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# The True Catholic CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XLII., NO. 8.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## TEMPERANCE.

### A NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

The Publication Bureau—No Salaried Officials—Influence of the Press—A Grand Work.

A new department of temperance work was organized at the Indianapolis Convention. It is of an exceedingly important nature, and lies in the promise of a great deal of good for the advancement of the work of temperance reform. It is the establishment of the Temperance Publication Bureau. Rev. A. P. Doyle, the Paulist Father, has been appointed by the Executive Council of the National Union, the Manager of this Bureau. The office is located at 415 West Fifty-ninth Street, New York. The Bureau is primarily the work of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. Its manager is responsible to the Executive Council. The object of the Bureau is the dissemination of Catholic temperance literature. Every one feels that there is an urgent need of an abundant literature in the Temperance movement. There has never been a movement towards reform that has succeeded in accomplishing its end, which has not made use of the printed page in some way or another.

Nowadays, particularly with our universal reading public, perchance the most potent force to arrest attention, to produce conviction and induce to action, is the printed page. So much is this the case that most people take and form their opinions from what they read rather than from what they hear.

It is full time that the energies that ate in the Temperance movement should be directed into this channel.

The possibilities of united good that there are in the new plan of campaign are unmeasured. The National Union numbers its professed adherents at fifty-two thousand. These men have written themselves down as missionaries in the sacred cause, and their hands are eager and willing to take the literature as it is published, and spread it broadcast over the land. It is within the possibilities of this Publication Bureau to send its literature into almost every hamlet and home. There it will preach its silent sermon not once or twice, but over and over again. There while the tired voice of a lecturer is recuperating its energies, it will be doing its fine work in making converts and strengthening the principles of Temperance.

The Publication Bureau proposes to secure the very best writers among both clergy and laity; to have them give us in the shape of short papers or tracts their latest and maturest thoughts; to have these papers printed in the very best style of the printer's art; to send them out periodically; to print them in very large editions so as to make them as cheap as possible, and to dispose of them for a nominal sum.

It is expected that the various societies of the National Union which number nearly eight hundred will subscribe liberally from their treasures in order to procure quantities of these tracts to distribute in their localities. There is no way in which a society can invest its money to better advantage, no means that will yield unto it a greater income in increase of membership, in moulding public opinion in its favor, than by distributing temperance literature. Every dollar spent this way, like the seed put in the fertile soil, will yield a hundred fold.

In this Publication Bureau, there are no salaried officials. It is our glory that we are working for the love of God, and the advancement of the holy cause of Total Abstinence to which we have consecrated our energies. When we think of the unlimited possibilities of good there are in this work, it makes one's heart thrill with joy. It sends the blood a-tinging through our veins at the prospect of new, easy and great conquests over the demon of drink.

With an abundant supply of good temperance literature our sacred cause will bound forward with unusual vigor, and from every side new followers will come to enroll themselves under the white banner of Total Abstinence.

Every society ought therefore to appropriate every year from its treasury some funds in order to procure and distribute temperance literature.

It is the members of the Society who are on the battle-field in the dust of the conflict. They have a clear conception of the monstrous evil they are fighting. It is a part of their duty, therefore, to use every conscientious means at their command, to suppress it. Demonstrations and rallies are good, but their effect is passing. The real solid work is of a personal nature. The means which are available for this work are the very same as those employed in every legitimate business.

The influence of the printed page is not confined to the hundred or two hundred members of the society, but reaches out into the desert places where the principles of Total Abstinence are derided. It educates the public sentiment; it creates public opinion; it popularizes the principles of Temperance. A society working in a parish without its literature, is a band of soldiers without ammunition.

A locomotive without its tender carrying the coal which is necessary for making steam, will not run far; so a society without its missionary work in the dissemination of literature will never make much progress.

Public-spirited men, too, who wish to do something to uplift humanity, to save the homes of the people from the ravages of the saloon, will also assist in this great work.

They will readily give of their means to procure this literature and put it where it will do the most good. Money spent in helping on the cause of Temperance brings its increased return in better government, in reduced taxes, for without a doubt a large item in the expenditure for conducting city and town governmental affairs is the arresting and trying and housing and providing for the products of drunkard factories, that line the streets.

Priests who wish to cultivate the Total Abstinence sentiment in their various congregations will find an easy and practical way of doing so by distributing temperance literature at frequent intervals or at special seasons when the people come together in public gatherings. So this great work thus started has a future of immense usefulness before it in cultivating the virtue of temperance, in strengthening the practice of total abstinence, and is surpassing as far as may be the terrible vice of drunkenness with all its consequent evils.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

—The Ember days this year will fall on Sept. 21, 23 and 24.

A new council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion has been formed in St. Boniface's parish, Edmonton, L. I.

Archbishop Duhamel confirmed 140 children in St. Gabriel's Church, Boucherville, Ottawa, a few weeks ago.

—The Statistical Correspondence of Berlin publishes a series of returns showing that the members of Catholic religious communities in Prussia now number 12,152.

Quite a commendable movement is under way in St. Louis, Mo., to unite all the Catholic societies of that city in the work of building a Catholic hall, to be utilized for entertainments, receptions, meetings, etc.

One of the outcomes of the meeting of the American archbishops who are to assemble at New York, next month, will be a joint reply on their part to that encyclical letter which the Holy Father recently addressed to them, as well as to the hierarchy of Spain and Italy, on the subject of the Columbus centennial of this year. The main topic of discussion, though, will be in what manner it can best be provided for the religious education of Catholic children in those places where parochial schools do not as yet exist.

They have evidently not forgotten old Catholic customs over in Munich, the capital of Bavaria, where, so the cable stated the other day, a procession, headed by Archbishop Thoma and his auxiliary, passed through the streets praying that heaven would spare the city a cholera visitation. In older time, whenever pestilence, epidemics or other dangers threatened a city, these public processions were popular methods of asking celestial favor and protection.

The announcement that the next Papal consistory will be held toward the end of November has already set the gossips to predicting what prelates will then receive red hats. According to these individuals, whose predictions are not very reliable, however, the Holy Father intends creating five or six Italian cardinals, three or four French ones, and will bestow cardinalatial honors on two prelates of other nationalities. There are vacancies enough in the Sacred College to permit all these predicted cardinalatial creations, but it is by no means certain that the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff are correctly stated in the above announcement, and not until the constancy is held will it be accurately known for whom red hats are in store.

The celebration, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, this week, of the golden jubilee of Monsignor Bernard O'Reilly, whom the Pope recently created a protonotary apostolic, drew together a notable gathering of ecclesiastics eager to honor the distinguished prelate and writer. Though not at present attached to any church, Monsignor O'Reilly is better known than many parochial clergymen, and to greater numbers of people, because of his valuable contributions to the Catholic and current literature of the day. The monsignor was priested the day after Cardinal Tachereau's ordination, Sept. 11, 1842; but the Canadian prelate, for sufficient reasons, anticipated by a few days his jubilee in the celebration of the other week.

The cholera outbreak in Europe is apt to interfere with the proposed celebration of the Papal jubilee, the beginning of the commemoration of which was to take place next month; and it is stated, furthermore, that all pilgrimages to Rome will be discontinued as long as there is any danger of epidemic to be apprehended. Much as this interference with the celebration of the Holy Father's jubilee is to be deplored, the wisdom of avoiding all large gatherings in Rome under existing circumstances will not be

questioned, and the chances are that, if the cholera continues to prevail in Europe, Leo XIII. will himself be heard urging that all proposed pilgrimages on the occasion of his golden jubilee be for the present abandoned.

Mother St. Mary Antoinette for the past five years Superior of the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, Waterbury, Conn., has been recalled to the mother-house of the order (Ni-tre Dame). Villa Maria, Montreal. Mother St. Mary was one of the four nuns who went to Waterbury in 1869 to found the Order of Notre Dame. In 1878 she was appointed Superior, succeeding the late Mother St. Mary.

At least three American prelates are on their way to Rome, to pay official visits to the Holy See, Bishop Scanlan of Omaha started some time ago, and Bishop O'Farrell of Trenton and McNeely of Albany have also taken their departure. The priests of the Trenton diocese presented Dr. O'Farrell with a purse of about \$2500 prior to his departure, and this is the second time for the Trenton ordinary to make an ad limine journey to the Vatican.

A characteristic feature of the impending Papal jubilee, and one adopted at the especial desire of the Holy Father, whose love of good literature is well-known, will be the foundation of fifty libraries in different parts of Rome. The Sovereign Pontiff has already received a large number of books donated for the establishment of these libraries, and he is intensely interested in the promotion and success of this feature of his jubilee. If the cholera does not interfere with the celebration of this jubilee, Rome will witness many memorable ceremonies the coming year in connection with the completion of His Holiness' fifty years in the purple.

Cardinal Gibbons issued his Columbian pastoral the other day, and the Baltimore prelate urgently and eloquently requests his priests and people to interest themselves in the celebration of October 12. He lays stress, as is becoming, on the fact that Columbus was himself a Catholic and started from a Franciscan convent on his voyage of discovery, and he says that for that and other reasons the Catholics of this country should take pride in honoring his memory in this quadrocentennial year; and they will unquestionably do this all over the country, now that the entire American hierarchy has urged them, or will urge them to do so. Here in Massachusetts many memorials are being erected in the name of Columbus; the country parishes are moving in the matter of holding local celebrations of the day.—*Boston Republic*.

Nine young men of the Redemptorist Order made their religious profession at Annapolis on Monday. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Church in the presence of relatives and friends of the students and others. The candidates go to Hesler, Howard county, to pursue the studies of philosophy and theology in preparation for the priesthood, where they will remain six years. Those who made the vows were: Peter Jusinski, Egypt; Joseph Aust, Columbus, Ohio; Martin Mulligan, Boston; Christian Wiegand, Columbus, Ohio; Charles Nolen, Boston; Edward Scully, Quebec, Canada; John Darling, New York; Joseph Schneider and Frank Danenhauer, Baltimore. Very Rev. Ferdinand Litz, of St. Alphonsus' Church, provincial of the Redemptorist Order, officiated at the ceremonies. Others present assisting in the exercises were: Rev. Andrew Ziegler, of New York; Revs. Sebastian Breitfuss, John Klang, George Dusold and John Diaz, of Baltimore; Rev. William Henning, rector, Joseph Courtade, Augustin Stuhl, Casper Ritter, Peter Grein, Paul Huber and Joseph Hauley, of St. Mary's Church, Annapolis.

## Catholic School Commissioners.

The Board of Catholic School Commissioners met Friday afternoon. Rev. Cure Sentenne presided as chairman, and there were present besides Rev. Abbe Dubuc, F. L. Beque, Ex-Ald. Hamelin, F. D. Monk. A deputation from St. Bridget's, composed of the parish priest and ten ratepayers, appeared before the board to ask for a new school. The matter was referred to the Building committee. A resolution was passed expressing the sorrow of the board at the death of the late Vicar-General Marechal. The School Management committee recommended the appointment of Professor J. M. Gauthier to the Catholic Commercial academy, and that Mr. Joseph Gagnier take his place in Olier school, and also that Mr. Famillard be appointed professor of drawing in the Catholic Commercial academy. The report was carried.

The Building committee's report recommended the acceptance of a number of small tenders for repairs, all of which were adopted. A number of other necessary repairs to the various schools were also ordered. Owing to the death of the late Vicar-General Marechal, all the standing committees were reorganized as follows: Committee on Finance, ex-Ald. Hamelin and Ald. Profontaine; Committee on School Management, Cure Sentenne and F. D. Monk; Building committee, Abbe Dubuc and F. L. Beque. A communication from the Minister of Militia at Ottawa was read, promising to supply rifles for the Cadet corps.

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## IRELAND'S CAUSE.

### OUTLOOK FOR HOME RULE.

#### Gladstone and Morley Utterly Pledged to Home Rule for Ireland.

Speaking in Dublin the other day, Mr. Dillon declared that the Irish leaders were in possession of understandings and agreements which, in their judgment, if carried out, and he believed they would be honorably carried out, would satisfy the people of Ireland. It is understood that some of these agreements are in writing, and will be made public, should occasion require such use to be made of them. As a matter of fact, a good many Irish members believe that the only genuine Home Rulers in the new Cabinet are Mr. Gladstone, Earl Spencer, and Mr. John Morley; and they hold that it is their bounden duty, bearing in mind the lessons taught by history, to be constantly on guard against treachery. Such an attitude may appear ungracious at this juncture, but is evidently wise.

Speaking at a public meeting in Newcastle on Wednesday evening, Mr. Fowler, a very influential member of the Cabinet, said the Irish members were a power at Westminster which they could not despise. It would make itself felt. He did not like it any more than the meeting did. He did not like the power of Irish members, nor did he like to give up the time of Parliament to Irish questions.

If that is the spirit in which one member of the Cabinet avowedly regards home rule it is pretty certain that there are many other unwilling horses inside and outside the Ministry who will have to be spurred to their work. Many things tend to show, in fact, that the Irish leaders will have to be suspicious and vigilant to the very end if the pledges publicly made by public men are of any value.

Mr. Gladstone's Government in the coming session of Parliament will make a serious attempt to deal with the difficult question of how to restore their holdings to Irish tenants evicted during the agrarian war of the last few years. Mr. Shaw Lefevre, a member of the Cabinet, speaking at Galway, in December, 1889, said the first work of the new Parliament would be to remedy the state of things that had resulted from disputes on these several estates in the country. He would not be a member of any Government, he was going to say he would not remain in Parliament, if some help were not extended to the people who through this long period have suffered and sacrificed so much.

In the same month and year he said it Drogheada that he held, and firmly believed, that the Massereene tenants were perfectly justified in refusing to accept any terms until the evicted tenants were reinstated; and when Home Rule was granted an equitable measure would be passed to put these tenants again in possession of their farms, as well as all other evicted tenants in Ireland.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre was almost the last man appointed to a Cabinet position, although his claims were undeniable and generally recognized; and in the light of his public utterances it may be presumed that the delay was due to his refusal to accept office without some understanding with Mr. Gladstone in regard to the evicted tenants.

The Tories are again attempting to force Gladstone's hand by publishing bogus details respecting his Home Rule Bill, but they do not appear to have imposed upon anybody, and they have signally failed to draw out the Grand Old Man, who has spent the week, as far as outsiders can see, in saying kind platitudes to Liberal excusinists, visiting bazaars, and making speeches about the cultivation of flowers, for all the world as though he were a simple country squire, instead of a statesman with the cares of an empire upon his mind. The Tories have no heart for anything to day.

Ever since the general election, when "Old Charlie" won a Liberal seat at Newcastle, and headed John Morley, the second man elected, by two thousand votes, the Tories have been gleefully declaring their intention of throwing Morley out, on his seeking re-election on acceptance of the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland. The Liberals themselves did not like the prospect of having to overcome a hostile majority of three thousand, but they went to work manfully, and have just been rewarded by a most signal triumph, the great Tory majority having been turned into a Liberal majority of over seventeen hundred.

Morley refused all requests to modify his views on the eight hours question, although the Tory candidate had truckled to the workingmen irreconcilables on that subject in a disgraceful manner. He preferred to rest his claims to the people's support upon his last services in the cause of labor, and he deliberately endeavored to raise the contest to a higher plane by making Home Rule the chief point at issue. In doing this he quite unconsciously dangled a bait to the Tories which they swallowed with the greatest gusto. They were absolutely confident of success, and were only too glad to proclaim that the election was

being fought upon the question of confidence in the Government's Irish policy. Now in their sore distress and wild rage they are howling threats of petitioning against Morley's return on the absurd ground that it was secured by intimidation, and are vainly endeavoring to wriggle out of statements which they themselves ostentatiously placed clearly upon record. Mr. Morley has gone to the highlands of Scotland for a short rest from the labors of one of the most arduous political fights of recent years.

About the middle of next week he will proceed on a tour of inspection in Ireland, and among other things he will inquire closely into the position and prospects of the evicted tenants.—*Special to N. Y. Sun*

## THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

A Reply to Le Canadien.

The *Witness* of Monday gives the following despatches: the first from Ottawa, the second from Winnipeg.

Referring to the Manitoba school intrigue published in the *Canadian*, this morning's *Citizen*, in an editorial, which is supposed to be Sir John Thompson's reply, says:—"The story thus told so circumstantially by the *Canadian* is a pure invention, as stupid as it is malignant.

But, with characteristic boldness, that paper proceeded to denounce the mythical 'intrigue' as a base attempt to induce the Archbishop to abandon an important principle to serve the ends of selfish politicians. The object of this pretended wrath is, of course, obvious.

The aged Bishop of St. Boniface, suffering from cruel maladies, is being asked to understand that the eyes of the people of Quebec are centred upon him, and that he is the champion whom the friends of the separate schools of Manitoba look to in their hour of need. In short, it is to goad the Archbishop into an aggressive campaign that the Grits are circulating lying reports and making their own lying reports the ground of simulated indignation."

ARCHBISHOP TACHE CONTRADICTS THE REPORT.

WINNIPEG, Man., Sept. 12.—Speaking to the *Tribune* reporter, Archbishop Tache denied he had written or been asked to write a letter accepting the present school situation in order that Sir John Thompson might become premier. The archbishop intimated that Catholics might accept such a compromise as existed in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

## ORDINATIONS.

By His Grace Archbishop Fabre.

Toulouse—Rev. Messrs. Joseph Horace Champagne, Romulus Courtois, Joseph Courtoyer, Hildegarde Ducharme, Joseph Henault, Louis Laporte, Louis Marion, Ovide Charles Mousseau, Etienne Dessert, Romulus Bellorose, Honore Houle, Arthur Moreau.

Minor Orders—Rev. Messrs. Jean-Baptiste Berard, Simeon Dubois, Charles Lippe.

Sub Deacon—Rev. Mr. Thomas Preville.

Deacons—Rev. Messrs. Henri Martel, Alfred Pelletier, Henri Boisvert, Albert Leveille.

Priest—Rev. Mr. Wilfrid Geoffroy.

AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The 28th Aug. 1892:

Toulouse—Rev. Messrs. Albert Perrault, Henri Dubreuil.

Minor Orders—Rev. Messrs. Evariste Chevalier, Eugene Guilbeault, Remi Contant, Eustache Bourguin, Zenon Therien.

Sub Deacon—Rev. Mr. Clement Roillard.

Deacon—Rev. Mr. Gustave Berneche.

Religious Vows.



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System.

Despite the neoplasms and specials I confess a weakness for a Patrick Henry. There is a calm and soothing influence in looking at the dusky beauties. How attractive they look gayly attired in yellow and green under that massive head, noble brow and flexible mouth of one whose voice could menace a nation. Should my patriotism cool I have only to lift the lid of the valued box that I had received from a friend, carried over three thousand miles of ocean and safely smuggled into Erin by the help of a custom house officer and a shining half crown judiciously placed in the palm of his hand. Then what a vision. Stars and stripes twine around the hero's picture, green garlands enclose it, and the great American eagle, with its outstretched wings and ugly talons, says: "Puribus Unum." It was while lighting the end of one of those dusky beauties and handing another to my friend, that a fair elegantly dressed young man entered the coffee-room. My friend gave signs of recognition and soon there was a grasping of hands and "glad to meet you" from the writer.

"Lecky," said my friend, "here is Professor —, a graduate of Trinity, and a member of the National Board of Education."

"I had to meet you," and I lighted and continued to puff my Patrick Henry.

"Pass the boy" said my friend, "and let the Prof. enjoy one of the comforts of life."

"Bite the end off," said I, as the Professor's skinny hand removed one of my tissues.

Under the influence of the dying Patrick Henry my friend became talkative, and the Prof. garrulous.

"You have been seeing our college, and I learn that you do not hold it in the same esteem as we do, but that is natural."

"Your Trinity," said I, "has set her face against the nation; what the nation has against Trinity, hence the imperative duty of the nation will be to crush Trinity."

"But such men as Mahaffy, who has a world-wide name, and Salmon, and Dawson the *Liberator*, must have a good influence."

"Professor, Tallyrand was a man of brains, yet he loved Tallyrand first and then France. I think Mahaffy, etc., follow his principles. Some diseases give a good complexion, a thing to be desired, but they are disease nevertheless," spoke my companion. He is fond of similes and has a habit of quoting the last book read. That morning he had dipped into a work on the Bishop of Antioch.

"I believe," and the Professor's thin legacy face became seriously droll, "that no college has the good of Ireland at heart." She may not believe in Home Rule, that monstrous piece of dotage, bequeathed to us by the declining years of Gladstone, but in all that could make the people happy she would be the leader."

Happily, I had in my travelling bag a little book by Sir Charles Russell, with the quizzing title, "New Views On Ireland." Facts are stubborn things. I read for the Professor, in regard to the mother-tendency of his college, that "the town of Valentia, although situated within a mile or so of the slate quarries, is so badly paved and flagged, that for safety, in the night at least, almost every one walks in the middle of the streets instead of on the pathways. The sewerage arrangements are incomplete, and altogether the town shows less signs of intelligent supervision than any other of similar size which I know of."

Valentia is part of the college estate—and again: "Speaking of the condition of things generally, a more squalid tenantry than that of this rich corporation it is hardly possible to conceive. As a rule their dwellings are miserable: their clothes all too scant for comfort, sometimes even for decency."

And again: "I was anxious to have some authentic information as to the more remote portions of this property, which I did not myself visit, including that at Fort Magee: and a gentleman—a member of the English Bar—who knows the locality well, writing to me generally of the condition of the estate, uses this emphatic language:—

"As to the College Estate, it is simply a disgrace to the country. It would be impossible to describe the filth or misery of the dwellings I could not find out, that the agent had ever taken any trouble about them. I was told everywhere that he had never been inside the houses."

I finished reading, and, looking into the dreamy eyes of the disconsolate pro-

pounder of Trinity's goodness, said:

"Professor, these extracts show how watchful and kindly is Trinity to the physical wants of the Irish nation; it were just as easy to show with what earnest sympathy she watches over the intellectual wants of the people. A book of choice extracts, easy to make, showing your college's sympathy with everything Irish, would, to me, our cabin-man's vernacular, 'make mighty interesting readin'. Under the chapter 'Intellectual nourishment supplied to the Irish nation by professors of Trinity,' might be recorded thus:—The most famous lyric produced by the young Irelanders was written by a Prof. Ingraham, of Trinity; but so great was the crime that he was ostracized, and so cowardly was the patriot-writer that he denied the very writing of it."

The member of the Board of Education arose and assuming an undignified attitude vowed that "I was one of these American bushwhackers that would find enough to rectify in my own land; that Trinity was peerless as an institution and Home-Rule an ugly falacy that could not be entertained."

A Canadian professor was far more astute when he wrote:—"England is smutting. Opinions on all subjects, political, social and religious, are just now in a state of flux, which makes it difficult to organize resistance to anything aggressive, and armed with votes."

Home-Rule was aggressive, as truth always is; and it was armed with votes and bound, in time to smother. This the poor professor could not see, and he exaggerated the old story of the mountain in labor and outcomes the mouse. His Patrick Henry was dead; he turned from me, my friend gave him another, engaged him in conversation and poked him with smiles and puns around the name of Tallyrand. After playing in all kinds of waters they finally settled down to a discussion of the Irish School system. I merely sat among them, a "chief takin' notes." What I then learned, and what I afterwards witnessed, will better be told in my own way. Of all the travesties on education, I deem this system first proposed by Whately as a sure means to proselytize with, the most absurd. Its pretensions are vast, its means puny. It proposes to give a good common education to the youth of Ireland; but, instead of doing so, it teaches a mass of trivialities that are of no earthly use. After five or six, or even eight, years spent in one of these mills, the best lumber comes out destroyed. If you compare them to a grist-mill, one might say that they turn out chaff with little particles of meal now and then adhering to it, rather than the genuine flour free from the chaff. This system has had few defenders, from the fact that it were easy to drive a coach-and-four through any defence made.

As an illustration of this system, let us take a school visited by the writer in a little village of Donegal. The teacher was of the "first of first," to use the technical term, that is, in the first grade of teachers, he held a first place. Irish school-masters are divided into three grades: 1st, 2nd and 3rd. His school was called "life-bringing" and he was considered a most excellent specimen of the pedagogue type. On a brick house, much resembling an ordinary dwelling-house, glared the sign "National Schools." The building was divided—the upper part for boys, the under part for girls. Stone steps led to the upper part. In company with a well known clergyman and writer on education, I entered this strange-looking building. It was a room, 20 by 20. The books of registration told that the average attendance was sixty-nine. On that day there were seventy-three pupils, sardine-like, packed in the room, and the air far from wholesome. Being winter and a peat fire burning in a small grate, and half a dozen of the smallest children busy warming their little hands, while their plump, blazing little faces looked like so many overgrown ripe cherries. When the master considered them "warm" they were sent to their seat, the most primitive of wooden benches, and a new batch called to the fire. It was a new means for firing the human machine. The other boys

At sum and lessons worked away  
Respecting all their fun and noise  
For their approaching hour of play."

This schoolmaster, and he can stand for his fellows, was as conceited as the pragmatical Jackdaw of the fable. He strutted around us with the well known air of the rooster on his own dung hill. Bubbling full of information on all kinds of isms save the barbarism of the system he represented, it was as easy to extract an oyster from its shell with the fingers as to extract information from him. After many questions and cross questions, I was at length able to understand the routine:

School opens at 9:30 and closes at 3. The first lesson is writing in a copy-book from headlines. In this art the child is left severely alone; he may make potstick for p's or half-circles for o's. The master "gives out a sum." One boy works it out on the black-board with a piece of chalk, the others on their slates. "Time's up," says the pedagogue, "all done, turn their slates to their breasts; all that says the board's right hold up their hands." Woe to the luckless dunce; he is made to feel that the coercion act is in full force. "Hold out your hand," says the master. The poor boy quickly complies, putting a piece of hair and a spittle on the palm of his hand, to make, as he will tell you, the "slap go easier." Then, with a two-foot tall substantial urchin receives a few blows. It is little wonder that he looks on the master with a disgust that grows with years. If it is geography, a class of boys in the form of a half-circle, are formed around one of the maps that adorn the walls. The boy at the head of the class has a round piece of wood, probably a few feet long, in his right hand, called a pointer. On the edge of one of the benches sits the master asking such questions as "Where are the straits of Babel-mandeb," or "point me out Timbuktoo." If he succeeds in this nonsense he retains his place; if he fails, he receives so many "slaps." History is taught, while literature is simply unknown. In their reading book they meet with a few extracts from Burke, Goldsmith, etc., but of these writers they are densely ignorant. Composition and rhetoric is not a part of the curriculum, and a well-known newspaper editor told me

that the attempts of these boys in later life to express themselves in readable English was comic in the highest degree.

If the youth of Ireland are to be educated men and women, every vestige of this rotten, pernicious system must be rooted out. That it was a pet-scheme of the sophist Whately argues nothing to those that know his life; it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. New Ireland must eliminate it before an Irish Literature can come into being. It is an octopus that sucks the warm young life-blood of genius and talent and leaves but the very bones of puerility and mediocrity. According to this system, the teacher is paid by result fees—that is, if he is able to stuff his ablest pupils with a certain palladium marked in the programme, he will receive *per capita* an allowance. What follows? The smart boys are coached to answer the oral or written examinations held annually by inspectors, while the dull boys are left to dream on their benches. Well, their dreams are as useful as the crannings of their neighbours. Religious instruction is given every Saturday from nine to twelve. The boys sit on rough wooden benches while they parrot-like answer questions. No instruction is given, no explanation imparted that can be called so. If, in after life, they have hazy notions of the doctrines they profess, that will not astonish those who are intimate with their early mode of instruction. Clergymen of all denominations have the right to enter and write a report in a book kept for that purpose. I was informed by the clergymen that accompanied me that their visits were few and far between.

The Professor might not agree with all I have written. But, then, he is an official of the rotten system, and bound to support it, or seek for bread and butter elsewhere. I left him and my friend to argue and rob my box, while I, sick at heart of such a travesty, went to sleep, and to dream of Mickey, Betsy and the coming morrow.

W. LECKY.

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## THE "CANADA-REVUE."

Last week we spoke somewhat strongly of the anti-clericalism that is daily gaining a foothold in Canada, and of the press that is striving to propagate it. Today we intend to speak of that *saintly* Catholic publication that is known as the *Canada-Revue*. We have no fault to find with the *Daily Witness* for reproducing in part some of the articles that have appeared of late upon the pages of that publication. It is the business of the *Witness* to do so, and it is perfectly justified in seizing upon any such weapons especially when placed in its hands by the traitors from the opposite camp. But in addressing the *Canada-Revue* we say that we are about to seek too much when we ask them to come out in their true colors, to fling aside the mask of Catholicity and be honest enough to wear the *bureau rouge* of their master. It is useless to thus parade in sheep's clothing, take off the woolly hide, & *les loups!* We have not space to review the series of hypocritical accusations that have found light on the pages of the *Canada-Revue* and that have found circulation in the columns of the anti-Catholic press. We will be content with a few of their most pointed remarks, and these shall serve as an index to the Catholicity (?) of that anti-clerical offshoot of "the spirit of the Revolution."

In one article we read: "The diocese of Montreal is in the hands of a venerable prelate, but that he has not got the necessary energy to hold a tight rein on the clergy under his orders, events have just proven." So it is thus the *Canada-Revue*'s compliments the Archbishop of Montreal. That organ may well thank its stars that the head of the hierarchy is endowed with a paternal and forgiving nature, that he is animated with the right Christian and priestly sentiments, that he is gifted with caution as well as energy, and that he knows when exactly to make use of the one or the other. Were it otherwise the episcopal hand would long since have been stretched forth to hurl the thunderbolts of the Church's malediction at the writer or writers of that priest-hating publication.

The Archbishop of Montreal needs no defense at our hands when assailed by the bitter enemies of the sacred order, even when they carry the mask of Catholicity. Beneath the folds of the mantle it is easy to distinguish the symbol of his purpose. But if His Grace cannot, and would not if he could, step down to the arena to shield himself from the arrows of the moral cowards who, knowing his position, take advantage of it to attack him, we need not hesitate to pick up the gauntlet and to fling it back defiantly in the teeth of these anti-clericals. When His Grace requires a certificate of ability and qualification, for the high office he occupies in the hierarchy of the church, he will not seek it from the *Canada-Revue*. And when the *Canada-Revue* is able to govern itself and to restrain its passions, to practise straightforwardness and to give evidence of success in curbing its vicious and half-breed anti-clericalism, it will be time again to begin to lecture a man who is as far above it, as is the eagle hovering in the sky beyond the reach of the serpent that crawls along the earth. When the author of the *Canada-Revue* shall have given evidence of his fitness for his position as the Archbishop has, and an adequate energy with talents in accordance, it will be time for him to criticize. Meanwhile the Archdukes will be concerned without the powerful aid of the *Canada-Revue*, and it is to be hoped it will not perish.

Listen to that paragon of excellence, the *Canada-Revue*. "We are told that the Church is the only judge of its members and that we should not meddle in this. This is a bad excuse. The affairs of the Church are truly ours, since we give it everything, and what we do not give it, the Church takes." Who are "we"? Who are you that the affairs of the Church are yours? You give it everything? Yes, you give it abuse, slander, calumny; you strive to give it a bad name; you attempt to give it a hard road to travel; you give it a slap on the face every time you raise your hand. Is it you that gives everything to the lawyers? Do you support all the doctors? If so, does it give you right to mix and to meddle in their affairs, to regulate the council of the bar or the college of physicians? Individually, pray, what did you ever give the Church? Does the *Canada-Revue* represent the whole Catholic population? If not, it only speaks for a section, or for itself. As well interfere in the affairs of the Grand Trunk or C.P.R. It is the pulpit that give them all they have. Perhaps it is the *Canada-Revue* that gives it to them. Hypocrisy! always hypocrisy!

But the Archbishop and the clergy that surround him are not targets enough for the poisoned shafts of the *Canada-Revue*: it must prove its chivalry by attacking the Sisters of Providence. Cowardly when it spits its venom at a man whose position forbids that he should defend himself; mean and unmanly when it strikes at its lash the self-sacrificing and holy women whose

pure lives are given up to God, and consequently devoted to charity and to humanity. Thus speaks that organ:

"And the question of the Sisters of Providence who have established a banquet-catering system and who tender like regular cookshop keepers, for banquets given outside of Montreal, and that without paying any patent, license or tax."

This is almost too much, but when we know the source whence it comes we are reconciled. One or two other extracts and our readers can judge for themselves where the *Canada-Revue* learned its lessons.

"They command everywhere; they dispose of everything as they please, both in town and country, in our large as well as in our small schools, among the *rangs* and among the *bosses*; we are at their mercy; they make and repeat our laws; we can neither be born, live nor die without their permission, and if any one reprimands, he is at once pointed out as a slanderer, a brazen-faced liar, an infidel and an atheist."

Exactly! The final definition suits. The *Canada-Revue* is just what it states in the last part of the sentence; a slanderer—and it knows it; a liar, as proven in the very same sentence, and a sheet such that its articles are more infidel and atheistic in their tendencies and results, than it were to come out squarely against the Church.

"We can neither be born, live, nor die without their permission." That is not true: the writer of that came into the world without the permission of the Church, he lives now without the Church, and—unless he changes—he is likely to die without her assistance. Listen to this Communist!

"It appears that this state of things has lasted too long in our province. We are descendants of the French and, were it not for the English who live in the land and help to cool down the violence of our nature, a 1792 or '36 might some good morning waken up those petty tyrants who peacefully sleep by the side of our wives and daughters whom they send us from us by the aid of religion, and more especially of the confessional."

There it is! shades of Couthon and St. Just of Marat and Hebert's spirits of Camille and Jean Jacques! of Condorcet and Barras! Were it not for the English who help to cool the ardor of the writer in the *Canada-Revue*, we would have a French Revolution upon a small scale in Canada! Where did you learn your political creed, friend of the *Canada-Revue*? It is out at last; you could not keep it in: you cannot hold "a tight rein" over your natural desires; you must let the world know of what stuff you are made. Men like you, men of the *Canada-Revue*, have played the same role in the very period that you invoke: men like you poisoned the public mind against the clergy, and consequently against all social stability; men like you opened the dykes and the Zuyder Zee of devestation rolled over the land; men like you invented the guillotine and glutted her with victims; men like you, under the mask of moralists and philanthropists, stirred up the passions in the Faubourg St. Antoine and knocked down the innocent on the Place de la Concorde; men like you carried the anti-clericalism to such a point that the king, nobility, and clergy having suffered, and no more victims being at hand, the mob-executioner of to-day became the mob-victim of tomorrow; men like you were ready in 1792 and '36 to fan the embers of hatred into a flame and then were prepared to run away from the conflagration when it grew too hot; men like you had brains enough to concoct anti-clerical attacks, but had not heart enough to feel for the sad results of their own work.

We can tell the *Canada-Revue* that there will be no such thing as another 1792 in this country: that the Catholic Church has survived the attacks of more dangerous enemies than the members of that little junto—whose creed is a social chaos and whose God is Victor Hugo. But since that organ is upon the confessional we would advise it to give Mr. Chiniquy credit for the ideas it has taken from his famous work on "The Priest, the Woman and the Confessional." "Give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar," and don't forget to "give even the Devil his due." It is time to handle these people without gloves. They quote Zola and draw comparisons from the literature they love, while, in the same breath, they pour forth their revolutionary and communistic attacks upon the bulwarks of their own nationality. The library of the old *Institute* is not destroyed and the ghost of continental liberalism haunts its readers.

It is only under such circumstances as these that we feel the want of something more than a mere weekly organ. It would seem as if we had not only the Protestant papers to contend with, but that soon we shall have to hold our ground against the anti-Catholic section of the so-called Catholic press. If so we are ready, and with the Laird of Abbottsford we can say:

"Come one! come all! this rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I."

Rev. Father Dion, Superior of the St. Laurent College, recently appointed procurator general of his congregation, has left for Rome, where he is to reside.

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

"Green be thy turf above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee;  
None named thee but to praise."

The Quaker poet is dead: on the sixth of September he peacefully passed away: his years were eighty-one. Where are all the friends of his boyhood, the companions of his manhood, and the contemporaries who might heartily repeat those four sweet lines that he penned in the years long gone? Towards the noon of this century there was a galaxy of promising American poets; he was one of them. Some of them have passed into comparative oblivion, others into literary immortality; only one remains—in the person of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Whittier's life is an interesting and instructive one, and we dare not attempt even a sketch of it. Some day he will have a biographer, and that writer's task will be a noble one. From the days of his early journalistic education, under Lloyd Garrison, till the close of his long career, from his father's potato-field to his own editorial sanctum, he was truly a *friend* of humanity. In the anti-slavery days Whittier was as conspicuous an advocate of abolition as Wendell Phillips, Lucretia Mott, or even Garrison himself.

As a poet he ranks high, not only in the literature of America, but even in the universal literature of the English language. He was of that school and day when William Cullen Bryant flourished and Longfellow was in the ascendant. Amongst his confreres, in the temple of the muses, were Fitzgreen Halleck, N.P. Willis, Dr. Holmes, Charles Sprague, Grenville Melton, J.O. Rockwell, Richard Coe, Park Benjamin, J. G. Percival, Lydia H. Sigourney, W. B. O. Peabody, R. H. Dana, Hannah F. Flood, J. G. C. Brainerd, John Howard Payne, Crosby, Hunt, Thackeray, Tucker, and a host of others. Only one of all these remains to lament over the Quaker Poet's grave. Edgar Allan Poe was of recent date beside Whittier, while the Poet Priest, Boyle O'Reilly, and James Russell Lowell, are but of yesterday compared to the one just departed.

To pass judgment upon his literary merit would be both untimely and inappropriate. "It is not Death alone—but Time and Death" that canonize the poet. America has lost a true and worthy son, humanity a sincere friend, and literature one of its brightest lights. The immediate friends of the dead bard will feel his absence most keenly, but America has his name upon her imperishable page of national glory, and his portrait hangs in the picture-hall of her sacred associations; humanity has his works—and his written works are the least part of the legacy he has left, for his example and deeds of charity surpass them; and literature can never feel his loss, since it has long since enjoyed the gifts that he laid on her shrine. Then in saying *adieu* to John Greenleaf Whittier we will bemoan him here. To John Greenleaf Whittier placed this garland of verses upon his tomb: we take it up and, with silent emotion, we hang it over his own humble grave.

"Gone to the land of silence—to the shadows of the dead—  
With the green turf on thy bosom, and the gray stone at thy head;  
Hath thy spirit too departed? Both it never linger here;  
When the dew upon the bending flower is falling like a tear;  
With the first light of day, lights the green earth like the perfect smile of God;  
Or when the moonlight gladdens, or the pale stars look abroad?"

Hast thou lost thy pleasant fellowship with the dead?—  
With the green trees and the quiet streams around thy place of birth?

"The wave that wanders seaward—the tall, gray hills, wherein Lingers, as if for sacrifice, the last light of the sun?"

"The first form—the pure of soul—the eyes that gleam when thou Wait unseeing to their smiles of love—art thou not with them now?"

Thou art sleeping calmly, Brainerd, but the name denied thee when Thy life was with the multitude—the living that is?

Is burning o'er thy sepulchre—a holy light and strong,

And guides ones who are kneeling there, to breathe thy words of song?

The beautiful and pure of soul—the lights of Earth's cold towers Are twining on thy funeral stone a coronal of flowers!"

## GRAND TOMBOLA

In Aid of the Little Sisters of the Poor and their Home for the Aged.

Indefatigable Father Strubbe! This time it is a grand Bazaar and Tombola, to be held in the Windsor Hall, from October the 12th to the 26th. The prizes are valued at \$5,000. They are all to be seen at the show rooms, No. 1946 Notre Dame street. How could we better tell the story of this most meritorious undertaking than by simply giving our readers the following appeal on behalf of "The Home for the Aged?" Later on we will be able to furnish a list of the principal prizes to be drawn:

About five years ago, in response to the request of His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, the "Little Sisters of the Poor" established a Home for the Aged, at No. 105 Forfar street, in this city. The building contains accommodation for 80 old people, who have been continuously supported by this noble Order, through the kind assistance of the charitable people. The good Sisters have been frequently pained to be obliged to refuse admission to a large number of poor old men and women for want of accommodation, and they have finally concluded to build a new Home, which is now in course of erection on Seigneurs street, near Dorchester street, on the completing of which the Sisters will be enabled to furnish accommodation for 300 old people. The Little Sisters of the Poor know no race or creed. When any

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## THE OKA PILGRIMAGE.

On Monday next, the 19th September, a grand pilgrimage to Oka will take place. The day being a civic holiday all persons desirous of taking part in the religious excursion to the home of the Trappists, will have every opportunity of doing so. Ladies and gentlemen are invited to attend. The pilgrimage will be under the personal direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Montreal. In order that there may be no doubt about the programme and the time we beg our readers to read following order of exercises:

5.15 a.m.—Holy Mass in St. Anne's Church, during which Holy Communion will be distributed to the Pilgrims not able to keep fasting.

6.30 a.m.—Train leaves Bonaventure Station and will take passenger at Ste. Cunegonde, St. Henri and Cote St. Paul, connecting with Boat at Lachine.

7 a.m.—Boat leaves Lachine Wharf.—Ave Maria Stella and Beads.

9.30 a.m.—Holy Mass and Communion in the Parochial Church of Oka.

10.30 a.m.—Statues of the Holy Cross. Pilgrims will assemble around the Cross erected at the foot of the mountain.—Statua Mater.

3.30 p.m.—Boat leaves Oka.—Beads.

4.30 p.m.—Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in Ste. Anne de Bellevue and veneration of the relics of Ste. Anne.

5.15 p.m.—Leaves Ste. Anne.

6.00 p.m.—Arrive at Lachine. Tickets \$1.00

Needless to say that we wish the good Fathers and the pilgrims every success, fine weather, pleasant times, abundance of graces and all that they seek. It is a new departure to turn the pilgrims' bark westward and upward instead of down the river towards the rising sun. The trip is most interesting, the scenery grand, and the village of Oka itself, is worth the whole excursion, with its Indians and Trappists, its church and monastery.

## Pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauport.

Arrangements have, we understand, been completed for pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauport from Smith's Falls, including points on the C.P.R. as far west as Tweed, north as far as Almonte, and east as far as Green Valley. The pilgrimage will start on Monday, 26th September instant. The rates are remarkably low, \$4.25 from Smith's Falls, with a sliding scale from the other points based upon their respective distances from Ste. Anne's, \$4.70 being the figure from Tweed.

The tickets will be good for five days, thus giving an opportunity to visit Quebec and Montreal on the return trip. The pilgrimage, which is under the auspices of the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Smith's Falls, has the approbation of His Grace Archbishop Cleary, and will be attended by several priests of the Archdiocese. As this will, no doubt, be the last of the season, and as the rates granted for it are, all things considered, most favorable, the number taking advantage of it is sure to be large. The last week of September and first week of October are, by those who know Quebec, said to be the most pleasant part of the whole year there. The glowing autumn weather has not yet departed and the story of its tints is seen on leaf and water. Apart from the main object of such a journey the veneration of the "Good Ste. Anne" at one of her most famous shrines, and the manifold blessings which so often flow therefrom, a visit to that quiet little village nealing against the hills on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence and to the Ancient Capital itself—the cradle of Catholicity in our land—will well repay the pilgrims.

New Music—Songs: Twelve Months Ago—Night Little Jin, by Paul Dresser; Little Maggie Mage; Pieces: Bon Ton Skirt dance, by Hoist. By the Sea Waltz; Yannah; all six each. Hit Ball, Brass Monkey Landore, 2c. Hit Club and all fashionable waltzes. 2c. Quebec Jersey, best Jersey out, 2c. W. STREET.

The comma is very useful in its place, but it should be used with judgment. In the last number of an exchange there appears an advertisement in which the firm announce that they keep "check mozaambique corset laces, figured muslin hairpins, and embroidered grenadine skirts." Savannah Republican.

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## A FATAL FIRE.

Three Dead—Several Injured—The Chambly Hotel Gone.

Three men burnt to death; one fatally injured; one seriously and one slightly injured, besides a number of narrow escapes was the result of a disastrous fire which broke out in the Chambly hotel on Jacques Cartier square at half-past one Monday morning. Hardly a minute before this time three carters, Louis Renaud, Joseph Parry and Fred Corbeil, who were on the stand talking, noticed that smoke was coming from over the doorway of the private entrance to the place. They quickly ran across the square shouting fire, and began to bang on the doors, in which they were assisted by Sergeant Millette. Although this only took a minute, what had before been smoke burst into flame.

## FIREMEN TO THE RESCUE.

In the meantime an alarm had been turned in from box 24, to which the firemen quickly responded. They at once learned that others had been left in the building, which proved true, for when they left Illinois should be communicated with to find out the particulars about her husband.



## A PLEASANT TRIP.

## TO CRANE ISLAND ON THE BROTHERS.

The Picturesque Panorama that the Passengers Enjoyed, Slightly Tempered by Troubled Sea—A View of Grosse Isle.

Owing to the present excitement over the cholera danger, the following should prove very interesting to our readers.

Yesterday a pleasant trip to Crane Island was organized by Capt. Fortier, on board of the steamer Brothers, well-known to the votaries of Ste. Anne's shrine. A pretty large number of excursionists availed themselves of the rare offer, and enjoyed themselves heartily. There were fewer of our Irish Catholics on board than we expected to find there, but the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society's picnic to St. Catherine's on the day before, prevented a great many from taking a second picnic on the following day. Besides this, although it was Captain Fortier's intention to pass close enough to Grosse Island to allow a view of the hallowed spot which has so many and such saddening memories for the children of the Green Isle, he could not promise them that he could let them stay long enough there to visit it. Leaving the Lower Town about 8:30 the Brothers steamed down the North Channel. The head of the Island, the Montmorency Falls were passed and the steamer landed at Ste. Famille, and then touched at Ste. Anne, when some passengers were landed, then crossed to St. Francois on the Island, where the Reverend Mr. Leclerc, Cure of that parish disembarked. The weather was delightful. Old Sol shone out in all his brilliancy, and a lovely breeze tempered the warmth of his rays, and completed the preparation for enjoyment so far as the weather was concerned. Nothing could have been better on this score. Leaving the Little Cape, so well known to many of our present and past Seminarians, where on the summit of a delightful hill stands the chapel of St. Louis, the Salle de L'esse, and the pretty walks of this abode of quiet retirement, with all of which memory people the scene hidden by the mass of trees crowning its summit, the excursionists soon left the Island of Orleans behind them and entered the proper channel of the river. There a new feature entered into the programme. The wind was now pretty brisk, to check the sun who was putting up (or sending down) more heat, and the heaving of the steamer, as she entered into the swell of the waters, was a novelty in its way. Some of the lady passengers looked doubtful, for a few moments, and some heartless joker whispered, in bated breath, the magic name of sea-sickness, and some veteran travellers added something to the suspense by telling about their adventures in the neighborhood of the Bay of Biscay. This was too much of a joke to endure and had the effect of deciding the doubtful patients to adjourn the sea-sickness to another date. Whether this was the sole or principal cause, or whether the good Ste. Anne did not wish any such patients in sight of her chapel, they recovered without even paying the trifling butun pleasant tribute usual on these occasions.

Meanwhile a band of musicians on board gave out their liveliest strain, but though they appreciated the music well enough, as it deserved, the company did not indulge in the pastime of dancing. The young people had other occupation to engage their attention, and the older and wiser were seemingly afraid to rush where the others feared to tread.

With the crowning summit of Cap Tourmente on their left and Isle Madame facing it, they passed Isle aux Reaux, and absence of the Medical Superintendent, they could not, of course, venture far inland, and in fact the whistle sounded the alarm about ten minutes after, and those who had landed hastened back. A hasty visit was all that could be paid to the old cemetery of 1847. A small white marble monument, surrounded by an old low wooden fence, bears the following inscriptions. On the opposite the entrance, is graven in lime running downwards from the top:

In this secluded spot lie the mortal remains of 5424 persons, who, flying from pestilence and famine in Ireland in the year 1847, found in America but a grave.

On the reverse side, facing the end of the island are the words:

Erected by Dr. Geo. W. Douglas, Medical superintendent, and eighteen assistants, officers, on duty, in 1847.

On the side looking toward the north, is the following:

In memory of Dr. Alfred Panet, Medical officer of this establishment, who died of cholera, July, 1834,

Dr. Robert Christie, Medical assistant, who died of typhus in the hospital, July 2nd, 1837.

And on the side facing it one reads:

To the memory of Dr. Benson, of Dublin, who died in the hospital,

May 27th, 1847.

Dr. Alexandre Pinet, of Varennes, died 24th July, 1834.

Dr. Alfred Malhiot, of Vercheres, died July 22nd, 1847.

Dr. John Jameson, of Montreal, died Aug. 2nd, aged 33 years, in 1847.

These gentlemen were assistant medical officers of this hospital, and all died of typhus fever, contracted in the faithful discharge of their duty upon the sick.

Close to the shore of this memorable spot is a bay called Cholera Bay, a sad reminder of the terrible scourge whose victims' burial ground is washed by its splashing waters.

Those who remember this awful year of 1847, will recall to mind the names of the devoted priests who faced the terrible scourge, few of whom now survive. They were Frs. B. McGauran, formerly pastor of St. Patrick's Church in this city, J. Dewitt, W. Moylan, F. Bardy, Ed. Montminy, P. Sax, cure of St. Romuald, J. Mulligan, F. Campeau, J. H. Bailey, L. Provencher, W. Forgues, Th. Caron, N. Belanger, L. A.

Proulx, afterwards cure of St. Valier, F. McGuirk, F. McDonald, L. Trahan, H. Robson, P. H. Jean, J. B. Ferland, the author of *L'histoire du Canada*, J. Harper, B. O'Reilly, writer of the lives of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., L. A. Dupuis, J. Perron, M. Duguay, M. Tardif, M. Kerigan, afterwards of St. Patrick's Church, J. O'Grady, cure of Ste. Catherine, E. A. Taschereau, the present Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec, Ed. J. Horan, late Bishop of Kingston, P. Roy, P. Beaumont, Ed. Payment, Et. Halle of Ste. Marguerite de Frampton, J. H. Dorion, E. Tardif, A. Label, P. Gariepy, W. Dunn, E. Tremblay, L. Malo.

Of these the Rev. Messrs. Moynan,

Brady, Robson and Roy nobly laid down

their lives at the post of duty.

The following fell sick, but recovered:—Rev. B.

McGauran, J. Dewitt, P. Sax, F. Cam-

peau, J. H. Bailey, W. Forgues, N. Belan-

ger, F. M. McGuirk, F. McDonald, L.

Trahan, P. A. Jean, E. A. Taschereau, Ed.

Horan and E. Tardif.

Nearly all of the survivors of this de-

voted band have since paid the debt of

nature. If we remember well His Emin-

ence Cardinal Taschereau, the Rev. L. A.

Proulx, the Rev. E. Hallé and B. O'Reilly

are all that now remain alive of them.

Paying the hasty tribute of a prayer

to the poor ill-fated victims of

famine and pestilence, and the heroic

clergy, who stood by and assisted

them in their terrible agony, before

their fever-stricken limbs were

laid to rest under the soil of lonely island

in St. Lawrence, in sight of the land

where they sought a home to find only

a grave, the visitors made their way

back to the boat, and went to their de-

stination, Crane Island.

Not knowing the moment a cholera

sight might heave in sight, it is easy to

understand that a prolonged stay could

not be made just now at Grosse Isle. At

Crane Island, the picnickers landed, and

scattered all over the east shore in

groups, while some wended their way to

the west side to the parish there, and all

enjoyed themselves until about 5 p.m.

when the signal was given to rally on

board. As soon as the tide was high en-

ough to allow it, the Brothers headed

for Quebec, where the delighted

traveler at 10 o'clock. The excursion

was a pleasant one, and Capt. Fortier

was the model of a polite and courteous

comander, explained the route they trav-

ered and describing the places in sight,

and sparing no pains to make all under

his charge feel comfortable.—*Quebec Daily Mercury.*

**ANNIVERSARIES IN LITERA-TURE.**

KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY.—Born Sept. 6, 1853.—Rochester, N. Y., is the birthplace of Miss Conway, and out of its Catholic schools, and those of Buffalo, came the influences which bent her will-

ing genius to adopt a life of literary activity. Upon leaving school she wrote

verses, sketches, and did reporter's work

for the Rochester Daily Union, and acted

as correspondent for several New

York papers, during several years.

Later she edited for five years the West

End Journal, a Catholic magazine of Ro-

chester, and was for several years

teacher of rhetoric and literature in the

normal school of Nazareth Convent in

the same city. From the West End

Journal she went to the assistant editor-

ship of the Catholic Union and Times of

Buffalo, and from this position to a

similar one on the Boston Pilot on the

pressing invitation of John Boyle

O'Reilly, who had abundant opportunity

of passing upon her work, and estimated

it at its true value. During the nine

years that stand to attest the growing

value of her services to the Pilot her pen

has been a marvel of capacity and

variety. She has written criticisms on

art books, learned books, novels, poems

and histories in a manner that records

a wide and thorough comprehension, and

in style that witnesses to her fac-

tility and power of expression. Side by

side with the words of men of national

reputation, she has set forth editorially

her thoughts upon social, political, or

passing events, as occasion required, and

it in no wise detracts from the merits

of these great men to say that such ex-

pressions of her woman's thoughts keep

the pace with vigor along-side their

own. Notwithstanding the daily drain

and drudgery of newspaper work, her spirit has always been look-

ing aloft for better things, and she has found a few golden moments

of respite even in the very midst of the

whirl of the journalistic maelstrom, which she has made use of to turn out

some delightful sketches, short stories

and poems. One little volume of poetry,

"On the Sunrise Slope," she has already

issued; and her friends and admirers look

forward eagerly for another, which is said

to be in preparation. She assisted Mrs.

Clare Erskine Clement in editing a beau-

tiful art book "Christian Symbols and

Stories of the Saints," and has won every-

body's applause and regard by that ideal

execution of a beautiful conception known as "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly."

But besides this occasional indul-

gence in attempts at the higher and more

enduring literary forms, she finds time

somewhere for the preparation of deli-

ghtful essays and lectures, and for the

reading of the same to charmed audiences

on numberless occasions. In these few

hints we have but touched upon the

character and life-work of a woman,

whose crowning grace, as exhibited in all

she says and all she does, is unaffected

modesty and plain sincerity. Young

woman, you who read these lines, and

think you have within you that which

would justify your entrance upon a

literary life, can you, like Miss Conway,

look upon work, hard work, cease-

less work, without flinching? Can

you bear up under disappointments, dis-

couragements, and wait patiently for

success long delayed? And can you

through it all keep your woman's heart

as uncorroded, your woman's faith as

in God, and good as unwavering, and your

woman's endowment of delicacy as fresh



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether tortuous, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, or scalding, scale, crust, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczema, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, serous, or hemorrhagic, insipidly, pernicious, and economically cured by the CURE OF RENAISSANCE, consisting of Cuticura, Cuticura, Cuticura Resin, Cuticura Skin Salve, and Cuticura Resin Laxative, the blood and skin purifier and greatest of Human Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infants to adults attest their wonderful, healing and compatriotic power.

Price \$1.50. Prepared by the PORTER MEDICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases," Pimples, blackheads, changed and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAR.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved by CUTICURA PLASTER 30c.

## THE EXHIBITION.

### AN ANTIQUARIAN EXHIBIT.

Interesting relics—Portraits and documents of Great Historical Value.

Speaking of Mr. De Lery Macdonald's efforts on behalf of the proposed Antiquarian Exhibit it, the star says:

Mr. Macdonald has succeeded in getting from the monasteries in Quebec several articles and reliques that have never before been allowed to leave the buildings, and the Convent of the Ursulines, Hotel Dieu, Hôpital Général, Laval University, the Archibishopric of Quebec and Redemptorist Fathers of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, have all contributed largely.

Mr. Macdonald has the original oil portrait of the Venerable Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, who founded the Ursulines in 1639, as well as portraits of Madame de la Peltrie and Sister St. Joseph, who were also connected with the foundation of the order here. The portrait of Mme. de l'Incarnation was taken after her death, the body being exhumed three days after burial, for the purpose.

Lady Prevost, wife of Sir George Prevost, gave a portrait of herself to the Ursulines in 1815, and this portrait will also be on view.

There is an oil portrait of the celebrated Jesuit, Pere Le Jeune, over two hundred years old, and still, like the others, in an admirable state of preservation.

Mr. Macdonald has also succeeded in borrowing from the Ursuline Convent a portrait of Lord and Lady Elgin, dated 1855. From the Hôpital General he has got

### A REMARKABLE PICTURE

of Louis XV. at the age of twelve. The youthful monarch is represented as wearing all the insignia of royalty. This picture was a present to Mlle. de St. Ours by Colonel de Salaberry. Two remarkable paintings of St. Antoine and St. Philomene were sent out from France by Bishop Dosquet in 1735 to the Hospital, and are now in Mr. Macdonald's charge. It appears that the good bishop was afraid to come out to Canada himself on account of the sea voyage; so he sent the pictures by one of the ships carrying colonists to *Le Nouvel France*. There are a number of oil paintings representing daughters of the old French nobility, who had joined religious orders in Canada. Included are portraits of the first Superiors of the Hospital General, Sister Soutouende de St. Augustin (1709) and of Sister Marie-de-la-Corne, Mlle. Duchesnay de l'Enfant Jésus, Mlle. Duchesnay de St. Augustin, Sister Charlotte de Ramezay, daughter of Governor de Ramezay, who was brought up at the Château de Ramezay here. It was this lady, who, when Murray was in possession of Quebec in 1759, kept the French general, Louis, informed of what was going on. When discovered that she was doing so, it is said that he sent his aide de camp to see her and inform her, with his compliments, that if she really took such an interest in military affairs he had a vacancy in his Grenadiers, to which he would be happy to appoint her. From the Hospital General also comes a missal holder, an inkstand of china, made in the shape of a heart, and the wooden crozier of Mgr. the Bishop de St. Valéry, who died in 1735. It appears that this ecclesiastic had had his silver crozier melted and made into crosses, which he distributed as souvenirs among the inmates of the Hospital General, and of the Ursuline Convent at Three Rivers, about the year 1710. His Lordship had to use a wooden crozier after that. One of these silver crosses so distributed, will also be on exhibition. Another interesting relic will be the silver crucifix presented to the Church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré d'Iberville, the great naval commander, in thanksgiving for his victory over three English vessels in Hudson Bay. There is a box of plate, which came from the king's household. It is studded with L's and crowns in brass.

The historical student will find much to interest him in the collection of documents which will be exhibited. First and foremost there is a document all in Maisonneuve's handwriting. It is a certificate of the death of Governor Dailleboust.

THE ORIGINAL DEED OF CONCESSION of the Island of Anticosti is also in Mr. Macdonald's possession. Another document is dated 1639, and bears the signatures of Montmagny, Father Vincenot (who was the first to celebrate mass in Montreal upon the landing of de Maisonneuve), Father Paul le Jeune, and Sisters St. Ignace, St. Bernard and St. Bonaventure, who were the first nuns in Montreal. Other documents bear the signatures of Dailleboust, de Lauzon, Guy Carleton, Montcalm, Conillard and others. Guillaume Conillard was the first *nabat* proper, and his mark is affixed to a document dated 1654, which records the laying of the foundation stone of the Hotel Dieu.

Mr. Macdonald has also original portraits of Pere Ragueneau, the ditto of the Marquis de Denonville, Governor of Canada in 1650; Mme. Duplessis, mother of the famous Sister de St. Helene and the celebrated Jesuit preacher, Father Duplessis, who will probably be canonized shortly. There are two missals which have been in use over two

hundred years by the Ursulines in Quebec; the silver reliquary in which had been placed the reliques of Ste. Anne brought out from France in 1668; a silver plate belonging to Governor Dailleboust in 1640, which has been in use at the Hotel Dieu ever since; and lastly a volume of manuscript music dated 1689, containing some music by Charpentier and others.

Among the documents should also be mentioned Gen. Murray's original ordinance, dated December 26, 1756, imposing a tax on wheat, a paper of the Compagnie de la Nouvelle France, dated 1643 and a letter of Montcalm's referring to the taking of Chouengah and asking the nun to pray for his success at Carillon.

These are a few of the numerous objects of interest which Mr. de Lery Macdonald and the members of the Antiquarian Society have got together. All the pictures and documents are in wonderful preservation, and the whole will form an undoubted attraction to visitors.

### From La Semaine Religieuse.

The properties of the Fabrique de Ste. Cécile de Valleyfield will be transferred to the episcopal corporation of that city. A meeting of the former and the present churchwardens, and the property-holders of Ste. Cécile de Valleyfield, was held on the 28th August last, regarding this question.

Rev. Canon Leblanc has been named honorary canon of the cathedral of Chartres, in the place of the late Vicar-General, Marceau. A pious fond has for a long time united these two churches. There is always a priest in Montreal who is a canon of Chartres, and a priest at Chartres who is a canon of the Montreal chapter.

H. Hollings the Pope has officially thanked the Belgian King for paying given the Jesuits charge of the religious missions in the Belgian Congo.

The dates of the public rejoicing of Leo XIII. are fixed from the 15th October, 1882, till the 30th April, 1893. During that space of time the Pope will receive the pilgrims. However, there will be no extra-ordinary celebrations as during the last jubilee, except the Mass, which the Pope will solemnly celebrate in the Vatican basilica. The first pilgrimages announced are the Spanish and Alsatians that will arrive in the 13th or 14th of October. These latter intend to reach Rome in the end of September, but were notified by the Pope that he could not receive them until the middle of October.

### The Church and Sciences.

The *Semaine Religieuse* takes up the point recently raised by a local organ, which complained that the Church could not take up the teaching of all branches of education which it wanted to control. The Archibishop's organ establishes a difference between the *teaching* and *control*, and it holds that, while the Church does not pretend to actually give the lessons or lectures on technical sciences, it must assert its right to *control* such teaching in its principles, on account of the intimate connection of all the sciences with the fundamental principles of religion, of which the Church is the sole judge and guardian.

The best advertising medium—An old maid sewing circle.—Norristown Herald.

Save one out West advertises for "a house girl to assist in the washing of a small family."

## John Murphy & Co.'s ADVERTISEMENT.

### They Trust Their Experience!

Despite the cynical indifference of jingoes in high life, the position of dress as a refined and civilized people's always important and worthy of attention. The male member of the community at times affects the part of the stoical braggart, but the ladies are guided by a different set of ethics more in accordance with the institutions, and try to give a surer light than anything evolved by the logical process. They trust their experience, too, when about to buy, and this invariably leads them to the celebrated Mantle Department of

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

## LADIES

Who wish to see the very latest styles and designs as they are shown in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna, for Fall and Winter wear, will visit the great Mantle House of

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

## Special Lines

### AT

### WHOLESALE PRICES.

**Children's Jackets**  
**Children's Ulsters**  
**Ladies' Jackets**  
**Ladies' Ulsters**  
**Ladies' Capes**  
**Ladies' Dolmans**

## REMEMBER!

The Great Mantle House of the city as determined by the amount of business done, by magnitude of stock, and by cheap cash prices.

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**FALL HOSIERY! FALL UNDERWEAR!**  
The Place to Buy:

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.,**  
1781 and 1783 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
And 105, 107, 109, and 111 ST. PETERS.  
TERMS CASH AND ONLY ONE PRICE.

Telephone 2193.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### A Suitable Hall.

*Editor True Witness:*

Dear Sir,—I have noticed for quite a while how far behind other denominations, are the Catholic Societies in the matter of suitable hall accommodation. A little hall here and a little hall there are not much of a monument to the **200** and credit of the Irish Catholic Society of Montreal. Look at the fine hall of the Dominion Square Association that's a beauty for a time. Now when I should say it is not necessary altogether to have a building similar, but something along way ahead of the present structures is wanted. However, Catholic young men are to full of lethargy as Associations at the present day. It is a case of waiting for philanthropists to build them halls, there are no Donald Smiths amongst Montreal Catholics anyhow, but let the young man be up and doing they should shoulder the work, not hold it on others to house them.

The C.M.B.A. and other like associations have spoken frequently through their organs as to the difficulty of getting a full quota of members to meetings, it is not to be wondered at; the lack of attractiveness about the society halls is striking in contrast to what it might be. One or two large buildings would suffice to take some of the small societies in out of the rain, and let Catholic societies of merit have something substantial to look at and meet in.

DONATUS KENT.

### Appointments by Archbishop Fabre.

Mgr. Fabre has made the following appointments: The Rev. Messrs. Alfred Lutze, curate of Laprairie; Thivierge Dubois, curate of St. Esprit; Louis Tardieu, curate of St. Léger; Alfred Hoste, curate of St. Leonard de Port-Maurice; Joachim Martel, curate of L'Isle Bizard; Joseph Gingras, curate of St. Luc; Louis Casgrain, curate of Ste. Theodosie; L. J. Vigneault, curate of Notre Dame du Lac and of St. Esprit; Camille Roche, curate of St. Hypolite; J. G. Forbes, curate of Cangawagan; Gaspar Dantin, vicar at St. Lin; J. Cabana, vicar at St. Vincent de Paul of the Isle Jesus; W. Ethier, vicar at St. Jerome.

### Work all the Time.

It would do no work. I know not what you say to a proposal to establish a 24 hours office for the sale of **HOOD'S PILLS**.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

## Simply Awful

### Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SAPARILLA.

When I was 12 or 13 years old I had a sooty ulcer on the middle finger of my left hand which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off. It took six months to get it off. Then I got a job and on my hands came out a dozen sores and they were so bad they nearly destroyed the sight of my eyes, and it was the doctors said it was the

### Worst Case of Scrofula

ever seen. It was **simply awful**. Five years ago I began to take Hood's Saponaria. I can't tell you what a difference it has made. I took it for 12 months and it got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off. It took six months to get it off. Then I got a job and on my hands came out a dozen sores and they were so bad they nearly destroyed the sight of my eyes, and it was the

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