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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

"CITIZENSHIP."

ADDRESS BY DR. J. K. FORAN, LL.B., EDITOR OF "THE TRUE WITNESS."

DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY AND A LARGE AUDIENCE OF REPRESENTATIVE CITIZENS—THE PRIVILEGES, ADVANTAGES AND RIGHTS, AS WELL AS DUTIES AND OBLIGATIONS OF CITIZENSHIP.

In consideration of the special request expressed by the officers of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, we give a synopsical report of the address delivered on Monday evening last by Dr. J. K. Foran.

The lecturer of the evening, who met with a most enthusiastic reception, spoke as follows—

MR. CHAIRMAN, REVEREND FATHERS, AND GENTLEMEN—When I received from the Reverend Director and officers of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, the invitation that came to me last week, to deliver an address in this hall, I need scarcely say that with feelings of gratitude and pride I accepted. To me it is an inexpressible pleasure to meet the people of this important section of Montreal, and, although I may not have the privilege of a personal acquaintance with each one here to-night, yet, as I look around me, I behold in the face of every stranger the features of a friend. Standing upon this platform and recalling the many fond associations of the past, I can say, like Rob Roy, when he had crossed the Gramplains: "My foot is on my native heath and my name is McGregor." I have not come this evening, as in the past, to speak to you of poet and patriot, to recall the stories of the bygone and to revive the memories of names we all revere. In this stern age of cold realities we must face the great problems of the present, and while we may be pardoned if we seek inspiration at the fountains of the past, we cannot forget that a future will look to us for something more tangible than delightful visions and for a heritage other than mere poetry and romance. Consequently, I have chosen to address you to-night upon the all-important subject of Citizenship—that is to say, the privileges and rights, the responsibilities, the obligations and duties, that are attached to the proud title of "Canadian Citizen."

When I contemplate the story of Canada as a nation, the words of Denis Florence McCarthy, the Irish patriot and poet, flash upon my mind:

"Yes, the Past shines clear and pleasant,
There is glory in the Present,
And the Future, like a present,
Lights the deep, dark sky of Time!
And that sky will yet grow brighter,
If the worker and the writer,
And the seer and the seer,
Join in sacred bonds sublime!
With the glories shining o'er them,
Up the coming years they'll climb—
Earth's great evening as its prime."

With the "clear and pleasant" history of our young country's Past, I would have no time to deal this evening. Her present—in which there is real glory—dates from the day of Confederation, and constitutes a wonderful epoch of transition, from the cradle of nationhood to the full flush of the country's manhood. The Future is for us to shape and mould, and as the poet sings, the sky of the coming years will take on a brilliancy in proportion to the union of effort and the harmony of action between the "worker and writer," and the "seer and the seer." In other words, the mutual understanding between labor and capital, between the Church and the State, and the harmonic action of each element in the sphere created for its existence by an all-wise Providence.

The first question I ask myself is, "Who are the workers?" Every man who, imbued with a sense of his responsibilities, labors by honest means to build up a home, is entitled to the noble distinction of worker, and has a claim to citizenship. Each home, or each family, is a stone in the great edifice of our nationality, and no man can afford to underestimate his own worth or to consider himself insignificant in the country. The drone, the parasite, the creature of the hour, who lives by his wits, is not a worker. I will again quote the words of the same true poet:

"Ah! little they know of true happiness,
Who whom satisfy fill:
Who hang on the rich breast of luxury,
But of the true richness that kills;
Ah! little they know of the blessedness,
Toil-purchased slumber enjoys,
Who, stretched on the hard rack of indolence,
Taste of the sleep that destroys."
But blessed the child of humanity,
Who, with hammer, or chisel, or pencil,
With rudder, or ploughshare, or pen,
Labors to live and ever, with hope
Through the morning of life,
Winning home and its smiling divinity,
Love-worshiped children and wife,
Round the hearth the banner of industry,
Quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings
That stir not the boom of kings,
If the true ruler and conqueror:
He the true lord of his race,
Who nerves his arm for life's combat,
And looks a strong world in the face."

It is by such men I am surrounded to-night, and to them let me enunciate the great principle that "Order is heaven's first law." From the day of Creative miracle down to this hour, in all the universe, that mighty system of perfection, order, has existed. From the highest mountain-top to the smallest grain of sand on the sea-shore; from the most remote orb that rolls in the realms of space, to the humblest light that flickers in the cottage of the indigent, each ob-

ject—inanimate as well as animate—proclaims one grand, harmonic order that is guided by the laws that emanate from the source of all authority and that permeates the world.

Before I touch on the more practical application of the principles I purpose laying down to-night, allow me to glance rapidly at the great systems of law that govern the universe. There are the Divine laws; the natural laws; and the what I may call the constitutional laws, or those made by men for the government of temporal affairs—political, municipal, statutory, social, educational and otherwise. No matter before what altar we kneel, or between what four walls we adore, we all adore the same God, and the same God thundered the fundamental principles of Divine Law from the summit of Mount Sinai, and in the form of the Decalogue they have gone echoing down the vestibule of centuries. The *imprimatur* was given to those laws nineteen hundred years ago, when the clouds of Paganism made way for the sun of Christianity. And the mightiest Legislator of the world, a Divine and human Legislator, with a nail through His hand for a pen, and with crimson blood for ink, inscribed His precepts upon every page of human history, from the dawn of Redemption to the sunset of Time.

In harmony with those Divine laws, and emanating from them are the natural laws, or the principles that govern all created nature. We behold their application in the regularity of the seasons, in the movements of the tides, in the action of the million orbs that people the wilderness of space; we behold their effects in the animal kingdom, in the instincts of self-preservation, of propagation and of association that are developed in the brute creation; we behold them more strikingly exemplified in man. It is in obedience to the natural laws that the parent cherishes, feeds, clothes, educates the child; that the child clings to the parent for protection; that man seeks to better his own condition and thereby increase the happiness of his family and augment the prosperity of the State.

The third category of laws are those that I designate as constitutional, that is to say, laws made by man for the government of temporal affairs. Man is fallible, by nature, and his enactments are subject to error and correction; but the Divine laws and natural laws—both coming from the infinite source of all right and truth—cannot be changed and cannot err. Human laws, in order that they may be just, equitable, and durable, must harmonize with the laws of God and those of nature. Any other measure or enactment is a violation of right and an infringement upon the liberty and dignity of citizenship.

In order that the laws by which we are to be governed should be in accord with the higher and grander principles that regulate the universe, it is necessary that the men who become legislators should be possessed of principles in harmony with the requirements of their position. They should, both in precept and practice, acknowledge the three-fold duties or obligations that are a consequence of all laws.

Thirdly, the legislator must acknowledge the Divine law and have the will to perform his obligations towards God; secondly, he must have sufficient intelligence to understand the laws of nature and to appreciate his obligations towards his family; and thirdly, he must have that force of character sufficient to put into practice the principles just laid down, and to fulfill his own obligations to the State. Any man, no matter what his political predilections may be, who has that strength of character, that sufficient knowledge of his duties, and the evident will to carry to their logical and practical application the laws that must govern all good states and all prosperous communities, is a fit and proper person to become a legislator for the people. And, on the other hand, no man is worthy of support who cannot stand the test of this fair and honest trial. So much for the qualifications necessary in the legislature; we will turn now to the privileges and rights of citizenship and the duties and obligations that correspond with them. I may be asked, to-night, upon what authority I come here to lay down principles of citizenship. I answer that my only mandate consists in the fact that I am a Canadian citizen and a resident of Montreal. It is my duty to make use of every means at my disposal for the welfare of our country, for the prosperity of our city and for the happiness of my fellow-countrymen.

Look, for a moment, at the Great Roman Empire, in the golden era of its sway. All outside the charmed circle of Roman citizenship were called barbarians. And not even the Caesars could deprive a Roman citizen of his rights and privileges. St. Peter, the Fisherman from Galilee, the first Vicar of Christ, had never adored the idols of Rome, yet his Christianity was his doom, and in that fearful period, when the fires of persecution blazed from the battlements and the blood of a bleeding in the bed of the soil of the Flavian Amphitheatre, St. Peter was dragged before the tribunals, condemned to the most ignominious death, and was executed on a cross, with his head downward. Yet we would naturally suppose that the hatred for St. Peter would be greater. He had abandoned the gods of the Pantheon; he had become the apostle of the gentiles; he had preached Christ from the Hill of Mars in Athens; he had flooded the cities of Asia Minor, and even Rome itself, with his epistles. Yet, when brought before the judges of the pagan tribunal, when condemned to death as a renegade to the gods and as a Christian agitator, when

the full vials of their wrath were to be poured out upon him, they dare not crucify him. Paul stood in presence of the Caesar and he could proudly say: *Ovis Romanorum sum*—"I am a Roman citizen—I defy you." And his citizenship entitled him to a death in accord with the dignity of his title.

If such were the power, the influence, the magic of citizenship in the days of the pagan emperors, what must not be the value of that same glorious title in a young, a rising, a free and a magnificent country like ours. Here we live in a land that is vast in its proportions, endless in its resources, boundless in its liberties, majestic in the sweepings of its rivers, gorgeous in its scenic panorama, with the fringes of Atlantic washing its Eastern slopes and the mirror of Pacific reflecting the shadow of its Western Hills. As rivers roll into Atlantic and blend in its immensity, so streams of nationalities flow into the great ocean of a Canadian nationhood and should combine to swell the might and importance of the Dominion. While each race is striving to lead in the march of progress, it is for us—for you the young men—to strain every nerve to bring every fair effort into play, that we may take our proper place amongst the others; that we may be able to bequeath to those to come after us a glorious heritage of national health, comfort, weight in the community and importance in the land.

With the privileges and advantages of citizenship we must not forget the duties that we have to fulfill. We have the protection of the laws, freedom of conscience, of worship, of speech, of action; we have Home Rule, in its broadest and truest acceptance. But we must not forget that we have our rights and we are under the binding obligation to exercise those rights.

CONCLUDED ON FIFTH PAGE.

GOD AND CAESAR.

One of the most interesting and practical charity sermons which it has been our good fortune to listen to, was preached on Sunday last, by the Rev. Father McCallen, at St. Patrick's Church. His text was from the Gospel of the day: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." By Caesar was meant not only the government which collects its taxes and customs, but every one who has any claim upon us; as St. Paul explains it, "tribute to whom tribute, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor." Caesar in all these instances gets his dues. Thus the father puts his hand deep down into his pocket and draws forth wherewith to furnish a home for his newly married son or daughter. Friends also manifest their tribute of friendship by sending most costly presents, useful and fancy, to the newly married couple. They render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's.

The godfather presents the newly baptized child, to whom he becomes related, with some tribute of kinship, paying honor to the baby Caesar. The friends of the dead place upon their coffin costly floral offerings to the dead Caesar. The community at large vie with each other in the generosity of their donation to the fund that pays for the beautiful monument erected to the memory of the dead statesman, patriot, philanthropist. Why then, asked the preacher, should we not also render to God the things that are God's? He gave a short account of the manner in which the decorations of St. Patrick's church had been undertaken and carried out by the advisory committee under the direction of the Rev. Pastor, to all of whom a deep debt of gratitude was owing.

There were in every parish a small number of chronic grumblers who seemed disposed to throw obstacles in the way of every good work undertaken for the glory of God. They even quoted scripture in their zeal for having things remain at a standstill. Was not Christ born in a stable? Why should money be wasted in decorating His church? No doubt these grumblers would if they could replace the grand old church by a stable; but just as likely they would see to it that they themselves would have a comfortable seat therein. The draft might blow on the infant lying in the manger, and the leaking roof might expose his poor crib to be moistened by heaven's rains; but the grumbler would see to it that the roof over his part of the stable would be repaired, and that warm wraps would protect his rheumatic limbs from the surrounding storm. This apparent zeal of the grumbler was explained by the fact that not rendering to God the things that are God's left him just that much more money to spend on Caesar's own person.

When the grumbler read in the Gospel that our Lord was born in a stable, he forgot to read that the inspired St. John reproached the Jews for allowing Him to be born in a stable. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." He forgot, too, the reproach of the Divine Master Himself: "The birds of the air have their nests, but the Son of Man has not whereon to rest His head." He forgot that while the Saviour humbly bore the neglect of men, He manifested gratitude to all who paid Him any tribute of honor and love. In return for the kindness and devotion of Martha and Mary, He raised their brother Lazarus from the dead. The patron of the chronic grumbler was Judas Iscariot, who reproached Magdalen for wasting a box of precious ointment on the feet of the Redeemer, just as the chronic grumbler now-a-days considers it a great waste of money to decorate the church wherein rests the sacred body of the Lord. "Why was this ointment not sold for three hundred pence and given

to the poor?" "Let her alone," answered the Divine Master, "she hath done it for My burial. Amen, I say to you, whosoever this Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she has done shall be told for a memory of her."

Happily, these grumblers are few in number or Caesar would have a monopoly of all the good things that are going. God gave us sight, hearing, taste, speech—mind, memory, understanding. We might have been born blind, deaf, dumb, or idiots—and if in gratitude for not having been born thus, we put our hands down into our pockets and draw forth a generous donation for the church, we are only rendering in part what we owe to God for these temporal gifts, without taking into account what we owe for the ten thousand spiritual favors we have received from His hands.

The preacher referred to the fact that there were many who, while rendering to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, did not forget to render to God the things that are God's. He instanced the donation of the fourteen Stations of the Way of the Cross by fourteen different families and the no less pleasing fact that these handsome donations did not deter the donors from contributing very generously to the Tombola which is being held to pay the other expenses of the decorations of the parish church.

Nor did he forget to give due meed of praise to the great majority of the parishioners who so generously seconded the efforts of their clergy to make St. Patrick's a worthy temple of the Most High God. In conclusion the Rev. Father told the story of Zacheus, who received Jesus into his house with joy and of the reward which was given to this humble Publican. "Jesus said to him: This day is salvation come to thy house." In like manner would the generosity of our parishioners be rewarded, since in return for the beautiful home they had made on earth for the hidden God of the Eucharist, they would be welcomed into a home, not made with hands, eternal in heaven.

AN ABLE ARTICLE.

The Centenary of John Keats, the Poet.

In one of last week's issues of the Star we read the following, with pleasure and profit:

The past week has seen the centenary of the poet Keats, whose brief and unhappy life began on October 29th, 1795. It is seventy-seven years since the appearance of *Endymion* should have told the watchers of English literature that a new star had come into the sky; and seventy-five years since he was laid to rest beneath the violets and the daisies of the Monte Letaecio cemetery in Rome, in the shadow of the pyramid of Caius Gestus. Since that time English poetry has been changed in texture, form and spirit by his example; the youth who died in obscurity and neglect has become the inspiration of a century of song. The seed that he scattered along the stony highway of his life flowered gloriously in Tennyson, riotously in Swinburne; and has now so spread throughout the world that we hear everywhere echoes of the voice stilled so long ago.

Keats' ultimate place among the English poets has not yet been fixed; but it is sure to be a high one. His fame has grown steadily since it was too late to the English race, when it was too late to bring solace to his tortured heart, awake to the knowledge that in Keats it had lost a singer of surpassing charm; and this widening fame rests on the fact that his poetry has its own message to this generation and appeals with power to its sensibilities. "I think," said Keats, "I shall be among the English poets after my death." He is; he is with Shakespeare, answered Matthew Arnold, who was not given to ill-considered judgments. And it is with Shakespeare that his extreme admirers love to class him. Absolutely there is little to justify the comparison; hypothetically, there is much. Keats' life work is but the segment of a circle; for he died in his twenty-fifth year; had he been given time to round it out to completion it might have approached the all-embracing excellence of Shakespeare. It is as easy to see the promise of a supreme masterpiece in "Hyperion" as to detect in "Venus and Adonis" the first fruits of a harvest of almost inconceivable richness. One Shakespearean quality Keats had; the genius of making phrases of supreme beauty in form and felicity in expression. The strong lines of other poets show marks of chisel and mallet; they are the product of time and thought; they display talent, skill and art. But the great phrases of Shakespeare and Keats bear the mark of supreme genius; they come whole and glowing from the crucibles of their minds. Tennyson from the quarry of the English language built with infinite pains mosaics of bewildering beauty; but he never equalled the "fine careless rapture" of his master.

Keats' great gift is his charm of expression. He sang one theme in many forms—the glory and the loveliness everywhere abounding for those that have the eyes to see. "I have loved the principle of beauty in all things," he wrote in his last days; and this was the keynote of his music. There is little moral fibre in his poems. One need not go to them for the uplifting of the spirit or the strengthening of the soul in times of stress. In Wordsworth we hear the organ tones sounding through the world the duty of noble living and high thinking; Keats is the soul-piercing sweetness of the violin interpreting the physical beauty of the universe. The too abounding sweetness of his verse and the absence of sterner qualities make it

cloy on some tastes; but this defect must in charity be attributed to his youth. He had not yet reached the healthy imagination of the mature mind of which he wrote in the preface to "Endymion." No one who reads the story of his boyhood—how he was the leader of his school, noted for his physical courage and his love for fighting—and is familiar with his manly sensible letters, can believe that he would have continued in the somewhat lackadaisical attitude of his youth. Had the ten more years that he would have given the world manlier strains.

Keats was not the founder of a school with specific qualities and precise limitations. He gave English song an impulse in new directions, but he laid no channel to guide its current; and it took its own way in innumerable streams down the years of the century, varying from the noble tide of Tennyson to the muddy rills of the decadent school. As a recent critic says, "In color and melody, in romantic charm, in luxuriance of fancy, in truth and delicacy of characterization, in wealth and aptness of phrase, our modern poetry is incalculably richer than that of the last century; and for all that, primarily at least, we must and do thank John Keats." This same critic says that the younger poets of the United States owe more to Keats than to his disciples. This is true of our Canadian poets, too; the influence of Keats has been strong upon them. Mr. Lamppan, for example, though an original and true singer, reveals on every page the fountain head of his inspiration.

The mossy marble in Rome tell the passer-by that the grave beneath "contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who on his deathbed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of his enemies, desired those words to be engraved on his tombstone: 'Here lies one whose name was written in water.'" The malicious power of his enemies has long since been broken into dust; and his name is now written on the most enduring of all monuments, the abiding human heart.

Till the future dares
An echo and a light unto eternity.

A NICE DEVOTION.

Last Sunday afternoon the visitors of Cote des Neiges Cemetery were agreeably surprised. Four or five busses drove in conveying many people; some had come in carriages, others on foot, and a large number came by the electric cars. Fully one thousand persons were present. These worshippers were the parishioners of St. Ann's, come to make the stations for the dead. First came the Holy Family men with their children; then the Young Men's Society and the ladies of the parish, with all those who joined in the devotion. It was a beautiful sight to see such a number of people visiting the different stations and listening to the two Redemptorist Fathers who conducted the religious exercises, and, with a prayer, many of them dropping a tear on the ground where their beloved rest. The same conveyance brought all back to St. Ann's Church, delighted to have spent well a beautiful afternoon. This nice devotion, practiced for these two years, is intended to be repeated every year.

VALUABLE FIND OF COAL DEPOSITS.

St. JOHN'S Hill, Nov. 5.—A large coal area has been discovered on the new line of railway, forty miles from the Bay of Islands by rail. It is twelve miles long and six wide. The Geological Survey estimates that one four-foot seam contains eleven million tons, and there are six others yet untraced. The quality of the coal equals the best Welsh coal. Two troughs are as yet unexplored. A carload received here for trial gives great satisfaction. The people are rejoicing, as it enhances immensely the value of the railway and the prospects of the colony.

THE CAUSES OF MADNESS.

The British Commissioners in Lunacy give some interesting particulars, in their latest report, respecting the classes among whom madness prevails. First on the list come the costermongers, hawkers, and peddlers. Next come those engaged in the textile industries. Medical practitioners and chemists follow; and close in their wake are barristers and solicitors. Laborers and railway men appear to be singularly free from the affliction. That which will astonish most people is, however, the way in which the commissioners in lunacy destroy the popular belief that religious excitement is a prolific cause of madness. According to the commissioners, insanity traced to this source is exceedingly slight.

A BISHOP'S SECRETARY DEAD.

PENBROKE, November 2.—Rev. John Donovan, secretary to Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, died Wednesday in the Pembroke General Hospital. He was a native of Eganville, to which place his body was removed for interment to-day.

Ethel (ambitious)—"What would you do if you had a voice like mine?" Maud (spitefully)—"I'd try to put up with it."

A.—"Is your young Jimson improving in his violin playing?" B.—"I don't know; either he's improving or we are getting used to it."

MR. PATRICK MURPHY.

Quebec's Life-Saver Honored.

Our readers are already aware of the honors that were proposed for Mr. Patrick Murphy, the brave Champlain street boy, who has proven himself a hero and a life-saver.

Mr. Murphy is only 28 years of age, and a native of Quebec city, having been born in Little Champlain street. He is a ship laborer by trade, but for a number of years has been working for the Quebec Hoisting Association.

The medal was presented in the Halls of the State, with the members' warmest congratulations.

Mr. McGreevy was requested by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa to present Mr. Murphy with the watch, a Waltham, in silver, and cheque, for \$25 from the Government of Canada, in recognition of his noble conduct.

The following is the inscription on the watch: "Presented by the Government of Canada to Mr. Patrick Murphy, in recognition of his humane and gallant exertions in saving life, on different occasions, at the Port of Quebec." The watch also bears the initials of Mr. Murphy's name: "P. M."

Mr. Murphy's record of heroism follows. It is official, and is set forth in the shape as considered and passed upon by Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.

Statement of facts detailing the cases in which Patrick Murphy was instrumental in saving lives during the past few years, and also where he showed great bravery, at night time, and with a strong tide running, diving into the river to try to save others lives.

First—In 1888, a boy named Alexander Rankin fell in off the Queen's wharf, and sank. Murphy dived in and brought him up, saving his life.

Second—In the same year, Mary Jane Quinn fell into the river off the boom at the Government wharf. Murphy jumped in and saved her.

Third—The following year he saved the life of a little boy who was upset from a skiff at Point Lévis. Murphy, who was working on board a ship, saw the accident, jumped into the river, and rescued the boy.

Fourth—In November, 1891, a German passenger girl per SS. Vancouver fell into the river from the gangway; a strong tide was running out, the steamer close to the wharf, and a gale of wind blowing at the time. Murphy jumped from the deck of the steamer into the river, picked the girl up as she was drifting past the propeller, and her life was saved.

Fifth—During the same autumn, he jumped into the Louise basin to try and rescue a seaman named John Fleming, who was upset while sculling his boat, and fell into the water. Before Murphy could reach him he sank and was drowned.

Sixth—In June last, a girl named Mary McAusland fell into the river at night-time from the market wharf; a strong tide was running, and the steamer Rhoda was moored alongside the wharf; the girl was drawn under the steamer, and Murphy, at great risk, dived in and tried to rescue her, but she was carried by the flood under the steamer and he was unable to reach her. He showed great bravery in diving in at this place, and especially as it was dark.

Seventh—Since this he has dived into the river again, to save a boy named Lamontagne, who also fell into the river at the market wharf, but it being night-time and very dark, also a strong tide, the boy was carried by the flood, as it was too dark to see him.

We hereby certify that the particulars given in the above statement are correct and true according to the best of our knowledge and belief.

Dated 25th July, 1894.

I certify to saving the life of a passenger from drowning, November, 1891.

WM. M. MACPHERSON,
JES. G. HEARN.

25th July, 1895.

I certify to having seen Patrick Murphy go in to the rescue of John Fleming, a drowning seaman, the same autumn, 1891.

F. BRANCHAMP.

26 juillet, 1895.

Je certifie que Monsieur Patrick Murphy a sauvé un jeune homme enfant et après trois quarts d'heure de travail il a sauvé son corps.

MR. LAMONTAGNE.

Quebec, June 26, 1895.

This is to certify that Patrick Murphy, at a great risk of his life, dived into the river after a young woman named McAusland, in the month of June 9th last, but her body or that of the steamer went underneath the wharf.

W. H. WATSON,
Deputy Chief of Police.

This is to certify that Patrick Murphy saved my life in the year 1888, at the risk of his life.

ALEXANDER RANKIN.

Quebec, May 30, 1895.

This is to certify that in the year 1890 I saw Mr. Patrick Murphy, at the risk of his own life, jump from aboard a ship on which he was working at the time, to save the life of a little boy who was upset from a skiff at Point Lévis, rescuing successfully.

WM. SHERIDAN.

With his watch, his cheque and his medal, it is needless to say that Mr. Murphy is a proud man, and that he has something to be proud of all about.

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

HOMINY PUFFS.

Take one cup of boiled hominy (what is left from breakfast will answer), two eggs, one scant teaspoonful of soda, half as much flour as hominy, sweet milk enough to make a thin batter; fry in butter and lard mixed.

ROAST OYSTERS ON TOAST.

Toast some slices of bread, wash and wipe some large, fine oysters, spread as many as possible on each slice of toast, pepper and plenty of bits of butter. Put in a hot oven until the edge of the oysters curl. Serve at once.

WHIPPED POTATOES.

Take good-sized potatoes, pare and cook until quite done, then take off the fire and instead of mashing them whip with a fork until quite light. Then whip in a little butter, some milk and salt to taste, whipping rapidly until creamy. Place in a hot dish and serve.

POTATO MUFFINS.

Two tin cups of mashed potatoes, one scant cup of lard, one cup of yeast, one-half cup of sugar; knead very stiff; if they are to be baked for breakfast they must be put in pans the night before; cut about one inch thick. In cold weather they can be kept for several days by working them down each day, which improves.

REED BIRDS ROASTED.

Remove the gizzards and the pouch from the birds. Cut off the legs half way, singe and cover with bands of fat pork pared very thin. Thrust small skewers through and spread the birds with a spare layer of softened butter. Roast them for seven or eight minutes at a brisk fire. Salt over when unwrapping and dress on buttered and brown toast. Serve with sliced lemon.

A MONK TURTLE.

One cup of cold meat cut in small pieces, pepper and salt to taste, one small onion, two quarts of water; boil two hours, then a quarter of an hour before serving boil three potatoes, cut in dice; one pinch of cloves, a little allspice, one hard-boiled egg chopped fine, sweet marjoram and parsley to taste, brown flour in butter, put in each. If you have green corn put a little in.

REED BIRDS BOILED.

Split them through the back, remove the intestines, pare and season. Place them in a hinder boiler, cook lightly on the opened side and finish cooking on the other side. A few moments should suffice. Dress one resting on the other, intercalated with toast. Spread over a little maitre d'hotel butter.

Maitre d'hotel Butter.—Mix in with some fresh butter chopped parsley, salt, pepper and lemon juice.

SWEET POTATOE PIE.

Take one pint of sweet potatoes, after they have been stewed, put in a sieve and press and strain as far as possible, then set away to get cool; beat four eggs very lightly and stir them gradually into the sweet potatoes a little at a time, with a pint of rich cream and a half pound of sugar; put in a lamp of butter the size of an egg; add spices to suit your taste; when all is mixed, stir very hard; line your pie-dishes with puff paste and put the mixture in. This will make four custards.

BOAHERNS ANDY.

A good household remedy may be made at home in the following way: Boil two ounces of dried licorice and when cooled, procure at the druggist's, in a pint and a-half of water until its flavor is extracted—that is, for about thirty minutes. Strain until perfectly clear. Add to it three and a-half pounds of brown sugar and boil over a quick fire until the syrup will harden when a little of it is dipped in cold water. Pour into a large tin and cut in squares when it is partly cooled.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To take grease spots from carpets mix a little soap into a gallon of warm soft water, then add one-half ounce of borax. Wash the part well with a clean cloth, and the grease or dirty spot will soon disappear.

A very old recipe for an aromatic bath, found in a very old book dealing with herbs and simples, runs thus: In a sufficient quantity of soft water boil for the space of two or three minutes one or more of the following aromatic herbs: Anise, clove, July flowers, hain, sweet basil, bastard marjoram, wild thyme, wild mint, or any other herbs that have an agreeable scent. After strained off the liquor from the herbs, add to it a little brandy or camphorated spirits of wine. About half a pint of this liquor added to the bath water will have a delightfully soothing and refreshing effect.

Take one by one the garments that have been in camphor all summer and brush them thoroughly; treat them to a sun bath twenty-four hours long. The sunshine and fresh air will prove powerful disinfectants, but will not eliminate the unpleasant odor entirely. After removing them from the clothesline, upon which they should have been carefully hung, brush again. Have at hand a bowl of warm ammonia water, dip the whisk broom into this, shake it free from the water and brush the garment briskly. When this has been done, fold carefully and lay the smaller pieces in chiffonier drawers with a sprinkling of lavender flowers between them.

(From the Boston Republic.)

FASHION AND FANCY.

The women who have been fond of dressing their hair with feathers and aigrettes will have to give them up this winter or be hopelessly out of date, for the feathers must go. Combs of all sizes and shapes are the correct head ornaments, so the fashionable jewellers and hair dressers say, and they come in endless variety so far as material and design are concerned.

There seems to be a different way of arranging the hair for every face, and yet all are stylish. The woman with dark glistening locks must wear her hair in

the evening after the style of the Empress Josephine if she has the face to stand it, and the diamond and pearl tiara which gives the finishing touch to this very fetching arrangement of her locks. If she can't afford the latter two or three strands of imitation pearls look well wound in and out among the dark puffs. Dark hair does not look well too much befrizzled. Crimping causes it to lose its lustre, which is brought out by light ornaments. On the other hand, the woman with yellow or reddish hair should wave it on all sides and puff it up high in a fluffy mass.

Medium sized tortoise-shell combs ornamented with applied silver are more popular than anything else just now, but they really show off better in light hair than any other. Black garnet and mat jet combs and hairpins are being imported from Paris and are already very popular. Many of them come in crescent and butterfly shapes, and are thickly studded with rhine stones. The side combs match, and the effect of these novelties in blonde hair is gorgeous and striking.

The silversmiths report a big run on the enamelled and jewelled bodies of butterflys. These ornaments have an arrangement at the back which admits of ribbon wings of the color of the gown. The demure maid who clings to her crimpless part, and coils her hair very high on her head, may thrust one of these butterflys in at the back of the part and so relieve its severity. She may even go further and fill her hair with very small enamelled and jewelled butterfly and flower pins, and so obtain an effect altogether Japanese.

Few women can afford to dress their hair low on their necks even with the aid of crimps and puffs, but those who do must not fail to set off the knot with an immense tortoise-shell comb curving almost from ear to ear, if they wish to be in the very latest style.

The new capes for winter are made of velvet, not so full as they were formerly, and cut long enough to extend well over the hips, while additional warmth is given by a large fur collar. Very jaunty little capes for evening have Medici collars lined with feathers, and more showy capes of beaded silks in bright colors are trimmed with black fur.

Galloons, in many widths and varying prices, are used for trimming, and braiding on cloth gowns for morning wear is in vogue again. Basques and vests are beaded all over in a pattern or with a simple coil on the edge.

Berstan and ribbed velvet ribbons are among the novelties used for dress trimmings. "Chiffon brilliant" is a new substitute for chiffon. It comes in all colors and is very glossy.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

HIS SCORCHING NOT IN VAIN.

Arthur Clark believed himself the victim of gross neglect. His bicycle had brought him to disgrace. He had come home drenched with vinegar, ready to be scolded as the unwelcome king of scoundrels, and here he was virtually a prisoner in his room, whether he had been sent there after a wooden supper of oatmeal porridge.

"I wouldn't mind that I hadn't been scolded for going to the bad," he said to himself, for the first time, as he lay in bed, impatiently in his bed, but just because I wouldn't be doing that would exact my head as packed me off to bed as if I was a mere child. That's pretty rough on a fellow like me. Anyhow, I'll get the scorchers in our school, and that's something."

Arthur could not go to sleep. He twisted and squirmed from one side of the bed to the other, listening to the solemn peeps of the nightbirds and the shrill chirping of the crickets. That industrious purveyor, conscience, began to annoy him shamefully. Now that the first blush of his resentment had died away he thought that perhaps his father was right after all. True, he had beaten all the other fellows, easily; but then, what if it had been a hard struggle. Wouldn't it have excited him? It occurred to him that he had broken his word.

Arthur fell asleep very late. He usually slept so fast, and so hard, that from bedtime until the rising bell seemed like one minute. But now he tossed restlessly. His sleep was light. Suddenly he found himself sitting bolt upright in bed. He saw a streak of pale whitish light on the floor across the bed, and caught a glimpse of the moon. Oh, yes, it was the moon that had awakened him. Over that had never happened before. He would go to sleep again. Then a rough, rather hoarse, voice started him. It came from his father's room.

"You're coming right down ter de bank, dat's wat you're goin' ter do," the voice said, "an' if ye don't open de door ye'll be learned how soon!"

"I shall not go now—see?"

"Your worst." It was his father's voice.

"Hurrah for your father!" Arthur could hardly keep from shouting. Then there was silence for a moment.

He heard two sharp clicks that told the cocking of a revolver; then his mother's voice pleading with his father to remember the children. Now there was the sound of a struggle. The burglar won, although he feared to use his revolver lest the noise might summon help. Arthur understood it all. His father was the cashier of the Trader's Bank. The burglar probably had an accomplice outside who would help to take his father to the bank and force him to open the safe.

Help must be got. The bank was in Plainfield, three miles away. If only there was some way of telephoning to the police station! He knew that a sergeant sat there all night. Men slept upstairs. But there was no telephone. Now, a thought came to his mind that made him shout for joy. In ten seconds he had jumped into his sweater and knickerbockers, and was lacing on his rubber-soled bicycle shoes. He peered not wait for a hat or stockings. He hurried

anxiously over the edge of the porch roof into the back yard. No, there was no one watching there. Noiselessly the boy lowered himself over the edge, and climbed down one of the pillars, crushing the honey-suckle vine as he went. He found his bicycle standing against the house, where he had left it that afternoon after the race.

He picked up the wheel and walked on tip toe across the grass at the rear of the house. He treaded his way between the row of corn-stalks in the kitchen garden. He made a long circuit, and at last came out in the road. Then he mounted his bicycle and wheeled away at a pace that would have astonished his friends. Going down hill he was very cautious. He back pedaled. There must be no falling, therefore no coasting. Again on the level road he shot forward like a racer. He knew that if the burglars got his father into the bank they would try to make him open the safe, in which \$70,000 had been deposited that very day. His father would resist, he knew. He remembered what had happened to other bank cashiers who had resisted. The thought choked him. He bent over his handle bar and the wheel seemed to fly. The pale, sinking moon, the silent road that stretched its white length before him, the shadows, the grass shining with dew, all made a picture that he never forgot. Above all a scene stood out that he could not shut from his mind, try as he might—his father in the hands of the two ruffians, resolutely defying them in face of awful danger.

The sergeant, nodding in his chair in the station at 1 o'clock in the morning, was startled by the vision of a bare-headed, white-faced boy.

"Hurrah!" the boy exclaimed. "The Trader's Bank! Robbers!" In less than two minutes the sergeant and two of his men were on their way to the bank. Arthur followed them closely. He hid with them in the dark vestibule of the bank. It seemed to the boy as if years passed before at last he heard footsteps in the silent street. Then the minutes were hours long. At last two robbers and their victim arrived at the outer door. They pushed him in and told him to be lively about locking that door. At that instant the policemen jumped forward and presented their pistols at the heads of the burglars. They made no resistance. They were too surprised. Arthur and his father walked home side by side. Arthur pushed his bicycle by the handle bar. For a long time they had nothing to say to each other, for each was busy with his thoughts.

"Arthur," said his father at length, "I am glad there is a scorch in the family, but, I—"

"Yes, sir," interrupted the boy, eagerly, "but I want to tell you I'm sorry I went into the road race to-day."

"Perhaps I was too haasty," said Mr. Clark. "But the bicycle has done me one good thing. It has shown me that my son is as quick-witted as he is brave."—Catholic Citizen.

ROME SHOCKED BY EARTHQUAKE.

Much Damage Done to Buildings and One Man Injured.

ROME, Nov. 1.—This city was visited by violent shocks of earthquake at 5.40 o'clock this morning. People were aroused from their slumbers and fled to the open squares and the greatest consternation prevailed. The convent of Santa Maria Maggiore was greatly damaged. A portion of the outer wall was overturned and part of the ceiling has fallen. One of the inmates, a monk, was injured. The shocks were confined to the Province of Rome. They were felt very strongly at the Castelli Romani, but the damage done there was not serious. The official observatory report of the disturbance says the first manifestations were slight tremblings, which lasted about five seconds. These became more violent for a period of eight seconds, and then became slighter for nine seconds. Two clocks in the observatory stopped the moment the trembling began, each indicating the hour 5.38. The direction of the movement was from north to south. The old tower of the observatory was damaged. The shocks created a great panic among the inmates



You can carry the little vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 to 44 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an inch long, and as big round as a lead pencil.

They cure constipation.

One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate late digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves. That is where they differ from all other pills. That is what makes them better than all other pills. You don't become a slave to their use as with other pills, because their help lasts. Once used, they are always in favor.

CAUTION.—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—its an easy name to remember. Don't let a designing druggist talk you into "something just as good." He makes more money on the "just as good" kind. That's why he would rather sell them. That's why you had better not take them.

For a free sample (4 to 7 doses) of "Pleasant Pellets," address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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of the prison and a mutiny was attempted by the prisoners. Troops were quickly called to the assistance of the keepers and in a short time the mutiny was suppressed and order restored.

The Pope was awakened by the shocks. He was perfectly calm, and after rising made haste to enquire the news from the city. Investigation disclosed the fact that the damage done by the shocks is much greater than was at first supposed. Four palaces and the Bank of Italy were so shaken that they are rendered unsafe for occupation. The Palazzo Odescalchi, one of the finest palaces in Rome, and five other structures of that character, are also seriously damaged. The building of the Ministry of Finance was also slightly damaged. All the bells in the city rang and doors were shaken and windows smashed everywhere.

ENGLAND'S FATHER MATHEW.

A Visit From Mgr. Nugent, Liverpool's Renowned Philanthropist.

One of the most distinguished guests the Windy City has entertained for some time is Mgr. Nugent, of Liverpool, who, in company with Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, stopped there on his return from Santa Fe. Mgr. Nugent is known throughout the United Kingdom as "The Father Mathew of England," and was the first Catholic priest appointed prison chaplain under the prison acts of 1863. He is editor of the Liverpool Times, one of the most widely read papers in the world, and besides superintends an orphanage for boys and a refuge for outcast women.

"My experience with criminals and with causes that lead to lives of crime, while chaplain of the Liverpool borough prison," said the monsignor, "inspired me to take up such lines of work as tend not only to check crime but to enable prisoners who wanted to do better to earn honest bread."

Following this inspiration, Monsignor Nugent started his printing establishment, in which six presses operate and succeeded not only in establishing a reformatory for boys on land, but won the support of the English Government to form a naval reformatory, a man-of-war being fitted out as a training ship for reformatory boys. For thirty years that man-of-war has been anchored in the Mersey and has contributed thousands of gallant tars to the British navy.

Mgr. Nugent is an ardent admirer of America, American institutions and American Catholic clergymen.

"I have been particularly struck," he said, "with the broad manly spirit that must make life in this land so pleasurable. There is a decided charm in the way men in high places grasp the hands and rub elbows in glorious brotherly fashion with their humbler fellow citizens."

Of Cardinal Gibbons, his brother traveller, the monsignor said: "He is a prince of the Church, in deed as well as in name; a prince, too, in the realm of fellowship, of honor and of intellect."

The monsignor has met Cardinal Gibbons but recently. Archbishop Ireland he has been on tender terms with for a quarter of a century. "Of that great Archbishop," he said, "I dare not trust myself to speak. It would seem so like flattery. I'll say this, that from what I have seen and heard I conclude that there is no more revered individual in the United States."

The monsignor will remain in Chicago for a week or so, most of his time being devoted to exchanging reminiscences with his old friend, W. J. Onahan, who acted as acolyte for him at one of his Masses in Liverpool when Mr. Onahan was a boy. Mr. Onahan has this to say of his old friend:

"There are few ecclesiastics in England better known throughout the three kingdoms, and it may be added, held in greater esteem, than Mgr. James Nugent, of Liverpool, perhaps more familiarly known as 'Father Nugent.' Next to the late Cardinal Manning he was the most influential Catholic ecclesiastic in England. This was because of his well-known benevolence of character, his deep and practical sympathy with the masses, and especially his pronounced and steadfast advocacy of the cause of temperance."—Catholic Columbian.

O'CONNELL'S COFFIN.

Few people know that the original coffin which enclosed the remains of the Liberator during the transit from Genoa to Ireland is not in Glasnevin. The coffin was changed when the tomb was constructed in May, 1867, and a new oak case for the shell substituted. The original Genoa coffin is at present in the studio of Mr. John Early, No. 1 Camden street. Messrs. Early & Powell were contractors for the tomb, and the old coffin was given into their charge by John O'Connell, of Derrynane. It has since remained in Camden street and has been religiously preserved by the late Mr. Early and the present Mr. John Early. The lid, which was of cedar, has been cut by order of Mr. O'Connell, of Derrynane, and frames made out of it for the writ of the ever-memorable Clare election, from which the existence of a Catholic Irish party may be said to date. Other portions may have been taken away as relics by admirers of the great Liberator who have visited Mr. Early's studio. The sides of the coffin are also notched for the like purpose, but it is otherwise entire and intact. The shell itself is made of various woods, oak, walnut and pine, and the shoulders are formed by pieces attached outside. It was covered with crimson velvet, studded with brass nails, but the cloth is worn away, though some of the nails and trimmings are preserved by Mr. Early. These relics are enclosed in a curious old twelfth century chest, purchased by the late Mr. Early in England. Four massive handles adorned the sides of the coffin, and we believe that they have found their way to America, but this was before the present Mr. Early became possessed of the historic treasure. The coffin, which, of course, enclosed the body, is seven feet long by two broad.—Michigan Catholic.

Outward Signs of Inward Worry.

"I know of what you are thinking," said one woman to another, one day lately. "Shall I tell you?" Her friend replied: "It is impossible for you to guess; I was worrying over a care which you do not imagine that I possess."

"That is true," was the response. "I am surprised to see that you are fretting about money matters." The other stared at her. "Are you a necromancer?" she exclaimed. "No; a Sherlock Holmes," was gayly retorted. "But that is sheer extraordinary. How could even a Sherlock Holmes penetrate my thoughts?" "By the observance of a simple rule. You put a finger to your chin while you sat in that long, brown study. That signifies that mercenary matters are worrying you. If you had leaned your hand on your cheek I should have told you that affairs of the heart concerned you. If it was something of the brain alone, as overwork, you would have raised your hand to your head." The listener shook her head. "That sounds like a fairy tale," she said. "Nevertheless, try it any time you like," responded her friend, "and see if you ever make a mistake. And, more than that, you may tell what part of a person is affected by illness in the same way. The forehead contracts in a brain trouble, or headache, and the eyes, also, show those diseases. The nose and under the eyes betray sickness in the chest and stomach, and the lips and chin may be watched for anything wrong with the lower members of the body. That really is a help in dealing with illness in a child too young to tell where it feels a pain.—N. Y. Times.

ALL SAINTS DAY.

Services in all the Catholic Churches.

Last Friday being the Feast of All Saints, one of the most important in the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church, was observed as a religious feast of obligation. In spite of the rain, large congregations attended the services in all the churches, and at Notre Dame at High Mass the attendance was as large as on Sundays. Rev. Abbe Sorin preached an eloquent sermon on the meaning of the observance of the day, which was an old one in the history of the church. It invited on this day the faithful to honor all the saints who had entered glory without considering the nation or land from which they came, or the condition to which they had belonged. The church wanted its children to follow the example set by those who had won the eternal crown which God reserved for those who obeyed the laws. There was a time when Christians had to give up their life's blood to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. The examples they had set were worthy of being followed by the mortals who were put on earth for but a few short years. The path to Heaven, it had been said, was a narrow and difficult one, but by the Grace of God it could be successfully followed by all who obeyed His Divine Laws. There was one great support upon which they could rely, and that was unceasing prayer. They should offer up their trials, tribulations and miseries of life in palliation of their sins and failings. The Catholics of Montreal had all the opportunities which they could desire to win salvation. There was nothing which the Church did not do to assist its children. They should take advantage of this while life lasted. They should never despair, and victory would be theirs ultimately.

At St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Father Fahey officiated at High Mass, and Rev. Father Quinlan preached the sermon on the impressive character of the day.

Rev. Father Hudon celebrated Mass at the Gesù, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon and Rev. Father Lalonde, of the Immaculate Conception, preached the sermon.

In St. Anthony's, St. Ann's and St. Mary's the respective pastors held the usual grand and imposing ceremonies of the day, and eloquent sermons were preached in all these churches on the glories of the elect.

A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

The Grave of Hon. Mr. Mercier Decorated and a Libera Chanted.

There was quite an imposing demonstration on Friday afternoon on the northern side of Cote des Neiges cemetery, where the crypt of the Mercier family is located and where rest the remains of the late Premier of this Province. Some months ago, acting upon the suggestion of Mr. Thomas Cote, the Club National decided to take the initiative in bringing about a pilgrimage to the tomb of the departed leader. A year ago the leader of the Parti-National breathed his last and on Friday several of his colleagues with political and personal friends did honor to the memory of the departed. At two o'clock the members of the different clubs gathered in front of the Monument National, and with the public, walked to the number of several hundred up St. Lawrence Main, along Sherbrooke and out Park avenue to Mount Royal avenue, where the cars of the Park and Island Railway Company were taken for Cote des Neiges. In the meantime a

Where Is He Going?

Gentle reader, he is hurrying home. And it's house-cleaning time, too—think of that! Fifteen years ago, he wouldn't have done it. Just at this time, he'd be "taking to the woods." But now, things are different. His house is cleaned with Pearl-line. That makes house-cleaning easy. Easy for those who do it—easy for those who have it done. No hard work, no wear and tear, no turmoil and confusion, no time wasted, no tired women, no homeless men. Everything's done smoothly, quickly, quietly, and easily. Try it and see.



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This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any doctor or patient who sends the enclosed free from patients who send the enclosed form to the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. Price 1895, and is now under his direction by the

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great many ladies and gentlemen had driven over the mountain, and it is probable that a thousand people were present when the procession reached the last resting place of the Liberal leader. There were members of the National Letellier, Papineau, Chenier, Mercier, Laurier and other clubs, and the floral offerings were on a grand scale, and those who remembered the late chieftain in this manner were the Laurier club by a beautiful harp, the Club National a crown, Club Letellier, the Parliament Model, the Liberal members of both houses at Quebec, the Pelland family, Thos. Cote, the Mayor of Quebec, the family of the deceased and several others.

Amongst those present were Hon. J. R. Robidoux, Mayor Parent and Aldermen Vincent and Jenaca, of Quebec; ex-Mayor McShane, Messrs. J. Israel Tarte and C. A. Beauvois, M.P.'s; J. P. B. (Asgrain), Messrs. Girard, M. L. A. for Rouville, and Bourbonnais, M. L. A. for St. Sulpice; John Humphrey, Thos. Cote, Joseph Riendeaux, Marc Sauvalle, O. Desmarais, Rodolph Lemieux, Jas. Cochrane, J. C. Pelland, J. A. Pelland, G. Drolet, J. A. Drouin, C. Piche, Chas. Champagne, Mr. Dorval and many others.

The family of the deceased was represented by Messrs. J. C. Mercier, Honore Mercier, Paul Mercier and Edouard Mercier. The Archbishop of Montreal being appealed to, kindly placed a Sulpician priest at the disposition of the family and the Rev. Abbe Bedard was the officiating clergyman. The first ceremony was the blessing of the several floral requests, after which they were put at different places on the outside of the vault. After this the crowd sang a Libera and De Profundis, which was exceedingly impressive. The benediction was given and the ceremony brought to a close.

Catarth can be successfully treated by purifying the blood, and the one true blood purifier is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MGR. SATOLLI'S ELEVATION.

The Statement About It Made in Washington.

Washington, November 1.—The telegram from Rome about Mgr. Satolli's elevation reached Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore yesterday, and in company with Father Magnin, rector of St. Mary's Seminary, he left on the first train for Washington to congratulate Mgr. Satolli on his being made a Cardinal. Dr. Rooker, Secretary to the Ablegate, made the public announcement of the action taken at Rome, with the following statement: "Mgr. Satolli will be created Cardinal at the Consistory Assemblage about the middle of November. He is not to go to Rome for the ceremony of receiving the honor at this Consistory. Cardinal Gibbons will be delegated to act for the Pope. Mgr. Sbarretti, the auditor of the delegation, will act as Papal Ablegate at the ceremony, consigning the beretta to Cardinal Gibbons for its imposition. The beretta will be brought from Rome by one of the Noble Guard, who will leave Rome the day after the Consistory. The ceremony will consequently probably take place early in December at Baltimore. Aside from the honor directly conferred upon Mgr. Satolli, the presence of two Cardinals in the United States gives the subject an importance to the country at large. As yet no consideration has been given to the division of duties between them."

ORDINATIONS.

On Sunday Archbishop Fabre held an ordination service at the Cathedral at 6 o'clock, and at 7 o'clock said Mass for the deceased members of the Propagation of the Faith. On Monday, at 6.35, a service was chanted for the deceased bishops of Montreal; on Tuesday for the deceased canons, and on Wednesday, to-day, for the deceased benefactors of the Cathedral. On Tuesday His Grace presided over a religious ceremony at the Hotel Dieu.

She—"Do you remember you said you would do anything I asked when I promised to marry you?" He—"Yes; but I didn't know then how much spare time a woman had to think up things to ask for."

Widow—"Most provoking! I am sure Mr. Stubbs just called to propose to me to-day when he sat down on a needle that wretched boy stuck in the chair." Friend—"Came to the point sooner than you expected?"

Mistress—"Mary, go to the door at once. Some one has rung three or four times." Mary—"Oh, it's all right, mum. It's only that young fellow a's mashed on Miss Maud. Yer needn't be afraid of his goin' away in a hurry."

A throat specialist says the best chest protector is worn on the sole of the foot.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S. ADVERTISEMENT.

WASH-DAY BARGAINS!

In our basement, Clearing Sale Prices will still continue for the following, viz:

- 500 First Quality Wash Tubs, 400 Hooped Pails

To clear as follows:

- Extra Large Tubs - 67c, Large Tubs - 49c, Medium Tubs - 43c, Small Tubs - 39c, 3-Hoop Pails - 14c, 2-Hoop Pails - 12c

WANTED—A few good Mantle Tailor Apply to our Mr. Tenenbaum.

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CARDINAL RICHARD

Addresses a Letter to the President of France.

His Eminence, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, has just recently addressed to the President of the Republic, a letter of dignified protest against the law which is to impose fresh burdens upon the religious congregations in France.

"But, proceeds his Eminence, 'after so many proofs of the devotion of the religious communities at home and abroad, where they maintain and extend the influence of France, it is our duty and no less our right to demand that they should not be thrust outside the ordinary law, and that the financial measures against them, instead of being aggravated in each succeeding budget, should be so changed as to insure them complete equality of taxation for the future.'

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS

The Jesuits have decided, at the urgent request of Bishop Schwebach, to reopen their college in Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Religious teaching for the first time since 1888 is allowed in public schools in Spain. Attendance at it is obligatory.

The Master General of the Dominicans has chosen two English and two Irish Fathers to go at once to Trinidad. The Rev. Cutbert Wolsley and the Rev. Simeon Silvester will go from the English

province, and accompanied by their Irish colleagues, sailed on Wednesday, October 7th. The Archbishop of Trinidad, who was in Ireland, sailed on the same day.

The Rev. Dr. Grannan was elected Dean, and the Rev. Dr. Shahan, secretary of the divinity faculty of the Catholic University of America.

A Catholic art society has been formed in England to promote Catholic art in all its branches and to develop a taste for good religious pictures.

Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, administered the sacrament of confirmation to a class of 700 children at Aurora, Ill., Sunday, the 13th inst.

Father Walsh, recently of Chattanooga, has received an indefinite leave of absence, and will spend a year or two in Rome. He has appealed to the Propaganda to be restored to his old parish.

Father Mortara, whose conversion from Judaism caused a sensation thirty years ago, is at present one of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine at the Hospice of the Grand St. Bernard. He speaks various languages with facility, and prays much for the conversion of his family, who belong to Bologna.

The Ancient Ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, England, are once more about to fall into Catholic hands. Once the most magnificent abbey in England, its last abbot was hanged in his robes for refusing to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII. The Duke of Norfolk is about to purchase and restore it.

Preparations for the casting of a mammoth church bell have been going on for some weeks at the Buckeye bell foundry, in Cincinnati. The bell will be larger than the famous thirteen and one-half ton bell at Montreal, which is now the greatest on the continent. In ornamentation it will surpass all bells in existence and will be the largest ringing bell in the world. It will supplement a chime of forty bells. The clapper weighs 640 pounds. It is to swing in St. Francis de Sales' Church, Cincinnati.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Mary McFadden, of Glens, Gortahook, sister of Rev. James McFadden, pastor of Clonaghely, and Rt. Rev. Mgr. McFadden, V. G., of Donegal, died last month.

M. C. McInerney, Q. C., City Assessor of Dublin, appointed Joseph McAuley, B. L., his deputy, at the municipal revision, which began on the 8th inst. Joseph M. Day, B. L., City Assessor, named John G. Thompson, B. L., his deputy.

Bishop Henry, of Down and Connor, has appointed Very Rev. Daniel McCashin, Administrator of St. Malachy's Church, Belfast, and Very Rev. Robert Crickard, Administrator of St. Patrick's Church, Belfast, Vicars-Fornane of Belfast and adjoining parishes.

The death is announced of ex-Inspector Giles, who for upwards of forty years served in the Dublin Police Force, and was in receipt of a pension for a quarter of a century. He was one of the officers who effected the arrest of the Fenian chief, James Stephens, at Sandy mount.

Henry Lindsay Young, of Cork, attended at the Imperial Hotel, Youghal, on Sept. 28, to receive rent from his Pilmore tenancy. Having shown that this year's produce and prices were extremely bad, they asked for a reduction of 18s. in the pound. Mr. Young gave them a reduction of 7s. 6d. in the pound.

At the Petty Sessions in Tipperary, on Sept. 26, the adjourned hearing of the charge against O'Brien, Dalton, Walter Dalton, Wm. Prendergast, Patrick Dwyer and Cornelius Cahill, arising out of the boycotting of an auction of cattle belonging to Smith-Barry on March 12 was decided. The charge was dismissed.

John Walsh, who held an important position on the permanent staff of the Dublin City Artillery at Linen Hall Barracks, has retired on pension, after completing thirty-two years with the regiment. Mr. Walsh has been appointed to a position in the recruiting department of the Dublin district at Linen Hall.

Andrew Cullen, of Bannock, died on the 28th ult. He was a staunch Nationalist, and took a prominent part in the Land League and other political movements in South Wexford. Having received all the consolations of the Church, he passed away at the age of fifty years. His father, Andrew Cullen, predeceased him at the age of eighty-four years.

John Cusack, who was evicted four years ago, has been reinstated in his holding on the property of Colonel MacAdam, at Traugh, Blackwater, near Limerick. The land had been given to the charge of an emergency man under police protection. It is understood Mr. Cusack has been given possession at a reduced rent.

Rody Gleeson, of Templemore, the evicted tenant, has been released from Clonmel prison, after undergoing a term of imprisonment for alleged intimidation in connection with his evicted farm on the estate of Sir John Carden. Mr. Gleeson received a rousing reception on his return home. He is determined to continue his plucky fight for his home.

Rev. Robert Power, pastor of Ballyneale, died on Sept. 26 at the age of fifty-four years. He took an active part in the Land League movement and was an eloquent speaker. He presided over the memorable Ballyneale meeting, at which William O'Brien delivered the famous speech for which he was prosecuted by Lord Salisbury. On that occasion Father Power delivered a stirring speech.

At the meeting of the Claremorris Guardians recently, Thomas Tighe, the chairman, moved "That this union do contribute a sum of £45, or 1-4d. in the pound on the valuation of the union, towards technical instruction, Department of Science and Art, London, which will contribute a free grant of a like sum, the reverend mother and nuns of Mercy Convent, Claremorris, to have the working of this in connection with a committee of the Claremorris Guardians." M. A. Waldron, seconded the motion, which was carried with acclamation.

The death occurred recently, at the Presentation Convent, Youghal, of Sister Mary Regis, famous as a designer of Irish lace. Her efforts were so successful that Youghal lace has become famous throughout the United Kingdom. Some magnificent pieces of lace have been made from her designs, and two in par-

ticular deserve to be mentioned—the splendid fan presented by the Earl of Crew to the Duchess of York on the occasion of her marriage with Prince George, and the lace flounce, worth nearly £200, which was made for presentation to the Duchess of York when her marriage with the Duke of Clarence was to take place. This piece of lace is still retained at Youghal Convent, as its presentation never took place. Sister Mary Regis possessed wonderful talent for inventing an drawing the very finest designs, some of them extremely intricate, for Youghal needle point lace. Lace-making is now a well-established industry at Youghal, and a large staff of women are engaged at that work for the Presentation Nuns.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Out of the large number of letters of condolence addressed to the family of the late Mrs. John Deruchie, of Cornwall, Ont., in their bereavement, we only insert the following three:—

IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas—At a special meeting of the St. Patrick's Academy, called to take action upon the death of Mrs. John Deruchie, of Cornwall, Ont., mother of our esteemed reverend president, C. E. Deruchie, C.S.V., which has been announced to the pupils of the "Fifth Form," and to the officers and members of St. Patrick's Academy of Bourget College, with sorrow, regret and deep sympathy.

Whereas—We feel that in the bonds of friendship and esteem that so closely bind us to our esteemed friend, Rev. C. E. Deruchie, director of the academy, we deeply regret this his great bereavement and that of his beloved family and the death of his much respected and cherished mother.

And whereas—It has pleased the Almighty Arbiter of all things to call her from this vale of tears unto that land where death and sorrow are no more, leaving behind her the blessed memory of a virtuous, noble and well directed life.

And whereas—In the great sorrow and tender affection wherewith all who knew and loved her must feel stricken, now that she is gone from among their midst.

And whereas—In her departure from this life, our Rev. Moderator, Rev. C. E. Deruchie, C.S.V., and his family are particularly afflicted with deep sorrow in this dread separation that God doth impart to us all.

Be it resolved—That our meeting and entertainment be postponed.

And be it resolved—That the pupils of the "Fifth Form," and the officers and members of St. Patrick's Academy, tender to our Rev. Moderator and his sorrow stricken family, expressions of our sincere sympathy and condolence in this their bereavement.

And be it resolved—That in testimony of our love and veneration for the departed one, and in union with the faculty and pupils of Bourget College, we offer to Him who doeth all things well, our prayers, our communiions and our pious works for her eternal peace and everlasting repose.

And be it resolved—That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the Rev. C. E. Deruchie, C.S.V., and one to the bereaved family, as a testimony of our esteem and veneration for the deceased; one copy to be inserted in the Montreal True Witness and another copy to be inscribed upon the records of St. Patrick's Academy.

Signed, on behalf of St. Patrick's Academy, by Allen Fortin, C. Deruchie, Arthur Matte and Philip Quesnel.

Signed, on behalf of the "Fifth Form," by Thomas Farrell, Eloi Lalonde and Philip Robillard.

Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q., October 24, 1895.

St. ANN'S CONVENT, Lachine, P.Q., Oct. 25th, 1895.

To Rev. C. E. DERUCHIE, C.S.V., Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q.:

Rev. Brother,—It is with much regret that we heard yesterday of the affliction which has befallen you in the death of your beloved mother. We know how keenly your dutiful, affectionate heart will feel this loss, by which God breaks one of the strongest ties binding you to earth. We feel at the same time that it would be presumptions of us to attempt to point out where strength and consolation are to be found, to you, who know so well how to be a consoling angel to many an afflicted soul. We pray that you may find in the Sacred Heart of Our Lord may in return be to you, bestowing amply upon you of the treasure of grace and consolation of which He is the inexhaustible Source and the Giver. Our note, reverend brother, is simply intended to convey to you and your sorrowing family, the assurance of our deep sympathy and of the prayers offered for the dear departed one, by the members of our Community, at the earnest request of our Mother Assistant, Sister Mary Anastasia, viz.: Two hundred Masses (heard); one hundred Way of the Cross; five hundred Rosaries. May she rest in peace! We are with deep respect, your sorrowing friends, Sister Mary Helen, Mary Patrick, Mary Edward.

Rev. C. E. DERUCHIE, C.S.V., Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q.:

Rev. Dear Brother,—Whereas: The Counsellors and members of St. Ignatius' Literary Academy, at a meeting held on October 25th, on hearing the deplorable incident which has plunged you and your family into deep mourning, unanimously adopted the following resolutions: 1. That the members of St. Ignatius' Academy heard with great regret of the grief and affliction which have befallen you and your honored family, by the death of your esteemed mother, Mrs. J. Deruchie, of Cornwall, Ont.; 2. That the members offer you and yours, on this sad occasion, their most profound sympathy and their most heartfelt condolence; 3. That all the members of this Literary Circle promise to recite a fer-

vent prayer for the repose of the soul of the venerated deceased, your beloved mother.

Signed on behalf of St. Ignatius' Literary Society: they are particularly those of the pupils of the philosophy class.

Signed on behalf of St. Ignatius' Academy,

J. M. PHANEUF, Secretary.

Bourget College, Rigaud, P.Q., Oct. 25th, 1895.



To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes: "During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty, WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quantity of the milk.

It is largely prescribed To Assist Digestion, To Improve the Appetite, To Act as a Food for Consumptives, In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.

Price 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

ALMOST DEAD. PITIABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG GIRL IN TORONTO.

A MYSTERIOUS ILLNESS—DOCTORS WERE UNABLE TO GIVE HER ANY RELIEF—HER UNCLE'S STORY OF THE CASE.

From the Toronto News.

The remarkable recovery of Cora Gray from a mysterious illness that baffled two of the best known physicians of West Toronto has been the subject of a good deal of talk among the residents in the neighborhood of Bloor street and Brunswick avenue. As it was expressively put by a neighbor, "she was all but dead, when suddenly she began to regain strength, and in a short time was out on the street with the color restored to her cheeks and the brightness to her eye."

Learning of the case a News reporter called on her uncle, Alpheus Ramsay, who is the proprietor of the Bloor street shoe store, at the corner of Brunswick avenue, and with whom she has lived almost since infancy. On learning that his visitor was a reporter he was somewhat loth to speak of the case.

"Everybody about here knows of the case," he said, "and I will be glad to tell any sufferer all about it, but I would rather not have it published."

When the reporter pointed out that he was in a position to let thousands know and probably be the means of giving them information that would lead to their recovery, he began to hesitate, and finally, he gave a brief account of the girl's remarkable restoration. He said: "My niece is more like a daughter to me. She has been in my care since she was a child, and when she was taken sick a few months ago I was heart-broken. I got two of the best doctors in the west-end to prescribe for her, but their medicines made her worse instead of better. She laid in bed week after week, looking like a corpse, eating nothing, and apparently wasting away in a mysterious manner. Her blood was thin and poor, and almost every day there was a change for the worse. She could not take the doctors' prescriptions, for she sickened at taste of them. While I was in this state of worry and anxiety a man came around one day delivering pamphlets and he threw one into my shop. I picked it up and read an exact description of the illness with which my niece was suffering. The remedy prescribed for the cure of the malady described was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box and Cora took them in a mechanical kind of a way. Well, sir, when she had taken them four days a change came over her. She began to eat with a relish, and every day she seemed to gain fresh strength. She adhered faithfully to the directions and took four boxes. By that time the roses had returned to her cheeks and she was a different looking girl. She discontinued taking the pills and later the same languid feeling began to creep over her, so she bought another box and is now as bright and well as ever she was."

"That is the whole story," added Mr. Ramsay. "There may not be much in it for others, but I believe these pills saved Cora's life, and while I am not anxious for publicity on her account, it may be that other sufferers will be benefited by hearing of this remedy. I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills. I recommend them to everyone I know, and I take them myself."

Mr. Ramsay is one of the best known men in his neighborhood. He is the superintendent of the Sunday school of Concord Congregational church, and has the confidence of the entire community among which he lives. He has spent two years in business at his present location and his business has grown so much that he is about to remove to larger premises in the Douglas block on Bloor street, near Bathurst.

His statements as to the young girl's condition are amply corroborated by residents of the locality, and up that way there is a boom in Pink Pills.

Any sceptic who has the inclination to visit Mr. Ramsay will be courteously received, no doubt, and the circumstances frankly related. His gratitude for his niece's recovery leads him to make the most enthusiastic statements regarding the efficacy of the remedy that saved his girl's life.

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Application to the Legislature. The Hon. the Secretary of the Executive Council, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Attorney General, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of Finance, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of Education, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of Public Works, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of the Navy, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of the Army, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of the Air Force, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa, Ontario. The Hon. the Minister of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Ottawa, Ontario.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

At the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, Clerk Maurice Ayer, Q. C., Speaker Glenora, imp. opter, Joseph Paul Coutlee, merchant, Francis J. Hackett, physician, Michael D. O'Connell, architect, Thomas Harris, journalist, Jacques Auguste Lussier, physician, all of the city and district of Montreal, and Es. Jules Blanger, advocate of the city and district of Quebec, will apply for an Act incorporating them, and all other persons who shall hereafter form part of said Association, under the name of "The Protective Benefit Association of Canada." The aim and object of the said Association are the mutual aid, fraternal assistance and protection of men, women and children.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, SUPERIOR COURT.

Notice is hereby given that Isaac Gilme Campbell, of the parish of St. Marie, in the district of Montreal, wife of Ovide Brabant, farmer, of the same place, has the 26th day of September last, instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband.

Montreal, 1st October, 1895. SAINT PIERRE, FELLSSIER & WILSON 15-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

LA BANQUE VILLE MARIE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three percent (3 per cent) upon the capital stock of this bank, for the six months ending the 30th November next, has this day been declared, and will be payable at the Head Office of the Bank in this city, on and after Monday, the second day of December, 1895.

The Transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 20th day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. W. WEIR, President. Montreal, 22nd October, 1895.

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER.

D VIDENU No. 60. NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three and a-half per cent, for the current half year upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this city, on and after Monday, the second day of December, 1895.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 20th November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. A. DE MARTIGNY, Managing Director. 15-5

Central Millinery Parlor,

178 BLEURY STREET. Grand Millinery Opening on 10 September and following days. Hats and Bonnets of the newest and latest designs from Paris and New York. Specialty—Oiled bonnets and hats done over, and made like new at low prices.

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The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co. (LIMITED)

Subscription price of THE TRUE WITNESS for the city, Great Britain, Ireland and France, is \$2.00.

MS. and all other communications intended for publication or notice, should be addressed to the Editor, and all business and other communications to the Managing Director, TRUE WITNESS P. & P. Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 1133.

WEDNESDAY...NOVEMBER 6, 1895.

GOOD REPRESENTATION.

Politics are in the air; we have faithfully refrained from referring to any political affairs as long as we felt that no matter how results came our people would be sure of good, solid, able representation.

CIVIC GOVERNMENT.

There are rumblings, as of an earthquake, or a laboring volcano, that commence to agitate the municipal atmosphere of our city. There are noises in the air that are ominous in the extreme.

sanitary conditions, poor police protection, unsatisfactory fire department, discontented laborers, frightened real estate holders, and in a word, every evil and every menace that might be calculated to drive the people from the city and ruin the name and credit of the civic corporation forever.

Last week we spoke about the tax question; we did so in a hurried and superficial manner. We purpose, now, ever, dealing most seriously with the question of municipal reform, and we feel it our duty to back, by every means in our power, the people who are striving to save our city from bankruptcy and our citizens from untold debts in the future.

We do not pretend that the present aldermen, nor the aldermen for five years to come, are able to set Montreal upon the high plane of a properly governed city. But we do claim that, with perseverance, concerted action, mutual understanding and generous impulse, the rate-payers, the property holders, the taxpayers, the men who bear on their shoulders the burden of the city's misfortunes, will eventually succeed in establishing such an equilibrium of assets and liabilities, that the rising generation may yet hope to enjoy the advantages of healthy homes, moral surroundings and freedom from the phantom of over-taxation.

A NEW OBSERVATORY.

In our last issue we briefly referred to the new fire-proof observatory that the Rev. Father Carrier, C.S.C. of St. Laurent College, purposes erecting. We stated that this week we would again draw attention to this undertaking, and we do so for the two-fold purpose of more fully explaining the plan and object of the proposed construction and of dwelling briefly upon the importance to Canada of such an edifice.

As to the building itself, it is to be of octagonal form and highly ornamented exteriorly. There will be three full stories and a stand for the telescope. The building will be forty feet in diameter and fifty-six in height. Interiorly, the stories for the libraries and the museum will be arranged in alcoves, as may be seen in the Parliament Library at Ottawa, thus affording a great amount of room for books, specimens of natural history and other objects.

It is to guard against such a loss, and to secure much more space, that it is proposed to erect an octagonal, fire-proof edifice. The Rev. Father Carrier, who is the custodian, and in a great measure the founder of these college departments, makes an appeal to the friends of the institution at large to subscribe liberally to such a praiseworthy object.

According to the circular letter sent out: "It is calculated that the entire cost of this building will not be more than eight thousand dollars." The ap-

peal is addressed to the more wealthy citizens, the men whom Providence has blessed with a certain amount of this world's goods, and who are well known for their philanthropic spirit. The minimum individual subscription is fixed at twenty-five dollars. All subscriptions should be paid in before the first of May 1895.

So much for the plan, the method of securing the means and the object of the proposed observatory. Now, a word regarding the utility of such a building. Apart from the great use it will be to the students who frequent the college, it will also be an object of great value to the country. Father Carrier's "Canadian Library"—a vast collection of French and English Canadian works—is, in itself, worthy of a general protection. Its preservation is necessary in an age when so little is being done to rescue our literature from premature death, or oblivion.

Thousands of dollars are yearly given away to McGill and other important institutions; but here is an establishment that is of the greatest value to a vast section of our people, and here is a scheme that will furnish an observatory, a museum and a library to, not only the younger generation, but all the men of study and scientific inclination would deem it well to take advantage of its proximity to Montreal. The amount required is not very great, considering the value of the edifice into which it is to be put, and we hope and trust that Father Carrier will find no difficulty in carrying out to a successful completion the grand work he has undertaken.

ACCORDING to the official returns the total receipts from the Notre Dame Hospital kermesse are over eleven thousand dollars. This is an exceptionally large sum considering the hard times, and it is an evidence of the high esteem in which the institution is held and the energy displayed by the ladies who carried on the good work.

In a speech at his reception in San Francisco, on his return from Europe, Archbishop Riordan said that he had never mixed in politics, but that if he found a Catholic who asked for his vote because he was a Catholic, he would vote against him. The Archbishop, in our mind, is perfectly right. We trust that in Canada the day will come when no public man will have to request a vote on account of his religion.

IN ORDER to complete several sets of TRUE WITNESS files we desire to have five copies of each of the following issues of this paper: Feb. 7, Nov. 1, 15, and 29, of the year 1893; and Aug. 22, Sept. 5, Oct. 10 and 17, Nov. 7, 19 and 26, Feb. 6, and March 20, of the year 1894.

IT IS REPORTED that Mr. Charles Robinson, who until last February was assistant editor of the North American Review, and who was mentioned as the possible successor of John Quincy when the latter resigned as Assistant Secretary of State, has decided to enter a Franciscan monastery. Mr. Robinson was born in Dublin twenty-six years ago. His father, Mr. Nugent Robinson, is the editor of Vanity.

ONE of our contemporaries aptly says: "Heroic charity abounds in the Catholic Church, whose Founder gave up His life for His friends. Miss Mary Carr, a nurse in St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, Indiana, has decided to devote the rest of her life to the lepers in Louisiana. The State could not find nurses for these unfortunates until it appealed to Catholics.

ANNEXATION.

From time to time we find articles in our American exchanges—newspapers and magazines—in which the question of annexation is discussed. Were it not for such reminders we would never think of the question. Recently we received a communication in which we were asked to state as clearly as we could the exact spirit that prevails in Canada regarding this so-called political, or international problem.

In the first place our political constitutions differ to such a degree that we could not accept the American one without forfeiting our identity and nationality, while they would never accept ours. Again, our manners, habits, customs and ideas are totally different; so much so that it would take many generations before they could be adapted to those which obtain in the United States.

For the purpose of this article we will divide the Canadian population into three categories; the first we will call English-Protestant, comprising all Protestants speaking the English language, be they Scotch, Welsh, Irish or English; the second we may style the French-Canadian Catholics; and the third Irish-Catholics, whether natives of Ireland or descendants of Irishmen.

As far as the English-Protestant section is concerned there is little need of entering into any lengthy argument to the citizens of Canada comprised in that category, are totally opposed to any such thing as annexation with the United States. They are British subjects, and they desire to remain British subjects. They are bound by every tie, national, political and social, to the constitution that we enjoy and to the flag that hovers over us.

We will now turn to the French-Canadian element. It is true that thousands of French-Canadians have made homes for themselves in the United States; but it was equally as true that they all look upon Canada as their real home, and that they are actually putting forth their every effort to secure the conservation of their language in the different American centres where they congregate.

Another evidence of the freedom we Irish-Canadians enjoy, under our constitution and under the flag of Canada, is to be found in the fact that from our legislative halls have been sent to England, several times, resolutions in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. Can that much be said of any one of the legislatures in the United States? Here, under the British flag, in the very House of Commons of Canada, and in the Legislature of Quebec, have been carried most emphatic and powerful pronouncements in favor of justice to the Irish people.

It has been stated that our Catholic clergy are most loyal to this Dominion. So they are; they have proven it in the past, and would do so again in the future if circumstances required. On the same principle, are they so loyal as that upon which the hierarchy and clergy of the United States are true to the institutions and the government of the Republic.

languages. No where else on this continent have the descendants of the French such a grand privilege. Even in other Provinces of the Dominion their language is being shoved aside, as much as it is possible to do so, by opponents of the dual system. Again, in this Province, our Civil Code is the embodiment of the Code Napoleon, and of the laws pronounced and explained by Pothier, Marcade, Aubry and Rau, Dumoulin, Delarombiere and the various French commentators in the "Coutumes d'Orleans" and the "Coutumes de Paris."

As long as Canada remains a British colony, will she be under the protection of Great Britain, and will those guarantees be perpetuated. Is it natural to suppose, then, that the French-Canadians are prepared to shake off the allegiance that protects their language and preserves their laws? Should Canada become a portion of the United States she would have to accept her laws from Washington; and the American Government has nothing to do with the Treaty of Paris, nor with Great Britain's guarantee. Would Washington tolerate for an hour the existence of the French laws in the new state? Would the American Government permit the French language to remain official? Most certainly not.

We have then only the Irish Catholic category to deal with. Some may imagine that, because the American Republic became the good home of thousands of Irish exiles, the Irish-Canadians are therefore anxious for a union of these two lands. It is not so. Canada has been as good a home to the Irishmen here as ever America was to those who settled there. Moreover, what Irishmen most desire, in this world, is to see Ireland enjoy political autonomy and legislative independence. Here in Canada we have Home Rule in the broadest, deepest, truest acceptations of the term.

It may be urged that Canada is under the English flag. She is not; she is under the British flag. There is a vast difference between England and the British Empire. England, like Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Canada, India, Australia, and other sections of the British Empire, is only a part of that mighty power. The England that persecuted Ireland is not the British Empire of today. The England of Elizabeth and the Penal Code, had no Indian Empire; the England of Cromwell and his barbaric followers had no Canada, no Australian colonies. To-day the girle of British Empire encircles the world, and there is no freer land upon the line of that circumference than Canada, and there are no happier and truer, more prosperous and honored people in Canada than the Irish.

In the domain of agriculture, in the sphere of commerce, in the realm of professional activity, in the engineering and medical ranks, at the Bar, on the Bench, in the Legislatures, the Senate, the Commons and the Government, Irishmen have found places awaiting them and have reached the highest rounds upon the ladder of success.

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It has been stated that our Catholic clergy are most loyal to this Dominion. So they are; they have proven it in the past, and would do so again in the future if circumstances required. On the same principle, are they so loyal as that upon which the hierarchy and clergy of the United States are true to the institutions and the government of the Republic. Simply because the Catholic Church knows no sections, no divisions of races or nations. She is loyal to legitimate authority in every land, be it a republic, a monarchy, or an independent state.

THE IRISH CAUSE.

In our second last issue we published the interesting and important correspondence which took place between His Grace Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, and Hon. Edward Blake, concerning a movement to unite the Irish forces and to bring about a happy triumph for the cause most dear to the hearts of all true Irishmen. We commented on the letters and raised our humble voice in the chorus of approval that has gone up from all quarters. So pleased have we been with the stirring and able editorial comments of Mr. Patrick Ford, of New York, in the columns of the Irish World, that we take the liberty of reproducing a few of them in this article.

The Irish World thus commences:—"If it is possible to put an end to dissension in the Irish National representation in Parliament, and to make that body again what it once was, viz, the most powerful Irish party that ever sat in the British House of Commons, the thing, in our opinion, can be done only in the way just proposed by His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto. Archbishop Walsh, we need hardly say, is a patriotic Irishman. It is no exaggeration to rank him as a patriot with his illustrious brother prelate, his namesake of Dublin, and the venerable occupant of the See of Cashel. To thus place him to give him honor as high as ever was accorded to an Irish prelate in Irish politics, and that he deserves the honor no true Irishman will hesitate to admit."

Speaking of Archbishop Walsh's authority to raise his voice in the national councils the article continues:—

"Archbishop Walsh is, therefore, though living out of Ireland, eminently entitled to a voice in the national councils, and when he speaks he has a claim to be heard with most respectful attention. More especially is this so at the present time, when it seems as if there were no individual influence in Ireland itself potent enough to suppress the dissensions which threaten destruction to the Irish cause. Great and good Irishmen at home have tried to reconcile hostile elements and hostile factions, but they have tried in vain. The dissensions and factions still continue, and it seems hopeless to look for remedy from any renewal or repetition of effort such as has already been made. In these unhappy circumstances, it is not only proper for prominent Irishmen outside of Ireland to exercise their influence in the direction of peace and unity, but it is their positive duty to do it. The interests of the Home Rule cause concern the Irish race everywhere, as well as in Ireland—not in a material way, it may be, but in name and in fame. Feuds and dissensions at home, and the inevitable disasters which follow them, affect the honor and reputation of the Irish abroad. 'One in name and in fame are the sea-divided Gael.'"

After further expressions of confidence in both Archbishop Walsh and Hon. Mr. Blake, the Irish World quotes from His Grace's letter the suggestion of "a great national convention to be held in Dublin, composed of chosen representatives of the clergy and people of Ireland and of an advisory representation of the Irish race abroad." The article then goes on:

"This is Archbishop Walsh's proposal. Let the Irish nation in national convention condemn dissension, and command it to cease, and it will cease. Let Ireland in such convention say and point out who are the Parliamentary representatives whose conduct she approves, and who they are whose conduct she reprobates, and the persons thus mentioned must, and doubtless will, cease their claims and pretensions to represent or speak for the Irish people. In the convention thus proposed Archbishop Walsh thinks that the voice of 'Ireland's sons abroad' should be heard. He thinks that the whole race should take part in the action designed to stamp out the curse of faction and feud."

The article continues to quote several paragraphs from His Grace's letter and to comment favorably upon them, and then closes as follows:—

"There can be no doubt that the necessity for the 'last resort' has arisen, and now presses strongly on the attention of all the friends of the Irish cause. That resort is the judgment of the Irish people. It is high time it should be pronounced. Too long, indeed, has it been delayed, and the delay has rendered more and more obvious its paramount necessity. It dissension be not quickly stamped out the National cause may be killed for our generation. The thing to avert this is the national convention called for by the patriotic prelate of Toronto."

It is with inexpressible pleasure that we find such hearty co-operation and approval, especially coming from such an important and influential source as the Irish World. So far the real views and desires of the great body of the Irish people have not been properly secured; here is an opportunity, and we trust that the scheme of Toronto's great and patriotic prelate will be carried out, and that something truly practical will be done for the cause of the Irish people.

"A SUGGESTION" would like to know to what nationality the name "Morris" belongs, and if it is a Catholic name. We are under the impression that the name was originally Catholic, at all events there are apparently as many Catholics as Protestants who have that name. As to the nationality it would be most difficult to say; there are English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh and American families who bear the name Morris. Perhaps some exact information might be attained by addressing the head of some of the Morris families. Records may have been kept of their lineage and history.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In the Ohio penitentiary the Catholic inmates are compelled every Sunday to attend Protestant services. If such a course were taken in a public institution, of that class, in a Catholic country, there would be a wonderful howl from the anti-Catholic element. But the same spirit does not obtain in all sections of Christianity.

An issue of the Unita Cattolica has been again confiscated. The article, the subject of which was the Roman question, was entitled "The Kiss of Judas." The Unita Cattolica suffers a temporary loss, but the organ is to be congratulated upon the bold defence it makes and the courage with which it upholds the rights of the Holy See.

ACCORDING to the Catholic register of Hong Kong, the statistics of the Catholic missions in the Chinese Empire show forty-one Bishops, six hundred and sixty-four European priests, five hundred and fifty-nine native priests, thirty-four colleges, thirty-four convents, and of native converts one million ninety-two thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

MORE than seventy thousand statues have been exhumed from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome; this gives an idea of the richness of the Vatican. Raphael and Michael Angelo reign in that palace and the beauty and art of all ages are therein collected. No wonder that the Catholic world has veneration for the palace of the Popes.

By a special indulgent the Holy See allows this year the celebration of the "Patronage of St. Joseph" on the third Sunday of Advent, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the election of St. Joseph as Patron of the Universal Church. Throughout the whole Catholic world it will be a grand day of devotion. Particularly in this Province of Quebec should it be fervently desired, for St. Joseph is the Patron of the Church in this Province.

FROM QUITO, Ecuador, comes the news that a mob attacked the clerical printing office in the capital and nearly destroyed it. The excuse given for the outrage was that pamphlets designed to work harm to the newly appointed government of Alfonso were supposed to be concealed therein. This reminds us of "Silken Thomas" excuse for having set fire to the Cathedral of Cashel; he gave as a reason that he thought the Archbishop was in the building at the time.

PRESIDENT DIAZ, of Mexico, who is supposed to be a Freemason, could not refrain from interfering with the recent celebrations, at Mexico City, in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The petty persecutions, practised by the government on the pilgrims, were as disgraceful to the State as they were worthy of Masonic bitterness and hate. It is a good thing that in this country no such organization can make life miserable for free citizens or crush out liberty of worship.

The Sultan has allowed the house of St. Veronica at Jerusalem to be transformed into a church and to be handed over to Catholics for Catholic worship. This house marks the sixth station of the Via Do'rosa. Mgr. Gregario Yusef, Patriarch of Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem, has solemnly blessed the new sanctuary. The concession would seem to indicate a more generous sentiment towards Christians on the part of the Sultan. The sanctuary will, doubtless, become one of the most attractive spots in the Holy City.

MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO, the famous Catholic ex-actress, one of the most charming and noble women of the age, contributes a very interesting article entitled "Girlhood of an Actress" to the November number of the North American Review. It is very amusing to read the account of Miss Anderson's girlhood, and all the devices that she and her brother Joe invented to secure tickets for matinees. Her account of her convent life is most natural and conveys a very fair idea of a young girl's difficulties and all the care that the good nuns take of their young wards. The article is a really important contribution to the current number.

IF GERMANY is a Protestant country the spirit of Catholicity is strong in the land. The number of Catholic journals in the country at present is three hundred and five. Their combined circulation is over one million two hundred thousand. The devotions for the month of November, of the Apostolate of Prayer, are for the Catholic cause in Germany. We are under the impression that there is more solid Catholic principle and real Catholic activity in Germany than in any other country of Europe to-day. Probably the cause is to be found in the powerful opposition made to the Church.

In the October number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review Mr. John S. Ewart, O.C., of Winnipeg, has a

lengthy and exhaustive as well as very carefully prepared article on "The School Question in Manitoba." Mr. Ewart's acquaintance with the subject is certainly extensive and his reasoning is solid, and the contribution to the leading Catholic magazine of America is well worthy of careful perusal and serious study.

A vast parish is that of Rev. Patrick Bannon, pastor of Lancaster, Tehochipi and Needles, in the Diocese of Los Angeles, Cal. It is the largest in the United States. It is about forty thousand square miles in area and touches on the three dioceses of Sacramento, Salt Lake and Arizona, but forms part of the diocese of Los Angeles. It is expected that it will soon be divided; certainly it is too extensive for the individual supervision of one man.

THE MONITOR, of San Francisco, says that "The Catholic Truth Society has a double aspect. It deals with those who are within the fold and it strives to reach those who are without. It has been modeled on the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge and its aim is to do for Catholics what that society does for Protestants. It not only defends the Faith from the attacks of the enemy, but it provides Catholics with interesting, devotional, instructive, and above all, cheap literature." This is said in reference to the Catholic Truth Society in England, and the same may well apply to the branch of that admirable association that exists in Montreal.

NO MATTER how governments may come and go in France, the country is none the less literary for all its political changes. The Paris correspondent of the Bookman, New York, says that the biggest publishing success in France in the matter of poetry was secured by Jose Maria de Heredia, of the French Academy. The entire edition of his first volume of sonnets was sold out before four o'clock in the afternoon of the day of publication. That certainly is an evidence of the literary vitality in the public and the popularity of the author. The writer, however, does not state how large the edition was.

"THE building and restoration of Catholic churches throughout the world, as reported in foreign and domestic journals of architecture, published in the interest of the building trades," says the British Architect, "stuns the imagination in an attempt to grasp the magnitude of the operations and the enormous sum of money set apart from the revenues of the Church to pay for the work." The new churches, the number and cost thereof, may be stated as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Churches, Est. Cost. Rows include America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, Isles of the sea, Chapels on ships for mission work.

It is evident that the Catholic Church must be a spiritually universal power since its adherents can do so much in the way of erecting the temporal edifices of worship.

As an evidence of the Catholic movement in Germany and Austria we may quote the following from a recent European despatch:

"It is announced that early in the present month eight German prelates, including the Archbishop of Cologne, and of Posen, will come to Rome to initiate, under the presidency of the Pope, the discussion of a project for the return to the fold of the true church of Protestants throughout Germany. Meanwhile the Emperor of Austria has, it is affirmed, addressed an autograph letter to His Holiness relative to pacification amidst Christian churches and rendering all homage to 'the exalted wisdom of the Roman Pontiff, to whom is due the glorious initiative. The imperial message is accompanied by a generous offering for the said purpose.'"

The fanaticism of the "Sons of Italy" may be read in the following item, which we clip from the Catholic Standard, of Philadelphia:

"The liberal press, in a series of tirades against the holding of Catholic Congresses in Italy, says that when the clerical party held Congresses in their own houses in favor of the restoration of the Sovereign Pontiff's temporal power it was nobody's business to interfere or object, but that it is intolerable that they should now be allowed to hold public meetings for this purpose in the Italy of to-day! Much umbrage has been taken at the words pronounced by the Archbishop of Milan at the recent Eucharistic Congress held in that city. His Eminence dared to say that the only Rome he could look upon as being 'intangible' is the Rome of the Pope-King, and his words have been qualified by the 'partisans' as being 'an irrelevant and discourteous allusion to an august motto!' Truly the so-called 'intangibles' are very susceptible of their own dignity, but what about the dignity of others? The grand motto of a great religious Order—'severitate parati, indulgentia parati'—would seem to be completely reversed by our latter-day Italians."

THE IRISH STAGE.

The following correspondence and comments appeared in the Boston Pilot, of recent issue. We have not been able to ascertain the exact date of the performance at which the incident referred to, took place; but probably some of our older readers can furnish the information. Of the event and action, on that occasion, of Mr. McGee, fully a dozen citizens of Montreal have told us. This is the correspondence:—

'BRANNAGH, Ottawa, Oct. 1.—In the Pilot of May 4, there appeared a reproduction from Mr. Walter Lecky, giving an interview with Mrs. James Sadlier. In that article Mr. Lecky refers to an episode in the life of the late Hon. T. D. McGee when he publicly rebuked a caricaturist of the Irish at some entertainment in Montreal. Can any of your readers give the date of the occurrence, or even the year?'

Both the act and the principal in it are worthy of record. Without going back to the early days of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, or railing at those who cater to a low prejudice or make a display of their own venom, by caricaturing Irishmen, there are not a few of our present day would-be "Humorists" who might be taught a wholesome lesson either in private socials or on public stage by a repetition of Mr. McGee's rebuke. The same holds good in the usual theatrical representation of the Irishman, and it will continue until men and women of Irish birth or descent, make patent their determination that this low caricaturing will not pay.

We reproduce the extract from Mr. Lecky's article in hopes that with the circumstance so detailed, some of our old subscribers in Montreal may be able to give the date and other information connected therewith:—

'Mrs. Sadlier was full of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, that noble, warm-hearted man. One of her stories is worth telling. Between the forties and sixties, it was the usual way at festive gatherings to caricature the Irishman, and put in his mouth, in the shape of a song, some brutal fling at his native land. The majority of the prominent Irishmen in Montreal took this as a meaningless joke. Not so the poet. He determined to show his disapproval. It was not long until he had a chance. Asked to a meeting, the usual caricature came along. The audience laughed. Their pleasure was short. At its finish McGee jumped to his feet, and burning with indignation, lashed the committee for permitting such a vile outrage on an ancient and honorable race. He left the hall, and with him many a shamed-faced countryman aroused by his manly attitude.'

Our younger readers in Montreal will kindly regard this as 'The Pilot's' request to glean from the older inhabitants of their city, details of this occurrence. We will gladly make room for the result of their inquiries, deeming it an honor, with them, to endeavor to stamp out the practice. In putting this query 'Brannagh' has rendered a service that will be acknowledged by every high-minded Irishman.'

On a more recent occasion, when a travelling company played an Irish drama, in one of our uptown theatrical halls, and a most undesirable wake scene was given, the spirit of national pride displayed itself in the form of an attack upon the stage and a shower of over-seasoned eggs that caused the curtain to come down and that also secured the removal of the obnoxious scene from the drama. This feeling has always had a hold upon the Irish-Canadian people in general and the men of Montreal in particular. And it is to their honor and credit that such is the case.

But to every rule there are exceptions; and, as an old saying has it, the exceptions prove the rule. We regret to say that in some of the concerts given, in certain parts of the city, the audience is too often confronted with specimens of vulgar Irish caricature. We do not consider the actors to be as guilty as are the promoters and patrons of those entertainments. While we can enjoy a faithful character representation of any people, the Irish included, yet we do not believe in parading the worst features of a nationality before the public, and leaving that public to suppose that the general characteristics of the race have been portrayed. Moreover, the stage Irishman and the stage Irishwoman, as we usually find them pictured, dressed and decked out, are no more like the real Irish men and women than they are like Iroquois Indians or Afghans. In fact, Ireland has no such characters as those we see upon the vulgar stage. You might travel Ireland from end to end, from the coast of Antrim to the shores of Bantry, and would not find a dozen examples of the Irishman and Irishwoman, as they are pictured for our disedification in the so-called comic theatre.

Again, we are positive that the brogue taken on by the would-be actors is not to be met with in any province or county of Ireland. A stranger would be led to believe that no Irishman was able to pronounce the English language correctly. These amateur performers who are so anxious to give characteristic sketches of Irishmen would do well to study the Irishman at home. Why do they not show to the world, in a refined and striking manner, that the Dublin Irishman speaks the best English in the world; that the genuine Irish gentleman is the peer of the proudest mallesse in Europe; that the Irish merchant, trader and general business man is better educated than many of the members of the liberal professions in other countries; that the Irish peasant boy could puzzle the foreign savants in mathematics and

classics? A great deal of good work could be done in this, and it would tend to elevate our people in their own estimation but also to raise them in the estimation of all other races.

While we admire the skill and talent of Carleton in his Irish sketches, we do not fail to see that he abused his opportunities, misused his ability, and did an injustice instead of a service to his people. It is an easy matter to create a laugh—any fool or knave can tickle the public into laughter—but it is not always as easy to efface the effects of the untimely or unjust merriment. Irish people—particularly men who claim to be educated—should feel proud of their race, of the bright characteristics of their people, and should never permit, much less aid, the perpetuation of the crying wrong that exists in the stage Irishman, as he is understood in our day.

Perhaps no other act, in McGee's long and varied career of patriotism, could possibly illustrate more strikingly his love for the Irish people, his respect for the race, his jealousy for our national honor, and his own unchangeable devotion to the cause of his heart, than that one, simple, but heroic move made in condemnation of the ridicule cast upon his fellow-countrymen. We trust that some of the many older inhabitants, who were present on the occasion in question, will kindly send us, or send the Pilot the required information.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

"CITIZENSHIP."

ADDRESS BY DR. J. K. FORAN, LL.B.

One of the first, the greatest, the noblest rights of citizenship is the franchise. Here I pause for a moment. Before I proceed to unfold the importance of a man's franchise and the principles which should guide him in its use, I desire to state most emphatically that I have no party, no individual, no policy, no special measures in my mind. I am taking the subject on the larger basis of right and wrong. I mean to show you that political principles, which must be respected in every man, are subordinate to the higher and grander principles of national and religious importance. Government will come and go; parties will rise and fall; policies will be inaugurated, will be tried and will fail or succeed; great men, and good men, in both parties, will come, will govern, will lead and will disappear; but through all these mutations and necessary changes the race lives on, the country progresses, and the torch of faith is inexhaustible.

While the different races, that go to make up our Canadian population, are emulating each other's efforts on the highway of progress, I desire to ask the men, and especially the young men, of my own nationality, to not allow themselves to fall behind in the race. Remember that it is your duty to yourselves and your fellow-countrymen to make every effort—provided it is not detrimental to the just rights of others—to hold a foremost place in the contest. Lord Dufferin once said that all should strive to the utmost of their power, and no matter which race secured the greatest amount of success, "the spoils of victory would fall into the lap of Canada and the garland of triumph would be twined around her brow."

I will go further to-night, and say that no political party in Canada, no matter what its principles or who its leaders, has any consideration for us, except in proportion to the degree they fear our influence or require our help. The very moment that by indifference to our own interests, disregard for our obligations, disunion in our ranks, or want of interest in public affairs, we become weak, unimportant or unnecessary, no political party has any use for us. And if we allow such a state of affairs to come around we will simply be transmitting to those who are to come after us a heritage of national, social and political ostracism. And weighty, therefore, is our responsibility. The national influence, strength, happiness and prosperity of our race are in the hands of the very men who listen to me to-night. I again repeat that of all the rights that citizenship confers, the most important, the most sacred, the most honorable—and often the least understood—is that of franchise. A man's right to vote is a power that raises him to the level of legislators and governors and makes him the dictator of the laws that are to regulate his own life and his family's prospects. The proper use of that franchise must be in harmony with the Divine laws, the natural laws, and the interest of the State. We are told of men who value their votes at one, two, three, or more dollars, or a cigar, or a drink, or a promise of some kind. The man who thus estimates his glorious right of franchise is less useful to society than the horse that draws him to the poll; he "sells his birthright for a mess of pottage"; he barter his manhood, his freedom, his citizenship, for a few cents that vanish in an hour; he pawns his family's health, comforts and happiness for a miserable pittance; he violates the Divine laws; he sins against the natural laws; he degrades himself, he offends God, is criminal in the eyes of nature, destroys his own interests and those of his race, and is a traitor to the State.

It is the duty of every right-minded citizen, not only to personally refrain from such a course, but to use his every influence—in private and in public—to bring other men out of the mazes of corruption. In each good man here there are ten and twenty men; each one of you is worth that number to the State, if he only exercises his influence to cut down the poison-tree of corruption—a tree that, like the Upas of Java, sinks its roots into the earth, spreads its branches to the sky, but withers, and blasts, and withers the soil that gave it birth. I would now ask you to follow me, for a moment, into the domain of municipal government. Visions of a building near the Champ de Mars arise; I behold the stately stairways, granite columns, and architectural beauty of the exterior; I also detect that it is a huge "white-washed sepulchre," where the remains of municipal strength lie mouldering. Great Heavens! will ever a new Sampson arise to "shake the Giza pillars" of that "Marron shrine?"

A lady once sent a Christmas wish to friend in these words:

"A little health, A little wealth, A little house and freedom: And in the end, A little friend, And little cause to need him."

Good municipal government means the fulfillment of that wish; it means, health, wealth, freedom, friends, and a sufficient independence to not require their assistance.

Proper municipal government means health; that is to say, the decrease of the death rate of the city, the increase of comforts, the opening out of congested districts, the clearing up of refuse-cumbered lanes, the energetic enforcement of sanitary regulations, the wiping out of germs of disease, more air for the young, pure water for every person, and a general improvement in the appearance of the whole city. Our death rate is very high; it goes on increasing; amongst children it is appalling; and I could demonstrate from statistics—had I time to-night—that Montreal loses 2,500 lives per year more than would be lost were our death-rate the same as our Canadian average. By false economy, unjust expenditure and general maladministration we are adding 2,500 graves to the city of the dead and robbing the city of the living of that number of useful citizens. An alderman, elected for a ward, is a representative of the whole city and he should consider the interests of all the city in every act he performs and every vote he gives.

According to a lecture given by my friend, Mr. H. B. Ames, before the Y. M. C. A. a week ago, by force of good and intelligent, as well as honest municipal administration, Birmingham, in fifty years, reduced its mortality from 30 to 20 in a thousand; and Glasgow, in twenty years, reduced its death-rate from 30 to 24 in a thousand,—the latter city thus saving 4000 lives per year. Under the pure sky of Canada, with our broad St. Lawrence before us and our Mountain Park behind, similar results can be easily obtained. The money that is spent in unnecessary expropriations and decorations of the wealthier and more thinly populated sections would suffice to supply health and comfort to the more congested and thickly populated wards.

The wealth—that is to say, the honest money—of the citizen would augment in proportion to the degree of proper administration secured. Taxes would go down; rents become cheaper; living would be more easy. The real estate man would have no mortgage on his property, and the tenant would not have an increased rent—beyond his means—to pay the interest on the proprietor's mortgage. Men could live in comfort within their means if the city's money were only judiciously and properly distributed. No workman has a right to squander his health and strength, for he owes it to his family and all who depend on him, that he receive just remuneration for his work. If he earns two dollars, he is wrong to accept one dollar; if his day's work is eight or ten hours, he has no right to kill himself by working twelve or more hours. And when he is obliged to do extra work, in order to make up for increased expenses, he is robbing his family of his own strength and is committing moral suicide. And the man who maladministers the finances of the city is responsible for all these evils. Were they but to reflect upon the thousands and millions that arise from their incapacity—to use the words of the poet Tomson—

"Vice in its high career would stand appalled, And helpless, ruffling, impudently look back."

I have not time this evening to enter into all the details of this most important question. But some other day I may have the opportunity of showing, from data and statistics, that the freedom of the citizens, the wealth and comfort of the individual and the health of the community, all depend upon proper municipal government. It is therefore your duty to stand together, to become active as well as passive exercisers of your franchises, and to secure as civic



Weak and Nervous

Whenever the body has been weakened by disease, it should be built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this: "About two years ago I suffered with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. When I began to recover I was in a very weak and nervous condition, and suffered intensely with neuralgia pains in my head, which caused loss of sleep, and having no appetite, I

Became Very Thin and weak. Fortunately a friend who had used Hood's Sarsaparilla with great benefit, kindly recommended me to try it. I did so and a perfect cure has been effected. I am now as well as I ever was, and I would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house for anything." Mrs. G. Egan, 245 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

legislators—only men who are imbued with the principles that I have enunciated to-night. Otherwise our future is gloomy in the extreme. Goldwin Smith said the other day in Toronto that the Canadian city which would first free itself of municipal maladministration was destined to become the city of America's future. Why should that city be any other than Montreal?

To-night I were able to say that a new and effective movement were set on foot, that the men of this city, and especially my own Irish-Canadian fellow-countrymen, were to rise to the necessity of the occasion and inaugurate an era of municipal and political reform, I would feel I had done one good deed, I had performed one patriotic action, and I would be happy in the knowledge that the good fruits of the seeds sown here this evening would be reaped by thousands that will bless our memories long after my ashes shall have mouldered in Cote des Neiges, long after the voice you hear to-night will be silenced forever."

NEURALGIA AND HEADACHE.

"I have been troubled with neuralgia in my side and headache and doctored with no beneficial results. Finally, I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After I had taken one bottle I found that it was doing me good, and after the second bottle I was nearly well."—CARRIE PRYCE, Georgetown, Ont.

Hood's Fitze cure biliousness, indigestion.

Young wife (dreamily)—"How lovely it would be if all things in this world would work in harmony." Husband (thoughtfully)—"My, yes! For instance, if coal would only go up and down with the thermometer."

"Anyway," said the corn-fed philosopher, when the women get into Congress, you won't hear any more of that "I pause for a reply" chestnut. They won't pause. No."

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS

- ADVERTISEMENT. DRESS GOODS. 40-inch Checked Dress Material, 1/2 yard. 45-inch Melton Dress Material, 2/3 yard. 48-inch Melton Dress Material, 2/3 yard. 44-inch Melton Dress Material, 2/3 yard. 44-inch Snow-dake Tweeds, 3/4. 44-inch All Wool Tweeds, worth 50c, now 25c. 44-inch All Wool Tweeds, worth 60c, now 30c. 44-inch All Wool Tweeds, worth 80c, now 40c. 48-inch All Wool Tweeds, worth 100c, now 50c.

LACES.

- Never in the history of our Lace Department have we given out the same amount of lace as at present. No stock-keeping articles necessary work. This week a pretty lot of all-overlaces, for evening wear, and Brussels Laces, will be added to this stock. Ladies' lace collars and cuffs, in butter, white and buff, on all waters. The latest Continental Novelty, arranged in pairs, worth \$1.00 each. Children's French Lace Collars, from 10c each and upwards. Infants' laces for dresses and undergarments. A full range of babies' undergarments in pure French lace. Babies' washing silk ties, prettily worked, at 25c and 37 1/2 each. Infants' shoulder Veils, from 10c each. Finest quality Flannel and Cotton Embroideries, in all the newest patterns and at the lowest prices.

Linen and House Furnishings.

- 54 Bleached Twilled Sheetings, 1/2. 54 Bleached Twilled Sheetings, 2/3. 54 Bleached Twilled Sheetings, 2/3. 54 Gray Plain Sheetings, 1/2. 54 Gray Sheetings, 1/2. 54 Gray Plain Sheetings, 1/2. Toilet Mats, 1 each. Splendid Line of Tray Cloth, with drawn work, 25c each. Real Yorkshire Scotch Blankets, \$3.75 upwards.

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To KNOW that our system is, Rich and Profitable. The same Burial Outfit and charge to all. SEVENTY-FIVE "KENS" year ensures, at death, Rosewood. Finish Coffin, Magnificent Hearse with two horses, and a beautiful Decoration of the Mortuary Chamber.

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NOTICE.

ISAIE PAGE, Hotel-keeper, asks a remission of fine. Recommended by the Mayors of that Parish.

TRUE WITNESS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited.

Notice to Shareholders. A meeting of Shareholders of the Company will be held at the office of the Managing Director, 126 St. James street, on Monday, November 19th, at 3:30 o'clock p.m. Business—Receiving Report of Directors, Election of Officers, and other matters. M. BURKE, C. A. McDONNELL, President, Managing Director

THE SPIRIT OF THE TREE

One of Dr. Hyde's Irish Stories.

"Ah! the pleasant time hath vanished, ere our wretched doubting banished. All the graceful spirit-people, children of the earth and sea— Whom in days now dim and olden, when the world was fresh and golden, Favoured mortals could behold in haunted rath, and tower and tree."

—D. F. McCarthy.

In one of his racy, gossiping Irish letters to a Dublin paper—written when the present movement for the "Revival of the Ancient Language and Literature of Ireland was still in its incipency— "Chraoibhin Aoihbhin," Dr. Douglas Hyde, naively says: "When I was a growing-up boy I loved to go over and bither asking every person I met to tell me old stories; I was so passionately fond of stories that I wouldn't go to bed till morning if I could find anyone to keep telling them to me for so long."

These stories were invariably recited in Irish—which the delighted listener spoke from his infancy—for, in another portion of the same letter, he mentions the "repugnance with which he heard the request to repeat them in English for the benefit of such of the audience as did not understand their forefathers' language."

This inborn trait of the boy's Celtic nature was more fully developed as he advanced in years and intellectual cultivation. To it may be traced the "spring of action" which impelled him to labor with unwearied perseverance, and scholarly research in every department of that noble undertaking, wherein to-day stands pre-eminent among his talented associates. Here is a translation of one of Dr. Hyde's stories:—

THE SPIRIT OF THE TREE.

In the old times there was a man by the name of ("Foxy") Paddy O'Kelly, and he lived at the foot of "Little Cruic Nephin."

He was married, but he had no children except one only daughter, and she was blind since she was born.

The neighbors named her "Blind Nora," and they had a notion that she used to be with the "Good People." Paddy held but two acres of land, and for that reason, he was poor.

He was out every night—wet or dry, cold or hot, and he did not know what was bringing him out, but his mind was dissatisfied and he could not stay within.

In the old times, the people believed that every "phuca" (i.e. hobgoblin) and spirit in the land were abroad on "Hallow Eve night" blasting and destroying the blackberries, and after that night, they wouldn't put a blackberry in their mouth on any account. But Paddy had no fear of anything, dead or alive.

On "Hallow Eve night" Paddy went out as was customary with him, and he was walking until he came as far as an old churchyard. The moon was full and was giving fine light. Paddy looked up and he saw a big man leaping from tree to tree. Every hair on his head rose up standing, and the cold sweat began to fall from him. He couldn't stir a foot. The spirit leaped down, stood in front of Paddy and said—"Don't you be afraid of me, I won't do you any harm. Have good courage, and I will show you the Fairy hosts of Connaught and Munster, playing a hurling match on the top of "Great Cruic Nephin."

He took a grip of Paddy's two hands and adding him upon his back as a woman would throw a year-old child. He leaped up a tree and off with him from tree to tree until he came to the top of Great Nephin, and he laid Paddy down fair and easy on top of the hill.

"Wasn't long till the Fairy hosts of Connaught and Munster arrived, and commenced hurling in presence of Paddy and the spirit, and no man living ever saw such sport as they had, and Paddy was laughing till he thought he'd burst. At length the King of the Fairy hosts of Connaught shouted:—

"Hello! Spirit of the Tree! Which host has won the goal?"

"The Connaught host," said the Spirit. "You're telling a lie!" said the King of the Munster Fairy host, and well he might before we give the goal to the Connaught people!"

The fight commenced, and 'twas no "sham-battle" they had. Heads were broken and hands and legs, and the hill was red with blood. At length the King of the Munster Fairy host shouted and said, "Peace! We've won the victory from ye this time, but we'll fight again on May Eve!"

Then the Spirit of the Tree said to the two kings:—

"Pay this live man that I brought here to your place of meeting. Ye could not play the hurling match without him."

"It's true for you," said the King of the Fairy host of Connaught, and he gave a purse of gold to Paddy.

"I won't be worse than him," said the King of the Fairy host of Munster, and he gave him another purse, and at the turning of your hand, the two hosts were gone."

Then the Spirit said to him: "You have plenty of money now, is there anything you wish for?" "Well, then, indeed there is," said Paddy. "I have a daughter, and she is blind since she was born, and I would like that she'd have her eyesight."

"She'll have her eyesight before sunset to-morrow evening," said the Spirit, "if you take my advice. There's a little whitethorn bush growing over the head of your mother's grave; get a thorn from it and put it through a pimple that is on the back of your daughter's head, and she'll have as good sight as you have yourself; but if you tell your secret to any one living, she'll be blind again. It is time for us to be going now, for I have to show you my dwelling-place before you go home."

Then he got a hold of Paddy's two hands, flung him on his back, and off with him, and he didn't stop till he laid him fair and easy under a big tree in the churchyard. Then he took hold of the tree, drew it up and said, "Follow me."

Paddy took a step in, and the Spirit drew the tree after him. They went down a fine stairs—until they came to a great door. They opened the door and went in. When Paddy looked about he saw a good many people, neighbors of

his own, who died years before that. Some of them welcomed Paddy and asked him what time did he die. "I didn't die yet," says Paddy.

"The joking you are," said they; "and if you did not die you wouldn't be here among the 'Host of the dead!'"

The Spirit came near them then and said: "Don't believe those people; there's a long and happy life before you. Come with me now, 'tis time for you to go home. Here's a little pot for you and any time you want food strike three blows on the lid and say, "Food and drink and attendants," and you'll have all you require; but if you part with it you'll repent it, and here's a little whistle and at any time you are in need blow it, and you'll get help. But, on your soul, don't part with it."

Then he took Paddy up and left him on the road, and said: "On your soul don't tell any living person anything you saw to-night!"

Paddy came home at the dawn of day and his wife asked him "Where did he pass the night?"

"Tien't going astray I was," says he. He laid down the little pot and said: "Food and drink!" but he forgot to strike the three blows on the lid, and nothing came. He bethought himself then and he struck the three blows, and two young women leaped out and laid a table and everything to eat and drink on it as good as was on the King's table.

Paddy and his wife and blind Nora ate and drank enough, and when they were done the young women went into the pot and Paddy put the lid on it. Then he said to his wife: "Noreen won't be long blind. I'll get a cure for her without delay; but don't put any questions to me about it, for I cannot tell."

"'Tis joking with me you are," says the woman, "she was born blind."

"Wait till you see," says Paddy, and out with him and didn't stop till he came to the bush that was growing on his mother's grave. He found the thorn and he came home. He got hold of Noreen, and put the thorn through the pimple, and she cried out: "I see everything!" And her mother clasped her hands with joy and said to Paddy: "Love and peace of my heart, you are 'tis you're the best man in the world."

With that he struck three blows on the lid of the little pot and said: "Food and attendants."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the two women leaped out and laid the table before Paddy, and everything on it better than was on the King's table. Himself and his wife and Noreen ate and drank enough, and when they were satisfied the young women put everything into the pot and went in themselves, and Paddy put the lid on the pot.

The report went abroad among the people that Paddy was rich and had everything he wished for. They were full of jealousy and said to each other that he had no right to live, and they had a strong design to kill him. But a friend was among them—Paddy's wife's brother—and he gave him warning. He put the whistle to his mouth and he blew it, and before long there came a whisper to his ear saying:—"Go out and get the herb that's in your garden at the foot of the wall. Eat some of it and give the rest to your wife and daughter to eat and every one of ye will have a man's strength for every hair that is on your heads. With the washing stick in the wall of your house you'll be able to beat all the people in the parish."

On the next morning the men and women of the parish came to kill Paddy. They cried out that he was a "Fairy-man" and a "Largadan," and said that if he didn't come out they'd burn the house over his head. Paddy came to the door and told them to go home, that he'd no harm to any of them. But nothing would satisfy them at all but to kill Paddy. Paddy got hold of the washing stick and his wife grasped a turf-spade and his daughter a hand-stick, and out with them. The people who were outside around the house attacked them, but before long Paddy put them to flight and he left half of them stretched on the ground, and from that day they never troubled him.

There's a saying that "women don't know how to keep a secret," and that same saying came true now. Paddy's wife told another woman, and in that way the story went from mouth to mouth until it came to the landlord's ears. He came to Paddy and said: "I heard you have a wonderful pot—show it to me."

Paddy showed him the little pot and then the lord said to him: "Show me the table that's in it."

Paddy struck three blows on the lid of the pot and said: "Food and attendants."

No sooner had he said the words than the two young women leaped out and laid the table with food and drink on it before Paddy and the lord.

"By my hand," said the lord, "that's a good pot; you ought to give me a loan of it for one day out, for there are gentlemen coming to visit me next week."

Paddy reflected on what he should do, and at last he said: "The pot would not be any good if I was not with it."

"You can come, and welcome," said the landlord, "but be well prepared."

"I will," said Paddy, for he felt proud at being among the gentlemen.

On Monday morning he, at my house, and, on your soul, don't deceive me."

On the next day Paddy bought a new suit of clothes, and when he put them on he looked so comely that his wife and daughter hardly knew him.

On Monday morning he took the little pot with him and went to the lord's house. There was a great gathering of gentlemen before him. The lord brought Paddy and the little pot into a spacious chamber and said: "Get food and drink ready until I see if there be sufficient to satisfy these gentlemen."

Paddy struck three blows on the lid of the pot and said, "Food, drink and attendants." On the spot six young women leaped out, laid a fine table and everything to eat and drink on it was better than another. The lord then invited the gentlemen and they walked in. They wondered when they saw the fine table

PECULIAR in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great curative value. You should TRY IT.

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

and all that was on it. They ate and drank enough, and not long until a heavy sleep came on them all, and when they awoke the roof of the house was gone and no account of it. The little pot, the whistle and the two purses of gold were gone from Paddy and he was as poor as ever he was. When he was in his drunken sleep a "Largadan" came and ran away with them all. And misfortune came upon Paddy because he did not keep the secret of his friend.—M. C. in Boston Pilot.

RELICS OF CHRIST SEEN.

Swaddling Clothes of the Infant Jesus Shown from Aix-la-Chapelle Cathedral.

The pilgrims who have recently returned to this country after a tour of the famous shrines in Europe were especially fortunate from the fact that their visit to Aix-la-Chapelle during the summer occurred in a year which is marked by the exposition of the great relics in the cathedrals there. The relics are to be seen only at intervals of seven years. For two weeks from July 12 in the stated year they are exposed with solemn ceremonies in the presence of the pilgrims who gather for the view from all parts of the Catholic world.

When Charlemagne had finished the building of the Church of Our Lady in Aix-la-Chapelle he set himself to the collecting of these relics. The occasion of their display is a fête in the city. The relics are shown amid most imposing ceremonies from a lofty balcony on the exterior of the church, to the left of the entrance.

The relics include the tunic of the Blessed Virgin, the swaddling clothes of the infant Jesus, the linen cloth upon which the body of St. John the Baptist was placed after the beheading and the linen cloth which was bound about the loins of Christ upon the cross. The tunic of the Virgin is yellowish in color, five feet and a half in length and three feet and a quarter in circumference. A very small amount of decoration is to be found upon it, and a small piece of the cloth has been torn out.

The swaddling clothes of the Infant Jesus are folded thrice in double folds. Ribbons are the sole decorations, which border them in the fashion of a collar. They are brownish yellow, loosely woven.

The linen of St. John the Baptist is one of fine texture, folded and bound with red ribbons. It is stained with blood. The linen cloth bound about Christ's loins upon the cross is of a heavy texture, folded and showing great blood stains. It is folded in triangular shape, having a length of four feet two and a half inches and a width of four feet and ten inches. In displaying these relics the priest shows each one from the two sides and the front of the balcony. With this last and most holy relic from each point he gives a benediction to the crowd below.

In addition to these there is a leathern girdle of Christ, which is sealed at the ends with the seal of the Emperor Constantine; a small piece of the cord with which Christ was bound during the flagellation; a cincture of the Virgin, a bit of the sponge which was offered to Christ on the cross, a fragment of the cross, a lock of hair from the head of St. Bartholomew, a bone of St. Zachary, the father of St. John the Baptist; two of St. Thomas the Apostle's teeth; one of the arms of the old Simeon, another fragment of the cross, which was given to Charlemagne by Pope Leo III., and which he bore continually on his person. In addition, there are a bone of the leg of the Emperor Charlemagne, a tooth of St. Catherine, the point of a nail with which Christ was attached to the cross, a bit of the rod which served in the mocking of Christ, a lock of hair from the head of St. John the Baptist; a bust in gilded silver of Charlemagne, in which is enclosed the Emperor's skull; in a reliquary shaped like an arm the right arm of Charlemagne, presented by Louis XI., King of France, in 1481; a link of the chain which bound St. Peter in the Rome prison; bones of Leo XIII. and many other lesser relics of saints.—The Republic.

THE NEW ENGLISH PENNY.

Ever since the bronze coinage was issued in England its design has remained the same. For thirty-five years the youthful face has been reproduced on each successive coinage, although the Queen continued to grow old. In the meantime there have been two changes in the coin's struck in the nobler metals. That adopted in the jubilee year, which, on account of its ugliness, was discarded in 1892 and that which superseded it, with a much more beautiful obverse. It is this obverse that has been adopted on the penny, making the obverse of all the coins of Great Britain the same in design. The reverse is much the same as that of the old penny except that the figure Britannia is more spirited in execution, and the ship and lighthouse in the distance are wanting, which were ever present on the old to remind the true Briton that Britannia still rules the waves.

"SATISFACTORY RESULTS."

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

"Pa, have dogs got wings?" "No, child, don't you know better than that?" "Why, pa, this paper says a big dog flew at a man and bit him."

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WHAT IS 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 restorers, 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 Lavallrie, and Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois. I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot overpraise its highly praiseworthy merits of this excellent preparation. Going to the root, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What places me now in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, extremely calculated to impart nourishment to the scalp, 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 nations 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. MARSO LAIS, M. D. Lavallrie, December 7th, 1895. 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. Felix de Valois, January, 18th 1896.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

WALTER KAVANAGH 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal. REPRESENTING: SCOT TISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND Assets, \$30,100,532.64. NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, of NORWICH, ENGLAND Capital, \$5,000,000. EASTERN ASSURANCE CO., of Halifax, N.S. Capital, \$1,000,000.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

Trains Leave Bonaventure Station. [Note] signifies runs daily. All other trains run daily except Sundays. 9:45 a.m., 4:15 p.m.—For Ottawa and all points on the C. & O. A. & P. R. R. 9:10 a.m., 7:55 p.m., 10:25 p.m.—For Toronto, Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, etc. 2:50 p.m. (Mixed)—For Brockville. Leaves at 2:55 p.m. on Saturdays. 5:00 p.m.—For Cornwall. 7:00 a.m.—For Hemmingford, Valleyfield and Massena Springs. 4:20 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Valleyfield and Fort Covington. 8:15 a.m. (Mixed)—For Island Pond. 7:50 a.m.—For Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Portland, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, (runs to Quebec daily). 10:10 p.m.—For Sherbrooke, Portland, Quebec and points on the I. C. R. to Campbellton, N.B. Saturday night train remains at Island Pond over Sunday. 11:55 a.m.—For St. Johns (on Saturdays this train leaves at 1:25 p.m.). 4:00 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond. 4:40 p.m.—For St. Johns, Roules Point, also Watford via St. Lambert and M. P. & B. R. Y. 5:15 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe and on to the D. C. R. Y. also St. Coesdre via St. Lambert. 5:08 p.m.—For Sorel via St. Lambert. 8:00 a.m., 9:10 a.m., 8:25 p.m.—For Boston and New York via C. P. R. 9:10 a.m., 6:20 p.m.—For New York via D. & H. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 143 St. James St., and at Bonaventure Station.

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SUNDAY SUBURBAN SERVICE TO Pointe Fortune. Until further notice, a special train will leave Windsor Station at 11:00 a.m. Returning, will arrive at Windsor Station at 9:25 p.m. ST. JEROME! Special Train leaves Dalhousie Square at 9 a.m., every Sunday for St. Jerome and intermediate stations. Returning, will arrive at Dalhousie Square at 9:45 p.m. City Ticket Office, 129 ST. JAMES STREET.

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EDUCATIONAL.

INTERNATIONAL Business College Place d'Armes, Montreal. This one of the largest and best organized Commercial institutions in America, will open Aug. 20. The course comprises Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Writing, Correspondence, Commercial Law, Short-hand, Typewriting, English, French, preparation for Civil Service, etc. A thorough drill is given in Banking and Actual Business Practice. Six special lectures are given at the time of the commencement of students. Separate rooms for ladies. Write, or call, for Prospectus. 5-13 CAZA & LORD, Principals.

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VACATION IN ITALY.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH OF THE "FAIR LAND OF THE VINE."

THE REV. G. A. CAMPBELL, PH.D., DD., OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HALIFAX, TELLS US OF A MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE THE STORY OF A FEW MONTHS IN THE ITALIAN PENINSULA.

The hot sun of July has not long been beating on the tiled roofs and white stone pavement of Rome, before all who are not detained by business or necessity seek the fresh air of the neighbouring mountains, or some more northern climate, till the cooler breath of November has once more rendered the Eternal City a fit spot for the enjoyment of life. Those who had prolonged their winter visit till they should witness the Holy Week services and assist at the joyful celebration of Easter, have long since departed for their respective homes; and even those who had lingered on till they should hear the choir of St. Peter's rendering the noble apostrophe, O Roma Felix!

As the sun rises over the housetops, the cabman seeks the shade of the piazza, and hoping little from the residue population, lazily dozes in his seat. The sharp rattle of carriage wheels, so common in the winter months, has become comparatively rare on the square of St. Peter's, and the constant murmur of the fountains has grown more audible. Yet the streets are fairly well peopled: Some of them are often thronged, especially on Sundays, when the population pours through the common outlets into the adjoining villas, or public grounds. When McAuley said that the streets of Rome in August offer nothing to the sight but mad dogs and funerals, his attention was altogether engaged with the form of his language. The Pincio, that park of Rome in which she gives a daily "At Home" to the world, furnishes the most conclusive evidence of the great outpouring of strangers which has taken place. The morning still finds a goodly number there, but they are natives. Nurses go thither at an early hour surrounded by a number of young children; middle-aged men of regular habits occupy the same sections of the rustic seats each morning, while they learn the latest news, foreign and domestic, from the pages of La Voce della Verita, or Il Popolo Romano. Others of a livelier temperament take advantage of the cool morning (which in Rome is never wanting, except when the sirocco is on) to exercise their muscles by a half-hour's walk through the shaded foot-paths. An occasional old man leads his master's bleated, rheumatic dog around for exercise, halting now and then to allow the jamperted brute time to catch its breath. These, together with the caretakers and a few loungers, make up the morning occupants of the Pincio. But even these soon disappear before old Sol's advancing car. The nurse calls her prattling care together, and gathering up their scattered toys, leads the retreat down the nearest stairway; the men of regular habits, after having followed by a couple of moves the shortening shadow of a neighbouring flex, fold their papers and are seen no more; the men of exercise have already shot off the scene, without stopping to take a seat, and are now breaking their fast on a cup of coffee and a pagnotta.

Only the workman and loungeer are left. The latter seems determined, by a certain system of passive resistance, to hold out against the mid-day heat, and having secured his head and face under his slouched felt hat, he leaves the rest of his body to care for itself, and spreading out his limbs as far as the dimensions of the bench will permit, falls into a care-dispelling sleep, from which he sometimes is aroused only by a misdirected stream of cold water from the hose of the street sprinkler. While life in Rome is thus fast becoming insufferable, it is strange if the college student, with weary brain and beating temples, should long for the fresh air of the Italian uplands? It is from the point of observation of a college student that I am about to speak of vacation in Italy.

We regularly left Rome for our country house in the last week of July. The wonderful variety of nationalities of which our college was composed gave each individual an ample supply of matter from which to study the many phases of human character, and, at the same time, rendered us an object of curious inquiry to strangers, as often as we appeared en masse before them. For my own part I found the packing-up day a favorable time for my own observations, and I soon learned that strangers choose the morning of our departure from the depot as a convenient time for theirs.

The selection of books and other instruments of profit or pastime that a student makes for vacation, indicates not obscurely the special bent of mind. It is taken for granted that all carry with them some work on the matter they happen to be studying. But then the point of divergence is reached. Some bring a large illustrated edition of Dante and a pocket edition of Petrarca's sonnets; while others, less attached to the muses, content themselves with a volume of Cantin's history and Segneri's Lenten Sermons. Of the English-speaking students a certain number will invariably place in the bottom of their packing case, Adam Bede, Vanity Fair and the Pickwick papers. Not a few will at first secure Cardinal Manning's Miscellanies, a couple of volumes of Lin-

gard's History and the Spectator; after which they may throw in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage and a collection of Moore's Melodies. Others again have D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, a volume of Brownson's Essays and the History of Our Times—all which may be found scattered promiscuously among photographer's plates, black cloths and a camera obscura. Then you have a multitude of other books and objects—German, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic and Slav grammars; pocket dictionaries, text books on physics, disjointed flutes, razor strops, straight edges, mucilage bottles, and so forth. The students of other nationalities make a similar selection, and the morning of departure for the country arrives.

The departure of a train from a large European depot generally brings a motley crowd of persons together. I shall not here stop to describe whom or what you may see at the old railway depot of Rome. It is with vacation among the Alban Mountains I am particularly concerned. I shall merely observe, that after some years of experience, I am prepared to testify that our college never passed through the narrow gateway that opens into the platform, but a group of foreigners (largely interspersed with super-adult English-speaking females) stood within, and surveyed us one by one as we passed through. The Caucasian members of our community suffered least in the ocular survey. An occasional expression of opinion as to whether this or that one was Irish, English or German, made up the sum total of their comments. But when one more deeply shaded advanced, when the chestnut-coloured East Indian, or the light-shaded Chaldean moved by, the spirit of inquiry became wonderfully restless and bold; and were it not for the deep veil with which nature herself has protected their cheeks, a blush must have revealed how little they desired to be made the objects of such heartless observation. But worse still when the sturdy Zulu or the commanding Abyssinian strode along. Could it be that such people were at their liberty in a college with whites? And even if they could be dissuaded from eating their neighbours alive, were they capable of instruction? Thus they thought and inquired of one and another and of the by-standers. But the climax was reached when a Chinaman appeared conversing gaily in the sweet Italian tongue with some American companions. The fact that his hair was dressed in the ordinary European fashion, did not serve him as a passport. They unceremoniously stopped one of his companions, and asked what the Chinaman was doing in college. On being told that he was there to study, they inquired if he could be made to understand anything. The affirmative answer which they received did not always settle their doubts; and ten to one if they did not follow him and put some senseless question to him before he entered the car.

But the train moved out, and after skirting the walls for a short distance on the right, veered off, and steered across the open Campagna in a southeasterly direction; and as it rolled swiftly on towards the foot of the Alban Mountains, Rome flattened down upon the receding plain, till only the loftier towers and spires were visible. Au revoir sighs the pensive student, as he gazes back on the faded ruins, and recognizes for the first time, perhaps, how dearly he has loved the old city. Hope points to a three months' sojourn among the cool fountains, sunny slopes, and shaded walks of a mountain villa, but memory hies back to the square thronged with inquiring strangers; to the bearded walls and broken arches; to the still chambers of far-back saints and martyrs; to galleries wherein the history of Christian faith, hope and love is epitomized by the brush of the painter, or the chisel of the sculptor; back to the festal scene—the lighted vault and garlanded tomb, to the commanding peal of the organ and the measured chant of a hundred master voices; back to all those monuments of ancient and medieval interest, which still lift their withered heads above the works of modern innovation, and with the articulated eloquence of immortal associations subdue every noble heart to the tribute of admiration and respect.

In the meantime the Campagna is being quickly passed over. For Pignataro, probably the mausoleum of St. Helena, is fast disappearing on the right, while on the left the Sabine Mountains are assuming more definite features, and throwing into prominence the little towns that shelter on their sides. Along this same way many an old Roman of the age of Augustus passed to his country seat. Horace, however, would have already parted company with us and struck off to the left, and the gentry for Capua, Cajata and Fundi would have veered slightly to the right, but Cicero would still be in our company en route for his Tusculan villa.

In about forty minutes the Campagna property, so-called, is passed over, and the train is gliding along small valleys and through well tilled vineyards, vegetable plots and olive groves, which stretch down timidly from the foot of the hills towards the suburban plain. Slowly it winds up the increasing ascent, and soon it rolls into the station of Frascati, the terminus of this short line. Frascati is a town of 7,000 souls, and is situated on the western face of one of the Alban hills, a distance of twelve miles from Rome, in a southeasterly direction. Our summer house is not here, but a fifteen minutes walk higher up the mountain. Nevertheless, we were well known in Frascati. It was our metropolis for three months of the year, and when we desired a taste of city life to season the stilly hours in the pine-grove, we walked through its quiet streets and brought joy to many an old woman's fruit stand. Consequently, a goodly number of people always awaited our arrival to bid us welcome to the Tusculan hills; some from motives of good feeling and friendship, some—the vendors of holiday goods—from a mixed motive of friendship and interest, while a certain number of halt and blind were there to canvass us for whatever goods we had in our pockets.

A horse and carriage is a luxury around those hills, and we had little to do with them. We packed the heavier portion of our luggage on a mule cart, which wormed around the side of the mountain, and struck out ourselves by a footpath that leads directly up. As we passed through the narrow streets before reaching the hill above the town, old women and children sat on the doorsteps and gave us a most cheering welcome. Year after year the older inhabitants had watched the students coming and going, and had become personally acquainted with not a few, in whom they began to take a paternal interest. They now counted us carefully and watched to see how many of their old acquaintances no longer returned, and what new ones filled their places. It really does you good, even if you be well beyond the years of childhood, to feel that a mother-like eye is gazing upon you, and a mother-like heart wishing you well, in the mountain hamlet of a strange people.

Onward and upward for fifteen minutes over a crooked, stony road, and a yellowish brown gable appears through the branches of some aged oaks. It is an old Capuchin monastery, and we enter the church for a few minutes, and hear the grave and measured tones of the sandaled friars proceeding from the choir behind the altar. A couple of minutes more along a walk completely arched over with oaks and ilexes, and we enter upon a small lawn, at the farther end of which rises the stately pile of our summer house.

An old palace among Italian hills! How reverently you approach it and gaze upon its brown walls and angles. You feel loath to break the impressive silence that reigns in the air and adjoining groves. It suggests to you the character of the representative of the declining princely family that once occupied its halls. A pride, which even in its decline it seems to retain, guards it in its seclusion, and keeps the hut of the peasant from approaching too near, as if it were resolved to crumble away in dignified solitude rather than receive repairs from any but patrician hands. But, as in the case of the reduced nobleman, behind that stately air the medieval palace reveals a gentle and attractive character. Enter, and you forget how gloomy it occupies its retreat and looks out on the neighboring cottages through the chestnut groves. It opens its old heart to you, and in the pleasing language of painting, sculpture and heraldry, it narrates the history of religion, chivalry and love, and as you turn to depart you spontaneously leave a sigh that people should view its noble bearing with distrust and jeer, as if for a cold and unsocial nature.

But reflections of this kind seldom occupied much of our time on the morning of our arrival at our mountain villa. We immediately set to work selecting our rooms and arranging our little effects, without stopping to consider who were their former occupants. The house we occupied is known as the Rutinella, and the surrounding villa bears the same name. It is built in the form of the letter T, the facade being on the cross-bar and facing towards the Mediterranean, while the remainder, which corresponds to the upright bar, runs back and imbeds itself in the hill. The property at present belongs to Prince Lancellotti, but the palace has been held at rent by the Propaganda College since the year 1870. It was owned by the King of Sardinia a short time before, and the traces of royal life are distinguishable in the extra finish of a couple of suites of apartments in the front of the building. Earlier still, it was occupied by Lucian Bonaparte, the chief memory of whose sojourn there is a large French eagle in fresco, which fiercely gazes down from the ceiling of a spacious saloon—now used as a billiard hall—and appears to hold in his talons the chord of a beautiful chandelier.

The uninitiated (if I may so call them) members of our vacation party were not

anxious to spend much time in adjusting their few moveables. When their first months experience of college life in the heart of Rome had almost made them yearn for the freedom of their distant homes, they were cheered with descriptions of walks around the hills and through the groves of Tusculan; and when, later on, the approaching summer had carried the unenvying stirraco from the deserts of Africa, they were reminded that a few weeks more and they should be enjoying the clear, fresh air of the mountains; and now the promised land extended around them, and they forthwith hastened to explore its wonders.

Our house commanded a view of the Mediterranean and two thirds of the surrounding country. But there is in man—in youthful man particularly—an appetite which will not let him rest for the sake of observation at any intermediate point of a hill, but which, in its own language, unceasingly whispers, "excelsior!" till he stands on the loftiest peak, and can see the country sinking away on all sides. It was in vain, therefore, our young recruits were told that a pleasant morning could be passed in the immediate vicinity of the palace; that this was believed to be the site of Cicero's Tusculan villa, and that the broken statues and fragments of artistically engraved marble that are collected under the portico, very probably adorned the halls and vestibules of the orator's dwelling. This was all very good in itself, but a higher height demanded their first attention.

The ascent from the Rutinella to the summit is by no means sharp. The road lies over three hills and two short stretches of level fields. You do not proceed far till you begin to observe traces of life that have long since passed away—"the fragments of an earlier world." It will be remembered that Tusculan was once a powerful city, and that for many centuries it continued to be almost the equal of Rome, until it was finally overthrown and destroyed by the Romans at the end of the 15th century. The present town of Frascati then sprang up beside the ruins; the corroding hand of time soon levelled the remnants of the classic city to the earth; weeds and shrubbery spread their insinuating roots around the gray piles, the brown earth slowly closed over the scattered debris, and to-day the tourist looks and sees waving natural grass, blackberry bushes and clumps of hazels, where once stood Tusculan. However, a few grim rods of the old city are still visible, and their presence excites no little surprise in the minds of tourists who are unacquainted with the by-gone history of the place.

A fifteen minutes' walk up the hill by the Tusculana, or Tusculan road, brings one to the nearest of these old landmarks. It is popularly known as the Scuola di Cicero, Cicero's School, although I could never discover why it got this name. It appears to have been an amphitheatre. A little farther up, a short distance to the right of the main road, one sees a cluster of old walls and cave-like apartments, in which cattle take refuge from the heat of summer and the winter rains. But the most interesting ruins of Tusculan are those of a theatre, which lies just at the foot of what we may call Tusculan's citadel hill. A large number of stone seats, which rise in semi-circular rows from the pavement, are in a state of almost perfect preservation. The actual existence here of a theatre gives a deep realistic coloring to the thought that a city once crowned the now rugged hilltop. Visitors hang longingly about it, and again and again return to sit on its moss-cushioned benches. Seated here one reflects how the young men and maidens of Tusculan ago, perhaps, and led hither their friends from Rome, who had come to spend a vacation among the Tusculan hills; and how old Cicero himself must have left

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his "Disputations" and strolled up on fine evenings, to see how Tusculan talent reproduced the comedies of Terentius and Cæcilius.

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From north to southwest, turning on the left, the Roman Campagna spreads out before the view. It would be a mistake, however, to think that this part of the prospect is wholly barren or uninteresting. A long belt of fertile country intervenes between the Campagna and the foot of the Alban mountain, and contains many a beautiful villa and cozy little town. Beyond this, the gray Campagna stretches out. The Sabine mountains rise from its eastern border, north-east of Tusculan, and stretch away into the distance. Their western slope is dotted with small villages and small towns, which gather within themselves all the human life that subsists on the productive borderlands. Palestrina, or the ancient Præneste, where Horace was enjoying a quiet retreat when he wrote to his friend Lollius that he was republishing Homer—

Troiani helli scriptorura, maxime Lolli. Dum tu declamæ Rome, Præneste relaxi. occupies the southwest corner of the range. Some miles farther North Tivoli or the ancient Tibur, so beloved of the same old poet, looks down upon the plain. Then a long line of smaller towns stretch onward to the north, till they become indistinct in the distance. Concluded on eighth page.

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VACATION IN ITALY.

The eye then instinctively wanders out to the open country, and immediately it rests on the distinct form of solitary Soracte, as it rises pyramid-like from the flat surface of the distant Campagna. It is now the month of August, and the deep snow which settled on its summit when Horace pointed it out to his friend Thaliarchum:

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum Soracte?

is exchanged for a caduceus. To the east, between the southern extremity of the Sabines and the northern slopes of the Volsinians a wide and fertile plain runs far to the east. To the south another spur of the Alban mountains—their western extremity—rises beyond a narrow valley, and bounds the view. This spur runs towards the west, rising as it advances, till it terminates in the promontory—the summit of Monte Cavo. Its northern side, which presents the smooth regularity of an inclined roof, is thickly covered with spruce, maple, birch and chestnut groves. A large edifice can be discerned on the very top: it is (or rather, it was) a Passionist monastery and church. It has quite recently been taken by the Italian Government, which has left a few monks as guardians of the place, and converted it into an observatory. The spot is well known in the history of ancient Rome, being the site of the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, and the terminus of the triumphal way—still traceable around the hill—by which the generals who were allowed to enjoy the honor of the lesser triumph ascended on foot to the temple. About six hundred feet below the summit of the mountain, the eye falls on a circular table-land known as Hannibal's plain. High natural walls inclose it on all sides, except the one from which we now behold it. This formation has its explanation in the fact that the mountain was once an active volcano. The still crater now forms the plain, and the walls are nothing more than its earthen lips, which were licked to a rock-like endurance of its fiery tongue. The name Hannibal's Plain comes from a tradition that Hannibal pitched his camps here, in his march against Rome. Following the descent of Monte Cavo towards the Campagna a new and more charming prospect arises. From the foot of Tusculan across the interesting country, and thence along the north and north-western side of the Mount, there extends one of the finest landscapes of this fair land. It is a country rich to luxuriance in the products of the soil.

Whatever fruits in other climes are found that proudly rise, or lowly court the ground, here these distinguish themselves in the soil. Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil.

Extensive vineyards, rolling under their fleecy of deep green leaves, peach, pear and fig trees rising at regular intervals above their even surface; clumps of apple and cherry through which the white washed gables of the keeper's house peep out; fields of violet green olives and patches of Indian corn, with here and there a large farmer's residence or tastefully laid out villa, are the chief elements of the beautiful picture, which fades away only where it descends to meet the Campagna on one corner and the deep shore of Lake Albano on the other.

But the variegated landscapes end here, and the Roman Campagna occupies the remaining portion of the circuit. A shining sun, which here and there attracts the eye, indicates the course of the Tibur as it winds its lonely way to the sea. Finally a smoky spot is discerned in the middle of the Campagna, and the number of towers and domes that indistinctly appear in the haze, suggests the thought of Rome. And in truth it is the old city, sitting there far out and alone. The student becomes thoughtful. The history of four-and-twenty centuries and the fable of three comes up in his mind, and gives a fresh importance to the scene he contemplates. He quickly reviews the development and expansion of the Roman commonwealth, the military glory which Rome acquired, and the riches which, as the fruits of her victories, she drew from almost every quarter of the known world to adorn herself as became the unconquered queen of a hundred peoples. He sees her unchallenged pre-eminence in war, literature and art, which she for centuries enjoyed. But a change succeeds her former glory wanes, and a new and more lovely queen catches up the crown from the falling Empress of pagan nations, to wear it with a more sacred title and a loftier aim, which she sees symbolized in the cross that extends its wide arms above his head, as if to invite all mankind to its sanctifying embrace. His first day's vacation on the Alban mountains is nearing its close. The sun is already gilding the beam of the Mediterranean with its parting beams. He returns home well pleased with his first experience, but more anxious than ever before to learn the various elements of holiday life in the Tusculan villa. What shall the morrow bring?

IN MEMORIAM.
Irish Catholic Benefit Society.

At a special meeting of the Society held in their hall on Thursday evening, 5th inst., it was moved by James McVeay, seconded by Arthur Jones, and unanimously adopted, that

Resolved, that this resolution be entered in the minutes of this meeting, and that copies be forwarded to our respected President and family, and to the press for publication; and out of respect to him the nomination of officers for the next term was deferred until the 7th of November.

Sympathy from Branch No. 1.
The above Branch having learned, unexpectedly, with regret indeed, of the death of their late brother member, Daniel J. Mullin, with which he had

been associated for nine years, desire to convey, through their secretary, their deepest and profound sympathy to the widow and family of deceased, in their sad bereavement. In doing so they pray that God, who has been pleased to thus afflict them, may now graciously bless them with Christian strength of grace to submit patiently to His divine will, and bear up bravely in their sad trial. The framed charter of the Branch will be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days, in memory and respect of their late brother. They earnestly pray that God may have been graciously pleased, in this holy time, to receive his soul into His own heavenly kingdom, there to abide in glory for evermore. Branch No. 1 sincerely hopes that their humble condolences may serve to assist in giving consolation to the family in their great affliction.

F. C. LAWLER,
Secy. Branch 1, C.M.B.A.

At a meeting of Branch 9, C.M.B.A., Quebec Grand Council, held on October 9th the following resolutions of condolence were passed—

Resolved, that the members of this Branch extend their deep and heartfelt sympathy to Bro. Purcell and family in their sad affliction.

Resolved, that copies of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Purcell, and to the TRUE WITNESS for publication.

R. P. WALSH, Rec. Sec.

MR. HUGH McMILLAN, EX-M.P.

Many friends will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Hugh McMillan, paymaster of canals, and for ten years representative in the House of Commons of the County of Vaudreuil. Mr. Hugh McMillan, though affiliated by family and social ties with the French Canadian people of his county, was, as his name indicated, of Scottish parentage. His father, Lieut.-Col. Donald McMillan, was Vaudreuil's first representative after Confederation in the House of Commons, and the son inherited a full share, both of his popularity and ability. The deceased gentleman was born at Rigaud, on the 19th December, 1839, and married on the 11th February, 1862, Annie, the daughter of Mr. J. B. Mongenais, who also had the honor of representing Vaudreuil in Parliament in the general elections of 1882, and again in 1886. He was a merchant, and his death will be a severe bereavement to his good wife and a great loss to the community. May his soul rest in peace.

THE CO-OPERATIVE FUNERAL EXPENSE SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

SIR.—Would you kindly allow us a little space in your paper in order to clearly explain our system of operating, so that there may be no misunderstanding our intentions, and that the public may see the great benefit to be derived from subscribing. Our society is incorporated by letters patent, and therefore legal, and destined to materially assist the working classes. How many families are in straitened circumstances at the very moment that death visits them, and consequently run into debt to the undertaker to a good round sum—which the credit system necessarily carries with it. Would it not be infinitely more prudent to pay a small sum yearly, 75c or \$1, even if we had the ready money, than to pay out \$30 or \$40 in the space of a few days? We at this very moment know an undertaker to whom is owed a

When Buying a Piano

Why not purchase the Latest—STYLE 19

HEINTZMAN

UPRIGHT PIANO

PATENT - TRANSPOSING - KEYBOARD.

This instrument is having a large sale in Western Canada. See our assortment of Heintzman Pianos, which embrace all the latest styles in all the Modern Woods.

Immediate purchasers will be offered special inducements as regard prices and terms.

C. W. LINDSAY,
2268, 2270 and 2272 St. Catherine Street.

N.B.—Second-Hand Pianos of all Styles and Makers accepted in Part Payment

large sum by people earning small wages, and seem to have the greatest difficulty in paying up, which was occasioned by the loss of parents or relations. In that sense, our system is certainly philanthropic, as 75c yearly in case of death ensures, free, a rosewood finish coffin, a magnificent hearse, with two horses, and beautiful decoration of the mortuary room. Our system is poor and rich alike, and without introducing luxury—as it was said of us—into the undertaking business. Our system is such that the poor man is at least sure of a respectable burial, of which he is certainly as deserving as the rich, and the sum is so small that he never misses it.

We would like it very specially understood that we wish our subscribers to continue members of the Union of Prayer, and those that have not joined should do so at once to ensure a becoming and suitable service at the church in keeping with what we give outside.

Without wishing to imitate the rich, people with moderate means, or no means at all, are as desirous of seeing,

and anxious to see, their departed respectfully and suitably carried to their last resting place. As we will have the finest and most elaborate equipment in the Dominion, we shall do undertaking outside of our subscribers at very reasonable rates, and when in proper shape, all our offices shall be open night and day and in charge of capable and polite attendants. We have six hearse in course of construction, two of which are to be ready by the 15th of this month, and the other four by the 1st of December. Our central office, at 1725 St. Catherine street, is now open, and our manager shall be pleased to give all information to those who are desirous of enquiring into our system. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your kindness,

We are yours very respectfully,
THE CO-OPERATIVE FUNERAL EXPENSE SOCIETY.

Look out for our advertisement in next issue.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.
FLOUR.—Spring Patent, \$4.05 to \$4.15. Winter Patent, \$4.05 to \$4.15. Straight Roller, \$3.45 to \$3.60. Extra, \$4.00. Superfine, \$4.00. Manitoba Strong Bakers, best brands, \$4.00 to \$4.00. Manitoba Strong Bakers, \$3.50 to \$3.50. Ontario bags—extra, \$1.50 to \$1.55. Straight Rollers, bags \$1.65 to \$1.75.

GRAIN.
OATMEAL.—Rolled and granulated \$2.25 to \$3.30; standard \$2.15 to \$2.20. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.60 to \$1.65, and standard at \$1.50 to \$1.55. Pot barley \$1.25 in bbls and \$2.00 in bags, and split peas \$2.50.

WHEAT.—Toronto at 62c to 72c for red and white winter, although millers say they are paying more money.

BRAN, ETC.—We quote \$15.00 to \$15.50, with sales at the inside figure. Shorts \$16.00 up to \$17.50 as to grade. Mouffle \$19.50 to \$21.50 as to grade.

CORN.—The market is quiet at 36c to 37c in bond, and at 44c to 45c duty paid.

PEAS.—Sales have been made here in store at 61c per 60 lbs., while a small lot in store brought 61c. An advance has also taken place in the West at 2c per bushel, sales north and west of Stratford having been made at 51c to 52c per 60 lbs.

BARLEY.—The market is firm at an advance of 3c to 1c per bushel over sales made a week ago, sales aggregating 15,000 bushels having been made at 30c to 31c, holders now asking 31c.

BAILEY.—Malt barley is quoted at 46c to 52c as to quality, a lot of pretty fair Ontario being offered at 46c here, while feed barley is quoted at 41c to 42c, but hard to sell.

BUCKWHEAT.—Sales at 41c to 42c.

RYE.—Prices nominal at 51c to 50c. In the West sales have been made at 45c to 46c, which is 2c higher than a week ago.

MALT.—Market steady at 65c to 75c as to quality and quantity. The sale is reported of a large lot for future delivery at 65c, but it is said the quality was not the choicest.

DAIRY PRODUCE.
BUTTER.—We quote: Creamery, Oct., 22c to 23c; Creamery, Sept., 22c to 22c; Creamery, Aug., 20c to 21c; Eastern Townships, 18c to 20c; Western, 15c to 16c.

ROLL BUTTER.—Sales have been made at 17c to 18c as to quality, in boxes and tubs.

CHEESE.—We quote prices as follows: Finest Western, 9c to 9c; Finest Eastern, 9c to 9c; Undergrades, 8c to 9c; Summer goods, 8c to 8c.

COUNTRY CHEESE MARKET.
Utica, N.Y., Oct. 28.—Sales at 9c to 10c.

Little Falls, N.Y., Oct. 28.—Sales at 9c to 10c.

Ingersoll, Ont., Oct. 28.—No sales.

PROVISIONS.

PORK, LARD, &c.—Canada short cut pork, per barrel, \$15.00 to \$16.00; Canada (thin mess, per bbl., \$14.00 to \$14.50; Mess pork, American, new, per bbl., \$13.25 to \$13.75; Hams, per lb., 9c to 11c; Lard, pure, in pails, per lb., 8c to 9c; Lard, compound, in pails, per lb., 6c to 7c; Bacon, per lb., 9c to 11c; Shoulders, per lb., 8c to 9c.

DRESSED HOGS.—A good sized lot of hogs was sold at \$5.50 this week, and other sales of smaller dimensions at \$5.65 to \$5.75. A bunch of 5 nice light fresh killed hogs, just suitable for butchers, brought \$5.85, but \$5.75 is considered the top price to-day.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

EGGS.—Sales of good sized lots of choice candled at 14c to 15c, choice fresh selling at 17c to 18c. Strictly new laid from nearby points are quoted at 20c to 22c in a wholesale way. Shipments of both fresh and pickled stock continue to go forward to the English market.

HONEY.—Old extracted 5c to 6c per lb. New 7c to 9c per lb in tins as to quality. Comb honey 10c to 12c.

GAME.—Partridge have sold at 40c to 45c per brace for No. 1, and 25c to 30c for No. 2. A lot of venison is on the way to this market, and 9c to 10c is asked for carcasses and 14c to 15c for saddles.

BEANS.—Western medium beans \$1.10 to \$1.15 in round lots; but small lots are quoted at \$1.20 to \$1.30 as to quality.

MAPLE PRODUCTS.—Sugar 6c to 7c, and old 5c to 6c. Syrup 4c to 5c per lb. in wood and at 50c to 60c in tins.

BALD HAY.—No. 2 shipping hay is quoted here at \$10 to \$11. No. 1 straight Timothy, \$11.50 to \$12. At country points, \$9.00 to \$10 is quoted for No. 2 and \$10.00 to \$11.00 for No. 1, according to position, while \$11.50 has been paid in one or two instances.

HORS.—Market unchanged at 5c to 8c. Yearlings 3c to 5c. A lot of 7 bales was reported sold at 7c, and a choice lot of Eastern Townships at 8c.

TALLOW.—Market is quiet at 5c to 6c for choice and 4c to 5c for common.

DRESSED POULTRY.—Sales of several cases of choice fresh killed dry turkeys sold at 9c; a case of good birds at 8c. Chickens meet with good enquiry at 7c to 8c, a lot of old hens selling at 6c; ducks 8c to 8c, and geese 5c to 6c.

FRUITS.

APPLES.—Fair to Fancy Fall, \$1.75 to \$2.00 per bbl; Winter, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per bbl; Dried, 5c per lb; Evaporated, 6c to 7c per lb.

ORANGES.—Jamaica, \$6.00 to \$6.50 per bbl. Mexican, \$3.50 to \$4.00 per box.

LEMONS.—Palermo, \$4 to \$5 per box; Malaga, \$8 to \$9 per case; \$4 to \$4.50 per box.

BANANAS.—\$2 to \$2.75 per bunch.

GRAPES.—Concord, 3c per lb; Niagara, 3c per lb; Tokay, \$2.50 per crate; Catawba, 20c to 21c per basket.

CALIFORNIA PEACHES.—\$1.50 per box.

CRANBERRIES.—Cape Cod, \$8.50 to \$9.00 per bbl; Nova Scotia, \$9.50 to \$10.00 per bbl.

DATES.—3c to 4c per lb.

FIGS.—10c to 12c per lb.

COCONUTS.—Fancy, firsts, \$3.25 to \$3.50 per 100.

POTATOES.—Jobbing lots, 40c 50c per bag; on truck, 30c to 40c per bag; sweet, \$3.25 per bbl.

ONIONS.—Spanish, 40c to 45c per crate.

MALAGA GRAPES.—\$5 to \$6.50 per keg.

FISH AND OILS.

CANNED FISH.—Lobsters \$6.00 to \$6.25, and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case.

CARSLEY'S COLUMN.

MONTREAL'S GREATEST STORE.

To Ladies.

S. CARSLEY'S Fall and Winter Price-List is now ready, and can be procured by writing to our Mail Order Department for one, which we shall be pleased to forward by first mail.

Mail Orders promptly and carefully filled.

LADIES' GLOVES.

Ladies' Kid Lacing Gloves, in useful shades, 45c pr.
Ladies' Dustless Doekin Gloves, in Tan shades, 4-button, 65c pr.
Ladies' Black Kid Gloves, White Points, and Stitching, \$1 pr.
Ladies' Calf Driving Gloves, \$1.25 pr.
Ladies' Mousquetaire Suede Gloves, \$1.

LADIES' LINED GLOVES.

Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves, in all shades, Elastic Band, \$1.
Ladies' Lined Kid Gloves, Fur Cutts, 2-Stub, \$1.50.
Ladies' 4-Stub Colored and Black Kid Gloves, Lined Wool, \$1.35.
Ladies' Wool-Lined Russian Calf Gloves, with Fur-lined Gauntlet, \$3.20.

S. CARSLEY.

BOYS' WINTER SUITS.

Boys' 2-piece Tweed Suits, from \$1.35.
Boys' 3-piece Tweed Suits, from \$1.40.
Boys' 2-piece Serge Suits, from \$1.50.
Boys' 3-piece Serge Suits, from \$2.50.
Boys' Navy Serge Man-o'-War Suits, from \$2.75.
Boys' Jersey Suits, from \$1.50.
Boys' Tweed Knickers, from 70c.

BOYS' OVERCOATS.

Boys' Serge Reefer Coats, \$1.40.
Boys' Nap Cloth Reefer Coats, \$2.25.
Boys' Beaver Cloth Reefer Coats, \$3.70.
Boys' Fall Overcoats, \$1.
Boys' Best Blanket Overcoats, \$2.30.
Boys' Frieze Overcoats, \$7.70.
Boys' Cheviot Overcoats, \$4.

S. CARSLEY.

YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

Youths' Tweed Suits, from \$3.90.
Youths' Serge Suits, from \$3.90.
Youths' Black Suits, from \$7.50.
Youths' Old Tweed Pants, \$2.10.
Youths' Fall Overcoats, \$3.95.
Youths' Beaver Cloth Overcoats, \$10.50.
Youths' Frieze Overcoats, \$7.70.
Youths' Cheviot Overcoats, \$5.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Men's Tweed Suits, \$2.95.
Men's Serge Suits, from \$4.25.
Men's Black Coats and Vests, \$7.75.
Men's Odd Tweed Pants, \$2.30.
Men's Fall Overcoats, \$5.30.
Men's Beaver Cloth Overcoats, \$9.45.
Men's Frieze Overcoats, \$9.45.
Men's Cheviot Overcoats, \$6.

S. CARSLEY.

MEN'S SHIRTS.

Men's White Unlaundried Shirts, 35c ea.
Men's White Dressed Shirts, 75c ea.
Men's White Dressed Shirts, open back or front, 80c to \$1.75.
Men's Navy Flannel Shirts, \$1.40.
Men's Colored Flannel Shirts, \$1.25.
Men's Cotton Night Shirts, 60c.
Men's Flannellette Night Shirts, \$1.35.

MEN'S UNDERWEAR.

Men's Scotch Knit Underwear, 45c ea.
Men's Ribbed Wool Underwear, 50c ea.
Men's Scotch Wool Underwear, 75c ea.
Men's Heavy Scotch Wool Underwear, 95c each.
Men's Extra Scotch Wool Underwear, \$1.35.
Men's Sanitary Wool Socks, 22c pr.
Men's Heavy Wool Socks, 10c pr.
Men's Scotch Wool Socks, 17c pr.

S. CARSLEY.

NEW MILLINERY.

Just opened several cases of new Millinery Models trimmed in all the very latest styles for late Fall and Winter Wear, also a full assortment of

MILLINERY NOVELTIES.

New Chenille Ornaments.
New Chenille Flowers.
New Silk and Velvet Flowers.
New Shaded Flowers.
New Shaded Wings.
New Shaded Ribbons.
New Shaded Velvets.
New Shaded Felt Hats.

In all the very latest and most stylish shades.

MILLINERY PRICES.—Ladies' Stylish Felt Hats, 50c to \$1.25 ea.
Ladies' Felt Sailor Hats, 75c to \$1.25 ea.
Children's Felt Flop Hats, 50c to \$1.25 ea.
Children's Trimmed Hats, \$2.25 to \$5.50.
Ladies' Trimmed Hats, \$3.25 to \$21.

S. CARSLEY.

THE RIGBY WATERPROOF GARMENTS

Do not, like the old-fashioned Waterproof coat, hold you in a clammy vise, which feels like an icy vapor bath and has no more porosity than an elephant's hide. It is a porous Waterproof, whose beauty is in nowise impaired by the waterproofing process.

Think of what this means in comfort and health.

S. CARSLEY'S,

Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets
MONTREAL.

"I AM AS WELL AS I WISH TO BE."

Miss Blake, of Hamilton, Ont., after using Paine's Celery Compound, is a Picture of Womanly Vigor and Beauty.

A Story for All who Stand in Need of Perfect Health.

Miss Isabella Blake, of 203 Hughson Street, Hamilton, Ont., is one of the fairest and best known young women in the ambitious city. To-day she is a picture of womanly health, vigor and beauty, and joyfully declares: "I am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be."

When Miss Blake makes the declaration that she is a "new woman," she does not wish it to be understood that she has entered the ranks, and adopted the fads of those light-brained women who would usurp the legitimate positions of men, and go through life clad in half masculine attire, with the fixed idea of altering the plans of an all-wise Providence, and turning the world upside down. Ah! no; this is far from what Miss Blake wishes to imply when she makes the statement that she is a "new woman."

The "new woman" that the world values is not the modern creature that dons the open vest, exposed shirt front, four-in-hand tie, straight and high collar, stiff Derby hat, who walks out on our streets with cane in hand, giving evidence of empty brain and unsatisfied vanity. The true "new woman" is perfectly represented by Miss Blake, made healthy, vigorous, strong and active by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This is the "woman" that sensible and rational beings honor and appreciate—the type of "woman" that blesses home, friends and the world at large.

Miss Blake, though a young woman, can relate a tale of sad experience. In the past, lions have stood in her way threatening destruction; she knows what sore afflictions are, owing to the

rough grasp of disease; and at times, the cold touch of the destroyer, death, has made her shiver, and caused her to think of the dark gloom of the silent tomb.

When Miss Blake's heart was faint, sick and void of hope; when all the doctors and medicines failed to do good, and when threatened with that relentless foe consumption, an angel of mercy suggested the use of a remedy that has brought new life to thousands of poor sufferers in the past. Yes, it is Paine's Celery Compound that is recommended; it is used, and in a short time makes a "new woman" from the material that the grave had battled for.

These facts, dear reader, are not overdrawn or colored in the least. Miss Blake and her friends will gladly vouch for the truth of the statement that Paine's Celery Compound, and it alone, under God's blessing, was the agent that saved life at a critical juncture. The following letter from Miss Blake is surely of sufficient weight to convince the most hardened unbeliever:

"For years I suffered greatly, and was under the care of doctors who finally told me I was going into consumption. I was becoming worse through the use of medicines, and I gave up my doctors. While in a very critical condition, not able to sleep or rest, always faint and weak, appetite and digestion bad, and my system a run-down and little life in me, I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. After taking one bottle I felt much relieved. I have used in all seven or eight bottles, and am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be. Many thanks for your great medicine."