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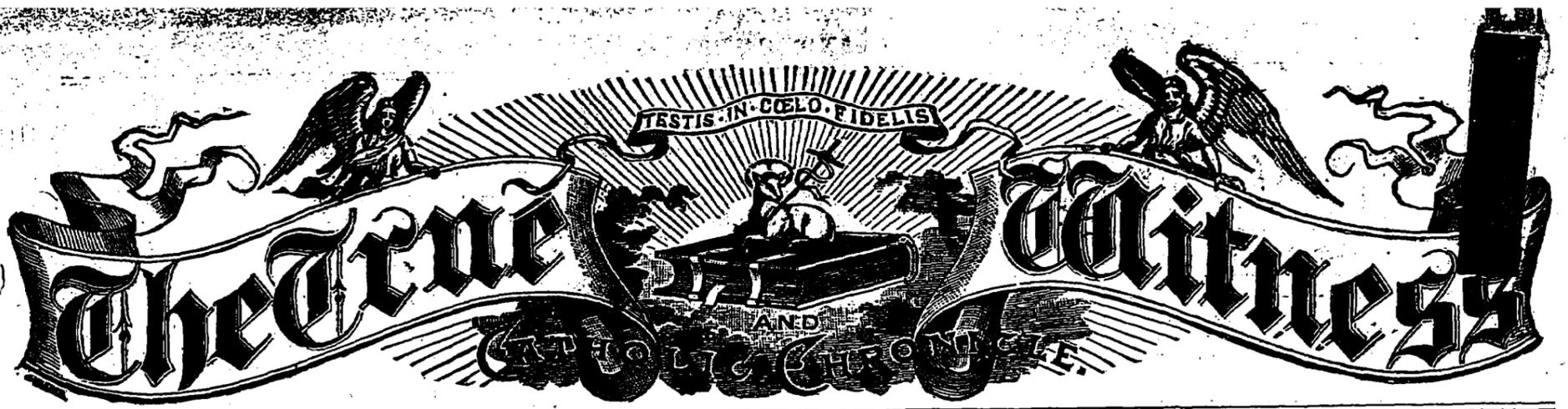
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME person, signing "Alphonso," writes to us from Cleveland, Ohio, to know what connection there is between the A. P. Aists of America and the P. P. Aists of Canada. We do not belong to either body, and are therefore not initiated into the secrets, nor do we know what the connecting link between them really is. We could answer "Alphonso" with a little more assurance were he to ask us what connection there is between Satan and Beelzebub. The only ground upon which the two bodies seem to unite is that of their enmity to Catholicity. What connection is there between the ideas of one madman and another in the cells of an asylum? Will "Alphonso" tell us?

LAST WEEK another grand old man celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday—Oliver W. Holmes. For more than half a century this poet and essayist has held the attention of the American as well as British public. The Doctor has occupied quite a unique place in the literature of the nineteenth century. To day he is almost the last of his contemporaries and yet he is vigorous, to a wonderful degree, despite old age. According to his own statement, he is evidently striving to "husband out life's taper to the close." We trust that Providence will accord him several more years to enjoy the comforts that friendship and love have collected around his evening of life, and to know the sweet recompense of a people's gratitude for all he has done for the world of letters.

IN a private letter, received recently, from Miss Eliza Allen Starr, that able critic and authority speaks most highly of our Canadian art exhibit at the World's Fair. In fact she says that she considered the "Canadian—not Catholic, but purely Canadian—exhibit one of the glories of the great exposition." This, in itself, is an encouragement that should not be lightly considered. It is the highest tribute that could possibly be paid to Canadian art, and in the name of our Canadian artists, we thank Miss Starr for such an appreciation and such encouragement.

SOME crank has been seeking to gain cheap notoriety by uttering threats against the Apostolic Delegate—Mgr. Satolli—and by getting himself into the hands of the law for his trouble. It is too bad that no means could be devised whereby these demented characters would be checked in their insane attempts to create sensations. It becomes very disagreeable for personages in high positions to have their names, their actions, their intentions and their characters exposed to a very undesirable notoriety. Apart from the actual danger that exists—for these crazy creatures are capable of almost anything—there is a certain degree of uneasiness that is caused in the whole community by the advent upon the stage of each new actor of this class. We believe that no quarter

should be given; that the moment a man—be he crank, or whatever he is—sees fit to utter threats of a murderous kind against any prominent citizen, he should be arrested and placed under medical examination. If he is found insane there are sufficient asylums in the land to lodge him; if he is declared *compos mentis*, he should be placed in safe keeping, where he could not possibly perpetrate any outrage upon society. The old saying that "an ounce of preventative is worth a pound of cure" obtains in matters of criminal administration as much as in any other case.

THERE is a publication entitled "Our Lady of Good Counsel," that is issued monthly under the auspices of the Augustinian Fathers and has for editor Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly. It is published in Philadelphia, and has just reached the sixth number of its first volume. The name of Miss Donnelly, as editor, should alone suffice to guarantee the publication; but when we glance over its contents, we feel that it is a casket of precious literary gems, and that by every Catholic hearth it should glitter in the radiance of a happy fireside. The frontispiece for the September issue is the reproduction of an admirable work of art, and the selections between cover and cover are such that they at once command the attention of the Catholic reader. No wonder! Miss Donnelly—the gifted poetess, essayist and authoress—has a hand in the work, and that suffices.

ALL the world over match-making mothers are regarded as somewhat unscrupulous, but the Russian mammas beat the record. There is a pious priest of the Russian orthodox church—Father John Sergieff—at Cronstadt, whose saintly reputation has gone far and wide. A number of mothers, in Orel, desirous of getting their daughters married, caused forged letters to be written in Father John's name, advising particular matrimonial alliances between their daughters and certain pious young bachelor neighbors. These letters had the desired effect, and several marriages took place. We can imagine the priest's surprise when he learned that he had been the unwitting cause of so many matrimonial affairs. Not bad for the Russian mothers; but it appears the law of that land wants to have a say in several of those cases.

JUDGE BARKER, of Ebsenburg, Pa., has decided, in a case between W. T. Kerr, State Counsellor of the Junior Order of American Workmen, and the Board of Directors of the Gallitzin school. The object of the suit was to prevent the employment of Catholic Sisters wearing their religious garb as teachers. The judge decided that Sisters may be employed as teachers; that they may be attired in the garb of their order, and that they may be addressed by pupils by their religious names. This is a very common sense judgment indeed. Certainly there can be nothing found in the law to debar nuns from teaching; nor

does the garb worn by them in any way affect the public; and as far as their names in religion are concerned, they are optional and in no way take from or add to their individual capacities as instructors of youth. In fact, any other judgment would be most outrageous. Still we must give credit to Judge Barker for his broad views, expressed in most Christian language. Such decisions are not in harmony with the A. P. A. idea—but that does not concern the State nor the law. The A. P. Aists are law-breakers and have been declared, by members of all denominations, to be enemies of the Commonwealth.

MME. MARCHAT and a number of her followers, at Loigny, France, have been excommunicated by the Pope. This woman claimed to have visions and to have received a mission from Heaven to restore a king to France and the temporal power to the Pope. Evidently she wants to play, in a peaceful manner, the part of Joan of Arc. She gathered a number of people together and formed a kind of monastic community. Amongst other foolish statements of this woman she declared that the Pope had been imprisoned by Cardinal Monaco de Valletta and that during his captivity the devil took his place. It is well, indeed, that the iron hand of the Church should come down upon such impostors; at least for the sake of their dupes.

THERE is a sect or society known as Christian scientists, whose principal aim seems to be the discouragement of all human aid in cases of illness. At Defiance, Ohio, a man named John Winoms recently died in consequence of the neglect of his friends—members of this society—and the Coroner of the county holds that the practice of these people is detrimental to the public. He strongly recommends the enactment of a law to prevent such cases. No wonder that the Coroner came to such a decision; it is ridiculous that in any civilized country such barbaric principles should be allowed to prevail. "God help him who helps himself," is a true saying; and certainly it applies in the case of serious illness as much as in the ordinary affairs of life.

THAT was a wise counsel given by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., when speaking recently on the question of the rejected Evicted Tenants' Bill. He said that he could not see "the slightest use in re-debating the Bill next session unless the people of Ireland should utilize the interval in such a way as to convince the landlords that their best policy would be to pass the Bill. Unless the government plainly declared its policy in regard to the House of Lords, the Irish party would have to reconsider their position." This is a broad hint to the Irish people and a broader one to the government. But most certainly the fate, not only of the Evicted Tenants' Bill, but also of Home Rule, depends greatly upon the attitude of the people in Ireland during the present parliamentary recess. The

other day we referred to the marked absence of crime in Ireland; if that state of things can only continue for a time, there is a certainty that a powerful weapon will thereby be placed in the hands of the Home Rule party. The policy of the government will likely depend, to a great degree, upon the same grounds. There is, however, something else necessary,—it is a perfect union between the different elements of the Irish party. It is to be hoped that the next few months will have a considerable influence in moulding the destinies of the land.

TIMES numberless have we been asked the difference between the Protestant and the Catholic bibles. On several occasions, during the past three years, we have pointed out a number of the differences. However, the following, which appeared in one of our exchanges, will give a pretty fair idea of how mutilated the bible has become in the hands of the sects:

In the Old Testament: Baruch, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiastics and the Machabees. To which are added Daniel. Cap. iii, 24-80; xiii; xiv; Esther Cap. x, 4 to xvi, 24.

In the New Testament: Epistle to the Hebrews; Epistle of Peter: 2d and 3d Epistles of John; Epistles of Jude; the Apocalypse. To which are added: Mark Cap. xvi, 9 to end; Luke Cap. xxii, 43, 44; John, viii, 2-12.

The early Protestant sects held that though these parts of Scripture might be read with spiritual profit, they could not be regarded as inspired. The Calvinists of the seventeenth century decried them and refused them any respect. The Presbyterians of Scotland and England showed themselves still more hostile to the parts attacked, and in 1829 the London Bible Society agreed to expunge them altogether from the edition of the Bible brought out by them, though despite all this opposition the Lutherans continue to retain them as an appendix to their edition.

THE famous choir of the Sistine Chapel, in Rome, is composed of clerical and lay singers. It might be interesting to know who the great choristers are. The following is an amended list of their names, as given by the London Universe:

Perpetual Director, Commander Domenico Mustafa; Master for the Time, Luigi Giomini (priest); Clemente Duca, Innocenzo (Can.), Pasquali (priest), Gustavo Pesci, Vincenzo Pecorini (priest), Marzio Marsili (priest), Giuseppe Ritarossi, Giovanni Cesari, Luigi Panci (priest), Alfonso Ceccani (priest), Domenico Salvatori, Emilio Calzavara, Vincenzo Sebastianelli, Francesco Cesarini (priest), Alessandro Moreschi, Giovanni Verusio, Giuseppe Bernardini, Padre Luigi Cherubini (secretary), Giuseppe Flocchi (priest), Cesare Boezi, Antonio Comandini, Giovanni Pastura, Giuseppe Brucchiotti, Gioacchino Bucchi, Leonardo Angeli, Pio Purarelli.

In addition to these—on occasions of extraordinary ceremonies—the best vocalists of Rome are invited; also boys of the Christian Brothers' schools of S. Salvatore in Lauro, and youths of the Gregorian School. These are taught by the famous Father Vincenzo and Rev. Prof. Muller. The singing in the Sistine Chapel is considered the best in the world.

TRIFLUVIAN NOTES.

In and Around the Monastery.

Rules and Regulations—The Health and Good Spirits of the Nuns—The Chapel and its Paintings—Mass in a Cloister—Two Branches of the Order—Pleasant Souvenirs of the Peaceful and Edifying Scenes Inside the Gray Old Walls.

WE are still inside the Ursuline monastery of Three Rivers; between us and the great bustling, wicked world rise the grim old walls that have felt the storms of nearly two hundred years sweep about and over them. There is asacred silence in the cloister, every stone of which could tell an interesting story of the past, every corridor and room of which is peopled with memories of the days long gone. Standing in presence of the grated doors and partitions and looking in upon the order, cleanliness, simple perfection of fith-inspiring decorations, and the calm but nobly animated forms of the moving, living, zealous inhabitants of that wonderful abode, we feel that the separating grates serve more to protect the religiouses from the distracting din and useless confusion of a vnity-poisoned world than to prevent the "cold-eyed many" from penetrating into the precincts that they are not calculated to appreciate. It is not to keep the nuns inside the limits of a given space, rather is it to protect the sanctity of the place from the desecration that the frivolous and thoughtless might perpetrate if admitted within, that those barriers are raised between the world of meditation and the world of heedless rush, between the world where God reigns, in the silence that He loves, and the world where men have not time to dream of eternity, nor a moment to give to the Author of all. Well might yonder black-robed, bright-faced, light-footed, mild-eyed silent virgin recall the words of the Poet Priest:

"I walk down the Valley of Silence—
Down the dim, voiceless valley alone!
And I hear not the fall of a footstep
Around me, save God's and my own;
And the hush of my heart is as holy
As hovers where angels have flown!

"Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but the human—and sin.

"But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence,
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in that valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

"Do you ask me the place of that valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed with Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer."

The first question that one naturally asks concerns the mode of life and the wonderful health and spirits of the cloistered ladies. How comes it that they are all so apparently strong and active despite the monotonous existence inside those walls? It is due to the perfection of their rules and regulations. How very little that great external world knows about that smaller, and yet much greater, internal world! In our sphere we are cloistered in reality, for the limits of land and ocean surround us: we can roam at will over this little globe of ours, but even it is insignificant compared to the universe, and we are still more insignificant compared to it. But beyond its confines we cannot go; neither can we ascend into space nor descend into the earth; our vision is checked by the narrow horizon around us; and, at least, we can only enjoy our world for a few short years—from the cradle to the grave there are but a couple of steps; the bells that rang for our baptism generally toll our knell. In the monastery the cloistered worker is freer, has a grander field, a more illimitable expanse of action; the mountain ranges check not her mission, nor does the ocean bar her progress; time is but the vestibule of eternity; earth is merely a planet rolling in space; the canopy of heaven, bespangled with the billion jewels of night, overhangs her, and beyond its blue her spirit of Faith soars sublimely; she breathes an atmosphere richer, more invigorating and purer than ours, for its very soul is

heaven-born; Faith destroys the barriers of Time; Hope imparts a forecast of endless peace; and Love—that glorious Charity of the holy—animates an existence that knows no sorrows, for it belongs to God.

For a long number of years we might say the infirmary of the monastery has been unoccupied. Of course there are periods when the most healthy individual requires rest, or a special treatment; headaches, and minor fits of passing indisposition will occur; old age will come on with its weakness and its troubles; but there are no feeble, ailing, suffering, languishing creatures in that establishment. The glow of health is upon their faces and the smile of contentment upon their lips. How explain this!

MONASTIC RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The first source of such vitality is found in the regularity of life. The abundance of exercise in the open air, in the delightful gardens and parterres of the monastery. Unseen by the world thousands of the brightest flowers bloom along the walks, and the green grass forms a carpet for the sanctified ground. The pure breezes from the broad St. Lawrence sweep up to the old grey walls and, over the magnificent gardens within, the invigorating breath from the Laurentian hills meets the spirit of the waters, and both play amongst the tall elms and waving maples of the cloister-grounds. And even in the coldest days of winter the house is so arranged that from its balconies the inmates may enjoy the benefits of the air without having to suffer from the inclemency of the severe storms. But out-door exercise and fresh air are not all the necessary ingredients; something else must be taken into consideration. What we are now about to tell, although it concerns the Ursulines in particular, applies to almost every religious community that is sanctioned by the Church.

So perfect are the rules that they correspond with the requirements of each individual member of the Order; nor is the slightest possible circumstance left unprovided for. The regularity—the clock-work exactness—of every move assists greatly in the preservation of physical strength. The same hour to rise—the same hours for meals—the same hours for recreation—the same hour to retire; there is nothing to disturb that perfect regularity. The food, if not a murderous compound of destructive dainties, is of the most wholesome, solid and natural kind. There is no danger of any adulteration nor of any poisonous decoctions that are merely the breeders of indigestion and sufferings. And that food is regulated according to the requirements of each individual. The nun—for example—who has a certain amount of study and of teaching to do, is allowed all that is considered necessary to conserve health and enable her to perform in a most efficient manner the duties of her position. Should she need more sleep, more recreation, different food, or any change, the rules are not broken for her, because the rule itself is there that she shall have the proper and prescribed regime. Then the work is so well divided that no one individual has more than her constitution is reasonably calculated to support. The consequence is that instead of pale and emaciated creatures—such as our non-Catholic cartoonists try to picture the members of a community—we find strong and spirited women, able to do work that would shame the pampered ladies of the world, and able to train a couple of generations of young people in all the elements of refinement, culture and usefulness. There you find the really "healthy mind in the healthy body." There are no vain longings after the unattainable; no shatterings of the nerves in the whirl of giddy unrest; no mock vitality such as the inhabitants of the outside world pretend to enjoy.

Looking in upon such a picture and recalling the past, such a poet as poor Williams might well sing:

"But I have learn'd rude lessons since then,
In life's disenchanting hall;
I have scan'd the motives and ways of men,
And a skeleton grins through all.
Of the great heart-treasures of life and trust,
I exulted to feel mine own;
There remains in this down-trod temple of dust,
But Faith in God alone.
I have seen too often the domino torn
And the mask from the face of men,
To have aught but a smile of tranquill scorn
For all I believed in then."

There is a queer idea abroad that the life in a cloister, or in any community, is one of constant suffering, of endless martyrdom, of cruel tyranny. The Maria Monks, Mrs. Shepherds and all the army of "ex-nuns" and "escaped"—(lunatics we should say)—impostors, seek to paint the workings of convent existence in all the horrid colors that their fevered imaginations and perverted minds could conjure up. Yet there is nothing more free, more democratic than the government of a religious order. Each individual's rights are respected; each has her vote; a secret ballot she holds and its secrecy is inviolate. The members of the community elect—by their free votes—their senate, or chapter, which consists of ten, twenty, thirty or forty members, according to the numerical strength of the Order. This Chapter, by free and secret ballot, elects the Superior, the assistants and all who compose the governing body. There is no coercion, no intimidation, no bribery, no favoritism. The independence is such that were it to prevail in the political world there would be no longer any room for Anarchism or Communism on earth.

THE CHAPEL AND THE MASS.

But we must not dwell too long upon this subject or some of our more suspicious critics may think that we have a special commission to boom the religious Orders and to secure subjects for their novitiates. We will step for a moment into the gem-like chapel of the monastery. This is a public place of worship where many of the inhabitants of Three Rivers come to hear the early Masses. It is a most elegant little shrine; it has about it the air of antiquity, and one feels as if transported to the Middle Ages, to the "Ages of Faith," when walking down its clean and venerable aisles. Over the high altar is a beautiful picture illustrative of scenes beyond the realms of this world, and on either side hang the portraits of the two great saints of the Order—Ste. Ursule and Ste. Angele. The stations of the cross wear an ancient look and a kind of medievalism belongs to their exquisite designs. Dim and age-besmeared sacred tableaux hang upon the sanctuary walls, while the contrast with the glitter and splendor of the richly adorned altar is most striking. A wonderful silence pervades the place, and even the worshippers seem to drink in the spirit of the surroundings and to pray in undertones that would not disturb the sleep of an infant.

The Mass commences, the Holy Eucharist is placed in the ostensorium and raised to a stand above the tabernacle; the thurifer swings the censer; the white vapor curls around the lighted tapers and the profusion of natural flowers that are brought from the monastery gardens; then the dark curtains behind the immense grating are drawn aside by a veiled religious. Holy Communion is given to the members of the community, who come silently to the little opening at the end of the sanctuary. Portion only of the curtain is left suspended between the inner and the outer worlds. The Mass commences: *Introibo ad Altare Dei*—and the priest ascends the altar. Magnificent are the sacerdotal vestments—all worked by the hands of the fervent adorers within the grating, behind the curtains. The *Gloria*, the *Epistle*, the *Gospel*; when lo! from a distance, even as if coming from some remote sphere where angels alone hover and God's saints alone walk, comes the sweet, soft, heavenly strains of a love-inspired canticle of devotion to her whose glorious Assumption the Church celebrates. It is enchanting; it lifts us out of time and away beyond the horizons of this world. The ladder of prayer most sacred—like the one Jacob of old beheld—reaches from the altar to the heavens, and up its rungs rush the messengers bearing petitions from the cloister, down its rounds come God's envoys carrying the graces and benedictions of the Most High. The little bell rings silvery-toned, and it startles the meditative congregation; the large curtain is completely drawn back;

an extra taper is lighted by the hand of a nun; the holy moment of Consecration is at hand; the music and the singing die gradually into silence; soul-burdened petitions float aloft; the frontier hosts of heaven seem to pause and listen; God has descended upon the altar! Once more the dark curtain is closed, and the world of meditation is cut off from the world of irreflection. The Mass is over: *Te, Missa Est*. Again comes the solemn, distant strain of harmony; the voices are of women; the spirit of the hymn is celestial—it is the *Salve Regina*! One would imagine that the very image of the Immaculate Mother replied to that request—"illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte"—and turned those eyes of love and mercy upon us. Silence once more reigns in the chapel—the vision has passed, and the worshippers go forth into God's sunlight feeling that they have been nearer heaven than ever before in life.

EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

If it be delightful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world, how delightful must be the friendship of those who accompany us through all this long period, with closer union than any casual friend, can go still further back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or hatred; who have honored with us those to whom we have paid every filial honor in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our hearts! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard. Every dissension of man with man excites in us a painful feeling. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under the same stone.—*Irish American*.

OUR LADY OF KNOCK.

Some years ago the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, in thanksgiving for a signal cure obtained through the intercession of Our Lady of Knock, presented to Archdeacon Cavanagh, of Knock, a beautiful banner on which was inscribed in letters of gold, on a ground of emerald green satin, "Toronto is grateful." Visitors to the famous shrine are now gladdened and encouraged by the sight of yet another emblem of an Archbishop's faith and devotion. Dr. Murphy, of Hobart, Tasmania, a venerable octogenarian prelate, left his far distant diocese for Knock suffering from impaired vision that baffled the skill of the most celebrated opticians. After his visit to our Lady's shrine in the West the eyes that then knew but darkness saw the light, independent of optician's aid, and the wonderful change the Archbishop naturally attributes to the intercession of Our Lady of Knock. As a token of his gratitude he has, within the past few weeks, sent a beautiful painting in oil, more than nine feet in length, and over seven feet in width, reproducing from the most authentic sources the original apparition. This continuity of testimony to the mercy of Our Lady of Knock emanating from such sources is certainly remarkable.—*Irish American*.

A local band was one day playing at Dumfermline, when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what was that they were playing. "That is the 'Death of Nelson,'" solemnly replied the bandmaster. "Ay, man," remarked the weaver, "ye ha'e gi'en him an awfu' death."—*Dundee News*.

Mr. Timmid—"How would a girl feel if she received a proposal by letter?" Friend—"If she didn't care for you, she'd feel insulted." "Um—well—er—suppose she did care for me?" "She'd say yes by telegraph."—*New York Weekly*.

BALLAD POETRY.

The Popular Narrative and Sentimental Poems of Different Nations.

Ballad poetry, to be perfect, must reflect the passions, the hopes, and the aspirations of the people. The instincts of a race, their pride, their glory, their triumphs, their joys and their sorrows are voiced in those whole-souled and ringing melodies, the strains of which mock the march of time, going down from sire to son for many and many a generation, and eternal as the green hills. Hesiod and Homer built up their gorgeous poetry on the floating ballads kept alive for centuries by the hearth-sides of the homes of the gallant and warrior Greeks of old. As D. F. McCarthy, himself the sweetest of Irish minstrels, says: "The shield of Achilles has disappeared from the world; but the bounding ballad, in which it was pictured in the stanzas of the poet, shall never die."

The bards of the Norse Sea-kings, whose old-fashioned barques plowed their way through the stormy billows that thundered on the rugged rocks along the coasts of Norway and Iceland, were the first to give the modern ballad its proper form and character. The ozone of the ocean, the shock of the waves on a shingly shore, can be felt and heard in the clashing and tumultuous ring of their ballads. The old gods and goddesses of the sunny south, Jupiter and Juno, Mars and Venus and a host of other minor divinities, were replaced by those tall, gaunt, muscular Norsemen who worshipped none save Thor, the god of War, and Wodin, the god of the mighty Seas, on the bosom of which they lived. The sagas written by these bards have the physical strength of the iron-bound sinews that fortified their sturdy bodies.

Italy has from time immemorial been the land of song, because 'tis the ideal land of love. Petrarch and Tasso have been the sweetest of her minstrels. Greece can well boast of the lyrical capacity of Sappho, the first woman poet. The Saracens introduced an oriental spice and languishing sentiment into the old Spanish ballads, of which those of the modern schools are redolent still. At the close of the twelfth century, "The Cid" was written—one of the most warlike ballads ever penned—a ballad which glorified the wondrous feats on many a battlefield of Roderigo le Bivar. Owing to the peculiarly entralling music of the Italian and Spanish languages, their ballads are the most exquisitely melodious of any. They are odorous of the soft southern breezes rippling harmoniously through the green branches of oak tree and of elm, of the pine and palm, like so many Aeolian harps of the old-time world. Their battle songs, moreover, stir the heart with the sounds as of pealing trumpets.

In England the ballad deals chiefly with rural scenes. Most of them, consequently, are pastorals. We have, for instance, "Robin Hood," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Allin-a-dale," "Dick Turpin," and the "Jolly Tanner." Percy's "Reliques of English Warlike Poetry" is a good compendium of the military ballads of England, which are, however, only very few in number, owing probably to the phlegmatic character of the Anglo-Saxon race. In musical utterance, feeling, and passion, the Scotch ballads are immeasurably superior to the English, owing to the fact that the Scotch, particularly the Scotch of the Highlands, belong to the Celtic race. Scotland's sons and daughters have been so fascinated by these ballads, that they see a golden glamor hanging over her bleak valleys and desolate crags. The wastes and wildernesses wear under the magic spell of song the voluptuous beauty and warmth of Andalusia. This is the advantage of having a delightful ballad poetry. It clothes the nakedness of a land with the most gorgeously beautiful raiments. Here is the first stanza of the best of Scottish love ballads:

"Saw ye my wee thing?—saw ye my ain thing?
Saw ye, my true love down on yon lea!
Crossed she the meadow yestereen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flow'rs the naw tree;
Her hair—It is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white—
Dark is the blue of her soft rollin' e'e,
Red—red—are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?"

The traveler, who was dressed in male attire, told the poet that he did meet his lady love, and says: "Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me!" The bard's

"eye in fine frenzy rolling" greeted this impertinent remark of the stranger, and he said:

"Fair as your face is, wer't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee!"

Off went the young man's bonnet, the lint-white locks, the belted braid, that displayed the charms of a white bosom, and the bard laughed with glee at the dear joke played on him by the ravishing minx.

The oldest of German ballads is little over a hundred years old. They are all modern. They are chiefly legendary and sombre. The weird legends of the Rhine and its castles form the subject matter of most of them, as well as fairy superstitions. The wail of the wild witch dancing the dance of devils, on the bleak crags of Jager in the pale moonlight, shrieks like a dismal Jeremiad through one of the most melancholy of German ballads. The most famous of these are Schiller's and Heine's. The latter is the balladist of love, wine and gayety; and his jubilant ballads have an enlivening and jolly effect on the sluggish livers of the Teuton. There is also the "Song of the Sword," an immortal product of genius. It was written with a pencil in his note-book on the scabbard the night before the battle, by a German officer, and was found in the pocket of the uniform which covered his dead body, after the carnage was over. One of the most glorious of German ballads runs as follows:

"Where'er resounds the German tongue,
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand
That is the German Fatherland!"

What a pity that Irishmen cannot make the same proud boast of the language of their ancient bards and brehons, their kerns and gallowglasses!

Of French ballad literature the most sensuous, and yet, by a strange paradox, the purest, for it was the most chivalrous, was that of the troubadours of that lusciously exquisite portion of the South of France yelet Provence. Among the best of these old time minstrels were King Richard, *corur de Lion*, "Heart of a Lion," Pierre Vidal and the monk of Montaudon. A halo of romance has gathered around their names, and thrown a glamor over the records of their lives. They are the daintiest of poets. Roses, love and wine, are the themes of their tender lyrics. In 1431 85, stands out Francois Villon, "the prince of all ye ballad-makers," who reveled in the confection of such pretty bon bons as rondeaux, rondels, vilanelles, and triolets. Voiture was a connoisseur in the formation of the latter delicacies. When the sweet poet died in 1648, Sarassin wrote an elegy on his friend in which, among other strange mourners, he causes the dear little triolets, all in tears, to trot by the side of Voiture's coffin on its sad pilgrimage to the grave. Mr. Dobson and Andrew Lang are the best balladists of this quaint style of poetry in the England of to-day.

The ballads of Innisfail ring with the melody of the harp. Like the harp, the Irish ballad muse is sad, weird and sorrowful. The misfortunes and sufferings of the Irish people have been reflected in the grief-stricken tone of their balladists, particularly in the gloom of the Jacobite days. The best ballads were those of the affections, the heart-aching wail of the author of the "Exile of Erin," and the crown of thorns that were wreathed around the brows of the afflicted and outraged race at home. One of the few hopeful ballads of the dark period of persecution were Caro-



ALL THE STRENGTH and virtue has sometimes "dried out," when you get pills in leaky wooden or paste-board boxes. For that reason, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sealed up in little glass vials, just the size

and shape to carry about with you. Then, when you feel bilious or constipated, have a fit of indigestion after dinner, or feel a cold coming on, they're always ready for you.

They're the smallest, the pleasantest to take, and the most thoroughly natural remedy. With Sick or Bilious Headaches, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dizziness, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, they give you a lasting cure.

Headache; obstruction of nose; discharges falling into throat; eyes weak; ringing in ears; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility—these are some of the symptoms of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has cured thousands of the worst cases,—will cure you.

lan's gay and bibulous Gaelic poems, and that glorious and triumphant strain of James Clarence Mangan, who is most assuredly the best of our purely Gaelic poets. "Rois'n Dhu," or "Dark Rosaleen," emblematic of Erin:

"O, my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh! Do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green—
They march along the deep!
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen,
Shall glad your heart—shall give you hope—
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!"

"O, the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood—
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood;
And gun peal and slogan cry
Wake many a glen serene
Ere thou shall fade—ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen—
The judgment hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade—ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!"

These joyous and exuberant lyrics put a new soul into the land of Erin. They made her believe that there was no use whatsoever for her moaning and whining at the feet of her Saxon despot. She eschewed the politics of despair, abandoned her kneeling posture and touched the chords of the national harp to the tones of hope and triumph through the medium of Mangan's fervid ballads. And the rosy dawn came after the starless night, and a portion of her liberty was won in 1829, when the chains of religious persecution were stricken from her limbs!—Eugene Davis, in Chicago Citizen.

A CATHOLIC DAILY.

A STATEMENT THAT NEW YORK IS TO HAVE ONE IN AUTUMN.

Early in the ensuing autumn, says a New York daily, a novel departure in New York newspaperdom will be inaugurated by the publication of a daily newspaper devoted to Catholic interests.

Several well-known newspaper writers of the metropolis have been engaged to labor in the furtherance of this enterprise, and the service of many priests distinguished for their acknowledged literary attainments are already secured.

The prime mover is the Rev. Father Maher, for many years and at present pastor of a large parish in Syracuse, N.Y. This zealous rector has won fame in the Empire State as an author of religious books. Several years since he issued a tome entitled "History of Catholic Cathedrals the world over."

The Board of Directors as at present constituted is composed solely of priests. Many dioceses are represented in the directorate. But it is not proposed that ecclesiastics only shall direct affairs. Prominent Catholic laymen, respected as successful business men, will become the stockholders. Up to date about \$5,000 working capital has been subscribed, and this sum was collected in a fortnight among a few friends of the idea.

The motive of this unique scheme is primarily to combat A.P.A. literature. The paper will not be a religious publication in the strict sense. That is to say, its columns will not be especially devoted to pious reading, but to such general matter as must surely concern every Catholic household.

The journal will be independent in character and will not be known as the organ of His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan. It is said, however, that this dignity favors the endeavor.

Unless some energetic movement is made by our Catholic friends in Canada, New York will have the honor of getting out the first Catholic daily. The sooner our well-wishers set THE TRUE WITNESS upon a sufficiently solid basis to guarantee the publication of a daily, the sooner we will have one.

LECARON DEAD WITHOUT DOUBT.

FILING OF HIS WILL SETS RUMORS AT REST.

All doubts about the death of the spy Le Caron in April last are set aside by the filing of his will. It was suspected after the death announcement and the secrecy attending his burial that he was not really dead but only engaged in some fresh infamy. The will sheds conclusive light upon the period of the man's treachery.

The document is dated Feb. 14, 1889. It bequeaths £5,000, besides household effects, etc. As but a few months previously the man was living in penury in

Chicago, borrowing money to pay his house rent and begging help for necessities for his family, the sum named in the will unquestionably represents the bribe paid him and the time it was paid by the secret service of England for assuming a fictitious role in behalf of The London Times in its plight caused by forgery of letters apparently implicating Parnell and his friends in crime.

It is now clear to everyone that Le Caron had not been playing spy until inability to earn a living in any other way made him fall back upon the shame of the informer as a final resort, and that all his assertions of long-extended knowledge of affairs in the United States was an invention to suit the moment. The tissue of border romance and transparent falsehood he gave out as a "book" two years ago, which was puffed by a New York "literary agency" for due consideration in a number of unsuspecting American newspapers, fell perfectly flat. The shame money is left in trust.—Cleveland Universe.

THE WONDERS OF LABRADOR.

GREAT DEPOSITS OF IRON.

A correspondent, in one of our morning contemporaries, gives the following wonderful account of the regions north of Labrador:

Sixty thousand square miles of an iron-bearing formation, a new lake larger than Grande Lac Mistassini, and the proof of the fact that the big falls of the Hamilton river are the largest in America, if not in the world—these are amongst some of the many discoveries of value made by Messrs. Low and Eaton on their sixteen months' exploration of the interior of the great Labrador peninsula, which has terminated by the return of the explorers to Quebec and their disbandment there.

After traversing Labrador last year, from south to north, and sailing from Ungava Bay to Hamilton Inlet, where they spent the winter, Messrs. Low and Eaton ascended the Hamilton river to the Grand Falls on ice, and succeeded in taking a splendid lot of photographs of it with ice cones and other surroundings. The remains of the burnt boat belonging to the Bowdoin college expedition were found below the falls, and further on the bottle containing a record of their trip to that point. The river falls 800 feet in less than six miles, with one clear steep fall of over 300 feet. The stream above the falls is as large as the Ottawa. Below the falls it narrows into a canyon of only 30 to 40 feet wide with steep walls on either side, hundreds of feet high.

Mr. Low brought back beautiful specimens of labradorite, of the most valuable kind of the gem. It exists in large quantities. The iron ore deposits to which reference has been made extend from latitude 50 to Ungava, and are very rich. Whole mountains of the ore were found corresponding with the ore of Marquette, Michigan, and containing millions of tons. The large Lake Michikamaw, in the northeast, is over 100 miles long, not narrow and full of islands like Mistassini, but from 30 to 50 miles wide. Several lakes larger than Lake St. John were seen by the party. The country to the north is a network of waterways, and these contain such fish in abundance as ouananiche, brook and lake trout, whitefish, etc.

SEND TO-DAY.

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

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

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

C. M. B. A.

Conycntion of the Grand Council of Quebec.

The Convention was opened on Wednesday, 29th August, by a Grand Mass at St. Roch Church, at which His Grace Archbishop Begin officiated. Immediately after Mass the officers and delegates, with the members of the C.M.B.A. branches, proceeded in a body to the St. Joseph Hall, where the Convention was called to order by the Grand President, P. O'Reilly, of Montreal, who appointed a committee on credentials. The Grand Spiritual Adviser, Archbishop Begin, then entered, and was escorted to the seat of honor on the platform.

Lieut.-Col. Evanturel, chairman of the reception committee, then read an address of welcome which was replied to by the Grand President, when the Grand Spiritual Adviser made a very stirring address to the delegates and members present, explaining the principles and objects of the Association and recommending all Catholics to immediately seek admission. He then opened the Convention by prayer and gave the delegates his blessing. The different amendments were then referred to the committee on laws and the Convention adjourned at 2 p.m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Meeting called to order by the Grand President at 2 p.m. sharp.

The committee on credentials reported, and the roll having been called, all the delegates were reported present except Grand Treasurer, J. A. U. Beaudry, of Montreal, who sent a letter explaining his unavoidable absence.

The committee on laws and finance not being prepared to report, the convention adjourned to 8 p.m., and the visiting brethren were escorted to carriages furnished by the reception committee, and driven to Montmorenci Falls, visiting the new church at Beauport in going, and on returning were driven around to see the principal sights of the Ancient Capital.

EVENING SESSION.

Meeting called to order by the Grand President, at 8 p.m. sharp; all delegates present. The committee on laws reported progress, and considerable business was transacted. The meeting adjourned at 9.30 p.m., and were again taken hold of by the reception committee and escorted to Dufferin Terrace, where they were treated to an excellent concert by the splendid band of H.M.S. Blake.

On Thursday, the Convention was called to order at 9.15 a.m., when the committee on laws handed in a complete report, which was adopted by the meeting.

The finance committee then made their report, showing that the business of the Grand Council was conducted in a highly satisfactory manner.

The Convention then proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing term, and the following were unanimously elected:

- President, P. O'Reilly, Montreal.
- 1st Vice-President, C. E. Leclerc, N. P., Montreal.
- 2nd Vice-President E. Morin, M. D., Quebec.
- Secretary, J. B. Drouyn, Quebec.
- Treasurer, A. R. Archambault, Montreal.
- Marshal, Geo. T. Dorion, Montreal.
- Guard, James Meek, Montreal.
- Trustees, J. D. Quinn, Montreal; L. P. Dupie, B.C.L., Montreal; P. E. Belanger, Quebec; A. A. Beriau, N.P., Farnham.
- Sup. Med. Examiner, P. A. D'Artois, Farnham.
- Committee on Laws—Charles Curran, P. Flannery, L. P. Dupie, Montreal.
- Committee on Finance—George T. Dorion, E. Kavanagh, Montreal; A. H. Beriau, Farnham.

Montreal was chosen as the next place of meeting.

The principal amendments suggested were:

- 1st—To confer the honor of Chancellor on all Branch recording-secretaries, financial secretaries and treasurers who fill the said offices for three consecutive years.
- 2nd—To establish an official journal which will be mailed from the office of publication to every member.
- 3rd—To provide for a disability benefit. The representatives to the Supreme Council Convention to be held in Philadelphia, Pa., are: P. O'Reilly and J. P. Nugent, of Montreal, and J. B. Drouin,

Quebec, and the alternates: Jas. Meek and J. O'Farrell, of Montreal, and J. B. Martineau, Quebec.

C. M. B. A. DELEGATES IN MONTREAL.

SERVICE AND SPECIAL SERMONS AT THE CATHEDRAL.

The special service in St. James Cathedral, on Sunday afternoon, for the members of the C. M. B. A., was attended by about 1000 persons. The members of the C.M.B.A. of the city and about 235 visiting delegates from Ontario and other parts of the West, marched from Notre Dame parish hall at about two o'clock, accompanied by a splendid band. Arriving at the cathedral the members drew up in to single file lines and then, headed by Marshal Milloy and visiting delegates, they defiled into the church. There were nearly 700 in all.

The services in the Cathedral was opened by sermons in English and French, which were preached by the Rev. Father Cherrier, of St. Boniface, who took for his text: He that heareth you heareth me and he that despiseth you despiseth me.

The rev. preacher dwelt on the beauty of the city of Montreal and of the great temple in which, in the presence of the Archbishop, he had the honor to speak. Referring to Montreal he said, we are in a great Catholic city; all around us we see the influence of religion—the growth of morality—but we see also an equal growth of industry, which testifies that religion is not opposed to material progress. St. Augustine tells us of two cities on a plain, one good and the other wicked. And from this parable we can draw a splendid lesson, for in our own day there are two cities,—two camps facing each other; one is the camp of heresy, of infidelity, of wickedness, and the other, to which I am proud to say we belong, is the camp of Catholicity, of Christian charity and righteousness. The Rev. Father then spoke of the brotherhood of the C. M. B. A., which he was proud to be a member of; as a member of the C.M.B.A., he spoke not only for the delegates and members of the order who were present, but for the 9,000 members of the society who were distributed over the Dominion. After speaking highly of the C.M.B.A., its obedience to the Church, its loyalty and charity, he said: "We members of the C.M.B.A. shall continue faithfully to listen to the word of God through his priests until that glorious day when we shall listen to the praises of His angels in heaven."

The service was brought to a close by blessing and solemn benediction by Archbishop Fabre.

In the evening a large proportion of the delegates left for St. John, N.B. Among the delegates were Grand Deputy T. J. Finn, Grand Deputy Herbert, Grand Trustee Tansey, J. E. Howison, Assistant Secretary Grand Council; G. R. O'Neill, Finance Committee; and others.

Two train loads of delegates from Montreal arrived in St. John, N.B., Monday afternoon and an informal reception was held in the evening at the rooms of Branch 134 of the brotherhood. The regular work of the convention began yesterday morning, September 4th.

THE FRANCISCANS

THE WILL OF THE LATE MR. RICARD.

By the will of the late Mr. Ricard \$10,000 was left to the Franciscan missionaries all over the world; as there are over 2000 Franciscan missionaries at present laboring in the Heathen and Protestant countries of the world the sum will not when divided leave much for each mission. By some error the newspapers announced that Mr. Ricard had left \$10,000 to the Franciscan Fathers on Dorchester street, this is quite a mistake, as Mr. Ricard's will was made several years before the Franciscan Fathers came to this country. Besides, the Franciscan Fathers in this city do not consider themselves as being in a mission; therefore, they receive no portion of the money.

CANADIANS AND THE POPE.

ROME, September 3.—The Canadian pilgrims attended Mass, which was celebrated by the Pope on Sunday in the hall of the Consistory of the Vatican. After the service the pilgrims kissed the foot of His Holiness, who addressed a few remarks to each of the visitors.

A BOON TO YOUNG MEN.

PROF. J. A. FOWLER'S SINGING CLASS.

During the past month, Prof. J. A. Fowler, of St. Patrick's, has been perfecting arrangements for the opening of a singing class, which will be free to all the young men of the parish who have any inclination or aptitude for vocal music. The class will open next Monday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the choir practice room, which is located in the old Presbytery, entrance on Alexander street. The lessons, which will be given by the talented Professor himself, will be thorough and calculated to enable the pupils to acquire a proficiency in sight reading and a full knowledge of sacred music. With his characteristic devotion to the interests of the choir, Prof. Fowler has assumed this very important work, in addition to his other numerous duties, without any hope of remuneration, the only condition requisite on the part of young men desirous of improving themselves in the noble art being that they shall become associated with the regular work of the choir and assist at the services and practices. It is an honor to have one's name inscribed on the membership roll of the choir, and it is to be hoped that the special privilege now offered to the rising generation of the parish will be appreciated and that a large number of young men will attend the opening session of the class.

A CONCERT IN THE C.Y.M. HALL.

The concert in the C. Y. M.'s hall, St. Alexander Street, on Friday night, was very successful; there was a fair attendance and the various items on the programme were gone through in the most creditable manner. The orchestra particularly is deserving of every praise, their splendid performances were quite a concert in themselves. Mr. R. E. Callahan acquitted himself splendidly as musical director and general manager of the entertainment. Miss M. Milloy gave a charming and intellectual rendition of the dramatic recitation Laza. The comic sketch by Mr. J. Milloy and Mr. Reid were very amusingly portrayed. Mr. F. Butler's fine voice sounded splendidly and his singing was much appreciated. There were many other interesting items on the programme, which was brought to an end with a laughable rough and tumble farce in which the following gentlemen sustained the various characters: J. Milloy, J. Ward, A. Reid, W. Reaume, J. Williams, J. Brennan, J. Callahan, J. Ditson and E. Callahan.

COTE ST. PAUL BAZAAR.

The bazaar out at Cote St. Paul is a great success, a regular car service from Point St. Charles and St. Henry runs to the hall and many persons are taking this opportunity of paying a visit to the bazaar, and among the costly presents donated are a beautiful piano given by Branch 226, C.M.B.A. Mr. C.W. Lindsay, of St. Catherine Street, has, with his usual generosity, donated a valuable organ.

The Rev. Fathers Brault and McGinnie are laboring hard to make the bazaar an enjoyable place to spend an evening and they cordially invite their city friends.

THE FRANCISCANS.

The Rev. Father Desire, of the Franciscans, is engaged writing, in English, a full historical account of the indulgence of the Portiuncula. The full history of this splendid indulgence is extremely interesting, and dates back to very early times in the history of Christendom. The English version will be sent to Rome, after it is completed, for the sanction of the Pope, after which it will be published in Canada in pamphlet form. This will be the first English version to be published in Canada.

COTE DES NEIGES COLLEGE.

The College of Our Lady at Cote des Neiges reopened its classes yesterday. A large number of the boys from the States were met at the depot yesterday morning by Father Kelly and escorted to the College. It is expected that all the boys will be in attendance before the end of the week.

NOTRE DAME DE BONSECOURS.

The Notre Dame de Bonsecours monument will be inaugurated on Sunday, September 9, which is also Holy Name

of Mary day. The inauguration will be most imposing and will take place in the open air facing the monument. The proceedings will be presided over by Archbishop Fabre, commencing at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

AT THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

Next Friday, at 8 o'clock a.m., a postulante will receive the habit of the Franciscan Order. The ceremony will take place at the Franciscan church, and the faithful will be admitted. Also, next Wednesday, 12th inst., two young novices will pronounce their perpetual vows in the Franciscan Order. This ceremony will take place at the same time and in the same church.

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY.

The parochial schools of St. Ann's parish opened yesterday, and everything seems to foretell that the number of children who will attend will be larger than usual. Under the care of Mother Alphonsus St. Ann's academy has taken rank among the very best of the parochial schools of the city.

BELLS FOR ST. HENRI.

A chime of bells will shortly be placed in the tower of the church of St. Henri. The big bell will be the largest in Montreal, with the exception of the famous "Bourdon" of Notre Dame.

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE we will give our readers a sketch of the life and work of that wonderful lady, whose name is identified with American literature and the cultivation of art during almost the last half century—Miss Eliza Allen Starr. In referring to her recent celebration, the Catholic Standard of Philadelphia says:—

"The closing week of August will be marked for Catholic literature and its lovers by the seventieth birthday of Miss Eliza Allen Starr. The years are closing in around her glorious with the light of such an evening as is promised to the faithful. Wise, steadfast, powerful, and beautifully womanly, she stands among us, and we show her reverence. For the homes she has brightened, for the lessons she has taught, for the examples she has set before us so gracefully and so clearly, we do her honor, and we utter blessings as Catholic readers and Catholic thinkers. May her crown grow bright with many more of those jeweled years she counts as passed! She was born August 29, 1824."

We desire to heartily join our humble voice in the grand chorus of tribute that arises on all sides and to express the fervent hope that Divine Providence may grant Miss Starr many long years to come, that she may be enabled to carry on her glorious work and shed the light of refinement and true education upon the numbers who have the privilege of her immediate acquaintance as well as upon the Catholic world at large.

MR. J. F. HOGAN, M.P. for Mid-Tipperrary, who recently passed through Montreal on his way to Australia, spoke in very flattering terms of the Hon. Edward Blake, and of his services to the Irish party. Mr. Hogan said:

He (Mr. Blake) has the respect of our party and the public as a sound constitutional lawyer. His speeches are able. Coming to the scene late in life, having devoted most of his attention to Canadian questions, he is probably at some disadvantage with us, not quite understanding our local feelings, but in spite of this he is an undoubted power."

Referring to Mr. Blake's position in the House, Mr. Hogan said:

"Mr. Blake made an almost instantaneous mark as a debater in the Commons. His speeches on the Home Rule bill were luminous and masterly expositions of the constitution and law of the subject. On the platform, both in London and the principal towns, he has been a tower of strength to the Home Rule propaganda. One recent election, that at Hackney, when a vacancy was caused by the elevation of Sir Charles Russell to the peerage, the Liberal victory was practically won by Mr. Blake's eloquent speeches on behalf of the Liberal candidate."

These are words that go a long way to counteract the false impressions sought to be made by Prof. Goldwin Smith's prejudiced and apparently jealous criticisms.

THE KIRKFIELD PIC-NIC.

The Hon. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.,
Solicitor-General of Canada, Present
—A Large Gathering—Complimentary
Addresses—A Happy Reply.

Something like one thousand people gathered at the Kirkfield pic-nic Thursday week on the occasion of the holding of the Catholic church pic-nic, at which the Hon. Mr. Curran, of Montreal, had promised to attend and deliver an oration. Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the festivities conveyances well filled with those living in the neighborhood began to arrive, and when the special G.T.R. train from Lindsay steamed in with five coaches full of people, Kirkfield had put on her holiday attire, and her ordinary population had swelled to more than double.

The distinguished visitor, upon stepping off the train with Father Sweeney and some Lindsay gentlemen, was greeted with all the manifestations of applause and respect due to his high position in the country.

A few minutes after four the dancing platform was cleared and the Hon. Mr. Curran was escorted to the platform by Father Sweeney. Dr. Wood was then voted into the chair, and he immediately called upon Mr. Mosgrove, the popular efficient teacher at Kirkfield, to read an address to Mr. Curran from the people. Mr. Mosgrove then stepped to the front of the platform and read the following:—

To the Honorable J. J. Curran, Solicitor General of Canada.

SIR,—The people assembled here today, residents for the most part of this remote and northern district of Ontario, extend to you on this happy occasion their hearty and affectionate welcome.

We welcome you not only as a distinguished citizen of Canada, whose talents and merits have raised you to a position of the highest respect and responsibility in our nation, but also as a representative of her majesty's government in this broad and progressive Dominion, and as a descendant of the land which most of us claim as the land of our fathers, an Irishman whose dignified position and eminent talents is a glory and gratification to every man of Irish sentiments in Canada.

Your presence here to-day, sir, is for us a source of peculiar pleasure, for we have not often been honored with the presence of many public men of eminence. The people of this portion of Ontario are not the least among the good citizens of Canada. In no part of the Dominion have the sterling qualities of the Canadian pioneer shown better results in building up a prosperous country.

The early settlers of this district found it a blank wilderness, given to forest, barren rock, and river, wanting in modern aids for travel; and after years of stubborn and patient toil, bearing privations with the proverbial courage of a sturdy race, and aiming in the humbleness of their lot at an ideal worthy of the true builders of a nation—with these humble but worthy beginnings, they made steady and honorable progress, giving to their children education fitting to their several stations, observing the laws in the spirit of worthy citizens, and handing to their offspring traditions and aspirations of which the full realization is the highest commercial, intellectual and moral condition of our people.

In industry and integrity, and in loyalty to our beloved queen and the institutions of our land, the pioneers of this district have given a laudable example, and we trust that we who succeed them do not in great measure fall short of the model they have set before us. You see here, as elsewhere in Canada, a people dwelling in peace, harmony and good will, united in those various ways which lead to the prosperity of a country, and wanting only a continuance of these benign conditions to happily result in a great and glorious nation.

Let us thank you, sir, for having, at much personal inconvenience, graced this gathering with your presence to-day. The occasion will be full of pleasant recollections for us who are here, and we hope that you will carry with you agreeable memories of your visit to Kirkfield.

As Mr. Curran took his place to reply, he was received with loud and continued applause. His address, whether viewed as an oratorical effort or a patriotic

utterance, was a thoroughly splendid performance, and would have proven as rich a treat to the citizens of the great commercial city of Montreal, where he resides, as it did to the residents of the less important village of Kirkfield, whither his kindness and good nature had brought him on this occasion. Solicitor-General Curran, whose coming forward was the signal for an outburst of applause, said:—

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—I cannot sufficiently thank you for the kind words you have just addressed to me personally. I feel that I am welcome amongst you, and that your address is not a mere formal matter, but a generous expression of brotherly sentiment. However gratifying such an expression may be to a public man on personal grounds, the pleasure is enhanced by very many degrees when the reference to our common country are taken into consideration, when you manifest your happiness experienced here in your own Canadian home, when you give utterance to your devotion to the empire, of which we are proud to be respected and devoted subjects, and speak with tender affection of the liberty-giving institutions under which we live and prosper. Your references to the early struggles of your fathers and mothers in what you are pleased to call the remote region, the trials and privations they underwent so manfully, and the happy results in this progressive section of Canada of the toils and brave enterprise of the pioneers of the land, (cheers,) all these things are cheering, but what gratifies most is the assurance you give that you are a harmonious community. Protestants and Catholics living side by side in peace and concord, laboring together, assisting one another, and to use your words, seeking to build up upon a firm basis a new nationality worthy of the races from which we sprung. (Cheers.) This is a Catholic pic-nic in aid of the good works of my friend Father Sweeney, but what do I see around me? You, Mr. Chairman, a Protestant; your confrere, Dr. McKay, M.P.P., also a Protestant; the gentleman who has read this address, a Protestant; the majority of this vast audience now listening with such manifest pleasure, also Protestant; and all this for the benefit of a struggling Catholic priest with a heavy load of debt upon his shoulders. Could any greater evidence of liberality and good citizenship and sure mark of future concord and progressiveness, be given in any country under the sun? (Cheers.) If we are united here in the bonds of Christian charity, politics do not divide us, because I see many of my political opponents present doing their best to forward the good cause we are all here to advance. (Hear, hear.) Froude, in concluding his life of Lord Beaconsfield, makes this reflection, "When the shadows lengthen and the sun is going down, earthly questions fade into tinsel and nothing is any longer beautiful to look back upon, but the disinterested actions, many or few, which are scattered over the chequered career." We must all feel the truth of that quotation, whatever our sphere or action. For myself, speaking as I have been at public gatherings for the past thirty years, the pleasantest of my recollections are those of acts I can look back upon as having been done, not in the political arena, but in that of the cause of Christian charity, and this day, with its pleasant memories, will long remain engraved upon my heart.

The speaker then went on to dwell upon the past and present condition of our country; the reference in the address to the early pioneers gave him an opening to speak of the earliest settlers, the valiant soldiers, and patient, self-sacrificing missionaries, his beautiful language and fervid impressions creating enthusiasm amongst the audience. He gave a picture of Canada imbued with all the virtues of England and France, Scotland and Ireland, and won the hearty applause of his Irish friends when he said it was no wonder they loved the old land, for it had been established at Vancluse, in Australia, by Sir Thomas Hayes, whose beautiful grounds were infested with snakes and reptiles, that they could not exist upon Irish soil, for he had brought out a few barrels of the old sod and spread it around his residence and the snakes had quitted the place forever. (Great cheering.)

Mr. Curran's appeal for union of hearts and hands was most eloquent. He spoke of men, calling themselves ministers of the people, who denounced their fellow-

men from the altar before which they worshipped God according to their consciences. Imagine, he said, a statesman who had faithfully and eminently served his queen—who had been honored in the most prominent manner by her majesty, to whom she had confided the interests of the empire in the most important arbitration of modern times, who had received at her hands the honor of knighthood, and later still, who had been judged by her fit to enter as a right honorable member of her Privy Council of Great Britain and Ireland—being denounced by a reverend gentleman who had never made a sacrifice for nor rendered any services to his country on any occasion, as unfit for the Premiership of the Dominion because of his religion. He said such a statement was a disgrace to Canada and to Christianity. Mr. Curran closed his speech amidst great applause.

Mr. Curran having resumed his seat, Mr. A. P. Devlin, county crown attorney, Lindsay, in a few very fitting remarks moved a vote of thanks, and Mr. Francis Reid seconded the motion. Mr. Curran then having briefly replied, the chairman took the occasion to express his accord with the sentiments the speaker of the day had uttered.

Dr. McKay, M.P.P., followed in the same strain, making one of his usual happy speeches. He took occasion to welcome to the county so distinguished a gentleman from the Province of Quebec, and to deprecate the attempts frequently made to create religious dissensions.

After some well-timed remarks from Father Sweeney, expressive of his gratitude for the efforts of all who had contributed to the pic-nic's success, stirring cheers were given for the Queen, Mr. Curran, and the two doctors, after which the proceedings broke up, all voting the affair a great success.

ORDINATION SERVICE.

IMPOSING CEREMONY AT ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

Archbishop Fabre officiated pontificaly at an ordination service in St. Joseph's Church, Sunday. His Grace was accompanied by a very large concourse of priests, among whom were the Right Rev. Father Soulieres, Superior General of the Oblate Order, M. Legare, Superior of the L'Assomption College, Rev. P. Beaudry, Superior of the Joliette College, Rev. R. Decary, P. P. of St. Henry, Rev. Father Arsene of the Franciscan Order, Rev. Father Tranchemontagne, O.M.I.

During the service the choir, under the baton of Mr. F. X. Valliere, rendered several appropriate selections. The Rev. Father Legare, Superior of L'Assomption College, delivered an eloquent sermon on "Priesthood," explaining the various duties of a priest and the respect which is due to his person, more particularly when he was discharging his duties. At various intervals during the service, Prof. A. Tremblay rendered some good selections on the organ. Following is a list of those who were ordained during the service:

Priests—Rev. J. E. Lamoureux.
Deacons—Revs. J. E. Chevalier, J. B. Berard, E. Barrett, E. Bourgouin, S. Dubeau and E. Chagnon.

Sub-deacons—Revs. R. Contant, A. Perreault, O. Mousseau and A. Bourgeois. In the afternoon vespers were sung by the Rev. J. E. Lamoureux, who had been ordained priest that morning. The choir sang with great effect Battman's Salve Regina, Euvre's O Salutaris Hostia, Battman's Ave Maria and Aiblinger's Tantum Ergo.

At six o'clock on Monday morning, the Rev. J. E. Lamoureux said his first Mass, in the chapel of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Seigneurs street. The ceremony was very imposing, and after the service the ceremony of the "kissing of the hands" was performed with great solemnity.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PICNIC.

St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Mary's parish held a picnic on St. Helen's Island on Monday. It was in aid of the poor, and this worthy object, no doubt, helped to attract the large crowd that was present. A long programme of races, games, etc., had been prepared and was gone through with remarkable zeal, the race being very well contested. The gentlemen who had the affair in hand may congratulate themselves on the success of their efforts.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. JOHN EGAN.

Once more we have the sad duty of recording the early death of a promising and popular young man in the person of Mr. John Egan, son of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Christopher Egan, of 101 Mance street. The deceased was well known and highly respected in the business circles of Montreal. For twelve years he had been a member of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, and a member of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association from the day of its inception. He was a sterling supporter of all organizations that had for their object the elevation and improvement, mental, moral and physical, of his fellow-countrymen. No struggle in the lacrosse arena was considered complete unless his presence were noticed and his voice heard cheering on the boys to victory. He was a great and universal favorite amongst all the members of the different organizations. He had just entered upon a promising business career, when, in the full vigor of ripening manhood, he was removed from the world of turmoil to the eternal rest and reward that are the portion of such true, faithful and devoted young Catholics. He was a practical Catholic in every acceptance of the term, and was certainly a young Irishman destined to occupy a leading place in the community. The funeral, which took place on Friday last, was attended by a vast number of his friends and admirers, while the many important citizens present indicated the esteem in which the deceased was held in Montreal. The chief mourners were his father, Mr. Christopher Egan, and his two brothers, Messrs. Gerald and Christopher Egan, as well as his brother-in-law, Mr. R. F. Kerrin. Deep was the regret expressed on all sides. While tendering his mourning relatives and sorrowing friends the sincere expression of our heartfelt sympathy, and while joining in the prayer that he may rest in peace, we recall the well-known lines that many a person could repeat over his early tomb:

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days;
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

PERSONAL.

Archbishop Fabre held his monthly reception on Sunday evening. There was a large attendance of the elite of the city.

The Rev. Father Kelly, of Cote des Neiges College, has returned to the college, after spending his vacation in the Catskills.

Mr. Frank J. Curran, B.C.L., has been admitted as a member of the law firm of Messrs. Curran & Grenier. The new firm will be Curran, Grenier & Curran.

The Rev. Abbe Marre, assistant parish priest of Notre Dame, returned from Europe, this morning, accompanied by the Rev. Abbe Goethe Fangeac, a new recruit for the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

Mr. Thomas Coffey, editor of the Catholic Record, London, Ont., passed through this city last week on his way to the C.M.B.A. convention at St. John, N.B. Mr. Coffey was looking well and hearty and spoke encouragingly of Catholic journalism in western Ontario. We wish every success to Mr. Coffey and his admirable Catholic paper.

Mr. P. T. Boyle, agent of the Queen Insurance Co., at London, Ont., spent a few days in Montreal last week, and left on Sunday night for St. John, N.B., to attend the C.M.B.A. convention. Mr. Boyle is one of the most popular Irish Canadians in the West, and has been prominently identified for many years with the various Irish Catholic organizations of the "Forest City."

BAZAAR IN ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The first meeting of the ladies of the bazaar committee took place in St. Ann's Hall on Friday evening last.

Owing to the dullness of the times, it is expected that the coming winter will be a very hard one for the poor. The ladies of the parish are displaying very commendable enthusiasm in the good work of this bazaar, which will devote all its funds to the relief of the indigent of this parish.

The bazaar will be opened in St. Ann's Hall, on Wednesday, October 17th. The next meeting of the ladies of the committee will take place at 8 p.m. on Friday next.

NO PLACE FOR THE POOR.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER REBUKES HIS OWN PEOPLE.

The Hand of Christian Fellowship Kid-Gloved—Real Causes of "Sins of a City"—The Ideal Woman—News of the Churches.

Rev. Robert I. Fleming, pastor of the Lindell Avenue M.E. Church, preached last Sunday on "The Sins of the City." In treating his subject, Dr. Fleming did not place the blame for existing evils on officials for the non-enforcement of the laws, but blamed the churches for not awakening public sentiment. He accused the Church of to-day of holding aloof from and antagonizing the working people. He took his text from Luke xix., 41, "And when He was come near He beheld the city and wept over it."

This is the age of the search light, the preacher argued. It has come to pass that there is nothing hidden that is not being revealed. City and country politics and religion are under the scorching scrutiny of the most fearless criticism to which they have ever been subjected. No calling, no institution, has been too sacred, no position in Church or State has shielded any from the focused light that gleams forth in this intensely democratic day. Nothing has been more noticeable during the last two decades than the interest with which the problems of the great cities have been studied. The cities are the controlling factors in the world's civilization. They dictate the politics and fashions; they give the keynote to literature and religion. From olden times the city has meant empire. It has wielded the scepter in nearly every land. Jerusalem was Judea and Israel, Athens was Greece, Rome was Italy, Paris is France, London is England, New York is the East, Chicago the Northwest, St. Louis and New Orleans are the lower half of the Mississippi Valley. The farmer is in the grip of the big cities, and he can not sell a dozen eggs in Oklahoma to-morrow until Chicago or St. Louis is heard from to settle the price. It is a sad fact of our humanity that sin abounds where people most abound.

In St. Louis there are, speaking generously, 300 churches, chapels and missions, Protestant and Roman Catholic. The estimate of the seating capacity of these churches gives a total of 225,000. St. Louis has a population of 600,000, so that should St. Louis want to go to church next Sunday, 375,000 could not get in. In 1880 we had a church for every 2,800 inhabitants; we need one for every 700. On the other hand, we have 2,000 licensed dramshops in the city, being one for every 300 of the people. Reckoning the cost of rent, light, license, labor, etc., at \$5,000 a year each, we have a cost for liquor of \$18 66 per every man, woman and child in the city. Take the running expenses of the churches at the same figure, we have a total of \$1,500,000 per year, while the mere cost of running the saloons amounts to \$10,000,000. Add to those ten millions of dollars the cost of say half the cost of justices' and police courts, half the cost of maintaining the hospitals, asylums, and poor house, directly or indirectly the result of the saloon, and we have a sum high up into millions, which imposes a tax on each individual of probably twenty times as much as the average school tax.

Not content with running six days in the week, the liquor traffic has been openly carried on, in violation of law, on the Sabbath. It is proposed now to stop it. It is proposed to organize a law and order league that shall create sentiment among respectable people of St. Louis, and compel something of decency in the enforcement of law. The Chief of Police and his men stand ready to enforce the law only up to the point demanded by public sentiment. They are not reformers, and say they can not push against the tide. What is proposed is a union of all good citizens who stand for the enforcement of the law.

As to the social evil, there are facts that confront us sufficient to awaken every father and mother to the magnitude of this sin. It is an arraignment of Christianity that the footfall of the Magdalen is heard under the shadows of the stately temples of our city. It is a continual sorrow to the Son of God that they are outcasts with scarce an eye to pity, scarce an arm to save.

Gladstone calls this the century of the workingman. This man has attracted

attention in America of late. Bureaus of statistics, States and nations, reviewers, political and religious, notice him with voluminous deference. He is a man with coarse clothes, rough hands, hard muscles and an earnest face. The anomaly in history is this American workingman. He is free. He holds a ballot. He controls elections. His vote will place any man in the presidency. If sovereignty is kingship he is king.

What is the attitude of the workingman toward the Church? Does it bridge the chasm of his discontent? The Church has preached the truth, it has spent money freely in evangelistic labor. The wage earners have had better clothes and a fairer chance than ever to hear the Gospel, yet there are indications that the tendency of Protestant churches are away from sympathy with the laborers of America. The drift of Protestantism is toward intelligence, respectability and excellent apparel. The Church has reached out its hand to the workingman, but the hand was kid-gloved. Go through the churches of a city where two-thirds of the population consists of workingmen, and, in the average congregation, not more than one-twentieth are laborers.

In Chicago, one person in nineteen is a member of an evangelical church; in Cincinnati, one in twenty-three; remembering, then, that the majority of church members are women and children, see in what insignificant proportions the workingman is represented in the house of God. Again, the fact is as important, as it is well known, that the loud and largely false declamations against capital, with the acknowledged alliance of the wealthy with the churches, has led the laborer to draw the line of division at the door of the sanctuary. When Theodore Parker said that "In the American church money is God," it was a false arraignment; yet a late writer in the North American Review has the boldness to declare: "Say what we may, the Protestant Church has no place for the poor man within its pale."

New York churches retire from the fashionable quarter below Fourteenth street. Chicago Christianity moves down to the aristocratic portions of the North and South sides. The tendency of St. Louis churches is to the West End. At Newark, N. J., recently in a workingman's convention, every mention of the word church was hissed, while the name of Christ was received with the wildest enthusiasm. The last Evangelical Alliance appointed two of its ablest men to discuss the alienation of the masses from the Church, and proclaimed from its platform that the masses are estranged from the Church of God. "In England not 2 per cent of workingmen attend church, Catholic or Protestant," says Lord Shaftesbury. When these facts confront us it becomes us to ask the question, if, after all, in this noontide-age of Christianity, the spirit of the Lord is upon us, because he hath anointed us to preach the Gospel to the poor. The carpenter must be brought to know and feel there is no difference between him and the carpenter's Son of old, labor must be brought to know that there is no conflict between righteous capital and labor, and that the Gospel can unify the rich and the poor. The cross had two arms, as though the divine sufferer reached out to draw these two opposite ends of society together.—*Globe Democrat.*

CATHOLIC SEAMENS' CONCERT.

The Sailors' Club room was crowded on Thursday evening; the attendance was one of the largest of the season. Thursday was ladies' night, and all arrangements of the programme had been left to the ladies of the Sacred Heart. Miss Wheeler, the very talented pianist, deserves especial credit for the excellent programme that was provided. A Scottish air on the piano, prettily rendered, by Miss M. A. Lawlor, opened the concert. The violin playing of Miss Camille Hone was exquisite. The young lady handles the bow with a dexterity that is surprising in one of her years; more than this, she has the good taste to play airs that are appreciated by the sailors; sailors do not wish to be sated with songs about the sea; they have heard all these years ago. They appreciate anything sparkling and new. Miss Camille Hone's playing was greeted with an enthusiastic burst of applause; for an encore she played a charming musical piece that was the *chef d'œuvre* of the evening. Mr. Hunt, one of the sailors, deserves special

mention for his splendid songs, brilliantly rendered in a deep powerful voice. A mandolin, guitar and piano selection was very prettily rendered by Misses Watson, Ling and Wheeler. The concerts are improving weekly in quality, and the seamen must heartily appreciate them or they would not attend in such large numbers. The following ladies and gentlemen were the principal artists of the evening: Misses Wheeler, Watson, McDonnell, Holt, Delaney, Ling, M. A. Lawlor and C. Hone, and Messrs. Stewart, Hunt, Butler, Parks, Hamelin, Holum and Gruenwald.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

A Beautiful Scene at Cairo.

A beautiful and very edifying sight was witnessed on the evening of the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi, at St. Joseph's Church, Ismailieh Quarter, Cairo. In cordial and ready response to the earnest desire of their chaplain, Rev. Father Twomey, his Catholic soldiers came from all parts of the garrison, Abbassiyeh Citadel, and Kasr-el-nil to take part in the magnificent procession of Corpus Christi, which he proposed to hold for a public homage to our Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrament. "It was most fitting," he said to his men, "that here in Cairo, the hiding-place of our Infant Saviour when He fled from Herod's hate and escaped being involved in the slaughter of the Innocents, that here within sight of that sanctuary-cave, in old Cairo, where His first few years of persecuted infancy were passed, that here we should make Him some slight atonement by bringing Him out from His tabernacle home and bearing Him in public procession with every display of pomp and rejoicing and worship due to our King and our God." And very deeply were the Catholic and religious instincts of his Catholic soldiers touched by these simple and touching words. The work of preparing for the procession went on vigorously for days. Nothing was left unthought of that could contribute to the public decorum of the assemblage or to the credit of the religious military parade. In fact a warm enthusiasm was aroused, and a laudable rivalry arose among the men of different regiments and corps as to which should share the largest in making it a lasting success. Success indeed there was, but it was the happy result of the combined efforts of all.

It is no disparagement, however, to others to state that the Catholics of the 2nd South Lancashire Regiment had the most to do with it. They have the advantage of numbers—being about half the battalion—but, more gratifying still, their hearts are sound, and beat responsive to ever call of duty. A little while ago close upon three hundred of these "Lancashire lads" received their Pascal Communion. Let this be some satisfaction to their relatives and friends in the mining districts. What wonder, then, that these were anxious to do all they could to prove their love and deep thankfulness to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament? And so it was. A party of them "drilled" by Sergeant Campbell came and used their strong and lusty lungs in giving voice and volume to those beautiful hymns, "Sweet Sacrament," "Faith of Our Father," "Immaculate," and others in such fashion as was never heard in the open air at Cairo before. Another party, all non-commissioned officers, volunteered to act as armed escort or guard of honor to the King of Kings. Through the kindness and courtesy of the officers commanding, the Lancashire band attended, and under the skilful and sympathetic direction of Mr. Ramsay, the bandmaster, performed most exquisite pieces of sacred music. The time named for the starting of the procession was 5.30, but long before that hour the church and grounds attached were thronged by vast crowds of all nationalities—the majority sincere and devout worshippers, but all curious and anxious to see what *les soldats Anglais* were going to do. Sharp to the moment the processional cross, borne aloft by Quartermaster Sergeant Dooley, Lancashire Regiment, emerged from the church, and was a signal to the multitude that the procession was moving. Quickly all the troops took up their positions as prearranged. They ranged themselves in double ranks, with a space between, from the church door to far out in the street. They numbered over five hundred. There was something superb and majestic—one might

even call it overaweing—in the manner in which the Real Presence was acknowledged by that military assemblage when the Blessed Sacrament carried by the Reverend Chaplain, Father Twomey, came into their midst, and the clangour of presenting arms by the guard of honor was heard resounding whilst they took up their posts, flanking the canopy on both sides. The canopy was carried by the four senior non commissioned officers representing the regiments and corps in garrison. The idea of the chaplain was that Our Divine Lord should be in the very midst of his men. The procession, therefore, moved on with half the troops, headed by the band, preceded by two mounted military police in front, and the other half, led by the military choir, behind the canopy and attendant clergy. The general public followed in large numbers, whilst the streets on both sides and the windows and verandas of all the houses *en route* were crowded. A body of mounted police attended to keep order and prevent any rudeness or disturbance from fanatical Arab groups. But there was not the smallest incident to mar the beauty and solemnity and splendor of the entire scene. God had surely visited His people, and the Divine Babe who passed His infant years in the poverty and obscurity of that dismal little grotto a few streets beyond seemed to be pleased with our purpose of doing Him special honor and of making Him public acts of reparation, for He held the hearts of that vast multitude of varied nationalities in silent homage as He passed and reflected the sweetness of His satisfaction in the soft evening sunshine that lit up the beautiful banners and brought out the various colors in a scene and spectacle as pretty and as splendid as ever wended its way in holy procession. The general supervision of the whole, the marshalling and arranging of the different groups so as to prevent gaps or crowded gatherings was officially carried out by the Rev. J. C. Coleman, O.S.F., officiating chaplain to the troops at Abbassiyeh. Benediction was given at three altars—first at the altar erected with lavish and tasteful care by the Christian Brothers in the vestibule of their house fronting the street. It was an entrancing scene to witness so many devout worshippers and so many respectful, silent on-lookers, as the Blessed Sacrament was raised up for exposition, and sensibly impressive was the feeling when the "present arms" and muffled roll of the drum indicated the supreme moment of Benediction. The procession was speedily reformed, and, to the stately slow march time of the full band, playing Mozart's Gloria 12th Mass, it moved quietly round the remaining two sides of the square towards the main entrance to the church. Here the spacious grounds were filled by crowds desirous to see the close of the procession. As at starting, so here again the troops formed up in close lines; between them, as between two walls, the Blessed Sacrament was borne from the outer gate to the beautiful altar erected against the facade of the church. The decorations of the whole facade and church grounds were very pretty, and in some instances very beautiful. Festoons, with fresh flowers let in at intervals, garlands and wreaths, ornamented the front of the church, and were traced round the main entrance and windows, whilst plants and palms, gracefully arranged, converted the temporary altar and church doorsteps into a bit of fairy-land.

Around the grounds, having festoons of green leaves, interspersed with flowers, hung from tree to tree, and in some places having been drawn crosswise, imparted a bright and festive appearance to the scene. Benediction on this occasion was most impressive, amid hundreds of lowly worshipping troops and thousands of civilians, the even-timed movement of arms, and the thunder-roll of the big drum.

The final stage, says the Liverpool Catholic Times, in this splendid ceremony on this glorious May evening was soon reached. The third Benediction in the church followed immediately. The Divine praises were said, and Our Lord returned into His tabernacle home once more.

Many and loud were the words of admiration and praise and thanksgiving that British troops, under their chaplain, should break through the blighting traditions of Mahomedan fanaticism and hatred of the Christians of centuries, by successfully inaugurating in the streets of Cairo that glorious profession of Catholic faith—a Corpus Christi procession.—*New York Catholic Review.*

"HIGHER CRITICISM."

THE POPE AND THE SCRIPTURES.

Claim of an Anonymous Writer to Represent Advanced Ideas.

The most important task of the professor of Scripture is the exposition of the Sacred Text, in which he is to avoid the two extremes of excessive brevity and diffuseness. He should give a full exposition of one—or at least a portion of one—book, to serve as a specimen and a stimulus to the students. He is to take the Latin Vulgate version as the basis of his exposition, according to the decree of the Council of Trent, (Sess. IV., Decr. de ed. et usu Sac. Libror.) which prescribes the use of the Vulgate as the authentic version "in all public lectures, disputations, sermons and expositions," though he is to consult, also, other texts, and particularly the original Hebrew and Greek in cases of doubt. Having thus carefully examined the text, he proceeds to establish the meaning of the words from the context, from parallel passages and from the helps of varied eruditions; which latter, however, he should employ with moderation and discretion.

After he has thus established the meaning, he may safely proceed to the application of the text to theological truths. Herein, lest he should err, the commentator must bear in mind the declaration of the Vatican Council, interpreting the decree of the Council of Trent, that, "in matters of faith and morals appertaining to the upbuilding of the Christian doctrine, that sense of the Scriptures is to be held as the true one which our Holy Mother, the Church, has held and holds, whose province it is to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Sacred Writings; and therefore no one is allowed to interpret the Scriptures contrary to this sense, or contrary to the unanimous consent of the Fathers. (Trid. Sess. iv., de ed. et usu Sac. Libror. —*Vat. de Fide, c. iii.*)

The restraint put on the commentator, however, leaves still a wide field for his labors in establishing the meaning of those parts (forming the bulk of the Scriptures) the sense of which is not defined, and in more precisely fixing the meaning of those that are defined, whether by the sacred writers themselves, or by the Church in solemn definition or through its ordinary and universal teaching office.

Where the Church has not spoken, the interpreter must follow the analogy of faith, taking the Catholic doctrine received by the Church as a norm from which he may not depart. Hence, every interpretation must be rejected as false which either contradicts any point of the received Catholic teaching or conflicts with the manifest teaching of other parts of the Scriptures. In order to apply this rule, the professor of Scripture must be an accomplished, dogmatic theologian, and must be well versed in the Fathers.

As often as the Fathers are unanimous in the exposition of any passage, as referring to faith and morals, their authority is supreme (*summa*); for such unanimity is a clear evidence of apostolic tradition. Their opinion as private doctors is also of great weight, owing to their eminent sacred learning and sanctity. The commentator, however, is free to extend his researches and expositions beyond the teaching of the Fathers, provided only he observe the canon of St. Augustine: "Not to depart from the literal and obvious sense unless reason forbids him to hold, or necessity compels him to abandon, the literal interpretation." (*Gen. ad litt., viii., 7, 13*)

The more recent Catholic commentators apart from the Fathers have also their value, and should be consulted by the student of the Scriptures. "But it is exceedingly unbecoming," says the Holy Father, "that any one should ignore or despise the excellent works left by our own commentators, and should turn with preference to the works of non-Catholics and borrow from them, to the immediate danger of sound doctrine, and not seldom to the detriment of the faith, the exposition of passages in the interpretation of which Catholic exponents have long since most fruitfully expended their talents and labors. For although the Catholic commentator may sometimes profit by the prudent use of the studies of non-Catholics, yet he should bear in mind that, even according to the numerous testimonials of the

Fathers, the genuine interpretation of the Scriptures cannot by any means be found outside the Church; nor can it be taught by those who, deprived of the true faith, are unable to reach the core, but only gnaw at the crust, of the Sacred Books." (*Greg. Mag. Moral., xx., 9, al. 10.*)

Moreover, the Scriptures should be made the chief source of theological argument, the soul of sacred science; for although the Catholic theological tyro should be accustomed to prove and illustrate one dogma by means of another, yet "a grave theologian should not neglect the demonstration of the dogmas of faith from the authority of the Scriptures."

A no less important and difficult task of the scripturist is the defence of the authority of the Sacred Books. This cannot, indeed, be fully and completely achieved otherwise than by the living, teaching authority of the Church, which, as the Vatican Council declares, owing to her marvellous attributes, "is in herself a grand and perpetual motive of credibility, and an irrefragable evidence of her own divine mission." (*De fide Cath., c. 3.*)

But this infallible teaching office of the Church ought first to be established on historical and apologetic grounds from the testimony of these same Sacred Books; that is, from the Scriptures taken as trustworthy historical documents, the divinity and divine mission of Christ, the institution of the Church, the primacy of St. Peter and his successors, are to be demonstrated. Hence it is of the greatest importance that a good number of the priesthood should be well versed in this manner of argument (apologetics) for the defence of the faith against the various fallacies of the enemy.

How are they to be thus equipped? In the first place, by a knowledge of the art of criticism and of the original languages of the Scriptures, which knowledge, being necessary to the professor of Scripture and becoming every theologian, should be required of ecclesiastical students, most particularly of those who aspire to academic degrees. There should be also in our universities chairs of the kindred languages and sciences, for the benefit of Scripture students. This is all the more necessary on account of the modern artifice dignified by the name of "higher criticism," which, to the great detriment of religion, pretends to solve all questions regarding the origin, integrity, and authority of the Sacred Books from what they term intrinsic reasons.

An accurate knowledge of the natural sciences will render good service to the student of the Scriptures in meeting the objections of those so-called scientists who leave nothing undone to undermine the authority of the sacred writers. There can be no contradiction between the theologian and the scientist, provided only they adhere to the rules of St. Augustine: (1) "Not rashly to propose as certain what is uncertain;" (*In Gen. Op., imperf., ix., 30*) (2) "Whatever can be demonstrated by convincing arguments in the natural sciences we should endeavor to show to be reconcilable with the Scriptures; and whatever the students of nature assert in their writings, which is repugnant to our writings, that is, to the Catholic faith, let us by some argument prove, or at least without any hesitation hold, to be absolutely false." (*De Gen., ad lit., i. 21, 42.*)

For while, on the one hand, the sacred writers used the prevailing popular expressions and views of their times, without any pretence to scientific accuracy, in things not appertaining to the salvation of man, as we ourselves speak of many natural phenomena in our daily intercourse, it very often happens, on the other hand, that theories proposed as certain by scientists are subsequently called in question and altogether rejected.

The same holds of historical facts, which seem to contradict the testimony of the sacred writers. It may have happened that the copyists erred in transcribing certain passages, which, however, is not to be assumed but proved in each case; or that a passage is in itself ambiguous; but it can never be admitted that the sacred writer has erred, since he wrote under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost; for the inspiration of the Scriptures extends not only to matters of faith and morals, but to the entire Scriptures and to all their parts: that is, God is the author of the whole and of all its parts. But the divine



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authorship necessarily excludes all error. Hence the canon of St. Augustine: "If in the Scriptures I strike any passage which seems to be irreconcilable with the truth, I shall be certain that either the manuscript is faulty or that the translator has not hit the meaning of the text, or that I am unable to understand it myself. (Ep., 82.)

The Sovereign Pontiff concludes his Encyclical with an exhortation to Catholic scholars to co-operate each in his own line of study towards the defence of the Scriptures and of the faith, devoting themselves to those special studies by which they may be enabled to repel the assaults of the enemy. For this end, His Holiness commends the establishment of scientific associations for the defence of revealed religion and the promotion of biblical studies, and briefly outlines the principles to be followed by those engaged in such scientific research. "They must hold faithfully that God, the Creator and Governor of all things, is the author of the Scriptures; therefore, that nothing can be established from the investigation of nature, nothing from monuments of history, which stands in real contradiction with them. If any such contradiction should appear to exist, therefore, the student must labor to remove it by consulting the prudent judgment of theologians and commentators as to the truer or more probable interpretation of the sacred text, and by weighing well the force of the arguments advanced against it. Nor is the investigation to cease if some contradiction still seem to remain, for since truth cannot by any means be opposed to truth, it is certain that some error has crept in either in the interpretation of the sacred text or in the scientific inquiry. If this error cannot be discovered on either side, judgment must in the meantime be suspended. For numerous objections from various sciences, once strongly and persistently urged against the Scriptures, have been altogether abandoned as of no weight, and on the other hand, not a few interpretations of passages of Scripture (not properly belonging to the rule of faith and morals) have, on closer investigation, been subsequently modified. Opinions are wiped out by time, but truth remains and endures forever."

From this brief and imperfect sketch of the contents of the Encyclical, it is plain that, while its object is avowedly a practical one—the promotion of the study of the Scriptures among ecclesiastics—it forcibly reaffirms the whole Catholic teaching on the Scriptures: their nature, their inspiration and its extent, their place in revelation, the grounds of their divine authority, the authenticity of the Vulgate and Septuagint versions, the canon of interpretation. Nay, we shall have occasion to see that in some important points, as in defining the extent of inspiration and the inerrancy of the sacred writers, it goes further than any previous ecclesiastical document.—REV. JOS. CONWAY, S. J., in *Providence Visitor*.

A TRIBUTE TO A HERO.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage writes as follows, from mid-ocean, near Tasmania, to the Brooklyn Eagle:—
The most of the world's heroes and heroines die unrecognized. They will have to wait until the roll is called on the other side of the Dead sea. Once in a while there are circumstances which thrill the world with the same story like that of the brilliant Belgian Catholic priest, Joseph Damien, who, after a week's consideration of whether he had better to do so, accepted the appointment as missionary to Molokai, the isle of lepers, for sixteen years administering to the leprous and then dying of the leprosy. When told by his physician

that he had the fell taint upon him he showed no alarm nor even agitation, but said, "As I expected. I am willing to die for those I came to save." The King knighted him and a memorial slab designates his resting place, but Protestantism has joined Catholicism in the beatification of this self-sacrificing ecclesiastic.

That moral hero completely transformed the isle of lepers. It was before his work began a den of abominations. No law. No decency. All the tigers of passion were let loose. Drunkenness and blasphemy and libertinism and cruelty dominated. The moral disease eclipsed the physical. But Damien dawned upon the darkness. He helped them to build cottages. He medicated their physical distress. The plague which he could not arrest he alleviated. He prepared the dead for burial and dugged for them Christian graves and pronounced upon them a benediction. He launched a Christian civilization upon their wretchedness. He gave them the gospel of good cheer. He told the poor victims concerning the land of eternal health, where the inhabitant never says, "I am sick," and the swollen faces took on the look of hope and the glassy eyes saw coming relief and the footless and the limbless and the fingerless looked forward to a place where they might walk with the King robed in white and everlasting songs upon their heads.

Good and Christlike Joseph Damien! Let all religions honor his memory. Let poetry and canvas and sculpture tell the story of this man who lived and died for others and from century to century keep him in bright remembrance long after the last leper of all the earth shall have felt through all his recovering and revitalized nature the voice of the Son God saying "I will. Be thou clean."

IRELAND'S RUINED INDUSTRIES.

The skeletons of a bygone era, the ruined factories of Ireland, are found by the tourist or investigator in the most unexpected places. Along the banks of her rivers they stand thickly, their broken water-wheels clanking idly to the accompaniment of the music of the ripples which once sent them flying gayly round, to give life and usefulness to the machinery, a few rusty fragments of which may still be found within the now mouldering walls of the once busy factory. Not far off is usually to be found, too, the ruined home of the once prosperous owner of the dismantled mill, as well as the roofless walls of the cottages in which were housed the workers to whom he gave employment. In these results of the thrice accursed Union many a brave and laborious heart was broken, but their monuments still stand by the rushing waters of Irish rivers, memorials of a strange folly of misgovernment, which, however, like all folly, carried its own punishment.—*Irish American*.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1894.

TO OUR READERS.

We find it necessary to state a few facts this week and to respectfully call the attention of our subscribers, advertisers and general readers to what we have to say. It is obvious, to the least observing, that great improvements have of late been made in THE TRUE WITNESS, and that considerable expense has been incurred in order to give our friends a thorough reliable and animated Catholic organ. No doubt all this is very encouraging and highly satisfactory to the public; but there is an absolute necessity of a certain amount of co-operation on the part of all who participate in the benefits of the paper.

It is all very fine to have an increased number of subscribers and a perceptible augmentation in the advertisements and printing work; but if the majority of kind patrons find it difficult, or impossible to pay the small amounts of their respective accounts, they surely cannot expect that THE TRUE WITNESS possesses some Alladin's Lamp, whereby to raise the money necessary for the carrying on of the business. Take the subscriptions as an example; it is only one dollar for those in the country districts and one dollar and fifty cents for those in the city. Although the city subscription is apparently the higher, still it is the least profitable to the paper. We are obliged to send out fifty-two issues per year, and to place a one-cent stamp upon each of them, consequently we pay out fifty-two cents for the fifty that we receive.

In each individual case the amount due is small; but in the aggregate they constitute an important item of several thousand dollars to us. It does not seem much to send a paper once weekly, to each individual; but when the bills for the paper, the ink, the composition, the press work, the accountant who has to keep track of each subscriber's indebtedness, and of the numerous employees required in the preparation of an issue, all come in, we cannot be expected to meet them with fair words and plausible promises. There is the rent, the light, and, soon, the heating, as well as the hundred and one accounts for stationery and minor expenses that the management must face. And yet we are supposed to meet all these with the reiterated statement that our subscribers have not paid up.

The very people who should encourage a truly Catholic organ, the only paper upon which they can rely, the only friend they have to defend their interests or take up the cudgels for them in the hour of difficulty, are the first to go out of their way to encourage pub-

lications that, at any moment, may turn upon them and attack their most cherished rights and ignore their just and honest privileges. They will subscribe, advertise, purchase—or do anything in their power—for papers that they know well are at best the half-hearted and grudging granters of fitful justice to their people, while they cannot find it in their hearts to act generously with the one that stands by them. And yet they go about complaining that they have no one to speak for them, no paper to uphold their cause. Of course these remarks are not to be taken as applicable to the large number of interested and zealous friends of the paper who have shown the utmost good will and desire to encourage such a necessary work.

We know full well that "hard times" are pleaded by many, and there is no question as to the absence of a superabundance of money during the past summer; but it must be remembered that the same "hard times" affect the management and the employees as well as the creditors of the newspaper. We cannot issue a journal without paper, and the paper-makers cannot furnish us with their goods unless they receive remuneration. So it is with every other item of necessary expense.

It is not for the purpose of "putting on a poor mouth," or of complaining, that we thus express ourselves openly; it is because we clearly see that unless we stir up the memories of a goodly number, these people are likely to forget entirely that they owe an honest and legal duty to THE TRUE WITNESS. We hope sincerely that this will be the last time it shall be necessary to make such a broad statement and to call upon our friends to make some effort to settle the accounts presented and long due.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

This week the majority of the schools, academies, convents and colleges commence their scholastic terms. As we stated in our last issue it is highly advisable that the parents should make it a point to have their children attend school from the very first day. Their presence facilitates greatly the work of the teachers, helps in the organization and classification of the different grades, and places the students themselves in a position to commence the year's work upon an equal footing. There are a few words more of advice that we wish to give the parents, and we feel confident that our remarks will be taken in the good spirit in which they are offered.

When the parents place a child in school, under the guidance, direction and care of regular paid instructors, they do so because their own duties and positions prevent them from being able to impart the necessary instruction and training that the young person requires to commence the battle of life. The parents have full confidence in the teachers, and they delegate to those experienced educators the authority which they have received from God over their own offspring. The teacher is supposed to know all the requirements of the child, and by his or her training is highly calculated to impart a proper and suitable instruction. Parents know, from experience, how difficult it is to care for the child at home; they can easily imagine the numerous difficulties with which the teacher has to contend when dealing, not with one child, but with a number of children. The result is that the teacher has often to train and instruct several boys or girls, as the case may be, and to judge of the temperament, character, sensitiveness, aptitude and other char-

acteristics of each one of them. The task is far from easy and often is an ungrateful work. Once the parents place their child in the school it would be well for them to remember that the least interference with the methods and programme of the teacher the better for the pupil and the better for all concerned.

Children will find it difficult to submit to the restraints of school regulations; often they will fret under the work that they are expected to perform; at times it will be necessary for the teacher to correct, to restrain or to admonish the pupils. Too often the young persons make complaints to their parents and the parents, in turn, take upon themselves to annoy the teacher by reprimands, harsh words and unjust criticisms. This course is the most unfair and ungenerous that could be adopted. There may be exceptional cases in which teachers are over-zealous, and perhaps do not take into consideration all the peculiarities of the children; but as a rule it is the child that is in the wrong. If parents feel that they can train and educate their children better than the teacher, then they have no necessity of sending their children to the school. But unless they impress, by their words and actions, upon the young pupils that they must look upon the teacher as the representative of the father and mother, they cannot expect to reap any benefit from the school work. Moreover, such parents only render it impossible for the teacher to properly perform his duties. They make a difficult path still more difficult, instead of helping they merely obstruct the work.

Knowing from experience how much the educator of the young has got to contend with, we deemed it advisable to express these few ideas. Let the parents do all in their power to help the teacher and the result will be of untold benefit to the pupils. There is also that spirit of unjust criticism which is so injurious. Generally those fault-finding parents are the people who know the least about a teacher's duties or a pupil's requirements. Untrained and uneducated—we don't say uninstructed—themselves, they judge the working of the school by their own standard and they always are in the wrong. Would such people undertake to dictate to a lawyer, who has charge of their case, the mode of procedure before the courts? Would they begin to criticize the medical adviser's prescriptions or treatment? Not at all. They employed the lawyer or doctor because they acknowledged the professional man's superior knowledge and experience in a particular branch or science. Apply this rule to the school, to the teacher of your children, and you will, in nine cases out of ten, be doing a service to both the educational establishment and to the pupils.

THE IDEA OF SACRIFICE.

Not long ago, in conversation with some non-Catholic friends, the question of cloistered monks and nuns was brought up. One person, a lady, remarked that she had visited several convents of cloistered nuns and was surprised to find the inmates nearly all healthy, pleasant and happy. She could not understand how women could pass their lives inside four walls and seem never to desire a return to the great world outside. She said that it was beyond her comprehension that these nuns should feel always contented, and she would like to have an explanation of the mystery.

It would please us very much to satisfy that lady's curiosity, but it is almost impossible. She, like thousands of others, looks at monastic life through the glass

of experience. She is of the world, was brought up and educated in it; she knows nothing of contemplative life; perhaps she has never even meditated upon a religious subject for a single hour. She knows that her life craves for a something that is always absent; there is a void there that cannot be filled. She feels the necessity of change, of travel, of amusement, of society and of the great world in general; and yet no change, no pleasures, no social distractions can give that contentment for which our human nature craves. The cloistered religious, who has followed her vocation, enjoys that ever sought-for peace which the world cannot afford; possessing it, she is happy, and she would not barter it for all the pleasures or changes that even the most refined social elements could present. In this may be found one reason for that happy contentment that is the share of the one who has abandoned the world forever.

But there is another thing that the person of the world—especially if non-Catholic—does not and cannot understand; and yet it is the key to this great secret of perfect satisfaction in the cloister. It is the *idea of sacrifice*. It is not after one or more years of monastic life that we might expect to find the religious growing anxious for the outer world; the moment after her perpetual vows are spoken, she is voluntarily and for all time cut off from external life—not only actually but in desires and hopes. The world may have had for her its allurements, its attractions and its ambitions; it was not without a struggle that she left them all behind. But that struggle took place in the days of her novitiate. All the battle was fought in that period from her first desire for a religious life until the pronouncement of her vows. It was then that she weighed everything—the past, the present and the future; it was then that, in the presence of God, she placed the world in one plate of the balance, and the religious life in the other, and allowed her internal monitor to decide her future. She was aware of the great and mighty sacrifice that she had to make. The decision came, after due deliberation and constant prayer; God's grace descended into her soul; she was fortified for the heroic step. Once that sacrifice made, all regrets, all hankerings after the world, all desires for life outside the monastic circle vanished—and vanished forever. Out of the burning crucible of that wonderful sacrifice her heart came forth purified of earthly dross, and the only liberty she thenceforth anticipated was that of eternal life beyond the walls of the monastery, beyond the barrier of the grave, beyond the confines of Time.

It was our intention to refer this week to an admirable publication, The Rainbow, that comes from the Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls. The title is a fitting one. It spans, with its prismatic literary beauties, a grand space in Catholic literature, and it recalls the countless rainbows that nature has flung across the turbulent and majestic chasm over which stands the Convent of Loretto. In a future number we will make our readers acquainted with this charming and ably edited Catholic periodical.

The report of the speech of the Hon. Solicitor-General Curran, delivered at Kirkfield, Ontario, for the benefit of Rev. Father Sweeney's Church, is well worthy of perusal. His stinging rebuke of the utterances of Rev. Mr. Madill, President of the P.P.A., agent Sir John Thompson as a Catholic Premier, have been widely reproduced in the Canadian press, and deservedly so. We are indebted to the Canadian Post, of Lindsay, for the report of the proceedings.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

In our last issue, under the heading "State Education," we sought to show—and we feel that we have clearly demonstrated—that what is known as "Education by the State" is contrary to the law of religion and the law of nature. On broad principles we desire to prove that it is likewise contrary to the spirit of our constitution. As in our first article so in the present one, we advance our theories and present our arguments entirely upon our own responsibility; consequently, if we err, either in theory or in expression, we alone are answerable for such error. There are two grand and fundamental principles that underlie all just legislation; before applying them as tests to any special act we desire to enunciate them as clearly as we possibly can. Storey, the eminent American jurist and author of a number of standard works, states, in his preface to a treatise on "Criminal Law," that all laws that are just come from a Divine source. That is to say, that every law that is accepted in a constitutionally governed country and that is recognized as a beneficial law can be traced to a source—no matter how remote—in the realms of God's laws. A law that conflicts with the decalogue, with the Written or Spoken laws given by God to man, is an unjust law, and therefore the offspring of a tyranny. So self-evident is this broad principle, so elementary has it ever been, that no argument is necessary to establish its truth. We merely place it here as the basis of a broad foundation upon which we shall erect the superstructure of future argument.

There is another comprehensive principle which dates from remote ages and is perceptible in every system of jurisprudence that has commanded the respect of the world. It might be thus briefly expressed: a law that places the subject between duty and self-interest is an immoral or unjust law. A few examples will serve to illustrate this principle. An enactment that would oblige a man to forfeit his property unless he abandoned his religion, would be an immoral enactment, and no legislative power could possibly justify an obedience to such a law. A law that would oblige a man to pay a certain fine unless he got married, or in case he did marry, would be an immoral law—because it would be an infringement upon the liberty of the subject and probably the source of countless miseries and even crimes. A law that would compel a man to undergo some material loss unless he were willing to do that which his conscience, or his religion, taught him was a sin, would again be an immoral law, and contrary to the spirit of the constitution. Examples might be multiplied by the hundred; but these will suffice to convey our meaning. Therefore any law—or enactment of a legislative body—that presents the alternative of obeying conscience or of suffering material loss, is, what in the language of jurisprudence is known as, an immoral law; and all immoral laws are contrary to the spirit of the constitution under which we live.

This is not a principle born of yesterday. In that grand era of Roman jurisprudence when Ulpian and Paul were authorities, it prevailed; its spirit animates the great Novels of Justinian and pervades the Theodosian code. It can be traced in all the works that have served as a basis to the laws that governed modern Europe. It is recognized by Pothier, Dumoulin, Aubry and Rau; it pervades the whole system of French jurisprudence, and is expressed by the commentators upon that embodiment of the civil laws in the Code Napoleon. It was taught from the chairs of Paris,

Lyons and Angers. As far, then, as our Province is concerned, and in as much as the spirit of the old Roman and the more modern French civil laws lives on in our code, this principle is acknowledged. The law which places the subject between the horns of a dilemma—the one his conscience or Faith, the other his material gain, or loss—is an immoral, unjust and unjustifiable law.

But we go still further; this same principle underlies the whole system of British jurisprudence. Coke emphasizes it in one of his decisions. Blackstone distinctly says that any enactment which brings the law of the State into conflict with the law of God is contrary to the spirit of the constitution, and is dangerous to the well-being of the country. We can cite passage after passage from the most eminent British jurists to show that this broad principle has been ever regarded as a corner-stone in the structure of legislation. Moreover, it is so natural, so rational, so obvious, that one feels almost a surprise that it should ever have been deemed necessary to assert it. In a word, it is axiomatic.

These two elementary principles being acknowledged, we proceed to the logical statement of our *Sorites*. Such was the system of argument adopted by Leibnitz when the matter at issue demanded the enunciation of principles as the first link to a chain, the last link of which should be rivetted to an immutable and irrefutable conclusion. We repeat: 1st. Each law that is just must be an emanation of Divine law—or in accord with the law of God. 2nd. No law is just and moral or in accord with the spirit of the constitution that brings the conscience in conflict with the material interests of the subject.

1. It is God who implanted in the human breast that monitor called conscience, which is regulated according to the religious faith and training of the individual, and which, in turn, regulates the individual's thoughts, words and deeds.

2. Any human law that interferes with the free action of that conscience is a violation of the law of God.

3. As we showed in our first article, it is contrary to the Catholic's idea of religious and natural laws that the parent should be deprived of the full control over the education of the child.

4. The Catholic's conscience dictates to him that his child should be educated in a Catholic atmosphere—in schools where not only his faith will be fostered, but his ideas and sentiments moulded according to the principles of that faith.

5. The Catholic's conscience—as well as his religion—forbids him to have his child taught in schools where the germs of that faith are killed, where the textbooks, the teachings and the methods all tend to a destruction of Catholicity in the heart of the child.

6. The Catholic knows, and is taught, that it is wrong, sinful and a violation of the law of God and of the Church to disobey the dictation of that conscience.

7. The Legislature passes an enactment whereby the Catholic is obliged to send his child to schools wherein his faith is not only untaught but even effaced, or else to pay a double tax—to support the forbidden school and also one that his conscience sanctions.

8. That law cannot be traced to a Divine source, because it is a violation of the law of God that gave the monitor of conscience to man; therefore, it cannot be a just law, since it conflicts with a supremely just and wise one.

9. That law is not a moral law—according to the principle of jurisprudence universally acknowledged—because it

places the subject between conscience, on the one hand, and material interest on the other.

10. If the Catholic does not send his child to the school prescribed by that enactment, he has the alternative of leaving his child in ignorance or of paying for the support of another school.

11. If the Catholic does send his child to the school prescribed by the State, he does so in order to escape the burden of a double tax, but in direct violation of the law of his Church and against the dictates of his conscience.

12. In the first case his child runs the risk of growing up in legalized ignorance; in the second case the father sins in the eyes of God—because he violates his conscience.

13. The law which places the subject in that dilemma is, according to Roman, French and British jurisprudence, an immoral and unjust law.

14. An immoral and notoriously unjust law is contrary to the spirit of the British constitution, under which we live in Canada, and which obtains in our Federal and Provincial systems of legislation.

15. The school laws enacted by the Provincial Legislature of Manitoba come under the above heads, and such legislation is immoral, unjust, tyrannical, and contrary to the spirit of British jurisprudence.

Therefore, that much criticised school law is a violation of the constitution and is in every sense unconstitutional.

What remedy have we against a law that is notoriously unconstitutional? The answer to this question will be the subject of a future article.

"A QUESTION OF JUSTICE."

Thus does La Minerve entitle an editorial in its issue of last Friday. We were somewhat surprised to find our contemporary coming along, after two or three weeks of silence upon the subject, to offer a reply to THE TRUE WITNESS on the question of the Catholic School Board appointments. If whosoever penned that editorial has taken three weeks to load the bomb, it is a pity he did not wait a month or so longer and his reply might have some effect. It is evident that it was only last week our friend came upon a copy of THE TRUE WITNESS, for surely such an able reasoner would not have waited until the whole question had been threshed out before coming into the field. It is also apparent that he has read only one of our articles on this subject. We would advise him to secure copies of THE TRUE WITNESS containing all our statements; had he done so he would not be playing Rip Van Winkle in the domain of journalism. Now, by stirring up the issues—especially in such a lame manner—La Minerve is doing its friends of the government a very poor service. It may not think so; but we can assure it that the less it has to say on this question the better will it be able to attain its ends.

There is no necessity of going over the arguments which we set forth in three different issues of our paper; but we desire to repeat (for the benefit of the writer who has not read our paper) that this was not, nor is it a question of individual interests; it is not a question of Mr. Hart, Dr. Brennan, Mr. Monk, or anybody else. If it has been found advisable to pass such a law as that now in existence, at least we want that the spirit of that law be carried out. La Minerve lashes itself into a special rage in order to show that "Dr. Brennan has all the qualifications necessary to represent his fellow-countrymen." We don't deny that; his fellow-countrymen being French Canadians, he certainly has the language, training, sympathies and edu-

cation calculated to constitute him a very good representative of their interests on the School Board. This, we suppose, La Minerve will deny. We are able to give the most crushing proof—and it comes from Dr. Brennan's own lips and under circumstances that cannot fail to make a person squarely declare their nationality—that Dr. Brennan does not claim (for Church purposes at least) to be an Irishman; he professes to be a French Canadian. We have very good reasons for not stating, at present, the circumstances to which we refer. But we warn La Minerve that the less it has to do with the stirring-up process, the more satisfied will it and its friends be in the end.

Here is the great and wonderful argument. "Rev. Father Quinlivan and Ald. Farrell are on the Board. So out of nine the Irish have two; even supposing Dr. Brennan not to be considered as one of theirs." What does the law establish? A School Board consisting of nine members; three representing the Church, three the State, and three the city. Therefore, each of these elements—the Religious, Political and Municipal elements—is represented by three members. One is the third of three; it is the least that could possibly be allowed to any section of the community. The Church recognizes the spirit of the law and the representation of minorities; consequently, the Church appoints two French-Canadian clergymen and one Irish priest. The Municipal authorities likewise recognize the same spirit and appoint one Irishman and two French Canadians. The Government alone fails to recognize the spirit of its own enactment and it hides itself behind the name of a nominee. It is not Mr. Hart, individually, that we are defending: he requires no defense for his record is there. It were the same no matter who might have happened to have been on the Board at the time. Either the Government had to ignore entirely the Irish Catholic element in the appointment of its three nominees, or else to grant one out of three. As we said it could not give less than one, unless it tried to give half an Irishman; and that would be no easy task. La Minerve tries to narrow the argument down from a broad one on principle to a petty question of individuality. We are aware that such is the general method of political warfare between professed politicians, but we are not taking this subject from a political or partisan standpoint; we consider it from the higher level as described in our second editorial upon the question.

Suppose the case to be transferred from Montreal to some Ontario city; place the shoe on the other foot; let us imagine a DeCoursey and a Molyneux—Irishmen for seven generations and more—chosen to represent the French-Canadian minority. How would La Minerve care to be told that they were Frenchmen, that they spoke French, that their names were French? Would not our clever confrere ask: "but what of their education, their sympathies, the system under which they were brought up, the educational, social and domestic atmospheres they have breathed?"—or "In how far have they ever been considered by French-Canadians, as in sympathy with their movements?"—or "By what links have they ever identified themselves with the people whose interests they are supposed to represent?"

We leave La Minerve with these questions to dream over; and also with the advice that is written under the sign of the Golden Dog, over the old Post-office in Quebec. It don't do to come "three weeks after the fair," to startle people with ghost stories.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXV.—(Continued.)

"You have enough if you marry a prudent girl," muttered Kearney, who was never happier than when advocating moderation and discretion.

"Enough, at least, not to look for money with a wife."

"I'm with you there heart and soul," cried Kearney. "Of all the shabby inventions of our civilization, I don't know one as mean as that custom of giving a marriage-portion with a girl. Is it to induce a man to take her? Is it to pay for her board and lodging? Is it because marriage is a partnership, and she must bring her share into the 'concern' or is it to provide for the day when they are to part company, and each go his own road? Take it how you like, it's bad and it's shabby. If you're rich enough to give your daughter twenty or thirty thousand pounds, wait for some little family festival—her birthday, or her husband's birthday, or a Christmas gathering, or maybe a christening—and put the notes in her hand. Oh, major dear," cried he, aloud, "if you knew how much of life you lose with lawyers, and what a deal of bad blood comes into the world by parchments, you'd see the wisdom of trusting more to human kindness and good feeling, and, above all, to the honor of gentlemen—things that nowadays we always hope to secure by Act of Parliament."

"I go with a great deal of what you say."

"Why not with all of it? What do we gain by trying to overreach each other? What advantage in a system where it's always the rogue that wins? If I was a king to-morrow, I'd rather fine a fellow for quoting Blackstone than for blasphemy, and I'd distribute all the law libraries in the kingdom as cheap fuel for the poor. We pray for peace and quietness, and we educate a special class of people to keep us always wrangling. Where's the sense of that?"

While Kearney poured out these words in a flow of fervid conviction, they had arrived at a little open space in the wood, from which various alleys led off in different directions. Along one of these two figures were slowly moving side by side, whom Lockwood quickly recognized as Walpole and Nina Kostalergi. Kearney did not see them, for his attention was suddenly called off by a shout from a distance, and his son Dick rode hastily up to the spot. "I have been in search of you all through the plantation," cried he. "I have brought back Holmes, the lawyer, from Tullamore, who wants to talk to you about this affair of Gorman's. It's going to be a bad business, I fear."

"Isn't that more of what I was saying?" said the old man, turning to the major. "There's a law for you?"

"They are making what they call a 'National' event of it," continued Dick. "The *Pike* has opened a column of subscriptions to defray the cost of proceedings, and they've engaged Battersby with a hundred-guinea retainer already."

It appeared from what tidings Dick brought back from the town that the Nationalists—to give them the much unmerited name by which they called themselves—were determined to show how they could dictate to a jury.

"There's a law for you!" cried the old man again.

"You'll have to take to vigilance committees, like the Yankees," said the major.

"We've had them for years; but they only shot their political opponents."

"They say, too," broke in the young man, "that Donogan is in the town, and that it is he who has organized the whole persecut on. In fact, he intends to make Battersby's speech for the plaintiff a great declaration of the wrongs of Ireland; and as Battersby hates the chief baron, who will try the cause, he is determined to insult the Bench, even at the cost of a commitment."

"What will he gain by that?" asked Lockwood.

"I'll tell you what he'll gain—he'll gain the election of Mallow," said Kearney. "Every one cannot have a father

that was hanged in '98; but any one can go to jail for blackguarding a chief justice."

For a moment or two the old man seemed ashamed at having been led to make these confessions to "the Saxon," and telling Lockwood where he would be likely to find a brace of cocks, he took his son's arm and turned homeward.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

VERY CONFIDENTIAL CONVERSATION.

When Lockwood returned, only in time to dress for dinner, Walpole, whose room adjoined his, threw open the door between them and entered. He had just accomplished a most careful "tie," and came in with the air of one fairly self-satisfied and happy.

"You look quite triumphant this evening," said the major, half sulkily.

"So I am, old fellow; and so I have a right to be. It's all done and settled."

"Already?"

"Ay, already. I asked her to take a stroll with me in the garden; but we sauntered off into the plantation. A woman always understands the exact amount of meaning a man has in a request of this kind, and her instinct reveals to her at once whether he is eager to tell her some bit of fatal scandal of one of her friends, or to make her a declaration."

A sort of sulky grunt was Lockwood's acknowledgment of this piece of abstract wisdom—a sort of knowledge he never listened to with much patience.

"I am aware," said Walpole, flippantly, "the female nature was an omitted part in your education, Lockwood; and you take small interest in those nice distinctive traits which, to a man of the world, are exactly what the stars are to the mariner."

"Finding out what a woman means by the stars does seem very poor fun."

"Perhaps you prefer the moon for your observation," replied Walpole; and the easy impertinence of his manner was almost too much for the other's patience.

"I don't care for your speculations—I want to hear what passed between you and the Greek girl."

"The Greek girl will in a few days be Mrs. Walpole, and I shall crave a little more deference for the mention of her."

"I forgot her name, or I should not have called her with such freedom. What is it?"

"Kostalergi. Her father is Kostalergi, Prince of Delos."

"All right; it will read well in the *Post*."

"My dear friend, there is that amount of sarcasm in your conversation this evening that to a plain man like myself, never ready at reply, and easily subdued by ridicule, is positively overwhelming. Has any disaster befallen you that you are become so satirical and severe?"

"Never mind me—tell me about yourself," was the blunt reply.

"I have not the slightest objection. When we had walked a little way together, and I felt that we were beyond the risk of interruption, I led her to the subject of my sudden reappearance here, and implied that she, at least, could not have felt much surprise. 'You remember,' said I, 'I promised to return?'"

"There is something so conventional," said she, "in these pledges that one comes to read them like the 'yours sincerely' at the foot of a letter."

"I ask for nothing better," said I, taking her up on her own words, "than to be 'yours sincerely.' It is to ratify that pledge by making you 'mine sincerely' that I am here."

"Indeed!" said she, slowly, and looking down.

"I swear it!" said I, kissing her hand, which, however, had a glove on."

"Why not her cheek?"

"That is not done, major mine, at such times."

"Well, go on."

"I can't recall the exact words, for I spoke rapidly; but I told her I was named minister at a foreign court, that my future career was assured, and that I was able to offer her a station, not, indeed, equal in her deserts, but that, occupied by her, would only be less than royal."

"At Guatemala!" exclaimed the other, derisively.

"Have the kindness to keep your geography to yourself," said Walpole. "I merely said in South America, and she had too much delicacy to ask more."

"But she said yes? She consented?"

"Yes, sir, she said she would venture to commit her future to my charge."



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"Didn't she ask you what means you had? what was your income?"

"Not exactly in the categorical way you put it, but she alluded to the possible style we should live in."

"I'll swear she did. That girl asked you, in plain words, how many hundreds or thousands you had a year?"

"And I told her. I said: 'It sounds humbly, dearest, to tell you we shall not have fully two thousand a year; but the place we are going to is the cheapest in the universe, and we shall have a small establishment of not more than forty black and about a dozen white servants, and at first only keep twenty horses, taking our carriages on job.'

"What about pin-money?"

"There is not much extravagance in toilet, and so I said she must manage with a thousand a year."

"And she didn't laugh in your face?"

"No, sir; nor was there any strain upon her good breeding to induce her to laugh in my face."

"At all events, you discussed the matter in a fine practical spirit. Did you go into groceries? I hope you did not forget groceries?"

"My dear Lockwood, let me warn you against being droll. You ask me for a correct narrative, and when I give it you will not restrain that subtle sarcasm the mastery of which makes you unassailable."

"When is it to be? When is it to come off? Has she to write to his Serene Highness, the Prince What's-his-name?"

"No, the Prince of What's-his-name need not be consulted. Lord Kilgobbin will stand in the position of father to her."

Lockwood muttered something, in which "Give her away!" were the only words audible. "I must say," added he, aloud, "the wooing did not take long."

"You forget that there was an actual engagement between us when I left this for London. My circumstances at that time did not permit me to ask her at once to be my wife; but our affections were pledged, and—even if more tender sentiments did not determine—my feeling, as a man of honor, required I should come back here to make her this offer."

"All right; I suppose it will do—I hope it will do; and, after all, I take it, you are likely to understand each other better than others would."

"Such is our impression and belief."

"How will your own people—how will Danesbury like it?"

"For their sakes I trust they will like it very much; for mine, it is less than a matter of indifference to me."

"She, however—she will expect to be properly received among them?"

"Yes," cried Walpole, speaking for the first time in a perfectly natural tone, divested of all pomposity. "Yes, she sticks for that, Lockwood. It was the one point she seemed to stand out for. Of course I told her she would be received with open arms by my relatives—that my family would be overjoyed to receive her as one of them. I only hinted that my lord's gout might prevent him from being at the wedding. I'm not sure Uncle Danesbury would not come over. 'And the charming Lady Maude,' asked she, 'would she honor me so far as to be a bride-maid?'"

"She didn't say that?"

"She did. She actually pushed me to promise I should ask her."

"Which you never would"

"Of that I will not affirm I am quite positive; but I certainly intend to press my uncle for some sort of recognition of the marriage—a civil note; better still, if it could be managed, an invitation to his house in town."

"You are a bold fellow to think of it."

"Not so bold as you imagine. Have you not often remarked that when a man of good connections is about to exile himself by accepting a far-away post, whether it be out of pure compassion or a feeling that it need never be done again, and that they are about to see the last of him, but, somehow—whatever the reason—his friends are marvellously civil and polite to him, just as some benevolent but eccentric folk send a partridge to the condemned felon for his last dinner?"

"They do that in France."

"Here it would be a rump-steak; but the sentiment is the same. At all events, the thing is as I told you, and I do not despair of Danesbury."

"For the letter, perhaps not; but he'll never ask you to Bruton street, nor if he did, could you accept."

"You are thinking of Lady Maude."

"I am."

"There would be no difficulty in that quarter. When a Whig becomes Tory, or a Tory Whig, the gentlemen of the party he has deserted never take umbrage in the same way as the vulgar dogs below the gangway; so it is in the world. The people who must meet, must dine together, sit side by side at flower-shows and garden parties, always manage to do their hatreds decorously, and only pay off their dislikes by installments. If Lady Maude were to receive my wife at all, it would be with a most winning politeness. All her malevolence would limit itself to making the supposed under-bred woman commit a 'gaucherie,' to do or say something that ought not to have been done or said; and as I know Nina can stand the test, I have no fears of the experiment."

A knock at the door apprised them that the dinner was waiting, neither having heard the bell which had summoned them a quarter of an hour before. "And I wanted to hear all about your progress," cried Walpole, as they descended the staircase together.

"I have none to report," was the gruff reply.

"Why, surely you have not passed the whole day in Kearney's company without some hint of what you came here for?"

But at the same moment they were in the dining-room.

"We are a man-party to-day, I am sorry to say," cried old Kearney, as they entered. "My niece and my daughter are keeping Miss O'Shea company upstairs. She is not well enough to come down to dinner, and they have scruples about leaving her in solitude."

"At least we'll have a cigar after dinner," was Dick's ungallant reflection, as they moved away.

(To be Continued.)

Logical—Effie: "Mummy, why do they hunt lions and tigers?" "Because they kill the poor little sheep, Effie." Effie (after a pause): "Then why don't they hunt the butchers, mummy?"

WHAT IS BEATIFICATION.

PRACTICAL MEANING OF THE PROCESS SET FORTH.

A Correction of Erroneous Views—The Action of the Church is Neither Useless Nor Unprofitable to the Modern World.

It is curious to note the concern that Protestant writers show from time to time in matters that are strictly Catholic. And certainly we can have no objection to such attention so long as it is prompted by a desire to know what the Church teaches and leads to a just appreciation of her doctrines. But when our beliefs are presented in such a way as to convey false impressions, we naturally take exception. This we must do especially when the misrepresentation is of the subtler sort. Gross charges of "idolatry," of "ignorance" or of "foreignism" are often so absurd that they refute themselves and simply show the influence of "atavism" in their authors. With the growth and spread of intelligence the necessity of replying to such enormities must diminish and, we may hope, entirely disappear. The more plausible form of accusation is that in which Catholic belief is tolerably outlined, while only the nicer shades are blurred. In this case the amount of fairness and of information which a writer seems to possess helps to strengthen the erroneous inferences of the reader.

The Independent of May 24 contains a sample of this misleading art. "Beatification" is the subject on which the editor expresses his views, with the obvious purpose of bringing the Church to task. The lesson he supposes to be a timely one, because just now the cause of Joan of Arc has been formally introduced and her name will soon appear in the calendar. "This kind of beatification," he tells us, "Protestants do not regard." Very well, then, we would say, for in that case it is equally true that this kind of beatification does not regard Protestants. Why bring up the subject at all? If Catholics, who alone are interested, have to choose between the teaching of the Church in regard to beatification and the opinion of even such a respectable journal as the Independent, it is enough to see what their choice will be. That Protestants should be indifferent to the action of the Church in this matter is no surprise to us. We regret, of course, that this is the case, but we understand their position thoroughly. It is not that they lack sympathy for what is good and pure, but that they do not recognize the authority which issues the decree of beatification. All that we ask in return is a similar understanding of our position.

The Independent says that the Catholic judgment is a "useless, unprofitable and unscriptural process, cumbering an already crowded calendar, leading the thoughtless to a species of idolatry and resulting sometimes in the canonization of people whose saintship is more traditional than real." What particular evil there can be in "cumbering the calendar" we fail to see, as we are not aware that the calendar is limited in size. As to the danger of idolatry or of canonizing the wrong people, we have no fear whatever; the Church is far more vigilant and exacting on these points than any editor could possibly be. But, we are told, the process is useless. Why? Because the Maid of Orleans will not be any more "sacred to the world" or helpful to those who invoke her "than she has been in the centuries past." No one claims that she will. Beatification is not the giving of a diploma by which the recipient profits. It does not pretend to raise the beatified person a step higher in heaven or to give him additional power. Its utility consists in extending and intensifying the devotion of the faithful. Where such devotion already exists, it is strengthened by the formal sanction of the Church, and where it has not hitherto existed, beatification proposes to men a new model and patron.

The Independent, however, "believes in saints and in beatification," and having made this profession of faith, proceeds to specify. "God has not called here and there a man and a woman, among all the nations and in all the centuries, to be saints; but He has offered the honor and the privilege and the duty to all who believe on Him." Assuredly He has. This is a genuine Catholic doctrine. The trouble is that not all accept the offer. Beatification does not im-

ply that only the beatified are called of God. It does not even mean that only those whom the Church so honors are saints; it is not an exclusive process. It does mean that among those who have led holy lives such a one has been conspicuous and has received special marks of the Divine favor. "Be ye holy, even as I am holy," was not addressed, we are informed, "to monks and nuns wearing out their lives by vigils, fastings, penances, prayers in caves and cloisters, but to men and women who live in the world and take up the full round of duties as parents and citizens and social beings." Were this sentence to be taken as it stands, it would mean that people in the world and not those who enter the religious life are called to sanctity. But as such a construction would ill accord with the statement that "all who believe on Him" are offered the privilege, we prefer to take the more rational meaning, viz., that in the world as well as in the cloister holiness is a duty.

Did the Catholic Church ever teach anything else? In the "crowded calendar" there are men and women from every honest walk of life. These the Church holds up for our imitation in order that no one may allege his or her position in the world as an excuse for not being holy, but that all may sanctify themselves in properly discharging their "full round of duty." The Independent is right when it says: "There is a great need of saints in the Church and in the world." But should this need hinder the Church from beatifying such saints as she actually finds? Her chief reason for honoring them is to urge others along the same path and so to supply the need. Her constant endeavor is to have people "live pure, unselfish, humble lives where God has placed them. This is the ideal sainthood." True again; but how can men be brought more effectually to this than by having others set before them in whom the "ideal" has been realized? It is hardly consistent to quarrel with the Church for saying, "This man was a saint," and in the same paragraph to complain that "we want saints."

"Let us go to the Beatitudes and learn from them the true process of beatification; and when we have learned it, we shall not care to have a body of grave cardinals sit in judgment upon it and an 'infallible' Pope proclaim it under his official seal." The passage is either a flat sophism or a play upon words that does not befit a serious subject. As though the Church identified the process by which one becomes a saint and the process by which he is proclaimed a saint! When did the cardinals pass judgment upon the Beatitudes or the Pope proclaim them under his official seal? What the Church judges is whether this or that individual has lived up to the Beatitudes or not; whether those who have "learned the true process" have taken care to put it in practice; whether having studied the ideal, they have attained to real sainthood. And since we are referred to the Sermon on the Mount, it may not be amiss to note that it contains certain directions in regard to prayer and fasting—practices which the Independent does not seem to include in its notion of holiness.

Perhaps, after all, we have been arguing on a false supposition. Considering the difficulties which, especially in the world, attend the work of our sanctification, we Catholics are rather glad of even the smallest help. If the prayer of a person better than ourselves can profit us while that person is still on earth, we see no reason why his influence should not be as great when he reaches heaven. If St. Paul could beseech his brethren to help him in their prayers for him to God, why may we not ask St. Paul to help us, his brethren? But then the apostle of the Gentiles knew nothing of the modern idea. Says the Independent: "The saints who have died in the Lord have left us precious memories and examples, * * * but we do not need them as intercessors in heaven." Well, that changes the matter. Catholics are not so sure that "God canonizes before death" as to feel that they need no help from the saints. But supposing that their confidence should ever grow so strong, beatification will always serve a purpose. It will remind men, at least, that others with the same passions and the same weaknesses have followed in the footsteps of the Master.—*VERITAS, in Philadelphia Catholic Times.*

New churches built in America last year numbered nearly 10,000.

MARRIAGES AMONG CATHOLICS.

Nobody has occasion for getting excited over the question raised in some quarters, "why Catholic young men and women find it impossible to get themselves properly mated," for there is nothing in the facts to justify any such discussion. There is no such impossibility.

It is probable that in this country at the present time the marriage rate is higher among Catholics than among Protestants. In New England, for instance, the decrease in the number of marriages proportionately to the population, which attracted so much attention in former years, has since been arrested by the incoming of great multitudes of people not of the old Puritan stock, and generally of the Roman Catholic faith. Here in New York, the majority of the population having any religious belief at all being Roman Catholics, it is natural that the majority of marriages receiving religious sanction should get it from priests of the Church of Rome; but the number, it may be assumed, is larger proportionately than the Catholic population.

The decline in the marriage rate, which has been observable of late in most highly civilized countries, has not occurred among the devout religious believers of either the Protestant or the Catholic faith. It has been due rather to the indisposition to marriage because of prudential reasons among critical people who have put themselves outside of the authority of any Church, or are only nominally Catholics or Protestants. The supersensitiveness which is a consequence of refinement carried to the extreme of degeneration, is also having some effect to lessen marriages in the circle of society to which such deterioration is confined. But generally, among the people who give heed to the admonition of the Church, the young men and maidens are marrying at as great a rate as ever. A period of adversity, such as that through which we have been passing, may restrain them from matrimony for the time being, but it only delays the inevitable mating. They are not kept from marriage either by indisposition to it or to the impossibility of getting mates.

It may be that in some parts of this country, where the Roman Catholics are few proportionately, cultivated girls of that faith may complain of lack of desirable Catholic swains, but at the present time such places are rare. It may be that individual Catholic girls will prefer Protestant to Catholic lovers even where the supply of young men of their own faith is abundant; and it may be just the other way with some Protestant girls; but in neither case does the preference necessarily imply inferiority in the young men of either faith. Marriages between Catholics and Protestants are many actually, though proportionately to the number where both husband and wife are of one faith, they are not frequent; but they do not occur because in one or the other faith there is any deficiency of eligible mates.

Undoubtedly it was once true that it was next to impossible for a Roman Catholic girl to find a husband of her faith in the New York circle of fashion, for it was made up almost wholly of Protestant families; but of recent years there has been a great change in its composition, so far as religion goes. The majority may still be Protestant, but there is a strong and conspicuous Catholic minority, which is steadily increasing. It is also true that the great mass of the Catholics of this country are poor immigrants, or the descendants of poor immigrants, but among these there

has been a rapid advance in education and social refinement, which has tended to obliterate any distinction that once may have existed between them and their Protestant neighbors.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Irish News Items.

A number of cases of small-pox have been discovered in Dublin.

At the August meeting of the Belturbet Town Commissioners, Mr. Timothy Boland, Nationalist, was elected chairman in the room of Dr. P. Soraghan, Unionist. Great satisfaction is felt by the people of the town over the event.

The National Trustees acknowledge Aug. 10, the receipt of £476 for the Parliamentary Fund. £425 of the amount comes through Mr. Sexton from the city of Belfast as the first instalment of the contributions of the Nationalists of the city to the fund.

The pupils of the Ursuline Nuns, at Thurles have carried off six certificates of distinction, and fifteen pass certificates at the recent examinations held by the Examiner of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, London.

Several influential Unionists of South Tyrone have requested Dr. E. C. Thompson, of Omagh, to become a candidate for the representation of that division at the next election. Dr. Thompson unsuccessfully contested Mid-Tyrone at the last election against Mr. Kenny.

A record was established at the all-round championship sports at Ballebridge on August 6, when Kiely, of Carrick-on-Suir, beat the world's record in throwing the hammer. He threw the hammer a distance of 131 ft. 7 in., which is an inch better than his own throw at Kilkenny last year.

An inquest was held August 9, at Raphoe, Co. Donegal, touching the death of a young man named Samuel Wilson, aged twenty, a native of Castlederg, who was killed by a fall from his bicycle. The deceased tumbled in trying to remount his machine and fell, dislocating his neck. He died in a few minutes. A verdict of accidental death was returned.

It is stated that, besides Mr. Colley, M.P., whose resignation has for some time been in the hands of Mr. McCarthy to vacate his seat when convenient, three other members of the Irish Whig Parliamentary Party will retire at the close of the present session, on the ground of ill-health, and for other special reasons, not on account of any difference with their colleagues.

It is stated that Lord Justice Barry, one of the Lords of appeal in Ireland, will shortly retire on pension on account of ill health. He will, it is understood, be succeeded by The M'Dermott, at present Attorney-General for Ireland. In that case Sergeant Hemphill, now Solicitor-General for Ireland, would become the Irish Attorney-General. It is now stated that there is no foundation for the report.

At a meeting of Fermoy Town Commissioners, on Aug 9, Mr. Thomas Maguire in the chair, the following resolution was proposed, and passed unanimously: That an address be presented to the Right Rev. Dr. Browne on the occasion of his consecration as Bishop of Cloyne, from the Town Commissioners and people of Fermoy, of which his lordship is parish priest, and that a committee be appointed to draw up and present it to his lordship at Queenstown on the 19th instant.

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THE COTTAGE IN THE WOODS.

(Written for the TRUE WITNESS by a bright little girl of fourteen.)

It was a warm day in August. I had come to the country to spend the day, shooting. I was in the depth of the woods; the heat being intense, I threw myself down under a tree to have a nap. I was just dazing off, when suddenly a little child appeared before me, with large blue eyes and long fair curls, and a most piteous little face; he held in his hands a bunch of wild flowers. I was so surprised to see him, that I did not know what to say. "Me and Jim," he said, "come and make Nellie better." He told me he was bringing the flowers to her, she loved them so much, and that she was very ill. He took me by the hand, and asked me to come and see; he also said, "Mammie will be glad to see you, she is crying and me do not know what to do. I took the child's hand, which he held out to me, and he led me across a little path which I had not seen. To my surprise, I beheld a little wooden cottage, and a woman sitting at the door, with her face buried in her hands. At the moment she saw us she drew back, but then came forward; we were just coming up to the door. She had on an old dress and her hair hung loosely in a knot. Her eyes were swollen from weeping. The boy ran to her and told her where he had met me, and that he brought me because he thought I would make sister Nellie better. The woman told me that she was a widow with two children, her husband had died a year ago, her little Jim was five years of age, and her little girl, who was crippled, was only three, "and oh! I am so frightened that God is going to take her from me." Then she said she was very poor and that the only way she could earn a little was by sewing, and that was how she supported herself and children. When her husband died he left her a small sum of money with which she had bought this house. Then she brought me into a bare, cheerless room, where her little crippled one lay on a broken pallet bed. I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. On the bed lay a child with her eyes half closed, trying to kiss the flowers which little Jim had brought her. As soon as the mother came in, the poor thing burst into tears, saying that her child was dying and that she could do nothing for her. I asked her if the child was worse than she had been. Oh! yes, yes, she does not smile or look as if she knew me to-day. Jim has been gathering flowers every day for her, and she always loved them and played with them; but to-day, as you see, she has not the strength to lift her poor little head." I felt as if I ought to do my best to help her, so I said I would try and find a doctor. Once I got to the village I was not sure which way to go, so it was all hours before I reached the doctor's house. After explaining, he ordered his horse around, and in no time we were driving towards the cottage. On arriving at the house, I stayed behind and left the doctor go in alone, with the mother, to see the child.

While I was sitting by myself, thinking of how I would get home, little Jim came in and threw his arms round me, calling me "a good, good man; me am glad you brought a doctor to make Nellie better." Then the doctor came in. I asked him what he thought of the child. He said he would not pass the night, and he would be surprised if the poor mother lived much longer, as she was taking it so much to heart. After saying he would call again next morning, he wished me good night. I then went into the woman, who was sobbing at the edge of the bed, holding the poor little thin hand. Her first words were: "Oh! what will I do if she dies; how will I ever bear to lose another?" "Dear madam," said I, "you must not take it so much to heart. God orders everything for the best, although we sometimes do not see it." Hoping to comfort her although it would put me out, and not being sure of getting a train that evening to take me to the city, I told her I would remain the night with her;

so, after she gave me the best to eat that her poor home afforded, little Jim drew near me, and opening his little ragged coat, showed me a medal of the Sacred Heart, saying: "Me am sure it was the dear Sacred Heart who brought me to you in the woods." I took the child in my arms and kissed him, telling him to always love the Sacred Heart of Jesus and that He would be his best friend. When I was by myself I began to walk up and down the room, thinking of my own little ones at home. Then, after a while, I threw myself on a chair, thinking to rest until morning. After sleeping for some time, I woke up hearing the woman rushing in to me, screaming, with her little girl in her arms. "Oh, sir! sir! tell me my little one is not dead." What was I to say to comfort her, as I saw at once all was over? I said: "My dear woman, try and bear this affliction that God sends you; your little girl is happy, happy, now. See how she suffered, you have not lost her, she has only gone before as a little bright angel, praying for you. And think of the happiness when you meet again; this parting is only for a little while." I then prevailed upon her to try and lie down, and was longing for the doctor's return. At length he arrived. When he saw that Nellie was dead he said: "Poor, poor mother, this is more than she can bear; she is all broken up and she will not last long, as she seems to have heart disease." True enough, she fainted away and died that very night. We had her buried with her little girl. I then decided I would take the boy to the city and talk over his future with my wife, so after locking up the house, I started for the station with the poor little orphaned boy, who was sobbing out these words, "Oh, please bring mammie and Nellie." I soothed him with kind words, and on my arrival home my wife said to me: "Here you are at last, dear George, but who is that poor forsaken little creature?" I then told her of my adventure, and we settled that we would put him with the dear kind nuns, who would foster in him his faith. I heard years afterwards that he became a priest and his great devotion was the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and he was always fond of telling his life's history to little children. I, for my part, never regretted the day that I spent in the woods. F. M. TERROUX.

CATTLE AND SHEEP EXPORTS.

Cable advices received this week quote London and Bristol cattle 5½d; sheep, 6½d. Liverpool cattle, 5½d; sheep, 5½d; Glasgow, 5½d.

Export cattle purchased in Montreal during the week ranged from 3½c to 4c per lb. Hay, \$8 per ton. Moullie, \$22 per ton. Insurance, 1 per cent. Ocean freight, 50s to 55s.

LIVE STOCK MARKET—Sept. 3.

There were about 350 head of butchers' cattle, 100 calves and 850 sheep and lambs offered at the East End Abattoir to-day. The butchers were present in considerable numbers, but trade was slow owing to the higher prices demanded for all kinds of cattle, and some of the butchers maintain that prices were over one quarter of a cent per lb. more than were paid for similar stock last week. Sales of the best butchers cattle were made at 3½c to 3¾c per lb. and a few

were held at 4c per lb. Pretty good stock sold at from 3c to 3¾c; common dry cows at from 2½c to 3c, and the leaner beasts at from 2c to 2½c per lb. There was a good demand for calves at higher prices. Mr. Bourassa bought 8 of the best calves paying from \$7 to \$9 each for them. Common calves sold at from \$2.50 to \$5 each. Shippers are paying about 3½c per lb. for good large sheep and the others are sold at from \$2 to \$3.50 each. Good lambs sell in lots at from \$2.70 to \$3 each; common lambs at from \$2.25 to \$2.50 each and the culls at \$1.50 to \$2 each. Fat hogs are in good supply and continue to sell at about ¾c per lb.

THE MODERN WAY.

"Well," said the parson to the young couple he had just married, "have you made any plans for the honeymoon?" "Yes," replied the young man, "my wife will go to Dakota for three months, while I will spend the time in some country place training for the ring. At the end of that time my wife will have obtained her divorce, and we will both immediately go on the stage."—Puck.

From the tenth to the fifteenth century female education in Europe consisted of reading, singing and embroidery work.

The Best Food For Children?
is worthy every parent's study; not only what they can eat, but what gives the most nourishment. No children are better, and most are worse, for eating lard-cooked food. If, however, their food is prepared with the healthful new vegetable shortening, **COTTOLENE** instead of lard, they can eat freely of the best food without danger to the digestive organs. You can easily verify this by a fair trial of Cottolene. Sold in 2 and 5 lb. pails by all grocers.
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LAKE ST. LOUIS

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

Plans and specification of the work to be done can be seen on and after the 23rd day of August, 1894, at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Superintending Engineer's office in Montreal, where forms of tender can be obtained. In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of \$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
J. H. BALDERSON,
Secretary.
Dept. of Railways and Canals }
Ottawa, 4th August, 1894. } 6-3

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AN HOTEL MAN'S STORY.

The Proprietor of the Grand Union, Toronto, Relates an Interesting Experience.

Suffered Intensely From Rheumatism—Six Doctors and Mineral Springs Failed to Help Him—How He Found a Cure—His Wife Also Restored to Health—Advice to Others.

From the Toronto World.

One of the most popular officers at the recent meeting of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada was Rev. L. A. Betts, of Brockville, Grand Chaplain for 1893-94. While on the way to Grand Lodge Rev. Mr. Betts spent some time in Toronto, and among other points of interest visited the World office. It seems natural to talk Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one hailing from the home of that world-famous medicine, and immediately the conversation with Mr. Betts turned in that direction, when he told the World that he had that day met an old friend whose experience was a most remarkable one. The friend alluded to is Mr. John Soby, for many years proprietor of one of the leading hotels of Napanee, but now a resident of Toronto, and proprietor of one of the Queen City's newest and finest hostleries, the Grand Union Hotel, opposite the Union depot. The World was impressed with the story Mr. Betts told, and determined to interview Mr. Soby and secure the particulars of his case for publication. Mr. Soby freely gives his testimony to the good done him by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago rheumatism with its attendant legion of aches and pains fastened upon him, and he was forced to retire from business. "For months," said Mr. Soby, "I suffered and could find no relief from doctors or medicines. The disease was always worse in the spring and fall, and last year I was almost crippled with pain. From my knee to my shoulder shot pains which felt like red-hot needles. Then all my limbs would be affected at once. Half a dozen doctors, one after the other, tried to cure me, but did no good. The rheumatism seemed to be getting worse. As I had tried almost everything the doctors could suggest, I thought I would try a little prescribing on my own account and purchased a supply of Pink Pills. The good effects were soon perceptible, and I procured a second supply, and before these were gone I was cured of a malady six doctors could not put an end to. I have recovered my appetite, never felt better in my life, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills credit for this transformation. My wife, too, is just as warm an advocate as I am. A sufferer for years she has experienced to the full the good of Dr. Williams' invaluable remedy, and recommends it to all women." "From what trouble was your wife suffering?" asked the reporter. "Well, I can't just tell you that," said Mr. Soby. "I do not know, and I don't think she did. It's just the same with half the women. They are sick, weak and dispirited, have no appetite and seem to be fading away. There is no active disease at work, but something is wrong. That was just the way with my wife. She was a martyr to dyspepsia, never in perfect health, and when she saw the change the Pink Pills made in me she tried them. The marvelous improvement was just as marked in her case as in my own, and she says that her whole system is built up, and that the dyspepsia and sick headaches have vanished. She, as well as myself, seems to have regained youth, and I have not the slightest hesitation in pronouncing the remedy one of the most valuable discoveries of the century. Let the doubters call and see and they will be convinced."

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

EVICTED TENANTS.

AN INTERESTING ANALYSIS OF DOINGS IN IRELAND.

An interesting analysis of the evicted tenants who applied to the Mathew Commission to be scheduled as applicants for restoration has just been made by a correspondent of the Times, who states that the number of applications received

from evicted tenants in 1879 were 71; 1880, 151; 1881, 186; 1882, 239; 1883, 194; 1884, 198; 1885, 168; 1886, 196; 1887, 199; 1888, 237; 1889, 258; 1890, 204; 1891, 205; 1892, 242; year not named, 6. Total, 2754. The point which the writer in the Times bases on these figures is one which has an element of interest for every student of Irish problems, although few people, we hope, will be found to agree with the conclusion which he seems to desire to inculcate on the public mind. He says:

These tenants appear to have been scattered over 1,639 different estates, and of these 2754, 1,200 are cases of single evictions on 1,200 different estates included in the total of 1,639.

Mr. Courtney, in his temperate speech upon the motion for the closure, spoke of "the urgent necessity of dealing in some way with the crowd of evicted tenants who are found in a landless and workless condition near the places where they once dwelt as tenants."

It appears to me that as regards these 2,754 evicted tenants (little under three-fourths of Mr. Morley's total number of 4,000) they only represent the normal proportion of agricultural tenants who, like members of our trading community, come to the wall from year to year, and whom no legislation could benefit; and it is on behalf of this "ragged regiment," as Mr. Courtney aptly describes them, that Parliament is asked to pass without adequate discussion this Bill, which, instead of bringing (as Mr. Courtney would hope) "peace and relief to that distracted country," is fraught with danger to Ireland's best interests.

If the writer of these words be correct in his figures, surely the mere fact that they show more than fifteen hundred tenants are outside of the "normal proportion" of those "who come to the wall from year to year" would alone be sufficient to show the need for the passage of the Evicted Tenants Bill. Are the evicted not to be reinstated simply because there are not more of them. —Irish Catholic.



FLOUR, GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—
 Patent Spring.....\$3.40 @ 3.50
 Ontario Patent.....3.10 @ 3.20
 Straight Roller.....2.85 @ 3.10
 Extra.....2.40 @ 2.60
 Superfine.....2.15 @ 2.35
 City Strong Bakers.....3.30 @ 3.40
 Manitoba Bakers.....3.15 @ 3.40
 Ontario bags—extra.....1.30 @ 1.40
 Straight Rollers.....1.50 @ 1.55
 Oatmeal.—We quote as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.35 to \$4.45; Standard, \$4.35. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.15 to \$2.20, and standard at \$2.10 to \$2.15. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are selling at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.40 to \$3.60.
 Bran, etc.—Several car lots were sold at \$16 on track here, one car being placed at \$15.75. Shorts are also very scarce, and sales have been made at \$18 to \$19. Moulins is quoted at \$20 to \$21.
 Wheat.—Here prices are purely nominal at 60c to 70c for No. 1 hard, and 58c to 59c for No. 2 winter wheat.
 Corn.—Market quiet at 65c to 66c duty paid, and 59c to 60c in bond.
 Peas.—The market is quiet at 70c to 72c, with a sale of new to arrive reported at 70c. In the West sales are reported at 55c per 60 lbs f.o.b.
 Oats.—The market has an easy look, a few cars of new being placed at 33c to 34c for local account; for export account 32c is the quoted rate. Old No. 2 oats of course bring more money for the local trade.
 Barley.—Feed barley is firm at 47c to 48c. Malting barley is quiet but firm at 50c to 55c.
 Rye.—Quotations remain nominal at 52c to 53c.
 Buckwheat.—The market is quiet at 47c to 48c.
 Malt.—Quiet at 72c to 80c.
 Seeds.—We quote Canadian timothy \$2.25 to \$2.50, and Western timothy \$1.90 to \$2.10. Alsike \$7.00 to \$7.50 for good to fancy. Red clover quiet at \$6 to \$7 as to quality.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote:—
 Canada short cut pork per bbl.....\$18.00 @ 20.00
 Canada short cut, light, per bbl.....18.10 @ 18.50
 Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....18.50 @ 19.00
 Mess pork, American, new, per bb.....18.50 @ 19.00
 Extra mess beef, per bbl.....12.25 @ 12.50
 Plate beef, per bbl.....16.25 @ 16.50
 Hams, per lb.....8 1/2 @ 10 1/2
 Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....8 1/2 @ 10c
 Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....7 1/2 @ 7 1/2
 Bacon, per lb.....10 @ 11c
 Shoulders, per lb.....8 1/2 @ 9c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—
 Creamery, fresh.....18c to 19 1/2c
 Eastern Townships dairy.....18c to 17 1/2c
 Western.....14c to 16c
 Cheese.—We quote:—
 Finest Western, colored.....10 1/2c to 10 3/4c
 " " white.....10 1/2c to 10 3/4c
 " Quebec, colored.....10c to 10 1/2c
 " " white.....10c to 10 1/2c
 Under grades.....9c to 10c
 Cattle.....43c

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of choice fresh stock in 50 case lots at 9c and in single cases at 10c to 11c. Inferior stock is quoted at 7c to 8c.
 Beans.—The market is quiet but steady at \$1.20 to \$1.50 per bushel for fair to choice stock.
 Ashes.—Market dull under small receipts, and values are quoted \$4 for firsts, \$3.70 for seconds, and \$3.50 for pearls.
 Honey.—The demand for honey is fair, the sale of a lot of 13 tins of extracted being made at 7c, and we quote 7c to 8c, the latter for choice bright stock in single tins. New comb honey has sold all the way from 10c to 14c per lb as to quality.
 Baled Hay.—Some good lots of No. 2 clover hay have been bought in the country at \$5.50. We quote \$5 to \$6 at country points as to quality. Here there have been sales alongside ship at \$6.75 to \$7.25 all classed as No. 2 hay; No. 1 hay for local use has been sold at \$8.00 to \$9.00.
 Hops.—We quote new to arrive 9c to 10c, and yearlings 8c to 7c, old olds 8c to 4c.

FRUITS, ETC.

Apples.—Astricans \$1.00 to \$1.75. Duchess \$1.50 to \$1.75. Baskets 15c to 30c.
 Oranges.—Rodi oranges were sold to the local trade at \$4.50 to \$5.50 per box.
 Lemons.—Sales have been made at \$3 to \$3.50 for choice new stock, and old stock at \$2 to \$3 per box.
 Bananas.—We quote prices from 25c to 75c per bunch, according to size and quality.
 Peaches.—Slow sales are reported at \$1 to \$1.40 per box for California peaches and 60c to \$1 per basket for Canadian.
 Pears.—Selling rather slowly at \$1.75 to \$2 per box for California (green fruit), 75c to \$1.25 per box for ripe fruit. Hudson River Bartlett's \$2 per keg. Canadian Bartlett's \$3.50 to \$4.50 per barrel and 35c to 40c per basket.
 Plums.—California plums are in fair demand at \$1 to \$1.25 per box. Canadian 50c to 60c per basket, and Gauges 65c to 75c per basket.
 Grapes.—Canadian grapes are commanding fair sales at 3c per lb for Champsions. New York Delaware 13c to 15c per lb, Niagara 10c and California Tokay \$2.75 to \$3 per box.
 Potatoes.—Sales are reported slow at 45c to 55c per bag of 90 lbs.

FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—The market is quiet, a few sales of Gaspe dry cod being reported at \$1.25 to \$1.75 per quintal of 112 lbs. July Cape Breton herring is quoted at \$4.50 to \$5.00.
 Oils.—Steam refined seal oil is quoted at 35c to 38c regular terms. Cod oil is quiet at 35c to 38c for Newfoundland, and 33c to 34c for Halifax in jobbing lots. These prices would no doubt be shaded for round quantities. Cod liver oil is quoted at 65c to 75c.

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MISS CRONIN'S ACADEMY

WILL RE-OPEN
ON SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1894,
At 257 St. Antoine Street. 6-5

BOARD OF
—THE—
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The reopening of the Classes of the Catholic Commercial Academy and all the other Schools under the control of the Board, will take place on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd. For all particulars apply to the Principal or the Director of each School. 5-5

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For further particulars apply to THE MOTHER SUPERIOR. 5-8

Notre Dame College,
COTE DES NEIGES.

This well known and popular institution will re-open on MONDAY, the 3rd SEPTEMBER next.

The Electric cars from Bleury street, by way of Outremont, run out to the College every half hour.

The parents are requested to send the pupils as early as possible. 6-13

Mount St. Louis Institute,
444 SHERBROOKE ST.,
MONTREAL,

This Institution will re-open Tuesday, September 5th.

Boarders of last year and new applicants as boarders or day pupils will be received on Tuesday.

Day pupils of last year, on Wednesday September 6th, at 9 a.m. 4-3

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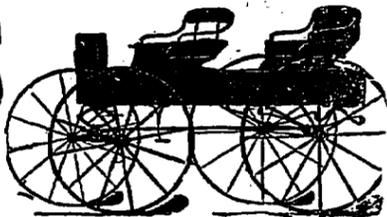
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