do with him."—New York Times.

A RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

"I remember these lines coming back to me years ago in the Nilgiris, when a clever young aide-de-camp told me a story of an officer, long since dead, who had risen from the ranks, but who could employ his tongue as effectively as his sword. Meeting a lady who much disliked him, he said: 'Good evening Miss —, you are looking very handsome to-night.' 'I wish I could say the same, Major.' 'Oh! but you could, if you were to tell a lie, as I did.'—Sir M. E. Grant Duff, 'Menagiana,' in Cornhill.

LOOKS THAT WAY.

Cora—"Isn't the vacation the largest residence in the world?" Merritt—"I once thought so, but judging from all the personal relics now on sale, the largest must have been the place where Napoleon lived."

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1896

MISTRESS OF THE NATIONS.

Some of our readers will be able to recall that, when some years ago, by Pontifical decree, the Beatification of Jean Baptiste de la Salle, founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, became a solemn and welcome fact, the event, which of course had its central and primary recognition at Rome, was also the occasion of fitting ceremonies at Constantinople and Jerusalem. Why, it may be asked, do we select this trinity of cities for special mention? To Rome is naturally and reasonably due the first place in every development of the Church's spirit or exercise of her power. But surely there are cities both in the old world and the new where the memory of the Blessed Jean Baptiste de la Salle is held in more affectionate remembrance than in those patriarchal cities of the Orient. Rheims, where he first saw the light, Rouen, the old Norman town where he breathed his last, Paris, to which he was invited by the curé of St. Sulpice, M. de la Barmondère, and more than one city of the French provinces, where his zeal for education is held in loving remembrance, might worthily take precedence of either old Jerusalem or New Rome. Nay, it might be possible to set up a plea for our own continent, where the disciples of the Blessed Founder have done so much to make his name a name of honor, wherever the work that he initiated is estimated at its just value. The Society of the Priests of Saint Sulpice have always regarded the Blessed de la Salle as one of M. Olier's most perfect disciples, and it is a happy reflection to those who knew how, in this city and country and on this continent, both societies have so successfully labored in their divinely chosen spheres, that the younger of them owed to the elder that help in need, which reveals the true friend. Nevertheless, while not forgetting these and other memorable incidents in the life of the Blessed de la Salle and in the ceremonies which marked his Beatification from the Far West to the Farthest East, it still seems to us that there is something peculiarly fascinating in the thought that the exaltation of God's servant was commemorated in the three capitals of ancient civilization—the central See of Christendom, the city of the first Christian Emperor and the metropolis of Palestine, the birth-land of the world's Saviour, where that first Ave was heard by her who was and is *Benedicta Mulieribus*. Years afterwards, when the Blessed Mother stood weeping by the cross, she saw above the Divine Sufferer's head a triple inscription—in Hebrew, in Greek and in Latin. Little knew those who ordered the announcement of Christ's royalty to be written in those three tongues the significance of their own act. Little knew the Jews, who in the bitterness of their disappointed hopes were willing to make mock of their own slavery, that Jesus was in very truth their King, their Messiah, their Anointed. There was also a prophetic force in Pilate's fatalism when to the suggestion that the inscription should be altered so as to indicate not that Christ was, but that He called himself, the King of the Jews, responded that what he had written must remain written. Pilate did not dream that in declining, at the Jews' request, to make the Kingship of Jesus a mere unfounded claim, the pretension of an

enthusiast, he set his hand to a prediction from the fulfilment of which his Roman pride and loyalty to the Empire would have recoiled as from a death-trap. The day was coming — was not, far off, indeed — when, at first unacknowledged, but in due time hailed by the whole civilized world, the Vicar of Christ should sit in the seat of power in the city of the Caesars. According to a recent despatch, early Christian literature has been enriched by the discovery in Cairo of the manuscript of Gnostic treatises, one of which was refuted by Irenæus, Bishop of Lyon, and primate of the Gauls, whose name of good augury is traditionally associated with the series of ceremonies already referred to. Irenæus was a bond of peace between East and West, Greek and Latin, the Apostles and those who succeeded them. A native of Asia Minor, he had learned the way of salvation from the martyred Polycarp, who in turn had been the disciple of St. John the Evangelist. Irenæus was thus the heir of apostolical traditions and his writings have always been deemed of the utmost value both for doctrine and probity. To him Christians are indebted for the names of the immediate successors of St. Peter—Linus, Anacletus, Clement, Evaristus, Alexander, Sixtus, Telesphorus, Hyginus, Pius, Anicetus and Eleutherius—"in the twelfth place from the Apostles." Such testimony from a Bishop of Gaul, who was by birth a Greek of Asia Minor, who (as well as Pothinus, first Bishop of Lyon, who consecrated him) had been a pupil of one of St. John's beloved disciples—John being a Jew by name and race—brings together the Hebrew, the Greek and the Roman in a most remarkable manner. It was the contemplation of St. Irenæus in conflict with the teachers of error of his time, as suggested by this recent find of ancient manuscripts, which suggested to us the *Tridua* at Jerusalem and Constantinople in connection with the Beatification of Jean Baptiste de la Salle. When Irenæus flourished Rome was still the political mistress of the world, Christianity was to achieve its full triumph over paganism only when New Rome (Constantinople) was chosen as the capital of the East. Christ's triumphant entry into Jerusalem not long before his death was in order of time first in the series of racial epiphanies. But the ordaining of Rome as the metropolis of "ecumenical Christendom" gives that city precedence *in sternum*. To-day, like the city of David and the city of Constantine, the city of St. Peter is in bondage. But when the *Summus Pontifex* speaks his words are confirmed even to the ends of the earth, and the nations of the world hearken to obey. Twenty years ago this very summer a strong protest appeared in the American Catholic Quarterly Review against the seeming acquiescence of Catholic nations in the iniquity of the Italian occupation of Rome. French Canadian and Irish Catholics cannot be said to have thus acquiesced. They have protested boldly and often and more than protested. Rome is still "the divinely appointed centre of unity for the nations of the world," and not only upon the good will and attachment of the nations, but also upon the faith and veneration of his Catholic children the Holy Father must depend for ultimate restoration. That the day of captivity will end, that the tyranny of the usurper will be succeeded by the recognition of the rightful Sovereign, every sincere Catholic firmly believes. Meanwhile, may not their faith find present consolation in the fact that even now in the season of captivity, a *propagation evangelica* is going on for a triumph that will transcend all the triumphs of the past. East and West, North and South, the messengers that bear glad tidings have gone forth from the great central stronghold and from many subsidiary centres of the propagation of the faith. *Euntes ergo docete omnes gentes*. Never in the history of Christendom was the command more faithfully obeyed than under the present Pontificate. Thus notwithstanding trials and drawbacks, usurpation and injustice, Rome is still essentially the metropolis of Christendom, and the acknowledgment that worldly men withhold is given with power from on high.

THE REV. J. J. CORBELY, S.J., who conducted the retreat for the Sisters of St. Mary's at Sioux City, last week, delivered an eloquent address at the close of the exercises, taking for his subject Catholic Education. In speaking of the training which pupils receive in parochial schools he said:—
"Our Catholic schools are always better than the public institutions. They have a new face here or there that we do not have, but the parochial schools give the solid training which is necessary to make the boy and girl the true man and woman. The Church has trained men and women who have made their marks in the world and in society, for justice and fair dealing, and this is a point that ought to come home to us in the work of our support of Catholic schools."

The authorities at Ottawa should appoint some person whose business it would be to look after our shipping corporations and the methods they use in the shipment of cattle. It is simply inhuman to witness the indifference and carelessness displayed in handling these animals during this season of the year.

IRISH CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

One of the most frequent charges brought against the Home Rulers is that by keeping up a perpetual agitation, they so distracted the minds of the people that they had neither the energy nor the desire for self-improvement. If Home Rule is an end to be desired and the attainment of which would set the people on a path of progress, in which self-improvement would be not merely occasional, but permanent, this objection loses its force. A like accusation might be brought against all the great movements which have furthered the advance of civilization, from the dawn of Christianity till the present. Nor would it be surprising if, in giving heart and hand to efforts directed to the achievement of a grand result, the people of Ireland had to sacrifice some immediate gains of more or less serious import. Whether or to what extent they may have done so we have no means of ascertaining, but if we may judge by one piece of most important and interesting evidence, the appeal to their aspirations after national self-expression in the sphere of politics has had the effect of stimulating the best faculties of the Irish race. Already we have given some examples of the effect of revived national sentiment in the way of literary production. Our attention was recently drawn to a still more stirring evidence of the results of the re-awakened feeling for nationality in the direction of education. This evidence is so unexceptionable and so flattering to the native ability, diligence and love of knowledge of the present generation of Irish youth that we feel confident it will give pleasure to the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS, while it may also serve as an example for those of our Irish-Canadian young people who may be inspired by kindred sympathies. The witnesses that we are about to summon as to the superiority of Irish Catholic education in Ireland to Protestant education in the same country, and at the same time are themselves Protestants, and the source from which we obtain their evidence is an organ of English freethought. The writer of the article is an Irish Protestant, who was induced by a sense of justice to correct the ideas largely prevalent in England as to the condition of Irish Catholics.

"To the mind of the average Englishman," he begins, "Catholic Ireland seems sunk in mediæval darkness and ignorance, unrelieved, save here and there, where the Protestant resident noids aloft the lamp of learning and culture to an ungrateful and unappreciative people." He recalls an incident that happened some time ago in the British Parliament. An Irish member referred to the time when England was barbarous and Ireland civilized, and, although what he said was simply a historic fact, it provoked sceptical laughter from his English hearers, who could not believe that at any time, in any possible department of human effort, Ireland had taken the lead of England. "And yet," continues this honest Protestant, "the love of learning which animated the early Irish Christians has never wholly died out, and, I hope to show, within the limits of this paper, is now as living a force as it has ever been."

He then proceeds to compare the methods and results of Catholic and Protestant education, as carried on to-day in the Motherland. "To begin with," he writes (and his words deserve to be remembered), "the Catholic boy has the advantage of being taught by great ecclesiastical orders, trained for, and devoting their lives to, education." They look upon their work as, primarily, a service to God. They claim respect both as spiritual fathers and as instructors. They have less difficulty, therefore, in maintaining discipline than Protestant teachers. As to the material these reverend gentlemen have to work on in Ireland, this Protestant critic thinks that the Celtic Catholic in Ireland is quicker in intellect and has more mother wit than his Saxon and Protestant rival. He quotes the opinion of the head master of one of the most successful of the Irish Protestant schools, to the effect that "the chief cause of the Roman Catholic schools scoring so many distinctions in examinations is the difference of race," and that "the Celt's brain matures sooner than the Saxon's, as a rule." And he adds that the gentleman's opinion is supported by statistics. Let us now see what those statistics have to say:—The intermediate examination of 1893 had the following results: In the Preparatory grades the Protestant schools won 28 exhibitions and 19 prizes; the Catholics, 81 exhibitions and 63 prizes; in the Junior grade, the Protestants, 45 exhibitions and 40 prizes, the Catholics, 88 exhibitions and 64 prizes; in the Middle grade the figures stood, Protestants, 15 and 15, Catholics, 21 and 52; in the Senior grade, Protestants, 3 and 10, Catholics, 7 and 33. The Protestant schools won altogether 96 exhibitions and 84 prizes; the Catholic schools, 197 exhibitions and 242 prizes, or, taking the sum total of distinctions, we find the Protestant schools credited with 180, the Catholic schools with 439. "By far the largest number of exhibitions and prizes in the preparatory, junior and middle grades was obtained by boys prepared by

the Christian Brothers. For many years this order has been doing splendid service in a quiet, unostentatious way, and this year (1895) it takes first place in the aggregate number of distinctions, which is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that the majority of the boys educated by the Christian Brothers came from very humble classes." We have much pleasure in reproducing this testimony to the high value that is placed in Ireland on the work of that deserving Institute to which Irish Canadians and, not least, Montrealers, owe so much for the training of their youth.

Nor is it in intellectual and moral training alone that the Catholic schools of Ireland have shown such excellence. "In regard to physical training, which in this country is regarded as of equal, if not greater, importance than mental training, the Catholic schools in Ireland show a marked superiority. The authorities consider it a part of their duty to look after the games. In the year 1890, I met Flowers, the famous Nott professional, at Clongowes, and he had been preceded there by Barnes, Shacklack and others. Of the Dublin University Eleven, which, in 1893, defeated Oxford, at least half had learned their cricket in Catholic schools. Some of our readers probably made the acquaintance of those sturdy and well trained young Irishmen. The author of the article then goes on to contrast the systems in vogue in two classes of schools. In some Protestant schools excellence in games is discouraged, and the teachers take no interest in the contests. "In Catholic schools it is different. The ecclesiastical instructors take, in many cases, even keener interest than their pupils in the issue of a game." He describes a cricket match at Clongowes Wood, "the black-gowned Jesuits fitting here and there among the crowds of boys in white flannels." Elsewhere he speaks of the perfect discipline that reigns in that famous institution at which the late Hon. Thomas Ryan and other distinguished Canadians received their education. He also mentions the curious fact that the head master of the Methodist College, Belfast, had been eight years a master in the French (Catholic) College, Blackrock, Dublin Co., while the science master of the same institution had spent four years at Clongowes Wood.

The success of the Catholic schools of Ireland, as shown by the results of examinations, naturally excites regret at the disabilities under which Irish Catholics labor as to the University education. The question has been embittered by appeals to prejudice and passion. Sometimes the wrong man has been allowed to enter the arena of discussion on the Catholic side and his diatribe has been taken as characteristic of the friends of Catholic education, to whom it only gave pain. Sometimes an interested Catholic has flattered Protestant intelligence to the disparagement of his own people. Sometimes the secular clergy have offended Protestants who were disposed to be fair-minded, and thus misunderstandings continue. But the results of the school examinations speak for themselves and must open the eyes of both English and Irish Protestants to the injustice that is done to Irish professional and literary, as well as commercial and industrial ability by withholding the advantages of an university training which can be conscientiously accepted. The name of the Protestant writer is Mr. H. A. Hinkson, and the periodical in which his article appears is the Westminster Review.

THE EASTERN QUESTION AGAIN.

When the crown of Greece was offered to Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, one of the conditions which he made indispensable to his acceptance was that the islands of Crete and Lamos should be placed under the protection of the allies. His conditions were not looked upon with favor by the powers and Prince Leopold declined. Whether peace would have since prevailed in Crete, had the transfer been effected, may be open to question, but the situation could hardly have been worse than it is to-day. Indeed, before the Turks appeared on the scene at all, the island was a prey to intestine feuds. If we go back to the very beginning of its history, we find in a system of administration otherwise, according to ancient writers, most commendable, one deplorable defect—the absence of any bond of union between the different communities. It is doubtless unavoidable that islands—especially islands that are situated in any thoroughfare of trade—should have a heterogeneous population. In the earliest period at which the historic records of Crete may be said to begin, it was peopled by tribes of different origin. Of these one race was called that of the true Cretans—that is, we may suppose, the descendants of the first known inhabitants. It was in the nature of things that the successive settlers should be to some extent disposed to sea-faring, and it is curious to recall, in this age of colossal navies, that the Cretans were the first who aspired to the dominion of the sea. The monarch with whose name this tradition is associated was also one of the world's earliest legislators. His

regulations, which were largely socialistic, were adopted by the cities of Dorian ancestry, but there was no plan of federation for the island as a whole; and thus in spite of its favorable situation, Crete never had the strength that comes of union. Like the rest of the Greek states, Crete fell under the sway of Rome. After the conquest of Metellus Creticus (so named from his success there), the island, by an arrangement not unlike that which was made some sixty years ago, was combined under a common rule with the African district of Cyrenaica. This plan of dual control lasted down to the time of Constantine, when it became a separate province under a Governor of Consular rank. In 825 it fell into the hands of the Saracens and, becoming a stronghold of piracy, was not recovered until 960. After the Latin capture of Constantinople in the beginning of the 13th century, Crete fell to Boniface of Montferrat, who sold it to the Venetians. Under the strong rule of the Doges, the island prospered fairly, and escaped the thrall of the Turks for over two centuries after the fall of Constantinople in 1453. The Venetians did not yield until Candia, their capital, had withstood for twenty years the efforts of the besieging Moslem. In September, 1669, the city surrendered, and with it the whole island was handed over to the Grand Signior. Save that one Pasha might be more extortionate than another, the fortunes of the island underwent no change until the year 1821, when the Cretans, headed by the Sphakioti of the mountains, followed the lead of the Morea in rising against their oppressors. After nine years' struggle, France, Russia and Britain interfered on behalf of continental Greece and founded the Kingdom of the Hellenes. But, by a singular repetition of the policy of Rome nearly 2,000 years before, they annexed Crete to the mainland of Africa. In other words they added to the domain of that Thracian adventurer, Mehmet Ali. In 1840 the Turks were masters on the island. The year 1856 witnessed a readjustment of affairs in South-Eastern Europe consequent on the Crimean war. Otto, the Bavarian, was forced to resign for his supineness in watching the interests of the Hellenic kingdom, and George of Gluecksburg took his place. Crete, seeing that no other power would help her, rose again in revolt, but the Turks soon repressed the rising. Seven years later (1866) the islanders made a more obstinate fight for freedom, or at least some semblance of justice. The insurgents succeeded in wresting some privileges from the Porte—including a sort of constitution and the form of a representative assembly. But discontent and unrest are the chronic condition of the Christian population. The great obstacle to the emancipation of the island from Moslem tyranny is to be found in the rivalry, selfish ambitions and mutual mistrust of the Christian powers. They know perfectly well that reform under Turkish rule is impossible. The Sultan's most solemn engagements have been broken again and again. Even if they were kept, the anomaly of such a yoke is galling to Christians. There is only one cure. It has been tried in the case of Roumania, Greece, Montenegro (which never yielded to the Turks), Bulgaria, Bosnia and Herzegovina (for 18 years under Austrian tutelage), but the rest of the Balkan peninsula—the district known as Macedonia especially—is impatient for the day of release. In Crete the old wound is bleeding afresh, and we hear rumors of compromises and arrangements. But there is only one settlement that will satisfy Christian Crete, and that is to share Greece's autonomy. Mr. Gladstone called twenty years ago for the expulsion of the Turks bag and baggage from Europe. Where the advice has been practically followed, a change for the better has been wrought—in Europe. But what of the Christians that have to bear the Turkish yoke in Asia? Till the "sick man" has got his quietus, there is no hope for them. And who is to succeed him, who is to restore the cross to St. Sophia and to raise a Christian sceptre over the Seven Churches, over the City of St. Paul, over ancient Armenia, and Mesopotamia, land of buried empires and dearest of all to Christian faith.

"Those holy fields over whose acres walked these blessed feet, which eighteen hundred years ago were mailed for our advantage on the bitter cross."

FREE SILVER CAMPAIGN.

HON. MR. HACKETT'S ESTIMATE OF THE AGITATION AFTER A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES.
Hon. M. F. Hackett, Provincial Secretary, has returned from a trip to New York and Boston, and after attending a number of political meetings came to the conclusion that history would repeat itself in the present Presidential campaign, and that as in the war days, the best elements of both parties would unite to fight the silver craze. He had no sympathy for the Chicago platform, which was simply ridiculous. The silverite speakers, and notably Geo. Fred Williams, the Democratic candidate for Massachusetts, whom Mr. Hackett heard, made no serious defence of the silver programme, but indulged in generalities, using popular and catching appeals. Mr. Williams' conversion to free silver was quite recent. Mr. Hackett is satisfied that Senator Hill will support Bryan, but he does not think that the working classes in the East will support him as a rule. Free coinage, he says, will not increase salaries, but will send flour up from \$4 to \$7.

A LACROSSE ENTHUSIAST'S FALL.

"The expected has at length happened," was the remark frequently heard in the vicinity of the lacrosse grounds on Saturday afternoon. Among those who witnessed the Montreal-Shamrock lacrosse match on Saturday afternoon was a young lad named George Lemieux, who mounted a tree and saw it from that point of vantage, when, in the midst of his enthusiasm, he lost his hold and fell a distance of twenty feet. The Notre Dame Hospital ambulance was called, and he was taken to that institution, where it was ascertained that he had received a large cut on the head and a concussion to the brain.

ARCHBISHOP O'LEARY'S GIFT.

KINGSTON, Ont., Aug. 9.—To-day Archbishop O'Leary announced a gift of \$5,000 from his private purse towards the scholarship fund of the revived Regiopolis College, to be opened September 8th.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Now that Parliament is about to assemble we may expect to have a full explanation from the new Ministry regarding its method of dealing with the Manitoba School question.

We have a silver question in this city, and the street car conductors are giving illustrations of its effects every day to the unfortunate passengers who board the cars with a solitary American bit.

An American exchange makes the following announcements regarding the movements of the nominee of the Silverites:—

"In bed till ten. Candidate Bryan took a Sunday morning nap. On Sabbath afternoon he took another one."

THE Shamrocks barely succeeded in escaping another defeat at the hands of the Montreal team on Saturday last. The boys in green seem to be in a state of disorganization. Unless the executive wake up from their lethargy and bring about a change in the present state of affairs, the Cornwalls will add another victory to their list.

Nor long since we announced the foolhardy action of two men leaving New York in a small boat for the purpose of attempting to make a passage to France. Now we read in an American exchange where Barry and Kroman, of a California athletic association, are to imitate the quadruied style and crawl across the continent. Verily this is an age prolific of cranks.

THE hot wave does not evidently mitigate the bicycle craze. Dorchester street between Beaver Hall and the Windsor Hotel is the racing ground for the enthusiasts. Unless Superintendent Hughes stations a constable in that vicinity there may be a coroner's inquest some of these days, as the pace at which these bicycle cranks travel is positively dangerous.

THERE is quite a controversy now going in Toronto over the question of running the electric cars on Sunday. All the Protestant clergymen have expressed themselves against Sunday cars, and in support of their position evidently make desperate efforts to show the bad moral effects which would flow from such a proceeding.

On the other hand, Archbishop Walsh and a number of priests are in favor of a Sunday service, giving as their reasons the advantages which will be derived from it by the working classes. We cordially agree with the latter.

THE HOT WAVE.

MANY PERSONS SUCCUMB IN NEW YORK AND SURROUNDING DISTRICTS—THE HEAT IN MONTREAL EXCESSIVE.

Despatches received say that fifty-one persons died in New York district, as a result of the extreme hot weather. Over one hundred cases of persons who were prostrated have been reported in the territory embracing New York City, Brooklyn and Staten Island.

A number of these cases, the physicians believe, will prove fatal. In New York City alone forty persons are known to have perished because of the extreme high temperature. The list of persons who suffered from sunstroke, and who are now at their homes, or at hospitals in charge of the physicians, will reach seventy.

In this city the heat was excessive on Saturday and Sunday, the temperature reaching as high as 94°. Every steamer leaving the city docks for the island and other places down the river was in consequence taxed to its utmost capacity.

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CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOURTH WEEK VERY INTERESTING.

Many distinguished visitors visit the school, among the number His Grace Archbishop Corrigan of New York, and His Lordship Bishop Tierney of Hartford. A summary of the work of the week.

Plattsburg, Aug. 9.—The proceedings of the Catholic Summer School continue to interest the attendants more and more. Friday was a gala day in the annals of the school, owing to the visit of His Grace Archbishop Corrigan of New York. In the morning Rev. H. J. Heuser spoke on "Sons of Core." He gave a history of the musical service of the temple, describing the singing and the instruments in use, under the leadership, principally, of the "Sons of Core."

After referring to some of the titular inscriptions of the psalms in which the name of "Sons of Core" occurs, Father Heuser briefly related the history of Core, the ringleader of the rebellion against Moses and Aaron in the desert of Sinai, and told how his sons, who had refused to take part in their father's revolt, were afterwards privileged to become the principal leaders of the musical service in the Jewish church. Many of them possessed, aside from their skill in music, the poetic gift which caused them to compose psalms. Some of these are to be found in the collection of the liturgical text book, the Hebrew Psalter. It appears also that David gave to them, in preference, some of his more elevated compositions for execution in the temple. Although these also are recorded under their names as written for the "Sons of Core."

These preliminary remarks were followed by a minute description of the manner of singing, the divisions of the various choirs, the character and form of the musical instruments used by the players and singers in the temple service. Here some drawings of these instruments were introduced by way of illustrating the difference between our present musical pieces and those used of old among the Egyptians and Assyrians, from whom the Hebrew, adopted some of their instruments.

Other peculiarities of the so-called "titles" of the psalms were also explained. The second part of the lecture dealt with certain portions of the musical service, remarkable for their lyric beauty. These were especially the so-called "Hallel Psalms" and the "Gradual Psalms."

In conclusion, the lecturer dwelt on the advantages to be derived from a careful and devout study of these charming compositions, quoting the words of an eminent teacher who had expressed his conviction that "To fairly master any portion of Scripture, however small, is for educational purposes worth infinitely more than the wisest desultory reading, and that to teach even a single psalm thoroughly, so that those who learn can pass a searching examination in it, is in every way better than to run through the whole Bible. May these heavenly pages be our ever dear delight, and may we learn to see their beauties, finding therein our permanent solace!"

The Pendulum.

Father Freeman finished his lectures, in the course of Experimental Mechanics, with a talk upon the Pendulum. Following is a synopsis of the lecture: (a) Simple Pendulum: Definition. Motion of a simple pendulum. Character of the motion. Simple harmonic motion. Illustrated by the conical pendulum. Other examples of simple harmonic motion. Formulae and discussion. Galileo's shrewd guess. (b) Compound Pendulum: Definition. Length, how determined. Huygens, Kates. Axis of suspension. Of oscillation. Center of percussion. Uses: to determine the acceleration of gravity, the form of the earth, to establish a standard of measurement, to regulate clocks (and watches)."

Thomas Macaulay and Charles Lamb.

Dr. Johnston delivered the last lecture of his course to a large audience of attentive hearers. After his discourse, he again treated his audience to other sketches of his own production, which called forth hearty laughter and frequent applause. During his lecture, he said: "In that same year of 1802, when the Edinburgh Review was established, was born in Rothley Temple, in London city, one who was to conduct the war afterwards begun between the two opposing forces in literature and politics, already begun by the great Jeffrey and Smith; this was Babington Macaulay. Macaulay's generations back had dwelt in the Hebrides Islands, among whom the ties of partisan and kindred had been as strong as ever held one of those mountain clans together; the spirit of partisanship was inherited from his English ancestors, and his native ability and careful education enabled him to make that spirit available on plains of combat far more exalted than those on which his forefathers had contended. In all England there was not a man who had received more careful training in youth than Macaulay. At the age of nineteen he obtained the Chancellor's prize at Oxford by those essays, "Pompeii" and "Evening," but his ambition was to shine upon another field. His genius was very great, and if he had devoted himself entirely to literature, he would have become, if not the leading, one of the leading poets of his generation. As it was, he produced several pieces that may well be compared with those of the first masters, as the "Battle of Ivry," the "Spanish Armada," the "Cavalier," "March to London," the "Song of the Huguenots," and "Lays of Ancient Rome," but he preferred to devote himself to prose writing, and he became the leading spirit in the "Edinburgh Review."

He inherited much of the partisan spirit of his Scotch ancestors; this partisan spirit he carried into his history, which is so minutely whig as to cause

many to call him instead of a historian a political pamphleteer. Yet, while this was an infirmity, it was the main secret of his power, to seize upon the attention of his audience, and to hold it. Of all the authors in every language, Charles Lamb was the best tempered; we think of Charles Lamb as we think of a rather mischievous boy, who liked his pranks, but never practiced such as could hurt or did hurt anybody, and who continued to feel and to act as long as he lived much as such a boy would; the bad rivalries felt by authors of every age he seemed to have nothing whatever to do with. Even his letters are intensely interesting, and his essays of Elia, many of which are made up from his letters, are as simple and as spicy as the essays themselves. He was a clerk in the East India Company in London for between thirty and forty years. He labored at that business and supported himself, lived most economically and was beloved by his friends and contemporaries more than any other man of his generation.

Very much to his surprise between thirty and forty years after he had been appointed clerk he was notified that he might retire on half pay. This kindness coming late was yet a great kindness; the men who did it did not dream that long after they were dead and forgotten, the name of their old clerk would be among the famous of the world. He scarcely knew what to do to occupy his time, but continued to jest with his tongue and his pen until the end, which was not far off.

Archaeological Notes.

Dr. Kellogg, of Plattsburg, delighted the members of the Summer School in the evening with his talk upon the "Archaeology of the Valley of Lake Champlain." The lecture was illustrated throughout by archaeological specimens, of which there were about three hundred. They were placed upon the large tables which fronted the audience, and besides there were other mounted specimens upon exhibition. The doctor first spoke of the evidence of prehistoric occupation of this valley. He said that there were forty-five dwelling sites, or Indian villages, that have been discovered within the valley of beautiful Champlain. These settlements are distinguished for the stone and flint implements found. Already nearly twenty thousand relics have been picked up. Dr. Kellogg dwelt especially upon only four of the forty-five historic, or rather prehistoric, places. They were Plattsburg, Fort Ticonderoga, River Richelieu and the shore between the mouths of the Big and Little Chazy rivers. The creek, which is a little north of this village, was inhabited by Indians as is shown by the great numbers of relics found there. The doctor said that they were interesting and numerous enough, and many of those found are highly ornamented to give material for a large volume. Throughout his lecture he sought to enforce the idea that only a beginning of the work has been made. At Fort Ticonderoga a great number of flint implements have been found, and the flint chippings were so numerous as to give a darkened color to the earth around.

Between the mouths of the Big and Little Chazy rivers nearly three thousand relics have been found. The specimens shown last evening consisted of arrow points, spear heads, axes, hammers, etc., and during his talk the doctor happily referred to the owners of the pieces in some such way as this: "Here is a specimen which unfortunately belongs to Prof. Hudson, but which should belong to Mr. Martin and myself." Dr. Kellogg invited the members of the school to come and view the relics after the lecture, and many availed themselves of the privilege, as the doctor was busy nearly an hour after explaining this and that piece to enthusiastic groups of students of archaeology. The talk was a popular one.

Reception to Archbishop Corrigan.

In the auditorium, a reception was tendered the Archbishop. Rev. Dr. Conaty presided, and said that he could not let the occasion pass without expressing the gratitude of the school to the Archbishop for his kindness in visiting the school at a time when a much needed rest was being taken. He presented the good wishes of the school to His Grace, and trusted that the improvements visible on all sides would be an evidence of the determination to do the work which the Summer School idea demanded. It was a happy coincidence which brought the Archbishop to the school, on the first Friday in August, when our school chapel was the happy scene of such devotion as we witnessed all day in the Sacred Heart devotion. We present our homage of respect and affection to the Archbishop, and beg an additional blessing upon our work. The Archbishop was received with great applause, and acknowledged the kindness of the greeting and said substantially that it was a great pleasure for him to visit the school. Every step in his visit was a pleasant surprise. First was the rectory, whence he was able to view the magnificent scenes which nature presents on every side. The next was the chapel, where religion bound all in the blessings of devotion. He could never forget the beauty of this afternoon when the people crowded to the chapel to adore their enthroned Lord who loved to dwell among them. The third visit was to this spacious new auditorium, where it was their privilege to listen to the beautiful lecture and charming readings of Col. Johnston. Then relaxation, religion and literature combine to make this an ideal place, where Catholics may gather to enjoy the beauties of nature and of art. The great improvements now make the school a decided success, and the clergy and people owe a great debt of gratitude to Dr. Conaty, the worthy president, whose persistent energy and untiring zeal have done so much to realize the ideal; blessed by the Holy Father, approved by the bishops, and sanctioned by the Pope's representatives, and generously supported by the people, this school must prosper. It had his best wishes and most earnest prayer. The Archbishop then gave his blessing to the people.

On Sunday, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Lordship Rt. Rev. Michael Tierney, D. D., Bishop of Hart-

ford, Conn. The sermon on "Man," by the Very Rev. Father Robert, C.P., was an eloquent discourse. New arrivals continue to come to the beautiful grounds and all appear delighted. Doctor Conaty is supremely happy over the result of his great labors. Amongst the Montrealers at present following the course are Mrs. James McShane, Mr. C. Coughlin and Mrs. Coughlin of Westmont, Mr. Migueron, and others. The lectures of Hon. Judge Curran and Sir William Hingston will no doubt be a fitting close to a most delightful series. R. C.

SUNDAY CARS.

The Question Again Before the Citizens of Toronto—A Leading Citizen Takes a Business View of the Situation.

The agitation for Sunday cars in Toronto has again commenced, and this time with a number of supporters who were the strongest opponents of the movement some time ago. The first vote, in January, 1892, resulted in 10,351 votes being cast for Sunday cars and 14,287 against. The second vote, taken on August 26, 1893, resulted in 13,154 votes being cast for Sunday cars and 14,157 against.

At a recent conference between the Mayor and alderman and a number of citizens, Mr. W. R. Brock referred to the subject in the following terms: It was time to take stock in Toronto and find out the views of the people. The wealthy, who owned carriages and rode bicycles,

while Miss Ruby Hughes was sitting on the front seat and Miss Eva Hughes was in the stern of the boat. We rowed a few yards when we found the current so strong as to allow us to rest on our oars and to drift down the current at a good speed. The current caused the boat to turn slightly on her side. All of a sudden the boat received a heavy bump as if struck by a rock, and in less than a second the boat turned over and we were in the water. I can swim a little, so I helped Miss Ruby to get on the boat, which was by this time upside down. Just as I caught hold of the boat, I heard Miss Eva call out, "Oh, Fred, save me." Although Fred could not swim, he struck out towards her, but he had no sooner got alongside, when she caught hold of him and they both sank together. Both Ruby and myself called for help, and although a lady and gentleman who were passing nearby in a boat saw us struggling for our lives, they did not come to our rescue. Fred and Eva were both under water then. I did not see Eva rise to the surface, but while I was shouting for help, I saw Fred come up once. After a few minutes, which seemed hours to us, two gentlemen came out in a boat and saved us. By this time we had drifted about 12 feet from where the accident happened. The little boy, who was deeply affected, concluded his story by stating that when they were brought ashore they were taken to the residence of Mr. Desmarreau, Governor of St. Helen's Island, where they received a change of clothing and every possible kindness.

KILLED WHILE AT HIS WORK.

Benard Lesage, while employed in the brass foundry of Messrs. Lyburner and Matthews, St. David's Lane, met a ter-



MR. EDWARD HALLEY. DELEGATE TO THE DUBLIN CONVENTION.

could get out of town, why not the poorer classes? Toronto should be a progressive city instead of one governed by blue laws. Those who at the last vote had not cut adrift from spiritual influences that seemed to oppress them would doubtless do so in time.

Mr. E. B. Oster declared that the city was suffering to an enormous extent for lack of Sunday cars. Toronto was avoided on Sunday by travellers as one would avoid a pest house. What could a traveller do, landed here on Saturday night? You could not get business men to put money in a big hotel in Toronto, bonus it how you like, if there was no means of travel on Sunday. He was not there to argue on moral grounds, but purely on a business basis. If the morality department thought it better to have a dying city and nothing to do on Sunday, or a street car service and a large city, he did not know; it was for the Mayor and council to decide.

The other view was taken by Mr. E. Gurney, who spoke briefly, saying that he had conscientiously investigated the Sunday car question in other cities and did not think a Toronto "Sabbath" was any better than a Boston one, or even a New York one. As to the general feature he had the alternative of Muskoka or the ocean for his Sundays, and the men in his works had the Gardens or the Queen's Park. It was not fair.

A SAD FATALITY.

The Overturning of a Small Boat Causes the Loss of Two Lives.

A very sad fatality occurred on Saturday afternoon on the south side of St. Helen's Island by which two lives were lost.

Mr. Fred Organ, employed as a traveller for Messrs. Thomas May & Co., went out rowing with Miss Eva Hughes, Miss Ruby Hughes and Edwin Smith, and three little children, named Flossie, Harold and John Hughes. On reaching the island the last three named got on shore, while the others went off again to run the rapids to the south of the island. When a little way up stream they encountered the rapids, and within a short time the crowds of holiday-seekers on the island were horrified to see the boat suddenly upset and the occupants precipitated into the water. Although there was great excitement, nothing was done as regards rendering assistance, and had it not been for the presence of mind of little Edwin Smith, it is probable that another life would have been sacrificed.

The bodies were recovered some time afterwards, by Professor Rousseau and John Thomas.

The Gazette publishes the following interview with one of the survivors: Little Edwin Smith, who was one of the party, is about the only one who can tell anything of the sad affair. He said: "Fred Organ and I had an oar each,

while Miss Ruby Hughes was sitting on the front seat and Miss Eva Hughes was in the stern of the boat. We rowed a few yards when we found the current so strong as to allow us to rest on our oars and to drift down the current at a good speed. The current caused the boat to turn slightly on her side. All of a sudden the boat received a heavy bump as if struck by a rock, and in less than a second the boat turned over and we were in the water. I can swim a little, so I helped Miss Ruby to get on the boat, which was by this time upside down. Just as I caught hold of the boat, I heard Miss Eva call out, "Oh, Fred, save me." Although Fred could not swim, he struck out towards her, but he had no sooner got alongside, when she caught hold of him and they both sank together. Both Ruby and myself called for help, and although a lady and gentleman who were passing nearby in a boat saw us struggling for our lives, they did not come to our rescue. Fred and Eva were both under water then. I did not see Eva rise to the surface, but while I was shouting for help, I saw Fred come up once. After a few minutes, which seemed hours to us, two gentlemen came out in a boat and saved us. By this time we had drifted about 12 feet from where the accident happened. The little boy, who was deeply affected, concluded his story by stating that when they were brought ashore they were taken to the residence of Mr. Desmarreau, Governor of St. Helen's Island, where they received a change of clothing and every possible kindness.

MR. BERNARD CONNAUGHTON.

MR. BERNARD CONNAUGHTON, who was appointed Acting Mayor of this city for the next three months, was born in the town of Boyle, Roscommon County, Ireland, and emigrated in 1863. He was engaged in the grocery business some fifteen years, and as a member of St. Patrick's Benevolent Society acted as



MR. BERNARD CONNAUGHTON, Acting Mayor of Montreal for present term.

Treasurer and subsequently as President of the Society. He was also Treasurer of the Land League. Mr. Connaughton has been interested in politics for the last twenty-five years. He was elected as Alderman in St. Ann's Division in July 1895, to replace the late Alderman P. Kennedy; and was re-elected at the general elections. He was a member of the Finance and Health committees and one of the most active workers for the welfare of our citizens.

SUCCESSFUL PUPILS.

The result of the last examination held by the Catholic Board of Examiners of Montreal is known at present, and it is

with legitimate pride and general satisfaction we announce that all the young ladies who applied for diplomas from the Academy of Good Counsel (St. Mary's), were successful: Misses Katie Clarke, Mame O'Dea, Mary R. Boland, Annie Scullion, Catherine Carrington, and Mary Phelan, are the pupils who succeeded in obtaining Model Diplomas with distinction, thereby meriting our hearty felicitations.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE

REFERS TO THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION—INVESTIGATION AND CONCILIATION THE METHOD.

The Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance in the Laurier Government, was elected by acclamation last week. The nomination was held in Queen's, Shelburne. After the usual announcement had been made by the Returning Officer, Mr. Fielding delivered a lengthy address, during the course of which he referred to the Manitoba School question in the following brief manner:—

"With respect to the Manitoba School question he thought the judgment of the electors had relieved the Dominion from a great danger. It could not be denied that the manner in which that question had been dealt with during the last few years had produced religious differences to a degree that was deplorable. If the late Government had succeeded in the election those differences would have continued with increasing bitterness. The success of Mr. Laurier, the advocate of investigation and conciliation, had opened up new channels for the settlement of the question, and he had strong reasons for believing that through these channels a satisfactory solution of this great question would be found. At all events the attempt was worth making, and Mr. Laurier and his colleagues would make it earnestly and faithfully."

STRIKING TAILORS.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF NEARLY 10,000 HUMAN BEINGS, Huddled Together IN MISERABLE TENEMENTS IN NEW YORK.

These have been terrible weeks for the striking tailors and their families in the stifling tenements of the lower East side.

In good times an average workman earns \$12 or \$15 a week, if he is lucky. Often he gets only half a week's work. Since the strike there have been nearly 20,000 men without means of support, which means that in the miserable tenements where the poor herd together there have been nearly 100,000 human beings deprived of their ordinary means of support, living on short allowance and fighting off starvation as best they could.

The terrible heat is a plague to these families, who have not even money to pay for the poor shelter. They live at the rate of \$8, 10 or \$15 a month. They overcrowd. Ten persons sleep in a room where there is not air enough for one.

The worst ventilated streets and houses are those most thickly populated, and, as a rule, the general health of the occupants is not calculated to bear the strain. So the rate of mortality is very high, about twice as great as it is in those sections of the city where the well to do live.

AN INDEPENDENT PARTY

ORGANIZED IN LEEDS COUNTY, WITH MANY AIMS.

The independents of Leeds County are organizing a movement for independent political action. The name of the organization is "The Independent Electors' Union." Their platform is: Maintenance of British connection; prohibition of the traffic in liquor as a beverage; justice and equal rights to all classes and creeds; special favors to none; honest representation, clean politics.

There are no fees, signs or passwords in connection with the association. All that is required is that members sign a pledge, which reads as follows:

"I solemnly promise to be independent of the Reform or Conservative parties; to support no candidate that I believe to be impure or dishonest; to do all I can to discourage corruption in the election of our representatives, local or federal; to work and vote for the candidate that may be selected by the convention of independent electors, unless I believe such candidate to be immoral or dishonest. In such case I will consider myself released by giving the candidate one month's notice; to try and induce at least one elector to join the Independent Electors' Union. In the presence of Almighty God I affix my signature."

Each member will be given a certificate of membership. This certificate will be a credential to the convention for the selection of a candidate. The association will meet annually at some central point in the riding.

HON. BOURKE COCKRAN

GIVES HIS REASONS WHY HE CANNOT SUPPORT MR. BRYAN.

An American exchange prints an interview with the Hon. Bourke Cockran on the present state of the great struggle now going on.

In answer to the question, what is your opinion of the present political question? Mr. Cockran said:—"I regard it as the gravest in the history of the country, exceeding in importance the crisis of 1860. The secession movement was but an attempt to divide this country between two governments, each of them designed to protect property within the limits of its jurisdiction. The movement launched at Chicago in an attempt to paralyze industry by using all the powers of government to take property from the hands of those who created it and place it in the hands of those who covet it. This is a question of morals as well as of politics. No political convention can issue a valid license to commit offences against morality, and I decline to follow Mr. Bryan in a crusade against honesty and the rights of labor."

OBITUARY.

MRS. H. J. CLORAN.

It is our melancholy duty to announce the death of Mrs. Cloran, wife of Mr. Henry J. Cloran, advocate, formerly of this city, which sad event took place at Hawkebury on Sunday last. When the sorrowful news reached this city it created a profound feeling of surprise and regret, as the deceased, who had lived in St. Anthony's parish in this city for a number of years, was highly esteemed. Mrs. Cloran up to last Saturday morning was in the enjoyment of the best of health, when suddenly, without a moment of warning, she was stricken with a violent attack of peritonitis. Everything that the best of medical skill could do to alleviate her suffering and resist the violence of the attack was done, but all efforts put forth proved futile. On Sunday morning, after having undergone fifteen hours of suffering, she succumbed to the fell disease. Mrs. Cloran was a graduate of Monklands Convent, and during many years after having completed her educational training gave marked evidences of her splendid talents. She was a kind and devoted wife as well as a zealous and earnest Catholic. Her devotion to her invalid mother—who survives her—was for many years a beautiful testimony of her noble character. Mrs. Cloran leaves five young children, to mourn her loss. To Mr. Cloran and family we offer our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement. The funeral will take place this morning at 11.30 from the Bonaventure station.

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Silk Color Silks \$1.00, less 20 percent discount.
Summer Shirts (Cotton Cloth) \$7, less 20 percent discount.
Summer Shirts (Cotton Cloth) \$6, less 20 percent discount.
Fancy Shot Cheviots \$5, less 25 percent discount.
Fancy Check Summer Shirts Dress Goods \$1.00, less 25 percent discount.
Fancy Silk Stripes Dress Goods \$1.00, less 25 percent discount.
Colored Bengaline Dress Goods, all wool, value \$2, less 50 percent discount.
Cashmere \$5, less 50 percent discount.
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AN IRISH HEROINE

[BY VIRGIL G. EATON, IN THE CELTIC MIRROR.]

UNDER the salmon dawn of a day in mid-June, a slip of a girl passed down the rolling road leading from Athy, by Barrowside, on to the heathery summit of Wolf Hill. She had been up since purple bands barred the east over the hills of Wicklow, and had run most of this distance; and now she had come to the sharp ascents of Laggercurran. She was climbing between the hedges in little graceful leaps that were neither running nor walking. The south wind, blown over Carlow from summer seas which lap the shores of Kilkenny, beat against her face, dropping big freckles on her nose and neck, and dragging her long melon-like candy-colored hair far out over her left shoulder until it streamed away, like a pennon glowing and flashing through the misty light.

"If I can get there in time," she panted, "in time to tell them, perhaps the miners may escape." Again she leaned over and started to run, bending far forward and skimming along the road like a swallow.

"Morna! Morna!" a voice called from the hedge-side, "where away so early?" It was Father Kelley, the parish priest; and the girl, with a gesture half impatient, stopped amid street, looking down and digging her bare pink toes in the dust viciously.

"It is a sin to go," she said vexedly, and coloring until her freckles were bathed in red; "and more's the sin to stay, I'm thinking." Speaking thus she turned and fled up the hill a red deer.

"Morna!" commanded the priest; "Morna, for the love of God, I ask it! stop and tell me."

"If you must know then," panted the girl, "the breaker on Wolf Hill is all on fire—I saw it from my window in the cottage by the church—and I go to save the miners who helped to drive me from home. May God forgive me, if I sin; but I would not see them roasted like potatoes."

"Go, and may God help you," replied the priest, hastening to his stable to mount a horse and follow.

Wolf Hill coal mine, which was abandoned at the time of the O'Connell uprising, had but lately started up—owing to a very sudden advance in the price of coal—and the new machinery was working day and night to supply the local market with fuel.

Sometime during the night shift, when the day crew was asleep, guarded by the constabulary of the Barrack, a fire had begun in the frame of the breaker, and would soon spread to the shaft, thus cutting off all chance of escape. Morna, who was the orphaned child of a tenant killed during the Lansdowne evictions in the winter of 1887, had seen this flame start up among a heap of culm as she peered out from the little hut, which the league had provided; and knowing that all were asleep in the Barrack—the men from labor and the constabulary from too much malt—had determined to run and give warning of danger, unwilling that even her enemies should perish in mortal sin.

She did not forget the scenes of six months before. As in a glass she saw these very miry—soarse boors from Cornwall and black-faced dwarfs from Wales—she saw them drag her paralytic father from the hut in which he was born, and heard them swear as they beat him and told him to walk. After this, when the moon came up and touched the black spruce, and turned the dim forest to a grand cathedral, she gazed upon her father lying back among heaps of straw and bedding under the cold trees, and heard him ask her to forgive them, to hold no malice for the injury to him; but rather to use them well and win them by kindness. Then the League physician came, followed by Father Kelley; and when they went away she knew that her father had died from exposure, and she was alone.

Deep among sad memories she hurried on, and was soon shaking the hoister in the mine stables to wake him from a half-drunken sleep.

"Bring a pair of your best horses to the north shaft at once," she commanded, pointing to the stalls near by. "The breaker frame over the middle shaft is all ablaze, and no man can get out and live. I will go down and call the men. Be ready with your horses to hoist away as soon as I shall give the word. Say not a word to anybody, but hurry."

She was away among furies and broken stones, hurrying on until the north shaft was gained, when reaching out with the action of one who knew the place well, she launched the bucket over the chasm, and taking the leading rope in both hands, jumped into the dusty tub and plunged through the black hole to the yawning depths below.

The rope spun through her hands until the palms were blistered and bleeding. In spite of pain she allowed the line to pay out, plunging her into deeper darkness until a blue, star-studded space overhead, no bigger than the head of a barrel, was all the light she could see. Around and below the air was black as ink, and so heavy with foul gases that she fancied she could hear the waves sputter as she dipped among them. At last, after what seemed to her an age of travel, the tub dropped forcefully upon the ledgy bottom of the shaft, and Morna was hurled against a pile of baled hay, which had been brought down to feed the mules that hauled coal in the mine.

"Mike!" she called pleasantly. "Mike! Jerry! Where are you? Come quick." "Here I am," said a tall man emerging from a side gallery bearing a pale lamp in his cap. "Here I am. What's wanted? Eh, Morna, is it you I see?"

"O Mike, hurry!" cried the girl, pleased to see a face she knew. "Hurry, but don't scare anybody. The boss wants you all up. He sent me down to get you and send you up by the north shaft. Bring six men here quick, that's a good boy." She smiled as if it were a pleasure excursion she was sending them on, and held her hands behind her so he could not see their condition.

"What's the boss after doing with us now?" asked John McConnell, who had

come up in time to hear a part of the talk. "Sure 'tis not six o'clock for an hour yet." "Get along with you and find out," replied Morna, hustling them into the bucket, and crying out, "Lift away" to the teamster above. The tub shot out of sight, came down, was filled and went up again, and kept doing so very rapidly until Mike and two other men helped Morna into the bucket and getting in themselves, the last person was drawn out.

Five minutes later, when the besotted day crew had been aroused and was standing around in a dazed condition watching the fire, the breaker tower swayed and crumbled into the main shaft, carrying blazing timbers to the bottom of the mine.

"Stand back all," shouted the boss. "Run for your lives. She's gone sure." As he spoke a giant brush of flame, tipped with blackness and fringed in smoke, burst up from all three of the shafts at once. Wolf Hill quaked and rocked as when an earthquake goes along, and the clouds rained coal dust and cinders for nearly half an hour.

When the foreman heard the story of how the men were rescued and went to look for Morna she was gone. As he was a stranger in the place, and did not know about the late evictions, he sent a messenger to her old home, and finding it deserted, with the sheriff's seal upon the door, he sat down and wrote a letter to the president of the company.

Those of the evicted tenants who had not been driven to America or Australia, were living in little board houses on parochial land between the church and the parish cemetery. The noble marquis, who had turned them out, owned all the other land, so the tenants were forced to find shelter on church ground or flee from the country. These buildings were of matched boards, and were about twelve feet wide by thirty feet long, affording scant room for five or six persons. The National League had put them up to keep the tenants from perishing. Though small and cheap they were the best the League could afford, and should be always held in tender remembrance, because these buildings represent the first systematic effort that was made to keep Irish tenants at home, instead of allowing them to drift across seas where the sorrows of their kindred would soon be forgotten.

Two weeks after the explosion at Wolf Hill, Father Kelley was making his daily calls among the homeless tenants; and stopping at the board cottage where Morna lived, he handed her two letters, saying:

"It is famous you're getting since the fire, my girl. See, here are two letters I have for you. One is from London, and the other comes from the Kildare Street Club of Dublin. Who'd have thought it?"

Morna tore the wrapping from the Dublin letter and read:

Kildare Street Club, Dublin, June 28, 1887.

MISS MORNA O'LEARY, Athy, Queen's Co., Ireland. My Dear Miss:—

In behalf of the Wolf Hill Coal Company, Limited, let me thank you for your heroism in saving the lives of the men in the mine on the morning of June 15. I am also requested by the President and Directors to send you the enclosed check. Please acknowledge the receipt of the same, and let me know if the company can forward your interests in any way.

Very respectfully yours, CUTHBERT PONSONEY, Sup't. Wolf Hill Coal Co.

Inside of this letter was a cheque for £50, drawn on "Baring Brothers, Limited," of Dublin.

The size of the present caused everybody to gaze in astonishment. Morna was no longer a poor orphan, but a capitalist with an annuity at Barings, so big that she could emigrate and join her aunt in America any day she chose. As for Morna she deliberately opened the second letter, which read as follows:

Marlborough House, London, June 27, 1887.

MISS MORNA O'LEARY, Athy, Ireland.

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, hearing of your bravery at the Wolf Hill mine on the morning of June 15, begs you to accept the enclosed present as a partial recognition of a noble act.

His Royal Highness has forwarded your name to the Queen at Windsor Castle with the recommendation that you receive a Royal Medal, such as is given to those who save lives. These medals will be sent out early in September.

With kindly wishes I subscribe myself in behalf of His Highness, Respectfully yours, SIR FRANCIS KNOLLYS, Kt., Secretary to H.R.H.

"God bless the Prince of Wales," murmured the pious priest, picking up a ten pound note on the Bank of England from the floor and restoring it to Morna. "He has a heart, after all, though I fear it beats for Ireland too seldom for the public good."

"God save Ireland," cried Morna, shaking her riches aloft; "and here are sixty pounds to help save it. I did the deed for the love of Ireland, and every farthing must go to help the cause."

From that little scene among the rich grazing lands of mid-Ireland started a repressive movement, which has since spread all over the island, and resulted in crippling the landlords and discouraging the Tories more than all the shouting and rioting that were carried on during the past century.

How it was done it is easy to tell. About twenty years ago when Parnell was using his marvellous forces to obstruct legislation in Parliament, the landlords who owned estates in Ireland met in London and made a plan to tax the Irish peasantry so severely that they would be forced to submit from poverty. Rents were to be raised and raised again until every penny earned by the tenants must go to the agent. Those who could not pay were to have notices served on them, which at the end of six months could be enforced by the sheriff, who was empowered to collect the rent in full or put the tenant out of his holding. Then followed the years of gloom, during which Mr. Gladstone—naturally an aristocrat and something of a bully too—became

disgusted with his associates and championed the cause of Ireland when her need was the sorest. Even his powerful aid was not enough; and in 1887, when Salisbury and his famous Force Bill passed, one-third of the tenants were either evicted or else waiting for the emergency men to come and turn them out.

At this crisis, when ne'er-do-wells from the cities were coming to the country and taking rents that had been in the name of one family since the days of Cromwell, John Dillon and William O'Brien, two of the most brainy men in Ireland, laid out the Plan of Campaign. This was to keep the evicted farmers near their old homes, and if needs be to support them, while they traveled about, warning would-be tenants away, and encouraging their friends who still held farms to stand out against oppressive rents. The landlords might turn the tenants from their holdings, but if the Plan of Campaign worked, they could not compel them to quit Ireland. At the same time it was believed that few strangers would come to take farms when they knew that public sentiment was against them. For this cause America, Australia, and even the workmen in England sent many thousands of dollars. It was not a success, because the Parnell scandals were sent out at a time that was perilous for Ireland, and the break in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary party caused dissensions that have not healed to-day. Still, the Plan of Campaign, adopted in 1887, has done more to cripple landlordism in Ireland than all other forms of agitation that have been tried during the past century.

Morna was true to her pledge and put every penny of her \$300 into the cause. When I saw her in August, 1887, she was dressed in a neat calico gown that came just below her knees. Her head and feet were bare and her neck was blistered by the sun. She showed me a letter she had lately received from her aunt in the United States. It begged Morna to cross the Atlantic at once and "leave poor Ireland to its sorrow."

"Will I go?" answered Morna, repeating my question. "Will I start the procession of failures that can never end if it once begins? Will I run away and leave these people who need me? To one and all of these questions I say 'No.' I was born in Ireland; and if I die to-morrow, or fifty years from now, I mean to die in Ireland. There is no other way."

Since then Ireland has made a great deal of history, and at last caused the landlords to adopt other means. Many of them have reduced their rents and given up the battle entirely. Not a few have sold their estates to the tenants on long terms of easy payment. The ones who are wealthy and hold valuable lands are still evicting tenants and pulling down the empty houses. The farm lands, which formerly grew all kinds of crops and gave a living employment to many families, are now turned into pastures where bullocks are fattened for the London and Liverpool markets. Among those who have adopted the last method are Mr. Herbert and the Earl of Kenmare in Kildare and the Marquis of Lansdowne in Queen's county. On all of these estates the houses have been wrecked and fat cattle graze where men have toiled for 500 years.

In 1891, when Morna was eighteen years of age, I heard from her through a friend in Dublin. She was working in a milliner's shop in Athy, and still kept up her faith in the Plan of Campaign. Though poor and not over-strong she said she would not go away under any consideration.

"She says," writes the Dublin correspondent, "that England will make a game preserve of Scotland and a cow pasture of Ireland, all for the sake of a few rich men in London; but while she can live she will work for her people, and when she can live no longer, she will die cheering them on."

The above story is but one among many which I know are true. Ireland is full of Morna O'Learys, and will hold them and honor them while Irishmen and Irishwomen live.

INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

FORMATION OF A BRITISH COMMITTEE.

Unbelievers in the True Church not unfrequently falsely assert that that Church is an enemy of science. Moreover, they maintain that many of the truths of holy religion are at variance with recent discoveries. When an appeal is made to the weapons of science by the propagandists of irreligion and unbelief, it is not becoming that Catholics should not be prepared to meet them in open and fair fight and give a reason for the faith that is in them, and show again and again to the world that the Church to which they belong is the bulwark of science, and that neither invention nor discovery has militated, or ever can militate, against or disprove the logic of its teachings. Happily there is a well-timed move in this direction to-day, and there is a universal feeling among Catholic savants that it is meet that they should periodically assemble in council and discuss scientific questions of importance affecting their common interests. Since the last Catholic Congress in Brussels, in 1894, the organization has spread with amazing rapidity; branches have been established in the chief European cities, as well as in America, and the general support which has been given by distinguished ecclesiastics and laymen prove its necessity and recognized utility.

Owing to the fact that no English committee was formed anterior to the Brussels Congress, there was an absence of English and Irish representation at that important assembly, but happily since then steps have been taken with the result that the British committee consists of Bishops, distinguished priests and eminent scientists representing the learned professions. The hon. presidents are: His Eminence Cardinal Logue,

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Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland, and His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster; hon. vice-presidents, His Grace Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, and His Grace Archbishop O'Callaghan, of Nicosia; president, the Marquis MacSwiney de Mashanagass, private Chamberlain to His Holiness the Pope; vice-presidents, Mgr. Ward, president of St. Edmund's College, Ware, and Mr. Costelloe; secretaries, Very Rev. Father Osmund, C.P., Superior of St. Joseph's Passionist Retreat, Avenue Hoche, Paris, and Mr. J. Britten, hon. sec. Catholic Truth Society. The initiative for the formation of the English and Irish committee was taken in Paris and the meetings are held at the residence of the Passionist Fathers. The next congress will be held at Fribourg, in September, 1897, and already the leading scientists of England and Ireland have promised to read papers on that occasion.

The president (the Marquis de Mashanagass) has received a letter from Cardinal Rampolla, which evidences the interest which the Holy Father takes in the movement, and especially in its extension to England and Ireland. The following is an extract from the Cardinal's communication:—"The respectful address which your Lordship has been well pleased to place at the feet of his Holiness was received by his Holiness with a lively satisfaction, not only on account of the sentiments which you express, but by reason of the announcement of the foundation in England and Ireland of a national committee for the work of the International Scientific Congress of Catholics. The august Pontiff believes that the new committee will achieve for religion and science the same excellent results which have been obtained in other places. Wherefore, he thanks the committee for its devotedness, and, with great pleasure and from his heart, grants the Apostolic Benediction which you have asked."

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IRELAND'S OLDEST WOMAN.

The oldest woman in Ireland has seen more years than her name would indicate. She is in the Union Hospital in Strokestown, Co. Roscommon, Ireland. Just now she is in her 112th year and is known still as Kitty Reynolds.

There is no doubt of her age. A couple of giddy young things who are also in the hospital, and who are 90 and 95 years old, respectively, remember distinctly that Kitty Reynolds was a fully matured woman when they were mere infants. Kitty, as she is called by everyone, remembers clearly many incidents of the rebellion of '98, which she tells with considerable power of description.

Her brain is still active and her intellect unimpaired. She can't hear quite so well as she used to half a century or so ago, but her eyes are still as quick and keen as ever. She is proud of the fact that she can thread a needle quicker than herding of 50.

Many years ago, when Father Mathew began his crusade for temperance, she became one of his disciples, and since that time has never tasted alcohol in any form. So firm was she in that determination that only a short time ago, when in a precarious condition because of an attack of influenza, she refused to take stimulants when ordered to do so by her physician.

A BIG EGG.

The following story is told of an Eastern farmer who went into a store somewhere near Munchausenville, and exhibited an egg which he vowed had been laid by one of his hens. He had it packed in cotton, and wouldn't allow anyone to handle it for fear of breaking it. The grocer examined it and said: "Pshaw! I have got something that will beat that." "I'll bet you a dollar you haven't," said the countryman. "Right," replied the grocer, and going behind the counter he brought out an egg-beater. "There's something that will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching over for the stakes. "Hold on there," said the farmer; "let's see you beat it," and he handed it to the grocer. The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup plates. It was solid iron painted white. "Some folks think they are darnation cute," muttered the farmer, as he pocketed the stakes and cleared; "but 'tain't no use buckin' against the solid facts."

IRISH SCHOOL GRANT.

In an important letter, published in the daily press, His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin wrote as follows:—"The intervention of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in last night's debate in the House of Commons on the Irish School Grant has introduced a new and somewhat encouraging element into the consideration of the question. His speech makes it plain that, up to the present, at all events, the real responsibility for the iniquitous withholding of the money that ought long since to have been paid to Ireland rests, not with him, but with some of his subordinate officials.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, as the official head of the Treasury, is, no doubt, technically responsible for the persistent refusal of that department to pay the money. But, as his speech conclusively shows, he has been, not merely kept in the dark, but positively misled, by his subordinates as to more than one fact of vital importance in this case. It yet remains to be seen what decision Sir Michael Hicks-Beach may come to when he has learned how the case really stands. For my part, I cannot at all believe that he has yet said his last word upon it."

The Archbishop proceeded to point out that to throw upon the National Education Board the blame for the underpayment is merely a neat way of endeavoring to evade the real point of the case. Even if the National Education Board was in default in not claiming payment of money, Dr. Walsh very pertinently enquires if that would be any reason why Ireland should be robbed? Speaking of the grant made for the year 1894-5, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach said the amount that Ireland received was the amount asked for by the National Board. Applications for the payment of the proper amount was made, His Grace says, before he became a member of the Board in 1892, and the answer was an unqualified refusal to allow a supplemental estimate to be presented.

"THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS."

In an address delivered by Secretary J. Sterling Morton before the faculty and students of the Tennessee University at Knoxville, he emphasized moral courage "as the essential element of usefulness to be developed and exercised by the scholar in politics."

"In the presence of frenzied and clamorous ignorance demanding that government shall run railroads, telegraphs, farms, and warehouses, or, confronted by combined and arrogant

avarice, commanding that taxes shall be laid upon all to make incomes for a few, the patriotic scholar must, with unruffled equanimity and unwavering courage, stand firmly defiant in defense of the limitations of powers which our Constitution provides.

"And though a majority of millions declaim for a debased circulating medium, and declare the government capable of creating value by a mere fiat, it is nevertheless the duty of the rightly educated citizen to firmly stand for the solid and established truth that governments can create time and memory and reason, suspend the law of gravitation and abolish eternity by statute, just as successfully as they can, by mere edict, create a coinage which the commerce of modern civilization will accept at a mint valuation which is more than twice its commodity valuation in the very country which emits it.

"Only educated citizens can conserve and perpetuate this republic. The scholars in American politics are the peaceful but potent guards to whom is confided the continuance of constitutional government, and asserting their intellectual independence with courage they will prove the trust wisely imposed and triumphantly accomplished."

WE SELL Rutland Stove Lining IT FITS ANY STOVE. GEO. W. REED, AGENT. 783 & 785 CRAIG STREET.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT. DAME JESSIE SMITH, of the Village of Saint-Louis du Mile End, in the District of Montreal has this day instituted an action in reparation as to property, against her husband, JOHN MURSON, of the same place. Montreal, June 3rd, 1896. SCOTT, BARNARD & MACDONALD Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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A MACHINE FOR VOTING.

Some of the Improvements Which it Affords in Elections—The Evils of the Present System Laid Bare.

From the Boston Post.

Just before the last legislature closed its session Gov. Wolcott gave his signature to the approval of the McTammany ballot box for use at elections throughout the State of Massachusetts.

John McTammany, of Worcester, is the inventor. The "box" is a machine calculated to simplify, expedite and reduce the expense of elections, and, more than all, to make it impossible to falsify any return.

Mr. McTammany is an inventor, and for ten years he has been perfecting the details of his box.

"I investigated the methods carried on at the polls thoroughly," said Mr. McTammany, when interrogated, "and attended elections in different cities and towns all over the United States. I went to Europe to study their way of handling elections. The first thing that impressed me was that under the Australian system the secrecy of the ballot was uncertain. I met several Boston aldermen and laid before them positive proof that the Australian system did not insure secrecy, and that it was almost impossible to get at a positively correct return. I went before a committee of aldermen and a party of precinct officers and showed how easy it was for anyone engaged in the counting of ballots to make a name if so inclined without detection."

"I took a package of fifty ballots that had been marked with one cross each against one certain name, and counted them off one by one. When through every ballot had a second cross against a name that had been agreed upon before the beginning. They examined my hands, but found nothing, and were completely mystified. I counted the ballots over and there was a third cross. No one could understand how I did it until I explained. I had a bit of fish glue on the ball of my right thumb, which was stuck a small piece of lead from a pencil. As I put out my hand to pick up a ballot the thumb passed over the space opposite the name and one line of the cross was made. When I laid the ballot down my hand took an opposite direction and the cross line resulted. It is simple, and with a trifle practice can be done as fast as one would naturally count."

"Another trouble met with when counting returns is the doubt as to just which name in some instances the cross marked by the voter was intended to apply. In the hurry and excitement the marking is midway between two names. Take the case where one vote will decide the issue, an absolute correctness is imperative. Take the most honest commission in the world, only wishing to be exact and right, and I believe there will be fully 15,000 ballots in a state election that they would have to pass with doubt. Now, I claim my box will do away with the objections to the present plan of voting. I do not claim that it is the best, as there is one in use in New York that is good, but the McTammany box is simple, is absolutely correct, cannot be thrown out of order, is far quicker than voting by hand, and permits the final counting conveniently and fast, with a record that is permanent."

The box itself is substantially made of metal, and is twenty-one inches long, thirteen inches wide and five inches thick. The front of the box is spaced for the tickets of the different political parties now known, with a blank space for any new one springing up. To the right of each ticket is a row of metal buttons bearing the initials of the party they are to bear record for. Within the box is a roll of strong paper running from one end to the other.

The voter presses the buttons against the names of the candidates he wishes to support and a hole is punched through the paper inside. The buttons meanwhile remain pushed in, so showing him conclusively to whom he has given his preference. The machine, or box, being inclosed in a booth, only one voter at a time can see the face. When the one recording his ballot leaves the booth the precinct officer gives a small lever a turn and the paper inside is turned into place or the next, the buttons pressed in returning at the same time to place. At the close of the day the roll of paper that is figured to hold the full number of registered votes is removed by the precinct officers and placed in a frame for counting the holes that are lined off and show against the candidates as punched out by the votes.

There is no cumbersome handling of separate ballots, no doubt as to whom the record was intended for. A row of clear cut holes passes under the name of each candidate with all the exactness and infallibility of clock work. The voter "presses the button" and the machine does the rest.

Mr. McTammany said the box had been tried in every county in the state but Suffolk, and the election officers at every city and town using it gave their unqualified indorsement by letter.

BRITISH PENSIONS.

The total amount paid out for all kinds of pensions in the United Kingdom for the year ending March, 1895, was £7,588,362. Then pensions for the civil list amounted to £2,101,685; for the army, £3,714,673; for the navy, £1,742,812, and for the survivors of former distinguished naval and military men, £29,726. The whole number of recipients of all classes is 162,010.

THE DRINK-HABIT IN BOSTON.

According to the census of 1895, Boston contains 496,920 inhabitants, men, women and children. It appears, therefore, according to the best judgment procurable, based on the daily and almost hourly observation of patrolmen, that an army almost equal to about half the entire population of the city, no less than 228,752 persons, patronize the bars of the city every day. This estimate, as has been said, reckons each patron every time he enters. The number of distinct drinkers is, therefore, reduced by the large number of repeaters. There is to

be reckoned, moreover, in this great multitude, the very large number of drinkers in Boston who are residents of other towns, under a no license policy. On the other hand, this over-estimate of the drink habit among residents is in a large degree corrected when we recall the many resorts not here enumerated, where residents daily drink. Whether the patronage by city dwellers of the bars of hotels, the private licensed clubs, the licensed grocers, and the unlicensed resorts is sufficient to balance the bar room drinking by non-residents, is a question inviting to speculation. It is at any rate a sufficiently serious fact that, whatever the patronage comes from, it pours at such a rate into the Boston saloons.—Prof. F. G. Peabody, in July Forum.

A COURAGEOUS BOY

HE SAVED THE LIFE OF HIS GRANDFATHER.

A correspondent of the London Globe vouches for the truth of a good story of ten-year-old courage. An old Dutchman had sold his possessions in the Cape Colony, and accompanied by his grandson had gone to the country of the Mashonas prospecting. He had encamped not far from Fort Salisbury, when his herdsmen brought word that a lion had killed and partly eaten one of the oxen. The old man pooh-poohed the idea. No lion would venture so near the camp, he felt sure.

"Let's go and see," said the boy. He had heard wonderful things about the killing of lions. The grandfather picked up his rifle, handed his cartridge-belt to the boy and the two set out.

True enough, the carcass of the ox had been partly eaten. The Dutchman and the boy beat through several patches of dried grass, but saw no lion. Not far off was a big ant-hill.

"He might be behind that big ant-hill," suggested the boy. The man inspected it on three sides, but saw nothing.

"Look into that bunch of tamoookie grass," said the boy. Hardly had the man faced that way when a splendid lioness sprang out. She landed upon his shoulder; her weight carried him to the ground, and she fastened her teeth in his shoulder. He lay flat, with the rifle crosswise under him.

The boy neither ran away nor blubbered. He went down on his stomach, crawled near enough to reach the rifle, drew it out, looked at the cartridge, took the best aim he could, and fired. The bullet took effect in the loin of the lioness, and with a snarl she half-rose, somewhat unnerved. That was only for a moment, however. He crept back a few feet, removed the empty shell, inserted another, fired again and killed her.

Some natives now came running up. An ambulance was made, the wounded man was removed to the camp, and a doctor summoned.

HE WAS A CRITIC.

A man walking down a Chicago street came in front of a taxidermist's, in the window of which was an owl with other animals. "Well," said he "if I couldn't stuff an owl better than that I would quit the business. The head isn't right, the poise of the body isn't right, the feathers are not on right, the feet are not on right." Before he could finish the owl turned his head and winked at him. The crowd laughed and the critic moved on.

HER VISION CAME THROUGH.

A few days ago Alex. Gindelberger, a farmer living near Portsmouth, O., was called from his home at night by unknown men and murdered. The night the crime was committed his daughter, Mary, thirteen years old, stayed at the home of William Cook, in Portsmouth. The next morning at breakfast she told of her strange dream.

She said that it seemed that some one called her father and that he went outside, where he was murdered. After this she thought that she heard rappings in her rooms and on the head of the bed, in which she was sleeping. She was so terrified that she covered her head with the bed clothing and went to sleep. She was awakened soon and imagined that a hand touched her and pointed towards where her father was lying dead.

Within an hour after she had finished telling about the dream she received a telegram saying that her father was dead. She afterwards learned that he had been killed as she had seen in the vision and at about the same time.

Hair shows the innate disposition of a man or woman more than any other part of the person—when the disposition is cheerful, the hair is bright and vice versa. But as attention will improve the one, so will a few weeks application of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer help the other. Sold by all chemists at 50 cts. each bottle.

NEWSPAPERS AND JURIES.

The appellate division of the Supreme Court of the United States ruled in the McLaughlin case that if an honest, intelligent jury is to be obtained to try a criminal case that has excited great public interest, men who have heard and read of the case, and who have even formed and expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, must necessarily be selected. The opinion declares:

All intelligent men are accustomed to read newspapers, and many form more or less definite opinions or impressions as to the matters therein contained and express such opinions or impressions to others. Only the ignorant classes fail to read the newspapers from day to day.

It is apparent, therefore, that when men are called as jurors to sit in an important criminal case, a case that has excited great feeling and interest in the community, few honest, intelligent men will be able to say that they have not heard or read of the case, and have not formed or expressed an opinion or impression as to the guilt of the defendant who is being tried.

The question is not whether a man has formed or expressed an opinion, but whether he can render an impartial verdict on the evidence. The purpose of

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the law, says the appellate court, is to secure a jury "composed of intelligent men, who read and think and form opinions and impressions and express them, rather than one composed of men who are ignorant, who do not read or think or have ideas with a reference to things transpiring in the community."

A DOMESTIC STRATEM.

Like most men, Mr. Sirius Baker takes a strange delight in being as miserable as circumstances will permit. When the hot wave came in he was not satisfied with telling the neighbors how unhappy he was and making the weather his exclusive topic of conversation, but he bought a thermometer and brought it home. Before he left in the morning, he would look at it and wail plaintively that it was a shame for a man to be obliged to labor like a serf and be slowly cremated at the same time. And when he came home in the evening he would go through the same performance, the only difference being that having more time to spare he made it longer and more harrowing. It was one of the hottest days summer had yet produced when, on his return from business, he threw himself, panting, into a wicker rocking chair.

"Where's that thermometer?" he asked, when he had looked toward the nail where it usually hung in a sunny spot, and found it was missing. "What's happened to it? Has it melted?" "No, dear," his wife answered. "It got shady out here and I took it around into the kitchen. It's sunny there all afternoon."

"Well, I want to see it. Bring it out an' lemme know the worst. This is the most terrific scorcher we've had yet. I don't expect to survive many more such days and I might as well know what it was that did it before my demise occurs."

"Oh, it isn't so very warm," his wife rejoined cheerily. "You've been walking rapidly and have become overheated."

"Yes," he answered querulously. "It's all my own fault. I didn't expect any sympathy from you. Don't stand there tantalizin' me. Bring out that thermometer and don't act as if you were tryin' to keep something away from me."

"Certainly."

She went into the house and got it for him.

He looked at it and rubbed his eyes.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "Only 56 degrees?"

"I haven't looked at it."

"There's some mistake, sure. I thought it was 90 degrees in the shade at the very lowest calculation."

"I always told you that thermometer was unreliable," she remarked quietly.

"Unreliable! I'd have you to understand that that's one of the finest thermometers on the market. I wanted a good one and I paid a price that put it way up above suspicion. Don't you stand there and tell me I got cheated."

"Well, you were saying it was so terribly hot and here the thermometer only says fifty-six. If it isn't wrong I don't know what the matter can be, although I must say I don't feel the heat so very much."

"I guess, mebbe," he said hesitatingly, "I guess mebbe I was mistaken about it's bein' so fearfully hot. I heard a lot of fellows who had been rushing around the street talking about it, an' I did some rushing around myself. I notice now that it has moderated some and I reckon we might just as well sit down and enjoy the cold wave while it lasts and say no more about it."

"Yes, dear," his wife replied.

And then she took the thermometer from him, went into the house, wrapped it carefully in flannel and put it back into the refrigerator.

AN OUTSPOKEN POLITICIAN.

"Perhaps you can guess my mission," said the reporter after the statesman had read the proffered card. I have called to ascertain what sort of money you are in favor of."

The statesman opened the door, looked out, closed the door again, locked it, pulled down the windows and whispered in the ear of the waiting newspaper man, "campaign funds." Cincinnati Enquirer.

BETROTHAL CUSTOMS.

In many countries the betrothal ring becomes the wedding ring when the marriage is celebrated. In Germany and Norway this is the custom. It is among nations to whom the betrothal is as binding as the ceremony that this practice finds a voice.

One quaint and pretty old fashion of having a posy engraved inside engagement and wedding rings has lately been revived, and old recollections of rings have been overhauled to find appropriate words, that have been written of them centuries ago. Some are very pretty. "My heart is yours." "Hearts content cannot repent." "Where this I give my heart doth live." "In God and the my comfort be." "In thee my choice I do rejoice." This seems most suitable where the bride is small. "Love one little, but love one long." Some rings have only initials or names of the husband and wife, and the date of the engagement or wedding, but posies are far prettier.

It is sometimes the case that girls prefer another badge of engagement. This is particularly the case when a first engagement has been sorrowfully ended by the death of the husband to be. When

Princess May became betrothed to Prince George she told him that she could never bear to remove from her finger the ring that his brother, the Duke of Clarence, had placed there, and that even when her wedding circlet took its place she should like to wear Prince Eddie's ring above it. Her Royal Highness made choice of a bangle for her engagement token, and this, fastened securely upon her wrist, has never left it. The Duke of York wears one to match it. The Royal Family of England wear wedding rings of medium breadth and thickness, and in pursuance of the German fashion the husbands wear rings as well as their wives.

A LUMINOUS CAT.

Those who now tolerate mice or rats in or about the house certainly must be blind to the fact that a luminous cat, which costs very little to secure and nothing to keep, has been invented and can be placed in any dark corner or nook and effectually scares away all such pests. This cat is struck or stamped from sheet metal or other like material so as to represent in appearance the exact counterpart of its animated feline sister. It is painted over with a luminous paint, so that it shines in the dark like a cat of flame. After being used for about a week the place is forever free of either mice or rats.—Popular Science News.

DOCTORS GAVE HER UP.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. SALOIS, OF ST. PIER.

LAGRIPPE, FOLLOWED BY INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, LEFT HER ON THE VERGE OF THE GRAVE—HER WHOLE BODY RACKED WITH PAIN—HER HUSBAND BROUGHT HER HOME TO DIE, BUT SHE IS AGAIN IN GOOD HEALTH.

In the pretty little town of St. Pie. Bagot county, is one of the happiest homes in the whole of the province of Quebec, and the cause of much of this happiness is the inestimable boon of health conferred through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Eva Salois is the person thus restored, and she tells her story as follows.—Like a great many other Canadians, my husband and myself left Canada for the States, in hope that we might better our condition, and located in Lowell, Mass. About a year ago I gave birth to a bright little boy, but while yet on my sick bed I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into inflammation of the lungs. I had the very best of care, and the best of medical treatment, and although the inflammation left me I did not get better, but continually grew weaker and weaker. I could not sleep at night, and



I became so nervous that the least noise would make me tremble and cry. I could not eat, and was reduced almost to a skeleton. My whole body seemed racked with pain to such an extent that it is impossible for me to describe it. I got so low that the doctor who was attending me lost hope, but suggested calling in another doctor for consultation. I begged them to give me something to deaden the terrible pain I endured, but all things done for me seemed unavailing. After the consultation was ended my doctors said to me, you are a great sufferer, but it will not be for long. We have tried everything; we can do no more. I had therefore to prepare myself for death, and would have welcomed it as a relief to my sufferings, were it not for the thought of leaving my husband and child. When my husband heard what the doctors said, he replied then we will at once go back to Canada, and weak and suffering as I was we returned to our old home. Friends here urged that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be tried, and my husband procured them. After taking them some weeks I rallied, and from that on constantly improved in health. I am now entirely free from pain. I can eat well and sleep well, and am almost as strong as ever I was in my life, and this renewed health and strength I owe to the marvellous powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in gratitude I urge all sick people to try them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

A SUBJECT FOR LENIENCY.

"You had a fortune a few years ago. What brings you here in such a plight, my man?" "Your honor, it was the bargain counter. My wife—"

"Fine remitted. Poor fellow, you may go."

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS AND COLDS In a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects.

W. C. McComber & Son, 325 York St., Toronto, Ont., report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garson of bronchitis in best and beneficial form, and saved her W. C. McComber of a life-threatening cough.

THE UNGRATEFUL BAKER.

Surgeons and physicians in the United States are now and then sued for malpractice by dissatisfied patients. Not unfrequently the suit is an attempt either to extort money from the practitioner or to fine him for not curing an incurable. In Persia patients are still more unscrupulous and try to get back the doctor's fee, even when he has cured them. Dr. Willis, an English physician, tells in his "Laud of the Lion and Sun" his experience with a Persian patient, a well-to-do baker of Isfahan.

The baker had been successfully operated upon for cataract, and the doctor had been paid four pounds; but the baker, though seeing with both eyes, regretted the four pounds. One day while the doctor was prescribing in the dispensary to a crowd of sick folks a melancholy procession entered. The baker, with a rag of different color over each eye and a large white bandage round his head, was supported into the room.

The relatives informed the doctor that, through his treatment, the baker had lost his sight and had come back to get his four pounds, together with any compensation which he, the doctor, might be pleased to make.

"Ah sahib, dear sahib, I am now stone-blind," said the baker. The crowd shook their heads. With much difficulty the doctor compelled the removal of the bandages, and looking at his eyes saw that the man's vision was good. Though angry, he was cool. The point was to make the crowd see that the man could see.

Taking a large leather box, in which was an amputating knife, he placed it on the table. Then seating himself with the man on the other side of the table, he said:

"Of course, if I have deprived you of your sight, it is only fair that I should return the money you have paid and also remunerate you. How much do you want?"

A beatific smile spread over the baker's face as he answered:

"O sahib, doctor sahib, I know you are great and generous. If you would pay back the four pounds and give me forty pounds for my eyes I should pray for you—yes, I and my family, we should all pray for you."

"Yes, yes, he has spoken well," chimed in the spectators.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "this is what ought to be done in the case you describe. But,"—and the doctor shouted—"what ought to be done to the man who comes here with a lie in his mouth? Know you, bystanders, that this man sees perfectly?"

"Ah," continued the doctor, "you dog, I'll open your eyes!" and suddenly producing the amputating knife he flashed it before the man's face. The baker fled down stairs, pursued by the more active of the crowd.

"Stop thief!" they shouted. Every idler in the bazaar took up the cry; every hand and stick was turned on the flying man. He was seized and his turban torn off.

"Can you see now?" asked the doctor from an open window.

"O sahib, sahib, through your kindness I see; indeed I do!"

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SAVING USELESS EXPENSE.

Mrs. Isaacs—Wake up, Isaac; a burglar is trying to get in. Mr. Isaacs—Vell, wait till he opens der vindow, und den I shoot. Mrs. Isaacs—Vy don't you shoot now? Mr. Isaacs—Vat! und break a pane ov glass!

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—Readers will help THE TRUE WITNESS materially by dealing with those who advertise in its columns. The Catholic population of Montreal should patronize those who lend aid in building up the business of their favorite paper.

Business Cards. P. A. MILLOY, MANUFACTURER OF GINGER ALE, GINGER POP, GINGER BEER, CREAM SODA, PLAIN SODA, CIDERINE. Sole Agent for Plantagenet Waters 119, 121 ST. ANDRE ST. TELEPHONE 6978.

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ESTABLISHED 1864 C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER. Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 645 Dorchester St. East of Bleury. Office, 847 MONTREAL.

GALLERY BROTHERS, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS. Bread delivered to all parts of the city. CORNER YOUNG AND WILLIAM STREET TELEPHONE 2895.

SUMMER RESORTS.

Special low rates for the season for advertisements under this head.

ABENAKIS HOUSE, Abenakis Springs, Que. OPENED JUNE 1st. The Most Delightful Summer Resort in Canada. Capital fishing and boating on St. Francis and St. Lawrence Rivers and Lake St. Peter. Beach Bathing. The use of boats, bath houses, tennis courts and pool tables free to guests. Abenakis Mineral Spring Water certain Cure for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Kidney and Liver Complaints, Salt Rheum, Gout, Gravel, etc. MINERAL WATER OATHS. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.'s steamer "Berthier" leaves Bonsecours Market Wharf, Montreal, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY at 1 p.m., for Abenakis Springs, connecting at Sorel with steamer "Sorel," arriving at the Springs at 7 p.m. Parties coming to Montreal by rail of steamers can connect with steamer "Berthier" for the Springs as stated above. Also parties coming to Sorel by rail or boat, can connect with steamer "Sorel" for the Springs, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 5 p.m., and on Saturdays at 2 p.m. Send for Circulars. Rates reasonable.

THE ELMWOOD, ADIRONDACK Mountains, Jay, Essex Co., N.Y. Beautifully situated in the Au Sable Valley, affording a quiet resting place for summer months. Single and double rooms, airy rooms; bath; broad piazza; good boating, fishing, walks and drives. HOME COMFORTS. 47-13 C. S. SWENEY, Prop.

Drugs and Perfumery.

TRY A BOTTLE OF GRAY'S EFFERVESCENT Bromide of Soda and Caffeine. Calms the nerves and removes headache. Students, non-vivants and neuralgic people will find it invaluable. 50 Cents Bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Street. P.S.—A large assortment of fashionable perfumery and toilet soaps always on hand.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY TO THE WEST. WEST TROY, N.Y. BELLS BEST CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUES FREE.

Polished Hardwood Refrigerators from \$8.50 to \$32.50, and 10 per cent Discount for Cash. ICE CREAM FREEZERS also very Cheap at L. J. A. SUBVY, 8 St. Lawrence Street.



Could Not Walk.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Sept. 1894. I couldn't walk, was perfectly helpless, had to be moved in a chair, and the doctors said I was incurable, as they had tried everything without avail.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 1894. We used Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic for the last four years, and the following cases were cured by it.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address.

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

For sale in Montreal by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON, 2605 Notre Dame Street, and by B. E. McGRATH, 2122 Notre Dame Street.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

An enthusiastic Nationalist meeting was held in Milltown, in the East Kerry division, last week.

At the last monthly meeting of the governors of the Clonmel asylum, Dr. Garner, R.M.S., reported that the large number of 707 patients were in the asylum during the past month.

At a recent meeting of the grand jury of county Carlow, Mr. Quilton, county surveyor, brought under the notice of the grand jury the question of by-laws for the regulation of the traffic of traction engines over the bridges in the county.

The good men and true of Slieveve, some five miles from Waterford, have just wonderfully celebrated the restoration to his farm, after five years on the roadside, of Simon Denne, whose dauntless courage, unselfish patriotism and sturdy perseverance achieved a victory that ought to be an object lesson for the tenantry of Ireland.

Justice Gibson, in addressing the grand jury at the opening of the Carlow assizes, said: "There is only one bill to go before you at the assizes, but it is a little more important than usual."

The new president of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, Sir William MacCormack, is an Irishman. He first came to the front as a surgeon during the Franco-Prussian war when he served in the Irish Contingent at Metz.

At the monthly meeting of board of governors of the Clare lunatic asylum in Ennis, the following memorial to the Lord Lieutenant was unanimously adopted: "We complain of the manner in which we are hampered by the board of control, and how, what we consider vast and needless and unjustifiable expense is incurred, not so much in the execution of new, and, no doubt, needed extension of our buildings, but rather in the great want of care and foresight in arranging the plans so as to ensure their being carried out without expensive changes and alterations which add immensely to the cost of the works and needlessly overtax the already heavily burdened cess payer."

Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, P.P., V.G., the venerable and patriotic pastor of Mitchelstown, has convened a public meeting of the people of the district in support of the great national convention to be held in Dublin in September.

The "strike" in the Dublin building trade has, unfortunately, entered on a new lease of life, owing to the rejection of the Masters' terms at the hands of the Carpenters' and Joiners' Association.

and these have consented to a levy of 3s. a week per man in order to increase the strike pay of the men still out, who number 448.

We regret to have to announce the death of Christopher Dowling, one of the Irish state prisoners, who some time since was released after serving twelve years' penal servitude.

Mr. Justice Holmes, addressing the grand jury at the opening of the assizes at Cork, said: "You will be called on to investigate seventeen cases, and I am glad to say there is none of these cases, except, perhaps, one, of a serious character. The one case to which I have referred is a case of moonlighting, and judging by the information it seems to be a serious case."

The Dublin Independent says: "The wife of a steward named Williams, in the employment of Sir Henry Cochrane, of Woodbrook, Bray, may be, presumably, happy in the reflection of the prosperity which, it is stated, has overtaken her sister. One Bernard Earle, it is said, died lately in Queen's County, Long Island, and bequeathed to his nephew, John Benn, a sum of over ten million dollars, together with a lot of valuable real estate, bonds and mortgages.

INTERESTING FIGURES.

The Movement of Population in Country and City Life.

In the course of a recent address, at Boston, the Rev. A. D. Mayo gave the following interesting array of figures to illustrate his opinions regarding city and country life in the neighboring republic.

In the year 1790 there were in round numbers 3,930,000 people in the 13 United States, of whom 132,000 were found in six places of 8000 people and upward, being 3.35 per cent. of the entire population.

More than one-third of the people of the entire Union are now a city population. More than one-half the people in the North Atlantic and North Central States (including New England, the old Middle and the Northwestern states to the mountains) are now gathered in cities, of which three contain a population exceeding 1,000,000 each.

There are two important considerations that emphasize this fact of the drift to city life. First, the movement has gone on during the past 100 years with steadily increasing velocity.

cence and the people on the farms and in the villages are living according to the ideas and under the conditions of city life.

Second, even more important is the fact that the portions of the country thus distinguished are, beyond comparison, the most powerful in wealth and all the higher elements of modern civilization.

The State of New York alone excels the Southern Atlantic by 3 and the Southern Central by 6,000,000,000. New York and Pennsylvania will "foot up" more than all the old southern states.

THE CRETAN SITUATION.

LORD SALISBURY'S ACTION MEETS WITH THE APPROVAL OF ALL ENGLAND.

NEW YORK, August 9.—Mr. Isaac N. Ford, in his special cable to the Tribune, says:—England has declined with dignity to do police duty for the Sultan in Crete.

THE CZAR VERY NERVOUS

Berlin, Aug. 8.—Despite the strenuous efforts to conceal the real condition of the Czar's health it is generally believed that Prof. Mendel, the insanity specialist, has been summoned to St. Petersburg.

WELL DIRECTED ASSISTANCE.

We often listen to appeals for help, and in many instances turn a deaf ear to them.

It must be depressing to the cynic or the pessimist to read occasionally that gratitude and the remembrance of a kindness is not one of the lost virtues. A case in point is the following story related to a Witness reporter by the ticket agent at the Grand Trunk station one morning.

HIS SPECIALTY.

FARMER HAYRAKE—Did your son learn anything at college? FARMER OAKSTRAW—Yes, I gave him a hammer to mend the barn with, and he threw it so far I haven't been able to find it.

tionation he got employment and that everything had prospered with him since. Recently he had visited Canada and could not resist the impulse to call and thank me for the little favor I had done him.

NATIONAL DAIRIES

IS THE LATEST SCHEME PROPOUNDED BY PROF. ROBERTSON OF THE EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

Prof. James Robertson, Dairy Commissioner, has returned from a tour of the North-West, with some new ideas as to methods for encouraging its development.

A POSSIBLE FAIR ATTRACTION.

It is possible that among the attractions at the coming Montreal Exposition will be the finest display of minerals from British Columbia ever seen in Eastern Canada.

LIGHTHOUSES.

The first lighthouse of which there is any record in history was built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, about 300 B.C.

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The Live Stock Markets.

LIVERPOOL, August 10.—The cattle trade was weaker, and prices declined 3c per lb. as compared with last week's figures.

A private cable received from London says: Supplies of cattle light. Choice Canadian 11c, and sheep 10c.

Another private cable received from London reported sales of Canadian cattle at prices ranging from £14 15s to £17 per head.

Messrs. John Olde & Son, of London, Eng., write Wm. Cunningham, live stock agent, of the Board of Trade Building, as follows:—The number of cattle put on the market to-day was smaller as 947 head from the States ex Virginian and Manitoba were not offered for sale.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

"What makes that hen in your backyard cackle so loud?" "Oh, they've just laid a cornerstone across the street and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it."—Union Signal.

THE MONTEAL STOCK YARDS.

At the Montreal Stock Yards, at Point St. Charles, the receipts of cattle were 10 loads, for which the demand was exceedingly slow and not a single transaction took place.

PUTTING ON AIRS.

"What makes that hen in your backyard cackle so loud?" "Oh, they've just laid a cornerstone across the street and she's trying to make the neighbors think she did it."—Union Signal.

HAMILTON'S August Cheap Sale.

- CURTAINS Special Line Fine Nottingham Lace Curtains. 3 1/2 yards long. White. Very handsome designs. \$1.87 a pair. SWI S LACE CURTAINS. Irish Point. 3 1/2 yards long. White or Ecru. Scroll patterns. Worth \$3.25 a pair. CURTAIN POLES. 5 feet by 1 1/2 inches. Oak, Mahogany or Walnut. Heavy brass trimmings. Special at 33c each.

HAMILTON'S St. Catherine and Peel Streets, Montreal.

This is what we are giving when we offer a Splendid BOOT for MEN. Fine leather, sewed, made on a very Stylish Last,—in Lace and Congress. See them—you'll buy them. RONAYNE BROS., Chabouille Square.

BICYCLES, SOILED AND SLIGHTLY USED.

\$25.00, \$30.00, \$40.00, \$50.00. NEW—\$50.00, \$60.00, \$70.00, \$80.00. Just what others ask \$100.00 for. You can't mistake this is the place to buy.

Family Carriages.

\$75.00, \$80.00, \$90.00, \$100.00 to \$250.00. Express Waggon. \$40.00, \$50.00, \$60.00. Very Heavy, \$100.00.

Farm Implements

MOWERS, \$33.00. RAKES, 16.00. REAPERS, 50.00.

Every man his own agent. Send your Cash and Order and save all Discounts and Commissions.

R. J. LATIMER, 592 St. Paul St., Montreal.

"THERE IS NO LOCK BUT A GOLDEN KEY WILL OPEN IT," EXCEPT THAT OF THE PEOPLE'S POCKET-BOOK. FIRST CLASS ADS WILL DO THIS WITH GOLDEN RESULTS. WHEN PEOPLE THINK THEY WANT A THING, THEY WANT IT AND THEY GET IT."