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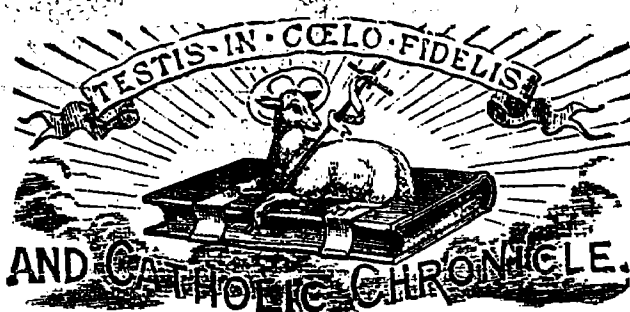
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Notes of Irish News.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

PAPAL DELEGATE.—His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. has conferred the dignity of Papal Legate in Ireland on the Primate, His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh. The announcement has been received with joyful appreciation by all classes of Irish Catholics who justly revere and venerate Cardinal Logue, as one of the most distinguished and it may be added one of the most patriotic representatives who have ever filled the See of St. Patrick. The appointment of the Legate to the Holy See has been made by the Supreme Pontiff in view of the National Synod of the Bishops of the country who will assemble next year. Assemblies of a similar nature have been held on many previous occasions and have always been regarded as events not only of spiritual but of historic importance. The approaching synod, which will appropriately mark the close of one and the opening of another century, will, no doubt, be fraught with a significance and an interest eventful as any that has preceded it, and is surely destined to leave the impress of its deliberations on the future history of the Irish Church.

THE ORANGEMEN AGAIN.—August 12 is the anniversary of the closing of the gates of Derry, more than two hundred years ago in the face of a polltroop of a king, and still the silly display of celebrating the occasion is kept up, remarks the Irish Weekly of Belfast. Many years ago the English people soberly determined to cease celebrating Waterloo. The Germans studiously avoid giving offence to their French neighbors by recalling the surrender of Metz. Here in Ulster a wretched feud is perpetuated from year to year by displays which serve no useful purpose save to fan into periodic flame the embers of bitterness. On Saturday there was an Orange procession through Derry, which has for seven years been represented by a Nationalist member of Parliament. Disturbances ensued. The constabulary made baton charges, and many people were injured. On Sunday, to cap the climax and to put Derry on a plane with Belfast, the military were called out. The excursion parties to Derry were very large. Our correspondent writes that considerable drunkenness prevailed among their numbers, and that the city was practically in possession of the mob. On Sunday a "Jug Club" known as the James Hope had an excursion from Belfast to the city and the accompanying bands were attacked by organized gangs. The two crowds came into collision and police charges were the order of the day. The trains carrying the excursionists away from Derry were stoned and the carriage windows broken. A feeling of exasperation at the

outrageous conduct of the Orange roughts passed over the Catholic population, and the authorities apprehending an outbreak of worse hostilities, ordered out the military. It seems inexplicable that while Orange crowds can go to Nationalist localities on a holiday a Nationalist crowd cannot resort to an Orange district without their visit being followed by outbreaks of riot. The whole affair in Derry is most deplorable, and reveals in a startling way how very near the relations of the two populations are to relations of civil war.

SAMPLES OF BIGOTRY.—It is hard to imagine that nowadays, and that in institutions supported by all classes and creeds, that the spirit of religious intolerance could manifest itself. Yet an incident which recently occurred in Dublin in a charitable institution in that city reveals the existence of a species of religious bigotry which one would more readily associate with a less tolerant age than the present is popularly supposed to be. A few days ago, a medical gentleman, Dr. O'Sullivan, of Gardiner's Place, was summoned to the Female Penitentiary, North Circular Road, to see an inmate who was very ill. Seeing that her condition was serious, and learning that she was a Catholic, he advised that she should have a priest see her at once. He was informed, however, by one of the lady officials that no Catholic priest was allowed to render spiritual services to an inmate of the institution under any circumstances. Dr. O'Sullivan had the patient removed immediately to the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, where, of course, she received both spiritual and medical assistance.

STILL IN THE MARKET.—Pock of Philadelphia has not carried out his contract to buy the Lakes of Killarney. His scheme of laying out the estate for the erection of great mansions seemed visionary and has now proved so. It is probable that the estate will be bought for the nation, by a subscription raised by the National Trust.

In the mean time Sir Edmund Anstey, the owner of Stonehouse, on Salisbury Plain, the most perfect Druidical remains in the world, has offered it to the estate for \$625,000. The price is deemed preposterous, especially as Stonehouse cannot be made of any practical value.

SOME FIGURES.—The Registrar-General's quarterly return gives the population of the United Kingdom at the estimated number of 40,559,950 persons. That of England Wales is returned at 31,712,588, of Scotland at 4,281,850, and of Ireland at 4,535,516.

ECHOES FROM SCOTLAND.

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.—There are signs that the forthcoming Glasgow Municipal elections, in which the Irish people take a prominent part, will be more than usually interesting. Some stirring contests are expected. The Municipal Workers' Committee, an organization composed of all the elements of labor, Irishmen being largely represented, held their annual general meeting on Friday for the purpose of electing office bearers and executive council. The question of the best wards to contest at the coming elections was freely discussed.

IN MEMORY OF GRATTAN.—The ceremony of the unveiling of a new banner in connection with the Henry Grattan Branch of the Irish National Foresters, Larkhall, took place last week. The banner is a fine specimen of the artist's work, and was painted by Mr. W. A. Donnelly. On the front of the banner the painting represents Grattan denouncing the Irish independence in Parliament. The back painting represents the "Sunburst of Erin," on a beautiful sea with a wolf on the alert on the near shore. At each side is a Forester with pike in hand standing beside pillars on which rest a crude arching of masonry. The coat of arms of the four provinces is painted on each pillar. At the bottom are two hands clasped, with the motto, "Unity is Strength."

IRISH LANGUAGE.—The Glasgow Branch of the Gaelic League is making great strides of progress. The classes which re-opened last week are attended by a large number of people who are full of enthusiasm for the undertaking.

MR. T. N. WHITELEW DEAD.—An event of great concern to Glasgow Catholics, was the sudden death of Mr. T. N. Whitelaw last week, under somewhat distressing circumstances, says a correspondent to an exchange. The deceased, who had been suffering from an affection of the heart for some time, while running to a car on St. Vincent Street, fell down. It was thought at first that he had only fainted, and he was conveyed to the Western Club, but he expired within an hour. The sympathy of the entire Catholic population of Glasgow is extended to his young wife, whom he married only six weeks ago. Deceased was 45 years of age.

Deceased was the head of the firm of Messrs. Alexander Whitehaw and Sons, Sydney street, Glasgow. Both he and his wife were converts to the Catholic Faith. Mr. Whitelaw took a keen interest in the social problems of the day, was an authority on many of the sciences and arts, and latterly an ardent supporter of the Catholic Truth Society, for which he wrote a large number of pamphlets. He was received into the Catholic Church about eight years ago by the Very Rev. Canon Carmichael, the present rector of St. Peter's Seminary, Bearsden.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION.—The Irish National Foresters in Larkhall took part in an outdoor demonstration on Saturday. The different branches assembled in Raploch Park, where they were marshalled by Bro. Collins. The principal streets of the town were afterwards paraded. Six bands took part in the procession, which was one of the largest seen in the district.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, has issued a pastoral letter on the devotion to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Needless to inform our readers that anything coming from the pen of the gifted and learned Archbishop of Halifax is necessarily a gem of its kind. We cannot possibly reproduce the whole of this masterly pastoral letter; but we must

not omit to extract therefrom a few of the passages which have left a powerful impression upon us. We will not take any of the remarks directly connected with the subject—the Devotion to the Sacred Heart—rather we prefer to place before our readers a few of the expressions and thoughts that seem to arise out of that subject, and to constitute, indirectly, portions thereof.

It is thus his Grace deals with the prevailing spirit of the age. "If St. Paul could say—'Every creature groaneth and is in labor even till now.' (Rom. viii-22), how much more applicable are the words to-day? On all sides a groan of despair, a cry of fretfulness, or a sigh of discontent, or a curse of hate from the lips of toiling masses, is heard. A note of sadness runs through all modern literature, and a tone of pessimism pervades all conversation. And yet men wildly and vehemently proclaim that of all ages this is the best, most prosperous, most civilized, most highly favored. Many, whilst making this childish boast, hear hearts filled with envy, and soured by disappointment; others, who made it when fortune smiles, grow desperate in adversity and drop idly by the way side as the heedless mass presses on in feverish pursuit of perishable goods. Still others, the possessors of ill-gotten riches, cursed by those whose life-blood they have earned in to dollars, envied and hated by those whom they have successfully outwitted in speculation, tormented by daily fears and threats of violence, proclaim the superiority of this age and straightway foolishly seek a refuge from its cares, and rest for their troubled spirits, in the cowardly act of self-destruction."

This splendid passage, in which His Grace points out the absolute necessity of taking God into consideration if we desire to reach any truthful or logical results, is worthy of the deepest study.

"The material world is the result of an act of His supreme will. The laws which have moulded and fashioned the primordial elements into their present state and form are the outward manifestation of the essential order which He endowed these elements, and which under His directing and governing providence, were to eventually fit them as a dwelling place for the human race. Not by a haphazard, nor merely by the constant working of blind forces, have the mountains been uplifted, harbors formed, inland seas and mighty rivers prepared as highways of commerce, waterworks constructed,

and mineral deposits precipitated in rock-guarded pockets. All these are results foreseen and intended by the Creator, who gave an impulse to these forces; designed the plan, traced the lines, and fixed the bounds of their evolution. All research which leaves out of consideration this connection of God with, and eminent Dominion over, the laws of Nature, is ever and inevitably at fault. It is an abuse of terms to call such research science, yet so loose is the manner of speech, so shallow the scholarship, so vague the understanding of terminology prevalent in modern literary circles, that the sacred word science is applied to all studies which investigate facts and phenomena without reference to their final cause. Now science is the knowledge of things through their ultimate or highest cause. Hence Geology, Biology, and kindred branches of study are, much as they confine their investigations to, and among their deductions on observed and observable phenomena, as assuming that from all apparently identical physical conditions, smaller effects necessarily follow, are in no degree of the world sciences their votaries are not scientists; and their conclusions, whilst at times true, are not scientific facts. If a man be over-looked in finding a row of figures, the sum obtained is not correct. If 80,000, if one factor be eliminated from the forces at work in some specific case in creation, the conclusion deduced will be at variance with the truth. Now, all so-called physical sciences omit the concurrent and guiding action of God, who is ever working in and through secondary order, can beget certainty of conclusions. Whilst plausible are not always true, and are never certain. Metaphysics and Mathematics alone in the natural order can beget certainty of conclusion. Were this truth kept in view, we should bear but little of a conflict between science and religion. If men are earnest in the pursuit of truth, even in the purely natural order, they should first be thoroughly grounded in Metaphysics, they will then possess a touchstone by which to test the value of their deductions in other branches of learning."

Notes From American Centres.

WEST POINT CHAPEL.—The question of a place of worship for Catholics at West Point, N.Y., the well known military post, has been settled. Ground was broken last week for the new chapel, for which Congress recently gave permission. There was no ceremony, and only a few interested persons were present. When the Rev. C. G. O'Keefe, pastor of the parish of Highland Falls, had dug into the turf, the laborers immediately began work. The contract for the chapel to cost \$22,000, has been given to a New York Company. The site selected commands a view of the upper Hudson, and is easily accessible to enlisted men, officers and cadets. As soon as the chapel is finished it will be placed within limits not the cadets.

Catholics of West Point until now have had only a small building, at the foot of the hill, near the army service building in which to worship. Sometimes other denominations are allowed to hold services in the Episcopal cadet chapel, on the plains, used the building. When Father O'Keefe became pastor of Highland Falls he determined to build a chapel on the post, and thereby started a heated controversy.

DEATH AFTER CORN PARING.—Blood poisoning from the paring of a corn has just resulted in the death of Mrs. Rosanna Wakeman, wife of the late Daniel Wakeman of New Jersey. Mrs. Wakeman cut a corn on her foot with a razor last week, she pained so deep that the corn bled. She thought nothing of the matter until later in the day when her foot began to swell. The swelling quickly extended to the leg and all efforts of a physician to stop it failed. On last Saturday the case was so serious that it was deemed necessary to amputate the woman's leg. This was done, but to no avail, for she died last night at her home.

REQUEST REFUSED.—According to dispatches from Newport, R.I., which appear in the Protestant press the wedding of Miss Dora Havenmeyer, daughter of Mrs. Theodore A. Havenmeyer, to Lieut. Cameron McR. Winslow, flag lieutenant to Admiral Sampson, will not take place in church, as the bride wished. Miss Havenmeyer is a Catholic and Lieut. Winslow is a Protestant, and Mrs. Havenmeyer tried to get a special dispensation allowing the marriage to be performed in St. Mary's Catholic Church, this city. The request was sent to Rome and the answer has come back that the dispensation cannot be granted.

There are many ways of expressing gratitude to our priests. The Catholics of Ironton, in the diocese of Columbus, Ohio, have a way which is well worthy of emulation. Here is their method:

FATHER COTTER.—On behalf of the congregation of St. Lawrence church, I extend to you to-night the congratulations of our people on the completion of your ten years of trial among us. Yours were ten years of hard work, and very often because of the times of hardships. Coming to us in hard times you faced a big work bravely. If you had been selfish, you could not have done this, for it

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

The parishioners of Hull are preparing for a pilgrimage to the Calvary at Rigaud at the end of August.

Rev. Dr. Fallon, O.M.E., has returned from the West.

The University will reopen on the 6th September.

The Congregation of Notre Dame will reopen next week.

The annual retreat of the Priests of the Order of Mary Immaculate commenced in the University on Wednesday, and will last a week. Rev. Father Boissac is the preacher.

The reopening of the chapel of the Most Holy Precious Blood and the blessing of the two new lateral altars—both of them donations, took place at half-past seven o'clock on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, officiating, assisted by Rev. Fathers Myrand, of the neighboring parish of St. Thomas, Aptoux, and Newman of St. Bridget's church, High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Canon Boulton, assisted by Very Rev. Canon Plante and Rev. Father Gosselin. Sermons in French and English were preached by Rev. Fathers Myrand and Newman. It was a very impressive ceremony throughout, and no doubt will long remain a cherished memory to the venerable Mother Foundress of the order and her spiritual children as well as to all others who were present.

It would require the pen of one versed in art to adequately describe the artistic beauties of the various frescoes and other ornamentations, so that at present it must suffice to give, however imperfectly, an enumeration of them.

The main altar has been referred to in a former communication, and the two lateral altars are quite in keeping with it. They also are elaborately carved, and in their white and gold with the statues of Our Lady and St. Joseph surrounding them, present a most beautiful spectacle. These altars, over the altars, are filled in the centre one with a representation of the Lamb without spot, the book, and the cross, and on either side of the altars, over the Sanctuary, is a similar panel, in a figure representing the Eternal Father, surrounded by cherubim outside the arch, on one side being a Father, an angel, and on the other a Father, the Precious Blood of the Eucharist, and on the other side of the altar, on and underneath, is a group of St. Sorrow, bearing her crown, and the Secretary has the cross of the Passion on either side base with cherub

faces at intervals up to the centre, which is filled up with a dove set in a triangular, the motto of the Order—"Gloria in excelsis deo"—is inscribed on the front of the arch. A rich carpet sets off the floor of the sanctuary and a neat hardwood railing filled in with gilt ornamental metal work divides it from the body of the chapel, whilst a beautiful gilt lamp—the Lamp of the Sanctuary—sheds its general illumination. The lateral walls in the public part of the chapel are embellished with frescoes of our Lord being consoled by the Angel of His Consolation while the scandalous sinner is in the act of striking Him, of Him with his hands bound, and clothed in the scarlet robe of the meeting with His Blessed Mother. On the north wall in the entrance are representations of the Betrayal and of the Scourging.

In the centre of the ceiling, in a circular panel, is a beautiful representation of the Ascension of Our Lord, an Angel on either side of Him and around the circle cherubs borne by Angels. Ascending to the gallery, one sees representations of the vision of the three crosses, and of the Miraculous handkerchief of St. Veronica. It is from this point that the beauty of the whole can best be appreciated; the different representative figures, the flowers, the cherubim and the appropriate inscriptions all around; the beautiful lamp and the gorgeous carpet. There remains to be mentioned the beautiful terra-cotta Stations of the Cross, which already in their respective places, were ceremonially erected on Sunday the 20th instant. Twelve of them are in groups of three, and the remaining two are placed singly on either side of the chapel. Next and chaste as they originally were, their beauty has been much brightened by the artistic touches of the reverend ladies who, it may here be said, have executed all the works under the supervision of a professional artist. Underneath each group is painted a representation of the various instruments of the Passion. On the occasion of their erection sermons in French and English were preached by the Rev. Father Alexis of the Capuchin Friary.

With regard to the Stations, it may be well to state that they have been erected in the public chapel solely for the benefit of those who visit it, as the reverend Sisters, who are already provided with them within the cloister. Their erection and the attendant expenses should the latter be seen to by the public for whose benefit they exist. The means of the Station are almost all their dependence is almost entirely on the generosity of their friends here and elsewhere. The purchase of their present machinery involved a large outlay, to meet the interest on the mortgage debt, so that everything considered their need be an anxious time to "ways and means." Why not reduce them and thus enable them to more fully carry out the object of their order: "Prayer and Labor."

BRIEF NOTES OF NEWS.

WORK FOR CONVICTS.—A modified system of agriculture has been introduced into the penal establishments of New South Wales with the best results. At the Goulburn, Bathurst, and Parramatta jails the prisoners have been successful in the cultivation of vegetables, and at the Goulburn Jail grain has been grown. The prisoners had the system with joy, as they find the open-air work more congenial than the confinement in the workshops. The effect on the discipline has been good.

SALARIED CHOIRS.—An "Association of Salaried Roman Chorists" is the latest move in choir circles. The meeting for the organization was held at Laprairie a few days ago.

UP TO DATE.—The new Carmelite Hospice near Niagara Falls, has since the development of electrical power at the falls in such vast quantities, put in an electrical plant for cooking and heating, which has not its equal in the world. The current is conducted two miles on bare copper wires, and about 100 horse power is used.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—The reopening of all the schools under the control of the Roman Catholic School Board, has been fixed for Monday next. The announcement was made in all the pulpits on Sunday last.

IN MEMORY OF GLADSTONE.—At Penmanmawr, two weeks ago, in the presence of a large gathering of people representing all political parties and creeds, a bronze bust erected in memorial to Mr. Gladstone was unveiled.

THE BUNCO'S LATEST.—This story of the latest confidence scheme for fleecing the unsophisticated farmer is going the rounds of the American country press: A man who represents himself as a travelling preacher calls and asks to remain overnight. Before the hour for retiring a young man and woman come along and ask if there is not a minister in the house who can perform a marriage ceremony. The young couple join hands and the farmer and his

wife are asked to sign the marriage certificate as witnesses. The ceremony is thus out after to be a promissory note.

CHURCH ROBBERS.—The Roman Catholic Church in Passaic, N.J., was entered by thieves last week, for the third time in a few months, and many of the sacred vessels were stolen. The thieves entered during services and scattered themselves until after the church had been closed. Then they broke open the closets in which the articles for the altar were kept. They escaped through the window.

FOR DESTITUTE BOYS.—A magnificent new home for destitute boys in San Francisco, known as the "Youths' Directory Building," was dedicated a few days ago by Archbishop Riordan. It is a four-story brick structure of large dimensions.

MESHAKE'S TERRITORY.—It is said that Hon. James McShane will shortly be named Harbor Master of Montreal, with a salary of \$4,000 a year. The appointment will be a popular one.

WILLIAM POWER DEAD.—William Power, veteran shipbuilder, died on Tuesday morning, after a prolonged illness. Deceased was 78 years of age, and was born at Prince Edward Island. He was engaged in shipbuilding at Quebec, Montreal and Kingston, and many famous craft were of his handiwork.

The week ending August the 26th, eighteen hundred young Irish girls ranging from sixteen to twenty years of age landed in New York.

PLUCKY WOMEN.—Three Chicago women are engaged in the novel task of building a house; laying the brick, mixing the mortar, and carrying the hod all with their own hands. They are Mrs. Franz Liechgut and her two daughters. They and their work are objects of interest to the whole city, many of whom frankly stop off the cart to watch the strange and interesting performance.

CHRISTIANITY AND CATHOLICITY.

AN APPRECIATION OF A JEW'S OPINION.

BY "CRUX."

While ignorance of her teachings has frequently attributed intolerance to the Catholic Church, still there is no religious organization on earth that, both in precept and in practice, adheres more strictly to the commandment which ordains the love of our neighbor.

THIS EARLY STUDIES.—It is very interesting to read how the name of "Jesus" was excluded from all the lecturer's early studies, and how the venerable Rabbi, who taught him, believed that all human wisdom should be confined to the Torah and the Talmud.

"In time, the life of the man from Galilee became to me of profound interest; I read the story of his life as told in the New Testament. I read the conception of Jesus as portrayed by some of the ablest modern Jewish and Christian scholars. I carefully studied his utterances as presented in the Gospels, and the picture of this great and wonderful character grew to me to be a very different one from that painted by my venerable and pious but uninformed Hebrew teacher."

THIS GREAT ERROR.—Here we have a picture of the change that took place in the lecturer's spirit; he began to realize that the Founder of Christianity was a far different being from that which he had been taught to consider him. But, the next few sentences indicate the great and fatal error into which he has fallen, and which marks all the beauty of his otherwise most liberal ideas and I might almost say Christian sentiments. He adds:

"I found that, according to New Testament traditions, Jesus was born a Jew, lived a Jew, died a Jew. I found that he preached nothing but Judaism in its purest and simplest form. I found that the thought of establishing a new belief, or even a new sect, was farthest from his mind; that his aim was not to follow after the heathens, but to seek

out the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

While literally every word of this is true, yet when we connect it with the following assertion, we find that the speaker labors under the false impression that Jesus Christ was not the founder of Christianity, but that some of his followers established the Christian system in direct contradiction to his desires. In another passage the lecturer says:

"Then followed, on my part, a study of Christianity, and the causes which led to Jewish persecutions. It took but little reading to learn that Paul, the Grecian Jew, and not Jesus, was the real founder of Christianity; that Paul was the man who conceived the idea of spreading Judaism among the Gentiles by preaching the God of Israel and the man Jesus, the son of God. I found it was Paul's heroic qualities which enabled him despite the severest persecution of Jew and Gentile, to surround himself with a large following, not of Jews alone, but of heathens as well, who became believers in the Jewish God and worshippers of the Jewish carpenter Jesus, whom they accepted as the son of God sent upon earth to save the human family."

AN APPRECIATION.—Leaving aside this grave error which is the source of all the other errors, that the lecturer has unintentionally fallen into, we find him displaying a very keen appreciation of the character and the teachings of Christ. He cites the "Sermon on the Mount" as a striking example of the lofty and holy precepts of Our Lord; and he adds:

"I found that his mission seemed to be to uplift the lowly and to expose wickedness in high places. I found that he gave his heart, his soul, and his very being to the poor, to the sick and to the needy. He said: 'I am not come to heal the sound, I have been sent into the sick.'"

"I found that he was a man of unbounded sympathies and of great moral courage, that he was simply striving to practice and to preach the great moral code established by Moses and the prophets, and to literally put into practice in his daily life the great law-giver's precept of love the neighbor as thyself."

NEGATION OF DIVINITY.—While these remarks are positively appreciative, and wonderfully so, when we consider whence they come, still are they lacking in the one grand essential, namely, the recognition of the Divinity in Jesus. Broad, indeed, are the views contained in the succeeding paragraphs, but being based upon an erroneous idea of Christ, and a most mistaken opinion regarding the origin of Christianity, they lose nearly all their value for us. Still it is interesting to note how such sincere and competent men err. He says:

"Thus is the Christian through Jesus and Paul, deeply indebted to the Jew, and thus is the Jew, also through Jesus and Paul, deeply indebted to the Christian."

"Christianity and Judaism are supplemental to each other. Had there been no Judaism, there could have been no Christianity. Had there been no Christianity, the message of Judaism could not have become so speedily universalized. There is ample

room in this broad world for the followers of both beliefs, to accomplish, side by side, a most heroic religious and moral work."

"Both may continue to live side by side in peace and in harmony, respecting each other's beliefs, manifesting the fullest tolerance for each other's religious opinions, giving each other credit for good intentions, loving each other for their virtues and casting the mantle of charity over each other's feelings."

THE PERORATION.—There is something touching in the closing passages of this peculiar address. While we must always consider that starting from a false premise the lecturer can only reach a false conclusion, still we can accept but sincere the peace-breathing prayer that constitutes his peroration. It is as follows:

"May the Christian, in accordance with the dictates of his conscience, continue to preach Jesus as 'the divine man who lived humanly,' and may the Jew learn to look upon Him as 'the human man who lived divinely.' May Jesus, instead of being the dividing line between Jew and Christian, thus become the connecting link between the divine mother religion, Judaism and her noble daughter, Christianity."

"May we, as Jews, and you, as Christians, in this spirit, learn to truly love our neighbors as ourselves, and, by example, as well as by precept, become nations of priests, and a blessing to the human family."

OTHER ERRORS AHEAD.—It will be observed that I have merely selected such passages from this lecture as tend to show the fine human sympathies of the speaker. I have contented myself with pointing out the two fatal errors, that of denying Christ's Divinity, and that of proclaiming St. Paul and not Christ to be the founder of Christianity. It is easy to understand that in a short space like that which my contribution is allowed to occupy, I could not even commence to deal with these two fatal errors. But there is another one, which crops up in the course of the lecture, and which demands a special attention. It will be noticed that Mr. Weinstein speaks of Christianity, as a whole, but it is obvious from his arguments that he excludes Catholicity. His sole conception of Christianity is founded upon the Bible, the works of Luther, and the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. This being the case, I do not consider it necessary to refute his errors in regard to Christ and to Christianity; the first is common to all Jews, otherwise they would not be Jews any longer, the second is the same as that which characterizes Protestantism. It is a peculiar error in the "True Witness" that the writer had grasped strong arguments, to support the contention that Protestantism, but to the general of Christ. Mr. Weinstein's argument is an evidence of the exactness of that contention. Protestantism is usually based upon the Bible, upon St. Paul's Epistles, and upon the second written canon, the Apocrypha. Christ, the Lord, takes the highest post work to further present his purpose, and to point out the fatal errors into which the Protestantism man stumbles are due to the facts that he entirely ignores Catholicity, when dealing with Christianity, and that he has all along been treading the shadow of the Magistrate.

in spite of their wizards and witches, their incantations, and enchantments; their roe's eggs, and magic lamps present a far more faithful picture of the Egypt of to-day than Lever's novels do for Ireland of his time or of any time. They are fairy tales, pure and simple, full of wild animal spirits, of rough, good natured horse play, of love and battle and adventure. They are excellent as studies of Irish and English life in Foreign Continental cities; they are amusing, entertaining, very good company, indeed, but they no more present a faithful picture of Ireland than the Bardic accounts of the dwellings of the Fení resemble the London Dublin of to-day. Lady Morgan with all her faults understood same phase of Irish life and of Irish nationalism better than Lever. Her "O'Brien and O'Flaherty's" has fallen into curious obscurity of late; it deserved, and still deserves, a better fate for the sake of its one study of the rebellious chieftain of an ancient Irish house, the last of his line and for its skillful and cruelly sarcastic study of the blebbed corruption and fivollity of Castle Society.

"But 'The Collegians' is far away and the best of all. Ireland, unfortunately, has not yet found her Walter Scott, but if Gerald Griffin had given Ireland and the world a series of novels which should have borne

the same relationship to 'The Collegians' that the Waverley novels do to the first of their race, Gerald Griffin would undoubtedly have made himself the Walter Scott of Ireland. From one cause or another, 'The Collegians' has never won the success it deserved. Even in Ireland, it is not read as much as it should be, and outside of Ireland it is practically unknown. Yet curiously enough, there is not a character in the book whose name is not perfectly familiar wherever the English language is spoken. Danny Mann, Hardress Cregan, Eily, O'Connor, Anne Chutes, Kyle, the day, have all made every day acquaintances to the theatre goer everywhere through Dion Boucicault's 'Colleen Bawn,' and through the opera taken from it and called 'The Lily of Killarney.' But, for the thousands and tens of thousands to whom the music of the opera and the incidents of the melodrama are familiar, how many hundreds have gone to the original of the one and of the other and have studied for its own sake 'The Collegians' itself? To the Englishmen who desire to have a faithful picture of what Ireland was like at the time in which 'The Collegians' is laid to which 'The Irishman' who wishes to appreciate what must be called the greatest triumph of Irish prose fiction, 'The Collegians' will not be merely a pleasure, it will be an essential of education."

DANGERS OF OVERTAXING THE BRAIN.

BUSINESS MEN are to-day being driven to the madhouse as they were formerly driven to the gallows. They are driven to the madhouse because they cannot or will not allow themselves time in which to refresh their jaded brains. Nature has equipped us with no more expensively complex piece of mechanism than the brain. It is capable of withstanding tremendous strains, but because it does not always give out like our limbs, when it is tired, we are apt to forget there is a limit to its endurance. Like the pirate on a horse, it is logged up hill and down dale until, after many protests, it finally collapses. How, then, can we make tolerably sure of keeping our brains in good order? The best answer, perhaps, by citing a few examples of men who have not succeeded in keeping sane.

THE ACCOUNTANT'S SAD END.—There has lately died in the north of England a well-known accountant, who for seven years never took a holiday. In splendid practice, he was anxious to amass a fortune and prospered. After being five years in perpetual harness, his brain began to show signals of distress. He was not so quick at figures as he used to be, nor so accurate. It was plain that his mind required rest. He refused to obey the mandate of exhausted nature, however, and stuck to his books. Two years later his brain gave way to such an extent that he was unable to repeat the multiplication table. Subsequently his mind became a total blank; and, though perfectly conscious, he died without even recognizing his wife.

THE MERCHANT'S CASE.—An enormous amount of insanity can be traced to the habit indulged in by business people of taking their work home with them. The men who achieve most success in life and live to enjoy the fruits of their labours are those who, confining their commercial operations strictly to office hours, devote their evenings to their families, or to the pursuit of some hobby. The best brain tonic is change of occupation. Yet some of the richest men, while maintaining their brains at concert pitch through out the day, spend their after-dinner hours in devising plans for acquiring more money. The disastrous consequences of this habit they discover when it is too late.

One day about five years ago, a city merchant, who boasted that he had never wasted an hour, ordered some soup at a restaurant. Strange enough, just as he took the first mouthful his brain seemed to snap. From that moment his gold might have been so many bricks for all that it was to him, for he starved himself to death. Nature had repeatedly held out the red flag to this persistent money-grubber. For some time he had been unable to fix his

attention on any subject; when writing his flow of words was deficient and his spelling inaccurate; but he preferred to thrash his brain to destruction rather than lose a few sovereigns. Mind wandering is one of the first precursors of mental decay; by forgetting the cares of business of an evening and bracing the mind with fresh interests.

TRADESMEN ARE CHRONIC sinners in this respect. Engrossed with the one idea of getting ahead of their rivals, as they can scarcely help being in these strenuous days, they unnecessarily employ their evenings in conceiving new enterprises, overlooking the fact that the brain is capable of much better things after its fair share of rest than when it is continually on the move. A prosperous tradesman was placed in an asylum a few months ago after threatening to stab one of his most intimate friends. It was learned that he had long suffered from headaches, and that for a whole year his mind had been occupied, to the exclusion of everything else, in plotting how he could crush an opposition shop. In one of his same moments he confessed that the pressure on his brain was such that he felt it could only be relieved by the shedding of blood.

No more extraordinary illustration of the danger of overworking the brain—or, rather, concentrating it on one spot, so to speak, for the brain is never overworked if it is engaged on a variety of subjects—could be found than the case of a gifted lady artist who, after slaving at a picture for months and worrying about its ultimate fate at an important exhibition, fell into a deep sleep which lasted nineteen hours. When she awoke her knowledge of art had completely vanished.

THE DANGEROUS NIP.—One of the surest ways of ending one's days in a madhouse is to stimulate a fagged brain by constant "nips" of spirits. Over-indulgence in spirits injures the memory to an incredible degree. In years gone by, a person who was known to be of intemperate habits was permitted to appear as a witness in the Spanish courts of justice, the authorities maintaining that alcoholism was so prejudicial to the brain that it was unsafe to accept the testimony of an intemperate witness in a singular instance on record of a merchant who grew so accustomed to reeling his brain by brandy-drinking that unless he could procure a "nip" he was utterly unable to work. Needless to say, he generally left his office in a state of intoxication. The day that his brain collapsed he went home and insisted on putting every member of his family to bed, under the impression that they, too, had drunk not wisely but too well.—(Cassell's Saturday Journal.)

perience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail without religion?

"Here Washington does not tell us that the protection of property for reputation, for life, depends on extent of territory, the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its climate, or upon commerce, trade, large standing armies, and great navies, nor our matchless constitution and the laws made in the spirit of it, nor upon universal and refined education. No, not upon any of these nor upon all of them together; but on the simple, silent principle within the soul—the religious obligations of an oath."

"The religious element, then, is a most potent factor in the formation of character."

To teach religion it must be taught with authority, because it carries moral obligation with it. It has been well said that if the theorems of Euclid carried moral obligations with them men would be found to doubt or deny them. The authority that teaches religion must be able to say:

"Thus saith the Lord God of Hosts."

The state, as such, having no religion, has wisely declined to teach religion, but as its founders and promoters have recognized and do recognize the absolute necessity of religion for the welfare of the State, for the protection of property, reputation and life, the private school where religious instruction is imparted along with proper secular training, must ever be regarded as a strong bulwark of the nation."

"Man is of both earth and heaven. He is an animal, but a rational animal. Into his body there has been breathed a living soul. That soul is made after the image and likeness of God. That soul must be made as nearly like as possible to God, after whom it is imaged. That cannot be done on intellectual lines. He is intellectual, but he is much more. He is an intellectual, a moral, a religious being all in one, and his moral nature is superior to his intellectual nature. The common voice of mankind attests it. The laws of his moral being must control his whole life else anarchy will reign in the individual and through the individual in the social body. To love is higher than to know. To love is the end of the law. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.' From these spring the laws of God's justice, between man and man, and no human contrivance can substitute them."

ABOUT VEGETARIANS.—The Philadelphia Ledger contains the following:

"The Chicago meat packers are careful to explain that the increased price of meat is due to two controlling conditions—More meat is eaten in this country than ever before, and the demand for export is unprecedented. If the packers really think it is necessary to offer the public an explanation they should present one that is speciously explanatory, even if untrue."

An exchange comments thus upon the foregoing:

"It having become necessary for the Meat Trust to tell the public some fairy tale as to why prices must go up, any old excuse is as good as another. Owing to the high price of oats, announced that wag Artemus Ward, tickets to this lecture are fifty cents."

"Amongst of Mr. Ward's excuse the Trust explanation is not so bad a one as it might be. It may not be as 'speciously explanatory' or as true as the public might desire. But what are we all going to do about it, unless indeed we make up our minds to let the alleged hungry foreigners have the American supply and turn vegetarians ourselves until the Trust comes to its senses?"

It seems to us that if the Trusts are permitted to increase in numbers and in size in the United States, very soon the great mass of the people will be obliged to become vegetarians, or starve. There is more seriousness than humor about the situation.

A GREAT TRUTH.

All organized living things, whether belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdom contain within themselves the germs of death and decay.

Germs of disease are often generated within the human system through imperfect digestion of food, producing various poisons which scientists have denominated ptomaines. A stomach weakened by abuse, gorged with over eating or over burdened with hot bread, too rich or greasy foods or those too highly seasoned, becomes weak and fails to thoroughly digest the food. A heavy, sodden mass is accumulated in the stomach to ferment as the first step in its decay, giving off foul gasses to distend the stomach, and poison the blood, until it becomes thin, weak and lacking in the red corpuscles so necessary to perfect health.

The over distended stomach presses upon the heart, and the latter organ is also disturbed through sympathy, the same system of nerves being distributed to both organs. Thus palpitation and irregular action of the heart with its attendant shortness of breath, result, and in time, disease of the heart itself is established.

The gases and other poisons generated from undigested, fermenting and decaying food in the stomach becloud the brain, causing headaches, and pain in the eyes.

Being absorbed into the blood these poisons reach every part and organ of the system. The kidneys are thereby poisoned, causing Bright's disease and diabetes. Filtering through the skin, troublesome skin diseases often show themselves.

Every organ and every nerve, depending as they do for their motive, becomes weak and fails to thoroughly digest the food. A heavy, sodden mass is accumulated in the stomach to ferment as the first step in its decay, giving off foul gasses to distend the stomach, and poison the blood, until it becomes thin, weak and lacking in the red corpuscles so necessary to perfect health.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery tones and regulates the stomach; stimulates the digestive juices; invigorates the torpid liver; promotes intestinal strength; clears bilious poisons and diseased germs out of the circulation; gives the blood-making glands keen assimilative power, and furnishes Nature with the fresh, abundant nutrition out of which she manufactures firm flesh, strong muscles, clear skin, healthy lung tissue and nerve-fiber, and gives sound, enduring, active energy to the whole system.

RESULTS OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Mr. Andrew D. White, United States Ambassador to Germany, and President of the American Peace Commission at The Hague, has written a very important letter, on the results of the Conference. According to Mr. White great good has been done, and more has been accomplished than could have been expected. He indicates how a system of arbitration is absolutely necessary before any serious attempt at disarmament could be made. After drawing a distinction between compulsory and voluntary arbitrations, he makes this reference to the adopted plan. "Some of the features in the plan adopted were due to the United States, some to Great Britain, some to Russia, some to various other powers, and, in my judgment, the plan thus adopted is far more valuable than any scheme presented by any one of the powers at the beginning. The present plan is the result

of most careful thought by the foremost international lawyers, statesmen and diplomatists of Europe, to say nothing of other parts of the world; they gave their whole souls to it, their pride was involved in it, and it will, I believe, be found to work satisfactorily."

The great point gained, in his estimation, is the one thus indicated:

"The great point gained is that whereas formerly an arbitration court could only be provided after long correspondence between cabinets, and negotiations between ministers, and debates in parliamentary bodies, and hunting for proper judges, and discussions as to procedure, and a thousand other delays, just when time was most precious, the conference has given to the world an arbitration tribunal as an actual and permanent institution, with judges, procedure, officers of the court, place of meeting and accessories all provided."

Mr. White claims that one of the wisest courses adopted was that of not going too far. He says:

"To have done so would have provoked resistance and reaction, which would have left the possibilities of war more serious even than they have been hitherto."

This has, at least, the merit of being a very diplomatic statement, should it ever be advanced that the Conference did very little. Mr. White's reasoning would constitute a fair reply. Moreover he says:

"As to gradual disarmament that will come later. Of course, the people who insist on having fruit on the day the tree is planted will sneer at our work, but history will I believe judge it differently."

By the time the posterity undertakes to judge the matter it will be little consequence to Ambassador White, or any other member of the Conference, what the decision will be.

EDUCATION WITHOUT RELIGION.

As often as we have written on this subject, and as frequent as have been the sermons, letters, lectures, and other works that we have quoted or reproduced, we have not yet met anything more admirable than the sermon of the Right Rev. Mgr. Montgomery, Bishop of Los Angeles, delivered before the National Education Association of Boston. Owing to the length of the pronouncement we cannot comment upon it; but we will give a few extracts that contain the substance of the address. The text chosen was, "The Religious Element in the formation of Character." This subject was chosen on account of the importance of religious training, the importance of the formation of character, and the importance of the representative audience principally composed of teachers. The Bishop said:

"It is a fact, known to all well-informed persons that in the beginning of our government, all schools imparted religious instruction along with secular training, and that non-sectarian schools were a compromise, seemingly rendered necessary for the sake of peace and to maintain religious liberty among us. But the non-sectarian school was never intended by its originators as a protest against private schools, or to undermine religious instruction in education. Like the freedom of speech and freedom of the press, religious freedom is one of the corner stones of the Republic. Our revolutionary forefathers, the framers of our constitution and the builders of the republic were almost invariably men of strong religious convictions."

"That education is best which fits men to discharge the duties of life. Among those duties are the duties which we owe to society, and these are common to us all, no mat-

ter how we may differ on other subjects. To discharge these duties well education is necessary, and as in our form of government we all, at least theoretically, share in governing, that education should be as widely diffused as possible; hence, we try to make it universal. My contention is that in the education befitting us for these duties religious training is the most essential element in it. I think the proof that a non-sectarian system of public instruction is no evidence to the contrary is found in the fact that from end to end of the land to-day a cry goes up from the ablest statesmen among us that there should be more religious instruction in the schools. But the notion that religious instruction is attempted that moment they cease to be non-sectarian, for there is no such thing as a non-sectarian religion."

"In his farewell address to the American people Washington asserts all this most clearly and most forcibly. He says:

"Of all the dispositions and habits that lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert those great pillars of human happiness; those firmest props of the duties of men and of citizens. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security, for peace, for reputation, for life itself if the sense of religious obligation deserts the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and ex-

NOTES ON IRISH LITERATURE.

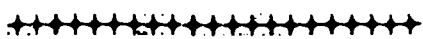
Recently a writer in the San Francisco Nation, has given a delightful sketch of that humble glorious Irish poet and novelist, Gerald Griffin. The Griffin is almost unknown to-day, due to the fact that he was not justly appreciated in his own time. Outside of Ireland very little is known about him. What he might have been and what he might have accomplished, under other circumstances, it would be difficult to estimate. Griffin's militant against Gerald Griffin's permanent recognition as one of the most gifted men of his time; his early years were spent in a bitter and hopeless struggle with poverty in the great city of London, his closing years were spent in the performance of the humble duties of a Christian Brother, and the sum of

his years was only thirty-seven. He had neither the opportunity, or the encouragement, nor the time to do all that he could have done, yet he has performed sufficient to immortalize any ordinary man. We intend dealing with his life and works from a standpoint different from that taken by the writer from whom we are about to quote; but the following appreciation of 'The Collegians' is so true that we cannot allow it to pass unproduced. The writer says:

"The Collegians is one of the most remarkable, as it is one of the most delightful additions that have ever been made to Irish fiction. Some little time ago Mr. Ruskin, in a letter which expressed a sympathy and even an enthusiasm for Ireland not often manifested by English writers,

declared that for the proper appreciation of the Irish nation and the Irish character a serious study of Miss Edgeworth's fiction was absolutely essential. To my mind, with out in any way desiring to underrate Miss Edgeworth's genius, Gerald Griffin's Collegians is the work in Irish prose fiction to which the foreign student of our country might be most advantageously referred. Englishmen have for too long drawn their ideas about Ireland from the pages of Lever's novels, have too long excluded themselves into the belief that grotesque carnival of riotous dra-goons, of comic peasant, of Castle hacks, and practical joker from Trinity makes up the sum and substance of Irish life and Irish character. As a matter of fact, the Arabian Nights

A CRAZE FOR TALL HOUSES.



Recently a writer in one of the American magazines made mention of the "Craze for tall houses." While there may be a great increase of many-storied buildings in cities like New York and Chicago, still we do not think that this piling of flat upon flat is in any way due to a craze. It seems to us that the cause of so much lofty constructing is to be found in the enormously increased value of land, and the necessity of being within reasonable distance of the great commercial centres. In Montreal, a city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, we find already quite a number of very tall buildings; but unlike New York they are not destined for habitations, but rather for offices. The conditions here are exactly the same as in New York. While in the centre of the city, and proportionately in the rapidly increasing suburbs, the land is daily becoming more valuable, still we have miles remaining of the Island of Montreal that may some day become part of the city, but which are as yet, untouched by the street surveyor. The distances are not so great that people require ten and twelve and even fifteen storied apartment houses for dwellings. Again our centres of business seem to move with the growth of the city. It is within the memory of many when all above St. James Street was considered beyond the business limits. To-day the retail trade has abandoned to a great extent Notre Dame Street, and has invaded St. Catherine Street, and even Sherbrooke street. It seems to follow the expansion of the city northward and westward. The downtown section, is by degrees, becoming a mere office portion of the city. It is otherwise in New York. There is no room for expansion. To extend the city in any direction means the augmenting of distances to an incredible degree. Consequently, being unable to spread on the level, they are forced to grow and expand in the perpendicular. Half a dozen houses are heaped upon each other; not because the owners have a "craze" for such elevated buildings, but because they have not the land wherewith to place their structures side by side.

The New York Herald, in one of its last issues, has a very comprehensive article on this subject. It says:

"Fashions in buildings change as much as fashions in clothes, though it usually takes a longer time for them to impress their character on a community. New York city, or more especially Manhattan borough, for instance, is now fast in the movement for the building of big apartment houses.

"Already this season millions of dollars have been invested in these large structures, and although the summer, when builders do most of their year's work, is well advanced, nearly every day brings out the announcement that another or several more of these tall edifices are con-

templated. And each one of these will cost about \$100,000 to erect, and some of these a great deal more.

"It is only a few years since the Dakota and the Osborne were almost alone of their class in this city because of their size. Now they no longer attract special attention. This is not because they do not still rank among the largest buildings of their kind, but they are lost amongst a host of similar big structures, to the total number of which still others are being constantly added.

"Impetus was given to the movement for the construction of these many storied residences for scores of families by the steadily increasing cost of land on Manhattan Island, and by the growing demand for ease and comfort in living.

"In a measure the big apartment house, like the hotel, solved the servant problem so far as the individual housekeeper was concerned. The main care of the premises, the heating and other duties, fell on the owner, who took the rent and agreed to do nearly all the rest."

It will be at once obvious that this statement is in no way applicable in our city. We have read in the daily press of a building to be constructed on Metcalfe Street that will, in all likelihood, combine the characteristics of the New York big apartment houses, and the new fashionable arcade style of departmental retail stores. But the time is not yet at hand when the flats, the tenements, the two, three and four storied dwelling houses will have to make way for the mammoth structures of the class above described. And we are glad of it. The moment it becomes necessary to pile a dozen houses, one upon the other, we may conclude that there is no more land left around the city, or that it is of such value that none but millionaires could touch it.

The article above cited closes with the following remarks—which indicate that were the writer in our city he would be of the same opinion as we are:

"As I have said, the big apartment houses are not being built in addition to the private dwellings and the five-story flats, but in place of them, and especially in place of the last named style of residence. They appeal to a class made up of the families tired of the private dwelling, to the former occupants of flats, whom increased prosperity has induced to take on new burdens, and to the newcomers from out of town who are feeling their way into New York life. The big apartment house has met a distinct need in this city, and it is here to stay. It is a comparatively new fashion, and I believe it is a good fashion—for New York. Now that the great apartment house has taken firm hold on the metropolis, I find myself wondering what will be the next method adopted of sheltering our millions of citizens."

but an Irish Catholic snob is the worst snob in the world. See him when he has amassed some wealth. He will not marry his daughters into respectable Catholic families—not he. His Nora and Kathleen and Bridget must consort only with those who have drawn their blood through the descendants of William the Conqueror. He does not believe with Tennyson that:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

This and the neglect of properly educating our Catholic boys—giving them an education equal to that of their sisters—are the fruitful cause of mixed marriages. Who ever heard of a wealthy Catholic young lady marrying a gifted and promising young Catholic lawyer or physician, who possessed nothing but his diploma. Yet such marriages are common among non-Catholics.

May God bless the sterling young Irishmen of Montreal, who've set their faces unitedly against the caricaturing of the Irish race on the stage! It is indeed time that such a move should be taken. This and many other reprehensible things we Irishmen and sons of Irishmen have borne too long. The truth is we are too willing to be considered a subject people—too willing to serve—too willing to submit to inferiority placed above us. If there is one thing the Irish Catholics of Canada need to-day it is courage to push to the front—it is confidence in their own gifts and powers. As a race the Irish are too modest—too well satisfied to be bewers of wood and drawers of water. Give me the brains of an Irishman and the self-confidence of a Scotchman and I'll promise you I'll move the world, as with Archimedes' lever—may, I'll reach the highest position in the land within ten years.

Sometimes, however, the Irish caricature themselves through their impudence, their vices, their lack of wisdom. Let the Irish refrain from drink, cherish the higher intellectual life and be faithful children of Holy Church and I'll guarantee that within a few years the sturdier Irishman will disappear. For this purpose Father Quinlivan's Catholic High School is worth more than any resolution framed at an indignation meeting.

"AT LAKE MONONA" is the title of a charming little volume that has reached me from the McBride Publishing House, of Akron, Ohio. It is a story of episode of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, which has its home at Madison, Wisconsin. I know not who the author is, but there is evidence on the face of it that it is the creation of a woman and a clever one at that. The writer has an excellent command of narrative and her style is smooth, lucid, and pleasant. Again the story is not at all improbable in the light and spirit of the facts of to-day, for is it not true that there are hundreds of Alfred Vances, who, if they but knew the Catholic Church as she really is would seek rest and peace within its sanctuary.

The character of Alicia Murray who is really the protagonist of the story is well drawn—strong and likeable—just such a Catholic girl as we might expect to meet at our Catholic Summer Schools. Indeed I have met a hundred such girls. Catholic girls at Plattsburgh and surely the West grows a still stronger I hope.

I feel extremely grateful to the author of "At Lake Monona" for her pleasant little story, and for the marriage of the hero and heroine. Marriage is a sacrament in the Catholic Church, and where love is pure as it was with Alfred Vane and Alicia Murray, marriage is the logical outcome. The cloister would be illogical though twenty years ago our Catholic fictionists would have ushered as a finale Alicia Murray into a convent and Alfred Vane into a Monastery, whether their vocations directed so or not. I can heartily commend "At Lake Monona" as a very delightful little book.

WALTER LECKY'S WORK.—I'm glad to see before me as I write Walter Lecky's "Impressions and opinions." It is a series of literary essays some of which had already appeared in the Catholic magazines.

The great virtue in Lecky's articles is their frankness and candour. He is very little of a faddist, and his is worth a Klondike in the world of literary appraisal. Lecky brings to his work Lecky's heart and Lecky's judgment. He cares little what Gosse or Lang or Galliere think or says. He carries with him his own standard and it is not too much to say that, while it may not measure up in every particular, it is in the main a standard having for its basis common sense, good judgment, artistic taste and sympathy. Lecky's best essays in the volume before me are those dealing with The Priest in Fiction, Francis Thompson and Catholic Literature. The book is published by the Angel Guardian Press, of Boston, price fifty cents.

IS POETRY GOING OUT?—It would seem so. The great and gifted ones have laid down their crowns. With the passing away of Browning, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell there seems to be a dearth of poetic power on both sides of the Atlantic. In some respects Canada lost last winter her greatest poet, when death snatched away untimely the gentle soul of Archibald Lampman. He had real poetic vision. So has Campbell, so has Roberts, so have the two Scotts. The trouble with much of the poetry to-day is that it has degenerated into technique. It is words vaguely strung together with no purpose, no soul. It lacks simplicity, it lacks earnestness, it lacks the stamp of divinity. Take up the magazines of to-day and see what a falling away there is in poetic gift—the ideal is giving way to the real. Of course there are left to us yet, Swinburne the agnostic whose work is meaningless melody, Watson, who poetically has lucid intervals and a number of cherry-stone carvers—all beyond the Atlantic. All our Cis-Atlantic poets are minor singers. The

nearest approach to a round full note of true inspiration being just now heard in the Academic groves of Canada. The muses now are living in mud huts—literary adobes.

There is some hope in England that Francis Thompson, with his young, ardent and keen poetic vision may revive English poetry from its present dim twilight. In our neighboring republic Imogen Guiney did she only discard her classical obscurities, would rank as the first of the younger American poets of to-day. Madison Cawein of Louisville, Kentucky, has a verbal style without question the richest of any of our American poets. Cawein fairly stacks his colors. He is a modern Greek, lacking Greek simplicity. If I am not mistaken ten years more will place him at the head of all the younger American poets.

There are to-day hundreds of university graduates who know nothing about poetry, and hundreds of others whose educational visions are horizoned by the country school, who know good poetry, feel good poetry, appreciate good poetry—in a word love art.

It is the continual chattering about technique—about the rhyme scheme, about the architecture of poetry—losing sight of its divine substance—soured fire, that has reduced poetry to mere word stringing. There is a spiritual uplift to the poetry of today. It is a vision vague and vivid. It is a very chaos of art, for it lacks that spiritual unit which must knit together all true art.

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LEAFLETS FROM MY LITERARY DIARY.

NEW BOOKS.—Of the making of books there is no end says one of our old writers. Yesterday I was looking over some of the books which reached my desk within the last few months. Father Arthur Barry O'Neill's little volume of poems "Between Whites," is one of these. I always remember Father O'Neill's name in the realm of poetry in connection with his witty poem "The Belles of Boston." "Between Whites" contains nothing humorous, it is keyed to religion and the lofty sentiments of life.

Under the heading of Marian Songs and Sonnets Father O'Neill includes in his book a number of beautiful little poems having for their theme, the Queen of Heaven. Here is the opening one entitled "My Queen":

"Victors in tourney for love and duty,
Chivalrous knights in their golden prime,
Knelt at the throne of the Queen of Beauty,
Ages ago in the olden time.
Kneeling they proffered and deemed it honor,
Guardons of valor, the tourney's prize.
More than repaid, just to gaze upon her,
Reading their bliss in her lovely eyes.
Lances no longer we tilt for glory,
Gone is the pomp of the tourney now;
Still like the knights of the olden story,
Lovers the queens of their hearts avow.
Peerless is mine: with her grace none other
E'er may compete, here below or above,
Queen all unrivalled! O Mary Mother,
Grant for my gurdion one smile of love.

Under the title "In various Keys," Father O'Neill gives us some sweet and true poems, although they lack fire and strength. Here is a truth expressed in his poem "Boy and Man" which will be readily recognized:

"The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow,
And to find out what manner of man he will be,
No need from magician or seer need we borrow,
In the glass of the present his future we see.
Self never is changed in the process of growing,
No harvest is other than sown in the seed;
And each boy in life's garden is constantly sowing,
His self of the future, a flower or a weed."

"Between Whites" is full of pure, sweet and noble thought and is bet-

ter heart food than much that is heaped in to-day to the reading public with the aid of calcium light. The book is published by that well-known enterprising Catholic publisher, D. H. McBride & Co., of Akron, Ohio.

ABOUT CATHOLIC WRITERS.—Did you ever notice the way some literary reputations are built up, by persistently keeping in the public eye. I remember having heard Chas. J. O'Malley, editor of the Louisville Midland Review, a paper by the way which has done so much to bring out our young Catholic writers—say that the "Critic" of New York, has some thirty or forty literators whose names appear almost continually in its columns and who finally are received by the public as writers of merit—gifted ones.

We Catholics are sometimes afraid to praise our own writers—we leave it to others to take the lead—and generally that lead is never taken. I know a number of clever young Catholic writers in Canada who receive no encouragement. It sometimes happens indeed, that if they have the courage to appear in the role of writers they are killed off by cold neglect or malicious criticism. It seems a weakness of our people that virtue cannot grow out of the teeth of emulation. The man who is preying upon the public—ever ready to sell Catholic interests for a mess of political potage is all right—he is a patriot and is given a column notice in some of our Catholic papers, while the struggling Catholic writer who is endeavoring to hold the Catholic mind up to higher ideals is unworthy of notice.

Nay, it is sometimes worse than this. Even when some Catholic writers have secured a status among recognized literators the Catholic paper will refuse to accord them recognition. Merely slur over their work, as trivial and unworthy of serious consideration. This is our injustice to each other as Catholics. Is it any wonder that we feel the gaud of inferiority pricking us since those of our own household brand us as mediocres.

PLAIN TALK.—But it is not in the department of literary work alone that the Catholic feels an uphill fight. Take the professions of law and medicine. The Catholic lawyer or doctor must be far superior to his fellow non-Catholic practitioner or he may hope to gain the confidence of the Catholic people. Why is this? Because we are not united, because we are not true to each other. Because too there are snobbish Catholics who think they cannot move and abide in the kid glove kingdom of Israel if they remain in touch with their Catholic people.

Irish Catholics are a brilliant race

but an Irish Catholic snob is the worst snob in the world. See him when he has amassed some wealth. He will not marry his daughters into respectable Catholic families—not he. His Nora and Kathleen and Bridget must consort only with those who have drawn their blood through the descendants of William the Conqueror. He does not believe with Tennyson that:

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

This and the neglect of properly educating our Catholic boys—giving them an education equal to that of their sisters—are the fruitful cause of mixed marriages. Who ever heard of a wealthy Catholic young lady marrying a gifted and promising young Catholic lawyer or physician, who possessed nothing but his diploma. Yet such marriages are common among non-Catholics.

May God bless the sterling young Irishmen of Montreal, who've set their faces unitedly against the caricaturing of the Irish race on the stage! It is indeed time that such a move should be taken. This and many other reprehensible things we Irishmen and sons of Irishmen have borne too long. The truth is we are too willing to be considered a subject people—too willing to serve—too willing to submit to inferiority placed above us. If there is one thing the Irish Catholics of Canada need to-day it is courage to push to the front—it is confidence in their own gifts and powers. As a race the Irish are too modest—too well satisfied to be bewers of wood and drawers of water. Give me the brains of an Irishman and the self-confidence of a Scotchman and I'll promise you I'll move the world, as with Archimedes' lever—may, I'll reach the highest position in the land within ten years.

Sometimes, however, the Irish caricature themselves through their impudence, their vices, their lack of wisdom. Let the Irish refrain from drink, cherish the higher intellectual life and be faithful children of Holy Church and I'll guarantee that within a few years the sturdier Irishman will disappear. For this purpose Father Quinlivan's Catholic High School is worth more than any resolution framed at an indignation meeting.

"AT LAKE MONONA" is the title of a charming little volume that has reached me from the McBride Publishing House, of Akron, Ohio. It is a story of episode of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, which has its home at Madison, Wisconsin. I know not who the author is, but there is evidence on the face of it that it is the creation of a woman and a clever one at that. The writer has an excellent command of narrative and her style is smooth, lucid, and pleasant. Again the story is not at all improbable in the light and spirit of the facts of to-day, for is it not true that there are hundreds of Alfred Vances, who, if they but knew the Catholic Church as she really is would seek rest and peace within its sanctuary.

The character of Alicia Murray who is really the protagonist of the story is well drawn—strong and likeable—just such a Catholic girl as we might expect to meet at our Catholic Summer Schools. Indeed I have met a hundred such girls. Catholic girls at Plattsburgh and surely the West grows a still stronger I hope.

I feel extremely grateful to the author of "At Lake Monona" for her pleasant little story, and for the marriage of the hero and heroine. Marriage is a sacrament in the Catholic Church, and where love is pure as it was with Alfred Vane and Alicia Murray, marriage is the logical outcome. The cloister would be illogical though twenty years ago our Catholic fictionists would have ushered as a finale Alicia Murray into a convent and Alfred Vane into a Monastery, whether their vocations directed so or not. I can heartily commend "At Lake Monona" as a very delightful little book.

WALTER LECKY'S WORK.—I'm glad to see before me as I write Walter Lecky's "Impressions and opinions." It is a series of literary essays some of which had already appeared in the Catholic magazines.

The great virtue in Lecky's articles is their frankness and candour. He is very little of a faddist, and his is worth a Klondike in the world of literary appraisal. Lecky brings to his work Lecky's heart and Lecky's judgment. He cares little what Gosse or Lang or Galliere think or says. He carries with him his own standard and it is not too much to say that, while it may not measure up in every particular, it is in the main a standard having for its basis common sense, good judgment, artistic taste and sympathy. Lecky's best essays in the volume before me are those dealing with The Priest in Fiction, Francis Thompson and Catholic Literature. The book is published by the Angel Guardian Press, of Boston, price fifty cents.

IS POETRY GOING OUT?—It would seem so. The great and gifted ones have laid down their crowns. With the passing away of Browning, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell there seems to be a dearth of poetic power on both sides of the Atlantic. In some respects Canada lost last winter her greatest poet, when death snatched away untimely the gentle soul of Archibald Lampman. He had real poetic vision. So has Campbell, so has Roberts, so have the two Scotts. The trouble with much of the poetry to-day is that it has degenerated into technique. It is words vaguely strung together with no purpose, no soul. It lacks simplicity, it lacks earnestness, it lacks the stamp of divinity. Take up the magazines of to-day and see what a falling away there is in poetic gift—the ideal is giving way to the real. Of course there are left to us yet, Swinburne the agnostic whose work is meaningless melody, Watson, who poetically has lucid intervals and a number of cherry-stone carvers—all beyond the Atlantic. All our Cis-Atlantic poets are minor singers. The

nearest approach to a round full note of true inspiration being just now heard in the Academic groves of Canada. The muses now are living in mud huts—literary adobes.

There is some hope in England that Francis Thompson, with his young, ardent and keen poetic vision may revive English poetry from its present dim twilight. In our neighboring republic Imogen Guiney did she only discard her classical obscurities, would rank as the first of the younger American poets of to-day. Madison Cawein of Louisville, Kentucky, has a verbal style without question the richest of any of our American poets. Cawein fairly stacks his colors. He is a modern Greek, lacking Greek simplicity. If I am not mistaken ten years more will place him at the head of all the younger American poets.

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If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY..... SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

A NEW AGENT.

In that great and growing district of Montreal, east of St. Denis street, there are hundreds of Catholic men and women whose names should appear on the subscription list of the "True Witness."

COUNTRY PARISHES.

A Michigan Priest, writing to the Milwaukee Catholic Citizen, places in a very striking light the much-neglected needs of country parishes. What he says concerning those rural parishes in the Western States equally applies in our Dominion.

"Religious institutions in large cities are, as a general rule, in a fair state of development, but neglect of the parishes in small towns and country districts has been the rule and not the exception. There is perhaps a reason for this, inasmuch as the strength of our religion has always been in cities."

This might equally be said of hundreds of country parishes scattered over the face of Canada. The writer then points out the many advantages enjoyed by the inhabitants of the cities, and contrasts them with the disadvantages under which the country people labor.

"But we are losing too—we are losing because we cannot do wonders without means. We are losing because we are neglected. We are losing valuable ground and God alone knows how many still more valuable souls. We want help, and when the Catholics of

larger parishes come to give us a thought, we hope to get it. Money spent on your city institutions to beautify the Earthly Dwellings of the Most High. His sanctuary is worthy of every best gift, but we worship Him also in the country, and, pardon me if I say an unpleasant truth—it will remain a truth nevertheless—your aid would bear fruit a thousandfold greater were it lavished on some poor, struggling country parish, that needs sometimes the very vestments necessary for the worship of God, according to our sublime liturgy."

With every word of this we agree, and we know that in this country, and in this Province, there is much good work to be done in the direction indicated by the writer of that letter. But where we are at a disadvantage is in the fact that we have no means of knowing the requirements of our country parishes. It is not possible to visit them all, nor to hold special communication with each one of them. However, this could easily be remedied; but the remedy lies in the hands of the priests and leading citizens of these parishes.

Here, for example, is the "True Witness"—a regular Catholic organ, that goes into almost every parish in Canada. If those interested in the welfare, the success, the prosperity of a country parish would only take the trouble to send us brief reports of the special ceremonies that take place, the episcopal visitations, the foundation of institutions, the building of a new church, the means employed to meet the requirements of the parish, the festivals, fairs, missions, retreats, in a word, all the events that are of a nature to interest the public and to create an interest in the locality, would constitute subject matter for a weekly letter. By that means the parish priest would have the special aid of the paper in laying before the Catholic readers all happenings of importance, and thus draw attention to the needs of his district and awaken the sympathies of those inclined to do a good work, by aiding in the propagation of the faith throughout the land, would be aware of the opportunity of putting their good intentions into practice. This is a matter which the pastors of country parishes should seriously study. Next week we will touch upon another phase of this question—and one equally interesting to the dwellers in cities and in country.

PLAIN TALK.

What we most lack, and to our great injury, is sufficient plain talk. We generally have enough of self-glorification, of splendid retrospects, of patriotic effusions; but very unfrequent are our practical utterances. We seem to have a horror of examining our own short-comings, and above all allowing any person to examine them for us. Yet we are in great need of strong, but honest lessons, and we should be grateful to those amongst us, who have the courage to teach and to preach such lessons. Any Irish Catholic who will carefully read Dr. Thomas O'Hagan's timely contribution, in this issue, will not fail to perceive how beneficial friendly criticism may be when it is taken in the proper spirit.

While we love to dwell upon the glories of the past, to revive sacred memories, and to sing the praises of our great ones of the bygone, still we must not forget that we are living in the present, and that the future is ahead of us. There are duties imposed upon us, even from a national standpoint, in the present that cannot be neglected without incurring grave misfortunes. This electric age will not give us time to sit down and feed ourselves upon the traditions that have been handed down to us from past generations. We, too, must create traditions that will be transmitted to the children of the future. And to do so we must accept the circumstances in which we live, and make the best of them for our own benefit and for the glory of our race. It is certainly patriotic and praiseworthy to keep before the world and before the children of the present, the stories of the great deeds performed and the splendid characters that flourished at various periods in Irish history; but, we must not have it said that all greatness and all goodness departed with our ancestors, and that the race to-day merely lives upon the credit of those great names. Their example must be emulated, by each in his own sphere, in order that the future historian will be unable to find a blank in the record of Irish patriotism.

When we find men, gifted and fervent, as is Dr. O'Hagan, and as are many others, ready to give our people the benefit of their studies, their observations, and their most laborious becomes a sacred duty to show them how deeply their efforts are appreciated—and no appreciation is more emphatic than that which is expressed in actions corresponding with their advice.

THE GROWTH OF CATHOLICITY.

Of recent years we have had a considerable amount of controversy concerning the status of the Catholic Church in England. The Protestant writers—especially in the large magazines—have persistently adhered to the contention that Catholicity is declining and Protestantism increasing in England. Despite the Oxford movement, they claim that the Catholic Church has only apparently made numerous converts; and that, in reality, the tide of Protestantism has never ceased to swell higher and higher as the years went past. On the other hand, the Catholic writers of the day claim that the first great wave of the Reformation rolling unexpectedly and without tremendous strength over the land, swept all before it for a time, but, like the ocean billow, it finally shattered itself into a hundred fragments against the Rock of Ages, and has, ever since, been ebbing away in divided parts and constantly diminishing power. It is certainly the policy as well as the vital interest of the Protestant organs to hide the fact that Catholicity has been gaining ground in a remarkable degree; especially is it the policy and interest of Catholic writers to keep before the public the potent facts connected with the advancement of the Catholic Church in England. Between the two the impartial observer has to simply accept the statistics that come from the most reliable sources in order to form his estimate of the situation.

Not long ago, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of St. Alban's Church, Liverpool, the Bishop of Salford preached a remarkable sermon, on the growth of the Catholic Church in England. What renders his sermon still more remarkable is the fact that he has traced, by authentic figures, the different phases of Catholic expansion, during the past century, or more, and the result of the calculations presented is a matter of deep astonishment, even to the most sanguine Catholic. The Bishop said:

"With these remarks let us now appeal to the argument of numbers. When this mission was founded fifty years since, there were eight dioceses and eight Bishops in the whole of England and Wales; there are now within the same limits 16 dioceses, one Cardinal-Archbishop, and 21 Bishops. At the same date there were 587 churches and chapels—for the most part small, humble, and obscure. Now there are 1,500—an increase of 923—many of them costly, imposing, and spacious, and not a few of them supplanting poor and dilapidated structures. In 1850 there were scattered throughout England and Wales about 800 priests, 70 religious houses, and 10 colleges. Now there are 2,785 priests, 752 religious houses, and 10 colleges. A century ago the entire Catholic population numbered less than 70,000. They now number at least one million five hundred thousand. In the year 1773, Bishop Petre, who lies buried in my diocese at Ribchester, and who was Bishop over the Northern counties of England—including, of course, Lancashire—reported that in the whole of his vast diocese or vicariate there were only 137 resident priests

and 20,000 Catholics. To-day we have six Bishops, 1,122 priests, and I have nearly four times as many Catholics in the city of Manchester alone. In the year 1804, we had in Lancashire 50,000 Catholics; now we have an estimated Catholic population of at least 600,000—that is to say, we have thirty times as many Catholics in Lancashire alone as there were in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire a little less than a century ago. Fifty years since Catholic schools were few and far between throughout the length of England; now we have in Lancashire alone upwards of 120,000 Catholic children on the rolls of our elementary schools. In 1838 there were five churches in Liverpool and 14 priests; four churches in Manchester, and 10 priests. Now there are in Liverpool 34 churches and 127 priests; in Manchester 24 churches and 70 priests. In 1841, 649 converts were received into the Church in Lancashire; last year 2,245 were received. At the beginning of this century the number of Catholics in the city of Manchester was less than 600, and in Salford only a few scores. At the present day there are between 70,000 and 80,000 Catholics in Manchester and 23,000 in Salford. Within the last twenty-five years we have spent nearly £400,000 in the Salford diocese on our elementary schools alone. During

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER On Civic Administration.

SOME TIME AGO I ventured to express some opinions concerning civic affairs, and I had the advantage of being severely criticized by a correspondent in the Herald. I say "advantage," because that criticism afforded me an occasion to refuse the narrow ideas of my critic and to add considerably to what I had already written. Despite all this, I do not feel that the subject is yet exhausted. I have of late had occasion, partly for the sake of exercise, to ramble a good deal about Montreal, and I could not but notice the rapidity with which the city is growing. In all directions—except towards the river—it is gradually spreading out and usurping the pastures, meadows and swamps that so recently surrounded it. Not only is it growing broader and longer, but also higher and fatter. It is swelling up wonderfully of late years. Also the population is increasing to such an extent that soon we will have a city of over three hundred thousand inhabitants. It is pleasant to note all this progress and development. It makes one feel proud of the great commercial metropolis of Canada. In fact one would feel inclined to go abroad and publish from Dun to Bethesda the wonders that have come to pass, within a comparatively short space of time, at the foot of Mount Royal; but everything is not equal, and strangers might ask unpleasant questions. Therefore, I will not go abroad, nor will I boast too loudly.

IN STATE QUO.—I often recall a remark made by the learned Archbishop of Ottawa, on the occasion of the funeral of a very eminent and saintly man. His Grace said: "The world is improving daily; but 'mea' are degenerating." There was more truth and wisdom in these words than may at first sight appear. They may be applied in countless cases and under numberless circumstances. Even in the material affairs connected with our own city they find an application. I might be allowed to paraphrase the Archbishop's language, and say: "Montreal is improving daily; but its civic administration is retrograding"—or at least, it is at a standstill. There seems to be no improvement upon the condition of affairs that existed 20 or 30 years ago. Still the fact remains that the city is growing, becoming more attractive and certainly richer. This is a strange contradiction; yet it is an absolute truth. Whose fault? I do not feel justified in making the statement, but I know that somebody, or some element, or something is wrong. It may not be easy to place the finger upon the exact spot, but decidedly there are so many indications of civic unhealthiness that one might accidentally fall upon the most vital one, by a sufficiently careful examination.

POLICE PROTECTION.—That our police protection is lamentably inadequate not even my old critic "H. St. V." will deny; and in making this assertion I am confident that a Herald has good and sufficient reasons for agreeing with me. There is no lack of ordinary arrests each week in Montreal; the Police Court and the Recorder's Court are never without their full share of work; there are "drunks," and vagrants, and disorderly people "pulled in" every night—all of which goes to show that there are policemen on the streets, and that they accidentally turn up when a little loud talk is going on. But this is not police protection. We certainly have evidence of the punishment of certain illegal actions; but I have yet to learn of the prevention of breaches of the law. By protection I understand a vigilance so searching that it can detect the intention to do a wrong or commit a crime, and that it has the power and inclination to step in and prevent the same. Yet we have women murdered, in broad daylight, in a public shop, where a great number of people were in the habit of coming and going, and yet no trace of the guilty party could be found; we have private residences entered and robbed, and no clue can

possibly be found whereby to track the culprits; we have citizens sandwiched, and otherwise maltreated on the most public thoroughfares, and still the perpetrators of these outrages escape detection; and so on through a long list of equally important cases. Is this state of things due to the insufficient number of policemen? or to the inefficiency of the force? or to the faulty organization and discipline that obtain? or to mere accident? Or to some other unknown cause? I will not pretend to decide; but I am confident that the vast majority of my readers have often asked themselves the same questions and have been unable to give satisfactory answers.

STREET CLEANING.—For a long time I was under the impression that Montreal was about the only city on this continent that was entirely devoid of means to clean the streets in wet weather and to water them in dry weather. During the past summer I had read so much, in our local papers, on this subject, that I was becoming afraid to speak to strangers of the beauties and attractions of Montreal. In fact I often felt angry with the daily press for so publicly and unceasingly exposing the city's disgrace, in this regard, that I almost vowed to give up reading the papers. I had, however, two occasions, during the vacation, to pay flying visits to Montreal; on the first I regretted not having brought my bark canoe along, as it would have served my purpose much better than any other known means of locomotion, along the principal business part of Craig street; on the second I lamented having left my mosquito-net behind me, as it would have proved a protection against the dust that I found eddying down the same thoroughfare. The readers can easily imagine with what relief I read the following paragraph in an American paper: it gave me the questionable satisfaction, at least, of abusing some other town, and thus diverting attention from Montreal. It reads thus:

"Once, Porto Rico, Aug. 14.—At a meeting of the city council to-day it was suddenly discovered that the city was practically out of funds, only 200 pesos being in the treasury, and that it was impossible to supply the needs of the board of health. Governor-General Davis, was asked for a loan of \$10,000 or a grant of \$5,000, but replied that he had no authority to grant either request. "The board of health has consequently been compelled to stop all work on the streets to-day. The merchants refuse to honor orders on the city treasury, and the distribution of food and clothing will cease."

ABOUT THE LANES.—If I have been able to find another city—even in Porto Rico—that is in a similar condition to Montreal, as far as the streets are concerned, I have not yet been fortunate enough to discover any rival for our city in the matter of dirty lanes. Only the other day a very interesting point of law was raised in connection with the removal of one of our narrow streets. The proprietor of the houses, on either side, was obliged to maintain in order the entire street; and he was anxious to know whether or not he had any recourse against the corporation. It has cost him nearly one thousand dollars to have the work done which should have been done by the city. Were I the gentleman's legal adviser I think I would have told him that, whatever recourse the letter of the law might give him, he certainly would be "throwing good money after bad" to attempt recovery of any expenditure from the Corporation. In a smaller way almost every proprietor and tenant in the city has been in the same position. Those who did not become their own scavengers have had to put up with the filth and unwholesome odors of their lanes. The city had no money this year to do such work; but it had authority—or rather the audacity—to demand the citizens should do it. I am only indicating a few

of the very potent drawbacks that are to be found in Montreal. One day, as I was standing upon the platform on the mountain, enjoying the magnificent scene spread out before me, I heard a traveller remark: "Montreal is another Constantinople." I heartily agreed with him; but I could have said even a little more. I could have truthfully replied that Montreal has become a Constantinople in every sense; in its majestic appearance, its grand and picturesque surroundings, its splendid edifices, its thousand and one spires; likewise in its mud, its dirt, its refuse, its offensive and malarial odors. Yonder is our glorious Bosphorus: there is our Golden Horn; here is our Galeta, nearer still our Stamboul.

IS THERE A REMEDY? It is not pleasant to record the facts; but they must be recorded, otherwise our citizens will not awaken to the necessity of action. Action must be taken, and only with ballot in hand can the ordinary citizen threaten. If no person can discover the one, or the many upon whom the responsibility rests, then the only remedy in this state of affairs is to make a clean sweep—not of the streets exactly, but of the city's representatives in the Council. By such sweeps alone will Montreal ever have a chance to fall upon an efficient and competent body of representatives.

ABOUT BANKS.

CLERGY AND THE BANKS.—The Patrie congratulates the clergy and religious institution for having followed the example of Archbishop Bruchesi, and given their help to restore confidence in the banks. Thus they spontaneously came to the rescue of the Jacques Cartier Bank, and set an example to the depositors by being the first to consent to the needed extension of time. In conclusion, the article says: "It is not the first time that the influence of our clergy has made itself felt in a beneficial manner at the moment of danger, it is not the first time that it has maintained institutions the collapse of which would have caused irretrievable damage to trade. Such acts of spontaneous generosity have contributed in a large measure to maintain among the people the esteem and affection which they have for their pastors."

BANQUE VILLE MARIE.—Many rumors have of late been circulated concerning the probable amount which will be received by the depositors in the Banque Ville Marie. One estimate had it that they would receive nothing at all, while a contemporary said, quoting Mr. Kent, that the amount paid would be 25 cents on the dollar. To a press representative a few days ago, Mr. Kent said there was absolutely no foundation for these reports. His last estimate, as given at the public meeting of depositors, was that they would receive 53 cents on the dollar, and he had made no estimate since that time. With Mr. Garand he was hard at work, but it would be six weeks or so before he could give any definite estimate of what the bank really would pay.

BANQUE DU PEUPLE.—It is said that the directors of La Banque du Peuple will shortly be in a position to pay the depositors the amount of the dividend on the balance due of the five percent of the balance due of their claims. The directors were given three months by the last Act of Parliament, but they will settle on the first of October, and depositors will be notified to that effect.

LIQUIDATORS AT WORK.—Mr. Justice Curran has issued an order confirming an agreement arrived at between the liquidators of the Ville Marie Bank, providing for a division of the work. The preparing of the general statement and dividends is left to Mr. Kent. Mr. Garand is to look after the employees and the routine administration at the head office. Mr. J. O. Dupuis is to look after the business at the agencies with the object of concentrating it at the head office; the financial administration is to be left to Messrs. Kent and Garand who must sign all cheques jointly for the payment of all accounts; two liquidators can act in matters of routine in the absence of the third liquidator. Daily meetings are to be held at seven o'clock, or any hour agreed upon; the fees are to be divided equally upon between the liquidators. The order holds, however, that under the winding-up-act, it is distinctly understood that all three liquidators are to be held personally responsible for each other's action.

CATHOLIC PARTY IN BELGIUM.

One of the Belgian Catholic papers La Patrie, expressed a desire to bring together in one meeting prominent members of the Catholic party who are sincerely desirous of re-establishing unity among the Catholics. This wish is about to be realized. The Ligue Democratique Belge intends to invite to its annual congress in September not only the usual delegates, but also special groups of Catholics with a view to uniting them without distinction in a last bond of harmony and concord.

Mrs. Mark Sturm, whose death occurred recently in Marysville, Mo., at the age of 90, probably had more living descendants than any other person in the United States. Mrs. Sturm and her husband were natives of Luxembourg, from which they came to this country in 1847. They had thirteen children, three of whom died. Thus at the time of her death, "Grandma" Sturm has surviving her 10 children, 11 grandchildren, 109 great-grandchildren, and 6 great-great-grandchildren, a grand total of 226. Mr. and Mrs. Sturm were devout Catholics and all of their descendants are faithful adherents to the old Faith, and worthy, energetic and respectable members of society.—Catholic Columbian.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS' CORNER.

OFFICIAL ORGAN

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS



OF HOCHELAGA COUNTY, QUEBEC

County Officers for 1899 and 1900: Wm. Rawley, County President, 78 Mansfield Street. J. S. Fitzpatrick, Vice County President, 159 De Montigny Street. Jas. McIvor, County Secretary, 329 St. Antoine Street. Humphrey T. Kearns, County Treasurer, 51 Gain Street.

Board meets third Friday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame Street, 8 p. m.

WILL YOU HELP THE CAUSE? It is quite impossible for me to attend several meetings in one evening, and in consequence, reports of meetings of one or two divisions of the A.O.H. do not appear. If the secretaries of the divisions of the A.O.H., as well as the officers of Irish National societies, would kindly send to the "True Witness" office a brief synopsis of the proceedings of their meetings, I would gladly give them space in this corner. I also observe that some of our Catholic organizations seem inclined to give a preference to the Protestant press. This should not be, as the "True Witness" is the proper channel for news of all our Catholic organizations. If the Irishmen and Irishwomen of Montreal would make it their business to use the columns of the "True Witness" for the publication of all happenings in their organizations, as well as to make known their wants, the result would be that Irish Catholics and Catholics speaking the English language in this province, would have a powerful auxiliary to advocate their cause and promote their welfare in religious, social, and commercial matters. By adopting such a course, which is clearly the only one open to all patriotic and right-thinking Irish Catholics, they would have an earnest champion of their rights, which in a brief space of time would be issued daily instead of weekly. If Irish Catholics are losing ground in this metropolis of Canada they have only themselves to blame, as they now have an opportunity of supporting a medium, without which they would be at the mercy of the Protestant newspapers. Our people do not appreciate the power of the press. Our Irish Catholic readers do not recognize the great value of advising their wares and it is about time that they should shake off their indifference and awaken to the importance of these things. They would be richer in every way, in public affairs, they would enjoy their fair share of representation; in business they would prosper; in the case of their sick and distressed they would manifest more national pride; there would be more self-reliance in our ranks, and a vigorous public spirit would take the place of the present sentiment of indifference and selfishness.

C. M. B. A.—The meeting of Branch No. 10, C. M. B. A., Grand Council of Quebec, held on Wednesday evening last, was undoubtedly one of the most pleasant evenings spent by the members since the Branch was organized. Many visiting members from the various sister branches were present.

ST. GABRIEL'S COURT.—The regular meeting of St. Gabriel's Court, No. 185 Catholic Order of Foresters held in St. Gabriel's Hall on Monday evening, was very numerously attended. This Court which is the only English speaking one south of the canal is, owing to the large field for operations, one of the most prosperous branches of Catholic Forestry in the city. Considerable business was transacted.

QUEBEC HIBERNIANS DECORATE THE GRAVES OF THEIR DEAD A beautiful custom exists in the A.O.H., that of making a pilgrimage every year to the tombs of their dead, and decorating their graves. This custom was initiated yesterday by two divisions of the Order in this district. No. 1 Branch assembled at Tara Hall, at 12:30 sharp, and headed by their splendid band and drum band and the handsome green flag of the Division, marched down to the steamer wharf, where they were met by their Sillery brethren, Division No. 2. A procession was then formed and all marched along the Cove Road and up Sillery Hill to the beautiful church of St. Columba. Arrived at the church the procession was met by the pastor, the Rev. Eustace Maguire, the esteemed chaplain of the A. O. H. in this district. When all were seated a grand solemn benediction was then begun. The officiating clergyman was the venerable and Rev. Eugene Casgrain, of l'Islet, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Maguire and Vincent. Father Vincent is stationed at St. Honoré. The church was beautifully decorated and the choral singing was worthy of the solemn occasion.

After the benediction the procession was reformed and proceeded by way of Sillery Hill and the Cap Rouge Road to St. Patrick's Cemetery, Woodfield. On arriving at the cemetery, Mr. Hyland, the president of the Division, accompanied by the decoration committee carrying beautiful wreaths of natural flowers, and by the chaplain and other officers of the society, proceeded to the graves of the seven members, who are interred in the cemetery, and decorated a wreath on each. All then proceeded to the large cross in the cemetery, where Father Maguire made a short but most impressive address.

After the sermon a grand libera was chanted by the chorists of the church of St. Columba, and prayers offered up for the souls of the seven members of the Order whose graves had been decorated. Their names are as follows:—Messrs. Ed. O'Sullivan, P. S. Meahan, P. Gasman, J. O'Doherty, of the Quebec Branch, and the following who had belonged to branches in the United States:—Timothy Crean, of Chicago; J. Fitzgerald, Wisconsin; and Power, Newport News.

Among the gentlemen present we noticed the following officers of the Society:—Messrs. Ed. Reynolds, President for the Province of Quebec; P. J. Hyland, President Division No. 1; P. Brown, Vice-President; P. Hanrahan, Treasurer; D. J. Kane, Recording Secretary; P. J. Ward, Financial Secretary. Also Felix Carbray, M.P.P. for Quebec West, and his two sons, Messrs. Willie J. Carbray and Thomas J. Carbray, who are all members of the A.O.H. Also Messrs. Ed. Crean and E. H. Crean of the C.P.R., relatives of one of the deceased members, Mr. Timothy Crean.

acted, three candidates were proposed for membership and two initiated. A resolution of condolence in connection with the death of Mr. Patrick McGoldrick, father of Mr. P. McGoldrick, one of the charter members of the Court was passed.

DIVISION NO. 2.—The regular semi-monthly meeting of Division No. 2, A. O. H., was held on last Friday evening in St. Gabriel's Hall, corner of Centre and Laprairie Sts., and was very numerously attended. President Lynch presided. Much sympathy was extended to Bro. James McMenamin, one of the leading members of the branch, on the death of his mother, and the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:—

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His Infinite wisdom to remove from this world by death Mrs. Patrick McMenamin, mother of our brother member, James McMenamin.

Be it resolved, that we the members of No. 2 Division, A.O.H., while bowing in submission to the will of Divine Providence, do hereby tender to Brother McMenamin and family our heartfelt sorrow in this their hour of trial.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of above resolution be forwarded to Bro. McMenamin and family, and to the "True Witness" for publication.

ST. ANN'S T. A. and B.—At the last meeting of this old organization a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Rev. Father Billeau, C.S.S.R., for the very able and forcible sermon he delivered on the liquor traffic at St. Ann's Church recently.

At the same meeting a resolution conveying the sympathy of the members was ordered to be sent to the family of the late Thomas Quinn, one of the members who died recently.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S TRIP.—Complete arrangements have been made for the excursion of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association down the river on Monday. Should the day be favorable, a great crowd is expected. As is usual, on all such occasions, a grand literary entertainment will be given on the homeward journey.

There are still a few statements left which should be secured immediately by those intending to accompany the members of this popular society.

A PERSONAL NOTE.—The many friends of Mr. Joseph O'Brien, ex-president of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, will be glad to learn that he has recovered from his recent severe illness. Mr. O'Brien has always been a staunch supporter of the good cause.

NO. 1 DIVISION.—The meeting of Division No. 1, A.O.H., on last Monday evening, was well attended, many visiting brothers were present. Eight new members were introduced and several elected and proposed. A committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the annual concert and social on Halloween night.

TO GO TO CORNWALL.—An adjourned meeting of Division No. 6, was held on Wednesday evening to complete arrangements for their excursion to Cornwall on Labor Day. A large delegation of Hibernians will attend in order to assist at the meeting to establish a new branch of the Order in the Factory Town.

LIMERICK NIGHT at the Catholic Sailors' Club, was one long to be remembered while the Limerick men got all credit for the affair, the other thirty-one counties of the Emerald Isle were fairly well represented at it. It was without doubt, the most representative gathering of the Irish Catholics of Montreal, held for some time. Ex-Mayor Wilson-Smith, president and in the course of his opening remarks, he congratulated the committee of the Club, and their friends on the good work they were doing for the sailors. The singing and the entertainment in general, was of a high standard, with one exception to which I will not make reference here.

Those contributing to the evening's programme were: Miss Pringle, Miss Coughlin, Miss Hogan, and Messrs. Byrne, Collins, Firth, McLean, Greenwood, Barry, and Slattery.

CONNAUGHT RANGER.

OUR INTELLIGENCE BUREAU.

We have received so many letters from subscribers and even non-subscribers, asking for replies to questions on matters of doctrine, discipline, history, and other subjects connected with religion, that we have decided to open a special department for replying to all such queries. We do not, however, bind ourselves to give answers to all manner of questions; unless they be of general interest and utility we cannot be expected to trouble ourselves with them. In future any communication for this column should be addressed to the "True Witness" Intelligence Bureau, P.O. Box, 2196, Montreal.

A subscriber sent us the following, which he clipped from an American publication, and to which he desires answers. Possibly the magazine, or newspaper, from which he took these words has given replies; but, having been asked to answer we will do so—but briefly.

QUESTION.—"Religion is a very good thing for women. Is it not enough to be an honest man?"

ANSWER.—Decidedly religion is a very good thing for women, and equally good for men. In dying on the cross Christ made no distinction between men and women; He died for all the human race, past and future, male and female. In establishing his religion He did not mention any differences between the sexes; His Church was founded for the salvation of all humanity. Not only is religion "a very good thing," but it is an absolute necessity; without it neither man nor woman can attain the end for which we have all been placed on earth. Every creature of God that possesses a soul requires, all the means that God gives us to attain the ultimate happiness, that is the salvation of that soul; and men as well as women being endowed with souls, stand as much in need of religion—and often on account of their circumstances in life—far more so than do the members of the weaker sex.

It is not enough to be an "honest man," in the general acceptance of the term. A man may be a licentious character, or a drunkard, and yet be considered an "honest man," according to the idea of the world. In fact, as long as a man is exact in his dealings, upright in his commercial transactions, free from every suspicion of cheating, stealing, humbugging, or in any way appropriating that which does not belong to him, he may be called an "honest man," even though he be guilty of every other sin forbidden by the decalogue. But no man can be truly "honest" and be devoid of religious sentiment. He may be "honest" because he fears the law, or because he dreads exposure, or because he wishes to pre-

serve a good name and to transmit it to his children; but he cannot be at heart thoroughly honest unless a higher moral and religious sentiment controls his life. The term "honest man" is too often a mask that hides most abominable deformities of character; the term a "religious man," includes honesty and every other elevating characteristic of the human race.

A Protestant clergyman, who is an intimate friend of the editor of this department, presented us the following objection:—"The impossibility of Transubstantiation makes me antagonistic to Rome."

REPLY.—If you adhere to this statement, you are not a Christian, and have no right to preach the Gospel of Christ. You teach what you do not believe. To God nothing is impossible; if Christ is God, nothing is impossible to Him—neither transubstantiation, nor anything else. If then, your only objection to the dogma is based upon what you call its "impossibility," you deny the Divinity of Christ, you deny His Omnipotence, consequently you are not a Christian, and have no right to proclaim yourself as such. If you mean the "impossibility" of transubstantiation you might be held excusable—but only your theological ignorance could be pleaded as the excuse. There are no degrees in mysteries; one mystery is just as incomprehensible as another. Once we pass the frontier of the finite, or mortal, we are in the realm of mystery, the region of the infinite, or the immortal, and the eternal. If you admit the Divinity of Christ you must at once admit His Omnipotence. You believe in the Creation; yet to the human mind Transubstantiation is much more comprehensible than the Creation. In the Creation, God drew the universe out of nothing; He took nothing and therefrom created worlds. In the case of Transubstantiation, God took a substance, already existing, and merely turned it into another substance. We repeat, there are no degrees in the realm of mystery; but supposing that one mystery could be more probable than another, which of the two would you more readily believe? You believe that God made something out of nothing; yet you refuse to believe that the same God made one thing out of another thing.

If the words attributed to Christ, by St. Matthew, are not exact, the whole Bible is a fraud; if they are exact, and Christ used them, without meaning them, He was an impostor; in either case Christianity falls to the ground. Therefore you may say you must accept Transubstantiation, or reject Christianity; both or neither—there is no compromise.

At that period of life when the future looks rosy with promise and hope, he had held a position of trust in the Canada Sugar Refinery for the past sixteen years, and was a young Irishman of whom his fellow-countrymen could well feel proud, and a thoroughly practical Catholic, whose life should serve as a model for the young men of to-day. Physically, he was a splendid specimen of manhood, and, socially, a charming companion. He was kindly in manner, and proverbially generous and sympathetic, and universally respected and admired for the sterling qualities of his generous nature. We may also add that his death has caused deep regret in the hearts of hundreds, for his circle of friends was very extensive in business or in social life. In the domestic circle he was the best ideal of a husband, parent and director of the household. He had been connected with St. Gabriel's Church choir for several years, and took a lively interest in the C.M.B.A., of which organization he was a devoted member. To his respected parents and relatives, and to his afflicted, sorrow-stricken widow and his six beloved little children—all whom sadly miss him now, we tender our sincerest sympathy.

On Thursday morning the remains of the deceased were conveyed to St. Gabriel's Church, where a solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated. Rev. W.O. Meara, P.P., was celebrant, Rev. M.L. Shea, deacon; Rev. J.P. Sinnott, sub-deacon. While the sacred ceremonies were being performed at the main altar, the Rev. Father McMenamin said low Mass at the Altar of the Blessed Virgin. The Requiem Mass was chanted by a choir of singers from the city churches, under the leadership of Mr. J. S. Shea, brother-in-law of the deceased, whilst Miss O'Brien, presided at the organ. At the close of the Libera the remains were borne to their last resting place at the Côte des Neiges Cemetery.

The pallbearers were Messrs. J. Murphy, P. M. Murphy, J. McMenamin, J. Kelly, P. Shea and J. Kelly, all intimate and life-long friends of the deceased. The chief mourners were the immediate relatives, and a great number of friends made the cortege one of the largest that has left St. Gabriel's Church in many years. The Rev. Father McMenamin officiated at the grave, where broken hearted parents, wife and children, and mourning friends bade a final adieu to the one they loved and revered on earth, and prayed with the church that his soul might rest in eternal peace.

RECENT DEATHS.

Mrs. W. KAVANAGH.—

It is our sad duty this week to record the death of one of Montreal's most esteemed and honored residents in the person of the late Mrs. Henry Kavanagh. The deceased lady was the widow of the late Mr. Henry Kavanagh, one of the gifted and respected members of the older generation, whose name has remained a household word amongst the Irish Catholic population of the city. The maiden name of Mrs. Kavanagh was Mary Ann Helen Hogan. At the time of her death she was in her seventy-eighth year, and although she had passed the allotted three-score and ten, she was, until quite recently active and hearty. Gifted with a happy disposition, a sincere devotion, and an absorbing love of all those near and dear to her, she had moved through life "doing good," and performing with Christian zeal and Catholic fervor all the duties of her state—both domestic and public. At home she was the model of a pious and true woman, as wife, as mother, and as friend; abroad in society, she was the living example of the beauty and grandeur of Catholic virtue. When the end drew near and the way to eternal happiness was opening out before her she had the supreme consolation of being surrounded by all her surviving children, and above all, she had the happiness of receiving the last Sacraments of Holy Church from the hands of her own son—Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J. Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, O.C., Mr. Walter Kavanagh, Mrs. Kavanagh and Mrs. Craven, her sons and daughters, had the glorious consolation of witnessing the saintly death of their beloved mother, and of feeling that peacefulness of resignation which alone comes to all who have faith in the Communion of Saints and in the assurance of a reunion hereafter.

While tendering the bereaved family the sincere expression of our deep sympathy, we join in the prayer that the church—which she loved and served so well—pronounced over her grave, "may she rest in peace."

MR. JAMES P. McMENAMIN.—The life of Mr. James P. McMenamin, who died on Monday, August 28th, of James Felix McMenamin, Superintendent of the Canada Sugar Refinery, and brother of the Rev. D. P. McMenamin, pastor of St. Augustin's Parish, Huron Co., Ontario. Deceased was in his thirtieth year in the full bloom of noble manhood and

will almost daily find the record of some one of the sturdy race who has died at fourscore, or even four-score and ten. And apart from the exceptional numbers whose deaths are thus mentioned there are dozens, and hundreds of aged Irish people who

A CENTENARIAN DEAD.

The Irish race is proverbially a long-lived one. It is a common occurrence to meet with Irishmen and Irishwomen who pass their eighty, and even their ninety years. Follow the press, and in the Deaths Column you

will almost daily find the record of some one of the sturdy race who has died at fourscore, or even four-score and ten. And apart from the exceptional numbers whose deaths are thus mentioned there are dozens, and hundreds of aged Irish people who

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pass away almost unknown to the world. A few days ago, in St. Bazile, Portneuf County, William Gaffney died at the age of 116 years. He was born in 1783 at Killashandra, in the County of Cavan, Ireland, and came to this country about eighty-five years ago, since when he had lived in Portneuf County. He was able to walk around, and had all his faculties up to a few hours before his death.

The MISSES McDONNELL, 675 LaGauchetière Street. Will re-open their classes for young ladies and children on Monday, September 4th An evening class for girls in connection with the school. 8-3

JAMES A.

OGILVY & SONS

Boys' Clothing.

We have laid out a number of special lines for the School Openings, all marked at Clearance Sale Prices.

Bring the Boys to us, we will clothe them for less than you would expect to pay.

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Parlour-Cafe Dining Cars and Pullman Pullmans on day trains, and Pullman Sleeper on night trains. Through Sleepers for Toronto, Hamilton, London, Detroit and Chicago.

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Parlor car for Portland and Old Orchard on 8 00 a.m. train and through Sleepers for Portland and Old Orchard on 8 45 p.m. train. City Ticket Offices, 137 St. James Street and Bonaventure Station.

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND Pain-Killer THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME, PERRY DAVIS & SON.

AGENTS Wanted! GENEALOGICAL MAP OF IRELAND, showing the family names. Price 20c JAMES SHEEHY, Publisher, 5 Murray Street, New York.

EVERYBODY bring up their home for the winter season by adding a new piece of furniture or two—getting their mattresses re-made or repairing some furniture. We're in business to do these things for you. Call in and you'll be surprised how little it will cost you to have things done well. We can re-make a mattress in one day if you need it—Do it well, too! Renaud, King & Patterson, (Branch, 212 St. Catherine Street.) 652 CRAIG STREET.

Too hot To sleep? The oppressive heat of summer keeps many a one tossing all night on a sleepless couch, and so drowsy and listless in the day time that work is impossible. This kind of thing will run down the strongest constitution. A teaspoonful of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in a tumbler of water, taken night and morning, will keep the blood cool, invigorate the system and bring restful sleep at night. Drink it at any time, 'twill satisfy your thirst and refresh the system.

The Canadian Pharmaceutical Journal says: "We have tried Abbey's Effervescent Salt, and find it an excellent compound. It was most favorably commented upon by the medical profession at the meeting in Montreal of the British Medical Association. The Company was not afraid of submitting it to the criticism of medical men. All were invited to sample and pass judgment on it. This was invariably favorable, some expressing the opinion that it was superior in points to any other on the market. A morning draught of this stimulating preparation will send a man to his daily occupation invigorated and ready for any task."

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY. By REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S.J.

PUBLISHED WITH THE PERMISSION OF MR. B. HERDER, PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER, ST. LOUIS, MO

CHAPTER VIII. THE MAYOR ARRIVES ON THE SCENE

The three officials wended their way in silence to the ancient convent. They were followed by the innkeeper and the policeman, the latter carrying a lantern. As they turned out of the village street, and came in sight of the old building, they noticed that the rooms inhabited by the priest were lighted up. "Our friend is still up, at any rate," remarked the Mayor with a sneer. That is very surprising at this late hour, seeing that he did not wish to be disturbed on account of indisposition.

"He is restless enough too," added the Notary. "One can see his shadow on the window as he paces up and down before the lamp."

"That looks as if he was in a state of agitation or excitement. Do you think Susan may have gone to him after all, and apprised him of the old lady's disappearance?" said the Mayor.

"I hardly think so. The old woman would not venture herself in this gloomy place so late as this—it must be close upon eleven—for any consideration," replied the innkeeper.

"Well, let us go on. How are we to get in? Must we ring the bell? I confess I had rather have taken his Reverence by surprise," said the Mayor.

"O, I have Loser's key's," Carillon answered; and in a moment the old gate swung back on its hinges.

When, without finishing his confession, Loser hurried away out of Father Montmoulin's presence, the latter could for a time scarcely control his agitation. Could it be possible that Mrs. Blanchard was murdered? That her body at that moment lay in the room next the sacristy? And the assassin making his escape with his booty, he being powerless to prevent him? He could not even make any use of the revelation made to him in the villain's confession. But it was really a confession? Yes, undoubtedly so. The man had not the right dispositions, but he had the intention to confess, and had accused himself to him, as Christ's representative, of the crime he had committed. To make assurance double sure the priest took Lehmkul's Moral Theology from his bookshelves and read through the chapter of the seal of confession. There was no possible doubt about it; he had acquired the knowledge sub sigillo, and he was bound to secrecy whatever the consequences might be.

"My God!" he said to himself, they may even take me for the murderer! But no. Thou wouldst not lay upon me so terrible a trial. There is nobody who would believe me capable of such a deed. And yet, even if suspicion rested upon me, I dare not open my lips in self-defence. I must sacrifice my reputation, my life, rather than utter a word, as I declared only yesterday from the pulpit! O my God, let this chalice pass from me! I do not ask this for my own sake alone, although I cannot deny that personally I should feel such a trial most acutely. I ask it for my poor mother's sake, for such a blow would be her death; I ask it too for the sake of my flock, for the sake of the Catholic Church, the disgrace that would be brought on it, the terrible scandal that would be given through me to many weak souls, if they saw a priest accused of murder! No, it is impossible; such a thing could not be; my excited imagination conjures up these horrible contingencies. The holy Mother of God will take me under her protection!"

Father Montmoulin whilst uttering these words, had cast himself on his knees upon the prie-dieu, and raised his hands in supplication to his crucified Redeemer and the Mother of Sorrows. After that he took up his rosary, and walked up and down the room for some time, saying to himself, "Feeling more composed, he was deliberating whether he should retire to rest, although sleep was out of the question, when steps were heard in the corridor, and there was a loud knock at his door.

"On his answering, 'Come in,' the town-clerk, with the mayor and the notary at his heels, entered the apartment. They had altered their first plan, and decided to present themselves all together, to observe the effect produced upon the clergyman, whom they hated for the sake of his office, by this unexpected visit.

Although they did not attach the slightest suspicion to him, yet they thought, if a crime had been committed, he might be in some way mixed up in it, and they were determined to make matters as unpleasant for him as possible. "Whether he shows signs of alarm or no," said the Mayor, "it will in any case give us a pretext for instituting a judicial inquiry and searching the house."

Father Montmoulin was not alarmed, at any rate he showed no outward sign of trepidation, when the three officials entered his room at so late an hour. In fact he seemed quite prepared for their coming; the involuntary twitching of his mouth betokened grief rather than astonishment; and he cast a quick glance at the crucifix, as if to implore assistance and support in this crucial hour. He was in fact, so poor an adept at dissimulation, that had he feigned surprise it would have been of little use. The expression of pathetic resignation upon his countenance could not fail to strike the authorities on their entrance.

"This late visit on our part does not appear to be wholly unexpected by you," the Mayor began. "You are perhaps cognizant of the unpleasant duty which compels us to intrude upon you at this unusual hour?"

The good clergyman felt extremely embarrassed. He must not disclose his knowledge of the crime, and his manner betrayed that he had something to conceal. He changed color and stammered out: "I really am not aware—I cannot tell what brings you here at this hour, gentlemen. What is there that I can do for you?"

The town clerk was going to ask him whether he knew what had become of his sister, when the Mayor stopped him. "One moment," he said. Then addressing Father Montmoulin, he continued: "So you really cannot guess the object of our coming, the question we have come to ask? Yet you did not appear in the least surprised to see us at this unaccustomed hour. At any rate that was the impression made on me—and on you too?" he added looking from one to the other of his companions. They both nodded their assent; and the speaker proceeded: "One thing more, if you please: we were told that you were unwell, that you had dismissed your servant, saying you wanted rest, and did not wish to be disturbed this evening, and yet we find you at eleven o'clock up and dressed. How do you explain this?"

"I was lying down all afternoon, so I do not feel sleepy now," replied the priest, who by this time had pulled himself together. "I ought rather to ask the object of these questions? It seems I am to undergo an examination."

The three officials exchanged glances. Then the Mayor said to the town clerk: "Since this gentleman cannot or will not—divine our errand, perhaps you will have the goodness to inform him of it, since the matter concerns you most closely."

The town-clerk, thus invited, explained, in no very gentle voice, that his sister had not come home all day long. He was informed that she had been to fetch a large sum of money from the priest, and he feared something had happened to her. It was his duty to make inquiries about her and he had come to him in the first place, as apparently he was the last person who had seen the missing individual.

Again Father Montmoulin cast an agonized glance at the crucifix. This action was not lost on his interlocutors. He then answered: "Mrs. Blanchard certainly was here this morning, between ten and eleven. If any misfortune has befallen her, I have additional grounds for deploring it, as I gave her all the money that had been collected by St. Joseph's guild to take away with her."

"I cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary composure with which you receive the tidings of Mrs. Blanchard's disappearance. It would be quite inexplicable but for the supposition that you had already heard it from another quarter, though you denied having done so just now. Who was your informant?" demanded the Mayor.

"No one. I know nothing at all about it," was the answer.

"It is very difficult to believe that. You acknowledge that Mrs. Blanchard was with you this morning between ten and eleven. Where did she go afterwards?"

"She said that she was going home."

"Then she never reached home. Nor has she since been seen anywhere or by anyone—a most extraordinary thing! It is very unlikely that she would go in any other direction with all that money about her. Something must have happened to her, in this convent."

"I really can throw no light on her disappearance. I counted out \$480 to her in this very room."

"Four hundred and eighty pounds!" all three exclaimed with one breath.

"The idea of confiding such a sum as that to the charge of a feeble old woman! You must be held responsible, Reverend Sir, for the possible loss of that sum. You actually let her put all that money in her pocket?" inquired the Mayor.

"She put it into the basket she carried on her arm. \$320 in notes, the rest part in gold, part in silver," Father Montmoulin replied. "I never dreamt of any danger for her in broad daylight, such as short distance as it is from here to her house."

"Surely you accompanied the old woman to the gate, so that you are in a position to swear that she left the convent in safety with the money?" asked the Mayor.

Father Montmoulin shrugged his shoulders. "I can only swear that the good lady left this room in perfect health with the money in her basket. I much regret now, that I did not go down to the gate with her. I wanted to, but she would not allow me to accompany her, because I had a cold upon me."

"I repeat that if this sum of money is really lost, you will be held answerable for it on account of your culpable negligence. This is a fresh, and striking instance of how utterly careless the clergy are in regard to monies collected for the poor, the disposing of which ought to be in the hands of the municipal authorities. The money belonged to the poor although it consisted of voluntary donations, and you, Sir, will have to answer for it." Well pleased with himself for having given this turn to the matter in question, the Mayor continued: "Then you have not the least suspicion as to what may have befallen Mrs. Blanchard?"

The priest, having only heard in the confession of the tragic fate of the unhappy lady, shook his head, and answered: "I did not see her

again from the time she left this room."

"Well, gentlemen," resumed the Mayor, addressing his companions, "since his Reverence either cannot or will not give us any information as to the whereabouts of the missing lady, although she seems to have disappeared under this very roof, we must proceed to search the house. Do you agree with me?"

"Unhesitatingly," said the other. "Will you accompany us through the house, Sir?" the Mayor said to Father Montmoulin.

"I beg you will excuse me. I am feeling very unwell," he replied not a little embarrassed and disconcerted by the Mayor's peremptory manner.

"It strikes me as a very strange thing," replied that official, "that you will not join us in our endeavor to clear up the mystery as speedily as possible. However, that need not hinder us in the discharge of our duty. Take the lamp," he said to the town-clerk, "and perhaps this reverend gentleman will be so obliging as to hold a candle for us, even if he declines to accompany us on our tour of investigation in the house he occupies."

Father Montmoulin saw too late that he had made a fatal mistake. Undoubtedly, had he been ignorant of the fate of his friend, he would have been the foremost, to search everywhere for her lamp in hand. The unconquerable dread that seized upon him at the idea of seeing the corpse which he knew to be lying in the second sacristy, had prompted his refusal to comply with the Mayor's invitation. He tried now to make good his error, by saying, as he took the lamp: "I will go with you. Far be it from me to put any obstacle in the way of your search. I beg pardon if I showed a little irritation at your somewhat brusque mode of proceeding, which the excitement of the moment rendered excusable. Will you commence with my bedchamber?"

"I see no reason for that at present," replied the Mayor, partly prompted by Father Montmoulin's last speech. "We will first of all look through the passages and staircases which lead from the door of your room to the gate of the convent, and through which the missing lady must have passed on the way back to her home."

CHAPTER IX. THE DOMICILIARY VISIT.

Father Montmoulin accordingly, lamp in hand, preceded the little party of searchers along the corridor to the principal staircase, lighting up every corner. Not the slightest trace of any dark deed could be found, all was just as usual.

They descended the stairs carefully examining each step; they held the light to the stone gutters of the cloisters, they searched every angle, they looked behind every post and pillar, but nothing extraordinary was discernible. At length they reached the vaulted porch before the gates of the convent. There stood the policeman, and the innkeeper with his lantern. At the side of the former the priest turned pale, and the man noticed that he did so, though he made no remark at the time.

"This is where the sacristan lives, is it not?" inquired the Mayor. On being answered in the affirmative he tried the door, but found it locked.

"Here is the key," said the innkeeper, stepping forward officiously. "I think I have already informed your worship that Loser went off to Marseilles yesterday evening, and left the keys in my charge."

"True. Were you aware of the sacristan's departure?" the Mayor asked, addressing Father Montmoulin.

"Certainly. He requested me to give him leave of absence for a week."

"And he has not been here since?"

Father Montmoulin hesitated a moment before replying. He had seen Loser come in his room, and that certainly he was not bound to conceal; but the reason for which he came was only to go to confession, and were he to mention the fact, it might under the circumstances, touch upon the seal of confession. On the other hand he could not but perceive what a weapon against himself he was putting into the magistrate's hand, by concealing Loser's return. However, he judged it best to do so, lest otherwise any danger should arise of betraying the reason which led the murderer to his room. So he answered: "Not to my knowledge."

"How very strange your behaviour is, Sir! Surely it was not necessary to bethink yourself to long before giving us a simple answer!"

Father Montmoulin tried to excuse himself on the plea of indisposition; his head ached, he said, and he was afraid of the draught under the open archway. The Mayor said it was useless to linger down there any longer, since the sacristan had gone away, and according to the priest's testimony was still absent. It was very cold and draughty there. He then inquired whether there was no other way out of the convent than by that gate?

There was another door at the back of the cloisters, the policeman replied, but that was locked, he had already been to see.

"Very good," said the Mayor. "But is there no other staircase leading from your rooms to the ground floor?" he asked Father Montmoulin.

"There is a back staircase at the far end of the other wing, which

takes down into what used to be the kitchen, it now contains an oil-press. But as that way is generally locked, it is most improbable that Mrs. Blanchard made use of it. She is much more likely to have gone through the tribune, and then descended by the sacristy stairs out into the cloisters." It was with the greatest difficulty that Father Montmoulin uttered the last sentence; for he knew full well, that it was there that the murdered lady would be found. The Mayor desired him to show him the way immediately. He accordingly proceeded along the cloisters in the direction of the church, the three gentlemen following him in silence. He meanwhile repeated the De Profundis to himself, trying to brace himself for the terrible sight which he knew ere long must meet his eyes. As they went along, they held the light to every corner, looked behind every column in the cloisters, but without discerning anything. From the old masonry fanciful heads of animals and grinning demons looked down upon them and the three visitors could not resist the weird influences of the dark silent, stone-flagged passages, in which no sound was heard but the echo of their footsteps. Each one felt he would not like to find himself alone, at that time of night in those desolate cloisters, but neither of them spoke his thought aloud.

"Is not that someone walking overhead?" inquired the Mayor.

"It is only the echo of your footsteps that you hear," the clergyman replied.

The oppressive silence was next broken by the town-clerk, who asked what the time was?

"It must be just midnight," said the notary, adding by way of a jest, "you surely are not afraid of ghosts?"

"As though any man of education was afraid of ghosts!" retorted the town-clerk scornfully.

The Mayor then asked what use was formerly made of the space enclosed by the cloisters.

The priest replied that it was in other days the nun's burying ground. "Along this way through which we are now walking, the bodies used to be brought out of the church, and this gateway, to which we are now coming, was called the gate of death. Look at the carving over the portal." He held the lamp aloft so that a death's head sculptured in stone might be seen, with the inscription: Hodie mihi, cras tibi, translating the words as he did so: Thy turn to-day; mine to-morrow!

"We know enough Latin at least to understand that," said the Mayor testily, for he was not very fond of hearing death talked about. Father Montmoulin opened the door, and they found themselves in the bellery.

"Is that door always unlocked?" inquired the Mayor.

"All the doors of the interior of the convent are left unlocked. This is where the Angelus is rung three times a day," the pastor answered. "Who rings it when the sacristan is away?"

"I rang it myself in the early morning to-day," replied the priest; "the other two times it was rung by a neighbor, who generally acts for the sacristan when he is absent."

"Then at midday all must have been as usual here, or he would have remarked it," continued the Mayor, looking about him suspiciously. He then crossed over to the door of the sacristy, opposite to the one by which they had entered, and endeavored to open it.

"That door is only open during the times of service. I closed it myself after Mass, this morning, and took the key with me up to my room, the clergyman explained.

"It is useless to look for our missing friend in there, then," said the Mayor, turning towards the winding stairs, which were so narrow that they did not admit of two persons going up abreast. Father Montmoulin went up first, holding the lamp aloft in order that the others might see their way; the Mayor came next, and the two others brought up the rear. And now the landing on the stairs was reached where the door of the sacristy-room was situated. Involuntarily the priest paused and cast a glance at the door, whilst an almost imperceptible shudder ran over him. The Mayor intercepted his glance, and immediately asked where that led to. "It is the door of a room where the sexton keeps his implements, and all sorts of lumber is put out of the way," Father Montmoulin answered. He was about to ascend the rest of the stairs, but the Mayor, seizing the handle of the door, threw it open. For one moment the light fell upon the body that lay there covered with the pall; the next instant all was darkness, for the lamp was extinguished by a gust of wind which came through an open window within, of the door being suddenly opened. A cry of horror escaped the lips of the men. The

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Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap:

Mayor was the first to recover his self-possession.

"What was that lying on the ground?" he demanded.

"There was a pall, and something under it," exclaimed the notary. "I believe this infernal old convent is haunted," ejaculated the town-clerk, no longer concealing the terror he felt. "We had better postpone our search until some more suitable time; I think I heard midnight strike just as we began to ascend these stairs."

"What have you to say, Reverend Sir? Did you see nothing?" said the Mayor, addressing Father Montmoulin.

"I did indeed!" was the comparatively calm reply. "And I greatly fear that what I saw was the object of our search."

"Merciful Heavens! And here we are standing in pitch darkness close to the lifeless remains of my poor sister!" cried the town-clerk in piteous tones. "We must go back, and fetch the police-constable and the lantern. For goodness sake, come with me," he said to the notary, "I am half dead with fright, and I could not for anything in the world venture alone in those dark cloisters."

"Yes, go and fetch the lantern," said the Mayor. "If you call out from the door to the cloisters the man will hear you."

During this time Father Montmoulin had entered the chamber of death into which a faint ray of light fell from the lamp of the sanctuary. He knelt down, and prayed silently beside the pall, the outline of which he could perceive, as his eyes became accustomed to the darkness. He prayed for the soul of the woman who had been so cruelly murdered, as he had done already, and he felt himself thereby recovering to some extent calmness and fortitude, though every moment made it plainer to him that a terrible trial had overtaken him.

The Mayor remained standing on the stairs, turning over the events of the night in his mind. He was now convinced that it was no fatality, as he had till then imagined, but a serious crime with which he had to deal. If, as the priest suggested, that pall actually covered Mrs. Blanchard's body, whose hand had spread it over the corpse? and how was it that he seemed to know by intuition that she lay beneath it? Why had he looked with such a peculiar expression at the door of that out-of-the-way room? His whole demeanor had been very odd when the Mayor and his colleagues found him in his room, and when they proposed to search the house. Again how strange his manner was when he was questioned about the return of the sacristan. Everything seemed to indicate that he was privy to the crime. Was it possible that he himself—No, no, the Mayor could not entertain such a thought; that young priest, of hitherto stainless reputation, guilty of murder!—Yet after all, it might be so. Father Montmoulin was young and poor, and his relatives were poor also, might not the sum of money, which doubtless appeared large to him, have been a temptation? Besides on whom could suspicion fall but on him, since it appeared that no one but he was in the convent when the unfortunate lady went there. Such were the thoughts that passed through the mind of the Mayor whilst he awaited the return of his comrades, and he came to the conclusion that the priest lay under grave suspicion, at any rate, and that he must certainly be examined before the magistrate, we was almost glad to think of this being the case; here was the scandal that they had been talking about a few hours ago over their wine, and it would furnish them with a formidable weapon against the hated clericals. "Good use shall be made of this," he said to himself.

Voices were now heard in the cloisters, and almost immediately the glimmer of the lantern was discernible. A moment later and the police constable stood on the landing, lighting up the room as far as possible. The pall was now clearly visible, and from it, towards the door, the feet of a woman protruded. Father Montmoulin was kneeling immovably by the side. All the others broke out into cries of dismay and horror. There was no longer any room for doubt; Mrs. Blanchard had been cruelly assassinated. It might have been imagination before when in the flickering light of the expiring lamp they fancied they saw a human form under the pall, but there was no possibility of illusion now.

"Give me the lantern," said the Mayor, when the necessary silence was obtained. "Now lift up the cloth carefully, so as not to disturb anything."

The man raised the pall so far as to allow the face and shoulders of the corpse to be seen. The spectators shuddered at the sight of the ashy countenance and glazed eyes.

"She has been strangled," said the Mayor.

"She has been stabbed," said the policeman, pointing to the blood on her dress, and the pool of blood on the floor in which the corpse lay. "I suppose there can be no doubt

that she is really dead?" inquired the notary.

"Cold and stark," replied the policeman.

"You can identify this as your sister?" said the Mayor, addressing the town-clerk.

"Only too surely! But pray cover up the body again. I cannot bear the sight of it."

"Yes, cover it up," urged the innkeeper, averting his countenance. "This will haunt me in my dreams. If I had anticipated the horrible sight that awaited us here, I certainly would not have been one of the party."

"Wait a moment," said the Mayor, as the policeman was about to replace the pall; then turning to Father Montmoulin who was still upon his knees beside the corpse, and fixing his eyes on him, he said sharply: "And what have you got to say about this terrible occurrence, Sir?"

"I can only pray for the victim and her murderer."

"That is all very well, but who is her murderer?"

"I cannot tell. You surely would not deem me capable—"

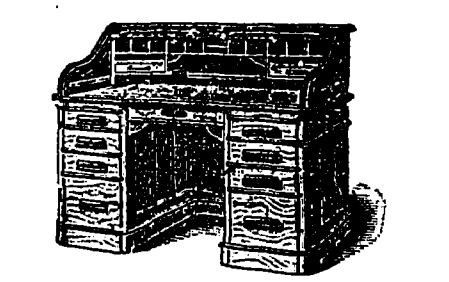
"I have expressed no opinion. But the suspicion which forces itself upon our minds is that you must in some way be an accomplice in this murder, as your own words prove. At any rate you will have to be examined before a magistrate. It is my duty to report the matter to the police authorities at Aix without delay. You will, if you please, accompany us to your room, Reverend Sir. Cover the body over carefully, so that all should be left just as it was. You bear me witness, gentlemen, that nothing has been disturbed? Very good. (Grasable, you can remain here and keep watch by the corpse. Carillon, you will have the goodness to take an official telegram, which I will give you directly, down to the post. It must be sent off to-night."

"The police-constable observed that the door of the chamber might be locked, so as to leave him free if he was wanted for any service, and the Mayor assented to the proposal. The door was accordingly locked, the Mayor putting the key into his pocket, and all the party ascending the winding stairs in silence, passing through the tribune and along the corridor to the priest's apartments. As Father Montmoulin crossed the tribune, he cast a sad, wistful look at the choir of the church. He felt a sorrowful foreboding that he should have to leave the spot, perhaps never to return; but the remembrance of our Lord's presence in the tabernacle afforded him support and solace in his affliction.

"He knows my innocence. He will intercede for me. He will stand by me, and not allow me to violate the sacred obligations of my calling. Whatever happens, I am in God's hands." Such were the good priest's thoughts as, feeling himself already a prisoner, he repaired to his room, accompanied by the other men of whose hostile dispositions towards him he was only too painfully aware. (To be Continued.)

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Random Notes

For Busy Households.

ABOUT FOOD.—Prof. W. O. Atwater, the official Government food expert, in a report to the State Commission in Lunacy, of New York, gives his reasons for believing that Americans eat too much. He says:

"Experience in Europe, where people are nourished with much less, confirms the belief that we, as a people, eat to excess. The excess appears to be chiefly in fats and carbohydrates. Among ordinary people who are not limited in their choice of food there is a very common practice of overeating, which is believed to be, in many cases, seriously injurious to health. We need to observe our diet and its effects more carefully and regulate appetite by reason. Different people have different needs for nourishment."

"He lays down the general rule that those in good health with good digestion should eat only the things that experience has shown will agree with them, and use such kinds and amounts of food as will supply all bodily needs without burdening the system with superfluous material that must be disposed of at the cost of health and strength. On the subject of a proper diet Professor Atwater says:

"The most, he says, that can be said with certainty is that in general the food that is best fitted to supply the physical needs and to keep the body in sound condition is best for nervous and mental exercise." He gives warning that the appetite cannot always be taken as a safe guide to the amount of food that should properly be eaten, and points out that "with most people the amount eaten is influenced largely by the taste of the food and the habits of the eater." He adds that "the standard of living is higher in this country than in Europe. People with us are better housed, clothed, and fed than there; have more of the comforts and opportunities of life, and made more of themselves. Many persons work harder, accomplish more and earn more money to pay for the better living. To do this they need nourishing food."

In summarizing his experiments Professor Atwater defines food as that which when taken into the body builds up its tissues and keeps them in repair, or is consumed to yield force and heat." He explains that energy, of which heat and muscular power are forms, is measured in the laboratory by a unit called the "calorie" which represents the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of a pound of water four degrees Fahrenheit.

The principal tissue formers are the protein compounds, which make the flesh of the body, build up and repair the muscles and tendons and supply the important constituents of the blood and other fluids. The chief fuel ingredients of food are carbohydrates and fats. With this understanding he compares a number of American and foreign diets, and remarks that the waste in this country is often considerable, while in other countries it is very slight, and that the estimates of food necessary for a woman are one-fifth less than for a man. He points out that the figures show that the American families probably are on the average more than they need, and in many instances more than was best for their health.

His researches in the State hospitals show that the insane, "with much smaller physical requirements, actually are one-eighth more food than foreigners, even allowing for a ten per cent waste, while the well fed and active foreigners only ate from two-thirds to four-fifths as much as do the inmates of the asylums."

The subject of food waste is considered all important after that of proper nutrition by Professor Atwater, and much of his report is devoted to it. He says:

"From the economic standpoint, the waste of food in American households and institutions is a serious matter, and it is desirable that exact statistics should be obtained and published. In the families of fourteen professional men in different parts of the United States it was found that three per cent. of the total nutrients of the food purchased found its way into garbage. In the fourteen families of mechanics the waste averaged a little over eight per cent., while in dietary studies of college boarding clubs it was larger and, in some cases amounted to the throwing away of one-fifth of the food brought into the house.

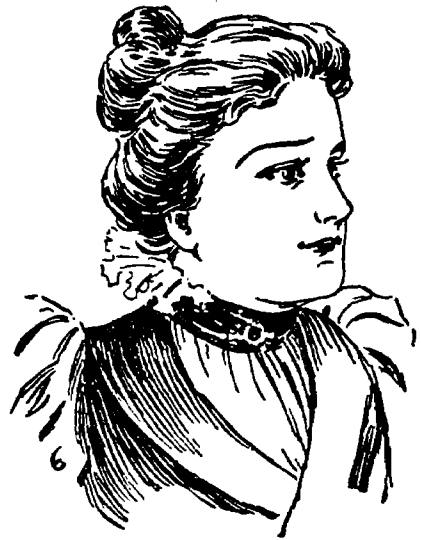
Applying these facts to the actual food supply of the State hospitals for the insane, which costs \$1,200,000 annually, Professor Atwater easily figures out a most interesting result. He says that the actual situation is at present that "The American insane patients and their attendants eat forty-five per cent. more than the inmates of the German asylums," who are fairly well nourished while the startling fact appears that the German soldiers' war ration, which is intended to meet a great physical strain, is but one hundred calories of energy higher than that which the State of New York supplies to the men in its insane asylums, "most of whom have little or no work and require relatively small amounts of food."

BARLEY BROTH.—An excellent and nutritious dish for an invalid is barley broth made as follows: Boil for three hours one pound of the neck of mutton with two ounces of pearl barley. Cover with three pints of water and let it reduce to a pint. Remove the meat and press the soup and barley through a sieve. Salt it very slightly and serve hot. It should be as thick as cream. Only a few teaspoonsful need be taken at a time, as it is very nourishing.

LUKEWARM CATHOLICS.—Strange as it may seem, it is during the summer months that one can best detect lukewarm Catholics, remarks a writer in the Paulist Calendar. For them the warm days of summer mean cold days of faith. When the thermometer is up to a hundred they register down to zero in things spiritual. It is not hard to detect a lukewarm Catholic at any season of the year; their coldness towards religion is always palpable. They have scarce any of the natural virtues, not to say anything of the supernatural. No one would ever think them Catholics; perhaps a fortunate circumstance for those easily scandalized. What little belief they have they keep to themselves and they never say or do anything that would lead one to believe that they were Christians. You could as easily imagine them as Buddhists as Catholics. If you took their lives as a criterion, they occasionally drop into church on a Sunday to show that they are on good terms with the Lord. Of course they think the Lord is benefited by their negligent act of worship. To be sure they go—when they do go—to a Low Mass. They manage to come in after the first Gospel and leave before the last. They make a jolty sort of genuflection, which would seem to be intended to remove a kink from the knee, and not an act of reverence to the altar. They never look at a prayer-book, and as to saying the words, it is the last thing that would occur to them. Do they pray? It can hardly be called that. If they forget themselves and take holy water, you would think they were brushing a fly away. Poor creatures! It is hard to do anything for them. They won't listen to a sermon, they won't come to the sacraments. What can you do with them? I am afraid it will take hell-fire to warm their cold, sluggish hearts.

MRS. PIERRE FORTIN

Was So Sick and Weak, She Nearly Died—Was Dizzy and Could Hardly Walk—Now She Does Her Own Housework and is Perfectly Well.



The noblest, grandest duty of a wife is the bearing of children. The ordeal ought not to be accompanied by fear or pain. Recovery ought to be quick and complete. If a mother breaks down after her child is born, it is because she did not take proper care of herself during gestation. Nature never intended that the bearing of children should wreck the health. There is a most wonderful medicine that gives comfort and strength to women before and after the little one comes. The following letter from Mrs. Pierre Fortin tells about this medicine, and every woman who reads this paper can do just what this lady did. Mrs. Fortin writes as follows to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Montreal, Canada:—

"My sickness began after the birth of my last child, four years ago. I became so weak that I had a great hemorrhage, from which I nearly died. I was a long time in bed, and could not regain my strength. I was dizzy and could hardly walk. I had palpitation of the heart, and my body ached all over. I saw in the newspapers how so many women had been cured by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women, and I resolved to write your specialist. He gave me most valuable advice. Then I faithfully took Dr. Coderre's Red Pills and Dr. Coderre's Purgative Tablets, and followed the hygienic rules of your specialist. The result is that today I am perfectly cured of all my troubles. I eat and sleep well, and can do all my work without the help of anybody. No one could induce me to take any other remedy than Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. I recommend them

to a great many of my women friends, and know of a large number who are already much better." (Signed.) MRS. PIERRE FORTIN, Wahnapiac, Ontario. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are for all female complaints and troubles. They give girls robust constitutions at the time of puberty. They completely banish leucorrhoea or whites. They give new strength to the whole system and radically cure falling of the womb. They are the best medicine in the world for thin blood, disordered nerves, sleeplessness, bad digestion, headache and backache. No case ever existed which

they did not relieve. After all other medicines fail, these grand Red Pills bring about complete recovery. Dr. Coderre's Red Pills are just what nature needs to help her. They reach the distinctly feminine organs alone. They act upon that part of the body only. They are far better, cheaper and easier to take than liquid medicines sold at \$1. Sick girls and women are invited to write for the best professional advice, to our celebrated specialists, as Mrs. Fortin did. We give all advice absolutely free by mail. Personal consultation can be had at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis street, Montreal. In buying Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, always beware of worthless imitations. The genuine are always sold in 50-cent boxes containing fifty pills. A box lasts longer than \$1 liquid medicines, and the pills are sure to cure. Never take red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred, or in 25-cent boxes. They are dangerous counterfeits. All honest druggists sell Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Or you can send the price in stamps, or by registered letter, money order, or express order to us. We mail them all over the world, no duty to pay. The greatest book ever issued for mothers, wives and daughters is entitled "Pale and Weak Women." It will be sent free to all readers of this paper who send their names and full post-office address to us. Address all letters for medicine, for advice and for the free book to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

when it resented it. The farmers laid the lessening yields to the weather, until at last there came a time when similar land alongside, that has been in prairie, was broken, and the difference in yield was so vastly in favor of the newer field that they were led to investigate. The result was the acknowledgment of the fact that prairie soil is not indestructible, and now the aim of the farmer is to return as much to it as possible. Less straw stacks are burned; fewer fields of stalks are raked into windrows for bonfires; cattle-feeding, subsoiling, manuring, and proper drainage are coming to be a part of the farmer's education and practice. The prairies are being tilled in a sensible and business-like manner, and the farmers are attaining bank accounts and are improving their farms."

Society Meetings Ancient Order of Hibernians LADIES' AUXILIARY To the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 82 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4 p.m. and third Sunday at 8 p.m. of each month. President, Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Mrs. M. J. O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue; Financial Secretary, Mary O'Brien; Treasurer, Lizzie Howland; 85 Wellington street. Application forms can be had from members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2. Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month at 8 p.m. President, MICHAEL LYONS; Recording Secretary, THOMAS DONOHUE; 312 Hibernian street. To whom all communications should be addressed: T. J. HALLIS, Financial Secretary; E. J. COLLETT, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. CANNAN, D. S. McCABE, and J. CANNON.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 3. Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month at No. 1465 Notre Dame street, near McMillan. Officers: P. T. McMillan, President; P. T. McMillan, Vice-President; Wm. Rowley, Recording Secretary; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; L. Brophy, Treasurer; M. Fennell, Chairman of Standing Committee; Marshall, Mr. John Kennedy.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 4. President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Dolorimeter Ave. Vice-President, P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, J. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Conolly; Treasurer, John Tracy; Sergeant-at-arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Gochan; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, J. Heenan; Chairman of Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre-Dame street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26 (ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.) Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or anyone desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: D. J. McMillan, President, 150 Mance street; J. P. Conolly, Treasurer, 32 St. Patrick street; Robert Warren, Financial Secretary, 25 Brunswick street; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary, 82a Visitation street.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association. Organized, April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1876. Regular monthly meeting held in hall, 11 Dupres street, 3rd Wednesday of every month at 8 o'clock. P.M. Committee of Management meet every second and fourth Wednesday of each month. President, F. J. GALLAGHER; Secretary, W. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall in Delgado to St. Patrick's League, W. J. Hinkley, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2:30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY; Secretary, J. COOKE; Recording Secretary, JOHN W. ALLEN; 1st Vice-President, J. O'Neil; 2nd Vice-President, J. Kelly.

Catholic Order of Foresters St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F. Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every first and third Monday, at 8 p.m. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. EUSNER; Recording Secretary, ALIX PATTERSON, 157 Ottawa street.

Total Abstinence Societies ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. ESTABLISHED 1841. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 82 St. Alexander street. Immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meet in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. REV. J. A. McALLEN, Secy. President, JOHN W. ALLEN, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 25 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Walsh; M. Sharkey; J. H. Kelly.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, ESTABLISHED 1863. Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN, President, JOHN KILLFEATHER, Secretary, JAMES BRADY, No. 97 Rossel Street, on the second Friday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew O'Brien.

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NOTICE is hereby given that Albertine Brabant, wife of Edward Kiernan, of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce, from her husband, Edward Kiernan, of the said City of Montreal, on the ground of cruelty, adultery and desertion. Dated at the City of Montreal, Province of Quebec, this ninth day of March, 1899. W.M. E. MOUNT, Solicitor for Applicant.

CHATS WITH THE FARMERS.

CROPS IN ONTARIO.—The following are the crop estimates for 1899, as compiled by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The averages are final, but the yields except in the case of hay will be revised in November from actual threshing results.

Fall Wheat.—This crop has an area of 1,049,681 acres harvested, yield 14,201,614 bushels, or an average of 13.5 bushels per acre. Last year 1,048,182 acres gave 25,158,713 bushels, or 24 bushels an acre. The average for the seventeen years, 1882-98, was 900,382 acres, giving 18,442,511 bushels, or 20.5 bushels per acre. The yield for 1899 is therefore an abnormally low one. There were 211,785 acres of fall wheat ploughed in the spring, or over one-sixth of the area sown.

Spring Wheat.—Spring wheat has an average of 398,726, yielding 7,087,977 bushels, or an average of 17.8 bushels per acre. This is a good showing, as last year the acreage was 389,205, and the total yield 6,879,785 bushels, an average of 17.7 bushels per acre, while the average for seventeen years is 15.3 bushels per acre.

Barley.—490,371 acres of barley gave 14,622,922 bushels, or 29.8 bushels per acre. In 1898 the acreage was 438,781, giving 12,663,668 bushels, or 28.9 bushels per acre. The average yield for 1882-98 is 25.8. Oats.—This crop has the largest area of the grains. The 2,363,778 acres have yielded 89,542,162 bushels, being an average of 37.9 bushels per acre. Last year's acreage was 2,376,360, and the total yield was 86,858,293 bushels, or 36.6 bushels per acre. The average for the seventeen years is 34.5 bushels per acre.

Eye.—There were 137,824 acres

in rye, yielding 2,271,382 bushels, or an average of 16.5 bushels per acre. The acreage in 1898 was 165,089, and the average yield per acre 16.2. Much of this crop, however, is fed green.

Peas.—743,139 acres yield 15,519,670 bushels, an average of 20.9 bushels per acre. Last year's acreage was 865,951, giving 18,521,263 bushels, or 15.6 bushels per acre. The average for 1882-98 is 19.6 bushels per acre.

Beans.—10,485 acres of beans give 849,793 bushels, or an average of 81 bushels per acre, compared with 45,220 acres in 1898, giving 759,657 bushels, or 16.8 bushels per acre. The average yield of beans for the seventeen years is 17.1 per acre.

Hay and clover.—2,595,122 acres have yielded 3,498,705 tons, an average of 1.1 tons per acre. Last year's figures were 2,154,595 acres, giving 4,398,063 tons, or 1.79 tons per acre. The average for the seventeen years is 1.39 tons. There are 2,710,268 acres in pasture.

Other crops.—Averages only can be given for the following crops: corn for husking, 334,599; corn for silo 171,935, each being an increase over last year's figures. Buckwheat, 132,082; potatoes, 168,141; carrots, X 11,891; each being less than in 1898. Mangel wurzels, 53,401; turnips 153,410; each having an increase. There are only 2,206 acres of tobacco reported under cultivation, which is less than one-third the acreage of last year. There are 33,762 in rape, 7,103 in flax, and 1,146 in hops. There are 338,073 in orchard and garden, and 10,802 in vineyard.

THE RAISING OF CORN.—There is an impression of old

standing that soil productive of heavy wheat crops is not suitable for the growing of corn, and vice versa. It is, however, becoming generally recognized that other elements than the nature of the soil have to do with the abundance, or failure of either of these crops. In fact, the same soil, under different conditions, will produce good wheat and good corn. It is for the farmer to learn what these conditions are, and to regulate his seeding in accordance. No better example of what we here advance could be found than in the cultivation of the Kansas prairies during the past ten years. In 1889, the State of Kansas produced 273,000,000 bushels of corn; in 1890, only produced 31,000,000 bushels. Each year since the crop has been decreasing in a most alarming ratio. Something had to be blamed: the heat, the cold, the dryness, the damp, the early season, the late season; in fact the farmers kept on lamenting and blaming, until they had to abandon entirely the sowing of corn. They then sowed wheat, and the wheat was a wonderfully heavy crop each year. Finally they came to the conclusion that the year 1889 was merely an accidental year, and that the Kansas prairies were unfit to grow corn. On account of the severity of last winter the wheat crop this spring proved a failure. In despair the farmer ploughed up the land, late in the spring planted corn. We will let "C.M.H." of Topeka, Kansas, tell of the corn crop this year. He thus writes:

"It is certain that such mammoth growth of corn was never seen on the prairies. It seems beyond belief that a stalk should grow to the height of sixteen feet, with eight feet from the ground to the first ear, but such are common in the bottom lands of central and western Kansas. Men of more than ordinary height cannot reach the higher ears in many fields, and to gather the crop it will be necessary to pull over the stalk. The implement men have a grievance. Owing to the perennial lack of feed in the West there has been put on the market an implement peculiarly constructed, which cuts the corn a row at a time, and sends it, as is done with the wheat earlier in the year, so that the farmers' help can follow and shock it up. But the cornstalks in many sections are so large this year that the machines will not work and have been abandoned. 'Roughness,' by which is meant all kinds of coarse fodder, is so abundant that there is no need of the cornstalks—only the grain will be saved. The gathering of that alone will be effort enough."

KEEPING AND SHIPPING.—While we have the correspondence under our hand, from which the above is quoted, we might take another extract, which shows that in Kansas, as in Canada, the farmers have made the same mistake of being in too great hurry to sell off their produce. It had long been a custom here to get rid of the grain as soon as it was threshed, without any regard to the state of the market, or the demands of trade. Gradually our farmers are getting over this old notion of turning their grain into money. They are learning that it often pays better to keep the barn full until the lack of supplies forced the market prices to raise. It is thus the above quoted writer comments:

"It is interesting to note that in these days a discussion of the best way to keep from shipping corn out of the West instead of ways in which to dispose of it. In the earlier stage of Western development the farmer's first thought when he had a crop was to haul it to market and sell it. The wheat was sold as fast as threshed, and when the machine had been moved to the next field, the straw stacks were fired, and as the blaze shot up into the night, casting a beacon light for miles, it marked the entire destruction of all that the land had produced so far as any possible return to the soil was concerned. The corn stalks were broken down, raked into windrows, and likewise burned. The soil was constantly robbed, and the time came

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists, 10 cts a bottle.

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NOTES FROM AMERICAN CENTRES.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

extent, to speculation or real estate operations. His friends say he made nearly the entire sum of his wealth in his profession. It was said for many years that Richard Prendergast asked and obtained higher fees than any other lawyer in Chicago.

GOOD FINANCING. Bishop Wigger, of the Diocese of Newark, has confirmed the report that he proposes to make a loan of \$1,500,000 from an English syndicate to be used in taking up mortgages on churches in his diocese, upon which five per cent. interest is exacted. Under the new arrangement only three and a half per cent. interest will be charged by the foreign syndicate.

It is estimated that the Catholic Church property in this diocese, which is worth about \$10,000,000, is mortgaged for nearly \$2,000,000. The syndicate considers the property mortgage security and is willing to advance another million if the loan of \$1,500,000 does not prove sufficient.

PARNELL MONUMENT.—The interest taken in the project to erect a monument to the memory of Parnell by Irishmen of the United States, may be inferred from the enthusiastic expressions contained in the following note of invitation sent to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Mr. John Redmond, M.P., to visit New York in connection with the undertaking.

"We feel sure, gentlemen, that we but express a feeling generally shared by Americans, and especially Irish-Americans, when we say that it would afford them pleasure to welcome you to this country should you find it convenient to personally place before the people of America the plans of the Parnell Monument Committee in Ireland for the raising of a memorial to Charles Stewart Parnell."

It is expected that the Lord Mayor and Mr. Redmond will arrive in New York in October.

The grave of Mr. Parnell, in its plain and simple as the character of the man. In beautiful Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, is a mound of earth, unmarked by any monument or headstone. It rises in the Patriotic Circle, where the Ireland's sacred dead—Daniel O'Connell, the Manchester martyrs, the patriots of '98 and the victims of the rising of '07.

A SAD FATALITY.—The entire group of buildings, with the exception of the hospital, which comprised the Convent of St. Agnes and orphanage in charge of the Dominican sisters, situated about half a mile from Sparkhill, N. Y., were burned on Monday last. Four lives lost and many injured, two of whom will probably die.

The work of getting the children out of the building was heroically performed by the sisters in charge, many of whom are burned or otherwise suffered injuries, more or less serious.

All of the children were taken out alive, but two, Helen Brown, aged 6 years, and Emma Macan, 7 years old, died after they had been rescued. An aged woman, known as "Jane," who is said to be 70 years of age, is supposed to have perished in the building. All the other inmates have been accounted for. Kate McCarthy, a servant who is suffering from shock, will probably die and Theresa Murphy, 10 years old, is also seriously injured.

In all there were 320 children, of whom 60 were girls, in the institution, when the fire broke out. There were also 10 sisters in charge. About 25 of the children received injuries, none of which the doctors think will prove fatal.

The popular view of the relation of the blood to human character and conduct is marked in many a familiar expression. We speak of there being "bad blood" between people at enmity, of "blue blood" as indicating nobility, of "black blood" as describing a treacherous nature, as in many another phrase mark our belief that in the mental, moral and physical man, "the blood is the life." The one basis of a healthy, happy and useful life is pure blood. With the blood pure, disease has no permanent lodging place in the system. For this reason the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery rids the body of diseases which have their origin in impurity of the blood. It absolutely purifies the blood, carrying off the waste and poisonous matter, increasing the action of the blood-making glands, and building up the body by supplying the blood in quantity and quality such as is essential to a condition of health. It cures ninety-eight people out of every hundred who give it a fair trial.

An editor who died of starvation was being escorted to heaven by an angel who had been sent for that purpose, says the Findley (O.) Courier. "May I look at the other place before we ascend to eternal happiness?" "Easily," said the angel. So they went below and skirmished around, taking in the sights. The angel lost sight of the editor and went around Hades to hunt him up. He was found sitting by a furnace fanning himself and gazing with rapture on a lot of people in the fire. There was a sign on the furnace which said "Delinquent Subscribers." "Come," said the angel, "we must be going." "You go on," said the editor, "I'm not going. This is heaven enough for me." The editor of the Gazette does not wish to be placed in the position of the Ohio editor, so delinquents will please take the hint thus delicately conveyed and settle—Haverhill Gazette.

And it's the man who does the best that gets more kicks than all the rest.

FROM PORTAGE DU FORT.

Death of Mrs. Toner.

Portage du Fort, August 25.

The home of one of the most respected families in this parish was overshadowed by a cloud of sorrow recently, when the merciless hand of death removed therefrom a most beloved mother, in the person of Mrs. Wm. Toner. Deceased was in the 66th year of her age, and was a native of County Donegal, Ireland. Besides her husband she leaves to mourn her loss six children, three sons and three daughters, one of whom is a religious, Sister Mary Teresa, of the Grey Nuns of the Cross. Mrs. Toner was a most exemplary character; a loving mother, always ready and willing to lend a helping hand to those less favored with this world's gifts, and many a prayer will ascend to the throne of Mercy in her behalf. She had been an invalid for the past nine years, during which time she suffered intensely at intervals, always bearing it with true Christian fortitude and resignation. When the end came she died a most beautiful and edifying death. The funeral which was one of the largest ever seen in the parish, took place to the church of St. James, where a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Brunet, P.P., assisted by Rev. Father Ferreri, of Vinton, Rev. Sister M. Teresa, accompanied by Rev. Sister St. Charles, of the Convent of Mary Immaculate, Pembroke, attended the funeral.—R.I.P.

A SUBSCRIBER.

AN IRISH ZOUAVE.

Lynch, a Galway man of great stature, 6 feet 6 inches or more, fought with desperate valor at Mentana, and was severely wounded in five places. Near him, when he was picked up, lay the bodies of several Garibaldians. The beautiful trait of Lynch's big heart and noble disposition was shown when he was in the military hospital at Rome. In the next bed to him lay a wounded Garibaldian who, in the irritation arising from his wounds, used to call towards Lynch, spit at him, and call him "Cacaglio di Papa," (one of the Pope's blackguards). One of the hospital attendants said to Lynch one day, "Why don't you hit him or pull his nose?"

All the creature (said Lynch), sure what can you expect from a Garibaldian but the conduct of a blackguard? Once he was a good Catholic; leave him to God and the Blessed Virgin and the creature may die in the faith yet.

Lynch went to the United States after the fall of the temporal power in 1870.—London Universe.

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

THE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY OF WELAND.

Subject to Frequent Headaches, was Pale and Emaciated and Grew so Thin She Could Barely Walk.

From the Tribune, Weland, Ont.

Miss Hattie Archer, of Weland, an estimable young lady, whose acquaintance extends among a large number of citizens of the town, has the following to say regarding the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.—In the fall of 1897 I was taken very ill. I was nervous, weak and debilitated. At this time the least exertion caused fatigue. My appetite was poor and I was attacked with frequent sick headaches. I grew worse until I was so weak I could barely walk through the house. I was very pale, and emaciated and finally became entirely incapacitated. Various medicines were resorted to but gave no relief. Later I was treated by two of the best physicians in town. One said my blood was poor and watery. I followed his advice for some time but did not improve. Then the second doctor was called and said he could help me, but after thoroughly testing his medicines without benefit gave it up and desisted of ever getting well. My grandmother had been reading at that time much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and persuaded me to try them. That was about January, 1898. From the first the results were really marvellous, being far beyond my expectations. After taking five boxes I can stand more fatigue than I could for years. I have gained weight splendidly; can take my food with a delightful relish, and again feel cheerful, healthy and strong. I would further say that the change is wholly due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I hope that my testimony will prove beneficial to other girls similarly afflicted.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

MARKET REPORT

ABOUT CROPS.—Mr. O'Kane, an old subscriber of the "True Witness" from Chambly Canton, P.Q., called at our office on his way home from Ste. Anne de Beaupre. He reports the crops in his district, to be very good. Harvesting is all done and the farmers in the neighborhood are well satisfied with the results.

IN THE NORTHWEST.—Mr. H.W. Hutchinson, managing-director of the Fairchild Company of Winnipeg, is in

the wholesale agricultural implement business in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and has special opportunity for judging the prosperity of the country.

"The crop will be enormous," said Mr. Hutchinson, "and, after that, the country will be fairly on its feet. The best index of prosperity is the farmer's ability to pay, and I can testify to this in my own business. Ever since 1895, the farmer has been getting along, and, last fall, when I audited the books of two loan companies, I found that \$300,000 in payments had been anticipated. The farmers didn't want to pay the interest, so they paid the principal or a good part of it. All through the country, towns and villages and hamlets are increasing in population, and on the farms I noticed many permanent improvements, which show that the people intend remaining with us. In Winnipeg so many big buildings are going up that contractors have no time to put up private residences. As a consequence, rents are high, and wages greatly on the increase."

LIVE STOCK.—East Buffalo, N.Y., August 30.—The offerings of cattle were quite liberal, but the demand was fair at a shade lower on the most desirable of the cattle offered. Calves were light in supply, fair demand at yesterday's prices. Choice to extra veal calves, \$6.75 to \$7.00; good to choice \$6.50.

Sheep and Lambs.—The offerings were few loads. All were cleaned up and the market was in a little better position on choice lands. Lambs choice to extra, \$5.50 to \$5.75. Canadas sold \$5.35 to \$5.60. Sheep choice to extra, \$1 to \$1.25.

Hogs.—The market opened low with a total of 21 loads on sale. Heavy were quotable at \$4.20; mixed, \$2.90 to \$4.35; Yorkers, \$4.90 to \$4.95; pigs, \$1.65 to \$1.75; grassers, \$1.70 to \$1.80; roughs, \$3.30 to \$4.10; stags, \$3.25 to \$3.50.

The market closed easy on the basis of the bulk of the sales which was \$4.90.

FEED.—Sales of Ontario bran reported by local dealers at \$14.50, and as high as \$15 is asked by those who have any to offer. Shorts are unobtainable in this market, and Manitoba millers will book up orders for feed though they will quote bran at \$14 and shorts at \$17.

EGGS.—The receipts of eggs to-day were again light, being only 506 cases by rail, and 171 by canal. Local dealers are preparing some eggs for export, but prices are not very remunerative, netting only 15¢, while the local trade is taking some quality eggs a shade higher, consequently the exports this year so far have been very limited. Fancy selected are quoted at 16¢ to 17¢; straight receipts 13¢ to 14¢; candled, 14¢ to 15¢; seconds slow sale at 11¢ to 12¢.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts of live hogs are again very light, which tends to give renewed firmness to the provision market. Dressed hogs are quoted at 13¢ to 14¢, and are rather scarce at that. Cured meats are in good demand. Hams are quoted at 11¢ to 12¢ according to size; bacon, hamless breakfast, 12¢; lard 10¢ to 11¢; Canada short cut, \$15 to \$15.50.

Advices from Liverpool are to the effect that prime Western pork, 50¢; prime Western lard, 27¢ 6d. Am. pig, 10¢; 288 30¢; Australian tallow, 27¢ 3d. Am. do., 21¢; Bacon from 29¢ 6d to 32¢ 6d.

Butter.—The demand for good butter continues brisk, but prices are difficult to quote, as much butter now being offered has been affected by recent hot weather, and for such the market is rather off. Fancy fresh stock would likely bring 21¢ in Montreal, and the bulk of the business is being done from 20¢ to 21¢, cents in the country. Butter not 108° class is quoted at 2¢ under these figures.

SUCCESS FOR SIXTY YEARS.—This is the record of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer. A sure cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all bowel complaints. Avoid substitutes; there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25 cents and 50 cents.

A doctor in Rome has compiled and published statistics showing that several thousands of persons are annually buried in a state of coma throughout Europe.—Pulsinger

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TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS. The close of the holidays irresistibly forces the needs of the young folks on the attention of parents and guardians. The youthful wardrobe is turned inside out and the necessary additions decided upon. The clothing made by the Carsley Co. is celebrated for its reliable make, style, material and finish; the best thread only is used, the best trimmings, best everything. Besides being reasonably priced.

Prices of Boys' School Suits.

Table listing prices for various boys' suits, including Tweed Norfolk Suits, Navy Norfolk Suits, and Double Breasted Suits, with prices ranging from \$1.50 to \$4.65.

Housekeeping Sundries at Cost!

The substantial helps to housekeeping are characteristic of Carsley's; they cost little, but their usefulness is so great that it's a pity to be without them.

Table listing various household items like Jears' Soap, Good useful Prints, Useful Gray Cotton, and Children's Muslin Hats, with prices in cents.

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Advertisement for Bristol's Sarsaparilla, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing its benefits for blood purification and overall health.

Advertisement for Canada's Leading Carpet Houses, featuring Thomas Ligget and listing various carpet and drapery services.

Advertisement for Boys' Dependable School Suits, featuring an illustration of a boy in a suit and listing various suit styles and prices.

Special School Shoes!

GIRLS' Box Calif. laced or button Boots, sizes 11 to 2, at 75¢. GIRLS' nice Kid Boots, sizes 11 to 2, at \$1.00. GIRLS' extra fine Kid or Calif. laced or button Boots, sizes 11 to 2, at \$1.25.

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WHITE PIQUE SKIRTS. With insertion. Regular price, \$5.25. Clearing price, Only \$1.95.

WHITE DUCK SKIRTS. Latest style, full width, tailor made, regular prices \$1.50, \$1.65, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.10. Your choice for 85¢.

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Advertisement for Nordheimer Pianos, featuring an illustration of a piano and text describing its quality and availability.

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