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# The True Witness

TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

VOL. XLIII., NO. 15.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1898.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY does not like the priests of Quebec; at least such is his own statement. We are sorry to learn that the great Equal Righter is so very narrow-minded and prejudiced. However, we can assure Mr. McCarthy that the priests of Quebec do not reciprocate; in fact they have no ill feeling toward that gentleman; they have learned to preach and to practise that grand Christian precept that ordains the love of our enemies. They are perfectly prepared to return good for evil, and to pray for Mr. McCarthy's temporal as well as spiritual happiness. In fact he would be surprised to learn that actually every priest in the Province daily offers up petitions to heaven in his behalf. He may doubt the statement, but we assure him it is no exaggeration. It is too bad that Mr. McCarthy should strive to blame the poor priests for what the leaders of a great political party did to him. The priests never ignored Mr. McCarthy, nor did they neglect to offer him a portfolio, nor did they omit to consult him in the formation of Cabinets. Why does not Mr. McCarthy say that he don't like the political leaders who felt their party much safer and more solid without the firebrand assistance of this religious agitator? The priests of Quebec will continue to pray for Mr. McCarthy as well as for all other enemies of the Church; but the Catholics of this Dominion and the fair-minded Protestants—who are so numerous—do not at all feel bound to support that gentleman, nor are they very likely to turn the left cheek when he slaps them upon the right one. He says the priests of Quebec wish to set up a separate nationality on the banks of the St. Lawrence. What kind of nationality does he mean? We have French, Irish, English, Scotch, Belgian, Italian, German and American priests in this Province. The only kind of nationality they could set up would be a cosmopolitan one—and such is what we want and what we possess in the Dominion to-day. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad;" we don't wish to say that Mr. McCarthy is mad, or to insinuate that the gods have anything to do with him; but, evidently, he has become possessed—we mean of a very unpatriotic spirit and one that will haunt him when he will be unable to exorcise it.

THE assassination of Mr. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, which took place on Saturday evening last, is one of the most deplorable events that we have had for a long time to record. Almost at the close of the great World's Fair, just when success was crowning that mighty enterprise, the red hand of murder comes to plunge the whole community, and in fact the whole civilized world, in gloom and consternation. Three times have leading public officials in the United States fallen victims to the mad spirit that seems to lurk in certain social grades, and to make itself manifest when

least expected. President Lincoln's sad end at Ford's Theatre, when the assassin John Wilkes Booth shot him dead; President Garfield, at the Potomac Railway Depot, when the crank Guiteau emptied his murderous weapon in statesman's body; and now the Mayor of Chicago—who this year at least—is as conspicuous a character in the eyes of the world, as even the President of the Republic, falls a prey to the insane wickedness of a murderous character. It is difficult to contemplate such an act without a shudder. Who is safe—in future? What inducement can there be to draw patriotic citizens to accept positions of honor and responsibility at the hands of the country? In the "Land of Freedom," in the great Republic where every liberty is accorded to the citizen, the representatives of the people are not even as safe as is the Czar of Russia surrounded by Nihilists, and threatened daily with bombs. In fact the Russian potentate is more secure, because he is forearmed and on the alert. It is time that the American Legislature should see to the tightening of the laws, and the prevention of liberty degenerating into license. This mournful event is a mighty lesson, and they should see to it that it is taken to heart.

THE TRUE WITNESS desires to express its sympathy for the relatives and friends of the late Rev. E. Botterell, the venerable and aged minister, who met such a tragic death last week on St. Catherine street. The accident should be a severe lesson to the street car people and to their employees. It is indeed sad to contemplate a long life of eighty-one years, spent most virtuously, and devoted to labor and charity, being terminated in such a shocking and unexpected manner. The large funeral and the representative men present speak volumes for the popularity and esteem which the deceased enjoyed. May it be a long day before such another sad event darkens our history.

WE PUBLISH this week a manly, straightforward and Christian letter signed by the Protestant ministers of Columbus, Ohio, in which they denounce the A. P. A. and refute the slanders that are being circulated regarding Roman Catholics. The letter is one that does credit to these Reverend gentlemen and speaks powerfully for the Christian spirit that animates them. While declaring their opposition to Catholicity, still they refuse to be party to slander, forgery, misrepresentation and lies.

POOR FERDINAND DE LESSEPS is now on the verge of life's extreme and perhaps by the time this issue of our paper will have reached our readers, the "great Frenchman" will be no more. The time is not long gone past when no houses were considered too high for de Lesseps in France. His success in piercing the Isthmus of Suez and creating a regular revolution in the commerce of the world, almost created the imper-

sion, amongst his own fellow-countrymen, of his all-absorbing genius. But Providence was kinder to the old engineer than was man. Loud as were the cheers that greeted his successes at Suez, louder still were the shouts of indignation that thundered around his failures at Panama. The former were as insane and as wild as the latter; both were never entirely deserved. But such is popularity; the hand that waves a palm in the triumphal procession of a conqueror is the first to cast a stone at the fallen hero. But he was saved the melancholy knowledge of this revolution in popular sentiment; broken in body, he became afflicted in mind, and has remained in ignorance of his own shattered fortunes. The fate that to others would be considered most cruel, seems in his case to have been a mercy.

WE CONTINUE this week our series of articles upon the Mass; already have we received many marks of appreciation on this subject. It is our intention to fully analyze the subject and to explain in as simple and exact a style as we can command the different details of that sublime act of worship. To understand the Mass is to know something that no Catholic should ignore, and that if Protestants were to learn would tend greatly to open their eyes to the baselessness of the accusations of superstition and idolatry that are hurled at the Church. The Mass is the *ressure* of Christianity; it is the source of adoration; it is the most glorious and mysterious link that unites man with God, that binds earth and heaven together.

WE NOTICE of late that several short letters have appeared, from different correspondents, in the American press on the subject of the Catholic Summer School and the non-attendance, or rather small attendance, from Canada during the last session. Already we called attention to this question in our editorial columns. We purpose referring again to this subject in the near future. We have several hints to give our readers that may prove, if properly taken, of benefit to themselves and to that grand project of the Summer School. Next year advantage must be taken of its proximity to Montreal; it is an education that may be obtained cheaply and most pleasantly, and countless other are the benefits to be there derived.

WE desire to again call the attention to the "Afternoon-tea" that will take place at Hall & Scott's rooms, 2289 St. Catherine street, on Saturday next, November 4th, at 4.30 p.m. As already stated, this pleasant re-union, with its concert and amusements, is for the purpose of raising funds to carry on the Free Library. Immense and incalculable is the good already done by the circulation of pure and solid literature; all patrons of this excellent mode of crushing out the crying evil of bad books, should take part in the yearly "Afternoon Tea and

Concert." We trust that on Saturday afternoon the rooms will be filled, and that the enjoyment will be great.

WE CLIP the following from the Pittsburg Catholic, and reproduce it with great pleasure. It seems to apply to Catholic papers in Canada as well as in the United States. We know that it fits our own case at times:

"While we do not claim it to be a duty of the clergyman to help the Catholic paper by giving it the benefit of any item of news which he thinks would benefit the general Catholic public, we believe he would be doing a good and proper work if he did so. The Catholic paper is not perfection. It has its faults. It is always desirous to receive a well meant hint, a forcible suggestion if you prefer, and is ready to profit thereby. We think the Catholic press should have every assistance possible in its work. There should be no obstacle placed in its way to prevent it from receiving reliable information. By means of the Catholic press, in Catholic lines, the Catholic faith is preached to thousands, and presented for acceptance to many who probably would never have any other method of hearing the truth. The value of the press is this that it multiplies teachers. We are in the age of the apostolate of the press. It reaches places where no sermon is ever heard. The amount of good done by the earnest Catholic paper is vast. The majority of the Catholic reading public prefer the newspaper to books. Some people say that it is a greater gain for a Catholic article to appear in a non-Catholic paper than in a Catholic one. This may be denied as false. Non-Catholics who take an interest in Catholic news always go to the Catholic paper to find it out."

EVIDENTLY the Catholics of London are not less in danger, on account of their faith, in our day than were their co-religionists in the days of the saintly Oliver, or the pious Elizabeth. The following item from the Liverpool Catholic Times tells its own story:—

"That a second outrage in a Catholic Church should have followed so closely on the first seems to indicate some pre-concerted plan of action on the part of certain cowardly miscreants in South London. It can hardly have been, as the daily papers suggest, a mere act of revenge on the part of some loafers to whom charity had been refused; the crime savors too much of the Spanish anarchists in their war against the Church. The double attractions of the Rosary Sunday procession and of the first of a course of sermons by the learned preacher, Father David, O.S.F., had filled St. George's cathedral beyond its wont, and had it not been for the presence of mind of both preacher and clergy, panic alone might have produced a most frightful calamity. Providentially the bomb caused no perceptible damage, and the service was brought to a peaceful and decorous close. Unfortunately there is no guarantee against the repetition of the sacrilegious acts save in the arrest of the criminals by the police, a consummation most devoutly to be desired. Meanwhile it can hardly be surprising if a certain sense of disquiet and anxiety pervades the minds of the church-going population of South-wark."

THE Osgreth has been betrothed to the Princess Victoria, second daughter of the Prince of Wales.

THE CATHEDRAL

OF ST. JAMES THE GREATER.

Montreal's Grandest Temple—The History of Its Foundation—Mgr. Bourget. Archbishop Fabre—The Details of the Structure—The Interior and Decorations.

Architecture finds its highest expression in the Cathedral; and in this form it might almost be said of it that it appeals to human sentiment as powerfully, and certainly as enduringly, as any of the arts which are its sisters. "The architect," says Chateaubriand, "is the builder of ideas." A German poet called the Cathedral of Cologne "frozen music." And a modern French writer says that "in the cathedral man finds the image of a more august temple—the vestibule, as it were, of the heavenly Jerusalem." Byron's sublime tribute to the chief temple in the "city of the soul" is so hackneyed as not to need repetition. Milton has told us of services in the cathedral, "with antique pillars, massive roof," which

Dissolved him into ecstasies  
And brought all heaven before his eyes.

Mrs. Hemans wrote of

A dim and mighty minister of olden times  
A temple shadowy with remembrances  
Of a heroic past.

The great Schiller went into raptures over

Eternal, only Rome!  
Where, like a second heaven within the  
heaven,  
St. Peter's rears his wide and wondrous  
dome.

And somebody has, in an exquisite phrase, called Notre Dame de Paris "a poem in stone." Ruskin, too, as his admirers will remember, wrote a chapter entitled "The Bible of Amiens," in which he descanted, in his own inimitable style, upon the beauties of the cathedral of that city. The thinkers and poets who have found in this branch of art so fertile a source of inspiration do not seem to have been impressed more by the appearance of the buildings, whatever their style, from the massive grandeur of the Roman-Byzantine to the beauty and sublimity of the Gothic, or by the rites which sanctify them, than by the tales they tell of the historic past. The Cathedral of St. James the Greater, in this city, which is rapidly approaching completion, and which is modelled on the plan of Michael Angelo's architectural masterpiece, has, it is true, little to relate to us of the past. But does it not tell us something of the future? Does it not suggest a time, centuries hence, when it will be one of the principal churches in a city of vast area and population, the mercantile metropolis of one of the greatest nations, if not the greatest nation, in the new world? Yet, brief as has been the period that has elapsed since its foundation stone was laid, the story of the edifice so far is not without some interest to a large proportion of the people of Montreal.

BISHOP BOURGET, FOUNDER OF THE CATHEDRAL.

It was Mgr. Bourget, the episcopal predecessor of the present Archbishop of Montreal, who conceived the idea of having the new cathedral built on the model of St. Peter's, Rome, and who chose its site. The old Cathedral—the first in this city—was destroyed by fire, together with the episcopal palace nearby, in the conflagration which nearly devastated the whole city of Montreal on July 8, 1852. It was situated on St. Denis Street. The fire started at nine o'clock in the morning, on St. Catherine Street, between St. Lawrence and St. Dominique Streets. Soon it reached the opposite side of the street, and, aided by a strong west wind, extended its ravages in a very short time. Nearly two thousand houses were burned; and the loss of property was estimated at over \$2,000,000, only one quarter of which was covered by insurance. The first stone was laid on the 29th of August, 1870, in presence of a large concourse of clergy and laity, by Bishop Bourget. At his right, during the ceremony on that memorable afternoon, were two veteran priests, Rev. M. Bayle, superior of the Seminary, and the Rev. M. Gagnon, pastor of Berthier. Among the laymen present were Mr. Louis Beaudry, Mr. C. S. Oherrier, Commander Berthelet, the Hon. Mr. Starnes, the Hon. Mr. Wilson, Dr. Beaubien, Chevalier Larocque, and several representatives of the Irish socie-

ties and of the St. Jean Baptiste Society. It had been arranged that two sermons should be preached on the occasion: one in French by the Rev. Father Caron, Vicar-General of Three Rivers; and one in English by the Rev. Father Lonergan, pastor of Hochelaga, and now parish priest of St. Bridget's. The boat, however, on which Vicar-General Caron took his passage to Montreal was delayed; and the French sermon had to be preached by the Bishop himself. In his sermon Father Lonergan paid a glowing tribute to the ardent faith of the Irish, instancing as a proof of their strong attachment to religion the large number of churches and schools and other religious institutions which they had erected in Ireland, the United States and Canada; and he earnestly exhorted them to contribute generously to the expenses of the Cathedral.

Mgr. Ignace Bourget was the second bishop of Montreal, his predecessor having been the Right Rev. Jean Jacques Lartigue, who took possession of the new see on September 8, 1836. On Thursday, the 29th of the same month, he took the customary oath before the "Honorable Executive Council of the Province of Lower Canada," there being present Lord Gosford, the governor; and Messrs. Delery, Cochran, Smith, and Stewart. The oath was a curious one, and ran thus, in substance: "I, J. J. Lartigue, Bishop of Montreal, sincerely promise and affirm on oath that I will be faithful and will bear real faith and fidelity to his majesty King William IV.; that I will prevent, with all my strength, and by every means in my power, all pernicious plots and attempts of any kind whatsoever that may be set on foot against his person, his crown, and his dignity; and that I will do all that lies in my power to find out and make known to his majesty, his heirs and successors, all treasons and plots against him or any of them. So help me God! — J. J., Catholic Bishop of Montreal."

The Right Rev. Ignace Bourget was born at Point Levis, near Quebec, on October 30, 1799. From an early age he evinced a decided disposition towards the sacerdotal life, and on seeing this inclination growing stronger as he advanced in years his parents resolved to gratify his wish. So rapid was his progress in his ecclesiastical studies that he was ordained in his twenty-third year, in November, 1822. His career was marked by such untiring zeal, and his theological knowledge was of so wide a character, that when Bishop Lartigue expressed a desire to be furnished an assistant, Father Bourget was appointed his coadjutor in 1837. On the death of that prelate, Mgr. Bourget became the Bishop of Montreal. In 1876, owing to his increasing infirmities, he resigned his episcopal charge, and was shortly afterwards nominated Archbishop of Marianopolis, a titular dignity. He was eminent as a pulpit orator, and the announcement that he was going to preach at any church was sufficient to secure the presence of a large congregation. While he occupied the position of Bishop of Montreal, he brought no fewer than fifteen religious orders into this country, among which were the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Brothers of the Christian Schools, the Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, the Brothers of Charity, the Sisters of Providence, and the Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherd. His reputation for personal sanctity and for self-denial was so great that many miracles have been attributed to his spiritual agency. At the golden jubilee of his life as a priest, which was celebrated in this city in 1872, an immense concourse of clergy and laymen was present from all parts of Canada. His popularity was not confined to those of his own creed, but extended to the members of other religious denominations, by whom he was highly esteemed. He died in June, 1885, and is buried in a vault on the ground-floor of the Cathedral. During the grand bazaar of 1886, organized to raise funds for the prosecution of the work, a large temporary monument was placed in front of his tomb, bearing this appreciative quatrain:

Bourget, que de beaux jours rappelle sa mémoire;  
Il fut de son pays et l'honneur et la gloire:  
Vivant, il enchaîna les cœurs de son troupeau;  
Il les possède encore au-delà du tombeau.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

On his succession in 1876 to the see left vacant by the death of Bishop Bourget, Mgr. Fabre threw himself heartily into the work begun by his predecessor.

On the 31st of October in that year he issued a circular letter to his flock, in the course of which he said: "The constant zeal which you have manifested in reference to this important work is worthy of all praise. The sacrifices you have made, the burdens you have imposed upon yourselves, in response to the appeal of your venerated bishop, have produced up to the present the results which we expected; and it is doubtless with great pleasure that you see rising in the midst of our episcopal city this monument, which will be for generations to come a striking proof of your devotion and your faith. But we must not lose sight of the fact that much still remains to be done in order to finish the great enterprise," &c.

The work was continued until 1879, when it was found necessary to suspend it temporarily, owing to the straitened financial condition of the diocese. It was not until 1885 that the state of the diocesan treasury permitted of the resumption of operations upon the building. A system of regular contributions was organized amongst the Catholics of the diocese, with signal success. The dome was finished in 1886.

Mgr. Edouard Charles Fabre, the first Archbishop of Montreal, was born in Montreal on the 28th of February, 1827, and is consequently in his sixty-seventh year. His father, Mr. Raymond Fabre, and his mother, whose maiden name was Luce Perrault, belonged, both of them, to very respectable French-Canadian families. Like his revered predecessor, he gave evidence in early boyhood of a vocation for the priesthood. It was one of his boyish pastimes to buy a number of little wax candles for the tiny altar which he had himself constructed, and to go, with pious mien and in evident seriousness of purpose, through an imitation of the celebration of Mass, in presence of his companions. When he had attained his ninth year he was sent to the St. Hyacinthe college, where he proved to be a diligent student, gifted with more than ordinary talent. In the spring of 1843 he went to Paris, where he remained eighteen months at the house of a friend of his, M. Bossange. The meretricious glitter of the society of the gay capital possessed for the future archbishop but little attraction. He seems to have fully estimated its hollowness with singular discernment; for his thoughts began to turn more and more towards the Church, and he donned the cassock at Chateaufort on the 7th of September, 1844. On the 13th of the ensuing month he entered the Seminary at Issy, where he had the happiness and the privilege to become a comrade of several young ecclesiastical students who, like himself, were destined to occupy eminent positions in the Church. Among these were Mgr. La Tour, D'Auvergne, Archbishop of Bourges; his Eminence Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage, and one of the most energetic of the enemies of the slave trade in Africa; Mgr. Hugonin, Bishop of Bayeux; Mgr. Thomas, Bishop of La Rochelle; Mgr. Soubiran, Bishop of Sebaste; Mgr. Leuilliau, Bishop of Carcassonne; and Pere Hyacinthe, the renowned pulpit orator of Notre Dame, who has since left the Church of his fathers. It was in 1866 that the young Levite made his first journey to Rome where he obtained an audience of the Holy Father. Returning to Canada, after having completed his studies, he was ordained a priest on February 23, 1850, by Bishop Prince. His first work in the ministry was performed in the capacity of Vicar of Messire Magloire Limoge. In 1852 he was transferred to Pointe Claire, where he remained two years, winning the esteem and affection of the parishioners by his unflinching severity of manner, his indefatigable zeal, and his exemplary piety. Appreciating the sterling spiritual qualities of the young priest, Mgr. Bourget soon appointed him one of his Canons. In 1869, while the Ecumenical Council was in session at the Vatican, he again visited the "Eternal City." During his journey thither he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mgr. Pie the erudite Bishop of Limoges, who was not long afterwards created a Cardinal. While he was in Europe he paid a visit to Belgium in order to study the system of articulated language taught there to deaf mutes. The result of his study of this important subject was the introduction into the Catholic deaf and dumb institutions of this province of the system then practised in Belgium. At a consistory, held in Rome on the first of

March, 1873, Canon Fabre was nominated coadjutor to the Bishop of Montreal, with the title of Bishop of Gratianopolis, and on May 1, 1876, he succeeded Bishop Bourget. In June, 1886, the see of Montreal was erected into an archbishopric.

IMPOSITION OF THE PALLIUM.

The Catholics of the Montreal diocese felt highly elated when they heard the news that the Pope had decided to make it an archiepiscopal see. Mr. H. Beaugrand was mayor of the city that year: and under his presidency the members of the council passed unanimously a resolution congratulating Mgr. Fabre on the exalted honor which had been conferred upon him, and thanking the Pope for his action. On June 26, the members of the City Council, with Mayor Beaugrand at their head, repaired to the Archbishop's Palace and formally presented the resolution to His Grace. A series of addresses were presented to the archbishop on the occasion by various religious societies, one of them being signed by all the Irish priests under his jurisdiction. Numerous presents were also made to him, among them being a golden archiepiscopal cross by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame; three jewelled pins to attach the "Pallium"—the symbol of an archbishop's office—to his robes; a handsome mitre by the students of the Grand Seminary; a chalice by the parishioners of Lachine; and a cheque for \$250 from a citizen of Philadelphia. Mgr. O'Brien, apostolic legate, brought the "pallium" from Rome; and the ceremony of imposition was performed by Cardinal Taschereau. A large number of prelates, priests and laymen were present at the ceremony, which is always attended with much pomp and solemnity. Another address was read to His Grace from the city council on behalf of the citizens, and signed by Mr. Jacques Grenier, who was then acting mayor.

RESUMPTION OF THE WORK.

As has been said, work on the new cathedral was resumed in 1885. To the Very Rev. Canon Racicot was entrusted the superintendence of it. And he has performed and is performing his arduous task with great credit. His zeal for the beauty of God's house is manifested in a hundred ways; and when the edifice is at length completed he will no doubt receive a fitting reward for services so faithfully performed. Canon Racicot was born in October, 1845, Sault aux Recollets, and was educated in the Montreal College, where for three years he held the position of professor. His ordination took place in 1870; and his first clerical duties were discharged as Vicar of St. Remi, St. Vincent de Paul, a village situated not far from this city. He was appointed chaplain to the Convent of the Good Shepherd in 1877, and procurator of the Archbishop's Palace in 1880. The bazaar organized in 1886 was on a mammoth scale. It was held within the walls of the edifice, and lasted over three months. The net product of it was \$30,080 35. A notable feature in connection with it was the publication of a weekly newspaper, entitled "Le Bazar," which contained articles, specially contributed, in French, English, Italian, Spanish, Greek, and Iroquois. Another was the visit to it of "Crow's Foot," the celebrated Black Feet Indian chief. It is not yet known when the cathedral will be completed. It all depends upon the size of the sums of money collected for the prosecution of the work. What are wanted now are the statues of the twelve apostles, on the outside, that of the Saviour having recently been placed in position; and, in the interior, the high altar, the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, the chapel of the chapter, two small cupolas, sixteen chapels of various sizes, heating apparatus, and the decoration of the columns. These will cost not less than \$80,000. The grand electrically-worked organ, as mentioned in The Herald recently, has been set up and inaugurated. The sum already expended upon the building is \$900,000.

DIMENSIONS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

The exterior dimensions of the cathedral are: length 333 feet; width, 150 feet; length of transept, 222 feet; height of dome, 268 feet; diameter, 100 feet; width of portico, 170; depth, 30; height of small domes, 125; diameter, 25 feet. The domes and the portico are built of Montreal cut stone; and the other parts of the church are of embossed stone. The interior dimensions are: length, 320; height of dome, 200; diameter, 80. The

proportion which it bears to St. Peter's, Rome, may be seen from the following particulars as to that famous basilica: Length, 700 feet; width of grand nave, 82 feet; height of dome 500 feet; length of portico, 400 feet. It took one hundred years to build it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE INTERIOR.

The interior vault and the cornices are of wood, decorated in white and gold; and the walls are thickly covered with cement and are fire-proof. The paintings of the great dome represent the four Evangelists, together with the distinctive emblems of each; the eagle for St. John, the winged man for St. Matthew, the winged ox for St. Luke. There are, above the Evangelists, a number of angels in various attitudes; and underneath the four writers of the Gospel are paintings of the keys of St. Peter, the arms of Bishop Bourget, those of Archbishop Fabre, and those of Pope Leo XIII. In the vault of the apse are represented "the power of the keys" given to St. Peter, in the centre; to the right, the miraculous draft of fishes; and to the left, Christ meeting Peter on his leaving Rome. The inscription around the base of the dome is the following quotation from the New Testament: Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram edificabo Ecclesiam Meam, et portae Inferi non praevalent adversus eam; et tibi dabo claves Regni Caelorum, which in English means: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it; and I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven." All the inscriptions are, of course, in Latin. That on the cornice of the apse is: "Whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth it shall be bound also in Heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth it shall be loosed also in Heaven;" that in the centre of the apse is "Feed My sheep." Under the figures of the Evangelists is the song of the winged animals heard by St. John as related in the Apocalypse: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, Who was, and Who is, and Who is to be!" The first quotation which meets the visitor on entering is a lengthy one which begins on the left, and tells, in abbreviated form, the tradition contained in the Roman Breviary concerning the titular patron of the cathedral, St. James the Greater. It relates that he was one of the three Apostles for whom the Saviour had a special affection, that in Judea and Samaria he converted a large number of people to the Christian faith, that he made some conversions in Spain, that he was beheaded in Jerusalem, and that he was the first apostle to shed his blood for the Gospel of Christ. Around the transept is Christ's reply to the ambitious question of the mother of St. James and St. John: "You know not what you ask. Can you drink the chalice that I shall drink? The Apostles answered: We can drink it. Jesus said to them: Of My chalice, indeed, you shall drink; but to sit on my right or left hand, is not Mine to give you, but to them for whom it is prepared by My Father."

The first architect of the building was the late Mr. Victor Bourgeault. The gentleman who occupies that position at present is the Rev. Father Michaud, who is a member of the Order of the Clerks of St. Viator. He went to Rome in 1868 to obtain the plans of St. Peter's. These he had to modify in some unimportant particulars, on account of the difference between the Canadian and the Italian climates. When he had completed the task of drawing up the amended plans, the work of architectural superintendence was entrusted to Mr. Bourgeault, on whose death Father Michaud resumed his connection with the building with which he had had so much to do at its inception. The venerable priest looks forward to the completion of the great basilica as to one of the happiest events in his life.

Since the destruction by fire of the old cathedral on St. Denis street a little red brick building, situated on Cathedral street, between the Archbishop's Palace and the new basilica, has been doing duty as the pro-cathedral. It is very simply decorated inside. Some years ago it was found necessary to place a number of iron girders across the little church, between the two main walls, in order to prevent them from spreading outward and causing the building to collapse.

Mass will be celebrated in the new Cathedral, for the first time, about the middle of next month.—Samuel Byrne, in the Herald.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

THE CATHOLIC SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

The Establishment of Protestantism—Persecution Forbidden by the Church—Denmark, Geneva, the Whole Continent, and Great Britain, Perverted from Catholicity by means of Unjustifiable Persecution.

(CONCLUSION OF THESE ARTICLES.)

Temple, in his notoriously lying history of the Irish Rebellion, furnishes a number of wild, reckless stories against the Catholic Irish for the same avowed purposes. Here is one of them: "The hundreds of the ghosts of Protestants downed by the rebels (Catholics) at Portadown Bridge, were seen in the river, bolt upright, and were heard to cry out for revenge on the Irish rebels." "One of them," he says, was seen with hands lifted up, and standing in that posture from the twenty ninth of December to the latter end of the following month." Surely it is time that the Munchausen stories of Temple and other Protestant historians should be buried in the graves of their authors—beyond resurrection! The faction succeeded in its first design by the Test Act, and in its second, by the "Act requiring the Declaration against Popery;"—both obtained at a period of national delirium and fury. What the spirit of the clergy was, at that time, with respect to the oppressed Catholics, appeared at their solemn procession at Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's funeral, (North's Exam. Echard.) and still appears in the three folio volumes of invective and misrepresentation then published, under the title of "A Preservative against Popery." On the other hand, such was the unchristian hatred of the Dissenters against the Catholics, that they promoted the Test Act with all their power, (Neal's Hist. of Britans, vol. iv. His. of Churches, vol. iii.) though no less injurious to themselves than to the Catholics, and on every occasion they refused a toleration which might extend to the latter. (Ibid.)

There is no need of bringing down the history of persecution in England to a later period than the Revolution, at which time, as I observed before, a Catholic king was deposed because he would not be a persecutor. Suffice it to say, that the number of penal laws against the professors of the ancient religion, and founders of the constitution of the country, continued to increase in every reign till their relaxation under George II. In the course of this reign most of the old persecuting laws have been relaxed or repealed; but the two last mentioned, enacted in a moment of delirium, which Hume represents as "our greatest national disgrace,"—I mean the impracticable Test Act and the unintelligible declaration against Popery—were rigidly adhered to by the bigots, for years after the others were laid to rest under two groundless pretexts. The first of these is that they are necessary for the support of the Established Church; and yet it is undeniable that this church had maintained its ground, and had flourished much more during the period which preceded these laws than it has ever done since that event. The second pretext is that the withholding of honors and emoluments is not persecution. On this point let a Protestant dignitary of first-rate talents be heard: "We agree that persecution for conscience sake is against the genius of the Gospel, and so is any law depriving men of their natural and civil rights which they claim as men. We are also ready to allow that the smallest negative discouragements, for uniformity's sake, are so many persecutions. An incapacity by law for any man to be made a judge or a colonel merely on point of conscience is a negative discouragement, and, consequently, a real persecution." Dean Swift's Works, vol. viii., p. 56.

The persecution which the Catholics suffered from the disabilities in question did not consist so much in their being deprived of those common privileges and advantages, as their being held out by the Legislature, as unworthy of them, and thus being reduced to the condition of an inferior caste, in their own country, the country of freedom: this they deeply felt, and deeply deplored.

But to return to my subject, I presume, that if the facts and reflections, which I

have stated in this article, had occurred to the Right Rev. Prelates, &c., mentioned at the beginning of it, they would have lowered, if not quite altered their tone on the present subject. The Bishop of London would not have charged Catholics with claiming a right to punish those whom they call heretics, "with penalties, imprisonment, tortures and death;" nor would the Bishop of Lincoln have laid down "toleration as a mark of the true Church, and as a principle recommended by the most eminent Reformers and (Protestant Divines," nor would the Montreal Witness reiterate the same stock calumnies *ad nauseum*, to ponder to a class of readers whose chief mental food is found between the covers of Maria Monk, Rebecca Reed, Rev. Charles Chiniquy and Margaret L. Shepherd. At all events, I promise myself, that a due consideration of the points here suggested, will efface the prejudices of well-intentioned Protestants against the Catholic Church, on the score of her alleged "spirits of persecution, and of her supposed claim to punish the errors of the mind with fire and sword." They must have seen that she does not claim, but that, in her very general councils, she has disclaimed all power of this nature; and that, in pronouncing those to be obstinate heretics, whom she finds to be such, she always pleads for mercy in their behalf, when they are liable to severe punishment from the secular power; a conduct which eminent Protestant churchmen were far from imitating, in similar circumstances. They must have seen, moreover, that if persecuting laws have been made and acted upon by the princes and magistrates in several Catholic countries, the same conduct has been uniformly practised in every country, from the Alps to the Arctic circle in the old world, and from the Gulf of Mexico to the same circle in the new world, in which Protestants of any description have acquired the power of so doing. But if, after all, the well-meaning men alluded to should not admit of any material difference on one side or the other in this matter, I will here point out to them two discriminating circumstances of such weight, as must, at once, decide the question about persecution in disfavor of Protestants.

In the first place, when Catholic states and princes have persecuted Protestants, it was done in favor of an ancient religion, which had been established in their country, perhaps, a thousand or fifteen hundred years, and which had long preserved the peace, order, and morality of their respective subjects; and when, at the same time, they clearly saw that any attempt to alter their religion would, unavoidably, produce incalculable disorders and sanguinary contests among them. On the other hand, Protestants everywhere persecuted in behalf of new systems, in opposition to the established laws of the Church and of the respective states. Not content with vindicating their own freedom of worship they endeavored, in each country, by persecution, to force the professors of the old religion to abandon it and adopt theirs, and they acted in the same way by their fellow Protestants, who had adopted opinions different from their own. In many countries where Calvinism got a lead, as in Scotland, in Holland, at Geneva, and in France, they were riotous mobs, which, under the direction of their

pastors, rose in rebellion against their lawful princes, and, having secured their independence, proceeded to sanguinary extremities against the Catholics.

In the second place, if Catholic States and Princes have enforced submission to their Church by persecution, they were fully persuaded that there is a Divine authority in this Church to decide in all controversies of religion, and that those Christians who refuse to hear her voice, when she pronounces upon them, are obstinate heretics. But on what ground can Protestants persecute Christians of any description whatsoever? Their grand rule and fundamental charter is, that the Scriptures were given by God for every man, to interpret them as he judges best. If, therefore, when I hear Christ declaring, "Take ye and eat, this is my body," I believe what he says; with what consistency can any Protestant require me, by pains and penalties, to swear that I do not believe it, and that to act conformably with this persuasion is idolatry? But religious persecution, which is everywhere odious, will not much longer find refuge in any generous nation: much less will the many victorious arguments which demonstrate the True Church of Christ, our common mother, who reclaimed us from the barbarous rites of Paganism, be defeated by the calumnious outcry of the Witness and its sectarian helpmates, that she herself is a bloody Moloch that requires human victims.—Communicated.

Hints on Conversation.

It has been recently stated that conversation is a lost art. Certainly the listener appears to be out of date. Persons who have regard for the usages of polite society, as *ya Harper's Bazar*, should remember that listening is one of the canons of good manners. Absent mindedness is impolite. Every one is entitled to a fair share of attention paid him when conversing. If one is bored, courtesy demands he should still listen, and appear to appreciate the discussion. A writer on social etiquette once remarked that "nine times out of ten the attentive listener is more admired than the most brilliant talker." Avoid in conversation all mention of your own affairs. The clever woman guards her hearthstone, its sorrows, troubles and annoyances, as carefully as she does the sacredness of her religion. The world admires your cheerfulness, your attractiveness, your brightness. Your griefs belong to yourself. They are your inner life, which should be closed with iron portals. Even if your heart break, recollect the critical public at all times likes a smiling face and cheerful manner.

The Hymeneal Altar.

Our old friend, Thomas O'Malley, whom we thought proof against the wiles of Cupid, has at last yielded to his fate, and thus proved himself no exception to the common rule. On October 2nd, he was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Judith A. Dunn of St. Joachim de Shefford, one of our most estimable and popular young ladies, and one whose absence from the school-room will be much regretted. After the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Father Senecal, Cure of that place, upwards of one hundred invited guests assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dunn, parents of the bride, where a sumptuous wedding dinner and supper were served. At a late hour the wedding party dispersed, leaving a number of valuable and appropriate presents with the happy couple, together with a sincerest wishes for future happiness and longevity.—COM.

A Railway Manager says:

"In reply to your question, do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion? I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

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Its proprietors are so sure of it that they'll pay \$500 cash for any incurable case. Sold by all druggists.

Every description of Job Printing done at this office. Reasonable rates.

# ANOTHER TRIUMPH

For the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association.

Gala Night at the Academy of Music—Floral Tributes to Mr. and Mrs. Downing, Mr. Collier, and Other Members of the Company—Mr. Edmund Hayes is Honored and the Calumet Lacrosse Club of Chicago Remembered—"Ned" Halley to the Front—His Heroic and Successful Efforts in Behalf of the Shamrock Club.

Last week the members of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association and its affiliated clubs, as well as those of the Old Emeralds, held their first theatre night at the Academy of Music. It was the intention to have introduced the project of a theatre night at the semi-annual meeting of the association, which takes place during November, but matters were somewhat precipitated by the fact that amongst the members of the Downing company performing at the Academy was Mr. Edmund Hayes, a member of the Calumet Lacrosse Club, of Chicago.

The members of the Association and the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, acting under an impulse characteristic of their race, thought it a fitting opportunity to give some measure of their appreciation of the warm hospitality so generously bestowed by the members of the Calumet Lacrosse Club on the Shamrock team during their recent visit to Chicago, and consequently in the space of a few days made the necessary arrangements to attend in a body at the performance of "Virgilius," in which Mr. Hayes essayed the difficult role of *Icilius*.

During the day appointed for the performance several members of the Association were busy decorating the interior of the Academy. The box set apart for the presidents of the various sections of the Association was beautifully decorated with trophies won in the battlefield of lacrosse. Notably among the number was the N. A. L. A. banner, the lacrosse sticks carried by Neville, Kelly, Tansey and others which scored the games in the celebrated contest for the World's Fair Championship Cup. The banner presented by Bro. Arnold, and the beautiful flag given by the ladies of St. Ann's parish on the occasion of the closing exercises of the Shamrock Tombois.

The audience was a large and thoroughly representative one, including leading Irish-Canadian citizens who occupied boxes and seats in the orchestra and dress circle, while never in the history of the Academy has the upper gallery, better known as the "gods," contained such a gathering of the youth and vigorous sons of Canada, whose conduct was of such a character as to give an additional charm to the occasion. Of the play itself nothing can be said but praise, and the manner in which it was received is a splendid evidence on the part of our young Irish-Canadian fellow-citizens that they can rise to a conception of an appreciation of such noble classical productions as "Virgilius," when the interpretation is in the hands of artists of high rank, such as Mr. and Mrs. Downing, Mr. Edmund Collier, Miss Osborne, Mr. E. Hayes, and Mr. Hall. While the performance on the stage was the chief attraction, none the less important, in some degree, was the splendid programme of vocal music, which was carried out by the members of the Association in the "gods."

Mr. James Wilson, the well known, popular and talented young Irish-Canadian musician, presided at the piano, and Mr. Frank Feron, the able and genial basso soloist of St. Patrick's choir, was a worthy assistant to Mr. Wilson in wielding the baton and directing the choruses.

At the close of the first act Mr. W. P. Clancy rendered with much fervor the ever welcome and charming song "The Dear Little Shamrock," the chorus of which was given with enthusiasm. Then followed the leader of the chorus Mr. Frank Feron, who gave "Daisy Bell" with vigor. Mr. Feron was standing at the lower portion of the gallery and his deep sonorous and powerful bass voice was heard throughout the house. The chorus of "Daisy Bell," although never

heard by more than one-tenth of those present was taken up and rendered with powerful effect. The applause which followed Mr. Feron's rendition of "Daisy Bell" was long and continued.

At the close of the second act, another feature was introduced. Other performers appeared on the scene in the "gods" whom we might term sky sailors, in the persons of the two tight little fielders of the Shamrock team, Dick Kelly and Charlie Neville, who handled the ropes with all the dexterity and skill that they handled the lacrosse during the season. It had been arranged to make several presentations to the members of the Downing company, and two wire ropes were strung between the stage and the "gods," upon which the offerings would be conveyed. The first of these sent down by that peculiar contrivance was a lacrosse stick embedded in roses and shamrocks, and the recipient was Mr. Edmund Collier, a noble actor, occupying a place second to none in his profession. Mr. Collier is a favorite with the boys in green; his genial manner and unassuming disposition has won for him a lasting place in their hearts, as was evidenced by the manner in which they sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." This presentation was followed by a song and chorus, "Nancy Lee," the solo of which was rendered by Mr. Chas. Hamelin in such a vigorous manner as would make one of those hardy sons of the sea forever hide his head. Mr. T. Grant followed with a beautiful ballad, and received an *encore*.

When the curtain dropped after the third act, loud calls were given for Mrs. Downing and Mr. Hayes, and when it

Mr. Downing concluded his remarks in expressing the wish that the Association would always be prosperous and never know defeat.

When the excitement attending the presentation to Mr. Downing had subsided, Mr. Murray gave "Sailing" with splendid effect. Then came the gem of the vocal programme, an imitation of a well known celebrated operatic singer, given by the inimitable "Jim" Wilson, which was greeted with the greatest outburst of enthusiasm from all parts of the audience, especially by the "gods," who were only appeased by a repetition of the last verse.

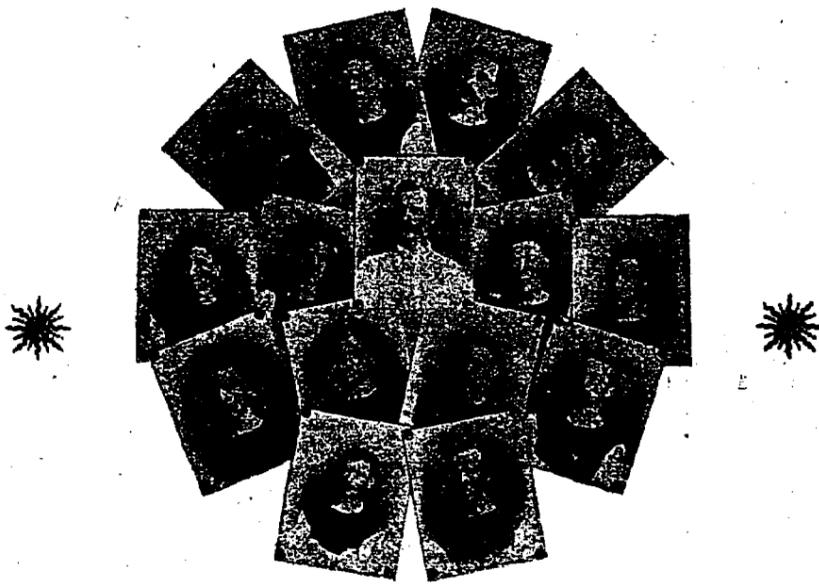
Then followed a quartette by Pegnam, Hamelin, Smith and Murray, "The Old Oaken Bucket," which was executed in a finished and artistic manner, and warmly applauded.

Miss Osborne also received a beautiful bouquet of roses.

The *souvenir* programmes, which were the gift of Mrs. Thomas, of the Academy, were very handsome and appropriate.

The Association box was occupied by Mr. J. P. Clarke, president, and Mr. T. P. Crowe, vice-president; Mr. William Stafford, honorary president Shamrock Club; Mr. W. J. McKenna, president Shamrock Club; Mr. D. Tansey, captain Shamrock team; Mr. P. McKeown, captain Young Shamrock team; Mr. R. J. Cooke, president Emerald Snowshoe Club, and Mr. P. H. Bartley, president Junior Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

The first Shamrock night at the theatre was an unqualified success, and it is only another practical evidence on the part of the board of directors of that spirit of patriotism of a demonstrative ability



SHAMROCK—CHAMPIONS, 1892-93.

arose again the sky sailors were gracefully guiding their ropes laden with a magnificent basket of flowers, ornamented with the colors of the association, for Mrs. Downing, and a handsome gold-headed cane, bearing a suitable inscription, and floral lacrosse stick, for Mr. Hayes.

Mrs. Downing, on receiving the bouquet, gracefully and generously took the association colors and waved them towards the audience.

Mr. Hayes was loudly called upon to make a speech, and, in responding, he thanked them for the great honor conferred upon him and the Calumet Lacrosse Club of Chicago. Mr. Hayes must have felt proud of his reception, as cheer after cheer was given for him after he had retired. Mr. Hayes has made a host of friends during his brief sojourn in the city.

At the conclusion of the fourth act, during the process of which Mr. Downing (*Virgilius*) who appeared in several powerful scenes with Mr. Collier (*Appius Claudius*) was called before the curtain, and down along the rope came a magnificent floral horseshoe, from which was suspended a box of cigars entwined with the Shamrock colors.

The "gods" cheered and sang "He's a jolly big fellow," and called for a speech. Mr. Downing then thanked them for their kindness, and said he had rowed a boat, played ball, but never played lacrosse. At this point a well known member of the Junior Shamrock's scored a goal by exclaiming: "You would give a grand body check." Mr. Downing's knowledge of lacrosse being of an infantile character, he did not put up his hand for game. After this little interruption, which by the way was greatly appreciated by the audience,

and of perception of the needs of their nationality such as given by that tireless and courageous young Irish-Canadian, Mr. Edward Halley, when, despite all opposition, he struggled through years to secure a home for the Shamrock Athletic Association which they could call their own; and as he succeeded in locating and establishing a home, which is now in course of being improved and equipped, so also will his conferees on the directorate of the Association, all of whom have been through many years untiring in their efforts to promote its prosperity, long continue to carry on such noble projects as that of Mr. Halley, who may justly bear the proud title of promoter of the new Shamrock ground, also that of the grand complimentary dinner to the Shamrock team a week ago, and the now famous Shamrock night at the Academy of Music, which are all calculated to advance the cause of our nationality.

The next movement of the S.A.A.A. should be to endeavor and secure an amalgamation with the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association. When such an union takes place it will mark a new era of prosperity and lay the foundations of a monument which would be not alone a credit and an honor to all young Irish-Canadians, but such a union of physical and mental culture as was so beautifully portrayed by the poet O'Reilly in the following words:

"A nation's boast is a nation's bone,  
As well as its might of mind,  
And the culture of either of these alone,  
Is the doom of a nation signed."

"What! He left no money?" "No. You see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then he lost his wealth trying to get healthy again."

## SIR JOHN ABBOTT DEAD.

The Ex-Premier Passes Quietly Away on Monday.

Sir John Abbott, K.C.M.G., passed away quietly on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. He had been ill for a long time. The hard work and anxiety that fell to his lot as Premier of Canada told upon his strength, and in November of last year he felt it his duty to resign and seek restoration to health in a milder climate. Sir John Thompson took up the duties of the premiership, and Sir John Abbott went to France and Italy. For a time it was hoped that change and rest, coupled with a good constitution, would restore him to his wonted bodily health; but such hopes were not to be fulfilled. When he returned home last summer it was known that no improvement had resulted from his foreign stay, and though the ablest of physicians gave his case their attention, the ex-Premier gradually sank until Monday night, surrounded by his family, he passed quietly away. He himself fully recognized the seriousness of his case, and several of the notices that acquainted the public with his condition were penned by his own hand.

The funeral takes place from the family residence at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

### SIR JOHN ABBOTT'S CAREER.

John Joseph Caldwell Abbott was born at St. Andrews, Argenteuil, on the 12th of March, 1821. He was the eldest son of the late Rev. Joseph Abbott, first Anglican incumbent of St. Andrews, some of whose early experience in the then unsettled country were recorded in a book bearing the title of "Philip Musgrave; or the Adventures of a Missionary in Canada." His mother was Harriet Bradford, daughter of Rev. Richard Bradford, the first rector of Chatham, in the same county. He was educated at St. Andrews and McGill; called to the Bar of Lower Canada in October, 1847, appointed a Q.C. in 1862, and graduated D.C.L. in 1867. Mr. Abbott was elected to the Legislative Assembly at the general elections of 1857, but not returned, and only secured his seat after an arduous contest. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council and Solicitor-General for Lower Canada in the Sandfield-Macdonald-Sicotte administration, May 24, 1862, and held the office, till May 14, 1863. He represented Argenteuil in the Parliament of old Canada until the union. In 1867 he was elected to the House of Commons, and re-elected at the general elections of 1872 and 1874. He was also a candidate in 1878, but was defeated. He was successful, however, in 1880, the sitting member being unseated, and was re-elected in 1882 by acclamation. In May, 1887, he was called to the Senate and appointed a member of the Privy Council without portfolio and leader of the Government in the Upper Chamber. On 18th June, 1891, on the death of Sir John Macdonald, he was named Prime Minister, and on June 16 president of the council. This office he resigned, owing to ill-health, November 25, 1892. During his parliamentary career Mr. Abbott paid great attention to commercial legislation, the Insolvent Act having been prepared and introduced by him. In the old Parliament he also introduced and secured the passage of measures to consolidate the jury law of this province, and for the collection of judicial fees by means of stamps. He was for many years chairman of the House of Commons Committee on Banking and Commerce. In 1879 he accompanied Sir Hector Langevin to England to lay before the authorities there the facts of the Letellier affair. In 1883 he was named a commissioner to go to Australia to discuss trade and communication matters.

He also filled many posts outside of Parliament. He was mayor of Montreal in 1887 and in 1888. For ten years he was dean of the faculty of law of McGill, and a governor of the university. He was a director of the Canadian Pacific railway and of the Bank of Montreal, and president of the Fraser institute, which owes its existence largely to his efforts and liberality. During the Trent difficulty, when war with the United States seemed imminent, he raised the battalion known as the Argenteuil Rangers, and was lieutenant-colonel commanding the corps from 21st March, 1862, till 22nd June, 1863. He was at the head of the Bar of Montreal, and conducted many of the most noted commercial cases in the courts of the province. He married, in 1849, Mary, daughter of Rev. John Bethune, D.D., dean of Montreal.

On the 24th of May, 1892, the Queen conferred on Mr. Abbott, the order of Knighthood.

**BROTHERS OF THE C.M.B.A.**

**HAVE AN ENJOYABLE EVENING AT ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.**

Words of Comfort and Encouragement to the Members—Honor to Rev. Father Auclair.

Tuesday night, October 24, will long be remembered by the citizens of St. Jean Baptiste ward. The festival of Rev. Cure Auclair was celebrated by a banquet, under the auspices of the C.M.B.A., assisted by the ladies of the parish. The chair was taken at 8 o'clock in the spacious hall of St. Jean Baptiste Commercial College, and 800 guests sat down to a most recherche banquet.

Mr. Joseph Lanson, president of Branch 142, C.M.B.A., presided, and proposed the health of Rev. Mr. Auclair in a eulogistic speech. He traced the history of the parish for the past twenty years, during which the population has quintupled. A splendid church had been built, as well as a college for boys and an educational establishment for girls. All these buildings were magnificent structures, and now the foundations of a new asylum for the aged and infirm have been laid. Father Auclair was the soul of all these undertakings, and was deserving of all the gratitude his parishioners could shower upon him.

**THE CURE'S THANKS.**

Rev. Father Auclair, on rising to reply, was received with a perfect storm of applause. He delivered a most eloquent and touching address. As he spoke of his own humble share in the work done and the great aid he had received from his parishioners he brought tears to the eyes of his hearers. His description of the life of a true priest, whose duty it was to see to the moral wants of his people, their religious and secular training, and, as far as possible, to contribute to their material advancement, was a masterpiece of oratory.

**THE C.M.B.A. WAS PROPOSED**

by Dr. Moreau, who dwelt on the benefits conferred upon the people by the organization.

Solicitor-General Curran was heartily greeted when he rose to reply. He said that the meeting and everything connected with it was a revelation to him. Although a native of Montreal, he had never dreamt of the vast strides made in that section of the city, and he was sure very many were ignorant of the number and importance of their institutions of religion, education and benevolence. It was a still greater revelation to listen to the marvellous eloquence of their pastor, a veritable Chrysostome. (Great applause.) It was no wonder that with such an exhorter they had been spurred to such noble achievements. He had done something more than the chairman had given him credit for, as he had been the first priest in the province of Quebec to become an active member of and to endorse and bless the C.M.B.A. (Applause.) The institution had been founded at Niagara Falls in 1876 under the patronage of the Right Rev. Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo. In 1878 His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, then the Bishop of London, who had sanctioned its introduction into the province of Ontario, had since become an active member of the association and had conferred upon it the distinguished honor of becoming the chief spiritual adviser for the Dominion of Canada. No one could overestimate the deep debt due by the association to His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto. The Archbishop of Halifax was also an active member of the society and had rendered great services. In 1888 His Grace Mgr. Fabre, of Montreal, had sanctioned its introduction into the province of Quebec, had fostered it and promoted its interests in every way. The first branch was No. 26, and to-day there were thirteen branches in the city and thirty-six in the whole province. Some time ago it had been resolved that it was for the best interests of the association that it should become a Canadian one. (Applause.) A charter had been obtained from the Dominion Parliament and they had now a membership of 8,600 in this country. Some of the original members still retained connection with the parent society in the United States. It was painful to witness any ventilation of differences on that subject.

THE CORNER STONE OF THE INSTITUTION was Christian charity, and it would be very much better to let all attacks pass than to permit the breach to be widened.

The members of the Canadian brotherhood believed in their own country, but had no ill-will, and ought not to have any, against those who thought their interests would be better conserved by remaining with the parent association. The great body was progressing and must continue to do so. They had a Dominion charter. Their interests were surrounded by all the provisions of the Canadian laws and the proceedings of the Dominion Superintendent of Insurance. They were subject to the strictest scrutiny and every guarantee was offered to the policy held under the Canadian charter. They had nothing but good will to those who differed from them, but had the strongest faith in their constitution as they had in the future of their Canadian home. (Great applause.) Continuing, he said: 'The object of this association as set forth is "to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members, to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to endeavor to make them contented with their position in life, and to aid and assist members of their families in case of death." With such objects in view and maintaining steadily their efforts to accomplish their purpose they must succeed in doing a vast amount of good. Already \$75,000 had been paid on policies in the City of Montreal since the organization had been introduced here, thus protecting many widows and orphans from distress. Mr. Curran concluded by eloquently referring to the labors of Father Auclair in connection with the society and was about to resume his seat when, in response to loud and repeated cries of en Francaise, he had to say a few words in that language—which were highly appreciated.

**THE OTHER TOASTS.**

Judge Gill next proposed the property of the new asylum, which, he said, should bear the name of "Auclair." (Prolonged applause.) He paid his tribute to the eloquent and devoted priest.

Mr. Charles Thibeault, in response, made a characteristic address, and was applauded to the echo.

The "President of St. Jean Baptiste" was proposed by Mr. Forget, and responded to by Ald. Villeneuve, M.L.A., who as a resident of the parish, traced in vivid language the early struggles and final triumphs of its inhabitants.

Excellent speeches were made by Messrs. J. A. Ouimet, J. Villeneuve and Mr. Lemieux to the toast of the ladies, whilst His Honor the Recorder and other gentlemen did honor to the guests and other toasts. Mr. Lamoureux proposed the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A., and Mr. Chancellor Morrison, B. 28, ably responded.

A large number of the clergy and distinguished members of the laity were present. Amongst others were noticed His Worship the Mayor, Grand Deputy T. J. Finn, Trustee T. P. Tansey, W. J. Rafferty, president branch 41; W. Coleman, branch 54; and representatives of all the branches of the Canadian order.

**St. Ann's Young Men's Society.**

The reopening of St. Ann's hall, enlarged and beautifully decorated, with a seating capacity for one thousand persons, took place Monday night. The stage has also been reconstructed and enlarged, whilst the scenery, specially painted by Mr. J. J. Rowan with great taste and skill, makes the hall one of the best in the city. The young men played a piece entitled the "Triumph of Justice," and acquitted themselves very creditably. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. Father Blancart, P. P., presided, and amongst those present were Solicitor-General Curran, Ald. Kennedy, M.L.A.; Mr. John Power and many notable citizens.

"This is no laughing matter," said the author, when the editor handed him back his jokes.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**

The Dowd Memorial High School.  
To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—As an humble member of the St. Patrick's congregation, I was much pleased in reading your excellent articles anent the New High School. It is but simple justice to say that, all who have read them, with whom I have come in contact, are satisfied that the project could have no safer, abler, or more enlightened advocate. Your versatile style, and clean-cut language have won the admiration of all the readers of these articles, as every other that proceeds from your fertile brain. My relations with some of the promoters of the New High School, and with many of its ardent and well-wishers, give me exceptional opportunities of expressing the sentiments I have frequently heard repeated, and without dissent these have been to the credit of the TRUE WITNESS. All the parishioners, like myself, are fully alive to the want of a school like the one proposed. They know to their cost that there is no Catholic school in the city to which they can send their boys to get a good English education. Send them to the public schools, and what do they get in lieu of an English education, or any other education for that part? If a parrot-like smattering of the language, interjected with bad orthography, is considered an English education, then I can safely say our public schools hold a pre-eminent rank in imparting instruction of that nature—there they hold the palm of excellence. I challenge the public schools of Montreal, with their thirty or forty years' experience, to point to a single individual that graduated within their walls, who has ever been heard of, either as an English or French scholar. The education—or rather instruction—to be had in our Catholic public schools, would be more in accord with our ideas of a system perfected for "the untutored children of the forest," than in accord with a system we should hope to find in this age of enlightenment and civilization in the public schools of Montreal. Here, then, is a school system, costing the public hundreds of thousands of dollars annually for maintenance and administration; leaving out the millions of dollars sunk in palaces—not school-houses properly so-called,—and their princely surroundings; and yet our boys with all this outlay to their credit come out of the public schools as so many living machines with the credit of having their intellects subjectively crammed with notions of the three R's. Will people calmly submit to such an outrage being continued indefinitely. I hope not, and the first assurance given that they will not, is to be found in the steps taken by the St. Patrick's congregation to wipe out the iniquity; to have a new High School of their own, under the control of the promoters alone, and dedicated to perpetuate the memory of the great, the good, and patriotic Father Dowd, than whom there was none set a higher value on the education of our Irish children.

PRO BONO.

Montreal, 28rd Oct., 1893.

**St. Patrick's Oyster Supper.**

The Ladies of Charity of St. Patrick's parish have begun preparations for holding their annual oyster supper in aid of the poor. It will be given in the Windsor Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday, November 14th and 15th. Several new features will be introduced this year to amuse and entertain the patrons, while refreshments will be, as usual, served at city prices.

"I write for the Century Magazine now," said Scribulus.

"Ah!" said Pennibs, admiringly, "Regularly?"

"Yes; every six months. You see, I only subscribe for a half-year at a time."

**GRAND CHRYSANTHEMUM EXHIBITION**

— OF THE —

**GARDENERS' : AND : FLORISTS' : CLUB,**

— IN THE —

**FRASER HALL, University Street,**

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**Tuesday, Wednesday Nov. 8th, 9th & 10th.**  
and Thursday,

**ADMISSION 25c. Doors open 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Music each evening. CHILDREN 10c.**



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

**Simply Awful**

**Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw**

**Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.**

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

**Worst Case of Scrofula**

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent? Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

**Work all the Time.**

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

**John Murphy & Co's**

ADVERTISEMENT.

**COME**

— AND —

**SEE**

How nicely and cheaply we can fortify you against the advancing winter with Shawls, Furs or Mantles. You can read our prices here, but you must visit our stores to really know, and fully realize the splendid value we are giving in these lines.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

**SHAWLS.**

Never before have we been able to show such a large assortment of Shawls; for cheapness, we defy competition. The following prices are well worth attention. Heavy Shawls \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00.

**FURS.**

Our Fur Trade this season is immense. Our stock of Furs is large and our prices low. Muffs in endless variety, prices from \$1. Storm Collars in all the Fashionable Furs. Prices from \$1.70. Capes in all the new styles. Prices from \$4. Boas in Fox, Squirrel, Bear, Raccoon, Sable, Lynx, etc. For Furs and Fur Trimmings, come to

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

**MANTLES.**

Large lines of New Mantles just put to stock. Splendid Astrachan Fur Jackets. Prices from \$27. Silk Plush and Bealotte Jackets, all stylish and well made, at wholesale prices. Prices from \$7.50. Fur trimmed Jackets in all the latest novelties at wholesale prices. Prices from \$8. Stylish Jackets as low as \$4.50. For Ulsters at wholesale prices, For Capes at wholesale prices, The Emporium for all kinds of Mantles is

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

**SPECIAL.**

About 500 Children's Ulsters in Mixed Tweed and Fancy Cloths, to be sold at prices no firm in Canada touch; the prices range from \$2.50 to \$6.50.

Job Jackets and Dolmans to clear at \$1 and \$1.50.

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.**

1781 and 1783 NOTRE DAME STREET. AND 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter st. TERMS CASH AND ONLY ONE PRICE.

Telephone 2193.

LETTERS FROM ALASKA.

INTERESTING ACCOUNTS OF THE BOREAL REGION.

Correspondence of a Missionary Nun—  
Descriptions of the Country of the  
Indians and the Catholic  
Schools in that Far-  
Off Land.

This week we furnish our readers with another of Rev. Sister M. Winifred's interesting and charming letters:

J. M. J. A.

HOLY CROSS MISSIONS,  
Alaska, June 11, 1898.

You see I intend being faithful to my journal this year. I have just closed my letters to my dear parents, not because I had nothing more to say, but I saw the impossibility of enjoying a longer chat.

To-day, Rev. Father Muset being all alone, we had High Mass at half-past six, leaving us a long and tiresome day. Our first work after breakfast is a general exercise for examination, which finishes at ten o'clock. It is my week to stay with the children, so I take them all to the top of the mountain and give them all the enjoyment possible till dinner, which is always at a quarter to twelve.

The day is beautiful and very warm, just like summer in our country. The children fill my lap with ferns and wild flowers. While there I drew my plans for the afternoon. We have to be very interesting and amiable with these children if we wish to win them to be good and love God. They are very inconstant in their good resolutions; very often a slight contradiction will put them in bad humor for days, and when in this state there is no reasoning with them.

I always found this plan an unfailing one. To slip the better word between two sweet ones when obliged to reprove, and this not only with Indian children, but it was always my method in the far off "part." Since I began to speak about the children's character, I will dwell a little longer on the subject. They are great teasers—this is another cause of ill-humor among them. One will say, "you are a bad girl, you lost your marks, etc." The other will answer in broken English, "Is not, dats you, oh! my!" then the crying begins.

Now for their good marks. The highest they can get is one hundred each week. fifty for conduct and fifty for application. There is nothing more amusing (but at times it tries one's patience) than to see these children after they receive their good marks on Sunday after High Mass. Those who have not lost any marks are crazy with delight, but the other poor unfortunate ones are in great desolation. They generally cover their heads with their shawls, or hide in some corner and cry until some one has the courage to console them. Sometimes their grief lasts throughout the three weeks, that is they fast. And what follows; the poor offices they have to fulfil, whether it be to wash the dishes or work in the dining-room, feel the effect of their ill-humor. Now they are all very friendly with me, so that I seldom have to make them lose their marks. Intelligent people often told me I had kissed the blarney stone, and this is the kind of people they like. I usually inquire the cause of their tears, and I generally get for answer, "A bad mark, Sister." (The tone of voice is still more impressive.) Poor broken heart! To make myself better understood I speak like they do, and say: "Never, I ask, Sister. Its take it off. Ya, Sister! tank oo!" and consolation is once more restored. Now I must bring you back to the mountain and tell you what our plans were for the afternoon. I proposed to go back after dinner and make a little shrine in honor of the Sacred Heart, and sing hymns. They were all delighted with this proposal, and as soon as dinner was over we prepared what was needed a large picture of the Sacred Heart, a white sheet to pin it on, and a row of pins to trim the sheet with ferns and flowers. Soon the happy group is ready and all start for the mountain. The altar is made and we recite an act of consecration to the Sacred Heart, and sang hymns till our hearts were content. Bright Queen of Heaven was not forgotten. While there I spoke a great deal about Sr. M. Frances, and how much she would enjoy this; they all screamed: "come Sr. M. Frances." Whenever we talk

about the boat, they always say "Sr. M. Frances is coming;" then they look at me to see the impression.

June 14.—I am invited to the garden to plant cabbage during recreation hours. It is play for me. The children make the holes and fill them with water, and the poor spinly plants almost get drowned in the flood; (they are about an inch long.) The gardening is almost finished. Brother John with the boys and Sr. M. Pauline with the girls did the most of it. The workers are more numerous than the implements. Here is the inventory list. The Brothers have 8 shovels and a half, 2 rakes and a half, 2 pick axes. Sr. M. Pauline, less fortunate, owns one sound shovel and a broken one, also a broken rake. I have charge of the children's yard, and was sick at times to have a shovel or rake to scrape and clean up. However, Sr. Superior coaxed a half rake from Brother John and after a long list of careful recommendations I was to be the joyful recipient, but I must say my joy was short for Brother John soon found he could not get along very well without it.

June 17. The Arctic left us to-day, at noon. I was just writing to dear Rev. Mother at 10 a.m., when the whistle blew, the boat being then just opposite the door. The children's examination was prepared before hand, and in ten minutes they had on their steamer dresses and were ready for the visitors. This is how things went on. Boys and girls are gathered in the girls school room and open the examination by an appropriate song "Happy School-Room," then the girls leave the room and the boys sing "Roll your Hands," etc., ending with these words: "and take your book like me," after which those in the First Reader, read, count, spell and finish with a short declamation on George Washington, spoken by five small boys. I have two divisions, so my tony lads step forward and shout off what they know.

They read nicely in the Third Reader, defined difficult words, and answered a few mental problems. They finished up also with a declamation by the whole class, "We live in present," and retired only to give the girls a chance to show off what they knew. When this was over the boys came back, and all sang together, "The Star Spangled Banner." What the impressions were, one must guess, for not a word was spoken either good, bad or indifferent. As the people were leaving the children sang a very pretty motion song to the air of "Yankee Doodle," and so ended our long looked-for visit. Among those present were Messrs. McQuestion, Harper, Feeny, Bettle, Wallace and a few others. A word of intimate news. Our greatest anxiety while waiting for the boat was to know if we would receive letters from our dear Sisters in Juneau; if our dear Father Fosi was coming back with more Sisters; if dear Sr. M. Joseph ever reached our dear Lachine, etc., for we heard not a word from her since she left Unalaska. I do not know how, when, or where Sr. Superior got time to read the news, for just as the people were coming in to our examination she whispered in my ear: "Sr. M. Antonia's Mother is dead! Poor little Sister! how my heart did ache for her, and she did not know it till after the boat had gone."

Another surprise was given, but this was a consoling one. Sr. M. Prudence was to go to St. Michael's instead of Sr. Superior, thus leaving us the pleasure of enjoying her presence during vacation. The letters gave us no news of Sisters coming, so we must be patient for a whole month, and then perhaps be disappointed. Sr. Superior read the cherished letters from Juneau during our dinner. What a treat this was! enough to excite appetite for a month. One cannot imagine the impression a letter makes on a person having been deprived of this satisfaction for a year. To me it seemed as if those loved ones were dead and gone for a year, and by a sudden permission they came to converse with us once more. I hope next year to receive news from my dear parents, and Sister M. Francis, by way of Juneau, a month ahead of time.

June 30.—We have been looking out for the coming of the new boat every day since the Arctic left us, and consequently have lived in ready preparation, but it has not come yet. This is a real annoyance, for we cannot set our minds

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seriously to anything until it does come. To crown our pleasure it has rained every single day since the 17th, so that we are now pretty nearly up to the knees in pure clay and the weather is quite cold, too.

We have one consolation, however, and it is a great one,—our dear children seem very happy and contented; they amuse themselves very well in-doors and do not give too much trouble. Sr. M. Jean Damascene keeps them from half-past eight in the morning till dinner; then I have care of them till that hour next morning. My programme for vacation is as follows: Visit to B. S. at 9.30, spiritual reading at 10, beads at 11.30 followed by particular exercise. The rest of the time I mend my clothes and enjoy pleasant chats in our little community, with dear Sr. Superior, Pauline and Antonia turn about, but it is seldom we all meet together. Sr. M. Englebert and one of the big girls, Justina, have care of 15 of the smallest children, who are as much as possible kept from the big ones. The children are not at all pleased with the new boat, for we are still waiting and it has not come yet. One of the girls, who speaks a little English, said: "Sister, I think the boat is due."

July 3.—Blessed day! The Arctic arrives with new Sisters. This was an extraordinary surprise. We thought of looking forth to this pleasure about the 17. It was the first bright day we had since the Arctic left us, and as I am washerwoman you may be sure all the tubs were employed. Church clothes, Fathers', Brothers', boys' and girls' clothes were all combined in the same washing. It was in the middle of this mess our dear Sisters found us. Although naturally slow these children are very (slow) nimble when there is question of a boat arriving. In five minutes they had on their steamer dresses and were on their way to the boat. You may be sure I was not behind. I thought perhaps dear Sr. M. Frances might be one of the number. This was a day of great joy, but it also had its sorrows. It brought me the sad news of my dear brother's death. I do not say anything about this sad subject here, it is contained in a particular letter.

July 14.—We expect the Fathers' boat to-day. It will bring us the Sisters trunks and perhaps some dear messages from home. I hope Lizzie has kept a long journal. There is one thing I would like very much to know, and that is dear Peter's last words. Did he mention our names or speak about us? How is poor Mary Ann (Maggie) and the children getting along? I know they will be always cared for while dear papa and mamma are living.

July 17.—The Fathers' boat has just arrived with all the trunks and boxes. I have not received any letters from home by mail. I hope the Sisters will have some news in their trunks. As soon as the boat will be emptied it will go back to St. Michael's for the rest of the provisions, so I must close my journal immediately. I will continue to keep a little account of our daily little occurrences, so by next year you will have a whole newspaper.

With fondest love to all my dear friends and warm kisses to dear papa, mamma, Lizzie, Eddie and Pratick.

I am always your grateful and loving child,

SR. M. WINIFRED.

When you read this please send it to Sr. M. Francis. I have just wrote her a short letter to tell her you would send this.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

For more than twenty-five years has Hagar's Yellow Oil been sold by druggists, and it has never yet failed to give satisfaction as a household remedy for pain, lameness and soreness of the flesh, for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

A pretty girl in an Iowa town ran away from home to avoid practicing on the piano. She must be a queer girl. It is generally the other members of the family who want to run away from home to avoid hearing the girl practicing on the piano.

HOW DYSPEPSIA IS CURED.

I suffered from dyspepsia, and was weak and miserable with what the doctors said was nervous debility. Seeing Burdock Blood Bitters advertised I tried it, and after taking three bottles feel perfectly restored to health. MRS. J. H. SNIDER, Kleinburg, Ont.

IRISH NEWS.

Head Constable Kelly of the Queen's County force, has retired on pension.

A man named Miller has died in Ballyshannon Workhouse at the age of ninety-eight years. He had been an inmate for twenty years.

Miss Bridget Glancy, third eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Glancy, of Clonfad, near Carrick-on-Shannon, and sister of Mr. Michael Glancy, draper, died on September 22.

A venerable Catholic of Ballyduff, Dungarvan, Michael Leamy, passed away on September 23, after receiving the last rites of the Church. He was eighty-eight years old.

John H. Young, of Dublin, and Elizabeth Stanley, youngest daughter of Thomas Stanley, of Drogheda, were married at Dunboyne, on the 20th ult., by the Very Rev. B. Brady.

At the meeting of the Drogheda Corporation, on Oct. 5, a lease of a plot of ground was granted to the Very Rev. John Curry, parish priest, for building new schools in St. Mary's parish, Drogheda.

Mr. Peyton, who was head of the model school in the County Meath, has been appointed a professor in the Marlborough street (Dublin) Training College by the Commissioners of National Education.

The Rev. Thomas O'Neill, who has been Administrator of the parish of Tullow for the past ten years, has been appointed pastor of Balinglass in succession to the late Father Arnold Wall. Father Campion, curate of Goresbridge, has been made Administrator at Tullow.

Jas Conroy, brother of Father M. Conroy, curate at Clifden, achieved great success in the intermediate examinations. He is second exhibitor in all Ireland, a distinction to which is attached a prize of £50. He is also awarded the gold medal for the highest score in English.

The death of Miss Catherine Allingham, full sister of the late William Allingham, poet, and half sister to Mr. Hugh Allingham, accountant in the Provincial Bank, Ballyshannon, is announced. She was looked upon by the poor as the most charitably disposed lady in the town.

Two young ladies received the white veil at the chapel of the Convent of Meroy, Swinford, on the 5th inst., namely: Miss Ellen Brogan, daughter of Cornelius Brogan, of Abbeydorney (in religion Sister Mary Brigid), and Kate M. O'Riordan, daughter of James O'Riordan, of Tralee (in religion Sister Mary Brendan.) One candidate received the black veil, Sister Margaret Mary, (Miss Agnes Daly, daughter of H. Daly, of Ballymote, County Sligo.

OBSTINATE COUGH CURED.

GENTLEMEN,—I had a very bad cough which I could not get rid of, but by using Hagar's Pectoral Balsam I was cured in two or three days. It is the best and surest cough medicine I know of. JOSEPH GARRICK, Goderich, Ont.

Catholic Sailors' Concert.

There are not many ships in port, which is a sign that the season is drawing rapidly to a close, but, despite this, the attendance at the concert at the Catholic Sailors' Institute showed no diminution in the attendance Thursday evening. This is owing greatly to the efforts of the committee, who have been most indefatigable in providing amusement for the sailor lads when ashore. The bill of fare last evening consisted of songs, choruses, jigs, recitations and readings, which were all well done, and were appreciated by the large audience. Mr. P. J. Gordon occupied the chair, and those who took part in the proceedings were:—Miss M. Breslow, Miss Ryan, Messrs. Peter Flood, W. Kavanagh, C. Kelly, Frank Gayney, A. Reid, J. Milloy, H. J. Dowd, M. Kavanagh, J. Traynor, Thos. Murray, J. Sullivan, A. E. Carpenter, whilst Mr. Ed. Brennan, who is always to be found "on deck," ably presided at the piano.

Figg—"They tell me that Blumley is a man of high principles."  
"You may well say that, his principles are so high that he has never been able to come within a thousand miles of them himself."

THE A. P. A.

DENOUNCED BY PROTESTANT MINISTERS.

It Fills Them With Shame and Humiliation—Stupid Forgeries Resorted to, in order to excite Religious Prejudice—Baseless Fabrications.

This statement has been prepared and published by a number of honest and courageous Protestant ministers of Columbus, O. Now that the A. P. A. has come East, it will be interesting to notice whether or not the ministers of Massachusetts, for example, will be equally farsighted and brave.

The undersigned have learned through various sources of a state of anxiety, amounting almost to a panic in many of the communities of this region, over an apprehended uprising of the Roman Catholics to ravage the land. The following extracts from a letter written by a reputable physician living near the center of Ohio will give some idea of the state of feeling existing in many places:

"We have been, and are still, having an excitement in our usually quiet town, in regard to the Catholic question. There is not a Catholic in the entire township; but a large number of our people are intensely stirred up, some almost prostrated with fear, afraid that the Catholics are about making a wholesale attack upon Protestants, killing and plundering and destroying our schools and churches. Of course it obtains the strongest foothold among the ignorant and unthinking, yet it seems to cause great uneasiness and fear among many of the more intelligent. Copies of the Columbus Record have been distributed here, with its alleged letter of Pope Leo, of 1891, and with the other statements, with which, of course, you are acquainted. In what way can this feeling be allayed? Will you kindly aid me? Is not that alleged letter of Pope Leo's, which is continually paraded in the Columbus Record, a bare-faced forgery? Is it true that every teacher in the Columbus schools was a Catholic a year ago, until the A. P. A. took it in hand? In your opinion are the Catholics arming and contemplating a war with Protestants?"

Thus appealed to, we should be false to every impulse of justice and manliness if we did not promptly and unequivocally respond. We are not in sympathy with Roman Catholicism, as a system. Doctrinally and ecclesiastically, we are Protestants in our deepest convictions; it is because we are Protestants that we are ashamed and humiliated by the kind of warfare described in this letter. In reply to its questions, and to many similar inquiries, we wish therefore explicitly to say:—

1. The alleged letter of the Pope, to which reference is made, which calls upon the faithful to rise and exterminate the Protestants, and which has been kept standing in many newspapers, and scattered broadcast through the community by means of leaflets and hand-bills, is a forgery.

2. The document entitled "Instructions to Catholics," also widely published and disseminated, is another stupid forgery.

3. From the clerk of the Columbus Board of Education we have the information that at present there are in the school of Columbus 849 teachers; that of these thirteen are Catholics; that not one Catholic has been removed during the past year; that there may be one or two more now than there were a year ago.

4. It has also been currently reported that 95 per cent. of the Columbus policemen were Roman Catholics. A year ago, when this report was first put in circulation, there were 112 men on the force, of whom forty-five were Roman Catholics. We have this information from the former clerk of the Police Commission, who is a Protestant. There are now probably a few more Protestants on the force than there were a year ago.

5. The statement has been freely made that all the county officers of Franklin County have long been Roman Catholics. The truth is, that of the twenty county officials whose names are in our city directory, there are three Roman Catholics. One year ago there were five. The statement that the schools and the offices have been overrun by Roman Catholics does not seem to be based upon facts.

6. The stories everywhere current about war-like preparations of the Roman

Catholics are also baseless fabrications. Everywhere the most alarming tales are told about consignments of rifles to priests; about the storage of arms in churches; about the drilling of troops in the basements of churches. For all these stories there is not a solitary fact to show. We cannot find a particle of evidence that any such preparations for war have been made or even thought of by Roman Catholics. If any such evidence existed it would surely be produced. Several churches thus suspected, in other places, have been searched, with the hearty co-operation of the priests in charge, and not a sign of warlike implement has been found. Our Roman Catholic neighbors, though suffering grievously under these wicked slanders, are quietly going about their daily work, waiting for this epidemic of prejudice and passion to abate. It is not likely that their love for Protestants will be increased by the experience through which they are now passing; but their patience under this trial has been exemplary.

May we not venture to add that this anti-Papal panic is utterly unmanly? Out of the seventy millions of our population, the Roman Catholics claim only nine or ten millions. The capital of the country is in far larger proportion in Protestant hands. Is there any danger that sixty millions of Protestants, with most of the offices in their hands, with the bulk of the wealth of the nation in their hands, are going to be overrun and exterminated by ten millions of Roman Catholics whose resources are so small? We trust that the Protestants of this country are not such a weak and cowardly generation that one Roman Catholic can put six of them to flight.

We make these statements, let us repeat, not only in the interests of truth and decency and common humanity, but also in the interest of Protestantism. And we call upon all Protestant gentlemen, in every community, to acquaint themselves with the literature which is being secretly disseminated among the ignorant Protestants of their neighborhood, and to speak out about it as every man of honor is bound to do. If the purposes of Roman Catholics need for any reason be opposed or resisted, let us oppose and resist them like them.

William E. Moore, pastor Second Presbyterian Church.

A. E. Taylor, pastor Westminster Presbyterian Church.

Francis A. Henry, rector St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

Alexander Milne, pastor Plymouth Congregational Church.

William H. Scott, president Ohio State University.

Edward Orton, professor Ohio State University.

Samuel C. Derby, professor in Ohio State University.

Henry Stauffer, pastor Mayflower Congregational Chapel.

R. S. Lindsay, pastor Eastwood Congregational Church.

Richard R. Graham, rector Church of Good Shepherd.

James Poindexter, pastor Second Baptist Church.

Washington Gladden, pastor First Congregational Church.

D. Fisk Harris, minister St. Clair Congregational Chapel.

William M. Jones, pastor First Universalist Church.

C. H. Rohe, pastor Trinity German Lutheran Church.

Richard T. Swain, Westerville.

George H. Schodde, professor in Capital University.

I am too recent a comer to Columbus to append my signature to any document purporting to represent conditions in this city. With the generous spirit and purpose of this paper, however, I am very deeply in sympathy, and feel it my duty to do anything I can to allay suspicions which are calculated to work great mischief, and which, judging from all means of information at my command, are wholly groundless.

WILLIAM MACAFEE, Pastor of Broad Street M. E. Church.

**Catarrh in the Head** is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. Catarrh often leads to consumption. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently.

A SOUL'S LAMENT IN PURGATORY.

Poor Letitia dead and gone,  
All her sprightly pleasures o'er,  
Thus to her Creator cries,  
Who His loving face denies  
Not enough desired before.

O Thou Trinity most true,  
In Thy Unity confess'd,  
When in Purgatorial pain  
Now I seek, and seek in vain,  
Beatific Vision blest!

How for Thee, my God, I yearn  
Through a night that knows no day,  
Pining on without relief,  
In excess of purest grief,  
Till my debt be done away.

Nothing here to soothe my pangs!  
Nothing to distract my care!  
Gone away my joys to waste!  
Gone away my very taste  
For joy, if any joy there were!

Yet, oh yet, my comfort this,  
Through my penance tide unknown,  
Never more at least can I  
Sin against Thy Sanctity,  
O adored, beloved, alone!

Whom despite of all the past,  
Through the Blood of Calvary  
With a hope that holdeth fast,  
Still I look to see at last  
In a glad eternity!

Thus Letitia makes her moan—  
Hades hears her and replies,  
From th' impalpable profound  
Of the viewless regions round,  
With a thousand thousand sighs!

FATHER CASWELL.

OUR DEBT TO THE DEAD.

The saints, by their intercession and their patronage, unite us with God. They watch over us, they pray for us, they obtain graces for us. Our guardian angels are round about us; they watch over and protect us. The man who has not piety enough to ask their prayers must have a heart but little like to the love and veneration of The Sacred Heart of Jesus. But there are other friends of God to whom we owe a debt of piety. They are those who are suffering beyond the grave, in the silent kingdom of pain and expiation, in the dark and yet blessed realm of purification, that is to say, the multitudes who pass out of this world, washed in the Precious Blood, perfectly absolved of all guilt of sin, children and friends of God, blessed souls, heirs of the kingdom of heaven, all but saints, nevertheless they are not yet altogether purified for His kingdom. They are there detained—kept back from His presence—until their expiation is accomplished. You and I, and every one of us, will pass through that place of expiation.

Neither you nor I am saints, nor upon earth ever will be; therefore, before we can see God we must be purified by pain in that silent realm. But those blessed souls are friends of God next after His saints, and in the same order they ought to be an object of our piety, that is, of our love and compassion, of our sympathy and our prayers. They can do nothing now for themselves; they have no longer any sacraments; they do not even pray for themselves. They are so conformed to the will of God, that they suffer there in submission and silence. They desire nothing except that His will should be accomplished. Therefore, it is our duty to help them—to help them by our prayers, our penances, our mortifications, our alms, by the Holy Sacrifice of the altar. There may be father and mother, brother and sister, friend and child, whom you have loved as your own life—they may now be there. Have you forgotten them? Have you no pity for them now, no natural piety, no spirit of love for them? Do you forget them all day long? Look back upon those who made your home in your early childhood, the light of whose faces you can still see shining in your memories, and the sweetness of whose voice is still in your ears—do you forget them because they are no longer seen? Is it indeed 'out of sight of mind?' What an impiety of heart is this!

The Catholic Church, the true mother of souls, cherishes with loving memory all her departed. Never does a day pass but she prays for them at the altar; never does a year go by that there is not a special commemoration of her children departed on one solemn day, which is neither feast nor fast, but a day of the profoundest piety and one of the deepest compassion. Surely, there, if we have the spirit of piety in our hearts, the holy souls will be a special object of our remembrance and our prayers. How many now are there whom we have known in life. There are those who have been grievously afflicted, and those who have been very sinful, but, through the Precious Blood and a death-bed repentance, have been saved at last. Have you for-

gotten them? Are you doing nothing for them? There may also be souls there for whom there is no one to pray on earth; there may be souls who are utterly forgotten by their own kindred, outcast from all remembrance, and yet the Precious Blood was shed for their sakes. If no one remember them now, you, at least, if you have in your hearts the gift of piety, will pray for them. "Internal Mission of the Holy Ghost," by Cardinal Manning.

THE TWO CAPTIVES."

Latin Play at St. Francis Xavier's College.

The new theatre attached to St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, was opened with the production in Latin of "The Two Captives" of Plautus by students of the college. The seating capacity of the theatre is 1,200, but over 1,500 persons were crowded into it. All the 14 students who took part acquitted themselves with honor. The cast was as follows:

- Hegio, an old man..... Lourdes Dowling
- Ergasilus, a parasite..... Alfred J. Talley
- Philocrates, a captive..... Thomas Brennan
- Tyndarus, a captive..... Francis R. Stark
- Aristophanes, a captive..... Osmond Phillips
- Puer..... Philip Hannigan
- Philopomus..... Philip J. Ahern
- Stalagmus, a slave..... Percy J. King
- Lorarius..... William D. Martin
- Prologue..... W. Clayton Woods
- Understudies..... Edward J. Denner
- Stuart M. Clark.
- William Boylan.

Archbishop Satolli came on from Washington especially to see the performance. He sat in the middle of the orchestra, two rows from the front. He was flanked by Archbishop Corrigan, Bishop Gabriels of Ogdensburg, Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn, Bishop Wigger of Newark, and Archbishop Redwood of New Zealand. Father McCarthy, who came from Washington with Mgr. Satolli, occupied a seat in the row with the bishops and archbishops.

The surprise of the evening came after the play was over, when Father Pardow of the college came upon the stage and said that Mgr. Satolli, felt such a lively interest in the presentation of the Latin play by the students that he had brought two prizes with him from Washington to be presented to the two young men who showed by their acting the best conception of the Latin language and the greatest dower of expression. Mgr. Satolli, from his seat in the audience, had been the judge himself as to who should receive those prizes. The first prize, a silver medal, was then presented to Alfred J. Talley, who took the part of Ergasilus, the leading character. The second prize, a book of poems, was presented to Francis R. Stark, who took the part of Tyndarus.

Among others present at the entertainment were Mayor Gilroy, George Gouid, George Bliss and Corporation Counsel Clark.—New York Sun.

The Thirteen Superstition.

The 13 superstition is said to have originated in the time of King Arthur. When the good British king founded the famous Round Table, he requested Merlin, the enchanter, to arrange the seats. Merlin arranged one set of seats to represent the apostles, 12 were for the faithful adherents of Jesus Christ and the thirteenth for the traitor Judas. The first were never occupied save by the knights distinguished for their achievements. The thirteenth seat was never occupied but once. The story goes that a haughty and insolent Saracen knight sat down upon it and was immediately swallowed up by the earth. Ever after it was known as the "perilous seat," and brave as the celebrated knights of the Round Table are said to have been not one had the courage to sit on the thirteenth chair, and the superstition against it still survives.

A BUSINESS LETTER.

T. Milburn & Co.—Tilsonburg, March 15th, 1897.—Sirs.—Please ship at once three dozen B. B. Bitters. Best selling medicine in the shop. Sold seven bottles to-day. Yours truly, C. THOMPSON. The above sample is but one of hundreds of similar expressions regarding B. B. B.

A waste of Raw Material.—Othello: The death of Miss Stagelevator was very much discussed in the newspapers. Iago—Yes; it's a great pity she isn't alive to profit by the advertising.

Artful men—Designers.

# THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1893

## THE MASS.

Before proceeding with the different parts of the Mass, let us answer a question which is generally asked by those outside of the Church of Rome: "Why are the services of the Catholic Church in Latin?" There are many reasons to be given; but, in order to pass quickly onward, we will be satisfied with three principal portions of the answer. Firstly,—the Church is Catholic, which means universal, founded for the benefit of all men, irrespective of color, nationality, time or place. The Church is the same to-day as she was when taking refuge in the Catacombs; the same sacrifice is now offered upon our altars as was offered throughout the ages. It is the same Mass that we hear in the cathedral and the humble chapel, beneath the dome of St. Peter's or amongst the wilds of the East. Type of the universality and unchanging perfection of the Church, the Latin language preserves her liturgy the same. Secondly,—the Latin language is what we call a dead language: that is to say, one no longer used in the commerce or intercourse of peoples. Consequently it is a language that can admit of no new words or changes. You could no more change the language which is dead than you could alter the facts in the history of the people who once spoke that language; both are buried, but the language is embalmed. Were the Mass said in English or in any of the other modern languages, it would only be understood by people speaking that particular language. It is all very well when a creed has a human origin, and is confined to the limits of a country or a race to make use of that special tongue in the services. But the Catholic Church, being limited to no land, time, or people, deemed it necessary to make use of this universal medium. We might add that in all Catholic prayer books there are translations of the Mass and of all other prayers that are said in Latin. These translations are necessarily correct, for although the general public may not understand Latin, yet were the translations inexact the number of educated Catholics would detect and expose the fraud. Thirdly,—there is no language, living or dead, so admirably adapted to *plain chant* as the Latin tongue. For these reasons, amongst others, the Church of Rome has chosen the first language of the Romans as that of her own establishment.

In the last number of his *Globe Quarterly Review*, Mr. Thorne makes a great mistake in regard to the "Popularising of the Church" by means of having the Mass said in English. He gives an evidence of a very recent advent into the

fold; and he shows beyond a cavil that he has not yet thoroughly grasped the meaning of the Mass—in the true Catholic spirit. The Mass is not a mere form of prayer; it is not a service—in the ordinary acceptance of the term—it is an Act, an Oblation, a Sacrifice. The priest *alone* performs that supreme act, none of the faithful are expected to imitate him; the priest *alone* offers up that Oblation; he *alone* performs the Sacrifice. The faithful do not go to Mass as they go to Vespers or to any other service, or as Protestants go to prayer-meeting or service. In all these cases the faithful go to take part in the worship, to join in the hymns, the prayers, the petitions. But, in the Catholic Church we go to Mass in order to be present at the supreme sacrifice and to offer up our individual petitions to God while the Oblation is being presented on the altar. The man who can read may follow the priest with his prayer-book; the illiterate may say their beads or other prayers. It is not at all necessary to follow the Mass word for word. As the Mass is the nearest approach that exists between the adoring creature and the adored Creator, it is the safest and most effective channel whereby man's petitions can reach the ear of God. Therefore, each individual brings his own petitions, and while the priest offers up the Sacrifice, he places them at the foot of the altar, and on the wings of the Sacrifice they ascend more directly to heaven. Mr. Thorne has given proof that he has not as yet completely seized the true Catholic meaning; the sublime significance of the Mass. He is yet undivested of those looser Protestant notions that he drank in with his mother's milk, and that have been the companions of his life. Nor could it be expected that he should have thoroughly imbibed the real Catholic spirit. It will take a time to become accustomed to the new armor; it may not fit exactly at the first start. As far as the Mass is concerned, Mr. Thorne will learn by-and-by that it is not a set of prayers in which the faithful are expected to take part; it is an act; five words really form the focus of the Mass; and only the priest can pronounce these words with effect.

Go into a Catholic Church in this city and French, English, Italians, Indians, and Germans may be found kneeling side by side. They all understand that Mass; it is the same sacrifice, the same great oblation for each and all of them. It is the same Mass that is heard in Rome and in the shanties of the north; the same that was said at the dawn of Christianity; the same that will be said at the sunset of Time.

## CHARLES GOUNOD DEAD.

While the joy-bells of France are ringing out a welcome to the Russian visitors, the great, solemn tolling of a mighty knell for the dead hero, MacMahon, is heard throughout the land: while the less thoughtful are weeping over the representatives of the northland, the serious are shedding tears upon the grave of the great composer Gounod. We trust that when this outburst of international friendship shall have spent its spasmodic strength, and the calmness of every day existence shall return to the nation, some glowing tributes will be paid to the memories of the bravest of Generals, and to that of the most popular and powerful of modern Musicians. Meanwhile, from his late residence at St. Cloud, all that was mortal of Charles Gounod has been taken to the tomb, while on lark-like wing his tuneful soul has soared into an atmosphere of unending peace. His own majestic composition made the temple ring with *requiem*

strains, while his spirit joined choirs, whose harmony his music-filled life had never conceived.

Charles Francois Gounod was born in Paris, June 17, 1818. At the age of twenty he entered the Conservatoire of Paris; and in the following year he carried off the great "Rome" prize, which entitled him to residence in Italy. He made a careful study of Italian Church music. Gounod was not successful as a composer in the beginning; in fact he had failures enough to discourage a man of ordinary powers. He commenced as a lyric composer, but his first efforts, although bearing the unquestionable marks of genius, did not achieve all he had hoped or expected. One of his first productions for the lyric stage was entitled "Philomen and Baucis." Then came "La Nourie Sanglante;" "Sappho," a cantata; and "La Colombe." It was only when "Faust," that masterpiece of Goethe, had been set to music by Gounod that the power of the composer was recognized. In fact his music of "Faust" is as great an evidence of genius in the composer, as was the weird conception of the poem a proof of genius in the poet. Moreover, hundreds of others had attempted to compose music worthy of the great theme, but all failed in different degrees; Gounod alone succeeded.

In 1866 Gounod was elected a member of the French Academy, for the section of Music. In 1877 he was raised to the rank of Commander of the Legion of Honor. But not in lyric stage and operatic compositions did the great master excel: rather in sacred music, in those glorious compositions that seem to lend enchantment to the prayers that they accompany, in those Masses, those Aves, those Canticles of praise and adoration. Gounod has enriched the music of the world, but he has added new charms to the music of the Church. Long after his features will be forgotten by the living, his name shall survive in his grand legacy of sweet harmony left to man, while his spirit shall be perpetually present on earth speaking in notes of the sublimest language to the listening children of unborn generations.

There are in every country and in every age men of transcendent ability whose lives mark epochs in the history of the world; the great epic and dramatic poets, as Homer, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Racine, Milton, or Shakespeare: the towering orators of the ages, as Demosthenes, Cicero, Bossuet, Massillon, Bouradoue, Burke, Chatham, O'Connell, Phillips, and McGee; the masters of painting and sculpture, as Appelles, Zuxyes, Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino, Claude Lorraine, Dore, Millet, Macleise, Turner, or Barry; the children of Music, the great souls in harmony with God's universe and filled with all the richness and sublimity of that most perfect of languages, as David, Cecilia, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Mendelsohn, Adam, Verdi, or Wagner. To this last category belongs Gounod. He is a glittering star in that glorious constellation. There are stars in the firmament whose light traverses unmeasured space through centuries, and reaches the earth long after the orbs themselves have grown dim; so with the light that Gounod has shed upon the world,—long ages after the master hand will be dust the effects of his works will impart new life to the children of the distant future. His country was France, but his fame and his works are the common inheritance of mankind; and as long as the Church of Christ shall last—which will be unto the end of time—the vaults of our temples will not cease to ring with the majestic and harmonious accompaniments that Gounod's genius gave to the grandest and most beautiful prayers

that man has ever sent up to God. In this world he was of those men known as *les elites*; in eternity we pray, with an assurance that faith alone imparts, that he is of those beings whom God speaks of as *les Elus*.

## EVIDENCE OF PREJUDICE.

We have often referred to the very anti-Irish spirit that seems to animate our daily press. The Witness, of course, is expected to be prejudiced against Catholicity and especial Irish-Catholicity; but we have already pointed out the one-sided reports of trans-Atlantic affairs that constantly appear in the Star; we have had occasions, times out of mind, to speak of the Herald's slops at Irish-Catholicity; and even the usually careful Gazette has often been unable to hide its horns—although, as a rule, it is quite diplomatic. In its issue of the 25th October we notice a glaring evidence of its natural prejudice.

In its despatches of that date there is one from Cork, which tells of a deputation of evicted tenants that waited on Mr. John Redmond, M. P., asking him to "approve a project having as its aim the forcible retaking of the farms from which they had been dispossessed." The same despatch gives an account of Mr. Redmond's attack upon the anti-Parnellite members. This is a piece of news that might tend to show how divided the Irish people are, and the Gazette finds it sufficiently important and agreeable, to comment on it editorially, and in the following fashion:

"A delegation of evicted Irish tenants has been interviewing Mr. Redmond on the propriety of taking possession of their old holdings by force. The Parnellite member's reply was that it was hardly time for this procedure yet. That in his mind the time may come for some such action, he, however, made it plain. In the struggle for votes between the McCarthys and their rivals, it is evident that the Redmond party will not lose anything by not going far enough in advocating defiance of the law."

In the same number of the Gazette appears another Irish despatch from Dublin, which tells how Mr. Michael Davitt has been refused a certificate in bankruptcy. Mr. Davitt had been elected for North Meath, but was unseated on charges of having gained his election through clerical intimidation. He incurred most heavy costs in defending the case; he applied for a discharge in bankruptcy on the ground that he could not be held responsible for his inability to pay 10s. in the pound. Judge Boyd, in refusing to grant the certificate, spoke of the pastoral letter issued by Bishop Nulty, and characterized it as "the most shocking piece of intimidation he had ever read." Now, the Gazette knows perfectly well that this assertion of Judge Boyd is a calumny, and yet no editorial note is to be found on this subject. There would be here no possibility of shooting a sly shaft at the cause of Ireland.

Again, in the same issue is a despatch from Belfast upon the subject of a meeting of the Watch Committee of the Ulster Defence League, held in Ulster Hall. Amongst other glowing things found in that despatch we may take the following:

"Col. Saunderson, M.P., for North Armagh, said that Ulster would willingly obey the laws passed by the Imperial Parliament until that Parliament should choose to cut Ulster loose from Great Britain, then Loyalists would feel no longer bound to obey. The Rev. Dr. Kane, grand master of the Orangemen, said no enmity existed between the Ulster Loyalists and their fellow-countrymen, always excepting those who followed the priests blindly. The most atrocious desperado on the earth, he remarked incidentally, was an Irish-American, yet Mr. Gladstone had not

scrupled to write a letter commending Irish Americans. The men of Ulster held out that hand of friendship to those Catholic fellow-countrymen who cooperated with them in maintaining whatever was worth maintaining. The convention elected a permanent league council of forty, ten of whom are Irish peers."

It is a pleasure certainly to be able to furnish readers with this kind of news; but it would not suit to comment favorably upon it, and it would be too favorable to the Irish to comment honestly upon it.

Only a couple of days before there appeared in the same organ a sensational despatch from Chicago, telling, in glowing terms, of the fearful outrage perpetrated by the Irish on the occasion of Lord and Lady Aberdeen's visit to the Irish village. The tearing down of the Union Jack by a howling mob of Irishmen; the fight with the authorities; the displeasure of Lord Aberdeen; the disappointment and manifest annoyance caused to Lady Aberdeen; her expressions of sorrow, and a lot more such like items of sensational and anti-Irish information was imparted. Yet, when on the 25th October, another version of the case is brought to light; when Lady Aberdeen, herself, takes the trouble to contradict those reports, and to show that the incident was greatly magnified, and that only a few individuals—out of the immense throng—were responsible for a slight disturbance, not one word was said upon the subject. The despatch—curtailed to suit purposes—receives a very unobtrusive place, and no editorial note tells the reading public that the Irish are not as bad as they are painted.

Our object in calling attention, from time to time, to this spirit that despite all interested care will occasionally give evidence of its presence, is simply to put our readers upon their guard against those sensational despatches that daily appear in the press. For example, the cabled letters of Edmund Yates to the New York Tribune; every week we find extracts from them in our different daily papers. As far as his court gossip is concerned we have no doubt of its accuracy; but the moment he touches upon Irish affairs or Catholic subjects we are sure to receive a tirade of unfounded statements made with the same aplomb as that found in his notes about the Queen's programme or the Prince of Wales' movements. It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that neither on questions of religion nor questions of nationality need we expect any more justice than can be avoided with decency, and any tribute that is grudgingly bestowed is wrenched by the force of circumstances from the unwilling. It seems to us that it would pay the press better were it a little more independent, free from all prejudices, and willing to give unstintingly and unhesitatingly "credit where credit is due."

#### ALL SAINTS' DAY.

Once yearly does the Church set apart a day which is specially consecrated to all the Saints in Heaven. Not a day of the year passes without that the feast of some Saint is celebrated; but there are millions of Saints, enjoying God's glory at present, whose names are not even known, nor are the particulars of their lives and deaths recorded. There are hosts of glorified and blessed ones who have never been canonized by the Church, and who are none the less Saints of God. All of these are included in the devotions of the first of November.

Here it might not be out of place to remark that the canonization of a departed person does not make that being a

Saint, as it is supposed by some and as many of the opponents of Catholicity attempt to argue. They say "the Church pretends to canonize as it pleases and thereby sent whom it likes to heaven." Not by any means. The canonization is a consequence of the saintliness of the holy dead; but the saintliness is not the result of canonization. In fact, the canonization is nothing other than a public pronouncement by the Church that sufficient evidence has been given to show that such or such a person is now in possession of eternal glory. And that evidence has been sifted most carefully; long years, sometimes centuries, elapse between the first recognized manifestation that indicated sanctity, and the final pronouncement of canonization; no stone is left unturned to establish every doubt that might be reasonably entertained. Consequently, when the Church, after such investigation, declares the evidence sufficient, there can exist no longer any doubt as to the sanctity of the one whose life has been under examination; moreover, the Church being divinely inspired, having the constant presence of the great illuminator and sanctifier—the Holy Ghost—declares that which she knows to be true, and she has never and can never err.

But, as we have already stated, only a certain number of the Saints have been actually canonized, yet there are others of the elect. It is only meet that a day should be chosen whereon the soldiers of the Church Militant might pay homage to and invoke the members of the Church Triumphant. These Saints are not like the other celestial beings, the pure spirits that hover around the throne of God; these Saints have passed through this life; they have felt all the pangs to which humanity is subjected; they lived in a world that is surrounded by an atmosphere of sin; they underwent the same temptations that we daily undergo; they wrestled with the world, the devil and the flesh; they experienced the great necessity of Divine grace and heavenly protection; they gave up their lives for the cause of Christ, and as a result they wear to-day the glorious crowns that have been promised to all who unfalteringly carry their heavy crosses. Therefore, these Saints in heaven know, as well as we do, how difficult the path of salvation is; they know better than we do how much we stand in need of assistance from above; they feel for us, sympathize with us, and are ever ready to befriend us—not only for our own sakes, but especially for the greater glory of God.

To-day they are the bosom friends of the Almighty. By their lives and by their deaths they have sealed forever their eternal happiness and have secured the unbounded love, the unending gratitude (if such a term may be used) of the Creator. It is only natural, then, that their prayers should be most potent and their petitions most readily granted. For themselves they require nothing more; they now possess in its plenitude the happiness that knows no ending; they are seated in presence of the Beatific Vision, and the cup of their bliss is filled to the brim. But they are ever anxious for the increased glory of God and the happiness of His creatures. The more souls that go from earth to heaven the more will there be to replace the fallen angels and to compensate for the numberless unfortunates who daily descend to fill the caverns of iniquity and undying misery. This thought alone, were there never another one, would suffice to enlist the Saints in our cause and to secure their services beside the Fountain of all Grace. They cannot come to us; but we can go to them.

We can ask of them to recall their own severe battles with the envoys of hell; to remember that we are struggling along the same rugged pathway; that our strength is even not as great as was theirs; and that we require the aid of heaven. Especially upon the great Feast of All Saints should we offer up our petitions, and there is not the slightest doubt but that they will receive attention.

Imagine that glorious scene—if the human imagination dare attempt such lofty flight—when the "frontier hosts of heaven take heed," and our prayers are handed from one to the other along that glittering array of Martyrs, Confessors, Virgins, Priests, and Pontiffs, until the "Queen of All Saints" receives them and presents them before the throne of Eternal Glory. Joy celestial flashes from the blissful countenances, and the mansions of God seem—if it were possible—to shine more brilliantly with beams of happiness, as the mandate goes forth, and, in obedience, the Angel of God's Treasury opens the valves and streams of grace and benediction flow down the expanse of heaven, to be scattered, like refreshing rain, upon the parched soil of our thirsty souls. Great is the Feast of All Saints, and wonderful the power for good that these holy ones possess. To-day, not one of them is absent; they lean over the battlements of heaven to catch every petition that ascends from a human soul. Surely they will not await in vain!

#### ALL SOULS' DAY.

To-morrow, the 2nd November, the Church calls upon the faithful to remember the souls in Purgatory. All Souls' Day is one of the saddest and yet most consoling days of the year. We on that occasion are called upon, in an especial manner, to remember the departed, to help the sufferers who can no longer help themselves, to go to the grave and there hold converse with God in the cause of those dear dead ones but we have the glorious consolation of knowing that upon All Souls' Day there are countless sufferers who pass from the prison-house of Purgatory into the freedom unending of God's glory; and we know that our prayers, our alms, our sacrifices and our sufferings, if offered up in their behalf, are the keys that unlock the door of their abode. Yes; all this month of November is specially dedicated to the service of the souls in Purgatory. It has been well chosen; for there is a gloom about November that corresponds with the feelings of natural sorrow for the departed; and there is a promise in November—a promise of Christmas joys that are to follow its penitential advent—and it harmonizes well with the promise of a glorious resurrection. On All Souls' Day there is a special pilgrimage to the Cote des Neiges cemetery, and there the faithful, in a body, go around the Stations of the Cross. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be released from their sins," says the Book of Holy Writ; let all our readers go to-morrow—at least in spirit—to Cote des Neiges, and join in that solemn procession. In the meantime we will go to the City of the Dead and gaze upon a scene that is potent with salutary lessons.

Grey, damp and dreary is the atmosphere; sad, solemn and awe-inspiring the surroundings; cold the air, cloudy the sky, sombre the prospect, funereal the picture. Evening is approaching, the short day is dying, the shrill blast shrieks among the leafless branches, the ashen twilight seems to cast a cloud of death

upon all nature. Suddenly, in the far west, just on the rim of the horizon, beyond the darkening summit of the last mountain-range, the clouds part for a space, and the rays of the setting sun light up the expanse, paint the faces of the black misty banks with crimson and orange, gold and silver, shoot horizontally over the damp landscape, tip the summits of the cold monuments in the silent city, and shed an unexpected splendor upon a scene of desolation—Hope shining upon the grave!

It is so with the Catholic life. Mournful is the parting, bitter are the tears that are shed for the lost one, at the tomb we kneel and behold disappearing for all time the casket that holds the mortal remains of a beloved being. Life seems desolate and the mists of grief hang in thick masses along the horizon of the future. So far our non-Catholic friends accompany us; they, too, feel all the intensity of human sorrow, and they ask of God consolation for the living, that they may bear up against all such sad afflictions. But at the barrier of the grave they part entirely from the one that is gone; they turn back into the autumn atmosphere of a dreary world and their dead friend is lost to them for the rest of life. No communion of souls; no relief from pains through the prayers of the living; no blessings conferred upon the dead. It is at that moment, when the evening of life is passing and the night of the grave closing in upon the dead, that the sunburst of promise flashes from beneath the clouds and tells to the Catholic that there is an unbroken chain of union between the souls in Purgatory and the souls on earth. The parting rays of the sun illumine the clouds upon our horizon, but his herald beams proclaim the new day to another hemisphere; the rays of consolation that Faith beholds in that last hour, but faintly tinge the clouds of human sorrow, yet we know that other shafts from that same glorious orb already flash upon the hills of eternity.

This great and consoling dogma of Purgatory is one of the best evidences of the Divine foundation of the Catholic Church. No other established religion carries its charities beyond the tomb. The Catholic Church alone possesses the communion of saints. Triumphant in Heaven, suffering in Purgatory and Militant on earth, she is the same wonderful, mystical, universal body, filled with the spirit of Truth, knowing no limitations, indestructible, infallible, binding together the living and the dead, continuing throughout the centuries unchanged and unchangeable, taking in all time, from the beginning of Redemption's work to the closing day of the centuries, taking neither heed of time nor mutations, and opening for man, in this world, only the ante-chambers of her unmeasurable and eternal proportions.

Since we have the consolation of being members of such an institution, and the possessors of a faith that unites us with the dead, let us not forget those suffering souls, but remember that every prayer or offering that we make in their cause will knock off links from the shackles that bind them and will secure for ourselves countless blessings that their gratitude will shower upon us when comes our hour of need. Moreover, there are to-day countless souls in Purgatory who have no friends to pray for them, or whose friends neglect them. For this reason does the Church call upon the faithful throughout this month of November to offer up prayers for those sufferers. Therefore, we say that while All Souls' Day is one of the saddest, it is also one of the most consoling in the calendar of the Church.

**THE CURSE OF COWDRAY.**

A hundred years ago—that is, on September 24th, 1798—the magnificent and historical mansion of Cowdray perished in the flames. There would be little reason why we should record the centenary of the destruction of this great Sussex house, even though its name is linked with the memories of many services done to the Catholics of the neighbourhood in the preservation of the faith during the days of persecution, were it not that the event recalls the fulfilment of what is known as the curse of Cowdray, the remembrance of which should not be allowed to die out amongst us.

Sir William Fitzwilliam, afterwards made Earl of Southampton by Henry VIII., may be regarded as the builder of Cowdray House, and here, when at the King's order he arrested the Blessed Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, at Warlington, he lodged her on her way to the Tower. Lord Southampton had no children, and left his estates at Cowdray and the neighbourhood to his half-brother, Sir Anthony Browne. This latter, sprung from a Cumberland family settled in the south, was another favourite of Henry VIII. He received many marks of the royal interest in his welfare; not the least from a worldly point of view—though hardly perhaps in reality, if we may credit the legend—was the grant in 1588 of the site of the suppressed Abbey of Battle. His family was apparently wealthy enough when Sir Anthony came into possession of the Cowdray estates, which included the domains of the neighboring Privy of Easebourne, as well as those of the dissolved monasteries of Bayham and Calceot, and the Cisterian Abbey of Wourley in Surrey. Nor did this represent all the spoils of the Church which were accumulated in his hands through the favor of his master, but in his case the words said to have been used by the Protestant Archbishop Whitgift to Queen Elizabeth, had their manifest application; for to his house certainly "church land added to an ancient inheritance hath proved like a moth fritting a garment, and secretly consumed both; or like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it."

Two accounts have been handed down of the manner in which the family of Sir Anthony fell under a special curse of fire and water in consequence of his taking possession of lands dedicated to the service of God. The generally received tradition is that it came upon him and his where he took from the king the grant of Battle Abbey. The chapter-house, cloister, and other monastic buildings, were quickly razed to the ground, and upon the site of the minster church the new comer placed his garden, planting a double-row of yew-trees along what had been the nave. The abbot's lodging, as was usual at that time of spoliation, became the residence of the new-comer; and the story goes that when Sir Anthony Browne was holding in the abbotial hall his first great feast, a monk made his way through the guests, and striding up to the dais, cursed the new master of Battle to his face. He foretold the doom that would befall his posterity, and prophesied that the curse would cleave to his family until it should cease to exist. He concluded with the words: "By fire and water thy life shall come to an end, and it shall perish out of the land."

Another story places the origin of the curse in the possessions of the Benedictine priory of Easebourne, the remains of which still exist at the upper end of Cowdray Park. Local tradition relates that when called upon by Henry's commissioners to resign the nunnery into their hands, the valiant sub-Prioress, Dame Alice Hill, bade them beware of what they were about to do, as the founders of the house had laid a heavy curse upon all who should dare to plunder. "As the tradition of our house," she continued, "and of all the faithful people of Easebourne attest, a curse of fire and water on the male children and heirs of the spoilers is invoked," by those who gave the inheritance to God and his servants. "He who takes these lands shall incur this doom, and his name shall die out."

As we have said, the Earl of Southampton, the first to profit by the spoils of Easebourne and the builder of Cowdray, once the rival of Audley End and Hatfield, died without heirs, and the

questionable inheritance passed, with the penalty of sacrilege attached to it, to Sir Anthony Browne. His son, created Viscount Montague by Queen Mary, remained staunch to the Catholic faith during the reign of Elizabeth. And his descendants, with all their shortcomings, were for many generations the means by which the sacred lamp of faith was kept alight in the district, whilst under their protection the Holy Sacrifice continued to be offered in the presence of the Catholic people of the neighbourhood during the terror of the penal laws.

So things went on towards the middle of the eighteenth century, when the seventh Viscount Montague, having for some time courted the society of Protestants, ended in marrying a Methodist of Lady Huntingdon's sect, and in giving up the practices, if he did not the beliefs, of his ancestors. He died in 1787, and in his last hours he had the grace of being reconciled to the Church, giving orders that his recantation should be published in the Gentleman's Magazine and the newspapers of the day. In it he asked pardon for the scandal given to his fellow-Catholics, and declared that his apostasy was due solely to worldly motives. And now was manifested the fulfilment of the curse of fire and water under which the house of Cowdray had been laid. The seventh Lord Montague left two children. George, the son, was a wild and careless youth, and, of course, educated under the influence of his mother, was the first of his race not a Catholic. He was engaged to be married to a Miss Coutts, upon his return to England from a foreign tour, and with this in view the mansion of Cowdray had been for several months undergoing a complete repairs and refitting. The whole had been finished on September 23, 1798, and the steward had written during the afternoon to the owner an account of its completion, when the same night the house caught fire and was completely destroyed, in spite of all efforts to save even some portion of the great pile of buildings. A messenger was dispatched at once to acquaint Lord Montague of the catastrophe, but the news never reached him, and within a few weeks a courier came post haste to England to inform the family of the Viscount's death. According to the account given in Mrs. Roundall's Cowdray, Lord Montague and a friend determined to essay the wild project of going down the Falls of the Rhine in a small boat. The old Cowdray servant, who was with his master, endeavoured to drag him back, exclaiming: "Oh, Lord! its the curse of water! In God's sake give up the trial!" His efforts were useless; boat started on its expedition, and, after passing the first fall in safety, entered the cloud of spray which hangs over the most dangerous part of the passage. Its occupants were never seen again.

The title now devolved upon a poor friar at Fontainebleau—a distant kinsman—who, most unwillingly, was induced to accept a dispensation to marry in order to carry on the line. After a very few months, he died without children, and with him the title become extinct.

Mary Brown, sister of George Lord Montague, deprived of the blessings of the true faith by the apostasy of her father, succeeded her brother in the possession of the Cowdray estates, and shortly after married William Poyntz. Continuing to live on the estate in the old keeper's lodge, both she and her mother, old Lady Montague, were continually haunted by the thought that, sooner or later the terrible curse would fall upon her two boys, the sole male survivors of the Montague family. And so it came to pass, for in 1815, whilst at Bognor one lovely summer day, Mr. Poyntz, seeing how calm the sea was, proposed a boating excursion. This project was at first strongly opposed by his wife, because of her vague fears of the curse of water; but finally she was persuaded into giving a reluctant consent. The boat, for some reason or other, keeled over, and the two boys sank never to rise again.

Thus perished the lives of those who had benefited by the spoils of the monastic houses of Battle and Eastbourne, and, as the witness of the older inhabitant of the district testifies, according to the belief of the last of the old stock, in fulfilment of the curse laid on all spoiler by the founders of those religious houses. —London Tablet.

Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

**ROMAN NEWS.**

(Gleaned from the London Universe and other sources.)

The Pope has commissioned a theologian to make a special study establishing the exclusive right of the Vatican to name the Patriarch of Venice—a right which is contested by the Italian Crown.

A report from Catanzaro states that at Papanice the Archpriest Joseph Pignatelli has been murdered by a man named Peter Foresta. Violent attacks upon the clergy have in recent times become numerous in Italy.

The Pope has accepted the demand of the Queen Regent of Spain to be sponsor to the little King, Alfonso XIII, on the occasion of his confirmation. His Holiness will be represented by the Nuncio at Madrid, Mgr. Cretoni.

The final works of the Church of St. Joachim are being pushed forward with great activity in order that, with the aid of benevolent Catholics, they may be completed and solemnly inaugurated at the close of the Jubilee year of Leo XIII.

His Holiness has received in private audience the Marquis Merry de Val, Spanish Ambassador to the Holy See, on his return from leave. Count Reverera Salandra, Austro-Hungarian Ambassador to the Holy See, has also been admitted to an interview at the Vatican on a similar occasion.

Next month in the town of Orvieto, in Umbria, will be opened a college for the sons of well-to-do families. This institution is due to the munificence of Leo XIII. It is situated beside the Orvieto free hospital, which also owes its existence to the munificence of the Supreme Pontiff. The college has been called after its generous founder and patron.

Five missionaries have left Milan for foreign countries. Divine service was first held in the Church of St. Calocero, and then Fathers Rossi and Ghislanzoni of Lodi departed for Honam in the north of China; Father Armanasco, of Como, and Ponzoni, of Milan, for Central Bengal, and Don Minuzi, of Lucca, for Hyderabad. Two Sisters of Charity have also started from the institute of St. Apollinare, Milan, for Kishnagar.

The taking possession of the Palazzo Borghese by the Freemasons has caused a very sad impression at Rome, even in circles that are far from being "clerical." The princely residence which has always been considered as almost a possession of the Church itself is now become the Masonic lodge at Rome. *O tempora! O mores!* The inauguration was held with all due solemnity on September 20th, and from the balconies the Italian and anti-clerical flags floated proudly all that day. A grand banquet was given in the evening, during which the facade of the palace was brilliantly illuminated. We are accustomed, says a correspondent of an English journal, to see strange contrasts at Rome, it is true, but this recent Freemasonic manifestation seems to beat all records. His Eminence Cardinal Ruffo-Scilla, who is related to Donna Ludovica Borghese husband, the Duke d'Artaia, rents the second floor of the Palazzo Borghese, and must mount the same staircase with the Freemasons, who rent the first floor. As the Cardinal has a contract to remain a certain period, unless he chooses to pay for two residences at Rome, he must endure this far from desirable vicinity for some time yet.

On the 12th October the Holy Father gave audience in the Hall of Tapestries to Father Alfonso Piccini, minor conventual and guardian of the Sagro Convento and Patriarchal Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi, who came accompanied with the Most Rev. Father General and the Fathers who serve him as secretary and under-secretary. In memory of the Pontifical Jubilee the Father guardian offered the Pope a pastoral ring, once worn by the great Pontiff Sixtus V., himself a minor conventual, enclosed in a pretty case; decorated with the arms of the present Holy Father, and bearing the inscription:

"Annulum jam Sixto V.  
Leoni XIII. successori  
Minoritae S. Conv. Assistentis  
Anno Episcopalis Jubilaei  
Memoriam illius amoris."

There will be a grand organ recital and concert at St. Peter's Cathedral on Tuesday, the 7th November, at 8.15 p.m. Mr. Oct. Pelletier, the organist of the Cathedral, who has been crowned by the French Academy, and many other local artists, will entertain the audience.

**RELIGIOUS NEWS.**

Arlington, N.J., is to have a new church. Father Kiernan will be its pastor.

The title of Bishop Kain, the coadjutor Archbishop of St. Louis, is Archbishop of Osinorico.

As many as four thousand pilgrims from Lombardy were received by the Pope on the 19th inst.

Rev. Father Plessis, of the Dominican Order, is to lecture at the Cabinet de Lecture on Nov 15th on a popular subject.

Rev. L. H. Duhamel has been appointed parish priest of Ste. Hyacinthe to succeed Mgr. Larocque, the new Bishop of Sherbrooke.

The new mother house and novitiate of the Franciscan Sisters recently erected in Clinton, Ia., was blessed on October 4, by Very Rev. Father McLaughlin.

Leo XIII., it is said, is preparing another encyclical. The object will be to thank the Catholic world for the filial homage shown during the jubilee year.

The German papers state that the Theodosian Sisters, or Sisters of the Cross, who were expelled from Warden in 1876, have now been authorized to return.

Half a million lire was left to the local seminary at Bergamo, Italy, and one hundred thousand lire to various charities by the late Signor Lorenzo Cerasoli.

Rev. Mother Marie de l'Ange Gardien, Superior-General of the Sisters of St. Anne of Lachine, has returned from a visit to the convents of the Order in British Columbia and at Juneau, Alaska.

The new St. Michael's Church, Milwaukee, was dedicated October 1st by Archbishop Katsar, assisted by the clergy of the city. The new church is one of the handsomest in the city, and was built at a cost of \$125,000.

The centenary festival of the Holy House of Loretto will be celebrated next year, and the composer Verdi, as an act of veneration to the Blessed Virgin, has promised to set the Litany of Loretto to beautiful music for the occasion.

A most sacrilegious outrage was perpetrated at the Brixton (England) Catholic Church on a recent Sunday. It is the custom of Father Van Doon, the head of the mission, to leave the church doors open throughout Sunday for the worshippers. Some time in the afternoon the tabernacle over the main altar was forced open and the gold monstrance and chalice were taken out. The Sacred Host was thrown about the altar, and the sacred vessels mentioned were cast behind a curtain. Nothing was stolen, and neither the collection boxes nor the ornaments in the church were tampered with. It is, therefore, thought that the outrage must have been the preconcerted work of religious fanatics.

**SMILES.**

At the Menagerie.—Manager—"You wish to become a lion tamer. What qualification have you for such a position?" Applicant—"I am a successful newspaper canvasser." Manager—"You'll do."

Mamma—"If you eat any more of that pudding, Tommy, you'll see the bogie man to-night." Tommy,—(after a moment's thought)—"Well, give us some more. I might as well settle my mind about the truth of that story once for all."

Little Miss Freckles—"I made ugly faces at your stuck-up sister the other day, but I guess she didn't see me." Little Johnny—"Yes, she did; but she thought they was natural."

"What sort of person is Mrs. B.?" asked a village gossip of a butcher, who had been seen talking with a new resident. "A perfect lady!" was the enthusiastic reply. "She don't know one out o' meat from another!"

Mrs. Binks (with a disgusted air)—"That Aunt Sallie who writes the articles in the household department of this paper isn't a woman at all. It's a man." Mr. Binks—"Why so?" Mrs. Binks—"Here's an article that says woman's proper sphere is the home."

**A CURE FOR COUGHS.**

There is no remedy that makes as large a percentage of perfect cures as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. In nearly every case of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, etc., its curative effects are prompt and lasting.

**ECHOES FROM CALVARY'S HILL.**

[The following lines are from the pen of a Protestant young lady.]

When e'en I eastward turn mine eyes,  
Nearth gloomy or neath azure skies,  
A tiny cross is seen to loom  
In sunshine and amid the gloom.

'Tis such a contrast to the scene,  
The work and noise that intervene,  
The busy hands that wield the pen,  
And busier minds of weary men.

Again the anvil's burning glow,  
And workmen sitting to and fro,  
Whilst far up 'neath the tranquil skies,  
Thick, murky clouds of smoke arise.

And noisy engines piercing scream,  
With circling wreaths of misty steam,  
And hammer's stroke and clanging steel,  
Man's wondrous ingenuity reveal.

But, ah! I cannot well define  
The thoughts that throng this heart of mine,  
Whene'er I gaze upon that cross,  
It speaks my Saviour's shame and loss.

Of dark Gethsemane, of Jesus there alone;  
Of all the bitter agony twixt cross and throne;  
While Faith points to His thorn-crowned brow,  
As echoes from dark Calvary reach me now.

And still as on that tiny cross I gaze,  
The sun sheds forth its myriad golden rays;  
To me it speaks a Saviour's love divine,  
To earthly citizens a heavenly shrine.

A love Almighty and a power to save,  
Which makes us conquerors of the grave,  
The cross' radiance pierced earth's deepest gloom,  
And tells of joys that wait beyond the tomb.

As book I close and put my pen away,  
The shadows weave a shroud for dying day,  
And golden sunlight floods some other sky;  
The cross' rays are lights that never die.

J. B.

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

**WHO LAUGHED LAST.**

It was the first day of vacation, and I am sorry to say that the twins, Fred and Ted, spent the greater part of it in playing pranks.

"Them young 'uns is like a couple of young colts, now that the school 'us shet up!" remarked Silas, the hired man, with a disapproving shake of the head.

"Well, I'll let 'em know that, even if their pa 'an ma be away, they ain't goin' to run over me!" exclaimed Celesty, the "help" who had just had a battle with the twins in which she came off victorious. She would not let them make muddy tracks over her newly washed kitchen floor, as they went off repeated expeditions to the pantry after cookies.

"Celesty is as cross as two sticks!" muttered Fred, as he and Ted sat playing mumble-the-peg out among the plantains.

"So she is," said his brother. "She hates boys! She'll do anything for little Kit. Gives her all the cookies she wants, and lets her muss up the stove making butterscotch."

"Somehow, everybody seems as though they liked Kit better'n us," said Fred, so dolefully that one almost forgot his bad grammar.

"Yes. I'm tired of hearing them say: 'What a sweet disposition that child has!'"

"So'm I! I'd like to get her mad, real hopping mad—mad as a while nestful of hornets. And, say," with a sudden gleam of mischief in his eye, "I know a way to do it. Say, Fred, you run and get her doll, that old Angelica she is always tagging around with. Its lying on the couch in the sitting room."

"What are you going to do with it?" Fred inquired, as he brought out Angelica, a round-faced china doll, with smiling lips and wide-open eyes. "Bury it, tie it on Bower's tail, or hang it on the limb of the cherry tree?"

"You'll see! Come around on the other side of the house."

Now, it so happened that painters had been at work "on the other side of the house." Their ladders were there, and several pails of paint, just as the painters had left them when they went to their dinner. Ted peered into one bucket after another. "White, ochre, oil. Hump! Oh, here is the black paint in this little tin can!"

"But what are you going to do with black paint?" queried Fred, looking much mystified.

"You'll see!" with a chuckle. "Let me take that brush—the small one, I mean. Now look!" and quite regardless of the drops of oil and spatters of black paint on his new grey trousers, Ted dabbed into the ivory black, and began to daub Angelica's face—her forehead, her cheeks, her neck, and even her broken china hands.

The brilliancy of this new scheme dawned on Fred's mind. "Going to make a nigger of her!" he shouted ecstatically, turning a somersault.

"Sh! Don't holler so, or Aunt Agnes'll think we're doing some mischief! There! I want a dab of white paint for Angelica's eyes. My ain't she a Topsy, though," surveying his work with satisfaction. "Let's set her against the piazza post to dry. Won't Kit howl when she sees her! Guess there won't be much said about her sweet disposition."

A few minutes later sunny-faced, seven year old Kitty bounded out of the house and confronted Angelica, but such an Angelica! Where were the blue eyes, the rosy cheeks, the brown hair? Instead, a shiny black face with round intensely white eyes met her view.

"Why-ee! Angelica! You dear Angelica! O boys, did you paint her?" hearing bits of explosive laughter behind the piazza pillars. Did you paint her, really?" Then gleefully, "How nice it was of you!"

"Why! Are you—you—pleased?" And Ted popped up an astonished face.

"Of course I am!" taking up Angelica very carefully. "You see I've always wanted a colored nurse for my doll, and you've made dear Angelica into a real perfect one! Just as soon as she dries I'll fix up a black gown, white apron and gay red and yellow plaid turban for her. She look like Phil Morgan's old black Mammy Phebe! I'm very much obliged to you, boys!"

The twins mingled their voices in a low whistle as they slunk around the corner of the house. The slats of the parlor blinds rattled as they passed under the window, and they caught a glimpse of Aunt Agnes' white hand as she called out, "Rira bien vui rira le dernier!" Do you know what that means, my little lads?

"No'm."

"It means, 'He laughs well who laughs last.'"

"Oh!" and the boys sheepishly took themselves away.

"She thinks the joke was on us instead of Kit," said Ted.

"Kind of seems as though it was!"

"Maybe. But," decidedly, "I don't think it pays to tease such a little girl as Kit, anyway. I don't mean to do it again."

"Nor I!" and, softly, "I guess Ted, that it is true—about her disposition being!"

What do you think, my readers?—*Catholic Record.*

**USEFUL RECIPTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**JENNY LIND TEA CAKE.**

Four cups of flour, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix with sweet milk to the consistency of cake batter. Heat shallow pans, grease well, and pour in the batter. Bake twenty minutes or half an hour in a quick oven and eat hot with butter. This recipe makes two or three panfuls of the most delicious tea cake known to cookery.

**LEMON BUTTER.**

Rind and juice of three small or two large lemons, one pound of sugar, five eggs, butter the size of a walnut; mix all up together and place on the fire; stir constantly, as it must not be allowed to scorch in the least, for which reason a double boiler is preferable. When it thickens remove from the fire and set away to cool. This is "extra good," as the children say, and makes a most appreciated addition to picnic fare.

**MORAVIAN APPLE PIE.**

Pare and core six even-sized apples carefully, go as not to break them; place on the stove in a covered saucepan, with one teaspoonful of lemon juice, a very little of the yellow of the peel, one cup of the sugar and enough water to cover the apples. Stew until tender and remove carefully that they may keep their shape; line a pie dish with a thin crust of paste, fill the bottom with peach or apple marmalade, put stripes of crust across the top of the pie and bake in a quick oven. Serve with cream.

**CONSUMPTION CURED.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also, a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

**COLONIZATION.**

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

BRACEBRIDGE, MUSKOKA, Ont.,  
Oct. 17th, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—If you can find space in your valuable paper for the following I shall feel greatly obliged. The many letters I have received asking for further information regarding the prospects of future settlers in this district are very encouraging indeed. I have answered some and as soon as the first opportunity offers I shall answer all. I say all, but I think I may be excused in making one exception, for I have reason to think that the writer wrote under an assumed name, and that from the tone of his letter, though written in a flourishing hand, he is not seeking for honest information. As I presume he has read my other letters, I trust he shall do me the favor of reading this one also, in which is implied sufficient reply to his, to say the least, uncalled for remarks. In my last letter I said that years ago many of the old settlers left their farms and clearings here to seek their fortune elsewhere, and that several of them did not succeed as well as expected, and in proof of this I said also that some came back, glad to settle down again in their old homes. He seems to doubt it. I can give him the names of a dozen at least of the old settlers who have returned to Muskoka district within the last twelve months, not to speak of the new settlers who have settled and are settling down here lately. He would also seem to impeach my motives and doubt my sincerity, when, as he says, I speak of this district as "good for growing purposes." To say that the country here in general is "good for growing purposes" is not very definite,—it might mean prolific in raising men or beasts. But if he holds me accused for saying that the soil here is good for yielding crops, he is making me responsible for what I did not say. I haven't as yet said a word about the good or bad qualities of the soil in the Muskoka district. So far, I have been speaking about this northern country in general, and bringing under the notice of intending settlers the many vacant farms, unclaimed lots, and free grant land waiting to be taken possession of by the first comer. I shall treat of the soil further on. But supposing I did make that ascertainment, I think the following would bear me out: "In vegetable and field roots the display was magnificent. Strange to say the silver medal collection of potatoes comes from Muskoka. The exhibitor is William Nasmith, Falkenberg station, near Bracebridge. He swept everything in which he entered, taking fourteen first prizes, in the fourteen potatoe sections he showed in. He took second for his collection of field roots with twenty varieties."—*Globe*. This was at the last Toronto Exhibition. "Unlike the *Globe* we don't think it strange that the silver medal for potatoes came to Muskoka, for we know that this north country can bear the Dominion for potatoes and roots generally. We are well aware that immense crops of potatoes are grown in the North-West, where the yield may be larger than here, but the quality is not so good. . . . At the request of the Honorable the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Nasmith packed for shipment to Chicago 14 samples of potatoes and one lot of carrots. Altogether, Mr. Nasmith was awarded twenty first prizes, four second prizes, one third prize and a silver medal."—*Bracebridge Gazette*.

"Some magnificent potatoes, which took first prize in Toronto for Mr Nasmith, were beaten here in their native province by those exhibited by Mr. Nasmith of Gravenhurst, showing that good as was the Muskoka exhibits abroad they can show still better at home."—*Gravenhurst Banner*.

I think this speaks volumes for the soil of Muskoka, so for the present I shall say no more about it. Evidently this gentleman could not have taken much interest in the different products exhibited, nor even send the reports, else, granting that I did heretofore speak of the soil as "good for growing purposes," he should at least give me credit for speaking consistent with truth. I doubt that he has ever been in Muskoka, much less acquainted with this north country,

though he ventures to make reckless statements about it as a farming country. I presume he is not a farmer, nor an intending settler, consequently my letters are not intended for him. I wish to speak to our Irish and French-Canadian people who intend to take up land, who are as yet without a permanent home, and whose object in life is to become good, honest farmers. This is the class of people I have always taken an interest in, and will continue to do so, and any information at my disposal regarding the future prospects of this country, as long as I remain here, they will always find me ready to give as fairly and impartially as I can, this unknown gentleman's heightened opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Perhaps I should not have noticed this letter, but judging from it insinuating tone that the writer intended to give it publication, I am sorry to say I felt it my duty to cut the ground from under his feet. And, lastly, my correspondent is curious to ask what am I "getting for writing up Muskoka." If he means what recompense I am to receive for writing these letters to the value of dollars and cents, it might satisfy his curiosity to know that I am getting nothing at all. I am entirely responsible for them, and as long as I conscientiously feel that what I am doing may result in some good to my fellowman that is all I care, and if I succeed in any way in making this effort I shall consider myself amply repaid without further earthly reward. Epitomized his letter I take it to mean this: We don't want you to take part or encourage migration into the Muskoka or Parry Sound district. Far be it from me in writing these letters to mislead or deceive anybody. I have not said, nor shall I say, anything that is not based on solid facts. I have written several letters to different parties regarding this portion of the country, and I cannot do better than finish in substance this letter, as invariably I have finished theirs. Come and see for yourselves.

T. F. FLEMING, Priest.

**A "Run-Down"**

and "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work. And, with a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you're an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

For every disease caused by a disordered liver or impure blood, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

\$500 is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for an incurable case of Catarrh. Their remedy perfectly and permanently cures the worst cases.

A Perth merchant wanted to go fishing, and having nobody to keep shop, shut up and posted—"All flesh is grass, and grass is hay; we are here to-morrow, but away to-day—fishing."

A newspaper wrapper is a sort of coat of mail.

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**NIPPLE OIL.**

Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

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For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.

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Will be found superior to all others for all kind Piles. Price 25 cents.

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Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

**NO OTHER** Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like **HOOD'S**. It is the only one of which can truly be said "100 Doses \$1."

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

"Wrong in every one of your propositions—wholly wrong," cried the other. "The party that will send you in won't want to be bribed, and they'll be proud of a man who doesn't overtop them with his money. You don't need the big families, for you'll beat them. Your religion is the right one, for it will give you the priests; and your politics shall be repeal, and it will give you the peasants; and as to not knowing what to do when you're elected, are you so mighty well off in life that you've nothing to wish for?"

"I can scarcely say that," said Dick, smiling.

"Give me a few minutes' attention," said Donagan, "and I think I'll show you that I've thought this matter out and out; indeed, before I sat down to write to you I went into all the details."

And now, with a clearness and a fairness that astonished Kearney, this strange looking fellow proceeded to prove how he had weighed the whole difficulty, and saw how, in the nice balance of the two great parties who would contest the seat, the Repealer would step in and steal votes from both.

He showed not only that he knew every barony of the county, and every estate and property, but that he had a clear insight into the different localities where discontent prevailed, and places where there was something more than discontent.

"It is down there," said he, significantly, "that I can be useful. The man that has had his foot in the dock, and only escaped having his head in the noose, is never discredited in Ireland. Talk parliament and parliamentary tactics to the small shop-keepers in Moate, and leave me to talk treason to the people in the bog."

"But I mistake you and your friends greatly," said Kearney, "if these were the tactics you always followed; I thought that you were the physical force party, who sneered at constitutionalism, and only believed in the pike."

"So we did, so long as we saw O'Connell and the lawyers working the game of that grievance for their own advantage, and teaching the English government how to rule Ireland by a system of concession to them and to their friends. Now, however, we begin to perceive that to assault the heavy bastion of Saxon intolerance, we must have spies in the enemy's fortresses, and for this we send in so many members to the Whig party. There are scores of men who will aid us by their vote who would not risk a bone in our cause. There is a sort of subacute patriotism; but it has its use. It smashes an Established Church, breaks down Protestant ascendancy, destroys the prestige of landed property, and will in time abrogate entail and primogeniture, and many another fine thing; and in this way it clears the ground for our operations, just as soldiers fell trees and level houses lest they interfere with the range of heavy artillery."

"So that the place you would assign me is that very honorable one you have just called a 'spy in the camp'?"

"By a figure I said that, Mr. Kearney; but you know well enough what I meant was, that there's many a man will help us on the Treasury benches, that would not turn out on Tallaght; and we want both. I won't say," added he, after a pause, "I'd not rather see you a leader in our ranks than a Parliament man. I was bred a doctor, Mr. Kearney, and I must take an illustration from my own art. To make a man susceptible of certain remedies, you are often obliged to reduce his strength and weaken his constitution. So it is here. To bring Ireland into a condition to be bettered by Repeal you must crush the Church and smash the bitter Protestants. The Whigs will do these for us, but we must help them. Do you understand me now?"

"I believe I do. In the case you speak of, then the government will support my election."

"Against a Tory, yes; but not against a pure Whig—a thorough-going supporter, who would bargain for nothing for his country, only something for his own relations."

"If your project has an immense fasci-

nation for me at one moment, and excites my ambition beyond all bounds, the moment I turn my mind to the cost, and remember my own poverty, I see nothing but hopelessness."

"That's not my view of it, nor, when you listen to me patiently, will it, I believe, be yours. Can we have another talk over this in the evening?"

"To be sure; we'll dine together at six."

"Oh, never mind me; think of yourself, Mr. Kearney, and your own engagements. As to the matter of dining, a crust of bread and a couple of apples are fully as much as I want or care for."

"We'll dine together to-day at six," said Dick, "and bear in mind I am more interested in this than you are."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A CRAFTY COUNSELLOR.

As they were about to sit down to dinner on that day a telegram, redirected from Kilgobbin, reached Kearney's hand. It bore the date of that morning, from Plumnuddin Castle, and was signed "Atlee." Its contents were these: "H. E. wants to mark the Kilgobbin defense with some sign of approval. What shall it be? Reply by wire."

"Read that, and tell us what you think of it."

"Joe Atlee at the viceroy's castle in Wales!" cried the other. "We are going up the ladder hand over head, Mr. Kearney! A week ago his ambition was bounded on the south by Ship street, and on the east by the Lower Castle Yard."

"How do you understand the dispatch?" asked Kearney, quickly.

"Easily enough. His excellency wants to know what you'll have for shooting down three—I think they were three—Irishmen."

"The fellows came to demand arms and with loaded guns in their hands."

"And if they did? Is not the first right of a man the weapon that defends him? He that cannot use it or does not possess it is a slave. By what prerogative has Kilgobbin Castle within its walls what can take the life of any, the meanest, tenant on the estate?"

"I am not going to discuss this with you; I think I have heard most of it before, and was no impressed when I did so. What I asked was, what sort of a recognition one might safely ask for and reasonably expect?"

"That's not long to look for. Let them support you in the county. Telegraph back. I'm going to stand, and if I get in, will be a Whig, whenever I'm not a Nationalist. Will the party stand by me?"

"Scarcely, with that programme."

"And do you think that the priests' nominees, who are three-fourths of the Irish members, offer better terms? Do you imagine that the men that crowd the Whig lobby have not reserved their freedom of action about the Pope, and the Fenian prisoners, and the Orange processionists? If they were not free so far, I'd ask you, with the old duke, how is her majesty's government to be carried on?"

Kearney shook his head in dissent.

"And that's not all," continued the other; "but you must write to the papers a flat contradiction of that shooting story. You must either declare that it never occurred at all, or was done by that young scamp from the Castle, who happily got as much as he gave."

"That I could not do," said Kearney, firmly.

"And it is that precisely that you must do," rejoined the other. "If you go into the House to represent the popular feeling of Irishmen, the hand that signs the roll must not be stained with Irish blood."

"You forgot; I was not within fifty miles of the place."

"An another reason to disavow it. Look here, Mr. Kearney; if a man in a battle was to say to himself, I'll never give any but a fair blow, he'd make a mighty bad soldier. Now public life is a battle, and worse than a battle in all that touches treachery and falsehood. If you mean to do any good in the world, to yourself and your country, take my word for it, you'll have to do plenty of things that you don't like, and, what's worse, can't defend."

"The soup is getting cold all this time. Shall we sit down?"

"No, not till we answer the telegram. Sit down and say what I told you."

"Atlee will say I'm mad. He knows I have not a shilling in the world."

"Riches is not the badge of the representation," said the other.

"They can, at least, pay the cost of the election."

"Well, we'll pay ours too—not all at once, but later on; don't fret yourself about that."

"They'll refuse me flatly."

"No, we have a lien on the fine gentleman with the broken arm. What would the Tores give for that story, told as I could tell it to them? At all events, whatever you do in life, remember this—that if asked your price for anything you have done, name the highest, and take nothing if it's refused you. It's a waiting race, but I never knew it fail in the end."

Kearney dispatched his message, and sat down to the table, far too much flurried and excited to care for his dinner. Not so his guest, who ate voraciously, seldom raising his head, and never uttering a word. "Here's to the new member for King's County," said he, at last, and he drained off his glass; "and I don't know a pleasanter way of wishing a man prosperity than in a bumper. Has your father any politics, Mr. Kearney?"

"He thinks he's a Whig, but, except hating the Established Church, and having a print of Lord Russell over the fire-place, I don't know he has other reason for the opinion."

"All right; there's nothing finer for a young man entering public life than to be able to sneer at his father for a noodle. That's the practical way to show contempt for the wisdom of our ancestors. There's no appeal the public respond to with the same certainty as that of the man who quarrels with his relations for the sake of his principles; and whether it be a change in your politics or your religion, they're sure to uphold you."

"If differing with my father will insure success, I can afford to be confident," said Dick, smiling.

"Your sister has her notions about Ireland, hasn't she?"

"Yes, I believe she has; but she fancies that laws and acts of Parliament are not the thing in fault, but ourselves and our modes of dealing with the people, that were not often just, and were always capricious. I am not sure how she works out her problem, but I believe we ought to educate each other; and that, in turn for teaching the people to read and write, there are scores of things to be learned from them."

"And the Greek girl?"

"The Greek Girl"—began Dick, haughtily, and with a manner that betokened rebuke, but which suddenly changed as he saw that nothing in the other's manner gave any indication of intended freedom or insolence—"the Greek is my first cousin, Mr. Donagan," said he, calmly; "but I am anxious to know how you have heard of her, or indeed, of any of us."

"From Joe—Joe Atlee. I believe we have talked you over—every one of you—till I know you all as well as if I lived in the castle and called you by your Christian names. Do you know, Mr. Kearney—and his voice trembled now as he spoke—"that to a lone and desolate man like myself, who has no home, and scarcely a country, there is something indescribably touching in the mere picture of the fireside, and the family gathered round it, talking over little homely cares, and canvassing the changes of each day's fortune. I could sit here half the night and listen to Atlee telling how you lived, and the sort of things that interested you."

"So that you'd actually like to look at us?"

Donagan's eyes grew glassy, and his lips trembled, but he could not utter a word.

"So you shall, then," cried Dick, resolutely. "We'll start to-morrow by the early train. You'll not object to a ten miles' walk, and we'll arrive for dinner."

"Do you know who it is you are inviting to your father's house? Do you know that I am an escaped convict, with a price on my head this minute? Do you know the penalty of giving me shelter, or even what the law calls comfort?"

"I know this, that in the heart of the Bog of Allen you'll be far safer than in the city of Dublin; that none shall ever learn who you are, nor, if they did, is there one—the poorest in the place—would betray you?"

"It is of you, sir, I am thinking, not of me," said Donagan, calmly.

"Don't fret yourself about us. We are well known in our county, and

above suspicion. Whenever you yourself should feel that your presence was like to be a danger, I am quite willing to believe you'd take yourself off."

"You judge me rightly, sir, and I'm proud to see it; but how are you to present me to your friends?"

"As a college acquaintance—a friend of Atlee's and of mine—a gentleman who occupied the room next me. I can surely say that with truth."

"And dined with you every day since you knew him. Why not add that?"

He laughed merrily over this conceit, and at last Donagan said, "I've a little kit of clothes—something decanter than these—up in Thomas street, No. 18, Mr. Kearney; the old house Lord Edward was shot in, and the safest place in Dublin now, because it is so notorious. I'll step up for them this evening, and I'll be ready to start when you like."

"Here's good fortune to us, whatever we do next," said Kearney, filling both their glasses; and they touched the brims together and clinked them before they drained them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Simple Way to Help Poor Catholic Missions.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanations a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions. 84-c

WANTED—BY A LADY, WELL QUALIFIED, a position as housekeeper in a Care's Presbytery. Apply TRUE WITNESS OFFICE.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three and one-half per cent. has been declared on the paid-up capital of this institution for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office, in Montreal, on and after FRIDAY, the First of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of November, both days inclusive.

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Cork Flooring, Linoleums and Inlaid Tile Cork, well seasoned and from celebrated makers, at

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Matting, Rugs and Parquet Carpetings. Immense quantities to select from, at

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THE WORLD AROUND.

The population of London increases at the rate of 200 souls a day.

The canning factory at Franklin has put up 500,000 cans of tomatoes this season.

The stock of coffee in New York city is getting low, owing to the Brazilian revolution.

It will cost the people of New York at least \$100,000 to elect successors to Fitch and Fellows.

Nathan Straus, of New York, will again supply the poor of New York with coal at cost this winter.

The new Mayor of Indianapolis proposes to stop gambling and to close all saloons at 11 p.m.

A farmer, who lives near Salem, N. C., became violently insane after eating a quart of ice cream.

A steamer run down a Danish bark in the English Channel. Six of the latter's crew were drowned.

Diphtheria is making alarming progress in West Superior, Wis., and the Chipewewa valley district.

Nathan Manfield, a farmer, drank whisky supposed to have been poisoned at St. Elmo, Ill., and is dead.

The Boston house at Fall River, Mass., has been let, as a double tenement, to a grocer and a livery stable keeper.

Harry Roman of Oshkosh, sentenced for life from Waupun, Wis., for murder, has been pardoned. He has served twenty years.

The steamer Dean Richmond is supposed to have been lost on the lake, near Dunkirk, last Sunday. The crew numbered eighteen persons.

The Georgia agricultural department estimates the cotton crop as short of the average, though the number of bales will be about the same as last year.

Germany's new army bill which went into effect Monday, provides for two instead of three years military service. By it the effective force will be 479,229.

The Sultan of Turkey has assigned \$140,000 for the erection of a cholera hospital at Hedjaz, Arabia, and \$30,000 to be used for the care of pilgrims regardless of nationality.

Ole Olsen, a deaf mute, and Arthur Hohantnor, 20 years of age, were killed on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The latter was stealing a ride on the brake rods.

There is an old-time stage still running between two towns in Yorkshire which carries first, second and third class passengers. When the stage arrives at the bottom of a hill the driver stops and shouts: "First-class passengers, keep your seats. Second-class passengers, get out and walk. Third-class passengers, get out and push."

"Then," he said, rising, "I am to understand that you refuse me absolutely?" "No," she answered, "I made no such sweeping assertion. I will keep your presents."

Clara—"Why are you so bitter against him just because he proposed and you refused him?"

Maude—"The wretch! He said he would never ask me again."

Miggles—"Simpson is very regular in his attendance at church now."

Wiggles—"Yes, the children in the flat are so noisy he can't get a wink of sleep at home."

"How does Editor Scrabbleton manage to get such a reputation for originality?" "He waits till all the other people have expressed their views and then disagrees with them."

"They do not die on the premises," is the recommendation given for a patent rat poison. "It makes the rats feel so bad that they go away and die at the house of a neighbor. There is nothing like it."

Anne—"Do you know, Mabel, I had two offers of marriage last week?"

"My darling Anne? I am so delighted! Then it is really true that your uncle left you all his money?"

Patient—"What do you think of a warmer climate for me, doctor?"

Doctor—"My dear man, that's just what I am trying to save you from."

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN... COTTOLENE, the most pure and perfect and popular cooking material for all frying and shortening purposes. PROGRESSIVE COOKING is the natural outcome of the age, and it teaches us not to use lard, but rather the new shortening, COTTOLENE, which is far cleaner, and more digestible than any lard can be. The success of Cottoleone has called out worthless imitations under similar names. Look out for these! Ask your Grocer for COTTOLENE, and be sure that you get it. Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKENING THE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECTING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEADACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, SALT RHEUM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL DEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY YIELD TO THE CURATIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS... MENEELY & CO., WEST-TROY, N.Y. PUREST BEST GENUINE BELL-METAL CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

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COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, ETC. Flour.—Straight rollers have been wanted at about last week's rates, and we quote \$3 10 to \$3 20 in car lots on track, with higher prices paid for smaller quantities. Patent Spring.....\$3 25 @ 4.10 Patent Winter.....3 45 @ 3.85 Straight Roller.....2 15 @ 3.25 Extra.....2 30 @ 3.10 Superfine.....2 50 @ 2.70 Fine.....2 20 @ 2.35 City Strong Bakers.....3 55 @ 3.65 Manitoba Bakers.....3 25 @ 3.65 Ontario bags—extra.....1 40 @ 1.50 Straight Rollers.....1 50 @ 1.55 Superfine.....1 25 @ 1.40 Fine.....1 10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—We quote \$3 85 to \$4 05 in jobbing lots we quote.—Rolled and granulated \$4 10 to \$4 25, standard \$3 75 to \$4 00. In bands, granulated and rolled, \$2.00 to \$2.65, and standard, \$1.80 to \$1.90.

Feed.—Bran has sold at \$13.50 to \$14 per ton. It is said that sales have been made in the West at equal to \$13 and down here on track. Shorts are quiet at \$15 50 to \$16 50, and moultie \$19 50 to \$21 50 as to grade.

Wheat.—One holder offers 50,000 bushels of No. 2 hard Manitoba wheat at about Fort William at 81c. Canada red and white winter wheat is nominally quoted at 65c to 66c. No. 2 Manitoba is quoted at 71c to 72c.

Corn.—At 49c to 50c in bond, 60c to 62c duty paid.

Peas.—The market remains quite with sales at 6c to 6 1/2c per 60 lbs in store. Sales have also transpired at 5 1/2c and 5c per 60 lbs at points west of Toronto.

Oats.—Sales of car lots at 36c to 38c per 34 lb local account; but 35c in all that can be had for large quantities for export account. No. 3 has sold at 3 1/2c and 3c.

Barley.—Prices ranging from 50c to 55c, and we quote 5 1/2c to 5 1/4c per 48 lbs. Feed barley is quoted at 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c.

Rye.—A few car lots have sold at about 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c here.

Malt.—At 6 1/2c to 7 1/2c as to quantity and quality.

Buckwheat.—A few lots that have been placed brought equal 50c to 5 1/2c here.

PROVISIONS. Pork, Lard, &c.—Sales have been made in lots of 2 to 10 lbs. at \$24 to \$25 mostly at the outside figures. Lard is selling at all kinds of prices, compound having been placed at \$1.50 to \$1.70 per pair of 20 lbs, white choice kettle-rendered has sold at \$2.40 to \$2.50 per pair. Smoked meats are in fair demand at steady prices, a lot of 150 pieces of sugar cured ham averaging about 16 to 18 lbs selling at 12c, and a lot of 50 hams averaging 14 lbs at 18c. Bacon is in fair request with sales at 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c in round lots.

Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$24 00 @ 25 00 Canada clear mess, per bbl.....22 00 @ 23 00 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....22 50 @ 23 00 Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....22 00 @ 22 50 India mess beef, per tierce.....00 00 @ 00 00 Extra mess beef, per bbl.....00 00 @ 00 00 Hams, city cured, per lb.....12 @ 14 Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....11 @ 12 Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....8 @ 9 Bacon, per lb.....11 @ 12 Shoulders, per lb.....10 @ 11 Dressed Hogs.—Sales have been made at \$7.50 to \$8.00 per 100 lbs. Good conditioned fresh killed hogs have sold at \$8.50.

DAIRY PRODUCE. Butter.—Holders of October make who thought they should get at least 1c more than for the September goods are now willing to take less, and we quote 22c to 22 1/2c, a fair range for late made creamery, shipper being willing to pay the inside rate. A lot of 80 tubs of the Eastern Townships fall butter was sold at 2 1/2c, and a lot of good straight dairy sold at 19c. Western dairy is steadily held, and late sales have been in favor of holders, sales of 200 packages being reported at 19c for fine and 20c for selected, being in advance upon last week's sales. A lot of Kamouraska has been sold for low Quebec at equal to 20c here.

Creamery September.....21c to 22c Eastern Townships.....18c to 21c Western.....18c to 20c For single tubs of selected, 1c per lb may be added to the above.

Cheese.—The French cheese which sold at the boat on Monday commanded 1c less than the week previous, the price paid being 11c. There are ready buyers of finest Western Septembers and Octobers at 1 1/2c to 1 1/4c, but holders ask 1 1/2c. Liverpool cable having advanced another 1c to 5 1/2c, while private cables advise actual sales as 5 1/2c. We quote prices here as follows:—

Finest Western colored.....1 1/2c to 1 1/4c Finest Western white.....1 1/2c to 1 1/4c Finest Quebec.....1 1/2c to 1 1/4c Underpriced.....1 1/2c to 1 1/4c Liverpool cable white.....5 1/2c Liverpool cable colored.....5 1/2c

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Eggs.—West End grocers have paid 16c for single cases of choice candled stock, while round lots of good eggs have been placed at 14c to 15c. Prices are higher in the West than here.

Beans.—Sales of choice hand-picked beans have been made at \$1.50, and we quote \$1 1/2 to \$1 5/8 as to size of lot and quantity. Ordinary to good \$1.25 to \$1.30, and inferior \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Maple Products.—Syrup at 4c to 5c in wood, and 5c to 6c in tins. Sugar is dull at 6c to 7c per lb.

Honey.—Sales were made this week of 10 lb tubs at 7 1/2c to 8c, extra quantities commanding a fraction more. Old honey has sold at 5c to 6c as to condition. Comb honey sell 10c to 12c for mixed, and buckwheat 13c to 14c for fancy white clover.

Hops.—Lots cost from 2 1/2c to 2 3/4c while more is asked for extra choice qualities.

Baled Hay.—A fair amount of business is passing \$3.00 to \$3.50 alongside vessel which prices are 25c to 50c per ton less than a week ago. Baled straw is quoted at \$3.50 to \$3.00 as to quality and condition.

FRUITS, ETC. Apples.—Winter fruit selling in a jobbing way at \$2.25 to \$2.50; fall, \$2.00 to \$2.25; fancy

Famuesa scarce at \$3.00 to \$3.50; ordinary stock, \$2.00 to \$3.00. Car lots of winter stock have sold at \$2.75 to \$3.00.

Pears.—Quoted at from \$5.00 to \$8 per bbl, and 60c to 70c per basket. Cranberries.—At \$6.00 to \$7.00 as to quality. Oranges.—Floridas \$3.00 to \$3.50, Jamaica in bbls. \$5.50 to \$6; boxes, \$3 to \$3.50.

Lemons.—We quote Messina, \$3.75 to \$4.00 Florida \$3.00 to \$3.50.

Sweet Potatoes.—At \$3.50 per bbl. Quinces.—Selling at 3c to 4c per basket. Onions.—Spanish onions in crates are quoted at 8c to 8 1/2c, while natives in tubs bring \$2.25 to \$2.50.

Potatoes.—At 50c to 55c per bag. One lot of 2 cars of Early Rose and white mixed sold at 40c on track.

FISH AND OILS.

Pickled Fish.—Shore herrings may be quoted at \$3.75 to \$4, and Cape Breton \$3.00. Green cod has sold at \$1.75 to \$2.00 for No. 1, and Dry cod at \$1.50 to \$2.00. In cases of 100 lbs., \$5.50 to \$6.00.

Oil.—Newfoundland cod oil is quiet at 80c to 87c, St. John's refined 80c to 81c, and we quote 40c to 42c as to quality. Cod liver oil dull at 45c to 50c, for old, and 55c to 60c for new; Norwegian 70c to 80c.

Dried Fish.—Boneless cod 8c to 6c per lb, and ordinary dried fish at 4c to 5c. Smoked herring 12c to 15c per box.

Canned Fish.—Lobsters \$6.00 per case for milk, and \$8.50 to \$9.00 for flats. Mackerel \$4.00 to \$4.50.

Oysters.—The weather has been unfavorable with sales reported at very low figures. Nalpeques having been placed on the way from \$1.50 to \$3 per bbl, as to condition.

LIVE STOCK.

There were about 550 head of butchers' cattle, 40 calves and 2100 sheep and lambs offered at the East End Abattoir yesterday. The butchers were present in large numbers, but seemed in no hurry to buy, and trade was slow with prices still trending downward. A few head of Manitoba cattle were sold at 4c per lb, but they were of better quality than the cattle that were sold here last week at 4c per lb. Pretty good stock sold at from 3 1/2c to 3c per lb, half fat steers and dry cows sold at about 3c, and the leaner beasts at from 2c to 2 1/2c per lb. A mixed carload of steers, dry cows and young stock, which averaged a little over 800 lb each, were sold at 2c per lb. There is an active demand for good calves, and prices of this sort range from \$7 to \$10 each, while common veals brought \$3.50 to \$4.50 each. Mr. Bourassa, bought five good calves for \$14, and one for \$10. The prices of mutton cutters are rather lower, sheep selling at from 2c to nearly 4c per lb, very few bringing over 3c per lb. Fat hogs are still plentiful, and declining in price, selling at from 5c to 6c per lb.

The Montreal Stock Yards Company, Point St. Charles, reports as follows: Failing off in receipts for week; no enquiry for export purposes. Medium receipts of local stock, and good cattle sold readily at fair prices. No enquiry for sheep, heavy receipts of lambs closing about the same as last week. Hog market quiet, prices declining fully one-half cent per lb. with a number left over.

We quote the following as being fair values: Cattle—Export.....4c to 4 1/2c Butchers' good.....3 1/2c to 4c " " medium.....3c to 3c " " oills.....2c to 3c Lambs.....\$2.50 to \$3.00 Calves.....\$5.00 to \$5.00 Hogs.....\$6.00 to \$6.10

Montreal Horse Market.

The Montreal Horse Exchange, Point St. Charles, reports as follows: The horse trade at these stables was during the week was somewhat better than that of last, and 15 horses were sold at very satisfactory prices. We have on hand for sale 33 horses, comprising heavy and medium draft, choice drivers, saddle, coaches and jumpers, with one car to arrive early in the week.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THROUGH TOURIST CARS LEAVE MONTREAL FOR VANCOUVER, SEATTLE, ETC., Every WEDNESDAY. ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, Every TUESDAY. CHICAGO, ILL., Every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. BOSTON, MASS., Every MONDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. CITY TICKET OFFICE 129 ST. JAMES STREET. Next to Post Office.

An eminent naturalist says a goose will live from forty to fifty years. This is, we presume, if the poulterer gives it a chance.

# A BAD CASE!

A Montreal Lady  
Who Dreaded  
Insanity!

Her Troubles were Lead-  
ing to that Condition!

Physicians Failed to  
Make Her Well!

She Became Disheartened  
and Despondent!

Some Friends Cheered Her Sink-  
ing Heart!

ADVISED A NEW TREATMENT!

She Used Paine's Celery  
Compound!

It Worked Miraculously!

She is Now Well and Strong!

There is nothing that gives more pleasure and happiness to the average man and woman than delivery from agony and suffering. We all expect to meet with a certain amount of pain, and expect to be called upon to share in some of life's trials, while in this vale of tears; but continued months and years of excruciating agony we are not prepared for.

Mrs. A. Legault, of 775 St. Andre St., Montreal, has had her sad and terrible experiences in the way of bodily sufferings and mental anguish. Her troubles—headache, sleeplessness, nervous prostration and loss of memory—were fast making her a physical wreck, and leading on to the dark gulf of insanity.

At a critical period kind friends advised the use of Paine's celery compound, that great preparation discovered by Professor Phelps, of Dartmouth Medical College. Mrs. Legault tells us that shortly after she commenced the use of Paine's celery compound it worked wonderfully and miraculously. This is indeed the experience of thousands who have used the life-giving remedy. No other medicinal agent has ever done such a work in the world of suffering, and no other can point to so many victories over disease and death. In the following letter Mrs. Legault fully explains her sufferings and tells of her complete cure:—

"I cannot help telling all sufferers what Paine's celery compound has done for me. I would have been a lost woman had I continued six months longer in suffering. My case was a bad one. Headache, insomnia, nervous prostration and loss of memory made up my troubles, and I feared they would lead to insanity. I went to several doctors

who treated me with all their skill, but I did not get any better. As I am the mother of seven children, I became disheartened with failures and being obliged to spend so much money. My friends advised me to try Paine's celery compound. The first bottle gave me little relief, but the second began to work miraculously on my nerves. I continued using the compound, and after taking nine bottles I can positively say I am cured."

### DOMESTIC READING.

The soul of an action is its motive. An indifferent man is a doomed man. Genius is all your days to carry a torch about with you which illumines everyone's path except your own.

It is just as well to begin the day with a good resolution as with a poor one. The better the resolutions, the stronger they will be observed.

If God is great the soul can yet contain Him. If God is free, so, dread thought, are we. The basis of the knowledge of God is in knowing ourselves.

Words are living things when they are loving things. Such they always are when the heart's pulses throb in them, arteries, not veins, glad bearers of our richest blood.

God has preserved you so far; only keep yourself faithful to the law of His providence and He will assist you at all times, and where you cannot walk He will carry you.

I have brought myself by long meditation to the conviction that a human being with a settled purpose must accomplish it, and that nothing can resist a will which will stake even existence for its fulfilment.

### BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Burdock Blood Bitters is a medicine made from roots, bark and herbs, and is the best known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness, and will cure all blood diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Why are green apples like the letter "t"? Because they are in digestible.

AGENTS who work for us make MONEY fast. Send your address on postal card for particulars. THE ROYAL SILVERWARE Co., Windsor, Ont. 11-G-98

Do you cough? Are you troubled with Bronchitis,  
Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, etc.?

Read what the

# DOCTORS

SAY

And you will know what you should use  
to cure yourself.

"I certify that I have prescribed the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR for affections of the throat and lungs and that I am perfectly satisfied with its use. I recommend it therefore cordially to Physicians for diseases of the respiratory organs."

V. J. E. BROUILLET, M. D., V. C. M.  
Kamouraska, June 10th 1885.

"I can recommend PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever."

L. J. V. CLAIROUX, M. D.  
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.

"Having been made acquainted with the composition of PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, I think it my duty to recommend it as an

The Wealth of Health



Is in Pure Rich Blood; to enrich the blood is like putting money out at interest.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites

possesses blood enriching properties in a remarkable degree. Are you all run down? Take Scott's Emulsion. Almost as Palatable as Milk. Be sure and get the genuine.

Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Belleville.

M. Emmanuel - Champigneulle

PARIS. BAR LE DUC. FRANCE.

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Gold Medals at all the Universal Expositions.  
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Also for JOHN TAYLOR & CO., England.  
BELL FOUNDERS.

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Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate,  
Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery,  
Spoons and Forks, All quality,  
Choice Selections and  
Low Prices.

INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED.  
**WATSON & DICKSON.**  
1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter.  
(Late St. St. Malina.)

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IMPORTER AND MANUFACTURER OF

Monuments, Headstones,  
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And all kinds of Cemetery and Architectural Works.

All Kinds of Repairing  
at Moderate Prices.

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Consulting Counsel,  
SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS  
Montreal.

**QUINN & DUGGAN,**  
Advocates, Solicitors and Attorneys.  
OFFICES, TEMPLE BUILDING,  
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M. J. F. QUINN, Q.C., Crown  
Prosecutor.  
E. J. DUGGAN, LL.B. 418-98

**DOHERTY & SICOTTE,**  
(Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY.)  
Advocates: and : Barristers,  
180 ST. JAMES STREET,  
City and District Bank Building

## SPECIAL NOTICE!

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Bank, both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we can not guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

Large Sales and Small Profits.

**OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,**  
1849, 1851 and 1853  
Notre Dame Street.

## CENTRAL CHINA HALL.

DINNER SETTS, 100 pcs., from \$6.50.  
TEA SETTS, 44 pieces, from \$2.50.  
CHAMBER SETTS, 10 pcs., from \$2.  
LEMONADE SETTS,  
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LIBRARY LAMPS,  
HALL LAMPS, CHANDELIERS,  
PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, etc.

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Teeth without Plates a Specialty.  
No. 45 St. Lawrence Street,  
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For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.



**INFANTILE SKIN AND SCALP DISEASES CURED BY Cuticura**

EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing discharging, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Care, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVANT, the New Blood and Skin Purifier, and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVANT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Baby's Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER.

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Agent for the celebrated Heintzman Piano, Evans Bros., Vose & Sons, and others, as well as the G. W. Cornwall Organ and New Williams Sewing Machine.

To Organ and Piano customers I would say I have had many years experience in the business, and not being at the expense of enormous city rents I am enabled to quote prices that I feel assured will be found lower than you can buy elsewhere.

I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days.

Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.

ADDRESS:

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**HOME RULE!**

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

**ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS**

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

P. MUNGOVAN.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

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NORTH BRITISH CHAMBERS.

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Insurance Co. of North America.....	9,000,000
Caledonian.....	8,000,000
Lancashire.....	10,000,000
Sun Fire.....	10,000,000
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The above shows our great facilities for placing large lines of insurance, in addition to which we have connection with several other leading Companies in Montreal and New York. Churches and Institutions Made a Specialty.

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It is difficult to choose something at once elegant and useful.

LET US SUGGEST FOR YOU

One of the Nicest Presents for a Young Couple Just Setting up Housekeeping is:

**A Set of EDDY'S INDURATED FIBRE WARE**

Consisting of Pails, Tubs, Wash Basins, Bread Pans, etc.

THIS IS A PRESENT THAT WILL LAST AND KEEP THE DONOR IN REMEMBRANCE, BESIDES BEING A CONSTANT SOURCE OF DELIGHT TO THE HAPPY RECIPIENT. THE LIGHTEST, TIGHTEST, NEATEST, SWEETEST AND MOST DURABLE WARE MADE.

Manufactured in Canada solely by the E. B. EDDY Co., Hull, Canada. Sold Everywhere.

**FLOOR PAINT.**

The Best in the World, Dry in 8 Hours and Harden the Floor as Marble.

ISLAND CITY PURE, READY-MIXED PAINT, in thirty different shades for inside and outside painting. "ISLAND CITY," the model factory of PAINTS and VARNISHES in the Dominion.

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SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND  
Assets, \$39,109,382.64.

NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH ENGLAND.  
Capital, \$5,000,000.

EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF HALIFAX N.S.  
Capital, \$1,000,000.

**NOTICE.**

JOSEPH LEVEILLE, Gentleman, the Rev. F. X. JOSEPH LEVEILLE, Priest, CHARLES ALPHONSE LEVEILLE, Notary, and JOSEPH DUCLOS, Merchant, all of Montreal, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for the ratification of certain sales of real estate and of certain transactions entered into between them.

LAMOTHE & TRUDEL,  
Attorneys for Petitioners,  
Montreal, 2nd October, 1903. 12-5

**NOTICE.**

NOTICE is hereby given that The Chambly Manufacturing Company will apply to the Legislature at its next session for an Act amending its Charter 51-52 Vic. ch. 72, granting additional powers to said company and more clearly defining the powers it already possesses.

BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE, TURGEON & ROBERTSON,  
12-5 Attorneys for Petitioners.

**The Testamentary Executors of the late Francois Xavier Beaudry**

Will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law defining more clearly their powers to alienate the properties bequeathed for charitable purposes, and acknowledging that the proceeds of such alienations may be employed in improvements or buildings on unproductive immovables or others in their possession before acquiring any new ones; acknowledging, moreover, that they may remit that part of the Estate to the Seminary of St. Sulpice or to another religious Corporation before the expiration of the period of twenty-five years mentioned in the Codicil of the Testator, and for other purposes.

BEIQUE, LAFONTAINE, TURGEON & ROBERTSON,  
12-5 Attorneys for Petitioners.

**W. J. Burke,**

**DISPENSING CHEMIST**

107 Colborne Street,

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Always on hand, an assortment of pure Drugs and Chemicals; also a choice assortment of Perfumery and Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions a Specialty.

**The Ideal Food for Infants!**

By Royal Letters Patent.



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**MILK GRANULES.**

The perfect equivalent of Mother's Milk.

It is the solids of pure cow's milk of the very best quality so treated that, when dissolved in the proper amount of water, it yields a product which is practically identical in composition, re-action, taste and appearance with Mother's Milk. It is absolutely free from starchy matter, which is present in barley, flour and other infant foods, and contains no glucose and no cane sugar.

Put up in 50c. Tins by the

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**\$3 a Day Sure.**

Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.

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This institution directed by the Religious of the Holy Cross, occupies one of the most beautiful and salubrious sites in Canada. It was founded for giving a Christian education to boys between the ages of five and twelve years. They receive here all the care and attention to which they are accustomed in their respective families, and prepare for the classical or commercial course. The French and English languages are taught with equal care by masters of both origins.

Boys are received for vacation.

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**The Richelieu & Ontario Nav. Co.**

The Steamers of this Company will run as follows, and call at the usual Intermediate Ports.

**THE QUEBEC LINE.**

The Steamers "Quebec" and "Montreal" will perform this service, leaving Montreal daily (Sundays excepted) at 7 p.m.

**THE TORONTO LINE.**

Commencing on May 31, the steamers will leave the Canal Basin, Montreal, daily (Sundays excepted) at 10 o'clock a.m., and Lacine on arrival of the noon train, and Coteau Landing on arrival of the 4 45 Canada Atlantic train.

**SAGUENAY LINE.**

Steamer "Saguenay" will leave Quebec every Tuesday and Friday at 7.30 a.m., for Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Chicoutimi and intermediate ports.

**THE THREE RIVERS AND CHAMBLY LINES**

Leave every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m. For sailings of steamer "Terrebonne" and ferries see local time table.

For further information apply

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**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.**

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, yet soothly, on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

**Holloway's Ointment.**

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

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures MORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

**GOUT, RHEUMATISM,**

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

535 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 28 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

**CANCER PERMANENTLY CURED.**  
No Knife, No Poison, No Plaster. JNO. B HARRIS, Fort Payne, Ala. 11-cow-24

**McGALE'S** FOR . . .  
**BUTTERNUT**  
**PILLS**  
 75 cents per box.  
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.  
**B. E. McGALE,**  
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 Sick Headache,  
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 HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.  
 For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

**S. CARSLY'S COLUMN**  
 Buy all Your  
**MANTLES & JACKETS**  
 —AT—  
**S. CARSLY'S,**  
 NOTRE - DAME - STREET.

*White Blankets!*  
 Come to S. CARSLY'S, Notre Dame Street, next week for cheap Blankets.  
*Bed Comforters!*  
 Come to S. CARSLY'S, Notre Dame Street, next week for cheap Bed Comforters.  
*Black Goods!*  
 S. CARSLY'S is the best store in Montreal for all kinds BLACK AND MOURNING GOODS.

**T. E. & A. MARTIN,**  
 Formerly of the Firm of Fee & Martin.

Furniture  
 —AND—  
 Bedding.  
 1924  
 NOTRE DAME ST.  
 —DO—  
 Open EVERY Evening,  
 till 9 O'clock.  
**T. E. & A. MARTIN.**  
 Sold for Cash  
 OR ON  
**EASY TERMS**  
 OF PAYMENT TO RESPONSIBLE PERSONS  
 —DO—  
 Remember the Address:  
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 NOTRE DAME ST.  
 A FEW DOORS WEST OF  
 BALMORAL HOTEL



**NEW**  
**Mantles and Jackets!**  
 Our Show Rooms will be decorated all this week for the  
**MANTLE BAZAAR**  
 Thousands of New Winter Mantles and Jackets have just been received on Our Mantle Bazaar, which opens on Monday.  
**S. CARSLY'S PRICES.**  
 For Neat, New Style Mantles or Jackets, we charge from \$5.00 to \$9.00.  
**S. CARSLY'S PRICES.**  
 For Handsome New Style Mantles and Jackets we charge from \$10.00 to \$15.00.  
**S. CARSLY'S PRICES.**  
 For Extra Choice New Style Mantles and Jackets we charge from \$18.00 to \$25.00.  
**S. CARSLY'S PRICES.**  
 For the very Best Qualities we charge from \$30.00 to \$120.00.  
**LAST SEASON'S PRICES.**  
 Tremendous Bargains! Among Our Last Year's Mantles and Jackets are the same styles as are being shown elsewhere as new for the present season.  
**HALF PRICE.**  
 Our last year's Mantles and Jackets are removed from the Mantle Department to the adjoining show room to be sold at half-price.  
**S. CARSLY.**

**S. CARSLY,**  
 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779  
 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
 MONTREAL

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**ROOFING**  
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 GENERAL ROOFERS and CONTRACTORS  
**ROOFING**  
 In Metal, Slate, Cement, Gravel.  
**ROOFS REPAIRED.**

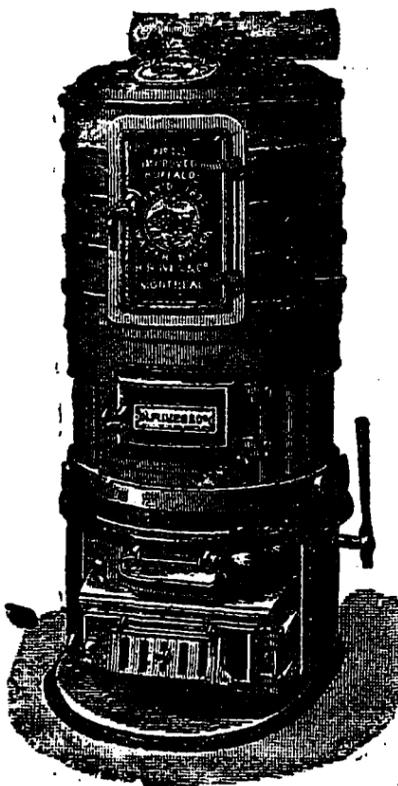
Before giving your orders get price from us.  
 OFFICE and WORKS, corner Latous Street and Busby Lane.  
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**RIENDEAU HOTEL,**  
 58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.  
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 The cheapest first-class house in Montreal. European and American Plans.  
**JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.**

**PORTER, TESKY & CO.**  
 454 & 456 St. James Street,  
 MONTREAL.  
 Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in  
 : : : : **DOLLS,**  
 : : : : **TOYS,**  
 : : : : **GAMES,**  
 and SMALLWARES and FANCY GOODS of every description. If our travellers should fall to see you, write for samples.  
 Canadian Agents for HENRY MILWARD & SONS Fish Hooks.

Literary and Dramatic Performance at St. Bridget's Academy Hall.  
 The young men of the congregation of St. Bridget's Church gave a literary and dramatic performance in St. Bridget's Academy Hall Monday night. "La Caynotte" was produced under the direction of Mr. J. Aloise Chausse, chairman, and Messrs. Abbe Gervais, E. H. Gauthier, Placide Moisan, Joseph Ferrault and Joseph Dufort. Toronto Bros. string band discoursed a programme of music. Premier Taillon and Mayor Desjardins sent letters of regret at their inability to be present. Mr. Martineau, M.P.P., presided.

**HE HAD THEM TESTED.**  
 You are in want of a Thoroughly Reliable Hot Water Boiler  
 PLEASE EXAMINE THE  
**BUFFALO**  
 Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO.,  
 Queen Street, Montreal Que.  
 For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat.  
 For Ease of Management.  
 For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others  
 READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.  
 Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal,  
 MONTREAL 19th July, 1893.  
 DEAR SIR:—With reference to "Buffalo" Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last year, we are pleased to say that we find the same very satisfactory in every respect.  
 Yours respectfully,  
 (Signed) DARLING BROTHERS,  
 Engineers and Machinists,  
 Bellance Works, Montreal.  
 Catalogue and Price List on Application.



**Winter Dress Goods.**  
 Ten Cases Winter Dress Goods extra Cheap, next week at  
**S. CARSLY'S,**  
 Notre Dame Street.  
**Linen Damask.**  
 Five Cases Linen Damask Extra Cheap next week at  
**S. CARSLY'S,**  
 Notre Dame Street.

**UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**  
 HEAD OFFICE: 81 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C.  
 Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.  
 Capital Subscribed.....\$ 2,250,000  
 Capital Paid Up.....800,000  
 Total Funds (Dec. 31, 1892).....12,250,000  
 Annual Income.....2,962,260  
 FIRE RISKS accepted on almost every description of insurable property, at lowest rates of premium. Dwellings and their Contents, Churches, Colleges, Nunneries, School-houses and Public Buildings insured on specially favorable terms for one or three years. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.  
 Canada Branch Office: 55 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, Montreal.  
**T. L. MORRISEY, Resident Manager.**  
 The undersigned having been appointed city agent of the above staunch old fire office, respectfully solicits from his friends and the public generally a share of their patronage.  
 Telephone 1943.  
**T. J. DONOVAN, City Agent.**