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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A SHORT TIME ago a Rev. Mr. Fisher was sent to Rome to convert the Catholics of the Eternal City. He also was to be pastor of the lately opened American Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. Whether it was that Mr. Fisher found it difficult to reconcile the different titles of his church, or that he found out the error of his creed when in contact with the source of religious truth, or, again, whether it was on account of both these reasons or not, we are not told; but one thing is certain that Mr. Fisher has become a Catholic and has been duly received into the true fold. "Truth is stranger than fiction," remarks a Protestant contemporary. No doubt; and Mr. Fisher preferred to accept the Truth and abandon the Fiction.

THE English estate near Salisbury, known as Clarendon Park, is to be sold. This is a very historic place. It was once the property of Thomas a Becket, the murdered Archbishop of Canterbury; Edward II. and Edward III. resided there, and the Kings of France and Scotland, when prisoners under Edward III. spent some time there. It is strange how those old monumental estates are rapidly passing into the hands of the modern millionaires. The auctioneer's hammer has little respect for historic memories; it batters them to pieces without the least compunction.

THE growth of Catholicity in England may be well judged from the figures given at different intervals during the present century. In 1800 there were only 120,000 Catholics in England and Scotland. In 1840 there were 400,000. In 1860 the number ran up to 1,620,000; and in 1890 it was 1,692,090. During the twenty years that form the middle of the century the Catholic movement was the most pronounced. It is evident, however, that the last decade is to be another period of great Catholic gain. When all the circumstances that history presents are considered it becomes wonderful to contemplate the rapid strides made by the Church in that most anti-Catholic of countries.

THE London Universe quotes the following from a largely circulated announcement in the metropolis:

"Going down? Who? You. Where to? The pit of eternal woe. Come and hear Sims of Canada in the Gospel Tent in Upton Lane. The Gospel preached and sung."

The Universe wants to hear from Canada regarding this Sims who is to sing the Gospel in Upton (Essex). We don't know the man. If his first name or his initials were given perhaps we might be able to cast some light upon his history. There are a great many people in Canada who bear the name Sims; a goodly number of them very respectable and worthy people. But we don't know of any of them having a special mania for singing the Gospel nor of telling the public in general that they are all going to hell.

Some years ago there was a man named Thomas H. Sims who was a paid singer in a sailors' drinking resort in this city; if he should be the Upton "Sims of Canada," we congratulate the people of that locality. They will have very fair singing any way; as to the preaching, however, we will not vouch. Canada is a big country and it would not be fair to let Londoners think that there is only one man of the same name from here, nor that he is the only one who can sing them to salvation.

THE Sacred Heart Review has the following appropriate paragraph—sarcastic if you will, but to the point:

One of our exchanges finds it positively revolting that Catholic citizens should go to Mgr. Satolli and accept his decision in their disputes, because he is a "foreign priest." But there is Bishop Hall of Vermont. He is an Englishman, is called "Father," and calls himself a priest. Does the Churchman find equally degrading and revolting the spectacle of Episcopalian citizens accepting the decisions of this foreign priest in matters of church discipline?

THE following came to us last week: "I see by the American press that Grover Cleveland made use of some remarks recently in a public document that suggest a paraphrase of a passage in one of Moore's Oriental poems. Would you please tell me what are the words of that passage?" The language used by the President seems to correspond very much with the "Curse of the Fire Worshipper." The passage from Moore, in full, is as follows:

"Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blith,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them, in their hour of might.
May life's unblest cup, for him,
Be drugged with treacherous to the brim,
With joys that but allure to fly,
With hopes that vanish while he sips,
Like Dead-Sea fruits that tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes on the lips.
His country's curse, his children's shame,
Out-cast of virtue, peace and fame,
May he, at last, with lips of flame,
On some parched desert thirsting die,
While lakes that shine in mockery nigh,
Are fading off, untouched, untasted,
Like the once glorious hopes he blasted."

We would here remark that the whole of Moore's poem is allegorical and refers to Ireland. An evidence of this may be seen in the song of the "Araby's Daughter." Seen from that stand-point, the "Curse of the Fire Worshipper" is the most fearful imprecation that ever was drawn down upon the heads of those traitors to the country's cause whose names blot the page of history.

It is not always true that the son takes after the father—especially in Irish politics. We have an example of this in the son of the late William Smith O'Brien. Mr. Donagh O'Brien is a land agent and has been recently hurt in his attempts to carry out evictions on the estates under his supervision. When a young man Mr. Donagh O'Brien was inclined to national politics. In 1873, when Isaac Butt was in his plenitude, the son of the great '48 man had an idea of standing for an Irish constituency. The Land League movement, however, set him on the side of the landlords. There is nothing surprising in all this.

Sure, have we not an O'Brien and a McCarthy in Canada doing all in their power to prove the truth of the saying that "the worst enemy of a cause is the man who should support it."

WE noticed with edification the grand tribute paid to the memory of the deceased fireman, Mr. St. George, in the magnificent funeral accorded him. There is no class of men who deserve better of the public than do the firemen. They are ever ready, always on hand, constantly at the post of duty; the lives and property of our citizens are in their hands and they never shrink from duty when it beckons to danger. However, we must say that we find the lives of our firemen too often exposed in consequence of other causes than the great fires that take place. Careless, heedless, headlong driving; rushing blindly along crowded streets; crushing through passes already blocked up by electric cars, cabs, foot passengers and other impediments, too often result in fatal accidents. It is true that it is necessary for the firemen to get, as quickly as possible, to a fire; but it is also necessary to protect the lives of the citizens who may happen to be in their road and to save the firemen themselves from the consequences of their own impetuosity. It would be better to arrive two or five minutes later at the scene of a conflagration than to get there earlier, but over the bodies of citizens and even of firemen. This is not intended as a criticism of the firemen,—far from it,—rather is it that we consider it a timely remark that if considered and acted upon might prevent the flag from floating at half mast on many occasions. We desire, while on the subject, to express our regret at the death of the late Mr. St. George, and to convey to his family and friends the expression of our deep sympathy.

THE death of the Comte de Paris, which occurred a few days ago in England, and whose funeral takes place to-day, removes one of the most conspicuous figures in Europe. The direct representative of French royalty, and the hope of that old party which has never lost the expectation of some day beholding a monarch on the French throne again, he was a man of strong and sincere character, of perseverance and courage, of exceptional talents and noble spirit. The gathering to-day around the remains of the dead son of Louis Philippe will be one of the most important that has taken place, on any similar occasion, for long years. Every royal family in Europe will be represented and a great number of distinguished personages of France and England are expected to attend. It is a strange fact that almost all the leading characters in French history during this century, who for one reason or another were obliged to leave their native land, found refuge in England, and under the flag of their great rival, and, at times, mighty foe, Napoleon I. ended his eventful career in a British isle, and under the guard of his conquerors. Napoleon III., after the fall

of his dynasty, also found an asylum in England, and there closed his checkered life. Nearly every one of the exiled nobility or revolutionary leaders of France crossed the channel and found safety in the isles beyond. And we now find the scion of French royalty, after an eventful career and a thousand vicissitudes, dying also in England. During the American war, in the early sixties, the Count played the part of a soldier on this continent; in fact he was in every sense a man who—under more favorable circumstances—would have been a great leader of men. He is gone; one more of the world's great characters has disappeared; and in presence of his mortal remains the reflecting can well repeat the *vanitas vanitatum*.

ONE of our many correspondents asks us a peculiar question; it is this: "You don't seem to like controversy and evidently you don't care to enter into wrangles over religious points; why is it that you prefer not to discuss matters of religion as do the people of all the other sects?" This is a question that demands an answer which we could not possibly give in an editorial note, consequently we reply to it in a full editorial this week. There is one expression, however, that we can correct on this page. He asks "why we prefer not to discuss"—nobody has ever told our friend that we did not prefer. It is a pure supposition on his part. He then says, "as do the people of all other sects." The Catholic Church is not a sect, it is not a branch, it is not an off-shoot; it is the trunk, the parent tree, the Truth, and it knows no sectarianism. It may suit people of "other sects" to squabble about every text of Scripture that they may come upon; but the Catholic Church, not being a sect, has no necessity of such discussion. Anyway we reply to his question in the editorial pages.

WE have learned that Mr. Hart was not looked upon in a very favorable light on the Board of School Commissioners; the reason is that Mr. Hart "wanted to know too much," and thereby was a disturber of that harmony which is said to have always existed between these gentlemen. Do they pretend that a representative on that Board was supposed to be mute, to learn nothing of what was going on, and to be silent—lest he might disturb the tranquility of the very harmonious chamber that he entered?

If the Government of Manitoba would only act favorably upon the petition—which we publish elsewhere in this issue—from the Catholics of that Province, an immense amount of trouble, turmoil, ill-feeling and bitterness, throughout Canada, would be obviated. Such action on the part of that provincial legislature would serve to kill a great deal of that bigotry that has of late arisen to disturb the elements of our Canadian population, and would be a course worthy of statesmen and patriots.

A GRAND CEREMONY.

AN ELOQUENT SERMON BY FATHER BELANQER, O.P.

Consecration of Catholic Citizens to the Blessed Virgin Mary—Blessing of the Monument of Our Lady of Good Help.

Seldom has Montreal witnessed as imposing a ceremony as that which took place in Notre Dame Church on Sunday last. The vast temple was thronged with citizens, the decorations were in accordance with the occasion, and the presence of his Grace Archbishop Fabre, who pontificated, added a special *eclat* to the magnificent scene. The two grand features of the celebration were the consecration of the Catholic citizens of Montreal to the Blessed Virgin, and the masterly sermon preached by the Superior-General of the Dominican Order, Rev. Father Belanger. Immediately after the Gospel, Rev. Cure Deguire ascended the pulpit and read the following touching address to the Mother of God—Our Lady of Good Help:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

In this solemn moment you see gathered at your feet, O Lady of Good Help, an immense crowd of people from the city and from the country. O, Mary, they are your children, who have come in countless numbers to this new monument erected in thy honor by grateful hearts. Descending from the Christian heroes and martyrs who fertilized the soil of this new land with the blood of their veins and the sweat of their brow, they are happy to renew, on this solemn occasion, a consecration which was made by their forefathers 250 years ago. At that distant day, generous souls consecrated to thee, O Mother of Good Help, this city which was then still in its cradle, and in order that the remembrance of it might never pass away they gave the city thy august name: it was called Ville Marie and thou wert from that day and forever honored as the protector of the metropolis of Canada and of the whole country.

Accept, O Mother of the Canadian people, our sincere and everlasting consecration. Bless us all: May thy open arms allow to fall upon thy children kneeling at thy feet the blessings which they hold so abundantly. Spread thy blessing not only on the faithful present here, but also over all the pastors who enlighten them and guide them. Obtain for our Holy Father the Pope, for our Archbishop, for all the clergy, and for all the faithful of this city and archdiocese, treasures of exceptional blessings, that we may walk firmly in the path of righteousness and of duty, and that we may safely reach eternal happiness. Amen.

A MAGNIFICENT AND TOUCHING SERMON.

The Rev. cure of Notre Dame, after the usual announcements, introduced the famous Dominican orator, Father Belanger, of France. There is something very imposing in the presence of this man, and the graceful and attractive garb of his order rendered still more effective his appearance in the pulpit. But it was only when he commenced to speak, or rather when he had entered fully upon his beautiful theme, that greatness of the speaker became really apparent. What a glorious tribute to the Mother of Christ, to the Refuge of Sinners, to the Queen of Angels. He opened by a comparison between a people and the giant flow of a great river. Both must be traced to their sources if we are to know them. When one goes back to the birth of Montreal he finds that the people of this city were consecrated to the Blessed Virgin Mary. That feeling of ardent faith characterized the origin of the Canadian people. And as a river cannot, without drying up, be separated from its source, so was it true that the Canadian people could not without danger to themselves forget the religious traditions of the past.

But in every nation, even the most faithful, there is always a latent germ of infidelity and of doubt. In the eyes of those who doubt and of those who do not believe he would endeavor to justify the extraordinary devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin Mary, in order that those who believe might never hesitate to confess their faith. Here the preacher

told the story of Rev. Mr. Olier's work on behalf of Montreal, and paid a good and deserved tribute to the Order of St. Sulpice.

Catholics render to Mary a triple tribute of admiration, of confidence and of imitation. They render to her a tribute of admiration, and they have been charged by those who dissent from them with having lowered their religion by displacing God Almighty to give the first place to a woman. Oh, it is quite true that Catholic orators and Catholic artists have exhausted all the resources of their genius to express their love and their admiration for Mary. But were they not justified in doing so by God himself. During centuries the Creator prepared this most perfect of Virgins, and when she appeared in the world He said: I will make this daughter of my intelligence and of my heart my spouse. And when she consented He was not satisfied with loving her as a father and as a spouse, but said: That I may love her with all the power of my heart I will make her my mother. Could men be accused of having too much love for Mary when God himself had given her such honor?

Catholics have faith in Mary. They address her as all-powerful, not because she is such in herself, but because of the power of her prayers. They call her their mother because as the Mother of God she is the mother of all the children of God.

Catholics render a tribute to Mary by trying to imitate her, because she should be the type of all Christian women. Let the Canadian people remember this and beware of those women who, under the guise of literature, would throw away the simplicity of Mary.

The oration was a glowing tribute to the virtues and perfections of the Blessed Virgin, and at the same time a stirring appeal to the women and the men of Montreal to honor the patroness of the Island by imitating her and by placing entire confidence in her limitless bounty and love. Rarely has such a grand sermon been ever heard in our city.

AT THE BONSECOURS CHURCH.

In the afternoon the inauguration of the monument of Notre Dame de Bonsecours took place. The service was witnessed by thousands of people, the crowd completely filling not only the streets around the edifice, but the windows in the adjoining buildings, and the dyke held hundreds of others. Vespers was sung in Notre Dame, and after this the procession was formed. It consisted of Archbishop Fabre, surrounded by the clergy of his household, the students of the Montreal college, Jesuit college and the Mount St. Louis cadets in uniform, the Salaberry and Ville Marie Guards, sections of the St. Jean Baptiste and other societies. A platform was erected near the river opposite the monument which was occupied by His Grace and attendants. Two united choirs, numbering about three hundred voices, first sang a canticle, after which the Rev. Father Leclair, Cure of St. Jean Baptiste, delivered an eloquent address. He first spoke of the pleasure afforded in witnessing such an immense throng of the faithful, who had turned out to witness the religious ceremony. Montreal, he claimed, with its grand commerce and substantial buildings, was a most religious city, in fact there was no other that equalled it. The reverend gentleman then gave a history of the founding of the Bonsecours church. — "Bonsecours which was, Bonsecours which is, and Bonsecours which will be forever." The restoration of the present building, he said, was started a year and a half ago by Abbe Lenoir and is now completed. It was in 1657 that the first building was erected. It was a wooden structure 30 by 40 feet, and was built through the efforts of Sister Bourgeois, who in the early history of Ville-Marie went from house to house educating the children religiously and otherwise. An edifice became necessary and Governor Maisonneuve granted a tract of land and the first church was built, the foundations of which still remain. This building was then about 400 feet from the city proper, and although of wood was considered an edifice of great dimensions. In 1673 this building was replaced by one of stone, and two brothers, named Denis and Louis Lepretre, presented a small statue of the Virgin, about eight inches long, made of wood, which for years had been an object of particular veneration. The benediction of the new chapel was August 25, 1675. In 1754 a disastrous fire swept over

Montreal and the Bonsecours church fell a prey to the flames. Nothing was saved whatever, but it is a remarkable fact that the little statue was found in the ruins in perfect order. The church was rebuilt in 1775, and was 102 by 46 feet; this building still remains.

Archbishop Fabre then gave his blessing to all present and to the city, followed by the consecration. His Grace next entered the building and blessed the monument. The proceedings terminated with the singing of the "Magnificat."

IN MUNSTER'S VALLEY.

Beautiful Inniscarra, With Its Picturesque Scenery and Historic Spots.

"T. M." in T. P. O'Connor's London Sun, writes as follows:

I have never met the name of the place in my guide book. "Personally-conducted" tourists follow the familiar paths worn by the footprints of thousands of their predecessors, and never trouble themselves to think of what may lie at the other side of the steep hill around whose base their train plods and puffs its tiresome way. The valuable agents who accompany them never heard of it; and, though the more self-reliant traveller, who declines to allow a limited liability company to chalk his path for him and regulate his menu and the hour of his meals, may pass close by, he goes straight on to more famous and less attractive scenes, and misses a combination of sylvan beauties which would fondly haunt the memory long after more showy places were forgotten, and the sins of the writers who deluded him into visiting them forgiven. I know that the stranger's heedlessness may be less misleading than the native's prejudice. But in these holiday times, when the steps of so many pleasure seekers are turned towards the Emerald Isle, there is not one amongst them who cannot very conveniently visit the locality I refer to and judge for himself. To the traveller bound for Munster's sunny valleys I would say: "Visit the Blarney, and then ask someone—priest, peasant or policeman—how to go to Inniscarra." To some the name is not wholly unknown. An event in that far-away vale in Ireland may have had no inconsiderable share in shaping modern English political thought. Charles Bradlaugh was a man whose influence on his generation has not yet, perhaps, been properly appreciated. In his youth he wore the Queen's uniform and served her majesty as a private soldier in the big military barrack at Ballinacoly, hard by; and it was while assisting as a private soldier at an eviction in Inniscarra during the terrible famine period he first imbibed that sympathy for Ireland and the Irish which was really one of the dominating traits of his character. But my Irish readers will associate Inniscarra with another and remoter episode. The greatest "separatist" of the past seven hundred years was not the Scotch-Englishman, Mr. Gladstone, nor the Irish Saxon, Mr. Parnell, but a Celt of the Celts, Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone by English patent, and chief of the Hy-Nials by popular election, who flourished, fought, conquered and failed in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." For many years this Celtic warrior held the land of Ireland against the best and bravest armies that the great English Queen and her greater ministers could put into the field. Dublin, Cork and a few other walled towns remained in the hands of the invaders; but O'Neill was master of nineteen-twentieths of the country, and when, in A. D. 1600, he chose to display his power and to consolidate his forces by marching in triumph through the heart of the island from Donegal to Cork, he chose Inniscarra as his final camping place; and here, on the banks of the winding Lee, he held semi-regal court for three weeks, and received the "disaffected" southern chieftains of the old race. Thus Inniscarra, like hundreds of Irish districts even more remote from the ken of "the ordinary tourist," has memories and associations of its own which ought to interest many outside the comparatively limited circle aware of its existence.

But if the outside public have not yet appreciated this delightful valley, those who have been lucky enough to know it from earliest childhood have not been equally unappreciative. Generations of versifiers—purely "local poets"—have celebrated its beauties in rhymes more or less uncouth. Very familiar at a time

when I regarded it as a perfect example of lyrical composition—ah, me! it seems so very long ago!—was a lay which commenced after this fashion:

And sure you may through the world wander
As far as Cork or Doneraile,
And find in nowhere a spot equal
The Lee's sweet valley—my native vale.
For peace and plenty and nature's beauties,
And charming girls, too, by the score,
There's naught can touch old Inniscarra—
If once you come there you'll go no more.

Even more enthusiastic was the "poet" to whom posterity—in Inniscarra—owes this lyrical gem:

Och! bother your lakes of Killarney,
Your Shannon and Giant's Causeway;
Don't talk about London or Blarney,
Or anywhere over the say.
'Tis only in old Inniscarra
Mirth, beauty and love can be found,
Where the Lee winds as straight as an arrow,
And whiskey's good all the year round.

I would not advise the prospective explorer to take the bard's word as to the quality of the very much taxed mountain dew. To the credit of the singer, it must be remembered, however, that his harp was strung at a time when the homely distiller worked at will, and when Sir William Harcourt troubled not the concocters of ardent liquors.

Really, the district is one of those neglected places with whose beauties those who travel for rest or health should be far better acquainted. Holiday makers are generally too lethargic to depart from the old familiar grooves. In seeking for innocent pleasure, as in the more serious business of life, a little more energy and enterprise would not come amiss. There are hundreds of localities in England which those who know the Lake country well might visit rather than Windermere. There are sylvan beauties in Ireland which can favorably compare with Connemara and Killarney. In this secluded valley on the Lee the *blaze* city toiler will find rural loveliness in every shape and form. A broad river, unsullied by contact with the contagion of towns and cities, flows between meadows as green as any even in the "Emerald Isle." The brawling streams are bright as crystal; the woods all around are now as green as the meadows, albeit they are older than the Norman Conquest; while beyond the black bare hills shut in the view and impress the casual visitor with a sense of his complete seclusion from the striving world without. Above all, he will there find the Celtic nature unspoiled and undefiled. The people are hospitable. Even the fierce political struggles of this generation have not removed some of those traits of character which rendered the Irish peasant unique in other days, and which some of their most thoughtful friends wished to modify rather than obliterate. And all the Celtic imaginativeness is still there. The banshee wails when a member of "an old family" departs; the wild *phooka* horse conveys unwilling riders over unimagined distances at midnight; and the merry fairies, the "good people" of popular fancy, hold joyous revels in their favorite dells when the moon sheds its soft light over all, and when the mortals who might profanely intrude on their mystic gambols are at rest.

BENEDICTION IN THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

In order to promote the devotion of the faithful to St. Anthony and to help them to gain the indulgence, the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed on every Tuesday in the Franciscan Church from two o'clock in the afternoon until seven o'clock, when Benediction will be given.

Forty novices took the final vows last week in the Notre Dame convent, Baltimore.

Miss Helen Martin, daughter of U. S. Senator Martin, of Kansas, entered the novitiate at St. Mary's Catholic academy, Leavenworth. She recently became a convert to the Catholic Church.

Reports from Spain state that Sr. D. Rafael Gaerriary Alvarez, director of the Institute for Secondary Education, died in Granada, after having publicly abjured his errors. He filled in the Masonic lodges the office of sovereign grand inspector, and degree of the Grand Orient of Spain, and venerable of the Lodge "Lux in Excelis" No. 7, and of the Chapter of Prince Rose Cross, Mariana Pineda, No. 61. His conversion has caused a great sensation in the lodges throughout Spain.

OUR IRISH JESUITS.

Dangers and Sufferings of Father David Woulfe, S.J.

Father Edmund Hogan, S.J., F. E. R. U. I., has rendered one more brilliant service in the cause of true historic knowledge by the production of a work, to which he has given the title, "Distinguished Irishmen of the Sixteenth Century."

It is a noteworthy fact, to which Father Hogan does not omit to direct attention, that almost from the first formation of the Society of Jesus its ranks have contained recruits from Ireland. So early as 1535 Saint Ignatius wrote to Cardinal Pole telling him that, in the College of the Society at Rome was "one Irishman of great promise," and so strong was the impression which this worthy representative of our country made on the great soldier of the Church that Saint Ignatius begged the English Cardinal to send him others to be educated by or enrolled in the Society, so that they "could soon return home well equipped with learning and virtue, and with a supreme veneration for the Holy See."

There seems no reason to doubt that the "one Irishman of great promise" to whom St. Ignatius referred to in his letter to Cardinal Pole was Father David Woulfe, who was born in Limerick about the year 1520, and the story of whose wonderful career amidst perils innumerable reads like a chapter from some book of adventures. Probably to Father Woulfe, S.J., more than to any other man was due the splendid nature of the resistance which Ireland offered to the infamous agents of the still more infamous Elizabeth, when they sought to force the new heresy upon her people, and intruded within her sanctuaries the false, lascivious renegades into whose sacrilegious hands they gave the things of God. Father Hogan tells how "In 1560, Cardinal Morone, founder of the College of Modena, and Protector of Ireland, seeing that Elizabeth had declared herself in favor of the new heresy, thought it necessary that a pious and prudent man should be sent to Ireland to examine into the state of religion, to confirm laymen and ecclesiastics in the practice of piety and obedience to the Holy See, and to preserve the Irish people in the profession of the true faith of their fathers." Father Woulfe was marked out by his nationality, as well as by his talents and his already capable service of the Church, to undertake such a mission. The Sovereign Pontiff desired to consecrate him bishop and to send him to Ireland with the full rank and title of Apostolic Nuncio, but the General of the Society requested that he should visit his native land simply as one of its members. The Pope acquiesced in the wisdom of this advice, but "gave him plenary powers, commissioned him to examine what Sees were vacant, and to recommend to His Holiness proper persons to fill them," while his superiors "charged him to visit the chief Catholics of the kingdom, and especially the four principal Princes of the Lords, to visit all the Bishops and the parish priests, and even to risk his life if necessary in the discharge of his duties for the glory of God and the salvation of souls." Nobly and worthily Father Woulfe fulfilled the obligations of his office. Leaving Rome on the 11th of August, 1560, he did not reach Ireland for more than four months, being delayed in his journey across Europe by several perils and mishaps. On the 21st of January, 1561, he reached Cork and commenced the work which he had been called on to undertake.

From January, 1561, to October, 1572, Father Woulfe remained in Ireland, but for five years of this period he languished in a noisome dungeon of Dublin Castle, and this despite the efforts of the Pope, through the mediation of the King of Spain, then on friendly terms with Elizabeth, to secure his release and that of his illustrious co-laborer in the task of defending Ireland against heresy, the saintly Dr. O'neagh, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland. Finally Father Woulfe escaped from prison, but Dr. O'neagh, who had been removed to the Tower of London, died in captivity after a prolonged martyrdom.

After his escape from Dublin Castle the heroic Jesuit proceeded to Spain, but before leaving this country had the happiness of receiving the recantation of and readmitting into the Church the

Protestant Bishop of Limerick, an unfortunate priest named Cahesy, whom the prospect of temporal advancement had, in the reign of Edmund VI., induced to forswear his allegiance to the true faith.

Curiously enough, no details are available as to the exact manner of Father Woulfe's death, or as to whether he died in Ireland or on the Continent. Father Hogan has made several efforts to pierce the obscurity which hangs over the last years of this true priest's life without success. Of him, however, he says, that "he first comes into view as Rector of the Jesuit College of Modena, he establishes a bishopric and the pomp and circumstance of a nunciature, and through woods and bogs, in a loathsome prison, 'through good and ill he was Ireland's still,' and amidst the distracting political issues that tore Ireland piecemeal, he sought nothing but the good of his country, provided her with prelates of the most distinguished merit and instructed and comforted her faithful people." Happily Erin never has been, and we believe never will be, without worthy priests of the mold of the valiant and self-sacrificing David Woulfe.

In addition to the biography of Father Woulfe, just dealt with, Father Hogan tells the life's stories of no fewer than seventeen other distinguished Irishmen, all members of the Society of Jesus, and who, either as priests or lay brothers, worthily maintained the reputation of their country and of the great religious organization of which they were members. Amongst these are Father John Howling, S. J., who was born in Wexford in 1542, who entered the Society when a mere boy, served in Ireland at the peril of his life, and collected and recorded the acts of the long roll of martyrs which Ireland had already given to the Faith, became the founder of the famous Irish College of St. Patrick at Lisbon, and who, in October, 1599, when the plague ravaged that city, volunteered for service in its hospitals, and died a victim to his devotion and zeal for souls. Again, we have the story of the glorious Brother Dominic Collins, who was born at La Branche, or Crevagh, near Youghal, in 1553. Like many another young Irish gentleman of his own and later times, Dominic Collins sought safety for his faith and distinction for himself in military service on the Continent. He enlisted beneath the banner of Philippe Emmanuel de Vonmont, Duke de Mercoeur, and under his leadership won high praise for his valor and daring in warfare against the Calvinists, led by Henry of Navarre. When peace was restored in France, and Henry declared himself a Catholic Captain, Dominic Collins passed into Spain and entered the service of the Spanish King. Quartered at Corunna, he met a fellow-countryman, Father Thomas White, who was Rector of the Irish College at Salamanca, and according to his own statement, "by his persuasion he surrendered his pension and professed himself a Jesuit, remaining in a College of Jesuits at St. James's, in Galicia, about three years." Father White doubted the fitness of the dashing, handsome, and always splendidly attired Captain of Horse for the hard work and everyday occupation of a lay brother of the Society, but the humility of Dominic Collins would not permit his seeking any other, and, despite many persuasions to the contrary, so strong was his insistence in this regard, that at length he was admitted in this capacity. Over and over again his superiors offered

ALL THE YEAR ROUND, just as thoroughly and as certainly at one time as another, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. You don't need it at any special season. But when any eruption appears, or you feel weariness and depression that's a sign of impure blood, then you need this medicine, and nothing else. The ordinary "Spring medicines" and blood-purifiers can't compare with it.

The "Discovery" promotes every bodily function, puts on sound, healthy flesh, and cleanses, repairs and invigorates your whole system. In the most stubborn Skin Diseases, in every form of Scrofula—even in Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages—and in every blood-taint and disorder, it is the only guaranteed remedy.

PIERCE Guar-
antees a **CURE**
OR MONEY RETURNED.

him admission to the novitiate of the Society, but the Irish Soldier would not leave the post he had chosen, and in which he was to win a martyr's death.

He made his vows as a religious on February 4th, 1691. A year later he was selected to accompany Father James Archer, S.J., who had been appointed chaplain to Don Juan del Aguila in his ill-fated expedition to Ireland. Brother Collins was with the Spaniards who were besieged in Dunboy, and when Sir George Carew captured the fortress after the heroic defence which forms such a brilliant chapter in Irish history, he was cast into prison to await the pleasure of the murderous Lord Deputy, Mountjoy. On the 31st October, 1692, being a Sunday, he was carried forth from his dungeon in Cork, to Youghal, where he was first partially hanged, his heart cut out while he still breathed, and his body dismembered, amidst the exultations of his murderers. The head of the martyr was held up by his executioner, who cried aloud "God Save the Queen," and it was afterwards set up on a spike that all Papists might know the mercy and the methods of Elizabeth.—*Irish Catholic.*

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Abbe Fortin, one of the most famous French astronomers, died recently at the age of fifty-seven.

The Moniteur de Rome says that the Congregation of the Propaganda will lose forty thousand lire annually by the new tax on government bonds.

The Rev. Father Rex, a clever Irish American of the Sulpician Order, has been appointed one of the Advisory Councillors of the Superior-General in Paris.

The annual conference of the Archbishops of the United States will be held at the Archbishop's house, Philadelphia, on Wednesday, October 10th. The last was held in Chicago during the World's Fair.

A large five-storey structure, costing \$150,000, to be used as a home for the aged, under the charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor, has been started in Chicago. The corner stone was laid Sunday.

Father Decker, of St. Anthony's Church, Milwaukee, is attending the Catholics stricken with smallpox, at the isolation hospital. He makes daily visits to the pest house and ministers to all the unfortunate ones confined there.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Dublin has signed a memorial favoring the decrease of armaments in Europe. The memorial advises an agreement between the powers not to supplement their present condition of war preparation until 1900.

The Paulist Fathers of New York are making preparations for the erection of four buildings at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Columbus avenue, suitable for storekeepers. They will be one storey in height, similar to the stores adjoining the church property on Fifty-ninth street.

The Order of the French Nuns, known as the Sisters of the Cenacle, some of whom have been in America for a short time, has bought a large lot of land in New York City, where they will put up a building. The order is practically new here, but is well known in all European countries.

THE MARRIAGE OF CATHOLIC GIRLS.

Essayists and poets have discovered that our Catholic young men and women find it impossible to get themselves properly mated. They must seek their "affinity," according to these, among Protestant professional men and Protestant professional aristocrats—that is, the Catholic young woman must so seek, while the Catholic young man may "go whistle" or do worse. The Catholic young woman, it seems, is "educated." She is dainty and refined. She dresses, eats, moves, and sits, pronounces her words and constructs her sentences according to the great lights of "culchah." How, then, can she marry the Catholic young man, who smokes a pipe, comes to the table in his shirt sleeves, and reads only the newspapers? Catholic young men and maidens do

marry, and will marry, and marry each other. Catholic young women are like other girls, what their homes make them. The thin veneering of school life overlaps, but does not sink into the native grain. The men she has known, the brothers she has grown up with, the lads she has greeted and whose dawning admiration has delighted her from childhood will still have strong hold upon her, if she is worth a thought.

There are worse things than smoking a pipe, in the scale of evils; the man in his shirt sleeves is not always repulsive—far from it; the man who reads the newspapers is often singularly clear-headed. And the Protestant professional aristocrat sometimes pursues his wife with his dog whip.—*Catholic Standard.*

C. M. B. A.

AN EXPRESSION OF SYMPATHY.

Branch No. 1, of Quebec Council, sincerely sympathizes with the relatives and family friends of the late Edward Munday, in his lifetime an old and much respected member of this Branch, called from us by the will of God, so shortly after the death of his wife. We are, indeed, grieved for his poor little children, left so very young without their parents. But we earnestly pray that Almighty God, who has so willed it, may be pleased to bless them, and at the same time, inspire their kind guardians with a true parental love; to watch over and care for them in their tender years, until they are of full age to take care of themselves; and also, may those who have so nobly undertaken this important and meritorious duty always entertain for them the greatest regard.

It is resolved that the Charter of this Branch be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days, in memory of their late brother comrade.

"Farewell, good brother,
God has called you away
From this life to another,
To be happy with Him, we pray."

"Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord!
And let perpetual light shine on him."
F. C. LAWLOR, Sec.

Extract from the Minutes of the Convention of the Grand Council of Quebec:—

WHEREAS, the members of the Grand Council have heard with profound regret of the death of our late brother, Supreme Deputy H. W. Deare, who was always a true C. M. B. A. man, and the best friend, as well as the organizer of this Grand Council, therefore, be it:

Resolved,—That the heartfelt sympathy of this Grand Council be tendered to the family of our late brother; that our charter be draped for six months, and that a solemn Requiem Mass be chanted for the repose of his soul.

Resolved,—That a copy of this resolution be sent to his bereaved family, entered on the Minutes of this Convention, and forwarded to THE TRUE WITNESS, Montreal, C. M. B. A. Weekly, and the Catholic Register, of Toronto.

P. O'REILLY, J. B. DROUYN,
Grand President. Grand Sec.

SEND TO-DAY.

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

R. RYAN,
22 SHEERWOOD STREET, Ottawa, Ont.

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

"Why do you wish your wife had played the piano before her marriage?"
"Because then I would still be a bachelor."
—*Flying Blatter.*

NOTRE DAME COLLEGE.

AN ELEMENTARY INSTITUTION AT COTE DES NEIGES.

A Visit to the Establishment—A Beautiful Situation—An Alty, Lightsome, and Healthy House—A Home Wherein Small Boys Are Trained for the Higher Courses of the Superior College.

There are colleges larger and of more pretentious architecture, and colleges with a larger number of pupils, but for beauty of scenery, and for all the more material advantages accruing to a thoroughly rural life the College of Notre Dame at Cote des Neiges, the Mother house of the Religious of the Holy Cross, stands unrivalled in Canada or America. In front of the college, with but a field or two and the college park-like garden plots between, there rises a deeply sloping mountain, covered thickly with trees of every shade of green and early autumn brown, and away off to the south, as far as the horizon, there gently undulates squarely defined patches of land, bearing the many beautiful tints of green and gold that mark cultivated farms.

At the back of the college, on the crest of a hill, can be distinctly seen the stately towers of the College of St. Laurent.

The college of Cote des Neiges stands on its own model grounds of 60 acres, about 10 of which, in the vicinity of the college building, are laid out in grass plots and fancy flower beds beautifully tended. In front of the college a row of tall trees add greatly to the natural beauty of the place. On the farm all the vegetables for consumption in the college and much more that is disposed of in the city are produced. There are quite a number of acres of apple trees of many different kinds which thrive wonderfully on this land. Beneath the trees the ground is utilized for the growth of cabbages and potatoes, among the other vegetables and fruits cultivated on the farm are pumpkins, melons, Brussel sprouts (considered a special dainty by English residents in Montreal), egg fruit, beans, peas, artichokes, tobacco, and many vegetables grown in smaller quantities for consumption in the college alone. The 60 acres of cultivated land is beautifully kept by the lay brothers, and at the last horticultural show the college won 52 prizes, 22 first prizes and the rest second and third.

The recreation grounds for the boys comprise several fields as well as the gravelled winter play ground. A pond four feet deep has been dug out, which is used by the boys as a bathing place. The water is supplied by a spring and is always pure.

The Rev. Father Kelly, when conducting us over the farm, said the boys' great delight in winter is tobogganing. A gentle declivity of the ground makes at the south of the college in winter a splendid natural toboggan nearly a mile and a half long; but, says Father Kelly, it is just as long for the lads to walk back, so a small artificial slide has been constructed, which, when covered with snow, makes an excellent and safe toboggan. Skating, in the winter time, is the chief out-door pastime of the boys, and there is plenty of opportunity to exercise their skill at this amusement.

Passing the recreation ground, we notice that nearly all the boys speak English and French indiscriminately; about half the pupils are French and the other half English speaking, and the little fellows pick up the French or English language, as the case may be, with surprising facility.

The college is about five miles west of Montreal, and arriving there on a Sunday, we were surprised to see a long avenue of buggies, carriages and other conveyances waiting along the drive; it seems that Sunday is one of the special visiting days, and those of the boys' parents or relatives who live in the city take the opportunity of the drive to visit their boys. In the parlor the 60 or 70 chairs lined closely round the room had on a former week day visit caused us some speculation as to their use, but to-day they were nearly all occupied by small bright boys, their parents, packages of confectionery and other dainty edibles, testimonies of the affection of those at home.

On the first flat in the north-west wing is situated the refectory of the boys, a

bright room with a prospect of green trees and garden plots. Leading from this are the refectories of the professors and the brothers. The chapel of the college is a separate building and is beautifully decorated with mural paintings. Being much larger than absolutely required for the accommodation of the inmates of the college the villagers are admitted to some of the services.

The winter play room of the boys is a grand, large room, with nearly as much space for recreation as an outside play ground; at one end of the room is a stage, where, at special seasons, dramas and comedies are performed by the pupils. Off the play room is a small room, known as the bon-bon room, which, for the boys at least, is the treasure house of the college; here a brother attends at certain hours of the day and distributes to the boys the cake and candy brought for them by their parents; by this means the candy not only lasts longer, but there are fewer small boys suffering from biliousness than there would be otherwise.

The class rooms for the smaller boys are on the second floor. English and French is taught alternately, and when the boys get sufficiently advanced they join the classes of the elder boys, who study on the third floor; each class being in a special class room. There are nearly 200 boys in the college, but the classes are composed of only about 25 boys each, among the older boys. In the drawing class room, are many specimens of excellent work done by the pupils; the pretty wall decorations being also executed by the boys.

Among the other rooms of note on the third flat are the council room where the superiors of the Order meet to decide questions of administration, for Father Geoffron, the Director of the college, is also assistant superior of the Order of the Religious of the Holy Cross. The Bishop's room, or room for the entertainment of special guests, is plainly, neatly, but very attractively furnished, and would seem to be a very comfortable room even for a Bishop.

On the fourth floor are the dormitories scrupulously clean as to the floors, and with every bed-quilt, sheet and curtain dazzling white and speckless to a degree that would satisfy even a Dutch housewife. The dormitories run the whole length of the building, 260 feet, and there are three staircases, one in the body of the building and one in each of the wings.

The boys at Cote des Neiges College range from about seven years to twelve or thirteen, and after passing the various classes are sent, if their parents wish it, to St. Laurent College, where they may finish their course.

Father Kelly and his assistants take a great interest in the little fellows, as well during recreation as in school hours.

Small boys are notoriously more difficult to manage than older boys, and every credit is due to the professors who manage the 200 cheerful little gentlemen who constitute the family at the College of Notre Dame at Cote des Neiges.

ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The following resolutions were passed by the Society at its regular August meeting:—

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God to take to Himself the wife of our worthy and esteemed member, Mrs. Jas. Phelan; whilst bowing to the will of Divine Providence, be it therefore

Resolved,—That we, the members of St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, do tender Mr. Phelan and family our individual and united sympathy, in this their trying and sorrowful affliction, and trust that our Divine Master will enable them to bear their cross with fortitude.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to Mr. Phelan and family.

J. KANE, Sec.

A NEW PARISH.

In the last number of the Quebec Official Gazette there appears a notice, in accordance with the formalities provided by law and over the signature of Archbishop Fabre, decreeing the civil recognition of St. Elizabeth of Portugal, canonically erected by a decree of the 6th August, 1894. The new parish is made up of a part of Saint Henri des Tanneries, of Notre Dame de Graces and of Cote St. Paul. It is bounded on the north-east by a part of La Petite Riviere

St. Pierre, which crosses the Lachine canal; on the north-west by the north-west portion of Western avenue and on the south-west by the Lachine road, etc.

C. M. B. A. CONVENTION.

Four Hundred Members of the C. M. B. A. at St. John, N.B.

In an interview with a TRUE WITNESS reporter, one of the most prominent Montreal delegates to the C.M.B.A. Convention at St. John's N.B., said:—"Yes, we were treated royally at St. John, and though we had but little time outside that spent in session, we contrived to enjoy ourselves thoroughly. We were all particularly pleased with the speech of Mayor Robertson, of St. John. Mr. Robertson, though not a Catholic, spoke most liberally and eloquently on the value of our Association, and extended to us a most hearty welcome.

TUESDAY.

The convention opened in St. John, N.B., Tuesday morning, September 5. About four hundred members, exclusive of bands, marched to High Mass. A magnificent sermon was preached by Archbishop O'Brien.

On returning to the institute the meeting was called to order by Grand President Fraser, of Brockville, Ontario, whereupon Mayor Robertson heartily welcomed the delegates to this city. After a round of speeches the convention entered upon its duties. Prayer was said by Rev. M. J. Tiernan, of London, Ontario. Messrs. J. J. Behan, of Kingston; C. D. Hebert, of Three Rivers, and J. Ronan, of Hamilton, were appointed a committee on credentials, and the roll of delegates called. There are about 375 delegates in attendance. The financial statement of the Grand Council was presented this afternoon signed by S. R. Brown, secretary, and W. J. McKee, treasurer. It contained membership report, trustees' report, supervising medical examiner's report, etc., from July 1st, 1892, to July 1st, 1894. The total number of members in good standing in the Grand Council of Canada is 8,824; under suspension 370. The total amount of money received from 1st July, 1892, to 1st July, 1894, was \$245,871.48. Of this sum \$155,321.29 was paid out to families of deceased members, \$78,020.44 went to the Supreme Council and \$12,288.74 was added to the reserve fund. The ordinary expenses for the two years, officials' salaries, supplies, cost of organizing, etc., were \$15,753.62. Since the formation of the Grand Council in Canada, fourteen years ago, 394 members have died and the total amount paid in beneficiaries was \$723,000.

Rev. Dr. Flannery, of St. Thomas, having been delegated for the purpose, reported that he had sent the following cable message to His Holiness the Pope:

ST. JOHN, N.B., Sept. 4.

To His Holiness Pope Leo, Rome, Italy.

The Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association of Canada, now in session in this city of St. John, N.B., bowing humbly before your Holiness, ask your Holiness's benediction.

The cablegram was read to the members in English, French and Latin.

WEDNESDAY.

About 11 o'clock in the morning His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, His Lordship Bishop Sweeny and Rev. Dr. Murphy, of Halifax, visited the convention and received a great ovation. Archbishop O'Brien and Bishop Sweeny delivered congratulatory addresses, which were loudly applauded.

THURSDAY.

The following cable from the Pope was read:—

Rome, Italy, Sept. 6, 1894.

To Mgr. John Sweeny, Bishop of St. John, N.B., Canada:

The Most Holy Father grants his apostolic benediction most lovingly to the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada. M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

The C. M. B. A. spent the morning session discussing amendments to the constitution. No material changes were made. Ottawa was chosen as the next place of meeting, and the date the fourth Tuesday in August, 1896. In the afternoon it was voted that no proposed amendment to the constitution shall be henceforth entertained unless sent to the grand secretary at least fifteen days before the meeting of the Grand council. Branches and members were forbidden to send out circulars on association work without being approved by the grand secretary.

At the final session of the C. M. B. A.

to-night, Mr. O. K. Fraser, of Brockville, was re-elected grand president by 12 majority over Mr. M. F. Hackett, M.L.A., Quebec, on a total vote of 217. Mr. Hackett was then elected first vice-president; Dr. Bourque, of Moncton, N. B., second vice-president; R. Brown, London, Ont., grand secretary; W. J. McKee, of Windsor, Ont., grand treasurer.

FRIDAY.

It was 3 o'clock this morning before the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A. finished installing its newly elected officers and closed its session. The grand board of directors was constituted as follows:—Rev. M. J. Tiernan, London, Ont.; W. J. Killacky, Chatham, Ont.; J. J. Behan, Kingston, Ont.; P. J. Rooney, Toronto; grand committee on laws and their supervision, P. Coffey, Guelph, Ont.; Judge Rouleau, Calgary, N.W.T.; John L. Carleton, St. John. This afternoon the Grand Council delegates and lady friends were given a sail up the river in the steamer David Weston by the local branches. Mayor Robertson and President Hatheway, of the Board of Trade, were the only guests outside of the Order. The sail was delightful and the party a merry one. Most of the delegates left for home to-night.

The meeting of the C.M.B.A. Relief Association was held this morning. Fifty-one branches were represented. The secretary's report showed that the order had grown from 14 branches on April 24, 1893, to 51 branches on Aug. 20, 1894. The total number of qualified members is 988. Of these 808 were enrolled since April 24, 1893, while 2 resigned, 8 died, 31 were expelled, and 46 are under suspension. The total receipts since April, 1893, were \$3,563, and the receipts and interest since had brought this up to \$6,628.82. The disbursements were \$1,714.75 for general expenses, \$200 in beneficiaries upon the death of four members' wives, \$400 on accident claims and \$2,485.90 on death claims, making a total of \$4,800.65, and leaving a balance on hand of \$1,828.17. The election of officers resulted as follows:—J. E. H. Howison, Montreal, chancellor; T. J. Finn, Montreal, president; J. Power, Halifax, first vice-president; G. B. Lamarche, St. Vincent de Paul, Quebec, second vice-president; T. P. Tansey, Montreal, secretary; A. H. Spedding, Montreal, treasurer; K. Kenny, Montreal, marshal; O. E. Oliver, guard; M. Murphy, P. Doyle, Montreal, C. D. Hebert, Three Rivers, finance committee; C. Daudelin, J. Coffey, Montreal, P. J. Montreuil, Levis, and P. McCool, North Bay, Ont., executive committee; Dr. J. F. C. Phelan, Waterloo, Que., supervising medical officer.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Father St. Jean has been appointed assistant teacher of English in Montreal College.

Dr. Finlow Alexander, the well-known convert, is staying in the city a few days with his wife, prior to their departure for Winnipeg.

Brother Ame has been appointed prefect of discipline and master of French at Cote des Neiges college; the Rev. Father Kelly will continue in charge of the English classes.

The Abbe Jos. Dupuis, who has just finished his theological course at the Grand Seminary of Montreal, entered the Jesuit order yesterday, and will pass his noviciate at Sault au Recollet.

It is rumored that owing to ill-health His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau has officially abandoned the administration of the archdiocese of Quebec into the hands of His Grace Archbishop Begin, his co-adjutor.

The Rev. Father Catulle, accompanied by the four Redemptorist Fathers for St. Ann's parish and the two for Ste. Anne de Beaupre, leaves Liverpool to-morrow. Mrs. Curran, wife of the Solicitor-General, and Master Curran, who have been on a pilgrimage to Lourdes, will also come by the same ship.

Rev. Abbe F. A. B. Laforest, P.P., of Corenero, New Orleans, has arrived in Montreal for a month's holidays. He is the guest of Mr. J. O. A. Laforest, Deputy Superintendent of the Water Works; Mr. Laforest left Canada many years ago to exercise his ministry in the United States. Abbe Laforest says that Montreal has been considerably improved during his absence.

THE AFTERMATH OF LACROSSE

A SECOND SERIES PROPOSED

Between the Capitals and Shamrocks in Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec and Toronto—The Proposition Enthusiastically Received—A Trophy Valued at Five Hundred Dollars Offered to the Victors.

The proposition made on the part of the Capitals—to meet the Shamrocks in a series of three matches, one to be played in Montreal, one in Ottawa, and one in Quebec or Toronto—is one worthy of consideration on the part of the home team. It is seldom that two teams have been known in the history of the national game to be so evenly matched and so capable of giving such a brilliant scientific exhibition of lacrosse.

The Shamrocks have just returned from Toronto and Brampton, after having won fifteen games from those clubs within a limit of a little over two hours' actual play, and they will close their engagements with the League series in a match with the Montrealers on the 22nd inst.

There is ample time to play the proposed matches, and the citizens in different parts of the Dominion are anxious and desirous of witnessing a contest between the Shamrocks and Capitals, because it may be many years again before such two powerful aggregations will appear in the lacrosse arena equipped with those indispensable qualifications, such as the endurance, fleetness, combinations and judgment in action as they have displayed during the course of the League series, where they have shone with such brilliancy.

In certain circles a movement is being made to have the team make a tour through the principal cities of the United States, and while the idea may be a good one, we are of the opinion that it would be a wiser and more patriotic undertaking to remain true to those who have supported the game in the past, as they are earnestly desirous of witnessing another encounter between the giant exponents of the sport.

This year may be the last for a number of the Shamrock team, and Capitals as well, to appear actively in lacrosse circles, as many of them will retire for a well-earned rest, and on this account alone it would appear all the more necessary that the proposal should be carried out to a successful conclusion.

The Capitals, naturally, are dissatisfied with the result of this season's work, and are confident that in another trial they would bring about a change in their favor and retrieve their lost laurels.

The Shamrocks were disposed to give the Capitals another chance, provided the M. A. A. grounds could be secured for either the 29th of September or the 6th of October, and a trophy of three hundred dollars was offered, but it appears the Montreal association have a fixture in the football league on their grounds of an intermediate class, and they were not disposed to interfere with existing arrangements.

MR. MICHAEL SHEA MARRIED.

The wedding of Mr. Michael Shea, son of Daniel Shea, on Tuesday, the 4th inst., was a very quiet affair owing to the recent decease of the bridegroom's father. The marriage ceremony was performed in St. Patrick's Church by the Rev. Father Quinlivan. Afterwards the newly married couple departed for Toronto, on their way to Niagara, where they will spend the honeymoon. Mr. Shea is a very popular young man in St. Ann's parish and is a member of the C.M.B.A., the Catholic Benevolent Legion and the C.O.F. The presents presented to the bride were exceedingly numerous, handsome and costly.

OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

The only pupil of this convent in St. Mary's Parish, who went for the first time before the School Board of Examiners recently, Miss M. A. Lawlor, we are pleased to learn, passed through successfully, and obtained a high grade elementary diploma. This young lady is also considered very good at the piano, and assists occasionally at the Catholic

Sailors' Club concerts. Having commenced and learned her A B C's under the instructions of the good Sisters, and never attended any other school, she reflects credit on the teachers of this excellent little convent of St. Mary's.

DECORATIONS AT ST. PATRICK'S.

COMMITTEE OF PARISHIONERS TO BE APPOINTED.

Immediately after High Mass, on Sunday next, the pew-holders of St. Patrick's Church will adjourn to the C.Y.M.'s hall, for the purpose of electing from among themselves a committee of five or six gentlemen, who will consider the plans and designs submitted to Father Quinlivan for the decoration of the church. By this method the work of the four or five artists will be thoroughly scrutinized, and the most suitable design selected by a committee which will directly represent all the parishioners. The Rev. Father Quinlivan's journey to Philadelphia, for the purpose of inspecting the style of decoration in use there, will doubtless enable him to give valuable advice on the subject to the members of the committee.

As soon as the preliminaries have been settled, the work of renovation will be rapidly pushed forward.

EDMUND COLLIER.

ONE OF AMERICA'S LEADING ACTORS.

Many of our friends will remember the hearty reception given to Mr. Edmund Collier, the leading Irish-Catholic actor of our day, by his numerous friends in Montreal on the occasion of his visit to our city last season. Mr. Collier is back amongst us again, and the greeting—both on and off the stage—which he will receive is only a tribute to his real worth and an evidence of the large-heartedness of the young Irish-Catholics of Montreal.

To-night will be the Shamrock's night at the theatre, and a magnificent house is expected. Mr. Collier comes with the spectacular melodrama, "The Cross Roads of Life," a piece never before given in Canada. It was first presented in the Star Theatre, New York city, a few months ago. The scenery is magnificent and prepared expressly for the drama. In the first act the audience beholds a life-saving station at Sandy Hook; in the second act, Park Avenue, New York, and then Harlem tunnel, with a full train passing along the tracks; in the third act, the interior of a club in New York city; in the fourth act, the docks on the Jersey coast, the Jersey light-house, and the "City of Rome" coming in; in the fifth act, the home of the hero and heroine. To secure this scenery, a special artist with photographic instruments visited the scenes, and the productions are from life and nature.

Mr. Collier was born of Irish parents, in the City of New York, his father and mother being natives of Kilkenny. Both his parents died in California, and when their son had completed his course of education in the New York public schools, he was, at an early age, obliged to commence the battle of life. For a time he taught a class in the school connected with St. Joseph's Church, New York, then under the charge of the Rev. Father Farrell. When but a comparative youth, he received from Barry Williams his first line—as a call-boy—in a drama. Later on Mr. Collier was chief usher at Williams' funeral. He was also a call-boy under Edmund Falkner when he produced "Charles O'Malley" at the Grand Opera House. Being of a fine appearance physically and yet young, he was chosen to take the part of a soldier in "The Fire Fly," at Niblo's Garden. Thence commenced his career as an actor. He has ever since gone on steadily rising in the ranks, and has played with Barry Sullivan, John McCullough, Madame Janaschek, Robert Downing and many of the leading actors and actresses of the last two decades. To-day he occupies a foremost place amongst the first of his profession, and is an honor to the race from which he comes as well as to the religion in which he was baptized by the then Archbishop McCloskey.

We know that on the stage he is a power, and off the stage he is a noble specimen of the Irish Catholic gentleman. We trust that his success in Montreal will be such that his fame may yet increase and his dramatic, as well as every other, prosperity may never grow less.

A GREAT ORATOR.

FATHER BOULANGER PREACHES IN NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

A solemn Mass was chanted on Sunday morning in Notre Dame church by Archbishop Fabre, the occasion being the fete of the Holy Name of Mary. The edifice was crowded with people, who had come to hear the sermon to be preached by the Rev. Father Boulanger, Dominican. The celebrated preacher delivered an eloquent discourse in which he lauded the glories of Our Blessed Lady, and the virtues of the Canadian woman. Since the foundation of the Canadian colony the people had always a deep regard for the Blessed Virgin, a particular worship of devotion and love. The Canadian mother was always faithful to the traditions of faith of the first inhabitants of this land; always having a special devotion, of which the painters, musicians and writers have published the glory and splendor. In closing his address the reverend gentlemen praised the Canadian people for their profound faith, and congratulated them for having undertaken a pilgrimage to Lourdes for the honor and gratification of Mary and her privileged sanctuary. The choir, under Professor Ratto, executed a special musical programme. The soloists were: Messrs. J. Trembly, J. Payette, A. Giroux, I. Desmarais, A. Baril, L. Labelle and J. L. Chalifoux.

A WELL-DESERVED TRIBUTE

TO OUR CANADIAN SINGER, MISS HOLLINSHEAD.

We understand that it is the intention of Montreal's citizens to secure a bumper house—in the form of a benefit concert—for Miss Mary Hollinshead. Miss Hollinshead is not only a grand singer, but she is a noble type of Catholic womanhood. Her kindness of heart and generosity of character have been illustrated times numberless in her efforts to assist all good and charitable objects. Ever ready to sing for Catholics and Protestants alike, she has won her way to the hearts of the people, and well does she deserve any compliment or return that can be paid her. Miss Hollinshead desires to perfect herself in the grand art which she has chosen and to enter fully upon a profession that can—in such hands—be ever a source of untold benefit to the world. The concert to be given will place her in a position to carry out her intentions and to realize her life-dream. We hope sincerely that it will be a success corresponding with the deserving qualities of the one for whose benefit it is given.

REV. L. CALLAGHAN WILL GO TO ROME.

The Rev. Father Luke Callaghan, of the Hotel Dieu, sang high Mass at St. Patrick's on Sunday. His many friends in the congregation were heartily glad to see him taking part in the service at St. Patrick's, prior to his departure for Rome, which will take place sometime in October. Father Callaghan will spend at least two years in the Eternal City, in pursuit of the higher ecclesiastical studies.

ANNIVERSARY OF FATHER MATHEW.

The St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society have made all necessary arrangements for the celebration of the anniversary of Father Mathew. Vocal and instrumental selections by popular artists, and a short sketch by the dramatic section of the society, will comprise the entertainment, which will be given in the Armory Hall, Cathcart street, on Wednesday, October 10th.

FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME.

The feast of the Holy Name of Mary, patronal feast of the province and diocese of Montreal, was celebrated with much solemnity at St. Mary's Church, on Sunday. Rev. Fathers O'Donnell and Shea conducted the early morning services, and Rev. Father Guilbeau, of St. Anthony was celebrated at the High Mass, which took place at 10 o'clock. Rev. F. Kiernan, P.P., of St. Mary's St. John, N.B., occupied the pulpit, and delivered an impressive sermon on the gospel of the day. Father Kiernan was formerly one of the most popular priests in this city. During the

years of his ministry in Montreal, he acted as assistant at St. Anthony's, St. Ann's, St. Gabriel's and St. Mary's, and was revered by all. Father Kiernan will be the guest of Rev. Father O'Donnell for some few days. The choir, under the direction of Mr. James Wilson, organist, and Paquet, conductor, rendered the services very attractive. It is doubtful if Messrs. Hamlin and Smith ever were more successful in their rendition of Lambillotte's "Ave Maria."

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The reading circle of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society will recommence meetings on Wednesday, the 26th inst.

The second meeting of the committee of ladies for the coming Charity Bazaar in St. Ann's Parish will take place on Friday evening.

The members of St. Ann's Choral Club will assist in providing music to-night, Shamrock night, at the Queen's Theatre. The rehearsals for the usual dramas and comedies performed by the young men in St. Ann's will begin in the course of a week or so.

The St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society decided at a meeting held on Sunday last to celebrate the anniversary of Father Mathew by a general communion in St. Ann's Church. At High Mass, the same day, a special sermon on the great Temperance Apostle will be preached.

ST. MARY'S BOYS' SCHOOL.

The new school for English speaking boys in St. Mary's parish, which was opened up two weeks ago through the energy of the Rev. Father O'Donnell, has already 250 pupils. This large number shows that there was real necessity for such a school, and Father O'Donnell deserves every congratulation for the manner in which the school is managed.

FREE LIBRARY AT THE GESU.

The free library of English books in the basement of the Jesuit Church was re-opened on Sunday last; the hours at which books may be procured are at 8 p.m. on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for men and at 3.30 on Friday and 4.30 on Sunday for ladies and children.

TO BECOME FRANCISCANS.

At 8 o'clock this morning at the Franciscan Church, on Dorchester Street, two young novices pronounced their perpetual vows in the Franciscan Order. There was a good attendance at the ceremony. The names of the novices were not made public.

GATECHISM CLASSES RE-OPEN.

The Rev. Father Martin Callaghan will open his parochial catechism class on Sunday next at St. Patrick's.

The catechism class opened, after the vacation, at St. Anthony's on Sunday last. There was a very large attendance.

The catechism class at St. Ann's re-opened on Sunday last, at two o'clock.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. JAMES M'GLYNN.

The sad and tragic death of Mr. James McGlynn, son of Mr. George McGlynn, of St. Mary's parish, has cast a deep gloom over our community. The accident whereby this promising young man met his death took place on Saturday, August the 25th, at Hastings, N. Y. The deceased was a printer by trade and had been employed in various newspaper offices of this city. He was a member of the Typographical Union of New York. He met his premature death on the railroad track while returning from his work. The burial took place in Hastings, but the body will be disinterred and brought to Montreal to repose in our own cemetery. Mr. McGlynn leaves an aged father and mother, as well as a sister, to mourn his loss. There are no more highly respected people in Montreal than the members of that bereaved family, and it is with deep feelings of sympathy that we join in condolences of their numerous friends. They have lost a good, hard-working, virtuous son, and we hope that God will fortify them in their affliction while granting endless peace to the departed.

TRIFLUVIAN NOTES.

The Diocese, Cathedral and Bishop.

A Most Historic Place—A Religious, Missionary, Colonizing and Commercial Centre—Mgr. L. F. Lafleche—A Deep Student, Zealous Prelate and Powerful Preacher—A Short Sketch that May Prove Interesting.

As we have already seen, the town of Three Rivers dates from 1634. It is the second oldest in Canada. As early as 1609 Champlain called in upon the place, on his way to the future Fort Richelieu, and to that magnificent lake which still bears his name. From the commencement, by its position at the confluence of the St. Maurice and St. Lawrence, Three Rivers became a great missionary centre, from which the pioneer priests went forth in all directions to carry the lights of Christianity and civilization to the Indian tribes. Subsequently its situation was admirably calculated to command a great commercial influence, for by the highway of the St. Maurice the northern forests became accessible, and down its waters the pine and spruce products were floated to the mills or the shipping docks that naturally sprang up under the spell of mercantile activity. Of the long and interesting story, that takes in two centuries and a half, we do not purpose giving any in this issue; nor will we load our present article with details of the great lumbering operations which have, for long years, been the principle source of the city's prosperity. The grand, wild and charming scenery of the St. Maurice must await a trip in the company of the early missionaries, or of the more recent explorers and bushmen. For the present we have to do with the very centre of Three Rivers, and with that which belongs to the immediate domain of the diocese.

THE CATHEDRAL AND PALACE.

Seated in the Park, one bright morning in mid-summer, we enjoyed the cool breeze that came up from the great river, shook the branches of the elms and played amongst the leaves of the maples overhead. Dozens of citizens passed, all coming from different points of the compass, and all going in the direction of the splendid out-stone edifice that appeared grandly upon the opposite side of the street. They were pious worshippers, wending their way to early Mass; the building that they entered was the Cathedral of Three Rivers. Was it a spirit of devotion, or one of curiosity, or the two combined, that suggested our movement? It matters not; we arose and followed the good people into the church. Exteriorly the Cathedral is a very grand and imposing edifice. It has the appearance—at first sight—of being more vast than it really is. Strange to say that for almost the same reason, the very opposite effects are produced—on first approach—by the Basilica of St. Peter's in Rome, and this unpretentious Cathedral in Canada. So perfect are the proportions, and symmetrical the lines of St. Peter's, that a traveller, who has formed wonderful ideas of the great temple from reading, is surprised to find that it does not come up to his expectations. It is only when he commences to ascend the steps, or when he enters the great door and takes a hurried glance down the vast interior, that he begins to feel its wonderful greatness, its majesty and stupendousness crowding upon him. It may seem like a paradox, yet true it is, that for the very same reason, of its elegant proportions and perfection of design, the Cathedral of Three Rivers seems far larger than it really is; and only when you have entered and paced the full length of the main aisle do you find that it is not even as vast—if near so—as the Basilica of Ottawa. Yet there is an air of grandeur about everything in the temple that lends inspiration to the worshipper, and you forget the dimensions of the church in the beauty of your surroundings, in the chaste ornaments, the fine paintings, the landscape frescoes, and the order that reigns.

A glance at the pulpit recalls to mind that from that spot, times out of mind, has the gifted and venerable Bishop of Three Rivers poured forth his fervent exhortations and delivered his masterly

instructions. This thought awakens a desire—very legitimate indeed—of seeing the worthy prelate in his own home. Stepping out of the Cathedral we notice, to our left, and still in front of the public park, the imposing front of the episcopal palace. Surrounded by well-kept and elegant grounds, that large, four-storey, limestone building presents an appearance of combined elegance and strength. Fit residence for a character like that of the good Bishop—a character that is both prepossessing and powerful. But if the stones of the palace are mute in their solidity, there is an eloquence about the one whose presence adds life to the palace that is not silent when the glory of God or the good of humanity demands its expression. The palace is truly a palace; its rooms and corridors are large, lofty, lightsome and airy. There is a great cheerfulness about the place that truly encourages one on entering, and drives away all idea of formality or bashful hesitation. It was after the morning exercises were all over and that His Lordship was most likely to be at the disposal of strangers, that we walked up the broad steps, rang the bell, and asked to see the Bishop of Three Rivers.

MGR. L. F. LAFLECHE—HIS SACERDOTAL JUBILEE.

We were ushered into the presence of a tall, white-haired, venerable looking prelate, who kindly arose and came forward a few steps, extended his hand and bade us a hearty welcome. Knowing somewhat of the wonderful missionary life of this good man, and being aware that he was within a few weeks of his seventy-sixth birthday, we had been prepared to find him bent under the weight of years and the effects of long and strength-breaking labors; but imagine our surprise and delight to find ourselves in presence of one upon whom the rod of unceasing work and the hand of inexorable time had left scarcely any impression beyond a few wrinkles on the cheeks and the snows of many winters on the hair. The grasp of the hand was firm and warm, the attitude erect and dignified, the step elastic and firm, the eye sparkling with life, intelligence and ardor, the voice strongly sweet and mildly powerful, and the whole appearance—not unlike, at first approach, the idea we might form of His Holiness in the Vatican—that of a person in the full vigor of manhood, and with all reasonable expectations of a decade, or even a score more of years in the field of apostleship.

But it was only when we sat down and commenced a conversation that we learned truly the secret of the Bishop's wonderful success as a missionary and a preacher. We had heard, from youth, that one of the greatest pulpit orators of our country was Mgr. Lafleche; but scarcely had we been ten minutes in his presence than we discovered him to be even greater than we had ever imagined. In the pulpit, in presence of a vast number of people, and with a subject that is most congenial, it is not surprising, at times, to find a man waxing wonderfully eloquent; but it is rare to find a man, who in all the calmness of a private conversation, can glow with enthusiasm, go from subject to subject with the rapidity of lightning, weave all the different topics touched upon into an unbroken chain, impart an absorbing interest to each one of those links, letting none drop until the listener is thoroughly convinced thereon, and displaying throughout a depth of reasoning rarely met with and a spirit of ubiquitous research that suggests a living encyclopaedia. Yet such is Mgr. Lafleche, the present Bishop of Three Rivers. This not being a regular newspaper interview, and not feeling that we would be justified in unfolding all the interesting portions of that lengthy and charming conversation, we will leave our readers to imagine the subjects discussed—or rather expatiated

on by the Bishop—while we tell, in a few words, the story of his Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee.

Fifty years have passed away since, in the old city of Quebec, the future Bishop, the then zealous ecclesiastic, Louis Francois Lafleche, might have repeated sentiments such as Marbeuf so beautifully expresses:

"Demain, je gravirai les degres de l'autel, Je tiendrai dans mes mains le fils de l'Eternel."

or as McGee so piously conveys the idea:

"In the night-time, I groan'd on my bed,
I felt, O my Father! Thy rod;
I felt all Thy beauty and truth;
In the morning I rose and I said,
'I will go to the altar of God—
To God, who rejoiceth my youth.'"

On the 4th September, 1818, Louis-Francois Richer-Lafleche was born at Ste. Anne de la Perade. Of a long line of distinguished and pious ancestors, he traces his family back to the seigneurs of that old town of Lafleche in Anjou, the town whose college has been famed over all Europe, and which sent forth some of the best, as well as greatest, men of two generations. From his early youth he showed a vocation and an aptitude both for the Church and for missionary life. After a very brilliant career of studies and a remarkably able theological course he was ordained priest, in the old Basilica of Quebec, by the late lamented Mgr. Turgeon, on the 7th January, 1844. After remaining for a few months as assistant parish priest of St. Gregoire, he started on 14th April, 1844, for the missions along the Red River and over the great North-West. During twelve years the young, energetic and indefatigable missionary labored amongst the Indian tribes of that far away region. There was no C.P.R. in those days; neither were there steamboats or any modern modes of conveyance. In summer the bark canoe and in winter the snowshoes were the only means of locomotion. Varied and interesting were the experiences of Father Lafleche, and the story of those twelve years would form a most roman'ic as well as edifying volume. He beheld the dawn of civilization in lands that have since been brought to our very doors. He was of those who rocked the cradle of that wonderful region. After his return, in 1856, from the North-West he became superior of the Nicolet Seminary, with the title of Vicar-General of Three Rivers. In September, 1861, he was called to the Episcopal Palace at Three Rivers, by Mgr. Thomas Cooke, who gave him charge of the finances of the diocese.

On the 22nd of November, 1866, the late Holy Father, Pius IX., named him Bishop of Anthon in *partibus infidelium*, and Coadjutor Bishop of Three Rivers *cum futura successione*. The consecration took place in the Three Rivers Cathedral, in February, 1867, by Mgr. Baillargeon, assisted by the Bishops of Toronto and St. Hyacinthe. In 1869, Mgr. Cooke—who had grown quite feeble—named Bishop Lafleche Administrator of the diocese. In the following April Bishop Cooke died, and Mgr. Lafleche became Bishop of Three Rivers. At the time of his succession to the title he was in Rome, attending the Vatican Council. He was there when the grand dogma of the Infallibility was pronounced. Since then he has made several journeys to the Eternal City. In France and elsewhere in Europe he has won the esteem and respect of some of the most eminent Churchmen of the age. The volume of letters, addresses, telegrams, and other testimonials that poured in from all sides on the recent occasion of his jubilee, constitutes the most precious and magnificent monument that could be raised in honor of a man, a priest, a prelate.

We thought it well to give our readers these few details of a life that will yet occupy a splendid page in the history of Canada. To tell the story of the magnificent celebration, the enthusiasm, the joy, the grandeur of display, and the countless evidences of universal love, respect and admiration that marked the two days of demonstration when Three Rivers was ablaze with zeal to do honor to the grand man who occupied the episcopal throne of the diocese, would demand a little book in itself. But we could not pass through this historic town without pausing for a few moments at the palace and inviting our readers to an acquaintance with the one who rules therein. Apart from all that has been done in the various parishes belonging to the diocese, the churches built, the congregations formed, the societies organized, the charities established, we find in

the Cathedral town itself the countless evidences of Bishop Lafleche's zeal. The magnificent College—one of the finest institutions in the Province, is alone a monument to his labors in the cause of education; the Hospital—under the care of the Sisters of Providence—an institution that might well rival any in Quebec or Montreal, is an orphanage, an asylum for the aged, a refuge, and a home for the sick, all in one. It is a vast stone edifice, consisting of a front and three immense wings, in the centre of which is the elegant and ample chapel. Here are hundreds of inmates; boarders, who seek the quiet and repose of the house; sick people, who come to profit by the skilled medical attendance; children that are parentless and have only the good sisters to rely upon for protection; old men and women, tottering to the grave, who have out-lived their friends; all well cared for, well fed, well clothed. It is a noble work that of the Providence, and it is one of the principal ornaments of the diocese.

But if, in the impartiality of his character, a soft corner could be found in his heart for any one institution, we are under the impression that Mgr. Lafleche would feel inclined toward the grey old monastery, where the daughters of St. Ursule are hidden away from the world, and where they labor so incessantly for the very public that they have left behind. A more charming and instructive half hour could not be spent than in the company of that learned theologian, gifted orator, able administrator and zealous missionary. The spirit that carried him into the wilds of the North-West—fifty years ago—is still alive within his breast, and we pray that many years will roll past before God's angel is sent to extinguish that spark of missionary vitality.

EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

REV. FATHER TOUPIN.

There is no more popular and dearly-beloved priest in Montreal than Rev. Father Toupin, S.S., of St. Patrick's. Sorry would all be to miss him from the city. For many years past Father Toupin has been accustomed to take his short vacation at Oka, amongst the quiet of the Trappist monastery, and within reach of a remnant of the Aborigines. He goes to enjoy a few days away from the world's din and excitement, and, as he graphically describes it, "to pray, to read and to rest." It is in prayer and in reading that good Father Toupin always finds rest. But we are selfish, and we don't like the idea of Father Toupin's perpetual attraction toward Oka. He might be induced—in a moment of fervor—to join the Trappist Order, and the people of Montreal would be deprived of his splendid services in the cause of religion; or else he might take an idea to go upon Indian missionary work, and thus place his innumerable friends in a sad position of regret and loss. Still, we don't think he would abandon his loving friends of St. Patrick's even for the sake of the Indians, or for the austerities of a monastic life. So our fears are groundless. But seriously, we do wish Father Toupin a pleasant and beneficial vacation, and may he be enabled—with God's bounty—to enjoy a score more of such holidays of prayer, reading and rest.

THE HAPPINESS OF OTHERS.

The realization of happiness, in its broadest sense, is the object of life. Happiness comes through conformity to natural law—physical or spiritual. If I fail of "virtue"—contravene the natural order—the matter is between myself and that order with which I find myself in conflict. For my wrong act I suffer, and in so doing may gain experience which shall be a surer guide to future happiness. But if my action interferes with the freedom of another's action I thereby deny to him "righteousness," and may compel him to "vice," with the resultant unhappiness. For my act another suffers.

Hence it follows that, in the great realm of mutual conduct, those actions of the individual—or those aspects of his actions—which have to do with others, those actions which we call social, industrial, political, etc., should be so regulated as to permit to other individuals equal freedom, the fullest possible freedom, to do as to them seems best—that is, under our definition, to do "righteousness."

Callousness lies on one-side of the skin, patience on the other.

RULES FOR CHURCH MUSIC.

SOMETHING FOR OUR CHURCH CHOIRS TO PONDER OVER.

Music Drawn From Theatrical Sources Is Forbidden—"Polyphon" and "Chromatic" Music.

The documents published by the Congregation of Rites relative to the whole question of church music are summarized by The Catholic Times as (1) a decree on the liturgical chant; (2), a list of general regulations to be observed, and (3), an instruction to encourage the study of sacred music and to prevent abuses. With regard to the question of plain chant it is decided that the Medicis editions of missals, graduals, vesperals and anti-phonaries are the authentic ones. These have already been approved by Pius IX., May 30, 1873; by Leo XIII., November 15, 1878, and by the Congregation of Rites, April 26, 1888, as alone containing the chant practiced by the Roman Church. The present decree, while urging the bishops to adopt the same usage for the sake of uniformity, does not prohibit the use of other editions which have obtained the force of custom. Although not specifically mentioned in this document, I may add that Cardinal Rampolla has assured that the Pustet privilege will not be renewed by the Holy See, and that French ordinaries are free to use editions of plain chant published by French firms.

RULES FOR CHURCH MUSIC.

The twelve articles in the list of regulations are of considerable importance, but it is doubtful whether the advocates for the exclusive use of Gregorian chant will be altogether pleased with the wise directions of the Sacred Congregation. In brief, the rules given are as follows: (1) Every musical composition conformable to the spirit of the ceremony and adapted to the words and sense of the liturgy is worthy of the house of God; (2) such is the Gregorian chant, which the Church regards as her own, and the sole one she adopts in her liturgies; (3) polyphon and chromatic music, when they embrace the above qualities, may be used in sacred ceremonies; (4) the polyphon music of Palestrina and his school is worthy of approbation, so is the chromatic music cultivated by certain masters of Italian and foreign schools, and particularly by the Roman choirmasters, whose compositions have often been praised by competent authority as

TRULY RELIGIOUS;

(5) where polyphon music, however good it may be in itself, cannot be properly rendered, it should be replaced by plain chant in ceremonies strictly liturgical; (6) figured music for the organ should be grave, harmonious and connected. Instrumental accompaniment should sustain, and not drown, the chant. Entry, exit and interludes should be accompanied by organ music of a nature analogous to the ceremony; (7) the language employed in the music should be Latin during functions strictly liturgical. Where devotional pieces are sung, the words should be drawn from Holy Scripture, or the breviary, or hymns or prayers approved by the Church; (8) in non-liturgical ceremonies the vulgar tongue may be used; (9) vocal and instrumental music of a profane character is severely forbidden in the Church, especially if drawn from theatrical sources; (10) all music is forbidden which omits any portion of the words of the liturgy, or transposes the text, or uses idle repetitions; (11) it is forbidden to divide into two separate pieces strophes which are necessarily bound together in sense; (12) organ voluntaries, called fantasias, played by ignorant organists, who know neither the rules of musical art nor what is calculated to safeguard the piety and recollection of the worshippers, are forbidden.

HOW THE MATTER STANDS.

It is clear, then, from the above that figured and even instrumental music is allowed. Those familiar with the composition of such masters as Capocci and Meruzzi, whose works form a feature of the services held at St. Peter's and St. John's Lateran, Rome, will admit that the masses of Mozart, Haydn, Gounod, Beethoven and Hummel, all of which are of a graver character, are included a fortiori in the approbation given to

the first named. The prohibition of the jumpy, jerky, waltz like interludes so frequently employed on the continent is something to be grateful for. The Missa de Angelis, too, is distinctly preferable to Mozart's Twelfth or Gounod's Messe Solennelle sung by a choir of two voices. The exclusive use of Latin during Mass will henceforth put an end to Offertory pieces written in Italian, French, German or the vernacular. The eleventh rule seems to imply that the "Benedictus" should be sung at the end of the "Sanctus," before the Consecration, a practice which is always observed in France and Italy.

SAINTS OF THE MONTH.

By the Editor of the Catholic School and Home Magazine.]

ST. PETER CLAVER, S.J., Conf., Sept. 9, 1580-1654. The Apostle of the Negroes, as our Saint has been called, was born at Verdu, near Barcelona, in Spain, in June, 1580. His pious parents had formed his youthful heart in the practice of Christian virtues—and this prepared him for the great work which God destined him to perform. After preliminary studies, he was sent to Barcelona, which was then famous for its schools, that there, under learned teachers, his many rare gifts might be fully cultivated. Here he met some of the pious and learned Jesuits of Spain, and his heart was moved by the grace of a religious vocation, which, however, he did not yield to until he had received the Minor Orders of the Church, and in 1602 he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Saragossa. In 1605 he went to Majorca, where he came under the influence of the lay brother and pastor, St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, who, conscious of God's designs upon the young religious, told him that his life-work was to be among the negroes, and labored to prepare him for his arduous mission. The desire to go to the Indies and spend himself for the salvation of the souls perishing for want of instruction, became his very life, and when his studies were completed and the highest honors had been awarded him, he offered himself for the foreign missions. His wish was not granted at the time, and he was sent to Barcelona to make his theological studies. Delay only served to intensify his desire for the missions, and, two years later, in 1609, he was among those selected, and in 1610 with his companions he left Seville and set out for the field of labor in the New World. They arrived at Carthage, and our saint was sent to the College at Bogota to finish his studies, and in 1616 he was ordained priest. In 1622 he made his profession, and to the four vows of the Society he added a fifth, which was "to devote himself forever to the salvation of the negroes." Carthage in those days was the great seaport of South America, and men of every race and condition came to seek fortune and pleasure in the newly-discovered lands. It was also the slave market of the western world, and twelve thousand negroes were landed at Carthage every year to be transported to the West Indies or the mines of Peru. Here was St. Peter Claver's mission, and to this work he consecrated forty years of his life. Standing upon the quay he was seen regularly, waiting for his opportunity to meet the slave-ship, and go on board with nourishment and kindness to the unfortunate victims of cruelty and disease, and he was hailed as an angel of mercy, who assured them that he was their protector and friend. He baptized the children, administered the sacraments to some already Christians, instructed and baptized many of the heathens, and nursed the sick, even when suffering from most loathsome diseases. Do we wonder that those miserable creatures, abandoned by man, reduced to degradation and misery, listened to this God-like messenger and welcomed the Gospel he preached! It is said that the number of baptisms during the forty years exceeded four hundred thousand. He instructed them largely by means of rude pictures, by which he represented the truths of salvation, and especially the blessing of baptism. He remained among them until the ships carrying them to other parts left Carthage, and their love for him was deeply manifest on every side. His private life was one of constant mortification and humiliation. He wished to be known as "the slave of the slaves forever," and lest pride should enter his heart, his life in his convent cell was spent largely in suffering and mortification. Persecution and calumny came to

him to try his soul. He was accused of rebaptizing negroes, and he was forbidden to baptize, but our Saint bore it all with a serenity of character which surprised his superiors. His health failed him, and Sept. 8, the feast of our Lady's nativity, his pure soul went forth to God. When the people heard of his death, the cry was heard "the Saint is dead, the Saint is dead." The grateful negroes, in their love, made great manifestations of esteem, and the humble Peter Claver was buried with all the magnificence of a conqueror. He was the first one beatified by Pius IX. and he was canonized by Leo XIII. Others have followed in the footsteps of St. Peter Claver, fired with the same zeal for the salvation of souls.

In our own day, the crusade of Cardinal Lavigerie and the White Brothers of Sahara, in Africa, has won the admiration of the world. In our own country, the success of the Josephites, who are reaching out for the conquest of the enfranchised negroes of the South, deserves our cordial sympathy and earnest cooperation. Priests and sisters are uniting to win to Christ those souls which, equally with ours, have been purchased by His precious blood. Epiphany College, at Baltimore, presided over by Rev. J. R. Slattery, is the Mission House where future Peter Clavers, in the Providence of God, may go forth to evangelize and redeem the negro race. May St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the Negroes, obtain for them the grace necessary to extend his work and enlarge the kingdom of God on earth.

"FATHER O'FLYNN."

[The gifted author of "Father O'Flynn," Alfred Perceval Graves, is better known in the United States than almost any other Irish writer of the present. This one song has brought him greater fame than most poets achieve with volumes; it has been sung wherever the English language is spoken, and its popularity increases from day to day. Its jingle catches the popular ear and the scholar is captured by the unique and clever rhyming. This popular song was written in the year 1873 or 1874, and was composed while the author was walking one morning across two or three parks to the Home Office, where he was then acting as private secretary to the Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Winterbotham. "The Top of Cork Road," a lively tune to which he had often danced a jig as a boy, was filling his ear and mind, when suddenly the words of "Father O'Flynn" glided into being and were written down immediately on his reaching the office.—M. J. Murphy.]

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for learnin' and piety,
Still I'd advance ye, without impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sainte, and sainte, and sainte agin;
Powerfulest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindlest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of
Trinity,
Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divils and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all.
Come, I venture to give ye my word
Never the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into thology,
Troth! and conchology if he'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful
way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young children are wild for to play wid
you,
You've such a way wid you, Father avlo!
Still, for all, you've so gentle a soul,
'Gad you've your flock in the grandest
control;
Checkin' the crazy ones,
Coakin' on any ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

And though quite avoldin' all foolish frivol-
lity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity
Where was the play boy could claim an
equality
At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop lucked grave at your
jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest;
"Is it lave galety
All to the laity!
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen, too?"

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

On Thursday last there was a very large attendance of seamen at their concert in the club-room. The programme presented the usual songs and recitations, and though not so varied and musical as the entertainment provided last week by Miss Sutherland, was very much enjoyed. Selections on the concertina played by one of the sailors was the principal attraction of the evening. The recitation of "Bill Adams," by Mr. Gruenwald, was as much enjoyed as ever, and the exploits of that mendacious warrior, who modestly confesses that it was he, and not the Duke of Wellington, who won the battle of Waterloo, were depicted in Mr. Gruenwald's own inimitably diverting manner. Mr. Gruenwald recited "Bill Adams" many times this season,

but it seems to gain favor by repetition, and the placid manner in which "Bill Adams" makes chaos of historical events—representing Wolsely as a particular chum of Nelson and Wellington, and Napoleon and Bonaparte as two distinct individuals, who had nothing in common except their overwhelming dread of "Bill Adams," never fails to bring down the house and elicit an enthusiastic encore. During the concert, Mr. Devlin spoke a few words to the sailors, which were well appreciated. The other numbers on the programme were well rendered and well received by the audience.

ROMAN NEWS.

Canon Professor Morosini, of Rimini, Patrician of San Marino, has had the honor of being admitted to a special audience with the Pontiff.

Monsignor Winand Wigger, Bishop of Newark, in the State of New Jersey, has arrived at Rome on the required visit to the throne of the Apostles.

The King of Portugal has ordered by a decree, signed by all the Ministers, that the centenary of St. Anthony of Padua be a "festa nazionale" in August of next year.

The Holy Father has received Mgr. Giulio Tonti, Bishop of Sama, Apostolic Delegate and Envoy Extraordinary of the Republics of San Domingo, Haiti, and Venezuela.

A superb volume relating the principal episodes and personages of the late Spanish pilgrimage to Rome has been published at Evreux, under the supervision of the Chevalier MacSwiney, one of the Pope's Private Chamberlains.

A letter from Cardinal Rampolla announces that the Holy Father has recently appointed as prelate of his household the abbe Meric, formerly a professor of the Sorbonne and one of the most learned and distinguished priests of the clergy of Paris.

The Holy See has decided that bicycles may be used by the clergy if the ministry require it. The Bishop of Cremona in making known this decision to his clergy, pointed out that the invention of the bicycle was due to the Abbe Piantoni, who as far back as 1848 had used one of his own construction.

The profound historical knowledge of some journals of the Italianissimi may be gathered from a line opposite the recollections of August 14th in the Fanfulla, to wit: 1472, at Cesena was born Gregoria Luigi Barnaba Chiaramonti, who became Supreme Pontiff under the title of Pio VII. Seeing that Pio VII. died in 1323, that remarkable Pope must have lived for 351 years according to the Fanfulla.

Crispi still continues to receive numberless threatening letters addressed to him by anonymous members of secret societies. In one which he has just received it is said that Crispi will fall a victim to their hatred when he starts for Naples, or during the journey. Many consider the letters as mere jokes, but the police authorities judge otherwise, and every measure is being taken to prevent any such outrage.

NEW HIGH CHIEF RANGER.

Mr. P. Shea of St. Gabriel Court 185 C. O. F., has been elected to the position of High Chief Ranger of the Court in place of Mr. T. Monaghan, who resigned owing to pressure of business. Mr. J. Colford will fill Mr. Shea's vacated place of Vice-Chief Ranger. The Court is in a most flourishing condition, five new members were initiated at the last meeting and the auditors' account read showed a sum of four hundred dollars in hand.

PILGRIMAGE FROM SOREL TO MONTREAL.

Last week a pilgrimage of Tertiaries of the Third Order of St. Francis made a pilgrimage from Sorel to the Franciscan Church in Montreal. There were about one hundred in the party and they were welcomed by a large number of Montreal tertiaries; after a special Mass and sermon the Tertiaries took some time in recreation and afterwards assembled in the church for Benediction.

A white lie is always a whitewashed lie.
"Life" is three-fourths "wife."

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WEDNESDAY.....SEPTEMBER 12, 1894.

OUR FAITH.

Why is it that we do not see the necessity of controversy? It is very natural that our non-Catholic friends should ask such a question. Their creeds are all the off-shoots or results of conflicting ideas and opinions. They strive to keep alive their belief by means of endless wrangling over points of Scripture; and they only succeed in creating more and more divisions in the ranks of Christianity. In the first place, we of the Catholic Church have no need of disputes. By the mere fact of entering upon controversies we would be tacitly admitting that there was a possibility of our not having the entire truth—in other words we would be giving room to a doubt as to the infallibility of our Church. Basing our belief on tradition, on irrefutable history, on the words of Christ Himself, and upon His uninterrupted presence in the Church, we have no need of any argument of the controversial nature.

To convey our meaning somewhat more strongly and more clearly, we say that we do not only *think*, or *imagine* or *suppose*, or *believe* that we possess the Truth: we *KNOW* it. And knowing that all important fact we hold a most powerful position. If others deny the truth of what we so strongly claim, on them lies the burden of proof.

The Catholic Church takes her stand upon the indestructible Rock of Peter, and whosoever challenges the solidity of that stand must accept the task of proving the denial. It is thus that controversy harmonizes with the non-Catholic's method of propagating a belief while it is foreign to the spirit and system of Catholicity.

The sublimity of our Faith is due to its certainty; and that certainty is the consequence of the infallibility of the Church, and that infallibility has carried the vessel through the surges and tempests of centuries. There is nothing on earth more worrying, more injurious to peace and prosperity, than uncertainty. No matter how great the danger that is ahead, if we know of it we are in a position to make provisions against it. But when we are in doubt as to whether it really exists or not, the very uncertainty works destructively upon the courage, the determination, the spirit. The uncertainty of the hour or place of our death is the most awe-inspiring thought that we can conceive. It is so in the material world, it is so in the social sphere, it is equally so in the domain of religion. The state of mind in which the serious non-Catholic must live—a perpetual state of uncertainty of Faith—is one that the thoughtful Catholic cannot understand, for he does not experi-

ence it. What a miserable condition it must be to have to fly to every little text that an individual tries to pick out of the Scriptures; to be constantly grasping at every plank, or even straw, that dances upon the waves of life; to be ceaselessly rushing from one faith to another, always seeking for the Truth, always trying to find some assurance or some degree of certainty. And yet such is the condition of our separated brethren. How different with the Church of Rome!

Our faith is immutable, unchangeable, one and universal. It comes to us through centuries and is to-day what it was at the dawn of Redemption, and will be the same until the end of time. The very infallibility that Christ promised His Church is the grandest security of peace. We then repeat our bold assertion—we know that we have the Truth, and knowing that fact we are at ease as far as the teachings of our Church are concerned. We have no fear regarding the future of our religion; we have no division of opinion concerning its doctrines. Let our non-Catholic friends firstly accept that as a fact, that which we say we know to be such, and then if they require further instruction, strong evidence, scriptural authority or other information, the Church is prepared to substantiate her claims and to satisfy their doubts. We cannot begin with controversy that will only end in more divisions; we begin with a positive and Divinely-authorized assertion—once this laid down as a basis and accepted, we are ready to reason out the case and to argue the question.

THE REAL PRESENCE.

The week before last we referred to a leaflet in which some person desired to prove that St. Patrick was not a priest of the Catholic Church, and that the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Eucharist was a fable. It seems to us that we settled the first question pretty effectively in our answer of the issue referred to; now, as to the second question—that of the Real Presence—we desire to present a somewhat rational argument which seems to us will satisfy our friend the tract writer. Leaving aside the different senseless questions asked, we come down at once to the one that most positively contains the whole argument (if we may call it an argument) against the Real Presence. It runs thus: "The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of Ireland condemn the Roman dogma on these four grounds: 'Transubstantiation (or the change of the substance of bread and wine) in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthrow the nature of the Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitious.' Art. xxviii." What the four reasons are we fail to be able to tell; the only one we find is that one of the articles of what is called "the Church of Ireland," makes the statement that the idea of transubstantiation is contrary to Holy Writ. Now, whence does the "Church of Ireland" or any other such church derive its authority to make such a dogmatic statement? This we do not know, for we cannot see where the source of that authority is. But supposing for a moment that the church in question has the right to establish such an absurd theory, the question arises, "is it true?" Is it a fact that the Scriptures do not prove the dogma of the Real Presence? We take our friend upon his own ground and we assert that there is nothing more clearly proven in the volume of Holy Writ than the fact of transubstantiation.

Firstly, if one part of the Bible be true, so must all portions thereof. If the

gospels are not true, the whole fabric of the Scriptures falls to the ground. Surely the most biggoted opposant of Catholicity will admit that St. Matthew and St. Luke wrote the truth. If not, then they were impostors, and there is no faith to be placed in any section of the Scriptures. If they did write the truth, that which they told, being inspired, must be considered as authentic. What do these evangelists tell us? Substantially the same thing. St. Matthew says (xxvi. 26 27-28): "And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed and broke, and gave to His disciples and said, 'Take ye and eat, THIS IS MY BODY.'" St. Luke (xxii., 19) says: "And taking bread he gave thanks and brake; and gave to them saying, 'THIS IS MY BODY which is given for you. Do this in commemoration of Me.'" These are pretty plain statements. If they mean anything they mean that Christ took bread and said, referring to the bread: "This is My body." Did Christ say so or not? If He did not, then the two evangelists have written that which is false—consequently all faith in the Scriptures falls to the ground. If Christ did say so, the question arises, did He mean what He said? If He did not mean it, He could not be the Son of God; for the Son of God could not possibly deceive, and that would be a deception of the deepest hue. Then, if Christ said so, and meant it, had He the power to change the substance of bread into that of His Body? If He had not that power, He was not omnipotent—therefore He was not God. So that either Christianity as a religion falls to the ground, or else Christ said what the evangelists record. He meant what He said, and He had the power to perform what He said. In other words, either we must accept the dogma of the Real Presence, or else be prepared to declare Christianity a farce, the Bible a romance and Christ an impostor.

But what troubles our separated brethren is this: they cannot understand the mystery of transubstantiation. But does any sane being pretend to understand a mystery? Once we pass the limits of the natural and enter the domain of the spiritual we cannot expect—with our finite minds—to grasp the meaning of what is before us. One mystery is no greater, really, than another; they are ALL mysteries and we cannot comprehend them. Take the creation for example. Will any Protestant deny the creation on the simple ground that he does not understand it? Such would be pure and simple infidelity. And yet there is a more wonderful mystery in the creation than there is in the transubstantiation. In the former case God forms matter and substance out of nothing; in the second case he changes one substance into another one. Where is the difference? If any we would say that the mystery of creation is more wonderful than that of transubstantiation.

As we mention elsewhere in this issue, our faith does not require that we rush into controversy in order to support it, but there are times when it is well to show others that we have good and solid reasons for our belief. We know the truth that is with our Church, and when it becomes necessary we can prove our just claims to that infallible truth. But we do not require tracts and hap-hazard texts of Scripture to prove what we know; and still there is not a dogma of our faith that is not substantiated by the words of Holy Writ. As far as the dogma of the Real Presence is concerned, we have the liberty to accept or reject it; but in rejecting it we are obliged to equally reject all Christianity, to fly in the face of God, to spurn the Scriptures and to become anti-Christian in every

acceptation of the term. Had we space we would like to analyze a few more of the questions in that peculiarly illogical leaflet; but we have taken the principal and only important points raised therein and these we feel that we have perfectly disposed of. One more remark in terminating: Let human pride bend before that humility which Christ taught and salvation will be secured. It is the spirit of native pride that causes a human being to imagine that he is capable of understanding, by his own lights and without an infallible guide, the inspired word of God. And it is the same pride that prevents him from submitting his will to that of the Church. And, remember, it was pride that caused the fall of Lucifer.

CATHOLIC SAILORS.

The autumn season is at hand, the navigation will soon begin to slacken, and before long people will look back over the summer and ask what has been done. No matter how commercial affairs may have fluctuated, there is one thing certain, that the grand work done by the Catholic Sailors' Institute will not be without its fruits. In glancing over a short report of "The Seamen's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society" of London, England, we find the following very complimentary and encouraging remarks: "A cause of anxiety, and one which concerns the seamen of the merchant service as much as those of the Royal Navy, is the scarcity of English-speaking priests at foreign ports; it is, however, a hopeful sign that some foreign bishops, with whom the power lies to remedy this evil, are interested in this matter. In Canada, where flourishing branches of the Catholic Truth Society exist, the seaman's work has been begun with energy and zeal, and a Catholic Seamen's Club was opened at last spring, being thus in advance of the old country by some months. Nothing can exceed the cordiality and good will of our Canadian brethren, and we look forward, trusting in the patronage of Our Lady, Star of the Sea, and of St. Peter, to a friendly rivalry in good work for Catholic toilers of the sea on both sides of the Atlantic; and possibly in the near future to a federation of Catholic Seamen's Clubs or homes at the principal sea-port towns throughout the world."

It is the duty of every sincere Catholic to aid, in as far as his means and circumstances will allow, such a grand and praiseworthy undertaking as that of the Catholic Sailors' Club. People who are not familiar with the seafaring world have little idea of how much actual good is done by such institutions. Taking that in Montreal as an example, we find that through its instrumentality many of the sailors, who spend the greater part of their lives away from the softening influences of home and religion, are brought in touch with the Church, and are also placed in direct communication with friends and home. They have but to come up to the Club, which is within a stone's throw of the docks, to receive letters, to write their missives, to know the hours of Mass and of other services in the different Catholic churches, to be entertained, amused, edified and shielded from dangers that ever beset their way on land. They find, on coming ashore, that they are not in a strange country, that they meet with true friends, and that their interests are not overlooked by their co-religionists.

There is something beautiful—really missionary—in the work being done by the Club, and we are glad to know that the spirit which animates its members has winged its flight across the Atlantic and stirred up a grand rivalry in the Catholics of the old land. No matter

how the sailors' clubs may succeed in England, or elsewhere, one thing we know is that the first practical steps were taken by the Montreal branch of the Catholic Truth Society. To them is due an amount of credit that will go on augmenting as the years roll past. Surely that noble little band will not be left alone to carry on the splendid contest, in the cause of Catholic seamen, that they commenced under such adverse circumstances. We hope to see the Club, next year, on a most immutable basis.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

A correspondent in the Springfield (Mass.) Republican sends, from Toronto, a two column article on Canada. The writer entitles his production a "Bird's-Eye View of Canada." In truth it is a real "bird's-eye view," and the able author of the contribution must have soared very high in his eagle flight, and skimmed very rapidly over the panorama below. So high did he rise that he failed to distinguish any of the important points in Canada's actual appearance, and so swiftly did he pass over the country that he omitted to notice anything that might be commented upon as advantageous to our Dominion. He finds only two cities in Canada—Montreal and Toronto—and he places them on a footing of equality. According to what he could glean, in his bird's-eye glimpse, they consist each of about two hundred thousand inhabitants. In fact, if there is an advantage at all, it is in favor of Toronto, because the two-thirds of the inhabitants of Montreal are "Canadian-French," as he calls them. He says: "There are several other considerable towns, generally called 'cities,' ranging from about 25,000 to 60,000 inhabitants." Strange to say, that in the United States every little collection of houses is called a city—even though it be not larger than an ordinary Canadian village.

He finds "among half a million or more Canadian French farmers the conditions of agriculture are very much the same as they were 100 to 200 years ago." This sage finds half of the Dominion covered with a blanket of perpetual snow; and amongst the "Canadian French"—except in the case of ecclesiastics—he seems to have discovered no practical education. We are not aware who this correspondent is; but he is either a Canadian or a foreigner. If a foreigner, we may excuse him on the ground of his natural prejudices. We will not take any trouble to find out who he is; we prefer to retain what good opinions we have of our neighbors. But it is writers of this class who do the most injury to the country. No matter what their motives may be, they certainly fling abroad a false impression. They may find that in proportion as their articles belittle Canada they are acceptable to the American publisher; but, if they go upon that ground, they do themselves and those for whom they write very little credit.

We have no intention of entering into a refutation of the many strange statements, and stranger insinuations, of that article; we simply desire to call attention to the fact that our country is so often misrepresented that we can scarcely blame strangers for not appreciating either this Dominion or its inhabitants. In order to misrepresent a country, it is not necessary to tell falsehoods, or to attack openly its institutions, customs or manners. Simply by the tone of a composition it is easy to leave in the reader's mind a prejudice that it often takes years of travel, experience and intercourse, to efface. We refer to this subject in order

to put our American friends upon their guard against those contributions that purport to give minute appreciations of Canada. That one article furnishes sufficient material for a whole volume, were it within our sphere to unfold the contrary of much that it states. It would be well for the writer thereof if he had only a little of the learning that belongs to those "Canadian French;" it might save him from committing very grave errors in the journalistic field.

HERESY AND SCHISM.

Hon. Mr. Gladstone—who is a constant student of religious subjects and has ever been an able writer upon matters of faith—has recently published an article on "Heresy and Schism," which has created no small amount of comment. If we are to judge by the strange theories of the venerable writer we must conclude that there is very little ground-work for the recent rumor that he was tending toward the Catholic Church. Nothing could be more anti-Catholic or heretical than his views. Amongst other ideas conveyed in that contribution is the one that heresy and schism are not to-day what they were in the beginning. This shows a great want of logic in the writer. How could heresy and schism be less important or less sinful than at any other period in the world's history? If the Church founded by Christ were true in the beginning it must necessarily be so to-day. In a formal manner Christ declared that He would be with that Church; and until, in an equally formal manner, He withdraws His presence we cannot conceive any change in the establishment that He founded on Truth itself. If in the first century, or in the early ages heresy was a grave sin, equally so must it be to-day and for all ages to come.

Mr. Gladstone claims that because (according to him) the majority of the sects now admit the dogmas of the Incarnation and the Trinity, any other divisions on their part are not heretical or sinful. The Sacred Heart Review very ably puts it thus:

And granting his facts, even, his argument is like that of one who would say, "It is true that I have broken many of the Commandments, repeatedly, but I cannot be called disobedient because two important ones I have always scrupulously observed."

But even were such an argument admissible, it could not stand unless it were supported by facts. And we claim that Mr. Gladstone's assertion that the sects to-day accept the doctrines of the Incarnation and Trinity is not carried out in the practices and professions of the various denominations. What about the Unitarians and the numerous so-called Christian bodies who barely admit the most elementary truths of Christianity? In fact, the non-Catholic world to-day is more infidel than Christian; and if there were any difference between heresy in the early ages and heresy in our time we would say that it has become more sinful than ever. Religion seems to be almost entirely banished from society, and on all sides we see the evidence of this painful fact.

But one of the very worst effects of such false reasoning is in the handle it gives to a very irreligious section of the press to propagate most radically false principles. As an example of this we have the New York Herald, that concludes from Mr. Gladstone's article that "Christianity is working out its destiny differently from the plan of its Founder." This simply means that Christ was not Divine, nor was He Omniscient. Were this view a reasonable one, we would have to conclude that the Founder of Christianity could not see beyond His

own time, nor could He foretell what was to take place throughout the ages. It would inculcate the belief that Christ set up His Church and then left it to itself and to the human fallibility of its members to work its way through the centuries. In a word, it is a simple denial of the Divinity of Christ, the placing Him on a footing of equality with Mahomet and other great religious founders. Again, it necessitates a denial of the Incarnation and Trinity—the very two dogmas that Mr. Gladstone claims are universally admitted. In fact there is sufficient material in that one article on "Heresy and Schism" to overthrow the whole fabric of Christianity. Gladstone is a powerful, an eloquent, a masterly writer; therefore it is necessary to dive under the surface of his compositions on religious topics if we do not wish to lose sight of the undercurrents of error.

We publish in this issue the famous song "Father O'Flynn." There is a story connected with this rattling piece of composition that is worth telling. At an entertainment given in London, some years ago, in honor of the late Cardinal Manning, one of the items on the programme was unavoidably omitted, and as a substitute a well-known singer gave, with vigor, "Father O'Flynn." It was at first thought that the Cardinal might not like the song; but he entered fully into the spirit of it. So much was he taken with the composition and the manner in which it was rendered, that for weeks afterwards his Eminence might be heard, at times, humming to himself the words of the chorus: "Here is a health to you, Father O'Flynn." The reproduction of the song is due to the efforts being made by Mr. M. J. Murphy, of Bay City, to revive an interest in the ballad poetry of Ireland.

Some time ago the famous Mrs. Margaret Shephard made certain public acknowledgements which put a damper upon her "ex-nun" career in Canada. But she sought refuge behind Mr. Stead, for whom she claimed to have done some important work in the line of moral reforms. In the June number of Review of Reviews, at page 601, Mr. Stead thus speaks of that person:

"Margaret Shephard has figured conspicuously for some time past. This emissary of the A. P. A. is a woman whose past is deeply stained both with vice and crime, but that circumstance does not prevent her from figuring upon platforms as the apostle of militant Protestantism. Among the other fictions in which this woman indulges is, that she was closely associated with me during the investigations which resulted in the publication of 'The Maiden Tribute.' There is not a word of truth in this story. She was introduced to me as a penitent Magdalen weeks after the 'Tribute' was published. She stated that she was in a position to procure direct evidence which would have a bearing on the pending trial. She never produced the evidence, and shortly after departed to America. As the result of that brief acquaintance she has been paraded as if she had been at my right hand through the whole of the campaign which led to the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. If I may judge her revelations concerning nunneries by her revelations concerning the share she had in 'The Maiden Tribute,' their value must be put down as minus quality."

The Glasgow Observer, commenting upon her biography, says: "About the only thing, in fact, which Mrs. Shephard, alias Parkyn, alias Herbert, alias Egerton, does not appear to have been, is a member of a Catholic community; and the only cell there is any evidence of her having tenanted was situated in Bodmin Jail." What a splendid specimen of the "ex-nun" class!

The Rev. Father Murphy, Trappist, of Oka, paid a flying visit to St. Patrick's presbytery on Saturday.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

WORDS OF PRAISE FROM RABBI HENRY BERKOWITZ, D.D., OF PHILADELPHIA.

A visit to the great assembly on Chautauqua Lake, during the summer previous, had given me an opportunity to study the great institution in its completed form with all its ramifications and to mark its results. To study a similar work in the earlier stages and mark the steps of progress, a visit was undertaken this summer to the "Catholic Summer School of America," holding its third session at Plattsburg, New York, on Lake Champlain.

A trip up the Hudson—the beautiful Queen of Waters—across the incomparable Lake George—the Lake Como of America—and over majestic Lake Champlain, by Ft. Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and other places of historic renown, brought us to the quaint old city of Plattsburg. It was a source of no little gratification to us on presenting ourselves to the officers of the "Catholic Summer School" to find that they were thoroughly informed concerning the "Department of Jewish Studies" in the Chautauqua System. The secretary, Mr. Warren E. Mosher, of Youngstown, O., a genial and liberal spirited gentleman, the creator of the Catholic Chautauqua, spoke in highest praise of our undertaking and dwelt with special delight on the excellent results which our Jewish C. L. S. C. circle in Youngstown, Ohio, is achieving and of the ability and enthusiasm of its members. "Chautauqua," said he, "provides for all peoples excepting two. These are the Jews and the Catholics. This is in the nature of things, of course. The work is a grand one, and the needs of these two constituencies should be met. We are finding abundant success among the Catholics and I am glad to see that the Jewish people are giving you such ready encouragement. You will have no difficulty in making a great success. Whatever we can do to help you from our experiences will be most cheerfully given."

I learned that the Catholics had begun with the Reading Circle plan about five years ago and have spread it in all directions successfully. They soon found that to accomplish this, it was necessary to create a center and gathering place for the people; to create and renew and augment the interest and enthusiasm each year. Therefore, three years ago they began their summer school at New London, Conn. It was a pronounced success, though begun on a modest scale. A number of sites were offered them for permanent location. They accepted the gift of 450 acres of land from the Delaware & Hudson R. R. Co. on Lake Champlain, near one of the greatest of our summer hotels. They are now erecting their buildings at a cost of more than \$20,000. It is an investment readily taken up by people with money and public spirit. Private cottages are also going up. Next year the session will be held on the grounds. This year they meet in the Plattsburgh Opera House and give outdoor excursions and entertainments in abundance. It was our privilege to attend a most interesting session, to hear some excellent addresses and at a reception to Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, to be the honored guest. Priests, prelates and people united in the expression of fraternal sentiments and good cheer in our common work of education. We gleaned much valuable practical information."

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

The amount realized at the Labor Day picnic and games of the Irish conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society, on St. Helen's Island, was \$352.

At a meeting of the society, held in St. Mary's church Sunday afternoon, it was on motion unanimously resolved "that the thanks of this meeting are due and tendered to all those who generously contributed in donations of money, without distinction of creed or nationality, in support of the poor, and, further, thank all donors of prizes and money for the picnic on Labor Day."

THE PREMIER ATTENDS MASS AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Sir John Thompson, Premier, spent Sunday in Montreal, in company with Solicitor General Curran. In the morning the Premier attended High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, and afterwards, accompanied by Sir Charles H. Tupper, took lunch at Mr. Curran's residence.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXVII.

TWO YOUNG LADIES ON MATRIMONY.

"I hope they had a pleasanter dinner down stairs than we have had here," said Nina, as, after wishing Miss O'Shea a good-night, the young girls slowly mounted the stairs.

"Poor old godmother was too sad and too depressed to be cheerful company; but did she not talk well and sensibly on the condition of the country? was it not well said, when she showed the danger of that legislation which, assuming to establish right, only engenders disunion and class jealousy?"

"I never followed her; I was thinking of something else."

"She was worth listening to, then. She knows the people well, and she sees all the mischief of tampering with natures so imbued with distrust. The Irishman is a gambler, and English law-makers are always exciting him to play."

"It seems to me there is very little on the game."

"There is everything—home, family, subsistence, life itself, all that a man can care for."

"Never mind these tiresome themes. Come into my room—or I'll go to yours, for I'm sure you've a better fire; besides, I can walk away if you offend me; I mean offend beyond endurance, for you are sure to say something cutting."

"I hope you wrong me, Nina."

"Perhaps I do. Indeed, I half suspect I do; but the fact is, it is not your words that reproach me, it is your whole life of usefulness is my reproach, and the least syllable you utter comes charged with all the responsibility of one who has a duty and does it, to a mere good-for-nothing. There, is not that humility enough?"

"More than enough, for it goes to flattery."

"I'm not a bit sure all the time that I'm not the more lovable creature of the two. If you like, I'll put it to the vote at breakfast."

"Oh, Nina!"

"Very shocking—that's the phrase for it—very shocking! Oh, dear, what a nice fire, and what a nice little snug room! How is it, will you tell me, that though my room is much larger and better furnished in every way, your room is always brighter and neater, and more like a little home? They fetch you drier firewood, and they bring you flowers, wherever they get them. I know well what devices of roguery they practice."

"Shall I give you tea?"

"Of course I'll have tea. I expect to be treated like a favored guest in all things, and I mean to take this arm-chair, and the nice soft cushion for my feet, for I warn you, I'm here for two hours. I've an immense deal to tell you, and I'll not go till it's told."

"I'll not turn you out."

"I'll take care of that; I have not lived in Ireland for nothing. I have a proper sense of what is meant by possession, and I defy what your great minister calls a heartless eviction. Even your tea is nicer, it is more fragrant than any other else's. I begin to hate you out of sheer jealousy."

"That is about the last feeling I ought to inspire."

"More humility, but I'll drop rudeness and tell you my story, for I have a story to tell. Are you listening? Are you attentive? Well, my Mr. Walpole, as you called him once, is about to become so in real earnest. I could have made a long narrative of it and held you in weary suspense, but I prefer to dash at once into the thick of the fray, and tell you that he has this morning made me a formal proposal, and I have accepted him. Be pleased to bear in mind that this is no case of a misconception or a mistake. No young gentleman has been petting and kissing my hand for another's; no tender speeches have been uttered to the ears they were not meant for. I have been wooed this time for myself, and on my own part I have said yes."

"You told me you had accepted him already. I mean when he was here last."

"Yes, after a fashion. Don't you know,

child, that though lawyers maintain that a promise to do a certain thing, to make a lease or some contract, has in itself a binding significance, that in Cupid's Court this is not law? and the man knew perfectly that all that passed between us hitherto had no serious meaning, and bore no more real relation to marriage than an outpost encounter to a battle. For all that has taken place up to this, we might never fight—I mean marry—after all. The sages say that a girl should never believe a man means marriage till he talks money to her. Now, Kate, he talked money; and I believed him."

"I wish you would tell me of these things seriously and without banter."

"So I do. Heaven knows I am in no jesting humor. It is no outburst of high spirits or gayety a girl confesses she is going to marry a man who has neither wealth nor station to offer, and whose fine connections are just fine enough to be ashamed of him."

"Are you in love with him?"

"If you mean, do I imagine that this man's affection and this man's companionship are more to me than all the comforts and luxuries of life with another, I am not in love with him; but if you ask me, am I satisfied to risk my future with so much as I know of his temper, his tastes, his breeding, his habits, and his abilities, I incline to say yes. Married life, Kate, is a sort of dietary, and one should remember that what he has to eat of every day ought not to be too appetizing."

"I abhor your theory."

"Of course you do, child; and you fancy, naturally enough, that you would like ortolans every day for dinner; but my poor cold Greek temperament has none of the romantic warmth of your Celtic nature. I am very moderate in my hopes, very humble in my ambitions."

"It is not thus I read you."

"Very probably. At all events, I have consented to be Mr. Walpole's wife, and we are to be Minister Plenipotentiary and Special Envoy somewhere. It is not Bolivia, nor the Argentine Republic, but some other fabulous region, where the only fact is yellow fever."

"And you really like him?"

"I hope so, for evidently it must be on love we shall have to live, one half of our income being devoted to saddle-horses and the other to my toilet."

"How absurd you are!"

"No, not I. It is Mr. Walpole himself, who, not trusting much to my skill at arithmetic, sketched out this schedule of expenditure; and then I bethought me how simple this man must deem me. It was a flattery that won me at once. Oh! Kate, dearest, if you could understand the ecstasy of being thought, not a fool, but one easily duped, easily deceived!"

"I don't know what you mean."

"It is this, then, that to have a man's whole heart—whether it be worth the having is another and a different question—you must impress him with his immense superiority in everything; that he is not merely physically stronger than you, and bolder and more courageous, but that he is mentally more vigorous and more able, judges better, decides quicker, resolves more fully than you; and that, struggle how you will, you pass your life in eternally looking up to this wonderful god, who vouchsafes now and then to caress you, and even say tender things to you."

"Is it, Nina, that you have made a study of these things, or is all this mere imagination?"

"Most innocent young lady, I no more dreamed of these things to apply to such men as your country furnishes—good, homely, commonplace creatures—than I should have thought of asking you to adopt French cookery to feed them. I spoke of such men as one meets in what I may call the real world; as for the others, if they feel life to be a stage, they are always going about in slipshod fashion as if at rehearsal. Men like your brother and young O'Shea, for instance—tossed here and there by accidents, made one thing by a chance, and something else by a misfortune. Take my word for it, the events of life are very vulgar things; the passions and emotions they evoke, these constitute the high stimulants of existence, they make the 'gros jeu,' which it is so exciting to play."

"I follow you with some difficulty; but I am rude enough to own I scarcely regret it."

"I know; I know all about that sweet

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innocence that fancies to ignore anything is to obliterate it; but it's a fool's paradise, after all, Kate. We are in the world, and we must accept it as it is made for us."

"I'll not ask does your theory make you better, but does it make you happier?"

"If being duped were an element of bliss, I should say certainly not happier, but I doubt the blissful ignorance of your great moralist. I incline to believe that the better you play any game—life among the rest—the higher the pleasure it yields. I can afford to marry, without believing my husband to be a paragon: could you do as much?"

"I should like to know that I preferred him to any one else."

"So should I, and I would only desire to add 'to every one else that asked me.'"

Tell the truth, Kate, dearest: we are here all alone, and can afford sincerity. How many of us girls marry the man we should like to marry, and if the game were reversed, and it were to be we who should make the choice—the slave pick out his master—how many, think you, would be wedded to their present mates?"

"So long as we can refuse him we do not like, I cannot think our case a hard one."

"Neither should I if I could stand fast at three-and-twenty. The dread of that change of heart and feeling that will come, must come, ten years later, drives one to compromise with happiness, and take a part of what you once aspired to the whole."

"You used to think very highly of Mr. Walpole; admired, and I suspect you liked him."

"All true—my opinion is the same still. He will stand the great test that one can go into the world with him, and not be ashamed of him. I know, dearest, even without that shake of the head, the small value you attach to this, but it is a great element in that droll contract by which one person agrees to pit his temper against another's, and which we are told was made in heaven, with angels as sponsors. Mr. Walpole is sufficiently good-looking to be prepossessing; he is well bred, very courteous, converses extremely well, knows his exact place in life, and takes it quietly but firmly. All these are of value to his wife, and it is not easy to overrate them."

"Is that enough?"

"Enough for what? If you mean for romantic love, for the infatuation that defies all change of sentiment, all growth of feeling, that revels in the thought that experience will not make us wiser, nor daily associations less admiring, it is not enough. I, however, am content to bid for a much humbler lot. I want a husband who, if he cannot give me a brilliant station, will at least secure me a good position in life, a reasonable share of vulgar comforts, some luxuries, and the ordinary routine of what are called pleasures. If, in affording me these, he will vouchsafe to add good temper and not high spirits—which are detestable—but fair spirits, I think I can promise him, not that I shall make him happy, but that he will make himself so, and it will afford me much gratification to see it."

"Is this real, or—"

"Or what? Say what was on your lips."

"Or are you utterly heartless?" cried Kate, with an effort that covered her face with blushes.

"I don't think I am," said she, oddly and calmly; "but all I have seen of life teaches me that every betrayal of a feel-

ing or a sentiment is like what gamblers call showing your hand, and is sure to be taken advantage of by the other players. It's an ugly illustration, dear Kate, but in this same round game we call life there is so much cheating that if you cannot afford to be pillaged, you must be prudent."

"I am glad to feel that I can believe you to be much better than you make yourself."

"Do so—and as long as you can."

There was a pause of several moments after this, each apparently following out her own thoughts.

"By the way," cried Nina, suddenly, "did I tell you that Mary wished me joy this morning? She had overheard Mr. O'Shea's declaration, and believed he had asked me to be his wife."

"How absurd!" said Kate; and there was anger as well as shame in her look as she said it.

"Of course it was absurd. She evidently never suspected to whom she was speaking, and then—" She stopped, for a quick glance at Kate's face warned her of the peril she was grazing. "I told the girl she was a fool, and forbade her to speak of the matter to any one," said Kate, quietly.

"Do you care for that?"

"Not much; three days will see the end of it."

"I declare, in your own homely way, I believe you are the wiser of the two of us."

"My common-sense is of the very commonest," said Kate, laughing; "there is nothing subtle nor even neat about it."

"Let us see that! Give me a counsel, or rather, say if you agree with me. I have asked Mr. Walpole to show me how his family accept my entrance among them; with what grace they receive me as a relative. One of his cousins called me the Greek girl, and in my own hearing. It is not, then, overcaution on my part to inquire how they mean to regard me. Tell me, however, Kate, how far you concur with me in this. I should like much to hear how your good sense regards the question. Should you have done as I have?"

"Answer me first one question. If you should learn that these great folks would not welcome you among them, would you still consent to marry Mr. Walpole?"

"I'm not sure, I am not quite certain, but I almost believe I should."

"I have, then, no counsel to give you," said Kate, firmly. "Two people who see the same object differently cannot discuss its proportions."

"I see my blunder," cried Nina, impetuously. "I put my question stupidly. I should have said: 'If a girl has won a man's affections and given him her own—if she feels her heart has no other home than in his keeping—that she lives for him and by him—should she be deterred from joining her fortunes to his because he has some fine connections who would like to see him marry more advantageously?' It needed not the saucy curl of her lip as she spoke to declare how every word was uttered in sarcasm. "Why will you not answer me?" cried she, at length; and her eyes shot glances of fiery impatience as she said it.

"Our distinguished friend, Mr. Atlee, is to arrive to-morrow, Dick tells me," said Kate, with the calm tone of one who would not permit herself to be ruffled.

(To be Continued.)

I know of several Afro-Americans who don't keer fo' chicken—but dey have bin daid a long time.—Puck.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

THE SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY OF MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A Native of New England—A Convert to Catholicity—Received Into the Church by Bishop Fitzpatrick—Her Contributions to Catholic Literature—Honored in Many Ways.

[WRITTEN FOR THE REPUBLIC.]

The closing week of August will witness the attainment by one of our foremost Catholic writers of her 70th birthday, an event which will undoubtedly be duly noticed by our countless friends and admirers throughout the United States, in every section of which, because of her many valuable services to Catholic literature, this eminent septuagenarian has long been well and most favorably known. The Catholics of this state, in particular, have an especial reason to honor this coming anniversary, for it was within its limits that, Aug. 29, 1824, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, the lady in question, was born at Deerfield, her family being one of the first settlers in that historic town. Boston Catholics, too, have an especial motive to be proud of Miss Starr and her successes, for it was in this city that she first began her literary career, and here, also, that she had the happiness of being received into the Catholic church—for the subject of our sketch is a convert—at the old cathedral that formerly stood on Franklin street, by Bishop Fitzpatrick of beloved memory.

Miss Starr, whose middle name is that of her mother's family, spent her girlhood principally in the place of her birth, and there she imbibed that deep love of nature which so often shows itself in her writings. She had the advantage of the best tutors that could be secured for her, and her earlier education was in a great measure aided by her cousin, Dr. Allen, Greek and Latin professor at the University of Pennsylvania, who early recognized the capabilities of his relative and encouraged her in her studious pursuits. The literary renown of this city attracted Miss Starr hither in the first years of her womanhood, and while resident in Boston, as already mentioned, she had the happiness of seeing the truth of Catholicity and of becoming a convert to that faith. From Boston she went to Philadelphia, where she abided for a brief period, but about 1854 her family

MOVED TO CHICAGO,

which city has since had the honor of counting her among its population. Her residence, which she has piously and prettily named St. Joseph's Cottage, stands on Huron street, in the world's fair city; and a visitor thereto, Mr. Eugene Davis, lately spoke as follows of its talented owner and occupant: "I was surprised," says Mr. Davis of Miss Starr, "to find that she had nothing in common with the traditional blue stocking. She was most gentle and womanly, as well as modest and unassuming in her demeanor. She rarely speaks of her own writings. It was with the utmost difficulty that I induced her to give me some interesting details of her life. She has no love for publicity; and hence it is that her name, outside select and scholarly circles, is little known among the Catholic people of the United States. She has a sweet, sympathetic face, still almost untarnished by the wrinkles of age, and sparkling, intelligent eyes, eloquent of the hidden wealth of knowledge that is stored in her active brain. She is, moreover, the soul of courtesy. Her remarks to me were always interesting and sometimes witty, and displayed a true geniality of spirit peculiar to a happy temperament." This description gives one a very pleasant portrait of Miss Starr, but Mr. Davis is somewhat in error in stating that the talented writer is but little known to American Catholics. Her writings undoubtedly are not as well known and appreciated as they should be; but Miss Starr herself is well known to her American co-religionists, if for nothing else because of the prominent part she took last year in the Queen Isabella Association of the Columbian exposition.

Miss Starr's first literary productions were of the poetic character, and the earliest of these found their way into print through the encouragement of the scholarly Bishop Kenrick, of Philadel-

phia, a brother of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, who took considerable interest in their author during her residence

IN THE QUAKER CITY.

Her first published work was also a book of poems, which appeared in 1867, and obtained a very favorable notice from the critics and reviewers. Miss Starr still woos the muse occasionally, and her verse is always redolent, in its chaste beauty, of the deep devotion and piety that pervades her mind and heart. The following sonnet, entitled, "The Midnight Prayer," which appeared in the Ave Maria a few years ago, may be cited in illustration of her gifts and style:—

"The lark has not yet tuned her hymn of praise,
Nor yet has stepped the opal-tinted morn
Forth from day's eastern gate, when song,
heaven born,
Breaks from dim chapel stalls, lit by the rays
Of that one lamp, whose flame, perpetual,
pays
Unceasing adoration; reed, nor horn
Nor organ stop is heard; but strong men,
worn
With vigils, hold nature in hushed amaze
To find the chants of angels brought so near;
While angels not alone bend down to hear,
But stand among the choristers; their wings
Gemmed o'er with iridescent eyes and rings,
Touch cowl and cinctured habit; ear to ear
Stand monk and angel, each still praying as he
sings."

A few years after the appearance of her first volume, Miss Starr made a visit to Europe, and spent considerable of the time she stayed on the other side of the ocean in studying the art galleries of the old world. The fruits of her studies of these matters may be seen in many of her later writings, more especially in some of her prose works; though evidences of the same studies are to be also found in not a few of her poems written since her return home. Miss Starr has in most instances been her own publisher, and her principal works, in addition to her first volume of verse, are "Songs of a Lifetime," "Isabella of Castile," "Christmastide," "Christian Art in Our Own Age," and "What We See," to which list should be added "Pilgrim Shrines" and "Patron Saints." In addition to her

PURELY LITERARY WORK,

Miss Starr has also been in considerable demand by Catholic convents, schools and literary societies as a lecturer on Catholic subjects, a work in which she has been engaged up to the present time, and which all those who have ever enjoyed listening to her charming word-pictures of the masterpieces and homes of Christian art trust she will be able to continue for some years yet. In recognition of her valuable and many contributions to Catholic literature, the University of Notre Dame, which some time ago inaugurated the laudable custom of recognizing each year some meritorious Catholic, bestowed upon her in 1885 the Lætare medal; and Professor Eagan, now of the university, commemorated its bestowal in a graceful and appropriate sonnet, wherein Miss Starr's various qualifications to the honor were poetically recounted.

Living in Chicago, and entertaining as she has always done an active interest in, and sympathy with, all movements calculated to bring honor upon her country and church, Miss Starr, naturally, took a prominent part in the Columbian exposition that was held in that city last year. She read a paper on "Woman's Work in Art" before the Catholic congress; and she was president of the Queen Isabella Association, which aimed at having Harriet G. Hosmer's statue of that Queen accepted and honored by the directors of the women's department of the fair. For some reason or another the statue was declined, and Miss Starr wrote considerably on the subject at the time, and was advised by some of her Catholic associates to resign from the committee, which step she did not, however, take. The Isabella statue, excluded from the World's fair, was subsequently honored at the California mid-winter one. For the services which she rendered American Catholicity during the holding of

THE WORLD'S FAIR,

as well as in recognition of her splendid abilities, some members of the Catholic hierarchy of this country subscribed to a testimonial in Miss Starr's behalf last summer, and this testimonial was forwarded to her in Cardinal Gibbons' name, its recipient answering the letter which accompanied the substantial gift in a grateful manner. Her refusal to withdraw from the Isabella Association was fully justified by the good work which



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that body afterwards accomplished, and in the performance of which its distinguished president had no small share.

Miss Starr is a frequent contributor to the Catholic press, many of her best articles, both in prose and verse, having first been presented to the public in the pages of the Ave Maria of Notre Dame. The Rosary of New York, the Catholic World, the Catholic Annual and the Catholic papers of her own and other cities have often been favored by her pen, and her contributions to periodical literature are always marked with that chaste and ornate style which forms one of the chief characteristics of all her writings. In a recent issue of the Rosary may be found a splendid contribution, "The Rose of the Visitation," from her pen, which opens with this paragraph indicative of how its author's memory often reverts to the places and scenes of her childhood: "In what lies the mysterious, we might almost say mystical, charm which lingers around a certain valley town in New England? Stay there one week, and you will feel that you could never leave it. Be absent one year, ten, a longing for some effect of its sunshine, of its moonlight, of its atmosphere, will be ready to spring up in your heart. You will say to yourself a hundred times: 'All this is mere imagination. What could be more exquisite than these shadows falling around my door,

THE MOONLIGHT FLOODING

the mock-orange bush before the window! But no sooner do you come within the limits of the valley town, no sooner does the train leave you on the platform of the small depot, overlooking the villages near and far, the winding river, the fertile meadows, the hills with their amethystine atmosphere melting into the summer sky, than you know that the charm is not a mere imagination but a beautiful verity, as real as it is ideal."

Time has dealt gently with the gentle occupant of St. Joseph's Cottage, and her 70th birthday finds her in the possession of all of her intellectual faculties, and keenly alive to the beauties and activities of the world about her. That it may deal kindly with her for years yet to come, so as to permit her to continue the good works in which she has been so industriously engaged this long period past, is the sincere wish of Miss Starr's many admirers throughout the country. And, doubtless, she will be reminded in many ways next week of the general and high esteem in which she is held by all classes of Catholics through the felicitations and good wishes that she will receive on the completion of the 70th year of her beautiful and useful life. This imperfect sketch of Miss Starr may not unfitly close with the sonnet which Dr. Egan addressed to her when she was awarded, in 1885, Notre Dame's Lætare medal:

"Yes, thro' great love, redeem our English tongue,
Which, most of all, spake harshness of our
Rose,
Our Lily and our Lady, from whom flows
Christ's sweetness and Christ's splendor
blessed among
The women of our race, from where she
sprung;
Your ardent soul, in spite of northern
snows
And chilly hearts, with love for Mary
glows,
Redder than scarlet lace or fire wind flung;
For you our Lady's golden gift is meet,
Who on her sacred shrines lay your high
gifts,
You, Mary's artist, poet of our Lord;
Your best lies fragrant at their holy feet,
Your love, your work our half-cold love up-
lifts;
We pass beyond the angel's flaming
sword."

"Give me the baby to hold, my dear," is the name of a new song. You won't hear many married men singing it.

A workman is known by his chips and a barber by his shavings.

BP. SPALDING ON THE A.P.A.

No American Catholic certainly can object to the free discussion of his religious beliefs; but abuse, lies and forgeries, while they can have no tendency to advance the cause of truth, provoke to violence, and where there is liberty there should be protection from such wanton and malicious attacks.

Let the fair-minded read any of the Apatist newspapers which are sold on the streets of nearly all our cities and towns, and then ask themselves whether a cause which is upheld by such methods and defended with such weapons is not self-condemned?

Their creed is a creed of spite and hatred.

Their ways are secret and dark; their arguments are lies and forgeries, and their victims are generally women whose only crime is their intelligence and religion.

In the presence of all this, Bishop Doane, in the spirit of sweetness and light, asks us to take a more conciliatory tone. He would doubtless advise the lamb to conciliate the wolf, for which the only possible conciliation is the having the lamb in its maw.

This outburst of anti-Catholic hatred will pass away, of course. The American people love justice and fair play; they live and let live. Their very genius is good will to men.

They are not bigots or fanatics or persecutors, but in the meanwhile Apatism is hurtful to the best interests of the country, it diverts attention from the momentous problems which are pressing upon us, it separates friend from friend, it sows the seeds of suspicion and distrust, it makes innocent victims, and is doing all that it is possible to do to verify the saying of a well-known Englishman that the only civilized country in which it is less pleasant to live than in the United States is Russia.—From "Catholicism and Apatism" in North American Review for September.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD HONEYMOON.

It was formerly a custom among Teutonic nations to drink a liquor made from honey, and called hydromel, for a moving age (a month) after the wedding feast. Hence the name "honeymoon."

SHORT AND SWEET.

A married man likes his tongue cold; by way of variety.

The shell always has the bulge on the oyster, and would win if some one with a knife did not help the oyster out.

"I had a rousing time this morning," said the small boy whose father hauled him out of bed head foremost at 6 o'clock.

"Pardon me!" is what the polite convict said when he ran into the Governor as he was passing through his corridor in the prison.

IT'S DANGEROUS GROUND

that you stand on—with a cough or a cold, and your blood impure. Out of just these conditions comes Consumption.

You must do something. In the earlier stages of Consumption, and in all the conditions that lead to it, Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a certain remedy. The scrofulous affection of the lungs, like every other form of Scrofula, can be cured by it. In severe, lingering Coughs, all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections, and every disease that can be reached through the blood, it is the only medicine so effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Nervous prostration and debility are conquered by it.

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

A tablespoonful of turpentine in a boiler of water will go a long way toward whitening the clothes.

The rubber rings of fruit cans will regain their elasticity if soaked for a while in weak ammonia water.

If you want to remove the skins of peaches without taking a large portion of the fruit, scald them exactly as you would tomatoes.

When you are going to use soda-saleratus—in cooking, pour boiling water on it to dissolve it, and you will be pleased to find that it will under almost any other conditions.

To cleanse glass bottles that have held oil, place ashes in each bottle and immerse in cold water, then heat the water gradually until it boils; after boiling an hour, let them remain till cold. Then wash the bottles in soap-suds and rinse in cold water.

If you want to make a clear, pretty jelly, select for the purpose fruit that is not quite ripe and which is without a suspicion of decay about it; jelly made of overripe fruit is always slow to harden, and will never be quite clear, do what you will.

Wash willow furniture with water and castile soap, wiping very dry with a soft cloth, then dry it in the sun or near a fire. To bleach it, after washing in warm suds, set in a box, without drying, put a small dish of burning sulphur inside and cover the box for half an hour.

Steel knives or other articles which have become rusty should be rubbed with a little sweet oil, then left for a day or two in a dry place, and then rubbed with finely powdered, unslacked lime, until every vestige of the rust has disappeared, and keep in a dry place, wrapped up in a bit of flannel.

Few housewives seem to understand that fruit in glass cans should be kept in the dark. If you cannot put your fruit-jars in a closet, wrap each can in a piece of brown paper, which will answer about as well. Canned fruit should be kept moderately cool and about the same temperature all the time.

It is said that the most nauseous physic may be given to children without trouble by previously letting them take a peppermint lozenge, piece of alum, or a bit of orange peel. Many people make the mistake of giving a sweet afterward to take away the disagreeable taste; it is far better to destroy it in the first instance.

Ringworms come often to a perfectly healthy person, and with no provocation whatever. They are stubborn things and yield to treatment very slowly. One of the very best remedies is borax. Make a strong solution of borax and hot water and wash the ringworm three times a day with it; the ugly thing will disappear as if by magic.

TO THE MEMORY OF JOSEPH D. CALLAGHAN,

Who was drowned July 28, 1894, age 1 year and 3 months.

No little one more gentle,
None more meek and mild;
Go where you would, you could not find
A more attractive child.
To hold our darling over,
I'm sure it was our will,
Although we loved him dearly,
God loved him better still.

When summer winds were sighing,
One sadly mournful day,
We laid our little darling down,
Neath the graveyard's sacred clay;
And the sods around his little grave,
His friends with tears did steep,
When we laid our little darling down
To take his long last sleep.

Yet we know his spirit's living,
Far away beyond the sky;
He is dally praying for us,
To meet him bye and bye;
And thus when'er we think of him,
'Tis wrong indeed to weep;
We've laid our little darling down
To take his long last sleep.

MAURICE O'CONNELL,
Forest Mills, P.Q.

When some men lose their tempers it would be well for them if they never found them again—*Philadelphia Journal*.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE

On September 4th, in the hall of Branch No. 43, C. M. B. A., at Brockville, the following resolution was adopted: It was moved by Chancellor J. T. Noonan, seconded by Trustee P. J. Venney, and resolved unanimously, that "Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to his eternal reward Hon. Christopher Findlay Fraser, brother of our respected Grand President, Bro. O. K. Fraser, be it resolved, that this Branch extend its deep and sincere sympathy to Bro. Fraser and his afflicted relatives, in this their hour of trial; and be it further resolved, that this resolution be spread upon the minutes of the Branch, and that copies of it be sent to Bro. Fraser, to the local papers, and to each of the C. M. B. A. journals." J. W. McBREARTY, Sec.

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end in trouble. With *Pearline*, there is no harm to anything that can be washed. Anything is washed easier, everything is washed better. Use *Pearline*, and you will want nothing else; use nothing else, and you will want *Pearline* more.

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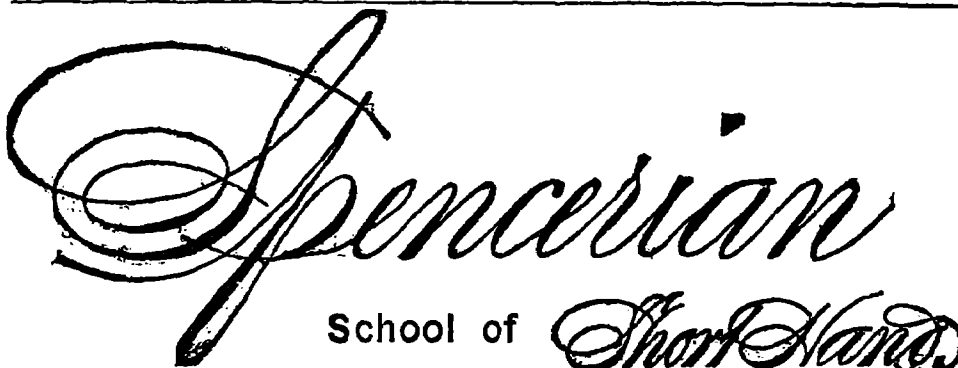


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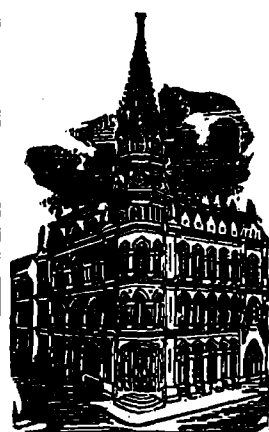
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A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—As a French man-of-war is now anchored in our port and will be for a week, may I be permitted to make a suggestion to the fair ladies who are such zealous supporters of our Catholic Sailors' Club. Could not a concert be given in honor of our gallant visitors, the French sailors and their officers. I feel confident the R. R. Fathers of the Gesu would gladly lend the use of their hall for the purpose; the entrance fee would be a profitable contribution to the funds of the club. The concert would certainly be popular, and be highly complimentary to our French visitors. 'What say you?' J. A. J.

HE WALKED TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Wileym Taylor, the young Austrian, who set out several weeks ago to make a pilgrimage on foot from Montreal to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, arrived back safely on Sunday and is now working at Sault au Recollet Convent.

JESUIT FATHERS.

The Jesuit Fathers have under consideration a scheme for building a summer residence for their Order. Vaudreuil will probably be the locality chosen, but no arrangements have as yet been made.

Editor of the Woman's Column—"I got a letter from a young lady to-day, who asks which is considered prettiest, blonde or brunette?"

Local Man—"And what did you tell her, Harry?" "Tell her? How could I know? I never saw the woman in my life."—*Boston Transcript*.

Youths' Department.

A LONELY LITTLE GIRL.

The people of Holland are very proud of their noble Rijks Museum in Amsterdam, into which are gathered the treasures which illustrate the growth of the arts and sciences in their kingdom from barbarous ages until the present time. The great corridors are usually crowded with all the classes of the Dutch nation.

A visitor to the museum last summer noticed that the long procession swerved aside from the galleries of pictures which held only a large blank-book, inscribed with the names of noted visitors.

Upon the open page of this book was written, in a child's unsteady, careful hand, "Wilhelmina."

It was a motley crowd that paused to look at this name, and a picturesque one; for the Dutch still wear many of their national costumes. There were nobles with their equerries, wealthy burghers, peasant women from Zealand, in hooped skirts and white caps with gold helmets, priests in black gowns, with white cord about their waists; maid servants from Scheveningen, with huge golden cork-screw pins in their hair, and orphan boys from the Stadt Asylum, one-half of their bodies clothed in black, and the other in scarlet.

On each face, old or young, came the same amused, tender smile, as they saw the childish writing; and they passed on, nodding to each other with delighted approval:

"She writes well."
 "She is wonderfully clever."
 "Ah, the dear child!"
 "Who is the little child whom everyone loves?" asked the American lady of the Dutch lady who was standing near her.

"She is our little Queen, Wilhelmina," was the reply. "She is only ten years old, and not a strong child; but each of us prays every day for her life, as if she was one of our own. That is not only because she is the last of the royal race, and if she dies Holland would be torn to pieces by wars for succession, but because we love her. She is so good, so honest and friendly a child."

Wilhelmina is a slight, erect child, with brown hair, a smiling mouth, and dark, candid, friendly eyes. She lives with her mother, the regent, in the chateau of St. Loo in summer, and in one wing of the royal palace at the Hague in winter.

The great State ball-rooms and throne-halls are closed since her father's death; and the little maid has a wing of the palace, like a cozy house, to live in, full of pretty China stoves and easy-chairs, with flowers in the windows. But few girls have so lonely a life as she.

"She cannot play with other children," said one of her subjects. "Whom could she have for a companion? She is Queen: she must study, study; she must learn to rule."

Poor lonely little Queen! Yet she has her pleasures.

When her mother's last birthday arrived, Wilhelmina with great joy surprised her with her portrait, painted by a famous artist. She had contrived to keep the secret for months, and had chosen a dress to wear which her dead father had given her.

Sometimes she gives a fete to the Stadt orphans in their queer red and black garments.

"She loves the orphans," said the Dutch man. "When, after the King's death, all the people of Amsterdam came to pay homage to the regent mother, the little child suddenly stepped down from the throne, and going up to one of the poor girls, who, like herself, had no father, she put her arms around her and kissed her."

"Ah, then you should have heard the acclamation of the people! All our boys in Holland love their child-Queen. They would protect her with their lives."

While all Americans will agree in rejoicing that the well-being of our country does not depend on the life of a child, yet we can recognize the truth in the shrewd remark of the frau in Amsterdam:—

"If one must have a monarch, it is best that she should be a child and a

girl; for then all that is best in the hearts of her subjects will rise for her support and her defence!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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Now He is Hearty and Healthy.

Mr. Fred. Fairhall, of Fairhall, Selkirk Co., Manitoba, writes for the sole purpose of benefitting thousands in Canada who suffer from the troubles and afflictions that made life a misery to him in the past. Comment on our part is unnecessary, as Mr. Fairhall clearly proves that Paine's Celery Compound was the direct means of saving his life. He writes as follows:—

"Having read of some remarkable cures reported in the Winnipeg Weekly Tribune, permit me to add my testimony in favor of your valuable medicine.

"I had been troubled with indigestion and bilious diarrhoea for six years. These troubles, with hard work, brought upon me, in the spring of 1891, nervous prostration. From a state of activity I was reduced to a condition that I could not work. My memory, which previously had been retentive, failed me; I could not sleep, and I felt a great depression of spirits. I was so distressed at times both in body and mind, that I often wished to die, and I frequently prayed to God, if it was His will, to take me.

"I thank God all this has passed away. Paine's Celery Compound with God's blessing has been the means of curing me. I have taken ten bottles of the Compound which I purchased from Mr. R. W. Oliver, of Killarney.

"I am now perfectly restored in mind and memory; my appetite is good, and I am improving steadily in health. For all these blessings I am more than thankful, and have strongly recommended Paine's Celery Compound to my neighbors."

A CATHOLIC PETITION.

PRESENTED YESTERDAY IN WINNIPEG

By press despatch from Winnipeg dated Monday, we learn that a thousand Catholics of that city were to have marched, yesterday, in a body to the Government building to lay before Premier Greenway and his ministry the following petition:

We, the undersigned Catholics of the Province of Manitoba, do respectfully represent:—

1. That we are unable from motives of conscientious convictions to participate in, or derive benefit from the system of education, as now carried on under the Public School act of 1890 and amendments thereto.

2. That the heavy pecuniary sacrifices with which Catholics throughout the province have been burdened in consequence of said laws for the last four years, even through the financial stringency of the present time, must remove any doubt as to the correctness of their feelings and convince your Government of the gravity of their grievances.

3. That without sharing your petitioners' religious convictions, that the taxation of Catholics for schools acceptable only to Protestants is most oppressive and unfair, your Government must feel that they can no longer in their own conscience legitimately carry on that system, the result of which is injustice and oppression.

4. Therefore, your petitioners, as free-born British subjects, do enter their firm and solemn protest against this unfair treatment at your hands, and do respectfully and earnestly pray that your Government take into their serious consideration the grievance of the Catholics of this province, and to pass such legislation as may be necessary to remedy such grievances to their full extent, and to assure to the said population the full respect of their rights and conscientious feelings, the use of their school taxes and of their legitimate share of the public money, voted for educational purposes in this province, and your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, will be received until noon of the 15th September, 1894, for the supply of materials, including Timber, Lumber, Cast and Wrought Iron Hardware, Coal Oil, Coal, &c., &c., in such quantities as may be required from time to time during the fiscal year 1894-95. Each tender must be endorsed "Tenders for Supplies."

Forms can be obtained at the office of the Superintendent Engineer, Montreal, and from the Canal Superintendents.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
 E. MARCEAU,
 Acting Supt. Engineer,
 Supt. Engineer's Office, 1709 Notre Dame St.,
 Montreal, Aug. 17th, 1894. 8-1



LAKE ST. LOUIS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for New Channel, Lake St. Louis," will be received at this office up to noon on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, 1894, for the formation of a new channel in Lake St. Louis, section No. 1.

Plans and specification of the work to be done can be seen on and after the 23rd day of August, 1894, at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Superintendent Engineer's office in Montreal, where forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of \$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
 J. H. BALDERSON,
 Secretary.
 Supt. of Railways and Canals }
 Ottawa, 4th August, 1894. } 8-3

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS FOR SALE CHEAP.

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

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

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A GLASGOW MIRACLE. A SCOTCH LASSIE RESCUED BY A CANADIAN.

Her Life Was Despaired Of—Subject to Fainting Spells and Heart Trouble—Doctors Said Recovery Was Impossible—A Wonderful Story.
From the Glasgow Echo.

The case of "Little Nell," whose miraculous cure was reported in the newspapers, with a subsequent letter from the Rev. Samuel Harding, is but one in a series of similar cases in Glasgow. The latest is that of Miss Lizzie Duncan, a young woman who has been snatched back to life. She was in what is termed a "decline"—wasting away by inches before the eyes of her parents, and her sad condition seems to have been known to a number of people. Consequently when she was found to have escaped the threatened death, and to be, apparently, as well as anyone in Glasgow, a tremendous impetus was given to the prevalent talk, and an Echo reporter was directed to make a searching investigation, with the result that this strange story was entirely confirmed.

Arriving at 208 Stirling Road, the reporter was conducted into the presence of Mrs. Duncan by a rosy-cheeked young woman, who proved to be Miss Duncan, who looked in no way like an invalid.

"This is the lassie," said the mother. Heaven knows that a miracle has been wrought upon her. Eighteen months ago Lizzie began to pine away. The color left her entirely, and she appeared to be as weak as water. One Sunday morning she said, "Oh, mother, I cannot rise to day," and before she had got out the words her whiteness became like that of a corpse, and she fell away into a faint. I sent for the doctor, who said she had heart disease. When he saw her again she had grown worse and the doctor said, "The poor lassie is very far through." We expected that poor Lizzie would not live long. There was no color in her face. She was wasting away, her cheek bones sticking through as if they would break the skin. Her arms and legs were just bones. The doctor said, "Lizzie may stand the winter, but if she does, that will be all." One day, however, I chanced to read of several cases in which dying persons had been restored to life by a new scientific method—some pills, not like other medicine, but altogether of extraordinary virtue, called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I said to my husband, "In the name of God let's try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Well, before the first box was empty there was an improvement. She persevered, and when she had finished her fifth box she was perfectly well, and there is not now a stronger young woman in the townhead of Glasgow, though at one time she was a living skeleton. You can ask any of the neighbors," said Mrs. Duncan in conclusion, "or any person in the street, and they will confirm my story."

"I am stronger than ever I was in my life," added the daughter, "yet I can hardly describe how ill I was. I was certainly dying. I could neither go up nor down stairs; I was afraid to walk on account of the fluttering sensation at my heart. I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as my mother has described, and feel that they saved my life."

Miss Wood, the lady who drew the reporter's attention to the case, said that the parents had their daughter's photograph taken, for they thought that she would soon be sleeping in her grave. Lizzie once visited her, and was so weak that she had to carry her back to her house. "The change," said Miss Wood in conclusion, "has been wonderful. She is now a sonsie lass, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been an instrument in God's own hands."

Irish News.

The dedication of the new church raised upon the historic site of M. naster-boice will take place early in October.

It is proposed to raise the salary of the Lord Mayor of Dublin from £3,000 to £4,000 a year. Up to a few years ago the salary was only £2,000.

Charles Maxwell, of Hillhall, aged about fourteen years, who was employed as a clerk and stocktaker in one of the stores in Barbour's thread works, at Lis-

burn, was accidentally killed on Aug. 8. He was caught in the machinery and fearfully mangled, both his arms being torn off, and his legs and back broken.

At an election of Harbor Commissioners in Drogheda on the 14th ult., nine Nationalists and two Redmondites were returned.

It has been decided by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society to make the experiment of establishing an agricultural bank at Summerhill.

On August 13, at Murroe, the cattle of two orphan girls named Hayes, tenants of Sir Charles Barrington, were seized by the sheriff and sold to satisfy the landlord's claim of only one year's rent.

The blight has made its appearance in Westport district and has already done much damage. In the Louisburg district spraying experiments have been tried under the direction of Congested Districts Board inspectors.

The Rev. Bro. Madigan, superior of the Christian Brothers' Schools, Monaghan, whose removal has been ordered to another district, has been made the recipient of an address by the school boys. The address was accompanied by a present.

Mrs. Constance Coddington, wife of Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Coddington, D. L., of Oldbridge House, died on August 11. She was the third eldest daughter of the late Col. Stephen A. Smyth, J. P., of Amesbrook, and was only thirty-one years of age.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Kelly, of Union Street, Cookstown, to the commission of the peace for County Tyrone. Mr. Kelly, who is an esteemed Catholic merchant, has been closely connected with the flax industry, and was resident for a considerable time at Courtrai, Belgium.

The condition of the crops in Meath may be described as fair, but far from being satisfactory. This was due to the variable weather of the early summer months. The turnip and mangold crop, on the whole, will be very good. The potato is a subject of anxiety, and it depends on the weather whether the crop will turn out a success or failure. Hay has suffered considerably from the rain.

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Telephone 8885.

Oats and wheat—the only corn crops sowed here—are very late and are suffering from continued wet weather. It is feared there will not be an average crop.

The harvest prospects in the district of Drogheda appear to be over the average, but a great deal depends upon the absence of rain during the next fortnight. Potatoes are of excellent quality, the yield of tubers being above the average. Oats and barley are greatly lodged. If the weather keeps up the yield will be splendid. The turnip crop is likely to prove the best for many years.

A boating fatality occurred at Loughlynny, by which a young man named Shanahan lost his life. Shanahan, accompanied by two young men, took a small boat belonging to Mr. Wyndham, of the Castle, Castlereagh, to have a sail on the lake. There was a plug in the boat which fell out, and the craft immediately filled. All three were immersed in the lake. After considerable difficulty two of the men were rescued, but Shanahan sank.

At the city petty sessions, in Limerick, on the 17th ult., fifteen persons were summoned at the suit of the guardians of the Limerick Union, for not having their children vaccinated with the statutory limit of three months after birth. Where the children had been vaccinated since the service of summons, fines of 1s. and costs, together with 5s. solicitor's costs were imposed, while in cases still unattended to, fines of 5s. and costs, with 5s. solicitor's costs, were imposed.

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Yabsly—"Yes. I've noticed that the gas seems to be at full height in your house almost any hour of the night."—*Harlem Life.*

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FLOUR, GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—
 Patent Spring.....\$3.40 @ 3.50
 Ontario Patent..... 3.05 @ 3.20
 Straight Roller..... 2.80 @ 3.00
 Extra..... 2.40 @ 2.60
 Superfine..... 2.15 @ 2.35
 City Strong Bakers..... 2.30 @ 2.40
 Manitoba Bakers..... 2.15 @ 2.30
 Ontario bags—extra..... 1.80 @ 1.90
 8 Saight Rollers..... 1.45 @ 1.52

Oatmeal.—We quote as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.35 to \$4.45; Standard, \$4.35. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.15 to \$2.20, and standard at \$2.10 to \$2.15. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are selling at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$1.40 to \$1.50.

Bran, etc.—Bran continues scarce. Sales of car loads of bran have transpired at \$15.50 to \$16. Shorts are equally scarce and difficult to get with prices ranging all the way from \$17.50 to \$20 as to grade. Moulle is quoted at \$20 to \$21 as to quality.

Wheat.—In the West red winter has been bought at 50c to 52c as to position. Manitoba wheat has been sold on milling account in the West at 88c, but that figure could not be got for export. Here we quote No. 1 hard nominal at 68c to 70c, and No. 2 67c to 68c.

Corn.—Market quiet at 68c to 69c duty paid, and 61c to 62c in bond.

Peas.—In the West sales at 56c per 60 lbs equal to about 60c to 70c laid down here. In this market there have been sales of old peas in store at 72c to 72½c, and at 73c to 73½c afloat.

Oats.—Sales have been made at 34c per 34 lbs. No. 2 white are offered at 25c in the West, which could be laid down here on the export rate at 31c.

Barley.—Feed barley is firm at 46c to 47c. Malt barley is quiet but firm at 50c to 55c. Several large sales are reported in the West for American account.

Rye.—Quotations remain nominal at 52c to 53c.

Buckwheat.—The market is quiet at 47c to 48c.

Malt.—Quiet at 72½c to 80c.

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

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote:—
 Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$18.50 @ 20.50
 Canada short cut, light, per bbl..... 18.00 @ 20.00
 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl..... 19.50 @ 20.00
 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl..... 19.00 @ 19.25
 Extra mess beef, per bbl..... 12.50 @ 13.00
 Plate beef, per bbl..... 16.25 @ 18.50
 Hams, per lb..... 10 @ 10½
 Lard, pure in pails, per lb..... 9½ @ 10c
 Lard, com. in pails, per lb..... 9½ @ 10c
 Bacon, per lb..... 10 @ 11c
 Shoulders, per lb..... 8½ @ 9c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—
 Creamery, fresh..... per lb. 18c to 20c
 Eastern Townships dairy..... 18c to 18c
 Western..... 14c to 16c

Cheese.—We quote:—
 Finest Western, colored..... 10½c to 11c
 " white..... 10½c to 10½c
 " Quebec, colored..... 10½c to 10½c
 " white..... 9c to 10½c
 Under grades..... 8½c to 10½c
 Cattle..... 50c

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales are reported at 10c for round lots and at 10½c to 11c for jobbing lots to the retail trade, the latter price for fancy fresh stock.

Beans.—The market is quiet but steady at \$1.20 to \$1.50 per bushel for fair to choice stock.

Honey.—Steady at 7½c to 8c, the latter for choice bright stock in single tins. New comb 10c to 1½c per lb as to quality.

Baled Hay.—The market is quiet, although business in No. 2 continues to be done in the country at \$5 to \$5.75 f.o.b. as to quality and position. Alongside ship sales are reported at \$3.75 to \$7.25 for No. 2. No. 1 hay is quoted at \$3.50 to \$9.00.

FRUITS, ETC.

Apples.—Duchess \$2 to \$2.50 per barrel, fall apples \$1.50 to \$2 per barrel, and baskets 80c.

Oranges.—Under fair demand at \$4.50 to \$5.50 per box.

Lemons.—The market for lemons is rather weak at \$2.50 to \$3 for new stock, and \$1.50 to \$2 for old stock.

Bananas.—The market is over supplied, prices touching the lowest point yet, namely 25c to 50c for ripe and 75c to \$1 for green fruit.

Peaches.—We quote California peaches 90c to \$1.40 per box and Canadian 40c to 70c per basket.

Pears.—Hudson River Bartlett's \$1.50 to \$2 per keg, and \$3 to \$5 per barrel for Canadian.

Plums.—California plums are in fair demand at \$1 to \$1.25 per box. Canadian 60c to 90c per basket.

Grapes.—Canadian grapes are commanding fair sales at 3c per lb for Champions. New York Delaware 10c per lb, Canadian Delaware 4c to 5c per lb, New York Niagara 8c per lb, Canadian Niagara 4c per lb, California Tokay \$3 to \$3.25 per carrier.

Potatoes.—Prices remain firm at 45c to 55c per bag of 90 lbs.

FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—A few small lots Newfoundland shore herring have been received, at \$4.50. It seems that the genuine Labrador herring is a fish of the past, the general opinion being that the shoals of this much prized herring have migrated to Northern waters. Dry cod has sold at \$4.50 to \$4.75, and green cod is quoted at \$4.50 per bbl.

Oils.—Steam refined seal oil is quiet at 35c to 80c for jobbing lots; but round quantities could probably be had at a shade under these figures. Newfoundland cod is quiet at 85c to 86c, and 81c to 82c for Halifax.

CELESTIAL GALLANTRY.

An amusing international episode occurred on a Brooklyn Bridge car one evening lately, at the hour when the traffic is largest. A Chinaman, in his native costume, had managed to obtain a seat, and sat gazing out of the window in a sleepy way. In front of him stood a large woman of undoubted Hibernian origin, carrying a heavily laden basket. Suddenly the Celestial seemed to awaken, and, jumping up, politely offered his seat to the Irishwoman. "Wonder what Dennis Kearney would say to that?" commented an observer.

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When "I Will" grows to be "I Do," things come to pass.

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ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other citizens of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER. Lack of space allows us to reproduce only the two following:

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth; a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.

Lavaltrie, December 28th, 1895.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Félix de Valois.

I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, as it was in youth, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principle ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise in a high degree an emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.

G. DESROSIERS, M. D.

St-Félix de Valois, January, 18th 1894.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

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

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, 6-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. In the Superior Court, No. 2327. Dame Corinne Leblanc, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Isidore Boileau, clerk, of the same place, Plaintiff, vs. the said Isidore Boileau, Defendant. The Plaintiff hereby gives notice that on the 9th August, 1894, she has sued, for separation as to property, her husband, the said Isidore Boileau.

Montreal, 22nd August, 1894. SAINT PIERRE & PELISSIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff 6-5

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Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

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