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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA
Reddite quæ sunt Cesaris, Cesaris; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 16, 1892.

No. 23

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 (WOODS AND FORESTS BRANCH.)
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NOTICE is hereby given, that under Order in Council, Timber Berths as hereunder in the Nipissing, Algoma, Thunder Bay and Rainy River Districts, viz., in Biggar, Butt, Finlayson, Hunter, McCraney, McLaughlin, Paxton, Peck, and the northerly portion of Berth Forty nine, lying South and West of the Wahnapiim Lake, all the Nipissing District. The Townships of Lumsden and Morgan, and a small portion of territory lying North and West of Pogomasing Lake, in the Algoma District: Berths one and seven, Thunder Bay District, and eleven, twenty-seven, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight and sixty-nine, Rainy River District. Will be sold at Public Auction on Thursday, the thirteenth day of October next, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

ARTHUR S. HARDY,
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Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

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By order, E. F. E. Roy,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
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CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 1891.

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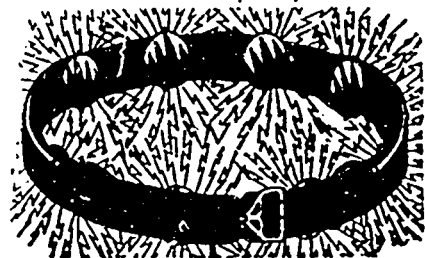
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The Catholic Weekly Review.

A JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA

Reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris, Cæsari; et quæ sunt Dei, Deo.—Matt 22: 21.

Vol. VI.

Toronto, Saturday, July 16, 1892

No. 23

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NOTES.

The Twelfth seems to have passed over very quietly all over the country. The *World* draws attention to the following:—When a royal scarlet wagon with V. R., emblazoned on its sides and the words Royal Mail there too in plain lettering tried to cross the line of the Orange procession yesterday bound with mails for the west the driver was repulsed, and though a gentleman in the crowd explained the pressing necessity there was for the vehicle to cross King-street in order to reach the station before the train left, his remonstrances were in vain. It is not the first time this egregious blunder has been committed, and surely those responsible for it, including the police, do not weigh the enormous importance that may attach to the prompt delivery of mails at a station. A chief object in having the wagons designated as they are is to apprise people of the nature of their contents.

All admirers will not say success to his cause, but in every other respect, may health, happiness and triumph always abide near the Great Big Canadian in the Bad Old Hat.—*Evening Telegram*.

The Bad Old Hat is in the forefront of the battle. "The oriflamme of the fight" one correspondent calls it.

There are more Catholic candidates in Great Britain this time than there have been at a General Election for the last forty years.

The mayor has received a letter from St. Paul's Commandery, Knights of St. John, in which it was said that: "We feel very deeply indebted for the moral and financial support given the late convention and the hospitality shown our guests. The generous, warm-hearted welcome extended visiting knights, and the solicitude with which you watched over everything that could affect the fair fame and reputation of Toronto convinces us that the interests of this great city were never placed in more suitable custody. We desire to thank Ald. Bell for the brilliant display made by the fire department."

The *Globe* admits there is a certain amount of roughness in connection with the British elections, but declares there is at least no boodling. For what purpose, then, has the liquor interest alone contributed half a million dollars to the Conservative campaign fund? And does the *Globe* imagine hard-headed dispensers of ardent are putting up the money without expectation of equivalent should the Conservatives win?

At the Madgeburg Catholic Congress, Baron Von Schorlemer-Alst referring to the atrocities of the Kultur-Kampf said a good thing. "We will not return like for like; but on the contrary "will act up to our principles. What you hold sacred I will respect. What I hold sacred, you let alone."

Census bulletin No. 10 (on industries) contains some interesting figures. We have a summary elsewhere.

The Manitoba school case came before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on Tuesday. The appeal is from the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of Canada voiding the legislative enactment abolishing Separate Schools. Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., and Mr. Joseph Martin, Attorney-General of Manitoba, with the help of Sir Horace Davey, appeared for the appellant. So far their lordships have expressed no opinion. Mr. McCarthy ought to be by this time tired of running fools' errands for the irreconcilables. We wonder he did not drop this one as he did his Bill last session.

We have never seen the correct principles of Christian temperance applied to the use of intoxicants more correctly than in the following:

Is there any case in which moderate drinking is sinful?
Yes, when a person knows that if he drinks moderately he will be likely to go on and drink to excess.

Are there many such persons?
Yes, there are large numbers who are morally certain to drink too much if they drink any at all.

Why is total abstinence better than moderate drinking?
1. Because it is a higher degree of the virtue of temperance.
2. Because it sets a good example to the drunkard.
3. Because, if done in union with our Lord's thirst on the Cross, it atones for the sins of drunkenness so commonly committed.—

"Temperance is good, total abstinence is better."—*Cardinal Manning*.

THE PRESS.

PRAYER IS NOT IN HIS LINE BUT HE RECOMMENDS IT.

A season of rust-provoking rain would do more to impoverish Canada than a dozen McKinley bills. There is some hope of a dry spell now and a strong probability that steady sunshine will deliver Canadian agriculture from the threatened danger.

Canadians can only pray and hope for the best. A crop failure now before the effects of last year's abundant harvest have been felt in commerce, would be little short of ruinous. The country needs to be spared such an affliction.—*Telegram*.

DOES HE NOW ?

Warned probably by the sad fate of his brother office-holder, Peter Ryan now mops his manly brow with an Old Flag handkerchief, and uses the National Anthem as a grace before and after taking meals.—*Telegram*.

ONE OF OUR BEST CITIZENS.

Canada, and indeed the whole British empire, has a vital interest in the righting of Ireland's wrongs, and it is eminently fitting that a colony enjoying complete self-government should send a champion to aid in obtaining justice for the country to which it is indebted for some of its best citizens, including Hon. Edward Blake himself.—*Boston Pilot*.

HON. E. BLAKE.

"His ability, his integrity and resolution of character have long marked him as one of the leaders of the Dominion, and should he transfer his talents to the cause of Irish self-government he would be a most valuable acquisition to the cause. As he is entirely foreign to the controversies that have raged between the two Irish factions, it should be easy for both of them to accept his leadership.—*New York Press*.

HE QUIVERED.

A one minute speech from Wilfrid Laurier on Saturday was the knife that changed the Shughes of North Victoria from bleating calf into quivering veal.—*Telegram*.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

"An autocracy," said a philosopher, "is an excellent thing if you allow me to choose the autocrat," and that it is an excellent thing under certain conditions the Salvation Army may be cited as proof.

The officers and soldiers give but little indication that the rule is not a beneficent one, although the way in which the general is providing for his family suggests the human weaknesses to which even so immaculate a society is open. Nepotism has always been accounted a vice in a ruler, and to this charge facts seem to show the General to be open. Here is the record. The General has eight children, three sons and five daughters, and these seem to engross seven of the leading positions in the army throughout the world as follows:

General William Booth, supreme head.

William Bromwell Booth, chief of staff; stationed at headquarters, London, Eng.

Commander Ballington Booth, commander-in-chief of United States, New York.

Commander Herbert Booth has been in charge of British Isles; coming to take charge of Canada and Newfoundland, with headquarters at Toronto.

La Maréchale Catharine Booth, now Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, together with husband, takes charge of work in France and Switzerland.

Emma Booth, now Mrs. Booth-Tucker—She with husband, governs India and Ceylon and acts as foreign secretary.

Eva Booth, field commissioner, in charge of work in London and has charge of training homes throughout England.

Lucy Booth, colonel, until recently had charge of training operations in England, is about to take charge of India.

Marie Booth is an invalid and is merely a member of the army.

The general doubtless presumes that the fire of religious zeal will always be sufficient to keep the interest of the army at fever heat, but all who are familiar with human nature must feel that the nepotism that is so apparent here may prove to be the rift within the lute.—*Toronto World*.

HATRED IS A MAGNET.

Love of one's own country is too often but another name for hatred of somebody else's country.

It was with the greatest difficulty that enough people to fill two street cars could be drummed up to attend a meeting to arrange for the proper celebration of Dominion Day.

Love of Canada could not fill the pavilion to a tithe of its capacity. Hatred could throng these streets on Friday night week with cheering thousands who enjoyed the chance to air their entirely unnecessary dislike of things American and Popish.

Whether love or hate is the stronger influence in the abstract is a

debatable question. It is certain that in this city thousands will assemble in order to exhibit their hatred of something they do not like, for hundreds who will be attracted by a chance to display regard for the object of their love.—*Telegram*.

BRAVE WORDS WELL SAID.

When the Rev. Dr. Douglas attacks Sir John Thompson on the plea that he is friendly to or in sympathy with the Jesuits we know that it is hatred of the Catholic which really moves him to such a course. But we can say both to Dr. Douglas and the Montreal *Witness* that the Catholics of Canada are not disposed to allow either of them to dictate that no Catholic, or no friend of Jesuits, shall ever take an important position in the Government of the country. Fanatics would be glad to make the the profession of the Catholic faith an obstacle to political promotion: but the Catholics of Canada are influential enough, to insist upon it that they shall not be ignored.—*Catholic Record*.

A WELL GROUNDED FEAR.

Hope that the grand old Gladstone will go fathoms deep in the drink this week, is rivied o'er by a well-grounded fear that he won't.—*Telegram*.

THE POPE IS ITS ONLY FRIEND.

At this moment the Pope is the only friend of the United States among the Princes of Europe.—*Catholic Union and Times*.

THEY ARE NOT CONSISTENT.

The Ulster Unionists are constantly protesting their determination never to submit to the "clerical dictation" which Messrs. Parnell, Harrington, and Co., kindly invented for their special benefit. It is therefore amusing to find that most of the meetings which have been held to select delegates to the Belfast conventions have been presided over by Presbyterian ministers, and largely addressed by the same class of gentlemen.—*Nation*.

CATHOLICS ARE LIBERAL.

The non-Tory Presbyterians of Ulster ought to know by this time that they have never yet been allowed any share in the Parliamentary representation of Ireland, save when and where the liberality of their Catholic neighbors secured it for them. We trust that the approaching election will reiterate the lesson, and that a united Catholic and Presbyterian vote will, in many constituencies, bring about the election of earnest friends of Home Rule and Religious Equality.—*Irish Catholic*.

BLAINE.

Mr. Blaine was never honest, politically; he was not sincere. He was always tricky and shifty. He sought, as he loved, popularity, and won it by smartness, suavity and the industrious exercise of a marvellous memory. While he was the idol of the hero worshippers, he never enjoyed the confidence of the people. He drops out of the struggling ranks almost silently, and he will soon be forgotten. His political career is virtually at an end—and at a very inglorious end.—*Boston Republic*.

THEY DIE OF BLOOD-POISONING.

A representative of the Republic had the pleasure of attending several sessions of the national convention of the Loyal Women of American Liberty, which met in Faneuil Hall last week. Though an uninvited guest, and one who was not allowed to take part in the proceedings, yet the representative experienced a pleasure in being there and seeing clearly the truth of what this paper has ever maintained, viz., that such organizations as this are mushroom growths, sporadic and spasmodic, and destined to short lives. In a republic such as ours no society founded on bigotry and proscription, principles contrary to the constitution and hurtful in themselves, can ever hope for sustenance. They may flourish for a short space, but they are sure to die from the absorption of their own venom if not from external causes.—*Boston Republic*.

THEIR DAY ABOUT OVER.

Time spent in the endeavor to convince Rev. J. C. Madill and Jumbo of the Park that a man may be a Catholic without necessarily being a horse thief would be worse than wasted. So long as appeals to bigotry will bring notoriety and dollars, so long will men be found to issue such appeals; but as soon as it becomes apparent that these attempts to stir up sectarian strife will no longer attain the object aimed at, the frothings of the Madills and Jumbos will suddenly cease. The indications are that this time is rapidly approaching in Toronto, and with it the disappearance of those who are never so happy as when setting neighbors and fellow citizens by the ears.—*News*.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

One of the gravest charges preferred against poor Parnell during his lifetime accused him of being cold and distant with his colleagues.

Blake has exposed himself to the same objection. While in the House of Commons he formed few intimate friendships with the men in his ranks. Indeed, he has been compared to a man on a high tower. Perhaps it is unfair to censure Mr. Blake for a quality of his nature. Surely it is not proper for a political leader to be constantly babbling platitudes to dulness and patting the shoulders of treachery and incompetency. It should be remembered that reserve is a privilege of the great—

"Hearts that are great are always lone
They never manifest their best;
Their greatest greatness is unknown—
Earth knows a little—God the rest."

Mr. Blake's real or assumed shortcomings are soon exhausted, while his excellences constitute a various and lengthy list. He will be a tower of strength to the Home Rule party, even if he fail to reunite the Irish factions. His acquaintance with the federal plan under which the county is governed extends to the most minute details. A mere glance at his eventful biography confirms this assertion.—*Ottawa Correspondence, Boston Pilot.*

PULPIT BLACKGUARDISM.

The sensational parson is loose again. The sensational parson seeks notoriety at any cost, merely to relieve the dulness and endless tedium of modern church work. He frots because his advertisements in the papers do not bring large congregations. Empty benches confront him every Sunday. His soaring soul chafes under the restraints of the pulpit. He wants to run a menagerie, to do anything out of the ordinary routine that will attract a crowd and get him talked about. Fulton went into that sort of business years ago when he failed as a minister. Murray tried it; Talmage fell into it, and Lorimer broke all bounds only to get quietly and silently back to the humdrum of pastoral duties.

Parkhurst of New York leaped into fame by going to houses of bad repute, buying and drinking beer, and otherwise behaving like a graceless libertine. His examination before the court brought him any amount of advertising. But it was advertising of a very questionable nature, and his church laid him off for a while. Young Dixon, who had tried various dodges to draw attention to himself, took up the work where Parkhurst left off. He began to denounce Tammany and its methods; then he called some of the city's officials thieves and robbers, and, while he was in the height of his crusade, he was arrested for libel. This was just what he wanted. He desired to be a martyr to the cause of free speech. But the matter was a little more serious than might be anticipated. The grand jury found an indictment against him, and a day for his trial has been set.—*Boston Republic.*

THE MUD IDOL.

It is so thoroughly all of a piece with the general run of what goes for argument with *messieurs les autres* that we give it place entire.—*[Ed. C. W. R.]*

Britain is indeed joined to a mud idol if it surrenders its Government into the hands of Gladstone and his crew of job-lot politicians. Of a surety, this is the age of man-worship in politics. Politically, the multitude is not in a questioning mood. It seeks a name to worship, and follows a man instead of trusting to its judgment upon ideas.

England sneers at the credulity of religionists who in spiritual things follow an infallible pope, and out of the mud of a Gladstone's policy and career, the same England has erected a papacy, which in politics demands an allegiance unswerving as that which the Roman Catholic gives to the Pope. Government by Gladstone and his outfit of parochial radicals, must surely be designed by the Almighty as a punishment for England's sins. Gladstonian success is the opening of a new era of disturbance at home, and humiliation and bloodshed abroad. Canada may be cheered by the thought that if Britain can stand the affliction this Dominion can worry along. *Telegram.*

The New York *World* prints the following recipe, which embryo statesmen should paste in their hats: "When you see a man enveloped in a frock coat and a cloud of mystery and silence, you can put him down as a statesman. If he wears a bridle on his tongue he likely to be a dark horse."

God alone can properly bind up a broken heart.—*Joseph Roux.*

Comfort is tedious when it lasts too long.—*Elizabeth Stoddard.*

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the *Toronto Mail* on first Saturday in each month.

THE COST OF MONARCHY.

It is sometimes asserted by people who are indifferent or who may be ignorant, that monarchy in England costs a great deal. Everyone in Canada appreciates the benefit of our system of limited monarchy; the ease with which it enables the constitution to work, the facility with which the popular will can be brought to bear upon the Sovereign's Ministers; the advantage of having an impartial and impersonal head of the State, and the necessity of such a link of authority between the great States of the British Empire, but everyone is not aware how little the system costs the nation as a whole. Figures have been recently published, however, which clearly demonstrate this fact.

In the first year of her reign, by the Act of 1897, the Queen transferred to the nation certain hereditary revenues which have since considerably increased in value. The Act emphatically declares these revenues to be the private property of the Crown, just as an acre of land is the property of its owner, and on the death of the Queen her arrangement ceases, and the revenues revert back to her successor. In 1890 the amount received by the nation was \$2,450,000. In return for this transfer, the Queen accepted an annual payment by Parliament of \$1,925,000 which is called the Civil List. Add to this sum the grants made to the other members of the Royal Family, which now amount to \$940,000 a year, deducting the revenues handed over by the Queen, and we have a total expenditure by the nation of \$415,000, over and above the income arising from the Sovereign's private property. The Civil List of George III. in 1815, and apart from personal means, was \$5,115,000. Such a difference and such figures speak volumes for the economy of our British system.

It is very different elsewhere. The cost of monarchy in certain other countries is given as follows:

Russia	\$10,250,000
Austria	3,900,000
Germany	3,375,000
Italy	3,070,000

In the two chief Republics the cost of Government is equally great, as compared with England:

FRANCE.	
The President	\$ 180,000
Senators and deputies.....	2,070,000
	\$2,250,000
UNITED STATES.	
President and Vice-President.....	\$ 83,000
Senators and representatives.....	1,914,875
States' Governors and legislators	1,418,600
	\$3,416,375

Thus the monarchy of England costs the taxpayer only \$415,000, or infinitely less than the Government of any other important country in the world, and only one-eighth that of the United States, aside altogether from the \$20,000,000 which American Presidential contests are supposed to cost the nation.—*Globe.*

THE SANTA MARIA TO SAIL AGAIN FOR AMERICA.

It is well known that in Spain at the present moment workmen are busy constructing a *fac simile* of the *caravelle*, the "Santa Maria," on which Columbus set out on his voyage of discovery. The work in hand will be an exact model of that ancient *caravelle*, with its high stern resembling a cottage, and the tower at its prow. An engraving on wood, dated 1498, inserted in the Latin translation of the letter to Gabriel Sanchez, represents this *caravelle*, and may be seen in the Library of Milan. The new construction will be sent to America. On August 2 next it will be launched at Cadiz the day on which Columbus set out from Palos—and sent across the Atlantic with sails only, for the Chicago Exhibition. It will pass by the St. Lawrence River and by the Welland Canal to Chicago. Its dimensions are: length along the keel, about 68 ft.; between the uprights, 76 ft.; greatest breadth, 22 ft., and depth, 16 ft. It will form a strange spectacle to the ships then crossing the Atlantic.

AN AMUSING CRITICISM.

The new edition of "St. Ignatius Loyola and the Early Jesuits," by Stewart Rose is a sumptuous book. . . . Perhaps no better estimate could be made on the text than that which came from the critic of the *Times*, who seems to have read the work conscientiously. He declared it was not a life of St. Ignatius at all, but a piece of fiction in which a beautiful and powerful man was put forward in place of the diabolical genius known to Protestants as the first Jesuit. It never occurred to the critic that perhaps the Protestant conception of Loyola is the wrong one.—*Catholic Review, N.Y.*

LOCAL.

The Separate School Board.

At the last general meeting of the Separate School Board there were present: Vicar-General Rooney, the chairman; Rev. Fathers O'Reilly and McCarthy, and Messrs. T. W. Anglin, J. Ryan, D. P. Carey, M. Walsh, John O'Connor, William Fraser, M. O'Connor and C. Burns. A considerable amount of routine business was got through, the most important being the announcement that as Notre Dame Convent is to be made into an hospital new quarters will have to be provided for the high school. Vicar-General Rooney proposed that it be divided, two rooms being sent to Loretto Academy and two to either St. Joseph's Convent or St. Mary's Convent. The matter was referred to the School Management Committee and the meeting adjourned.

Ennismore.

Rev. Father McCall formerly assistant of Vicar-General Laurent of Lindsay has been appointed parish priest of Ennismore. His transfer to the latter charge gave his friends in Lindsay an opportunity which they did not neglect of expressing their great regard for him.

St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville.

The second anniversary Mass for the repose of the soul of Rev. Peter J. Gavin was celebrated in St. Joseph's church, Leslieville, on Wednesday, July 14th, at 10 a.m. Father Gavin, who for the greater part of his priesthood was assistant at St. Mary's church in this city, was an exemplary priest, beloved and respected by all who knew him.

Silver Jubilee.

Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann celebrates on 21st July the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood. Father McCann will at 10.30 celebrate High Mass in the Cathedral. This will be followed by presentation of addresses by the clergy and the various societies. Father McCann is universally beloved and every one will join heartily in congratulating him.

Obituary.

On Thursday morning, 7th July, died Elizabeth Trenor, wife of John O'Donohoe, surrounded by devoted friends, and fortified with all the rites of Holy Mother Church. The interment took place from St. Michaels', the burial Mass being celebrated by Revd. Father Ryan. *May she rest in peace.*

C. O. F.

Sacred Heart Court, 201, Catholic Order of Forsters at their last meeting passed a resolution condoling with their Chaplain, Revd. Father Lamarche, on the death of his father which took place recently.

The Sisters and Orphans are Grateful.

On Monday the children from the Sunnyside Orphanage enjoyed an excursion to Victoria park, where they spent a happy afternoon. The sisters in charge of the Orphanage wish to return thanks to the Street Railway Company for carrying the children to the boat, and to Mr. Davies, who placed one of his fine steamers at their disposal.

Stayner.

Revd. Father Moyna is making a final effort to clear his mission of debt. The magnificent work he has done since he is parish priest there gives fair promise that he will succeed. He has issued the following circular asking the assistance of the charitably disposed:

DEAR FRIENDS.—I am making a final effort to clear the Stayner mission of debt. The church was built in 1873, but the parishioners, most of whom are in poor circumstances, were unable to pay for it. Payment of the interest was almost all they could accomplish. The church, in fact, was closed; the congregation locked out, and no Mass celebrated in the parish.

When I came to the mission in November, 1886, there was a debt of over four thousand dollars to be met on the church, and considerable repairs were needed. There was no parochial residence. There are only forty five families in the mission able to contribute anything. The outlook was discouraging. The opinion was freely expressed that the church would never be paid for. I could not place the new burden of a residence on this poor people, and was compelled to board in a hotel for three years. Inspired by a holy zeal, and a desire to see the priest have a house, the congregation rallied, and made every effort that could be made by a noble and generous people to clear the church of debt and build a priest's house.

A suitable residence has at last been built and modestly furnished, but I find it absolutely impossible to pay for it without appealing for aid to all our friends who sympathize with the struggling Catholics of Stayner.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh, deeply sympathizing with pastor and people, seeing their laudable efforts during the past five years, cordially approves of this bazaar, hopes it will be crowned with success, and blesses all who aid it.

In our poverty I have placed our bazaar tickets at ten cents each, believing that no one will refuse so small an amount for such a pur-

pose. Each ticket entitles the purchaser to a chance for any of the large collection of prizes to be drawn for, including the cash prizes of \$50 and \$25 in gold.

Special cash prizes will be given to the parties disposing of the largest number of tickets. Persons wishing to compete will have tickets promptly sent to them on request. All remittances will be promptly acknowledged.

Our benefactors shall always be remembered in our prayers.

M. MOYNA, Priest, Stayner, Ontario.

THE GRADUATE.

Is the college graduate who is now going out into the World the conceited and all-conquering hero that some of the press writers would make him out to be? We do not think so. There are, perhaps, some vain and foolish young men who fancy that, having been duly graduated and provided with a diploma, they need nothing more and are prepared to set forth upon a mission of conquest, obtaining the highest honors by simply lifting the hand to pluck them; but these are few.

Says a writer: "The intelligent bachelor of arts, at the close of his undergraduate course, is the reverse of what has been described. He is so far from thinking he knows it all that he is half afraid he does not know anything. The contact he has had for four years with great and often insoluble problems; the glimpses he has caught of a vast universe of knowledge not only beyond his depth but beyond his measurement; the sense awakened within him of man's liability to err—all these things tend to produce over-diffidence rather than over-confidence."

This is much the truer picture. The really able man is generally the modest if not diffident man, and when he looks out upon the busy world and the crowded occupations he rather trembles than exults at the prospect before him. The disappointments are for the many, and the prizes difficult and for the few.—*Baltimore Mirror.*

THE MONTH OF THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

This month is consecrated to the veneration of the Most Precious Blood of Our Lord. Hear what holy souls say of this devotion:

Is there a joy in life more invigorating than an overwhelming sense of our obligations to the Blood of Jesus? Who does not long to pay Him back in love, and long all the more ardently the more he sees how the greatness of his debt makes the payment of it impossible.—*Father Fabre.*

He who unceasingly seeks to nourish himself with the precious blood of Christ's wounds will be safe against all the perils and difficulties of this miserable life.—*St. Teresa.*

The memory of the Precious Blood will entirely detach you from all things contrary to the will of God.—*St. Catherine of Sienna.*

WHAT A DESOLATION.

THERE are twenty well built towns in Kansas without a single inhabitant. Saratoga has a \$80,000 school house, and a number of fine business houses, yet there is nobody even to claim a place to sleep. Her banks remain, but they are silent. At Fargo a \$25,000 school house stands a monument of the bond voting craze. Most of the buildings have been removed or are torn down. The hotel keeps gloomy watch over the few remaining houses, aided by the "bank." A herder and his family constitute the sole population of what was once an incorporated city. South Hutchinson is another example of a well built city without people. It would take more than \$800,000 to duplicate the buildings there, and yet one can wander through the streets without finding man, woman or child.—*New York Times.*

Economic Bitters—A 25c. package of *Indigenous Bitters* will make four large bottles of concentrated bitters, very effective as a digestive tonic and strengthening. It is the great remedy of the day for the stomach. Sold by all druggists.

Who gives a trifle meanly is meaner than the trifle.—*Lavater.*

No more bald heads. No more Gray Hairs. *Capiline* is indisputably the most excellent and agreeable preparation ever offered for preventing the falling of the hair and for restoring it to its natural colour and beauty.

FACTS ABOUT DYSPEPSIA.

Wrong action of the stomach and liver occasions dyspepsia. Dyspepsia in turn gives rise to bad blood. Both these complaints are curable by B.B.B., which acts on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, and tones and strengthens the entire system, thus positively curing dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood and similar troubles.

EXPIATION.

"When the soul sees sin like a sun."

They closed my eyes, they folded my hands, they said: " 'Tis a sign of grace—
See how the look of her childhood comes back to her poor dead face!
Forgive her, forget her—after all, her lines were hard, at best;
Surely her sorrow outweighed her sin; poor heart, at welcome rest!"

At rest! there is no more rest—there is no more night nor sleep,
It is always day, it is always noon, and a fearsome watch I keep
Unsetting sun in the cold blue heavens—sun on the snow-folds wide,
Sun on sharp cliff and frozen sea and steep white mountain-side:
Glint and gleam and dazzle and glare—cloudless, shadowless light—
My God, my God, for an hour of sleep—my God, for the blessed night!

This is my doom, my dearest, who loved the shadows well,
Who shrank life-long from the sound of life, and the ways where the sunlight
fell.

How could I love the sun, when the clouds encompassed thee?—
To stand by thy side in the darkness was dream of heaven to me.
Thy whispered word, "I need thee," was payment for all pain.
Making the crooked straight, making the rough ways plain.
Ah, more than faith, or friends, or fame, or shining spousal ring,
That my hands to thee were helpful, that my voice was comforting.

This is my doom, my dearest, to know the veils are riven,
And the wrong that I gave my life to hide lies bare to earth and heaven
To own in my sore despoilment that roses cannot bloom,
From the venomous thistle, nor grapes from thorns, nor health from the reek
ing tomb.

This is my doom, my dearest—the eyes of God are stern.
But sterner far were the hundred eyes that still in my memory burn.
Like the flaming sword of the angel at the gates of fair, lost Eden,
Warning away from the Tree of Life, and the rivers of healing hidden.

This is my dear atonement, who loved the shadows well,
Who shrank life-long from the sound of life and the ways where the sunlight
fell—

In the glare of God's wrath and the scorn of men till the end of time to dwell;
Through an age-long day, through an age-long noon, my fearsome watch to
keep,

With never any more night and never any more sleep—
While of all the eyes of heaven and earth that look reproach on mine,
Not God's, nor brother's, nor old heart-friend's, so stern and strange as thine.
—KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

A TRIP TO NORTH CAROLINA

VII.

A TOWN THAT WANTS "A START."

AN hour by rail from Asheville, across the mountains, buried among the hills you drop on Hendersonville—the name as long as itself—almost hidden in the forests. A long, wide, old-fashioned village street, framed by three rows of spreading trees; some handsome, pretentious shops, some ancient ones, where a draper, grocer and jeweller display their wares under one roof. Quaint, vine-covered residences of the natives, new Queen Annesque villas, cottages and mansions higher up, of visitors principally from Charleston and New Orleans, whose advent in July is hailed with joy—for them the harvest—and last and certainly the greatest, a street car, the pride and glory of every honest vilager. You cannot even pass Hendersonville without being introduced to its street car, it proclaims its existence from the house tops, twice a day as the train comes in a clamorous bell brings it to the notice of all travellers, its name is mentioned with bated breath, and you are invited to enter within its precincts as to the palace of kings. It is drawn by a pair of mules, sober, steady, respectable, and the rules laid down by the company are conducive to the decorum and well being of the citizens. All I can remember, though I read them over several times during the stately progress of the mules, were: "This car for passengers only!" For whom else? I queried to myself; and "You are forbidden to hang your feet through the windows or over the dashboard." This is too much for me, how the feat is to be accomplished deponent saith not. After alighting the conductor bids you "*Au revoir*," never farewell, with the tenderness of your oldest friend; no more genial man in the world than he. If you like to talk he is ready, and on Hendersonville and its advantages he will eloquently hold forth. Its waterworks, air, mountain views, and— and always back to "our street car." "We are the smallest town in America with a street car! All we want is a start." Speak of beautiful Asheville and his scorn is too deep for words. "A nest of frogs and roads the vilest in the world." He would not mention it and Hendersonville in the same breath. I tramp up the hills leading from the village, admire its rural picturesque effect through the trees, three spires show to great advantage, and with sad, longing eyes I look for a cross, but alas! though there are many lovely sites there is yet no Catholic church in this lonely mountain village. I am coming down a wild road shut in by oaks and ferns, when through the

woods, her face wreathed in smiles, comes old Aunt Mattie, and we meet as long-lost friends. She is very gay, her blue gown with its large white flowers has a festive air, her cap is her own confection, is wonderfully if not artistically made. It is worn to hide the loss of her woolly locks which were sacrificed to the grippo—intense headaches, styled by Mattie "the misery," followed, and so the now historic cap. Her teeth are things of the past. Poor Mattie, she fully answers Uncle Ned's description:

"He had no hair on the top of his head;
In the place where the wool ought to grow,
And he had no teeth for to eat the corn cakes,
So he had to let the corn cakes go."

Nevertheless, Mattie's face is fair to see, it is a good face, and, to many eyes, beautiful, for it tells its own tale of a hard-working, cheerful, cleanly life. Mattie's husband makes brooms week days and preaches the Word Sundays. Early this morning on the hills at the "chapel" she brought him and some colored friends to me to show them into Mass. Her pride as she led them up was indeed great, her back expressive of the deepest satisfaction. Once I caught a glimpse of her face during Mass and it was beaming, seemingly lost in the mysteries around her. When it was over she looked up at me with the most pleased smile as if all had gone on just as she desired, and consequently her husband must have been as delighted as she. She speaks of it now with intense admiration. "The sermon was just too beautiful, it went all over me," and her arms go up to her head and down to her feet to express the wonderful effect of this sermon, "and I was able to say the prayers myself just like the others." When the prayers after Mass were finished the Father said the Lord's Prayer three times, no doubt that the colored people could understand, and they joined in most warmly, Mattie leading off. She wanders off now on the beauties of the village, the air, "much better nor Asheville," she takes care to add with much emphasis. "I had to move up here from it myself for my health, of course, I got "the misery" here but that is the grippo, and they tell me that went all over the world." Mattie winds up with, of course, "our street car," and a sigh, like all the rest, "for a start." She has one great misfortune now, she tells me, and that is her husband, the chickens, and the "yardin," only for them she would like to come back with us to Canada and never leave us. How I laugh over the sensation she would cause among the maples, and how sable her expressive countenance would shine through the snow. Would I not revel in bearing her away, but as the preacher and the chickens are seemingly in no hurry to leave this vale of woe, I fear Mattie must be "the girl we left behind us." With a lingering good-night and many courtesies she goes, and I wend my way homewards with the cows to the music of the bells. Every cow has a bell, and every bell rings, so from morn till night the peals chime across the mountains. At milking time you have not only one octave, but every chord on the piano. The effect is delightful, reminding one of pictures one sees of the Alps or Pyrenees. To me the sight is always new, always poetic. I follow in their train now back through the village, where I leave the tinkling kine. On the other side, beyond the woods, I glance back and take my last look at the spires with the setting sun. It is a picture, ruddy and gold thrown out by the woods and dark pines. What a sturdy, enterprising little place it is, the population only 1,200, no wonder they talk of "our street car;" and yet more than all, how brave, noble, courageous, for this is the Hendersonville so talked of some years ago that opened its doors to the victims of the Yellow fever that decimated the South. When every town and city had quarentined themselves against the stricken who had fled from home without food or raiment, this plucky little mountain village welcomed all to its shelter, giving them of its best, help, home, refuge, time, money, all, all of its poverty. Wonderful are the stories you hear of those sad days, deeds and sacrifices worthy of a St. Vincent de Paul, and yet I have never heard an allusion to it by a villager. They will tell you volumes of the air, and, of course, the street car, but not once did I catch the faintest breath of all their heroic conduct towards the afflicted refugees. This is indeed Spartan virtue, worthy the days of old, and one that in God's eyes will bring down many a blessing. This wonderful charity will meet those good people one day when they make that last great "start" that will bring them to Eternal Prosperity. This quaint little mountain village, its beauty, poverty, simplicity, but, above all, its Christian charity, together with the circumstances attending our visit there, will be one of the dearest memories of our delightful trip to North Carolina.

THE END.

D. G.

Increased moans and increased leisure are the two civilizers of man.—*Disraeli*.

GUELPH GOSSIP.

DEAR SIRS,—I have been troubled for over a year with sick headache and sick stomach. Nothing did me any good until I tried B.B. B., which made a perfect cure before I had finished the first bottle. I recommend it as a safe cure for headache to all my friends.

MISS ANNIE McNULTIE, Guelph, Ont.

and even then it is difficult to establish his individual guilt. The fault lies between the State, which allows private enterprise to keep up a little standing army of mercenaries, and the strikers themselves.

Quite as shocking a thing has just taken place in another part of the Union. A band of strikers, unable to get possession of the mill in which they had worked, loaded a car with dynamite and sent it down grade, so well timing it that it exploded when alongside the works, utterly destroying them and killing six or eight men. The people of the United States have already had experience, many times, of the tiger once he has tasted blood, and both the State and the Union will have been neglectful of duty unless they devise fit means for preservation of order.

A REMARKABLE DOCUMENT.

We have elsewhere copy of an address presented in 1836 to Bishop Macdonnell of Kingston by the Orangemen of Toronto. They could well praise the loyalty and patriotism of Kingston's first Bishop, and he in return could appreciate the honor done him by a body whose representatives in this day seem unable to control the virulent hatred they cherish for everything Catholic. If they, as the writer says, "dwelt so together in unity in the good old days" what evil leaven has corrupted the whole mass? Politics?

HARKING BACK.

WHEN the present electoral contest commenced in Great Britain it was loudly announced by the Conservative press that the question before the electors was whether the British Empire was to be disintegrated by granting Home Rule to Ireland. Now that the elections have gone the other way they cry out that it would be eminently unfair to attempt to pass a Home Rule Bill in the House now being chosen, and that a distinct and separate appeal to the electors on Home Rule alone should be made. Mr. Gladstone will be very sure to introduce his Bill to the attention of the House as constituted after the present contest, and if trouble come from the Upper House we have the intimation made on Wednesday by a Gladstonian whip, Arnold Morley, who, speaking at Mansfield, said that if the Lords were foolish enough to run counter to the House of Commons they would be either mended or ended.

FAIR WARNING.

THE Anglican Bishop of Qu'Appelle having resigned, a Rev. Mr. Bowers gives advice to the Archbishop of Canterbury with whom the appointment of a successor rests. "Whoever succeeded His Lordship," said Mr. Bowers, "would require to be a member of the High Church party, else he would not be in harmony with the present workings of the diocese."

SHOULD UNITE WITH THE MAJORITY.

THE Nationalist party are overwhelmingly in the majority and the Parnellites get only seven seats instead of the twelve they were offered for peace' sake before the fight commenced. Already instances are being made to the remnant of the party looking to union. They are told plainly that they are bound to submit to the majority or play the part of traitors to the interests of their country. The *Freeman's Journal*, discussing Saturday's election, says that a united Nationalist party is now assured; that the verdict of Ireland is unmistakable, and that such a wholesale repudiation of a political party as has been seen in the case of the Parnellites was never before witnessed. The idea that a minority should dictate to the majority was the notion with which the Unionists went into the fight; an idea which Mr. Gladstone described as simple, plain and clear—but ABSURD.

THEOSOPHY.

WE promised a few weeks ago to look into Rev. R. F. Clarke's treatise on Theosophy, to see if we could in any way account for the conversion to it of its present priestess, Mrs. Annie Besant. Here is reason enough: "Its doctrine concerning the 'Incarnation is blasphemous and its denial of the existence of 'a personal God is constant if not always plain and direct. It 'is a very dung-heap of all the evil passions.'"

HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP O'MAHONY.

THE many friends of the Right Rev. Bishop of Eudocia will hear with deepest regret that his state of health is now so precarious that a fatal issue is said to be only a question of a very few days.

A PLEA FOR CLEAN ELECTIONS.

CARDINAL GIBBONS in a recent number of the *North American Review* uttered a vigorous protest against election frauds. He would have the culprits regarded as traitors to their country and power given the Judiciary to treat them as such. He writes.— "Let a minister of justice arise clothed with the panoply of authority; let him drive the impious men from the temple. Let them be declared infamous, for they are trading in our birth-right. Let them be cast forth from the pale of citizenship, and be treated as outlaws. I do not think the punishment too severe when we consider the enormity and far-reaching consequences of their crime. I hold that the man who undermines our election system is only less criminal than the traitor who fights against his country with a foreign invader. The one compasses his end by fraud, the other by force."

LABOR UNIONS.

"Seventy-five per cent. of the so-called American labor unions are composed of aliens." So says an American weekly. If the statement be correct it is a very hard sign of the times. If legitimate co-operative unions drift into the hands of foreign agitators it will be a hard thing for American labor and incidents like the Homestead affair may not be so solitary as they hitherto have been.

HE IS A MUCH BATTERED CORTEZ.

THERE is an old story, intended to illustrate the ingratitude of monarchs.

"Who is that man?" asked a King of Spain, as a battered veteran crowded against the steps of the royal carriage.

"That man," replied the unwelcome intruder, "gave your Majesty more kingdoms than your ancestors left you provinces."

It was Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, who spoke, and who, in his old age, had been left neglected and in want by the king to whom he had rendered such signal service.

Stanley has done as much for Britain as Cortez did for Spain, and the treatment of the great explorer by the electors of North Lambeth shows that a democracy can be quite as ungrateful as royalty.

We take the above from an evening paper, and we are willing to let the old story of Cortez' heroic reply have another turn. *Si non e ver e ben trovato*. If it did not happen it might have. Cortez went into his Mexican enterprise with motives several trifles higher than those which led Stanley on his African jaunt. At the same time we admire the pluck (however we may deprecate the means) with which Stanley carried out his programme. We had just such a man as he working *Gatling guns* against the unfortunate Metis in the North-West troubles. Simply a mat-

ter of business. Some one telegraphs Stanley, "Go and rescue Emin Pasha," and some one says to Colonel Howard, "Go and sell some Gatlings," and each of them makes no more account of the rights or the wrongs of the case than an attorney of the rights or wrongs of the opposite side. The sole idea was to get a verdict from the on-looking world. Stanley rescued Emin Pasha (who resolutely refused to be rescued) and Colonel Howard sold his guns. Whether the men they shot by the way were in the right or wrong mattered not a particle. Business, business, business. But the electors of North Lambeth were not giving chromos for that kind of business last week, even though the candidate had for wife a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. The pluck of the man is to be admired. He insists on being given a chance in another constituency.

THE QUEEN'S SON-IN-LAW.

The Marquis of Lorne has, since he left Canada, written many things, and has written some of them well, on Canadian affairs. His candidature as a Unionist seems to us inexplicable, but on the ground that evil communications corrupt good morals. What he knew to be good for Canada should, one would think, be just as good for Ireland.

FEARFUL DISASTER.

St. John's, Newfoundland, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire. The cities of the Dominion have not allowed trade dis-sensions to delay even a moment, the outstretching of a helping hand. Such conduct will do more in an hour to make Newfoundlanders think well of us than argument could do in a year. The loss is put at about twenty millions.

HON. MR. BLAKE IN DERRY.

MR. BLAKE'S first speech was a manly statement of the reasons for which he had embarked in his present enterprise and a declaration of his intimate conviction that Home Rule would do much to remove the bitterness engendered in the bad black years of the past. He said he had returned to the country of his origin, though not of his birth, to pay a debt which every son of Ireland owed to the Old Land. He had been asked by their respected leader to come and help them in the struggle for justice and freedom. He did not aspire to the leadership of the Irish party; he desired to serve in the ranks. He denied that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme meant the separation and disintegration of the Empire. On the contrary, it would voluntarily bind the people of the three kingdoms together. He could not approve of the absence of Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament. He looked forward to the federalization of the United Kingdom with subordinate Parliaments in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. In Canada they believed that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland would direct emigration to Canada rather than to the United States. The Irish people would then not object to the protection of the British flag. The old feeling of bitterness in the hearts of Irishmen would be assuaged. He looks, in short, for some such federation of the kingdoms as exists here in Canada among the Provinces, a federation which would relegate internal affairs and domestic interests to a local legislature proper to each Kingdom, imperial matters, such as coinage, commerce, post office, customs and defence being handled by a Parliament not differing very much in Constitution from the present House of Commons.

ALL BUT OBLITERATED.

THE Parnellite party has been all but wiped out in the recent contest. They have had their revenge, however, even in defeat. They have cost the Irish party many seats indirectly. Healy's

bet of 15 to 1 that they would not have more than five seats (though he lost it) shows how closely things were reckoned.

ROMAN.

(SPECIAL TO THE REVIEW.)

Rome, June 26.

MR. EDITOR,—Are you aware the REVIEW reaches even the Eternal City? Probably you have calculated it should. In return you ought to have something Roman, though, ecclesiastically, there is little Roman news of import just now. The Holy Father continues marvellously well considering his age and daily cares. He is living during these warm days in his little garden attached to the Vatican, and has ceased almost to grant audiences except for the most urgent and notable affairs.

Archbishop Ireland has left Rome, of course, and by this time probably reached home. But his name lives here, and will live, if for nothing else than his exertions in the cause of temperance; his doings, and the receptions and honors accorded him along his homeward route are re-echoed here in the press, and occasion frequent conjecture as to the manner and determination with which he will set to work when home to carry out what he has had sanctioned here.

The Right Rev. Monsignor Nugent, better known to the world by his simple, every-day name, Father Nugent, the friend to poor families, the protector and father to orphans and emigrants, has also returned from this city to his field of labor in Liverpool. Whether he was expressly invited to Rome, or his presence discovered by chance at the Vatican, I cannot say, but the Holy Father took occasion to raise him to the dignity of Domestic Prelate. Every Christian denomination and chiefly his American and British admirers, will join in honoring him, and say that merit has been recognized and his life long labors in the cause of temperance and Christian philanthropy rightly appreciated.

The Consistory may be looked for in July.

On Pentecost Sunday, King Humbert, held a review of his troops and a military parade. The King looked well, mounted in full uniform, and many Kodaks saw him. It was of little account then that he had compelled thousands, and occasioned many more of his subjects, to lose Mass and desecrate the day.

The Canadian College is prominent again this year in the success attained by her students. Honors from all the Universities have fallen to her men. Up to date of writing this is the record: For Montreal diocese, Rev. Arthur Jasmin (D.D., Minerva and Appolinaris), Rev. John C. Brophy, (D.D. Propaganda), Rev. M. Previle, (Ph. D. Propaganda and Academy of St. Thomas), Rev. M. Guertin, (Ph.D. Propaganda). The Licentiate has been won by the following: Rev. P. Bruneau, Rev. R. Lamoureux (Minerva and Appolinaris), Rev. A. Nadeau, Rev. S. Lefebvre (Appolinaris). Several are still preparing examinations for the Propaganda and Roman College, among them Rev. J. P. Treacy, for Toronto.

The Feast of St. John Baptist was celebrated in the Canadian College at Rome with as much heart and soul as if this distant detachment of Canadians were in their native provinces where the day obtains something like a national Feast. The Union Jack floated over the House, renewing the attention it attracted on May 24 towards the substantial and ornamental edifice on Quirinal Hill.

Incidental with the observance of the Feast was celebrated within the College the Golden Jubilee of the priesthood of Monsignor Tanguay of Ottawa. The Monsignor, who would be readily taken for only celebrating his silver jubilee, should be widely known throughout Canada, not only by his connection during the last 28 years with the Agricultural Department, Ottawa, but chiefly for the great service his labors have given both to Church and State in French Canada. His Genealogical Dictionary, in which he traces the descent and relations of French Canadians from their Adam, Louis Hebert, down to the year 1760, are volumes of great value and interest to England, France and Canada.

At Rome the Monsignor is highly connected, and is the honored guest of the Pecci and Moroni families. He is god-father of Count Michael Moroni, married to the Pope's niece, who is the youngest daughter of Countess Salina, widow of Jean Baptiste Pecci, the Pope's brother. Hence the niece and nephew of the Holy Father, with members of the Pecci and Moroni families assisted at the Mass and hymn of thanksgiving. Before celebrating Monsignor received a photo of His Holiness, announcing the Apostolic Benediction in the following autograph: *Petitam Benedictionem peramanter impertimus.* Leo XIII.

Monsignor Tanguay returns to Canada in August.

SIGMA.

Sunshine broken in the rill,
Though turned astray is sunshine still.

—Moore.

My burden every day is new,
But every day my God is true.

—Anton Ulrich.

THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With a sword, or nobler pen;
Nay, not with word or eloquent thought,
From the mouths of eloquent men.

But deep in a well-up woman's heart,
A woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part,
Lo! there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song;
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet, faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town,
Fights on and on, in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

Oh, spotless woman in a world of shame!
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born.

—Joaquin Miller.

HOW IT IS NON-CATHOLICS GO TO HEAVEN.

Cardinal Manning, in the *Review of the Churches*, explained for the satisfaction of the reunionists of Christendom how it is that the Catholic Church admits non-Catholics can be saved. It is owing to "the Catholic doctrine of the universality of grace." They presuppose the doctrine of the visible Church, which has not only a visible body but also an invisible soul. The soul of the Church is as old as Abel, and as wide as the race of mankind. It embraces every soul of man who has lived, or at least who has died, in the union with God by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Nearly thirty years ago I published all this in answer to my friend, the late Dr. Pusey, in a letter on 'The Working of the Spirit in the Church of England.' This letter has been lately reprinted by Messrs Burns & Oates. Thus far, then, I can say lay a basis on which to write and to hope with all your contributors. We believe that the Holy Ghost breathes throughout the world, and gathers into union with God and to eternal life, all those who faithfully co-operate with His light and grace. None are responsible for dying inculpably out of the visible body of the church. They only are culpable who knowingly and wilfully reject its divine voice when sufficiently known to them. But I must not go on, for you are seeking union in agreements, and I have no will to strike a discordant note. You say truly, 'The controversies to which most of our churches owe their rise have lost much of their interest for us; some of them are hardly intelligible. I have two great advantages. I can hope and embrace you in the soul of the Church, and I can rejoice in all, and gladly share in many of your good works.'

LOOKING UP THEIR RECORD.

The Liberal press in England has been digging into the past of Orangism with the view of ascertaining the true value of its loyalty. The Parliamentary inquiry 50 or 60 years ago, when it was alleged that the Orangemen contemplated a revolution in order to put the Duke of Cumberland, a goose of a brother, upon the English throne, has furnished a great deal of material. Coming to later days, the following resolution, said to have been passed by the Grand Lodge of Ireland in 1871, has been unearthed:

"Resolved, that all statements and provisions in the objects, rules and formularies of the Orange institution, which impose any obligation upon its members to maintain the legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland be expunged therefrom."

In 1870 an Orange meeting at Newbliss is said to have promulgated this extraordinary deliverance:—

"Resolved, that we, the Orangemen of the district of Dartrey, County Monaghan, denounce the despotic Processions Act of Mr. Fortescue as intolerable, inconsistent with the rights of freemen, and one to which we never shall submit; and that this, added to other innumerable acts of injustice and wrong towards Ireland, force upon

us the conviction that England can no longer be permitted to legislate for this country, and we hereby declare our resolve that Irishmen shall not be slaves in their own land, and we call on all classes of our countrymen to assist us by every legal means to assert our freedom."

The brethren were dreadfully angry in those days, not only over the act prohibiting Orange and Roman Catholic processions, but about the disestablishment of the Irish Church. Whether these resolutions are genuine or not we cannot say; they are given as such by leading English papers. Canadian Orangemen said or did things almost as bad when the Prince of Wales was here in 1860. In this country the order is loyal to the Tory party first and to its principles afterwards; and that seems to be the rule in Ireland.—*Globe*.

THEY ARE PROSPERING.

According to *Le Guide Francais des Etats Unis*, the French-Canadians in the United States own \$105,328,500 worth of real estate and 10,696 of them are in business for themselves. There are now 800,000 French-Canadians in the United States, half a million of whom are in New England and New York. The number of French-Canadians in Canada is 1,700,000, though when England acquired Canada they numbered only 65,000, a fact which strikingly indicates the fecundity of the race. In Boston they number nearly 11,000, and in various parts of New England they have flourishing schools and societies, and they now talk of establishing a college. They have representatives in the legislatures of five States, and they have nine newspapers in New England and New York.

School History of the United States. Price 75c. Benziger Bros. publishers. This history has been prepared especially for Catholic schools. It is written in simple, unaffected, familiar language, suited to the intelligence and capacity of children. It will be found accurate and impartial. The book, while concise, contains all the important events of United States history. Questions follow at the foot of each page, thus doing away with the annoyance to teachers of continual reference to other parts of the book. It is hoped and believed that this history will be extensively adopted into Catholic schools, for the needs of which it has been specially prepared. Correspondence with a view to examining and introducing the History is respectfully invited by the publishers.

HOW THEY DO IT IN ENGLAND.

"Member of Parliament." the English correspondent of the *New York Herald*, describes one way in which seats are held in Great Britain. The money used is not spent in bribery while the contest is on, but the constituency is regularly "salted" from year to year, "salting" being a technical term for donations to churches, subscriptions to local enterprises and gratuities to charitable organizations, etc. Members who have regularly pursued this practice have in a few cases, says the correspondent, lost their places in Parliament.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood

Tennyson.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.—*Johnson*.

O bearer of hope unto land and sea,
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee.

—Mrs. Hemans.

One of the curiosities brought out by the Canadian census is, that while the number of those of English birth resident among us has increased from 169,000 in 1881 to 218,961, those of Scottish parentage have fallen from 115,000 to 107,000, and those born in Ireland from 185,000 to 148,000.

It never pays to rob your stomach to put fine clothes on your back.

It never pays to send the boys into the street to secure quiet in the parlor.

It never pays to do in private what you would be ashamed to have known in public.

It never pays to get into an argument with an unbeliever.

St. Benoit, County of Two Mountains, Feb. 1st, 1892.

Mr. S. Lachance.—Sir, a thousand thanks for Dr. Sey's Remedy which I bought at your Drug Store, it is a medicine which is worth ten times the price you sell it for. With a single bottle I cured myself of an affection of the stomach which prevented me from working; I have in addition cured three of my children who suffered from bile and indigestion. It is the best purgative I have ever seen.

Widow JOSEPH LEDUC

A REMARKABLE DOCUMENT.

A REMINISCENCE OF BISHOP MACDONELL.

A LETTER from our esteemed fellow countryman, Hon. Freeman Talbot of South Dakota, takes us back to the days when Ontario, then Upper Canada, was being opened up to civilization by Scotch pioneers. An article on "The Settlement of Glengarry," that appeared in the *Canadian American*, awoke memories in Mr. Talbot's mind and from the numerous pages of his scrap book he took a couple of extracts that had been clipped from the *Toronto Patriot* fifty-six years ago, (1836).

Mr. Talbot says: "Among other interesting statements relative to the progress of old, thrifty and loyal Glengarry I read the following account of the good Catholic Bishop, Alexander Macdonell, who in my younger days was a shining light in the pathway of Canadian progress. In 1802 three vessels came from Port William to Quebec emigrant laden. Among them were the disbanded soldiers of the Glengarry Fencibles a regiment that had been raised by Alexander Macdonell, of Glengarry for service, in Ireland, in the repression of the rebellion of 1798. They were granted free land and accompanied by their chaplain, the Rev. Alexander Macdonell, afterwards Bishop of Kingston, the first Bishop of the Province, who died at the age of eighty years. Now that you have brought Glengarry men to the fore, and I know a great many of them to be Catholics, permit me to introduce a short additional chapter, illustrative of public sentiment in Canada fifty years ago. Let the addresses below speak for themselves:

ADDRESS OF THE ORANGE BODY OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

To the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, D.D., Bishop of Regiopolis, etc.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—We, the Orangemen of the city of Toronto, beg to approach Your Lordship with sentiments of unfeigned respect for your pious and loyal labor in the service of your Church and country and during a long protracted life for the Christian liberality which you have ever evinced towards those of a different creed.

We beg to reciprocate the charitable feelings breathing throughout Your Lordship's address to the electors of Stormont and Glengarry—sentiments which bear deeply the impress of a mind noble and virtuous, raised alike above the mean and grovelling distinctions of party feelings or political rancour. Such feelings when disseminated, we trust, in the approaching contest for the maintenance of the British Constitution, may array Catholics and Orangemen side by side, and hand in hand, to achieve a victory more bloodless than, yet as glorious as, that which they won on the empurpled field of Waterloo.

We take leave of Your Lordship, with a fervent wish that Providence may gild the setting sun of your declining days with every blessing, and that Catholics and Orangemen all over the world may live united in the bonds of Christian fellowship, such as will tend to prevent the crafty agitator and renege apostate from ever being able to sever that bond of union which we trust may ever exist between us, not only in our attachment to each other, but also in our attachment to our Mother Country.

REPLY.

GENTLEMEN. When I tell you that I passed four years in the most disturbed parts of Ireland, from 1798 to 1802, you will not be surprised that the flattering address of Orangemen, and the expression of their kind wishes to me, in my labors to promote the interest of the Catholic Church in Upper Canada, should fill my heart with joy and gratification beyond the power of language to express, and almost too big for my heart to contain. The explanation of the change which has taken place in the public feeling of your countrymen is found in the innate generosity and nobleness of the Irishman, who, when powerful motive of excitement is removed, returns to his natural disposition of benevolence and warm affection towards his fellow-countrymen.

In Canada no cause of difference or misunderstanding between Catholics and Orangemen exists. Irishmen look upon one another as fellow-countrymen and fellow subjects, and they see the necessity of putting shoulder to shoulder, and standing forward in the defence of the British Constitution and British liberty against a host of crafty and designing enemies, who expect to achieve by cunning and delusion what they dare not attempt by open force. But let Irishmen unite, and they will prove the impenetrable bulwark of their adopted country—the strong chain of connection with the parent state, which no force can break. Let their motto be, "*Quis Separabit?*"

That is how they dwelt together in unity in Ontario in the good old days.

A continuation of the spirit shown in the address to a Catholic Bishop by the Orangemen of Toronto is necessary to the existence of the Dominion.—*Canadian American*.

IN ALL CASES.

DEAR SIRS, I have used Mr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for summer complaints, and after a fair trial have proved it a sure cure in my own case and others of the family.

Lauratta Wing, New Dundee, Ont.

CENSUS BULLETIN NO. 10.

The returns relating to Canadian industries show:

"1 That there has been a large increase in the number of hands employed; a large increase in the wages paid, and that the largest increase is in the capital invested. The increase in the capital invested points to a large outlay for improved machinery—a fact, however, which we are unable to show from the figures themselves, as there was in 1881 no sub-division of 'capital invested' in machinery and tools. But taken in connection with the proportionately greater increase in wages, it is safe to say that a very considerable amount of the increase in capital invested is due to the improved machinery introduced. In fact the great feature of the decade's industrial progress is the vastly improved state of manufacturing machinery, on account of which Canada is much better fitted to meet outside rivalry than she was ten years ago.

"2 That the average workman in 1891 is a more skilled hand than he was in 1881, inasmuch as he turned out 6 per cent. more of finished products (judging by value) than he did in 1881.

"3 That the average workman in 1891 earned 16 per cent. more wages than he did in 1881.

"4 That as every dollar invested produced in 1891 less than in 1881, the capitalist has had to be content with a smaller profit.

"5 That notwithstanding the reduction in the gross profits of the manufacturer the workman has received a larger share of the total value of the products by 9 per cent.

"6 That the cost of raw material was, on the whole, higher in 1891 than in 1881, though this may be apparent rather than real, the returns of 1891 requiring the cost at the factory, while those of 1881 are silent on the point. It might thus be that in some cases in 1881 the first cost, without the added cost of transportation and customs duties, was returned.

"7 The facts of the census appear to substantiate the general proposition which expresses the experience of all progressive and prosperous countries, viz., that in proportion to the application of science, invention and skilled labor to the arts of production the product is increased, the share falling to the owner of the capital is diminished in ratio to the joint product, but the share falling to the skilled workman is augmented, both absolutely and also relatively to the joint product."

A few facts culled from the statistical tables will show the enormous progress that Canada has made in ten years in manufacturing enterprise.

The number of industrial establishments has increased from 49,923 to 75,768, the capital invested from \$165,902,628 to \$859,836,317, the wages paid from \$59,429,002 to \$99,762,441, and value of products from \$309,676,068 to \$475,445,705.

The greatest relative progress has been made in the Territories, where the number of establishments has increased by 1,458 per cent. capital invested by 1,540 per cent. and wages paid by 1,101 per cent. Next comes Manitoba, with an increase of 193, 310 and 150 per cent. respectively. In Ontario the increase in the capital was \$95,652,492, in wages wages paid \$18,603,679 and in value of goods produced \$82,110,397.

Figures are also given for a period of 20 years for the four provinces originally embraced in Confederation, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Twenty years ago the capital invested in these four provinces amounted to only \$77,964,020, now it is \$829,169,289; the wages paid have increased in the same period from \$40,851,009 to \$92,789,540; the raw material used from \$124,907,846 to \$242,179,965, and the value of products from \$221,617,778 to \$447,224,775.

THE SUBLIME TASK OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons says. "It is not rhetorical exaggeration, but the naked truth, to say that the Church provides homes for those yet on the threshold of life, and furnishes retreats for those on the threshold of death. She has asylums in which the aged, both men and women, find at one and the same time a refuge in their declining days from the storms of life, and a novitiate to prepare them for eternity. She rocks her children in the cradle of infancy. she soothes them to rest on the couch of death. She begins with the orphan asylum; follows up the erring girl till a safe retreat is provided in the House of the Good Shepherd; takes the incorrigible boy, and in an industrial school or protectorate teaches him a useful trade; seeks out destitute fathers and mothers, and without noise or parade extends the needed aid; provides unstintingly for elementary Catholic training, even after the enforced payment of the school tax to the State or municipal treasury; ministers freely to higher intellectual cravings in the college, and in these latter days, aided by the princely offerings of her children, lays down the lines of a great university, and goes forward in her sublime task of imparting the highest and holiest in culture and morals to her more gifted sons.

Want of care does more damage than want of knowledge.—*Franklin*.

NOIRAUD, THE GUIDE.

"Fear not, monsieur, you shall not miss your train. Fifteen years now since I've been taking travellers to the station, and never have I made one miss a train—understand, monsieur, never."

"Nevertheless—"

"Oh, you need not look at your watch. There's one thing you must know, and do not know, and your watch will not tell you—the train is always a quarter of an hour late. There has never been an instance where it was not late by a quarter of an hour."

There was one that day. The train had been on time, and I missed it. My driver was furious.

"You should give notice," he cried to the stationmaster. "You should give notice if your trains are, all of a sudden, going to leave on time. The thing has never been known."

And calling all the bystanders to witness:

"Has it ever been known? I don't wish to seem in fault to Monsieur. A train on the moment! A train exact! Tell him that this is the first time it ever happened." There was a general cry: "Yes, yes; generally it is late." None the less, I had three long hours to pass in a melancholy village of the canton of Vaud, flanked by two melancholy mountains, with little tufts of snow on their heads.

How to kill those hours? In my turn I appealed to the bystanders, and again there was a general cry: "Go see the Caldron. There's nothing else to see in this whole region." Where was the Caldron? On the mountain to the right, half way up, but the road was a little complicated. I was advised to take a guide, and there, down there in that little white house with the green blinds, I should find the best guide in the country, an honest fellow, *Père Simon*.

I went off to knock at the door of the little house. An old woman opened it for me.

"*Père Simon*?"

"This is the place, but, but, if it's to go to the Caldron—"

"Yes; it's to go to the Caldron."

"Well, he's not been well since morning, *Père Simon*—his legs have given out. He cannot go. But don't be worried; there's someone to take his place—there's *Noiraud*."

"Very well, let me have *Noiraud*."

"Only I ought to let you know—it ain't a person—*Noiraud*."

"Not a person?"

"No, it's our dog."

"How, your dog?"

"Yes, *Noiraud*, and he'll guide you well, as well as my husband, he's used to it."

"Used to it?"

"Certainly; for years and years *Père Simon* has taken him along. he's learned the places, and now he manages very well all alone. He has taken up a lot of travellers, and has always been complimented. As for intelligence, don't fear. He has as much as you and I. He only lacks speech. But speech is not necessary—if there was a great building to show, yes, then you must know how to recite the story and give dates. But here there's nothing but the beauties of nature. Take *Noiraud*. Then it's cheaper—3f. for my husband. *Noiraud* is only 30 sous, and he'll show you as much for his 30 sous as my husband for 3f."

"Well, where's *Noiraud*?"

"He's asleep in the sun in the garden. He took some English people up this morning. Shall I call him?"

"Yes. Call him."

"*Noiraud*! *Noiraud*!"

He came through the window with a bound. He was an ugly little black dog, with curly and tumbled coat; he was not pretty, but he had an air of gravity, decision, importance. His first glance was at me, direct, precise, confident, which took me in swiftly from head to foot, and said plainly, "it's a traveller. He wants to see the Caldron."

One train missed was enough for one day, and I explained to the good woman that I had absolutely only three hours for my trip to the Caldron.

"Oh, I know perfectly. You wish the 4 o'clock train. Fear nothing. *Noiraud* will get you back in time. Come, *Noiraud*. Start, my boy, start."

But *Noiraud* showed no disposition to start. He remained motionless, regarding his mistress with a certain agitation.

"Oh, I'm stupid," said the old woman. "I was forgetting the sugar."

She went to a drawer, took out four bits of sugar, and giving them to me:

"That's why he would not start. You had not the sugar. You see, *Noiraud*, monsieur has got the sugar. Now start my boy. To the Caldron! Go! To the Caldron! To the Caldron!"

She repeated these words three times, speaking very slowly and distinctly, and I watched *Noiraud* attentively. He answered his mistress with little movements of his head, more and more emphatic, with a final touch of impatience and ill-humor. They could be translated. "Yes, yes, to the Caldron. I understand. The gentleman

has the pieces of sugar, and we are going to the Caldron. That's understood. Do you take me for a dunce?"

And before the third "to the Caldron" was fairly uttered, *Noiraud* clearly hurt, turned on his heels, planted himself in front of me, and with his glance on the door, said to me, as plainly as a dog could say it:

"Come on, come on."

I followed him with docility. We both set out, he before, I behind. We passed through the village. Children playing on the streets recognized my guide. "Oh, *Noiraud*, bon jour *Noiraud*!" They wished to play with the dog, but he turned his head disdainfully with the air of a dog who has no time for play, who is on duty, and must earn his 30 sous. One of the children cried:

"Let him alone. He is taking the gentleman to the Caldron. Bon jour, m'sieu!" And then they all laughed, repeating the salutation. I smiled, but awkwardly, I was sure. I felt embarrassed, a little humiliated even. The animal dominated me. He was my master. He knew where he was going, and I did not. I was in haste to get out of the village, to go alone with *Noiraud* before the beauties of nature, which it was his mission to make me admire.

The first of these was a frightfully dusty road, burning under a leaden sun. The dog went with a light step which it tired me to follow. I tried to moderate him. "*Noiraud*, here *Noiraud*, my boy. Not so fast." But *Noiraud* turned a deaf ear, pushed along his steady little gait, and was seized with a genuine fit of anger when I wanted to sit down at a corner of a field, under a tree that afforded a scant shade. He set to barking in a little irritated voice, casting impatient glances at me. Plainly what I was doing was against the rule. It wasn't the custom to stop there. And his yelps were so sharp and exasperating that I rose to assume my walk. *Noiraud* instantly quieted down and went trotting gayly in advance. I had comprehended him. He was satisfied.

Some minutes later we entered on a delicious road, all flowers, perfume, shade, all full of coolness, and the murmur of springs. *Noiraud* suddenly slipped among the trees, took to a gallop, and vanished down a little path. I followed him out of breath. I had not gone a hundred steps when I found my *Noiraud* awaiting me, his head high, his eye shining, in a sort of hall of verdure made gay with the song of a dainty waterfowl. There was an old rustic bench, and *Noiraud*'s eyes glanced impatiently from my eyes to the bench, from the bench to my eyes. I was beginning to understand the language of *Noiraud*. "Now," it said to me, "there is a place to rest. It's nice here—it's cool. You were stupid. You wanted to stop in the hot sun. Come, sit down; you may sit down; I allow you that."

And I stopped, and I sat down, and I lighted a cigar. I was just on the point of offering one to *Noiraud*. Perhaps he smoked. But it occurred to me that he would prefer a bit of sugar. He caught it very adroitly on the fly, crunched it with zest, lay down and settled himself at my feet. Evidently here he was used to a little bait and a little nap.

He scarcely dozed 10 minutes. I was now completely at ease. *Noiraud* began to inspire me with absolute confidence. I had made up my mind to obey him blindly. He rose, stretched, gave me a glance which signified, "Let's start, my friend, let's start." And away we went, like two old friends, through the wood at a gentler pace, *Noiraud* was enjoying the charm, the silence, the sweetness of the place. On the road, a while back, in haste to escape the heat and dust, he had gone on with a little firm, quick gait. He was marching to get through. And now, refreshed, relaxed, *Noiraud* was walking for the pleasure of walking in one of the prettiest little paths of the canton of Vaud.

The road opens to the left. A slight hesitation on *Noiraud*'s part. Then he passes by and keeps on his route straight ahead, but not without some uncertainty, some trouble in his manner. Now he stops. He must have made a mistake. Yes, for he retraces his steps, and we take the road to the left, which, at the end of a hundred paces, brings us to a sort of amphitheatre, and *Noiraud*, nose in the air, invites me to contemplate the very respectable height of the impassable wall of rocks that forms this amphitheatre. When *Noiraud* and I have contemplated sufficiently, about face! and we resume the little path through the wood. *Noiraud* had forgotten to show me the rocky amphitheatre—a slight error quickly repaired.

The route soon became very steep, broken and difficult. I can only advance slowly with infinite precaution. *Noiraud* leaps lightly from rock to rock, but does not desert me. He waits for me, fixing upon me a look of the most touching solicitude. Finally I begin to hear a sort of boiling; *Noiraud* leaps joyously.

"Courage," he says to me. "Courage, we are nearing it. You shall see the Caldron." A stream, modest enough, and from a modest height, falls with backward jets, and rebounds into a great rock slightly hollowed out. I should hardly be paid for this laborious ascent by seeing this mediocre marvel if I had not had for a companion this brave *Noiraud*, who is much more interesting and very much more remarkable than the Caldron.

On each side of the stream, in little Swiss chalets, are placed two milk stands, kept by two little Swiss girls, one blonde, one brunette, both in the national costume, eagerly watching my arrival from the

threshold of their houselets, veritable little boxes, cut out by machinery.

It seems to me that the little blonde has very pretty eyes, and I already made three or four steps towards her, when Noiraud, breaking into furious barks, resolutely bars my passage. Can he have a preference for the little brunette? I change my direction. Yes, that was it. Noiraud's friend enters her little playhouse and Noiraud follows at her heels. Through a half open window I followed Noiraud with my eyes. The wretch. He is being served before me. It is he who has his first bowl of milk. He is venal.

After which, with little drops of milk on his moustaches, Noiraud comes to keep me company and watch me drink my milk. I give him a bit of sugar, and both, absolutely satisfied with each other, breathing our lungs full of the light and lively air of the mountain at this height of 1,000 or 1,200 feet, we pass a delicious half hour. Noiraud commences to give signs of impatience and perturbation. I read his eyes now like an open book. We must start. I pay, rise, and, as I stare to the right towards the road that brought us up the mountain, I notice that my Noiraud has gone and planted himself on the left at the entrance to another road. He fastens upon me a serious, severe look. How much progress I have made in a couple of hours and how the silent eloquence of Noiraud has become familiar to me.

"What do you think of me?" says Noiraud to me. "Do you think I'm going to take you over the same road twice? No, no, really. I'm a good guide. I know my business. We shall go down by another road."

We descend then by another road which is far prettier than the first. Noiraud merrily turns towards me often with a little air of triumph and joy. We pass through the village and on the square by the station. Noiraud is assailed by three or four dogs of his acquaintance, who seem strongly inclined to gossip and play a little with their comrade. They try to stop him as he passes, but Noiraud, growling, grumbling, sharply repulses their advances. "You see what I have to do. I am taking this gentleman to the station."

It is only in the waiting-room that he consents to be separated from me, after having gravely crunched the last two bits of sugar, and this is the way that I translate the good-bye glance of Noiraud:

"Here we are, 20 minutes ahead of time. It is not I who would make you miss the train. Well, well, bon voyage, bon voyage."

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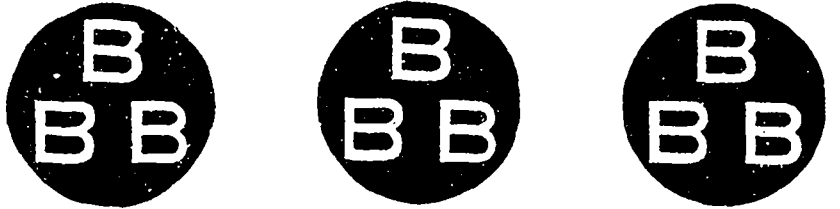
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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

The Capital Prize \$15,000 Won By A Poor Girl.

The Capital prize \$15,000.00 4th of May Drawing, "Province of Quebec Lottery" was won by Miss May Donovan, 113 Dufresne Street, Montreal.

Dame Fortune was not blind, for once. This fortune could not have fallen into better hands.

Miss Donovan belongs to a poor but highly respectable family. The father, now dead, was one of the good parishioners of Reverend J. J. Salmon, parish priest of St. Mary's, Craig Street, who takes pleasure in recalling the merits of this good man.

The mother left a widow, dependent mostly for a living on her daughter's daily labor. She, bestowing on her mother all the care that her feeble resources permitted and very often she wished to be able to do more. It was for this end that she deprived herself in order to buy a lottery ticket, not however without adding a fervent prayer. Her hopes were not in vain as we may see.

She presented herself this morning at the Lottery's Office accompanied by her mother and Reverend Father Salmon.

The prize was paid her at once as the two following certificates may show.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

CERTIFICATE of the bearer of Ticket No. 18458 \$15,000.00 DRAWING OF MAY 4TH, 1892. MONTREAL, 6th May, 1892

I the undersigned do hereby certify that on presentation of my ticket No. 18458 which drew the first capital prize \$15,000.00 at the Drawing of May 4th instant of the Province of Quebec Lottery, I have at once been paid.

Witnesses (signed) AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT MARY DONOVAN, 113 Dufresne St., Montreal.

CERTIFICATE OF REVEREND J. S. SALMON.

I the undersigned, Cure, of St. Mary's Church, Craig Street, Montreal, do hereby certify that the above prize has been paid this day in my presence to Miss Mary Donovan.

MONTREAL, 9th May, 1892. Witnesses (signed) AIME MATHIEU LOUIS PERRAULT JOHN J. SALMON, P. P. St. Mary's "LA PRESSE," Montreal, 6th May, 1892.

The Province of Quebec Lottery

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

For public purposes such as Educational Establishment and large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1892

7 and 20 January, 3 and 17 February, 2 and 16 March, 6 and 20 April, 4 and 18 May, 1 and 15 June, 6 and 20 July, 3 and 17 August, 7 and 21 September, 5 and 19 October, 2 and 16 November, 7 and 21 December.

3134 PRIZES

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CAPITAL PRIZE

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LIST OF PRIZES.

1	Prize worth	\$15,000	\$15,000
1	"	5,000	5,000
1	"	2,500	2,500
1	"	1,350	1,350
2	Prizes	50	1,000
5	"	25	1,250
25	"	50	1,250
100	"	25	2,500
500	"	15	3,000
		10	5,000
Approximation Prices.			
100	"	25	2,500
100	"	15	1,500
100	"	10	1,000
999	"	5	4,985
999	"	5	4,985

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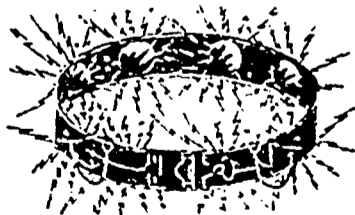
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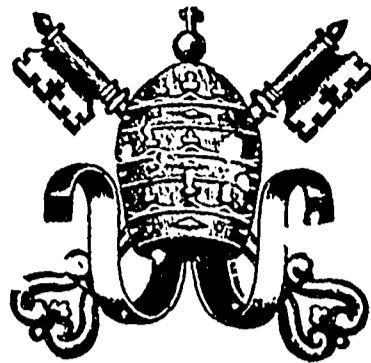


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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of May 1892, mails close and are due as follows.

	Close.	Due.		
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. P. East	7.15	7.35	7.45	10.30
O. and Q. Railway	8.00	8.00	8.10	9.10
G. T. R. West	7.25	8.25	12.40	7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20	4.10	10.00	8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50	4.30	10.45	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30	9.30
C. V. R.	6.30	4.00	11.15	9.55
G. W. R.			a.m.	p.m.
			12.10	8.00
			2.00	7.30
			6.45	4.00
			10.36	8.30
			10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.45	12.10	8.00	5.45
			4.00	10.30
U. S. West States			10.00	
			6.45	10.00
			9.00	7.20
			12.00	

English mails close on Monday and Thursdays at 4 and 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, 23, 25, 28, 30.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should notify their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office.

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