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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Christian Endeavor Convention is over, and we are heartily glad. It was a grand affair, as far as numbers and enthusiasm are concerned; and we are confident that the great majority of the delegates have gone away with a favorable impression of this immense Catholic city. A couple of very unpleasant incidents took place, but for these the Convention is no more responsible, on the one hand, than is the city on the other. The unwise tone and ungenerous expressions of one or two of the public speakers called forth severe criticism and the criticism prompted a few persons to enter a mild protest in the way of a small demonstration. But the Rev. Mr. Clark, president of the Convention, expressed the feelings of the whole delegation when he openly censured the thoughtless orators of the tent. We say that we are glad the great event is over; and for many reasons are we pleased. In the first place they remained just sufficiently long to accomplish their mission; any longer stay would probably afford an opportunity to other reckless speakers following in the footsteps of those referred to above, and the parting might have been much less pleasant, as there are elements in all parties that cannot be always kept under control. In the second place, the city gained nothing, from a pecuniary point of view, by the visit of such a vast number; the truth is that numbers have lost most heavily. People whose rooms were engaged, and who let every opportunity of leasing them in the spring go past, some who came in from the country purposely to fulfil their engagements with the committees, others who had gone to great expense in procuring provisions for the expected guests, were left with their rooms, their provisions and their lost opportunities upon their hands. In fact, from a temporal point of view, the convention was of little benefit to Montreal; from a spiritual standpoint we are not judges.

SOME TIME ago we wrote an editorial on the subject of "Respect for the Dead," in which we pointed out the impropriety of trotting at funerals, laughing, joking, smoking, and hurrying, when carrying the remains of some departed one to the City of the Dead. We should all remember that some day, sooner or later, if we have the grace to die on land, our bodies must be carried in the same direction and to the same destination. How would we like to be hurried off, amidst the jovial expressions of the thoughtless, to that "last home of youth and old?" But, above all, when our ashes repose in the mounds of "God's Acre" would we like to have the tranquility unbroken and the peace, that hovers like a bird of mourning over the grave-yard, never take wing from the place. There is a time and place for everything; and the cemetery is the abode of silence and mournful respect. Last Thursday afternoon, while moving through the Cote-des-Neiges cemetery, we were astonished

to hear boisterous laughter, loud yells, and lusty singing. Two carriages drove along between the rows of graves, and the occupants, visitors to the city, were making the air ring with their screams of laughter; presently they sang "John Brown's Body," and as they turned from the Catholic into the Protestant cemetery they struck up "Marching through Georgia." This conduct needs no comment; it is only a degree less disgusting than that of a cab-load of young men—probably citizens—whose oaths and filthy expressions were never intended for that locality.

THE New York Sunday Democrat received a letter from a correspondent asking the editor for an opinion on the Christian Brothers. In reply, the editor states that "it is not easy to disassociate the Christian Brothers from the education question," and after a very graphic description of the life of abnegation and self-sacrifice, of humility and penance, which a member of that order must lead, he speaks these words of truth:

"Who that knows anything of the art of teaching, or who even recalls his own school days, will not acknowledge that such a life is one of wearisome monotonousness, of ceaseless, painful drudgery? What never-falling patience, what unremitting assiduity, what enduring forbearance are requisite? From the Brother's rising, at the early hour of five in the morning, until he retires at night, his thoughts, words and actions are on God, or for God and his useful charge. Thus his life is spent among the little ones of Christ, 'making himself all to all' with them, bending himself to their little mental capacities, encouraging the timid, rousing the indolent, and urging forward all in the glorious but toilsome work of self-improvement, until, when gray with cares and bowed with the weight of years, he is called to receive his well-earned repose in the bosom of his Master."

ON SUNDAY next, at Plattsburg, the formal religious opening of the Catholic summer school will take place. We trust that the attendance will be so great that before long Cardinal Gibbons' idea of several summer schools will have to be put into practice. Very eminent names are on the programme, and very important subjects will be treated. There is not a walk in life that may not be improved by the lessons to be received at the summer school. It is to be hoped that this first venture will be a grand success, and that it will serve as a model for all its successors *ad infinitum*.

REV. FATHER ELLIOTT'S sermon, preached last Sunday, at High Mass, in St. Patrick's church, and which we publish elsewhere, was one of those masterpieces of reasoning and clearness that come but too seldom and leave impressions that can never be effaced. The vast temple was thronged, and not a few of our separated brethren were in attendance. The subject was: "Why I am a Catholic." The sermon was a splendid and complete analysis of the Faith professed by the true Catholic, it was a synopsis of the history of Catholicity, a compendium of the countless reasons why a person should be a Catholic. Amongst other striking features in the sermon was that statement that "the reason why I am not a Protestant is not the reason why I am a Catholic." "The reason why I am a Catholic is be-

cause I want God to possess, to enjoy, to live in, to become part of Him, to a degree that nature cannot procure." It is the craving after a supernatural life that makes the Catholic. But we cannot give even a *resume* of that grand compendium, a synopsis of that great synopsis, an analysis of that minute analysis; to do so would require columns. However, the best evidence of the power and effect of that sermon may be found in the remarks of two gentlemen, wearing the Christian Endeavor badges, as they came down St. Alexander street. We heard one say: "what a grand preacher! We seldom hear a man like that." The other replied: "it is not so much the man as what the man said that struck me. If these be the reasons why he is a Catholic no wonder his Church has lasted two thousand years; that authority question....." We could hear no more of the gentleman's remarks; but we heard enough to satisfy us of the effects of that sermon.

THE Western Presbyterian, in referring to the anti-Chinese movement in California, has this to say:—"Because the Congress of the United States chose to hearken to the howls of a parcel of IGNORANT IRISHMEN, who have no better right to live in California than Chinamen have." In explaining the term "ignorant" as applied to Irishmen, that friendly organ says that "they can neither read nor write, nor accumulate property." It is too bad, all this; and yet there are twenty million Irishmen in the United States, and most naturally Congress would listen to their "howl." The Catholic Standard tells us how these ignorant Irishmen helped the material, political, intellectual and moral progress of the country: how those Irishmen, "unable to accumulate property," voluntarily, as merchants, supplied the American treasury with the funds required to carry on the war of independence. They are wonderful, those ignorant Irishmen! Just read the following, and smile at the audacity of that Western Presbyterian:

"If Irishmen are 'unable to accumulate property,' they are not 'unable to give money to build asylums, hospitals and churches, and to assist generously every charitable undertaking. They are not 'unable,' furthermore, to pay the taxes which the State compels them to pay for godless schools, and also to found and support schools and colleges in which their own children may receive a *Christian* education. This, undeniably, these Irishmen, 'ignorant' and 'unable to accumulate property,' are able to accomplish. "But to go back again to the fact (or fact it must be since our exchange asserts it) that Irishmen are 'ignorant' and 'unable to read or write.' Isn't it remarkable? Who will explain? We commend it to our students of sociology and the investigators of strange facts in the history of mankind. A race of merchants who can't read the entries in their own ledgers, of bridge builders and ship-builders, of civil and naval and military engineers, who make plans and estimates, and can conquer the most difficult problems in engineering science and applied mathematics, but can neither put their computations on paper nor could they read them, even if they were written down for them by others; of newspaper reporters and editors unable to read or write; of army and navy officers who can neither read the orders they receive, nor write out their own reports. "Wonderful Irishmen! 'Ignorant'!! 'Unable to accumulate property'!!! Yet millionaires, bankers, brokers, merchants, lawyers, judges, doctors, etc., etc. Wonderful Irishmen!"

THE Boston Pilot tells us that "Yale did not allow Harvard to stand alone in its recognition of Catholic scholarship

and influence this year. It conferred its degree of Master of Arts on the Rev. Joseph J. Synnott, D. D., Professor of Hebrew and Sacred Scripture, at Saton Hall Seminary, South Orange, N. J. This is the first Catholic priest honored by a degree from Yale, and it is a noble beginning.

IN REFERRING to the Sunday opening of the World's Fair, Mr. Clement Scott sends a letter to the London Telegraph, in which he advocates the opening of all art galleries, in England as well as abroad, on Sunday; and out of a long chain of beautifully worded reasons in support of his contention, we pick the following:

"But it did not seem to me that the souls of the sightseers that Sunday were very much injured when they stood awe-struck and reverential before Bougereau's exquisite Holy Family; or his equally magnificent 'Women at the Tomb of the Risen Christ,' a masterly composition that I would have travelled many and many a mile to see, hanging as they do in the French art gallery. I do not think that the most conscientious and eloquent upholder of the closed Sunday would persuade me it were better to go to dime museums, side shows and thieving shops than to see and admire for a time the marvellous collection of Corots and Geromes and Meissoniers that are among the gems of the American Loan Collection, which is the sight of sights in the wonderful art galleries. Surely there is pathos as deep as any sermon to be found on the canvases of Joseph Israel and De Vos. At any rate the people thought so, for they stood before them with delighted faces, and often with streaming eyes. I don't think much harm was done either if the contented people did stray into the industrial and manufacturing building, or for the workmen to point out to their wives and children what they had done, or to explain the manner and method of their toil. I own that I reverently followed that day in the crowd that went round the miniature monastery on the lake shore, where Mass was said in the chapel in the morning by the Franciscan Friars, who in the afternoon showed and explained the pictures and relics that illustrate the life of Columbus. Besides, with great good sense, the directorate literally cut the ground from under the feet of those who talked of Sabbath breaking. They gave them temples to preach in, and music halls where they could sing hymns all day to their heart's content. Every religious prejudice or conscientious scruple was respected."

PARIS, the city of life, light and loveliness, is the hub of the universe, as far as fashion goes; but Paris is a city that—like many an individual—has a peculiar temper and subject to paroxysms of madness. While one side of the Parisian face is beaming with light, the other is black with shadows; while one face of the Parisian Janus looks upon fountains of crystal in the gardens of delight and along the boulevards of pleasure, the other face gazes upon fountains of blood from the barricaded enclosures of misery and upon the boulevards of strife and revolt. Paris could not exist without a revolution, a riot, an outbreak, a bloody sensation of some kind. A pretext is all that is required, and the liberties pour out their murderers even as ants from an ant-hill. The students—that most incorrigible, most dangerous, and most wrongly pampered class in the continental cities—saw fit to get up a riot—a *propos de rien*, and the result is, military called out, city under martial law, policemen killed, citizens drowned, blood flowing, the government in a dilemma. 30,000 troops under arms with orders to do nothing. Paris is in her glory; it is a grand holiday for the gay capital; as good as a circus for another city.

THE awful catastrophe that took place in Chicago, and of which we are only able to make brief mention, will cast a gloom over the World's Fair. It is to be hoped that a lesson will be learned and a warning for the future from the sad event.

THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

Condensed from the London Tablet.—
The Opening of the Congress.

On Monday, May 15th, the Eucharistic Congress opened in Jerusalem. With admirable good taste the first meeting was held at the Church of St. Salvator, which belongs to the Franciscans, faithful guardians for over 600 years of the Holy Places, who have borne the heat of the day and the brunt of the battle. High Mass was celebrated at 6.30 a.m., and at 9 the Congress opened. It was a strange scene. In the middle of the Sanctuary, on his throne, sat the Cardinal Legate, in the magnificent robes of his Order; on his right hand the United Greek Patriarch of Antioch; and on his left Mgr. Doutrelout, the energetic Bishop of Liege, the President of the Standing Committee of the Congress. Behind the Cardinal's chair and on either side, grouped promiscuously together, were gathered some thirty Bishops and some half dozen mitred Abbots, not to speak of representatives of Bishops and Superiors of Religious houses. The quaint and venerable costumes of the Oriental prelates contrasted strangely with the more familiar attire of their Western brethren. Some wore the lofty head-dress and ample veil of the Greek rite. Some were veiled in purple, and others almost veiled with the Cardinal in the brilliancy of scarlet robes.

The proceedings were opened by Cardinal Langenieux. The following is a brief summary of his address:—

"Peace to you." It is thus that Jesus Christ was wont to salute His Apostles, and that they, following His example, saluted the assemblies of the Christians. Whenever He manifests Himself to His followers after His resurrection, He brings them peace. Fear not. It is I. Peace be to you.

This, too, was the great promise of the Angels to the world at the very gates of Jerusalem on that first Christmas night. "Glory to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will." I cannot better express the feelings with which I come here to represent the Supreme Pontiff, who devotes the energy of his mind and the tenderness of his heart to bring peace to all in the name of Jesus Christ, not only within the Church, but in the world of to-day, and in the troubled regions of contemporary politics. "Announcing peace with Jesus Christ" (Acts x. 36). If then you ask me, as the ancients of Bethlehem once asked Samuel, in what spirit I come amongst you, "Is thy coming hither peaceable?" (Kings xvi. 4), deputed by him, whom history will style the great pacifier of modern times, I answer you with the prophet, "It is peaceable, I am come to offer sacrifice to the Lord." I come to invite you to give glory to God in the Most Holy Sacrament, and to tell you of the paternal solicitude of Leo XIII. for the venerable Churches of the East, which guard the traditions of the past. Speaking of the Eucharistic Congress the Cardinal went on to say that it was inevitable that sooner or later Catholics would come to Jerusalem, the source of all grace—to the Cenacle—to Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, to bring their faith of the East, which, in its devotion to the Holy Eucharist had never suffered the least shadow to dim its brightness, and to offer to the Blessed Sacrament the united homage of East and West at the foot of the altar. Leo XIII. had associated himself closely with them, entrusting the duty of presiding at the Congress to a Legate, who, "in Our name, and in Our place shall represent Our person," because of the special importance of the plan where the Congress was being held, and on account of the presence of those illustrious prelates of the East, whom he hailed with due respect. In fine, it was because this occasion offered the Sovereign Pontiff an opportunity of giving once more a solemn pledge of his admiration and sympathy for the Christian communities in the East, the first-born daughters of the Church of God. "Therefore it is that confiding in the designs of the Holy Father and charged to express to you his feelings, as he would have wished to have done himself, I hope that in my words and my actions, there may be something of his tenderness and affection, and I repeat to you, in order that from the first the inmost feelings of my heart may be known to you, what I said the other day to Leo XIII. in my farewell audience. 'I shall go as the Legate from your heart to tell them of the love you bear them.'"

The Cardinal then dwelt upon the many great Saints and doctors produced by the Eastern Churches, its martyrs and the founders of monastic life in Egypt and the Lebanon. He further bore testimony to their noble resistance to the doctrines of the Reformation; how, owing to prayer, the Sacraments and devotion to the Blessed Virgin, the faith had always been deeply rooted in the hearts of the people. Well might Leo XIII. exclaim: "How dear to me are the Churches of the East, and their ancient glory, and how glad I should be to see them shine with their former lustre." Such was the tone of the Cardinal's address. He had touched the right chord. His hearers were deeply moved. A spirit of charity breathed over the whole assembly, and all misgivings gave way, as clouds met before the sun. He was followed by Mgr. Doutrelout, and afterwards Mgr. Piavi, the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, read a paper on the different Oriental rites in relation to the Dogma of the Real Presence. Telegrams of congratulations were despatched to the Pope and the Sultan, and at 12 o'clock the sitting was suspended.

The public function of Tuesday was in the Greek rite and was held at St. Anne's. St. Anne's is the traditional site where dwelt St. Anne, the Mother of the Blessed Virgin, and consequently it is here that our Lady was born. A meeting of the Congress followed, when several papers descriptive of the Greek rite were read. Amongst others the Greek Patriarch spoke, describing the Mass of the Presanctified, and also how the Greek Church had followed the Latin in the institution of the feast of Corpus Christi. The eloquent United Greek Bishop of Bamoa followed, and an interesting paper was read by Pere Michel of the Peres Blancs (White Fathers), and the day wound up with a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the College and grounds of St. Anne's.

Wednesday morning saw a large gathering at St. Stephen's, the new Dominican house outside the Damascus Gate, established with a special view to the study of the Bible. Here Mgr. Rahmanci, Archbishop of Bagdad, celebrated Mass in the Syriac rite, and in the forenoon there was a sitting of the Congress, reserved to the clergy exclusively. In the afternoon a general meeting was held at Notre Dame de France; Mgr. Rahmanci read a very careful and interesting paper on the Syriac rite. His lordship was in early days a pupil of the Dominican Fathers at Mossul (Ancient Niniveh) and then went to Propaganda, where he finished his course. But he still finds time for study, and gratefully acknowledged his thanks to the Librarians of the British Museum, where, in 1884, he had gone to study the versions of St. Ephrem, from which he now made many extracts in his speech.

On Thursday another solemn function took place, this time in the Armenian rite at the Church of Notre Dame du Spasme, which is close to the traditional site of the fourth station, the sad uniting between the Blessed Virgin and Our Lord carrying His cross. During the night of Thursday, the nocturnal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was undertaken by two groups at the Convent of the Ecce Homo by ladies, and in the Grotto of the Agony at Gethsemane by priests and laymen.

On Friday there was solemn Mass in the Slavomi rite at the Ecce Homo, and in the Syro-Chaldeic rite, at the little chapel of the Scourging. At 9 a.m. the Congress held its sixth public meeting at St. Anne's, when papers were read by the Superior of the Dominicans and Pere Federlin, the Superior of the house. Mgr. Geragre, United Greek Bishop of Bawas, speaking impromptu proclaimed his thanks to Leo XIII. for having sent them the Peres Blancs. He touched upon the memory of Cardinal Lavigne, their founder, and wound up by heartily thanking the Fathers themselves, who devote their lives to the education of the clergy for the Greek Church. In the afternoon the way of the cross was made through the streets of Jerusalem as is customary every Friday.

There were bishops in their purple, pilgrims in their long white cloaks, and Franciscans in their brown habits, all mingled in one vast throng as they followed the preacher through the rough winding streets until the end was reached on Calvary and at the Holy Sepulchre. The day closed with the usual procession.

On Saturday the Maronites gathered in great force at the Latin patriarchate

for the High Mass in their own rite. In the afternoon the last sitting of the Congress took place, and the Cardinal gave his closing discourse. It was the eve of Pentecost, and he reminded them how "when the days of the Pentecost were accomplished they were all together in one place," ready to receive the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. And as at the first Pentecost, so now there were "Parthians and Medes, and Elamites and inhabitants of Mesopotamia, Judea, and Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia, Egypt, Cretes, and Arabians." Yes, and here again were the "strangers of Rome," those desert pilgrims from the west, who came from Rome, from the Vatican, where the Pope had so lovingly blessed them. "And Peter standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice," and the voice of the Pope converted 3,000 men, and then the sacred text told them how "they were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles, and in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayer." And how "there were added in that day 3000 souls." Yes, there were the members of the Eucharistic Congress, pilgrim strangers, inhabitants of the country, about 3000 in numbers, to whom the truth is made known, who feel themselves penetrated with love for the Christian Church of the East. Might they persevere in the doctrine of the Apostles, might they persevere in the breaking of bread, not only the source of all grace, but the "symbol of unity and charity" (*Cer. Tri. Siss. XIII*). Let them persevere likewise "in prayers." Let them pray for the unity of the Church, borrowing the form of prayer in use in the Eastern Liturgies. "Let us pray for the peace of the whole world, for the welfare and union of God's holy churches." Thus closed the last session of the Congress. In the evening the usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place at the Dominican Fathers', and as it was Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath—large crowds of Jews came and looked over the low walls of the garden, and followed the procession with interest. There were also many Mahomedans amongst the onlookers, but all were quiet and respectful.

The net result of the Congress have been most encouraging. There has been a manifestation of sympathy between the East and West that fairly astounded the Schismatics. The Eastern Churches, poor in the wealth of this world, and often consisting of small and isolated communities, without facilities for education for either clergy or laity, have been, as it were, cut off from the life of the Church, too often a prey to the attacks of the schismatics and the rapacity of Turkish officials. Now they had met in conference with their brethren of the West, and had been accorded the place of honour. Each day had witnessed the solemn functions of their respective rites, and at each session they had unfolded the meaning of their ceremonies, and described the beauty of their liturgies, before vast crowds of pilgrims, who came to listen and learn, and went away delighted and edified. Then, too, the Westerns learned, many of them for the first time, of the rich fruit which the labours of the Christian Brothers had borne in Egypt and Syria, and of the truly giant work of the Jesuits Fathers in Alexan-

dria and Beyrout, in educating the people and bringing up the future ministers of religion. They heard how these Fathers had in Beyrout a college with some 550 students, a complete course of theology and even of medicine, a printing press which does its work in 14 or 15 languages, and how here the future priests of the Eastern Church are growing up side by side with their fellow Catholics from Europe, taught by the best professors that the Society can command, and trained by their most fervent religious. Truly a marvellous result, that owing to the persecution of religion in France a new and flourishing Church should rise in Asia Minor.

The revival, then, of religion in the East lies in the education of the clergy. The schismatics are steeped in ignorance, but the people have plenty of faith. Ignorance must give way before a carefully trained and well-instructed clergy, to whom the schismatics must, sooner or later, yield. If the Congress of Jerusalem did no other work but to accentuate these facts, it would have done good work. But it has done more. It has demonstrated the ardent devotion and unswerving fidelity of the East to the Sacrament of the Eucharist and the dogma of the Real Presence from the time of the Apostles to the present day; its hearty and loyal submission to the Holy See and the perfect union of East and West in the bosom of the Universal Church.

Eternal Vigilance

Is the price of health. But with all our precautions there are enemies always lurking about our systems, only waiting a favorable opportunity to assert themselves. Impurities in the blood may be hidden for years or even for generations and suddenly break forth, undermining health and hastening death. For all diseases arising from impure blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is the unequalled and unapproached remedy. It is King of them all, for it conquers disease.

The death of Mgr. Hefeles, which was announced a few days ago, deprives the ranks of German Catholic historians of a most learned and zealous labourer in historical fields. His two great works, *Cardinal Ximenes*, and especially his *History of the General Council of the Church*, were regarded as first authorities upon their respective subjects. Mgr. Hefeles was born in Wurtemberg in 1809, and was ordained priest at the age of 24, after a very brilliant course of studies. From the date of his ordination he passed the greater part of his life in the vocation of Professor at the University of Tubingen. He was received in Doctorate in 1840. Before his elevation to the Episcopal chair in 1869, he published a *History of the Introduction of Christianity into Wurtemberg*, an *Edition of Writings from the Fathers*, the *Breviloquium of S. Bonaventure*, a translation of some 80 sermons of S. Chrysostom, two volumes of ecclesiastical history, and a multitude of more ephemeral articles. His *History of the Council* extended to nine volumes, and is notable not only for the extraordinary learning of the writer—we speak absolutely without partizan spirit—but, even chiefly for the rare impartiality of discussion by which he was able to view his subject. Catholic writers are so often prone, most unreasonably, to colour their historical views, quite unconsciously, at the expense of truth, that Hefeles' example was of an almost incredible value to writers of more timid disposition who followed in his wake. It was after the death of Mgr. de Lipp that he was chosen for the Bishopric of Rottenburg, and the year following he journeyed to Rome, where, as is well known, he was a vehement opposer of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and indeed at first joined the ranks of those recalcitrant German bishops who placed themselves under the dominion of Dr. Dollinger. Ultimately, however, in 1871, he made a full submission, "sincerely subordinating my personal sentiment to the highest ecclesiastical authority." His submission was received with very bad grace by his former party, but from that time till the day of his death he has remained in steadfast submission to the Holy See.—*London Tablet*, June 17.

Our town Druggists say the Pain Killer sells the best of any medicine they keep; during the hard times of the past year or two, there were none too poor to pay their "quarter" for a bottle of this indispensable family medicine. Be sure get the genuine.



CHILDREN
who are puny, pale, weak, or scrofulous, ought to take Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That builds up both their flesh and their strength. For this, and for purifying the blood, there's nothing in all medicine that can equal the "Discovery."

In recovering from "Grippe," or in convalescence from pneumonia, fevers, or other wasting diseases, it speedily and surely invigorates and builds up the whole system. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, rouses every organ into natural action, and brings back health and strength.

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A FEW TEXTS

APPROPRIATE FOR THE 12th JULY.

Armagh Rioters One Hundred Years Ago—Lord Gosford's Famous Address to the Magistrates and the Resolutions Proposed and Moved on the 28th Dec., 1795.

As it happens that we publish this week on the famous anniversary of the Boyne, and as we have been giving our readers a series of articles on the Act of the Union, the Penal Code and all the consequences that flowed from misgovernment in Ireland, we pause in our chain of arguments, and dedicate the space we had reserved for this subject to an account of Orangeism in the north of Ireland, at the end of the last century. We give Lord Gosford's speech and the resolutions it led up to. We would like if a few of the gentlemen who take a periodical fit of anti-Catholic hatred on this day would ponder over what follows:

In the beginning of the year 1795, parties of contending rioters, denominated *peep o'day boys*, and *defenders*, disturbed different parts of Ulster, by acts of violence and outrage against each other. Some say their animosities originated from electioneering. To these succeeded, in the summer of the same year, a description of public disturbers, calling themselves Orangemen, who now made their appearance in the County of Armagh. They formed themselves into a society, in the house of one Sloan, with the object, not to suffer a Catholic to remain within the limits of their sphere of action. They posted up on the doors of the Catholic houses peremptory notices of departure: specifying the precise time, a week at the farthest, in the following words:—"To hell or to Connaught with you, ye bloody papists; and if you are not gone by" (mentioning the day) "we will come and destroy yourselves and your properties: we all hate and curse the papists here, and the old that sits on the seven hills of Rome, but preaches and teaches you from the bottom of H—"

They generally were as good as their words. The Catholics at first saved themselves by flight; but those who received notices at a later period, were able to take some of their properties along with them. It is astonishing to think that such could take place, when there were any men of intelligence, honesty, or public spirit; and still the facts are indubitable: nay, these enormities were connived at, or totally overlooked, until many thousands of the Catholics were thus driven from that part of the country, and that it became necessary to find occupiers for the lands they had been obliged to abandon. Even the gentlemen of landed interest in the country did not exhibit, by any public testimony, a disavowal of these horrid atrocities, until the period of letting the forsaken territory roused them from their slumbers. They then discovered to their amazement and dismay, that, among the few bidders who appeared, not one was found to offer more, for any lot, than about half what was paid for the same before by the Catholic tenant. Then indeed, and not till then, did the banishment of the Catholics appear alarming. It was seriously alarming to these gentlemen, thus in a moment to lose half their incomes, through the ingratitude of pampered scoundrels and hired banditti, but until this fatal discovery was made, the number of wretched poor, proscribed and violently driven from their homes, deprived of their cabins and their all, was a circumstance unworthy of these gentlemen's notice.

To counteract this calamity as much as possible, a numerous meeting of the magistrates of the County of Armagh was held at the special instance of the governor, Lord Viscount Gosford, on the 28th day of December, 1795. To this assemblage, on taking the chair as president, his lordship spoke a pointed address on the occasion; which, together with the proceedings, will be found in the Dublin Journal of the 5th of January, 1796. We copy the address below.

The following is Lord Gosford's address to the magistrates of the County of Armagh, with the resolutions entered into, on the 28th of December, 1795:—

"Gentlemen,—Having requested your attendance here this day, it becomes my duty to state the grounds upon which I

thought it advisable to propose this meeting, and at the same time to submit to your consideration a plan which occurs to me as most likely to check the enormities that have already brought disgrace upon this county, and may soon reduce it into deep distress.

"It is no secret that a persecution accompanied with all the circumstances of ferocious cruelty, which have in all ages distinguished that dreadful calamity is now raging in this country. Neither age, nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence as to any guilt in the late disturbances is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection.

"The only crime which the wretched objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with, is a crime, indeed, of easy proof—it is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic Faith, or an intimate connection with a person professing this faith. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have pronounced is equally concise and terrible!—It is nothing less than a confiscation of all property, and death or immediate banishment.

"It would be extremely painful and surely unnecessary to detail the horrors that attend the execution of so rude and tremendous a proscription—a proscription that certainly exceeds in the comparative number of those it consigns to ruin and misery, every example that ancient or modern history can supply; for where have we heard, or in what story of human cruelties have we read of more than half the inhabitants of a populous country deprived at one blow of the means as well as of the fruits of their industry, and driven in the midst of an inclement season, to seek a shelter for themselves and their helpless families where chance may guide them?

"This is no exaggerated picture of the horrid scenes now acting in this country. Yet surely it is sufficient to awaken sentiments of indignation and compassion in the coldest bosoms. These horrors are now acting with impunity. The spirit of impartial justice (without which law is no better than an instrument of tyranny) has for a time disappeared in this country, and the supineness of the magistracy of Armagh is become a common topic of conversation in every corner of the kingdom.

"It is said in reply: the Catholics are dangerous. They may be so. They may be dangerous from their numbers, and still more dangerous from the unbounded views they have been encouraged to entertain; but I will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that these proceedings are not more contrary to humanity than they are to sound policy.

"It is to be lamented, that no civil magistracy happened to be present with the military detachment on the night of the 21st instant—but I trust the suddenness of the occasion, the unexpected and instantaneous aggression on the part of the delinquents will be universally admitted as a full vindication of the conduct of the officer and the party acting under his command.

"Gentlemen, I have the honor to hold a situation in this country, which calls upon me to deliver my sentiments, and I do it without fear and without disguise.

"I am as true a Protestant as any gentleman in this room. I inherit a property which my family derived under a Protestant title, and with the blessing of God, I will maintain that title to the utmost of my power. I will never consent to make a sacrifice of Protestant ascendancy to Catholic claims, with whatever menace they may be urged, or however spaciouly or invidiously supported.

"Conscious of my sincerity in this public declaration, which I do not make unadvisedly, but as the result of mature deliberation, I defy the paltry insinuations that malice or party-spirit may suggest.

"I know my own heart, and I should despise myself, if under any intimidation I could close my eyes against such scenes as present themselves on every side, or my ears against the complaints of a robbed and persecuted people.

"I should be guilty of an unpardonable injustice to the feelings of gentlemen here present, were I to say more on this subject. I have now acquitted myself to my conscience and my country, and I take the liberty of proposing the following resolutions:—

1. That it appears to this meeting, that the county of Armagh is at this

moment in a state of uncommon disorder; that the Roman Catholic inhabitants are most grievously oppressed by lawless persons unknown,—calling themselves Orangemen, who attack and plunder their houses by night, and threaten them with instant destruction, unless they immediately abandon their lands, goods and habitations.

2. That a committee of magistrates be appointed to sit on Tuesdays and Saturdays in, the chapter-room in the town of Armagh, to receive information against all persons of whatever description, who disturb the peace of this county.

3. That the instruction of the whole body of magistrates to their committee shall be to use every legal means within their power to stop the persecution now carrying on by an ungovernable mob, against the Roman Catholic inhabitants of this county.

4. That said committee or any three of them be empowered to expend any sum or sums of money, for information or secret service out of the fund subscribed by the gentlemen of this county.

5. That a meeting of the whole body of the magistracy be held every second Monday at the house of Mr. Chas. McReynolds, in the town of Armagh to hear the reports of the committee, and to give such further instructions as the exigency of the case may require.

That offenders of every description in the present disturbances shall be prosecuted out of the fund subscribed by the gentlemen of this county." From the Dublin Journal of January the 5th, 1796, and copied in all the papers in Ireland.

Here is a pen and ink picture from the Rev. Dr. Reid, Presbyterian Minister, at Moneysland, County Down, Ireland. It will be found in Mitchell's writings:—

The usual Orange style is thus described by one who knew the North of Ireland well: "In some districts of that country, Protestants are the majority of the people; the old policy of the 'government' has been to arm the Protestants and disarm the Catholics. The magistrates at all sessions are Orangemen or high British loyalists. In those districts, therefore, Catholics lead the lives of dogs—lie down in fear and rise up in foreboding; their worship is insulted, and their very funerals are made an occasion of riot. One of the July anniversaries comes round—the days of Aughrim and the Boyne; the pious Evangelicals must celebrate those disastrous but hard fought battles where William of Nassau, with his army of French Huguenots, Danes, and Dutchmen, overthrew the power of Ireland, and made the noble old Celtic race hewers of wood and drawers of water even unto his day. Lodges assemble at some central point, with drums and fifes playing the 'Protestant boys.' At the rendezvous are the Grand Masters, with their sashes and aprons—a beautiful show. Procession formed, they walk in lodges, each with its banner of orange and purple, and garlands of orange lilies borne high on poles. Most have arms, yeomanry-muskets or pistols, or ancient swords, whetted for the occasion. They arrive at some other town or village, dine in the public-houses, drink the 'glorious, pious and immortal memory of King William,' and 'To Hell with the Pope;' re-form their procession after dinner, and then comes the time for Protestant action. They march through a Papist townland; at every house they stop, and play 'Croppies lie down!' and the 'Boyne Water,' firing a few shots over the house at the same time. The doors are shut—the family in terror—the father standing on the floor with knitted brow and teeth clenched through the nether lip, grasping a pitchfork, (for the police long since found out and took away his gun.) Bitter memories of the feuds of ages darken his soul. Outside, with taunting music, and brutal jests and laughter, stand in their ranks the Protestant communicants. The old grandmother can endure no longer; she rushes out with gray hair streaming, and kneels on the road before them, she clasps her old thin hands, and curses them in the name of God and His Holy Mother. Loud laughs are the answer, and a shot or two over the house, or in through the window. The old crone in frantic exasperation takes up a stone and

hurls it with feeble hand against the insulting crew. There; the first assault is committed; everything is lawful now; smash go the unglazed windows and their frames; zealous Protestants rush into the house raging; the man is shot down at his own threshold; the cabin is wrecked; and the procession, playing 'Croppies lie down!' proceeds to another Popish den. So the Reformation is vindicated. The names of Ballyvarley and Tullyorier will rise to the lips of many a man who reads this description."

This will suffice for one week.—EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

The people quickly recognize merit, and this is the reason the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are continually increasing. Try it.

MARRIED.

BOHRER—BOND.—At St. Patrick's Church, on June 28, 1893, by the Rev. Father Quinlan, Max Bohrer, son of Prof. W. Bohrer, to Amy Florence Lucy Bond, daughter of W. P. J. Bond, both of this city. 50 2

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Continued from first page.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT from the County of Soulanges has sent us a regular court-house record of letters, documents, &c., with some eight or ten pages of foolscap, asking us to take up his case and secure justice for him, as he "has been robbed of his property by the municipal authorities." Evidently our correspondent has suffered some great losses and that the wrongs—be they real or imaginary—have caused him to enter into lengthy correspondence with members of the late Cabinet in Quebec, as evidenced by the letters he sends us. We certainly sympathize with the writer from Soulanges, and have no doubt as to the justice of his demands; but we cannot possibly enter into the details of such a complicated case nor would the recital be of interest to our readers. Moreover, the editor of THE TRUE WITNESS is neither a practising lawyer nor a member of the Provincial Government; we would advise our friend to place the case in the hands of a good lawyer; or else to have the matter brought before the Cabinet through the local or even the Federal member for his county. We give this general answer to all the letters, hoping our correspondent will understand the situation.

ON THE twenty-ninth of June last Hon. Mr. Curran delivered an address at Mount Forest, Ontario, which apparently went home to the hearts of the people. The press of Ontario has reproduced the speech with most laudatory comments. Owing to the crush of matter this week it is impossible for us to reproduce that masterly effort; but we must not omit to give our reader the benefit of some eloquent figures that the Solicitor-General quoted. We clip the following from the Empire:

"Solicitor-General Curran delivered a most eloquent speech on the religious, educational and material status of the Dominion. He was loudly cheered throughout. Speaking of the mental outfit of Canada he gave the following figures as to the proportion of Canadians who can read: Total population exclusive of Indians, 4,778,838; divided into three groups the population stands: Those about 20 years old, 2,528,229; those between 9 and 20, 1,081,814; those up to 8, 1,159,795. Of the first group 80 per cent. are able to read; of the second, 90.3; of the third, 24.8. Of the youth of Canada of both sexes between the ages of 10 and 20, 90 per cent. can read—83.8 per cent. among the young men and 91.7 amongst the young women."

This speaks well for Canada, for our system of education, for the future of our young people, for the prospects of the country. It would be well if a few of the pessimistic orators, that go about painting the country in its blackest dubs and conjuring up clouds on the future's horizon, were to take a leaf from Mr. Curran's book, and let the world hear something of the greatness and prosperity of the land.

WE PUBLISH, in this issue, a letter from the gentleman referred to in our article entitled "A Daniel Come to Judgment." In so doing we think it only proper that we should say a word regarding the school in the locality in question. We had been informed by certain persons that the remarks which we criticised were pointed, in a sweeping manner, at at one of our great orders of teachers; but we have since learned, on much more reliable and much more disinterested authority, that the reference was simply to the past and present of that particular

school. In that case, not only the general public is aware, but the Brothers themselves know that for a long time the East End was most neglected. Not many months ago we called attention to how the boys from that section were scattered all over the city, and obliged to go to even the extreme end of Montreal to find instruction. The fact is that the pastors of that parish have had to contend with unnumbered obstacles, and one was the impossibility to secure teachers. The Christian Brothers could not, last year, even grant them two of their community for the new school, owing to the great demands upon them. So it resulted in the almost complete scattering of the children. It is only during the last twelve months that the pastors of the parish were enabled to secure a school, and great success has attended their efforts. The truth of the matter is that there are too many who, for private motives of one kind or another, make it their business to exaggerate facts—hence our editorial and our present explanation.

THE C. E. CONVENTION.

Mayor Desjardins' Splendid Address.

The following is the text of the address of welcome, by our worthy Chief Magistrate, to the Christian Endeavor Convention. It has received the highest praise in all quarters. It does honor to Mayor Desjardins and is worthy of a Catholic who understands and gives expression to the teachings of his church: "Ladies and gentlemen, I do not know really whether I am here to welcome you or to receive a welcome. Such has been the kindness of your reception that I do not know if the first impression must be an impression of thanks for your kindness or an expression of the sincere welcome with which the population of Montreal receive you amongst them to-day. When I say the population I do not make any exception; the whole population is greeting you to-day. This fact will arise out of this Convention, a fact which will speak very highly for the Christian spirit of the people on this continent. We may agree to disagree. Every one of you knows that I am a Roman Catholic, yet I am here to tell you that the population extend to you the most cordial and sincere welcome. Cheers. I think after all, ladies and gentlemen, we can find ground wide enough upon which we all can walk. You come here and teach us what Charity and what union can do. We believe in that ourselves. A fact which I think must have struck you all very forcibly since you have come amongst us is that we do not allow the chimneys of our industry to extend above the spires of our churches. When you look at the top of the chimneys you will see always a cloud which prevents you from seeing above, but when you look at the spire of the church, that gentle figure looking towards Heaven, it is felt that we have something more, that we have another destiny which Providence has prepared for us, and so amongst Christians, there is now a general feeling that the old strife must discontinue. The battle is not between creed and creed, but between

BELIEVERS AND UNBELIEVERS.

The battle to-day is between those who worship their God, and those who regard the earth as the ultimate end of their ambition. I think this great Convention will show that on this continent where progress, where science, where activity is developed to the utmost degree, we can find men and women by hundreds of thousands believing that they are not to rest the whole of their ambition on things worldly, but that they must see above and beyond. Well, ladies and gentlemen, in the expression of opinion I have just uttered is the reason to be found why the people of Montreal are so happy to treat you and to welcome you amongst them. We feel that the days you will pass amongst us will not be useless but that a strong permanent impression will remain and will pass down to our own young people which will tell them what they must do if they want to follow the good example shown them to-day. You know that for the time being I have the honor to be the chief magistrate of Montreal, and as such, when I heard that a great army was going to invade Montreal, I felt a little uneasy—an invasion by so many thousands. I was trying to remember some historical fact where I could find an instance of the kind. Would it be an invasion of Romans or the meeting of Romans and Scythians, but when I saw the army and the gentle way it conducted itself, I felt assured that everything would be all right, although I am not so easy about that annexation which has just been referred to. We have been always opposed to political annexation, but there is another kind of annexation which when the question is put makes us feel somewhat weak. Intercourse has been going on pretty freely between the two countries to the great benefit of them, and I hope that this friendly feeling will always stand above any political issue and will for a long time prevent any serious difficulty between them. I think you very much for your kind attention, and trust that your visit to Montreal will be as pleasant and as attractive as it can be made, so that when you return to your homes and when in the course of years you will think of Canadian cities you will have a good remembrance of Montreal." (Cheers.)

There are more Roman Catholic churches in Brooklyn than any other. Besides its chapels, this denomination has sixty one places of worship. The Protestant Episcopal comes next, with

forty-five; the Baptist has thirty-nine; the Methodist Episcopal, thirty-seven; the Presbyterians, thirty-five, and the Lutheran and Congregational Churches each twenty-eight. All of these buildings are alike costly and substantial.

A MODERN BRUTUS.

In connection with our editorial on this subject read the following:—

Provincial Secretary's Department,
Cabinet du Ministre,
QUEBEC, July 17, 1891.

Mr. J. I. Tarte, Le Canadien, Quebec:
Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that the Government have decided to confide to you the execution of public printing to the amount of \$3,000, and that this sum will be paid to you, or to your order, four months from this date. I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant.

(Signed) CHARLES LANGELLER,
Provincial Secretary.

This letter of credit is endorsed as follows:

Kindly pay to the order of Geo. Demers.
(Signed) J. ISRAEL TARTE.

Pay to the order of the Banque Nationale.
(Signed) G. DEMERS.
(Signed) P. LAFRANCE, Cashier.

The letter, it would appear from the story told, was given to Mr. Tarte about the time that gentleman was doing such good work cleaning the Augean stable at Ottawa. It was, as the endorsement indicates, discounted by Mr. Demers, who now asks the Taillon Government to pay him the \$3,000. In fact, Mr. Demers is making every possible effort to get his money, but the ministers assert that there is nothing in the department to show that the work was ever done; consequently, they do not feel disposed to hand over the sum in question.

THE HOME RULE BILL.

The Clause Giving Ireland an Upper-House Passed—The Different Steps Taken During the Past Week—Everything More Hopeful.

LONDON, July 6.—The House of Commons was crowded to-night with persons eager to see clause 5 of the Home Rule bill forced through the committee. The members worked steadily. At 9.40 o'clock Mr. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, began speaking. He was in the middle of a sentence when Big Ben struck 10 o'clock. He did not wait to finish but resumed his seat amid deafening Opposition cheers and cries of "Shame" and "Gag." Almost immediately Chairman Mellor put the question of the last Unionist amendment. He spoke timidly, as if afraid of his own words, and his voice was hardly audible in the din. Cheers and counter cheers resounded as Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues trooped out into the division lobby. Some of the Tories shouted "Gag" and "Coercion." They were answered with Irish cheers and the waving of Irish hats. The amendment was lost by a vote of 324 to 286. Clause 5, which concerns the Irish executive authority, was then passed by a vote of 324 to 289.

Clause 6, which provides for an Irish parliament with a legislative council of forty-eight members, was passed without debate. The vote was 315 to 300. Henry Labouchere, Radical; John Burns, Labor; Charles Conybeare, Radical, and Gavin Brown Clark, Radical, went with the Opposition in this division so as to make known their disapproval of the creation of an Irish House of Lords.

The smallness of the majority and the preparations of the Government to proceed with the passage of clause 8 caused intense excitement throughout the House.

Chairman Mellor put the question of clause 7, which provides for the constitution of an Irish Legislative Assembly.

Sir James Ferguson, Conservative, for northeast Manchester, exclaimed: "There are blanks in this clause. We do not know what it means. How can we vote intelligently on it?"

"No question can be raised at this time," replied Chairman Mellor.

The clause was then carried, 325 to 269.

Clause 8, which contemplates cases of disagreement between the two houses of the Irish legislature, was carried by a vote of 325 to 291. The abatement of the confusion gave Mr. Gladstone an opportunity to move that the committee rise and report progress. The motion was carried before the Conservatives fairly realized what was being done.

Mr. Gladstone hastily gathered his papers and left the House. The Opposition, after denouncing the Premier for

his summary method of cutting off further discussion, agreed on a motion to adjourn.

A page and a half of the bill was pushed through committee this evening. This is almost as much space as the House in committee had disposed of at all the previous sittings.

EIGHTY MEMBERS FOR IRELAND.

LONDON, July 10.—The discussion of the ninth clause of the Irish Government Act, which relates to the representation in the Imperial Parliament of Irish counties and boroughs, began to-day in committee of the whole of the House of Commons, Right Hon. J. W. Mellor in the chair. The bill provides for the retention of eighty Irish members in the Imperial Parliament, a reduction of twenty-three on the present representation of Ireland.

Mr. John Redmond, Parnellite, moved the adoption of an amendment to retain the representation of Ireland at its full number, 108 members.

Mr. Gladstone opposed the motion. The Government, he said, could not go beyond giving Ireland representation in accordance with the proportion of her population as compared with that of Great Britain.

A division was taken on the amendment and resulted in its defeat by a vote of 280 to 208.

The announcement of the result was greeted with cheers by the Liberals.

Mr. Edward Heffernan, Unionist, moved an amendment to the effect that the Irish be excluded entirely from the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone replied that the retention of Irish members would prove the means of reassuring doubters as to the experiment of Home Rule.

The result of the division was the rejection of the amendment by a vote of 240 to 209.

The committee then rose and the House adjourned.

OBITUARY.

The Late Mrs. Heffernan.

The funeral of the late Mrs. Heffernan took place Monday morning from her late residence to St. Ann's church and was largely attended. The church was tastefully draped in mourning for the occasion. A solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, with a full choral accompaniment. After divine service the cortege wended its way to the place of interment, the Roman Catholic cemetery of Cote des Neiges. The chief mourners were Mr. Thomas Heffernan, son of the deceased; Messrs. John J. Heffernan, Thos. J. Heffernan, Joseph Heffernan and Peter Heffernan, the grandsons; also Peter Murray, senr., John and James Murray, A. Rooney, J. Corcoran. Following these were Messrs. Jas. Manning, P. King, Jno. Hoolahan, John Lunny, T. Gaynor and others.

The Late Mr. Edward Dooner.

It is our painful duty to record, this week, the death of an eminent citizen, a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in Montreal, in the person of Mr. Edward Dooner. The sad event took place on Saturday, the 8th instant, at his residence, 37 Metcalfe street. Mr. Dooner was one of the oldest members of St. Patrick's congregation and was widely known and highly esteemed in all the community. He emigrated to Canada, from Ireland, in 1840, and was connected with the Elchellou and Ontario Navigation Company from 1852 to 1883. The funeral, which took place yesterday morning, was largely attended, and the sorrow expressed was an evidence of the popularity and universal esteem which deceased had won. May his soul rest in peace.



Mr. David M. Jordan of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills—assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

WHY I AM A CATHOLIC.

REV. FATHER ELLIOTT'S SERMON.

Preached in St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday Last, at High Mass—A Magnificent Oration, and Most Appropriate to the Occasion.

I am a Catholic because the church is the divinely appointed means to attain the union of my soul with God, a union imperatively demanded by my reason as well as by the express will of my Creator.

Men join the Catholic Church from the most diverse and sometimes seemingly contradictory reasons. One class is drawn to her by her beauty, attracted by the sweetness of her music and the eloquence of her ritual; some, like Overbeck, paint themselves into Catholicity, or build themselves into her spiritual temple like Pugin. St. Peter's, at Rome, has made many converts. Multitudes are made Catholics by studying history, some by scientific study of nature; multitudes again, by the plain words of Scripture. Not a few are attracted by Catholic charity. "Why do you want to be baptized?" inquired a chaplain in a Catholic hospital of a dying tramp who had asked for baptism. "Because I want to die in the same religion as that woman with the big white bonnet that's been nursing me." I once met a sailor who, though he could not read and write, had argued himself into the Church and had been a fervent convert for several years. "What made you a Catholic?" I asked him. "Oh, sailing all about the world," was his answer—a sailor's way of acquiring the idea of the universal. I once received a hard-headed old Yankee into the Church who affirmed that he had been converted by reading the Boston Pilot. Some come in to do penance, driven by the sense of guilt into refuges, like La Trappe. I know men who have joined the Church from consciousness of innocence, revolting from the Protestant doctrine of total depravity; the innocence of childhood is happy in the Catholic Church.

Meantime not a few philosophers become Catholics, like Brownson and Ward. Father Hecker once told me that the study of the social problems started him from religious skepticism toward Catholic faith. Frederick Lucas affirmed that he became a Catholic because he was a logical Quaker. Donoso Cortez came back from infidelity because the church was the bulwark of conservative political institutions. Frederick Ozanam, on the other hand, took a firmer grip on Catholicity because he was a republican. Pope Leo begins one of his encyclicals with the words, "Liberty is God's greatest gift to man." His letter to the Brazilian bishops on the abolition of slavery reads like a very radical document.

In fact all roads lead to Rome, if one travels through the world in search of light, or joy, or brotherhood, and all roads lead away from Rome if traveled for isolation or for contention. The centripetal force of intellectual and moral humanity is Catholic, and the centrifugal force is Protestant, as the names imply.

But how are all these minds and moods made one in the Catholic Church? How can each of these say "I am a Catholic" and all mean the same thing? Because all subscribe to the sentence with which I began. The vital essence of Catholicity is the elevation of the rational creature to union with God, through the mediation of the Son of God. This takes place by the power of the Holy Spirit, who superadds to the relation man received from his Maker in the act of creation another relation—one that makes him a participator in the divine nature, and which transforms him from a creature into a child of God. This is the essence of Christianity in its relation to man; this is Catholicity at the last analysis. It is the long-forward all the different spirits I spoke of at the outset. It is this essential religious element which makes them all one when in the Church. All are reaching out for that something more of life which nature craves and which it cannot give. This tendency of man toward God is the universality, the Catholicity of religion, which clothes itself in song, in architecture, in painting; which formulates the philosopher's arguments and organizes the philanthropist's sympathy. Those who long for restraint find it divine in Catholic discipline. Those who crave for more liberty on entering the Church may say with the Psalmist, "I have run

in the way of thy commandments when Thou didst enlarge my heart." Some are weary of the world, and the Church is their refuge because it is the bosom of their Father. Some would use the world more safely and more fully for the divine love, and they find in the Church a safeguard of well ordered liberty. "You cannot have God for your father, unless you have the Church for your mother," was a saying in the early Church.

Is there any other way of explaining Catholicity except that it is a divine answer to the various forms of yearning for divine fruition? How otherwise explain a unity so imperative and yet so elastic, a universality so wide and at the same time so centralized, a conservatism so stable and yet so pliant, a liberty so radical and yet so safe? It would be an error to characterize this great religion otherwise than by its essential principle—the gift of the divine fatherhood to humanity; the elevation of the human to the divine through the mediatorship of God the Son and the indwelling of God the Holy Ghost. Catholicity may be adequately defined as the progress of man under a stimulant altogether divine, assisted by an external polity equally divine, toward a happiness far beyond nature's wildest dream, breaking through the outer wall of nature into the supernatural life of God and participating in the divine attributes. Catholicity gives the life of man a power of growth into union with God. The essential power in Catholicity is the attraction of God upon man, drawing his soul into a state of being so far above the natural that even his intensest longings but vaguely indicate its dignity. This is the divine harmony of the musical convert, the divine beauty of the architect, the artist and the ritualist; the divine idea of authority and of order in the soul of the conservative convert; the divine first and final cause of the philosopher and scientist; the divine freedom of the radical. In each case the natural traits of the convert are the Creator's prologomena of the Mediator's work.

There is a void in every human soul which all creatures united would be unable to fill. God alone can fill it, for He is our beginning and our end. The possession of God fills up this void and makes us happy; the privation of God leaves in us this void, and is the cause of our wretchedness. The interior and exterior means of attaining to this possession of God, established by Jesus Christ, is the Catholic Church; it is the only means God has established for union with Himself, and it embraces all means which could possibly be successful. "Thou hast made us for Thyself," exclaims St. Augustine, "and our hearts are unrestful till they find repose in Thee." The method of attaining that repose in God is called the Catholic Church, because it is the sum of every appliance of nature and grace calculated to effect the purpose. There is no form of beauty, no accent of truth, no majesty of power imparted to man from on high which Catholicity has not the organic possession of by divine right, in order to effectuate the mediatorship of the Son of God upon the individual.

So much for Catholicity as an influence. As a society Catholicity is the organism employed by God to exert this influence and to furnish and apply the practical aids to the divine union. For this end the Church is the custodian of revealed truth, whether existent in the inspired writings or in the additional form of sound words handed down from the beginning. She is both the custodian and the interpreter of the communications of God to man which have been given the form of human speech. She is the official propagator of the Gospel. As a teaching body the Church is the organic perpetuation of the apostolic band of missionaries, having a divine power of teaching the truth as once revealed, and of dispensing supernatural aids to holy living. As a society the distinctive characteristic of Catholicity is the universal doctorate of Christ and the supreme magistracy of His moral discipline. The divine virtues of faith in Christ's revelation, hope in His mercy and love for His incarnate divinity are the birthright of the members of the Catholic Church.

Of these virtues the unitive one by excellence is love, and in a normal condition of things it will shine above all other qualities as the conspicuous trait of Catholicity. In one age the necessities of the times drive men into seclusion, and in another bring out obedience as a protest against rebellion. The necessities

of yet another age induce the practice of an extreme poverty both public and private. But when all said in favor of every virtue there ever remains these three—faith, hope and charity, and the greatest of these is charity. The Catholic doctrine is that charity is the seal and substance of all union with God, so that in true obedience there is more of love than conformity, in voluntary poverty more of love than detachment from riches and honors, in prayerful seclusion more of love of God and man than dread of the defilement of the world. Catholic authority, if its efforts are unitive, must be inspired by love; if corrective it must bruise and heal alternately. Catholic liberty is freedom to do good for the love of God and man. The life of every organism is love, and this is true supremely and absolutely of organic Christianity—Catholicity.

The elevating influence so often mentioned is neither a mere force nor an idea; it is a Person. It is Christ. It is the introduction of a new life, His life, into humanity; not superimposed upon man, or imputed to man, but infused into him by the power of the Holy Ghost. "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." Christ has introduced a new species into humanity, known as the people of God—Christians; and his means of doing this is the Catholic Church. This new life is, in its consciousness, a new interior experience carrying the soul far above the highest flight of reason and transcending its powers. Yet reason and nature are fully assimilated to it, and it becomes and is in the highest degree personal. But this touch of the Deity is as organic as it is personal, for it is the love of kinship and is the undivided inheritance of all the children of God. "We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren," says St. John.

Thus it is not Christians who make the Church, but Christians are made by Christ through the instrumentality of the Church. I have not time to take you over the long list of Scripture texts going to prove this as a fact in the original formation of Christendom.

"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the consummation of the world," is a promise expounded and explained by our Saviour's numerous acts and teachings, all tending to the establishment of His religion as an organic force. Without organism there is no vital force. When God became man He assumed a position of advantage which would be forfeited if His divine gift did not continue to exhibit forever a human as well as a divine aspect. "I am the light of the world," He said, the light, that is to say, not simply of men's souls or thoughts, but of the actual and living world of men. "I am the way, the truth and the life." Indeed any powerful religion must be life in a high degree of external activity. Christ's life, human and divine as it was by the incarnation, must continue so in the very fullest sense of the term. Life, to operate on men effectually, must be organic, incorporated life.

Hence, Christ founded His Church as a distinct body of organized men, chose the first officers, invested them with prerogatives, established external forms of intercommunion and laid down rules of discipline, instituted an external order of worship and a series of sacred forms or sacraments, which are his chosen external means for conveying the divine life to our souls. The Church of Christ is the perpetuation of the Son of God in the universal distribution of its benefits. As men are constituted with bodily organisms acting as the instruments of a spiritual soul, the perpetuation and distribution of Christ's gifts are made efficacious by an external organism of men and things informed as a body with the spirit of Christ. The Church embraces all nature, interprets its every voice and unites all with divine harmony, offering to God an integral worship not unworthy of the mediator of a regenerate race and universe. The German monk, Henry Suso, was once asked what his thoughts were when he sang "Sursum Corda," "Lift Up Your Hearts," in the preface of the Mass. "My heart," he answered, "is stirred and set on fire with the contemplation of my entire being, my whole soul, my body, my forces and my powers, and round about me are gathered all the creatures with which the all powerful God has peopled the heavens, the earth and the elements; the angels of heaven, the beasts of the forest, the fishes in the waters, the plants of the earth, the sands of the sea, the atoms floating in the atmosphere, the flakes of snow, the drops of rain and the pearls

of dew. I think how all creatures, even to the most remote extremities of the world, obey God and contribute what they can to that mysterious harmony which without ceasing goes up to praise and bless the Creator. I then fancy myself in the midst of this concert as a choir master; I devote all my faculties to beat time; with the most energetic movements of my heart I invite them to sing most joyously with me "Sursum Corda." "Lift up your hearts. We have lifted them up to the Lord; let us give thanks a thousand times to the Lord our God."

The voice of nature is the voice of divine praise. In unregenerate nature it is inarticulate, but in regenerate nature as interpreted by the Catholic Church in her sacramental system, it is plainer than any lesson of life or death. In baptism God moves over the face of the waters, whose melody greets Him and thanks Him for restored innocence. In confession the voice of man accuses himself with the divine sorrow of Christ, and the voice of man absolves with the divine authority of the same Christ, and in each case it is the harmony of the voice of the dying Saviour and the penitent thief on Calvary. In communion the devout soul sings the wedding canticle of the supper of the Lamb.

The denial of the sacramental system is not simply the contradiction of revealed truth, not simply the abandonment of unbroken Christian tradition and the denial of incontrovertible historic evidence; it is the abandonment and denial of the uses of nature for the communication of divine life. It is more even than this; it is the affirmation that nature is so depraved that even under the spell of divine love it is dumb and futile.

The action of grace upon nature is not that of the amputation of a gangrened limb, but the inoculation of a healing lymph. The whole order of nature and all creatures in the world have been made to receive the action of divine grace and to assist in expelling from our hearts whatever is contrary to God. The sacramental system, with its accompanying ceremonial rites, is the consecration of nature to its legitimate end; the union of man with God in supernatural life. "I have come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly."

To sum up. The human soul is by nature admirably adapted to the divine union, after which for soul and body it ceaselessly longs. "Every creature *** groaneth, waiting for the adoption of the sons of God, the redemption of our body." This master passion of the human heart was gratified by Jesus Christ, organic union with whom is in what the apostle calls His body, the Catholic Church. This raises reason to secure supremacy over appetite, enlightens it with clear knowledge of its eternal destiny and bestows a power of loving both God and man altogether superhuman. That our humanity since Christ's time has been far more than equal to itself in a moral point of view is undeniable, an elevation which the experience of individuals and the history of nations associates inseparably with Catholicity.

The typical Catholic is one who has accepted the Universal Church as the custodian of Christ's revelation to men; he has assimilated that revelation till it is actually his own, and has become as personal to him as if made for himself alone; he advocates it by word and exemplifies it by deed, firstly according to the guidance of the Holy Spirit which dwells within him, and secondly according to the suggestions of Providence, made known by his environment of age and country.

The Catholic of our day will be distinguished by fidelity to conscience, and he will know his conscience to be enlightened by the readiness with which its admonitions are adjusted to the behests of lawful authority in the external order and to the inspirations of grace within.

I have given the reason why I am a Catholic, not as a man formed by a study of the past, or by a particular method of spiritual training, nor as an adherent of a particular devotional school in the Church, nor as a member of a religious community. I have spoken simply as a Catholic, belonging to a religion in the highest possible sense rational, and which unites me to God in soul and body; and as a man of to-day looking always to the dictates of conscience for guidance and adhering to Christ, who is of yesterday, to-day and the same forever.

ETERNITY.

FROM ADDISON'S "SPECTATOR" AUG. 4, 1714.

A lewd young fellow seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, Father, says he, you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world. True, love, said the Hermit; but what is thy condition if there is? Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other words, whether we should endeavor to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmost length of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasure of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of the question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provisions for this life as tho' it were never to have an end, and for the other life as tho' it were never to have a beginning.

Should a Spirit of Superior rank who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight on the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above three-score-and-ten years? And that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and astonishment, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the names of existence, when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist to all Eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of three-score-and-ten-years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition that you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, tho' in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as a unit does to the great-

est number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, might in such a case be so over-set by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life; but if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

NEGLECTED CHILDREN.

Some Remedy Needed for a Sad State of Affairs—Views of Physicians.

The recommendation of a coroner's jury, the other day, that the Legislature should pass a law to punish parents who do not give proper medical care to their children, has stirred up the medical profession to a considerable extent. Several practising physicians, who have been seen, are of opinion that the recommendation was a timely one and that it should be acted upon without delay.

One prominent doctor said yesterday: "Out of 105 little babies, of less than one year, who died last week, I have not the least doubt that at least one-half might have been saved by proper attendance. That is, indeed, a serious question, and one which should receive the attention of all men whose duty it is to look after the general welfare. Just think, more than fifty lives wasted in one week in one city! Out of a total 105, 98 were Catholic babies. Now this should show clearly, if nothing else would, that the large death rate is due to the want of proper care. I am a French-Canadian and a Catholic. I do not wish to be understood as saying that Catholic parents purposely neglect their children. I would rather say that generally the babies do not receive the care that they need because the parents are poor and cannot afford it. It is none the less a matter of concern for the Government. Only yesterday I was called to a house where a child of eight months had died, to give the required certificate. I called the coroner, who learned that the child had died of diarrhoea, and that not a drop of medicine had been given to him. When the coroner remonstrated with the parents, and said that a dog would not be allowed to die that way, the father replied that if he had an income of two or three thousand dollars, such as the coroner, he would have had a doctor.

"Now next door to where this baby died there was a family with twins of the same age. When the mother of the twins learned of her neighbor's baby's death, she remarked that 'God must be dreaming to take off that child, when she had had so much trouble with her own.' That same evening one of the twins died, and the other expired at noon to-day. They will be laid in the same coffin. Now, I cannot make a specific charge, but having seen the three babies, I am convinced that they were constituted to live had they been given the proper care."

"May I use your name?" asked the reporter.

"My name would not alter the facts," replied the doctor. "You must bear in mind that we are not public prosecutors and that we depend on the very people whom we might criticise for our living."

Dr. LaBerge, the head of the City Health department, was also seen. He

had no hesitation in saying that the large death rate among children was due to overcrowding. "The great proportion of Catholic babies who died as compared to Protestants is due in large measure to the fact that the former have more children than the latter. But overcrowding and want of care are the great evils. Take the ordinary workman's lodging of four rooms. Two of these are set apart for parlor and kitchen, and in the other two the eight or ten members of the family sleep. Most likely under the windows there is a privy pit. The air cannot but be vitiated, and medical authorities agree as to the fact that the largest number of cases of cholera infantum are due to impurities in the atmosphere. Then a baby is a delicate creature. It wants constant care. In a poor family the mother cannot be attending to her children all the time; and often she is not educated to do it in a proper manner. When a baby falls sick, if a doctor is called he can do little more than prescribe a diet; and I have known in my practice that the prescription is often disregarded by ignorant mothers.

"What is to be done? Well, there is first a question of education. I believe the Government could help progress in that direction. As to medical attendance, if it is going to be made compulsory the Government must supply the means to those who do not have them. I believe in that. I am a Socialist as far as that is concerned. I do not see that our Government should spend money to bring foreign immigrants until they have done everything possible to protect the lives of the children of the soil."

PROSELYTISING in the Pacific, is the title of a short but significant article in a recent number of the Liverpool Catholic Times. It runs thus:—

"Our contemporary, the Catholic Times of New Zealand, makes two serious charges against Sir J. B. Thurston, English High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. The High Commissioner is accused of attempting not only to proselytise the Catholics of Fiji into Wesleyanism, but of making use of the Government organ, Na Mata, or the Gazette, for the purpose of circulating atrocious libels on Catholics. Furthermore, Sir John, it is averred—apparently taking a few leaves out of books in circulation nearer home—has been distorting history to suit his purpose and prejudice Catholicism in native eyes. Sir John has been interviewed on the subject, and it is suggestive that his only answer is a tissue of rather coarse abuse of our contemporary. He has, in fact, 'unmitigated contempt' for it, but it is very probable that he will change the tune when his superior, Lord Ripon, has had his say in the matter. Unquestionably the case is one for immediate investigation. The charges are plain and direct, without a semblance of vagueness; and, besides, the files of Na Mata tell their own tale. Government gazettes on 'No Popery' is something we desire to be spared. Such tactics must be left to tolerate a goodly number. If High Commissioners in the restful regions of the Pacific find time hanging a little heavy on their hands, and would fain set their minds to some exciting task, it would be well to let them know that to proselytism and libels on Catholics there is a decided objection at the seat of Government. More congenial fields should be found for such doughty heroes."

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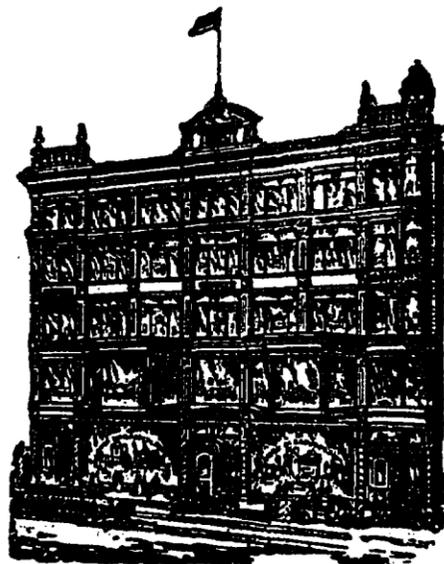
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A ROYAL WEDDING.

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A Distinguished Gathering—Numerous and Costly Presents—A Grand Ceremony—The Sailor Prince and the Princess May of Teck are Wedded.

A London despatch of the sixth July tells us that the marriage of the Duke of York (Prince George of Wales) and the Princess Victoria May of Teck, an event to which all England had been looking forward to with great interest, took place at half-past 12 o'clock that day in the Chapel Royal, St. James' palace. The wedding was brilliant function, and was attended by a large gathering of the members of the British Royal family, continental sovereigns or their representatives, and many members of the highest nobility. The Royal party left Buckingham palace in four processions, the first conveying the members of the household and distinguished guests. The next procession included the Duke of York and his supporters, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh. The bride came in the third procession, accompanied by her father, the Duke of Teck, and her brother, Prince Adolphus of Teck. The last procession was that of the Queen, who accompanied by the Duches of Teck, her younger sons and the Grand Duke of Hesse, drove in state to the ceremonial.

At 12.15 the Duke of York and his escort arrived at the Chapel Royal. Five minutes later deafening cheers, announced the arrival of Princess May. A fanfare of trumpets was sounded as the Queen arrived and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the multitude.

As the Queen's procession, which included the Duches of Teck and the Grand Duke of Hesse, walked up the aisle. Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Imperial March" was played. A march in "G," composed by Smart, was played during the progress of the bridegroom's procession, and as the bride and her supporters passed up the aisle to the altar, the organist played Wagner's march from "Lohengrin."

There were eight officiating clergymen within the rails of the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Ely (Lord High Almoner), and the Bishop of Rochester (Clerk of the Closet) stood on the right hand of the communion table, on which was placed the splendid gold plate which belongs to the chapel. On the left hand were the Bishop of London, the Dean of Windsor, the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, Canon Harvey (rector of Sandringham) and Canon Dalton.

MANY GIFTS FROM MANY LANDS.

To enumerate the bridal gifts and the name of their donors would require several columns of newspaper space. Presents were received from all parts of the British dominions. The Duke of York's present to his bride consisted of an open petalled rose in pearls and diamonds and a five-row pearl necklace. The pearls are not exceptionally large, but they are perfectly pure in color and splendidly matched. The Duke and Duches of Teck gave their daughter a suite of jewels, comprising tiara, necklaces and brooch of turquois and diamonds. Much has been said regarding the opposition of the Princess of Wales to the marriage, it being stated that she did not approve of her son marrying the girl who had been engaged to his brother, even though that brother was dead. The present given by the Princess of Wales should put at rest these rumors, for it is doubtful if a more valuable gift was ever given by any one on a similar occasion. The Princess' gift consisted mostly of jewellery and precious stones, the whole being valued at £250,000.

On the way back to Buckingham palace from the Chapel Royal the procession was led by the carriage of the Queen. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duches of Teck, was wrapped up in a white Indian shawl. She gave instructions that the carriage should proceed slowly in order that she might view the decorations. This gave the crowds along the route an opportunity to again see Her Majesty, and she was enthusiastically cheered.

The faces of the Duke and Duches of York beamed with happiness, and they repeatedly bowed and smiled as the salvos of applause and the cheers of the

multitudes were repeated again and again. The Duches of Teck looked charmingly beautiful. She carried in one hand a bouquet of Provence roses, orchids and orange blossoms. At half-past two o'clock the Royal party withdrew from the balcony to attend the dejeuner. The dejeuner was a very social affair, royalty for the time putting aside its prerogatives and entering fully into the joyousness of the occasion. The toasts were drunk with all the honors and nearly two hours were spent at the table. During this time the crowds awaited for the reappearance of the bride and groom on their way to Sandringham, the Prince of Wales' country residence, where they will spend part of their honeymoon.

ON READING.

The art of printing has been justly regarded as one of the most potent factors in the civilization of the world, and by its means the diffusion of knowledge has become general. Yet, like all great agencies, it has often been abused, and perverted to wrong ends.

Books and newspapers exercise an extraordinary influence upon the development of character; and when it is considered that now-a-days the passion for reading is almost universal, it becomes evident that great care should be used in the selection of the mental food that we help ourselves and others to daily. Every day the press pours forth battalions of books and newspapers, some of which are highly dangerous, some merely trashy, some indifferent, and a few good. From these we are invited to make a selection, often without any guide save that of a cultivated or perverted taste.

Sad to say, the general choice is not a happy one, to judge by the numbers of silly or vulgar publications that flaunt in the windows of booksellers' shops. Bright covers and suggestive titles are the strongest claims that most of these books possess to our notice; within, they are a tissue of false sentiment, exaggerated commonplace, and, too frequently, poisonous principle. Even worse than these books, because they are cheaper, are the weekly story-papers with their distorted woodcuts and impossible characters who marry in vaults or graveyards, undergo death several times at the hands of the villain, and end finally in triumph after a course of proceedings which would, in real life, consign them to a gaol or mad-house. To dignify these publications by the name of literature would not be correct, yet it is just this sort of mental nourishment that our young people, especially girls, are devouring daily. The correlative evil for boys is the dime novel, that chronicle of the impossible feats of the ubiquitous and much-disguised detective, and the equally heroic cow boy. Reading of this kind, persistently indulged in, will spoil the best character and counteract the effects of the most enlightened system of education. It is frequently urged that the taste for extravagant literature is a natural outcome of the restricted and commonplace lives of the majority of mankind. Having little that is romantic or ideal in their surroundings, they seek it in books. This is perhaps true in part, but why does it follow that the majority choose the very worst kind of light reading? There are hundreds of books in the world which furnish the most romantic reading and yet are free from the undesirable characteristics of most modern novels; for example, the works of Scott, Dickens, Irving. A pure and healthy tone pervades the books of these authors and one rises from their perusal with more elevated views and a better understanding of mankind at large. They appeal to what is best in human nature, and are therefore diametrically opposed to the spirit of the ordinary novel.

Besides these and many others of the same school, there are the works of distinctly Catholic writers, such as Lady Fullerton and Christian Reid, Aubry de Vere and Maurice Egan, and a host of others. Catholic literature has made great strides of late years, and as a rule it compares very favorably with that of the secular school, but even in Catholic literature there is a distinction to be made. There seems to be a leaning, on the part of some Catholic writers, towards religious idealism, and they draw characters that are seldom to be met with in real life. In their books we find young persons who practise with calm ease, virtues which the greatest saints have acquired only after years of

mortification and prayer. Temptation slides off them harmlessly and never for an instant disturbs the placid serenity of their souls. They live and move and have their being in a spiritual fortress placed high above even the reach of an assault. With all this, they are not attractive to ordinary mortals, and should we accidentally come in contact with such a person in real life we should feel chilled and repelled by the want of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.

But we never do meet anyone like that, it is an impossible ideal, and a mistake upon the part of the author. A writer would do more good by describing the weaknesses of his characters and the means they employed to overcome them, than by inventing faultless personages who never did and never could exist. The same class of writers make a specialty of converting Protestants, and the result is the controversial novel, in which the Catholic hero or heroine expounds an abridgment of "Butler's Catechism," the "End of Controversy," or "Father Damen's Lectures," and behold! the Protestant capitulates and becomes a Catholic forthwith. Anyone who has had much experience among Protestants is well aware that conversion is by no means so easily effected. There is not a disputed point of doctrine that they will not sift to the bottom before they acknowledge their error. Driven from one standpoint, they will intrench themselves in another, and call to their aid every argument that human ingenuity can invent to prove themselves in the right. It is only when doubt can no longer find an available foothold that they will admit the truth and the claims of the Catholic Church and enter her fold. But how many months and years are consumed in this spiritual warfare, and amid how much sorrow and anguish of heart do they at last abandon their untenable position? The greater number of conversions in real life are vastly different to what we find them depicted in stories, and when they occur in the manner described by novelists, for sometimes they do, they are rather the results of sensibility than of intelligence, and it too often happens that those so-called converts display as ready a facility in reverting to their original principles as they did in forsaking them, when a favorable opportunity arises, or when they begin to realize the fact that flowers and incense, lights and music, are only the externals of the Catholic religion. While there is a large class of Protestants who are really ignorant of the true doctrine of the Church, there is still another who are quite conversant with it, and whose energies are oftener directed to the task of proving Catholics wrong than themselves right. This sort of Protestant is scarce in fiction, but frequent in real life. An indefatigable arguer, he will admit that he is, "perhaps," wrong in his theology, but he always ends by insisting that Catholics are certainly so.

To be of any real use and assistance, a writer must depict life and its problems as they are, not as, in his imagination, they ought to be. To do this does not necessitate a descent to the vulgarity that too often cloaks itself under the name of "realism." The world around us is full of romance; tragedy and comedy go hand in hand through our daily life, and the writer who can reproduce them upon paper need never depend upon his imagination to create works that will be intensely interesting.

The foundations of life-long habits are laid in childhood and early youth, and it should be the care of parents and teachers to foster an intelligent literary taste in the minds of those committed to their care. Teach young people to analyze the sentiments and tendencies of whatever they read, and point out to them such characteristics and leanings as may escape their less experienced eye. Before long they will easily distinguish between true and false principles, and having once acquired this faculty, it will prove a better safeguard against indiscriminate reading than the barrier of goody-goody books that they never read after they leave school.

EMMA C. STREET.

L'Union St. Vincent has elected the following officers:—President, A. Labelle; 1st vice-president, J. O. Boucher; 2nd vice president, J. B. Poirier; recording secretary, A. Beaudoin, re-elected; assistant secretary, Alf. Allard; treasurer, U. Ouellette, re-elected; assistant treasurer, Chas. Jeannotte; corresponding secretary, V. A. Pilon.

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every requirement of each school may be at once understood. We repeat the inspector must be a thorough English scholar, a trained teacher, a sound disciplinarian, and a man constantly present, from end to end of the scholastic year, in the schools; without such a person the Board can never do justice to all, and a huge farce must be constantly enacted.

A MODERN BRUTUS.

"Brutus was an honorable man," so said Mark Anthony; "So is Mr. Tarte," cries out Israel. They may be both "honorable men," but both had sufficient patriotic courage to stab their friends. In the name of patriotism the Roman Brutus struck down Cæsar, who had so befriended him; in the name of patriotism the Canadian Brutus struck at those into whose secrets he had "wormed" himself, and from whose hands he had received that recognition which drew him from obscurity. But he was ambitious; he sought for fame; he secured unsavory notoriety. As a purifier of the political atmosphere he set out with his little watering-can, filled with a few cup-fuls out of the morass into which he had waded; as a corrector of public men he undertook to unearth every skull and bone that might indicate that some skeleton had once been buried in the pasture of his predilection. But he went one step too far; he carried his unbridled ambition one grade too high upon his stairway to importance. While Mr. Tarte confined himself to his long-sighted but well-cloaked game of undermining a political party to which he so long pretended to belong, success attended his efforts; but when he sought to elevate himself to the lofty seat of "Lord High Executioner" of politicians, judges and bishops, his head turned in a natural dizziness and he committed errors that he can scarcely ever rectify.

Mr. Tarte's career reads like a novel; he was a regular Don Quixote in the political arena. In the days of the De-Boucherville, the Joly, the Chapleau and the Mousseau regimes, there was no such *Blue* in all Quebec as Mr. Tarte; he even out-did Mr. R. P. Vallee, in his Conservatism. He was a remarkable organizer, a clever electioneer; he became almost a *sine qua non* of victory in every contest. And yet mark his footsteps; follow them from county to county; trace his course throughout Quebec district, and you must inevitably see the "coming events cast their shadow before." Israel is sent into a county; he is a chief organizer for the *Blues*, and his candidate is elected by a large majority. But remember that he never goes back to that constituency; he leaves it in such a condition that forever afterwards it is an uphill fight for that party, if not a certain defeat. Credit is given to Brutus for having won such an election, and out of that credit he makes capital. Meanwhile, he enters the inner circles of the party; he is a confidential man; his plans are well laid. There is no danger of any second Conservative victory in places where Israel has once fought; he worked that part of the scheme perfectly. The second part is to await the hour when he can hold a balance of power, become the terror of the party he has been playing with, and the only hope of the one he intends to play for. That hour comes; the political purifier gets elected and under the shield of patriotism draws the sword upon his friends of the past. So patriotic has he become that he wants to save his suffering countrymen from the terrible oppression inflicted upon them by the Bench; so patriotic is he, that he feels inclined to usurp the Archiepiscopal crozier and dictate to the pioneer missionary of the

North-West a code of conduct regarding the Catholic school question. And he has the audacity to accuse that prelate of political intrigue, he whose whole political career has been nothing but a long chain of intrigues, every link of which was welded with the hammer of self-interest, upon the anvil of espionage and by the fitful fire of uncertain principles.

The whole question between Mr. Tarte and His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, reduces itself to this: the Catholic schools of Manitoba have been under the eye of Mgr. Tache since ever the first Catholic child received instruction upon the banks of the Red River. His Grace gave his life, his vigor of manhood, his fire of apostolic zeal, and all that a missionary could possess or give in the cause of the church and of Catholic instruction in that new country. His heart and soul are in the case now pending. He has interests at stake that are dearer to him than aught else on earth, for they mean the fruits of his long years of labor and sacrifice. It so happens that this question is sought to be made a political issue for the benefit of certain politicians; it also happens that neither party desires to make it a subject of purely party difference; and it likewise happens that the party in power, and that has been in power since the question has been under discussion, is the party Mr. Tarte has been seeking (for reasons better known to himself) to undermine. At the recent convention in Ottawa the Liberals were wise enough to fight shy of Mr. Tarte and his schemes; he failed to set his little plank into the platform they had built: so on his own hook he is determined to make a party question of the Manitoba school episode. To do so he made one assertion after another, until Mgr. Tache was forced to call him to order. The question, then, simply reduces itself to this: Mgr. Tache, the pioneer Archbishop of that country, the Catholic father of Manitoba, with his disinterestedness and non-political devotedness to the cause of his spiritual flock, is in one scale; in the other is Mr. Tarte, the modern political Brutus, with his ambitions, his animosities and his erratic career. Surely the choice is not difficult.

TO-MORROW, the 13th July, Marshal MacMahon will celebrate his eighty-fifth birthday. He is now engaged in writing the memoirs of his life, and apparently from all reports he enjoys excellent health. Few of the great men of this century will go down to posterity with higher and more honorable titles to fame. It was his misfortune to have been cast into the great world under such a master as the Third Napoleon; but despite all the obstacles in his way and the chances against him, Marshal MacMahon has been a savior to France and an honor to his name and ancestors.

SEVERAL times we intended giving an editorial upon that most important of conventions, "the Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem," but lack of space and crush of local subjects prevented us from touching upon that wonderful meeting of the East and West at the cradle of Christianity. However, we furnish our readers, this week, with a short account of the proceedings of the convention, as given by the London Tablet. That Eucharistic Congress is more significant than may appear to us at first thought; it is evidently the herald of a great cementing of the different Catholic bodies throughout Europe and Asia. Its effects will only be perceived in a few years hence when the seed sown in 1898 will have taken root and sprung into a glorious harvest.

CONVENTION ADDRESSES.

We give our readers, in this issue, the text of Mayor Desjardins' admirable address of welcome to the members of the Christian Endeavor Convention. Without doubt that speech was one of the most appropriate we ever heard, and certainly it is a credit to the first magistrate of this great city and to the people of Canada. While announcing himself as a Roman Catholic Hon. Mr. Desjardins gave expression to sentiments that must find an echo in every Christian breast. As the organ of a not inconsiderable portion of the Catholic population of this Province, we heartily thank the Mayor for the manner in which he rose to the level of the occasion and represented the citizens of Montreal in presence of that vast concourse of strangers.

Turning from the Mayor's speech to the different addresses and sermons delivered by the delegates we must confess that it would require a large volume to do justice to them all. In reading the different public utterances of these gentlemen we found very little new in them. It seems to us that, as we peruse the columns of the press in which lengthy reports are given, we meet constantly with very familiar ideas, conveyed in more or less different forms, but mostly devoid of that originality of conception which dazzles or attracts. However, there are two exceptions, and indeed, each of them, from a practical point of view, is most striking and calculated to leave lasting impressions.

The first of these two speakers is the Rev. W. Hoyt, of Minneapolis, who delivered a most unique and admirable address upon "The possibility of Junior Christian Endeavor." It was a masterly piece of composition; glittering with gems of poetic thought; shining with the golden threads of sentiment woven into the warp of religious fervor; touching, simple and yet sublime. His exordium, in which he speaks of Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto, in the Dresden gallery, and how the knees of the soul irresistibly bend before the image of the Divine Child, is one of the most beautiful and most appropriate that could have been made. Then comes his majestic description of Chamouni, the towering grandeur of Mont Blanc, and the wonderful comparison of that giant of the Alps with Christ in His sublime teachings. But what was most admirable of all was the manner in which he showed that the Christian religion is the only one that ever recognized the child. The pagans had no room in their temples for children; their gods were full grown men; the Mahometans had no place in their mosques for the little ones; in Christianity alone do we find the Child-God, and that same God asking, to have the children come unto Him. In a word that address, by Rev. Mr. Hoyt, was a gem, a masterpiece, and so appropriate. We would like to hear such a man as that upon some of the burning questions of the age. The originality of conception and of expression in that one simple speech for the children is sufficient to set the seal of superiority upon the man's work.

But there is another exception to whom we have just referred and the impressions that the second gentleman will leave behind are far from being as pleasant, while they may be as lasting, as those left by Rev. Mr. Hoyt. The second of these two is the Rev. Sumantrao Vishnu Karmarkar, of Bombay: a name as crooked to spell and as hard to pronounce as the ideas and the sense of the man who bears it. This representative of India's missionary gentlemen is decidedly as barbaric in his habits as in his costume and as uneducated in his

manners as he is ignorant in his religious instruction. After the manner in which the Catholic mayor of a Catholic city had welcomed his confreres of the Christian Endeavor, this Oriental undertakes to insult the Catholic faith, and through it the Catholic themselves, by statements as bitter as they are false. Take the following from his speech:

"There is a remarkable correspondence between Romish worship and Hindoo worship. Romanism is but a new label on the old bottles of paganism containing the deadly poison of idolatry. Often the Hindoos ask us, when seeing the Romish worship, 'What is the difference between Christianity and Hindooism?' In India we have not only to contend with the hydra-headed monster of idolatry but also the octopus of Romanism."

We would like nothing better than half an hour on the same platform with this Oriental genius. He certainly has the vivid imagination of the Eastern races. He must have imagined that Canadians have never heard of nor read of India and the missionary work done there: he must be under the impression that the world never heard of a St. Francis and the successes that have attended the footsteps of his Catholic followers; that we are ignorant of the gigantic failure of the hundreds of thousands of Bibles to convert the Hindoo; that we know nothing of the introduction of the same Bibles by means of the sword and bad rum; that we never read the missionary and secular press of India. Poor man: he is better off in his own country than amongst civilized Christians, he does well to set sail for the land of monsters and octopi; we have no room for such advocates of Christianity.

To the credit of Mr. H. B. Ames, chairman of the Press committee, he repudiated the language of the Hindoo preacher. Rev. Mr. Clark, in open meeting, lamented the fact of such language having been used and said that the Convention was not responsible for individual speakers. We think the audience should have marked its disapproval of the sentiments so rashly expressed. However, another rev. gentleman undertook to criticize the school system and to speak of the Apostolic Delegate as "Mr. Satoli, an unaccredited envoy of the gentleman from beyond the ocean." Such a style is not calculated to create good feelings, nor is it an index of a very Christian spirit on the part of the speaker. Decidedly it is an evidence of a great lack of education. We would advise the members of the Christian Endeavor to be more careful in the selection of their speakers at the next convention. One rash person can destroy the good effects of all the best sermons and lectures that could be given. It does not add to the convention's respectability to have the spirit of A. P. A.ism too prominently displayed.

THE Paris Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has granted its highest mark of merit to a book entitled "Criminal France," from the pen of the Catholic philosopher Joly. The work fairly crushes out all arguments in favor of what is called *la morale indépendante*, that is the theory favoring emancipation from ecclesiastical authority. The Catholic Times says:

"M. Joly proves beyond contradiction that the period during which this process of so-called emancipation has been going on in France has been most fruitful in crime. In fact, contemporaneously with the decline of Christian principles throughout the country crime has increased in an alarming degree. The advance in the number of deeds of violence and immorality has been out of all proportion with the growth of the population. M. Joly notes, too, the failure of mere secular school training to check the progress of the wave of criminality. It is found that a large percentage of the convicts have received a very complete but godless education, and such persons, after their release from prison, relapse into evil ways far more frequently than illiterates. M. Joly, in a word, establishes what the supporters of denominational education continually proclaim—that a nation which banishes religion from its public schools is pursuing a course that tends to the moral shipwreck of its citizens."

American hay is being exported from New York to France.

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]
ADDRESS TO MOUNT ROYAL.

(BY JAMES B. DOLLARD, "SLIEVE-N-A-MON.")

Oh! Mount that lifeth up thy head
In the city, beyond the city's din,
Lest ponder now the mighty ages dead,
Or dost thou weep man's vanity and sin?
Come whisper us of facts and scenes primeval,
When thou wert born of some terrene upheaval.

Come, settle thou the deep dispute of sages:
Did the most wondrous world create itself?
How long endured the Prasadamic ages?
Was man once ape or some like earth-bred
elf.

Whom may we believe—th'inspired, majestic
Moses,
Or fools who see no farther than their noses?

Tell us, for so-called savants have asserted,
"The eye of Science finds no Primal Power"
Did it stand here ever, futile and deserted,
Or fall from space in some atomic shower?
Seer of the Past, why shake thy sylvan locks,
Thine upturned face the Unbeliever mocks.

I hear a murmur thro' thy thousand trees,
The voice of conscious Nature, 'tis which
says:

"I come from Him who rules the mighty
seas—
From Him the Lord All Infinite in days
"All-wise in counsel—creature of an hour,
"And dare ye question the Eternal Power?"

Since first thy matter was by God created,
What countless winters' storms and snows
have fled.

Did Ottawa roll thus ever unabated,
And grand St. Lawrence fret its rocky bed?
What Indian wandering to thy woody base,
With awe-struck eyes first saw thy massive
face.

And thou hast seen, say was it with surprise,
When came stout Cartier with his brothers
brave—

Hast seen the flash of triumph in his eyes,
When from thy cliffs he viewed the far-
stretched wave,
The mighty valley at his feet unrolled,
What riches might its fertile soil unfold?

Say how the city grew about thy base,
How lofty spires arose, and palace fair,
Strong-built by a strange and restless race,
Whose axes laid thy swelling bosom bare;
Thou didst not murmur 'gainst the intruders
bold,
They ravaged but to grace thee manifold.

For now thou look'st on many a happy home
And wide-spread fields that promise golden
grain,
While thro' thine avenues of pleasure roam
The smiling maiden and the thoughtful
swain,
And silvery sounds of childish laughter greet
The welcoming ear in cadence glad and sweet.

Oh, silent watcher of the city great,
Lofty and vast thy vision doth exult,
Thoughts in my soul above its vulgar state
Of care diurnal, void of faith and light,
Thou pointest to the realm of God above,
And whisperest me His Power and His Love.

JAMES B. DOLLARD, "SLIEVE-N-A-MON."
Montreal, June 6, 1893.

*Some of the theories advanced to explain
away creation are as absurd and as vague as
this.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

"The whole story is in the papers. The boys have taken the opportunity of your father's absence from home to make a demand for arms at your house, and your sister, it seems, showed fight and beat them off. They talk of two fellows been seen badly wounded, but of course, that part of the story cannot be relied on. That they got enough to make them beat a retreat is, however, certain; and as they were what is called a strong party, the feat of resisting them is no small glory for a young lady."

"It was just what Kate was certain to do. There's no man with a braver heart."

"I wonder how the beautiful Greek behaved? I should like greatly to hear what part she took in the defence of the castle. Was she fainting or in hysterics, or so overcome by terror as to be unconscious?"

"I'll give you any wager you like Kate did the whole thing herself. There was a White-boy attacking to force the stairs when she was a child, and I suppose we rehearsed that combat fully fifty—ay, five hundred times. Kate always took the defence, and though we were sometimes four to one, she kept us back."

"By jove! I think I should be afraid of such a young lady."

"So you would. She has more pluck in her heart than half that blessed province you come from. That's the blood of the old stock you are often pleased to sneer at, and of which the present will be a lesson to teach you better."

"May not the lovely Greek be descended from some ancient stock, too? Who is to say what blood of Perciles she has not in her veins? I tell you I'll not give up the notion that she was a sharer in this glory."

"If you've got the papers with the account, let me see them, Joe. I've half

a mind to run down by the night mail—that is, if I can. Have you got any tin, Atlee?"

"There were some shillings in one of my pockets last night. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen-and-six first class, and a few shillings for a cab."

"I can manage that; but I'll go and fetch the papers; there's time enough to talk of the journey."

The newsman had just deposed the Croppy on the table, as Joe returned to the breakfast-table, and the story of Kilgobbin headed the first column in large capitals. "While our contemporaries," it began, "are recounting with more than their wonted eloquence the injuries inflicted on three poor laboring men, who, in their ignorance of the locality, had the temerity to ask for arms at Kilgobbin Castle yesterday evening, and were ignominiously driven away from the door by a young lady whose benevolence was administered through a blunderbuss, we, who form no portion of the polite press, and have no pretension to mix in what are euphuistically called the 'best circles' of this capital, would like to ask, for the information of those humble classes among which our readers are found, is it the custom for young ladies to await the absence of their fathers to entertain young gentlemen tourists? and is a reputation for even heroic courage not somewhat dearly purchased at the price of the championship of the admittedly most profligate man of a vicious and corrupt society? The heroine who defended Kilgobbin can reply to our query."

Joe Atlee read this paragraph three times over before he carried in the paper to Kearney.

"Here's an insolent paragraph, Dick," he cried, as he threw the paper to him on the bed.

"Of course it's a thing that cannot be noticed in any way, but it's not the less rascally for that."

"You know the fellow who edits this paper, Joe?" said Kearney, trembling with passion.

"No; my friend is doing his bit of oakham at Kilmainham. They gave him thirteen months, and a fine that he'll never be able to pay; but what would you do if the fellow who wrote it were in the next room this moment?"

"Thrash him within an inch of his life."

"And with the inch of life left him, he'd get strong again, and write at you all belonging to you every day of his existence. Don't you see that all this license is one of the prices of liberty? There's no guarding against excesses when you establish a rivalry. The doctors could tell you how many diseased lungs and aneurisms are made by training for a rowing-match."

"I'll go down by the mail to-night and see what has given the origin to this scandalous falsehood."

"There's no harm in doing that, especially if you take me with you."

"Why should I take you, or for what?"

"As guide, counsellor, and friend."

"Bright thought, when all the money we can muster between us is only enough for one fare."

"Doubtless, first-class; but we could go third-class, two of us, for the same money. Do you imagine that Damon and Pythias would have been separated if it came even to travelling in a cow-department?"

"I wish you could see that there are circumstances in life where the comic man is out of place."

"I thrust I shall never discover them; at least so long as fate treats me with 'heavy tragedy.'"

"I'm not exactly sure either, whether, they'd like to receive you just now at Kilgobbin."

"Inhospitable though! My heart assures me of a most cordial welcome."

"And I should only stay a day or two at farthest."

"Which would suit me to perfection. I must be back here by Tuesday if I had to walk the distance."

"Not at all improbable, so far as I know of your resources."

"What a churlish dog it is! Now had you, Master Dick, propose to me that we should go down and pass a week at a certain small, thatched cottage on the banks of the Ban, where a Presbyterian minister with eight olive branches vegetates, discussing tough mutton and tougher theology on Sundays, and getting through the rest of the week with the parables and potatoes. I'd have said:

"Done!"

"It was the inopportune time I was thinking of. Who knows what confusion this event may not have thrown them into? If you like to risk the discomfort I make no objections."

"To so heartily expressed an invitation there can be but one answer, I yield."

"Now look here, Joe, I'd better be frank with you; don't try it on at Kilgobbin as you do with me."

"You are afraid of my insinuating manners, are you?"

"I am afraid of your confounded impudence, and of that notion you cannot get rid of, that your cool familiarity is a fashionable tone."

"How men mistake themselves! I pledge you my word, if I was asked what was the great blemish in my manner, I'd have said it was bashfulness."

"Well then, it is not!"

"Are you sure, Dick—are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, and, unfortunately for you, you'll find that the majority agree with me."

"A wise man should guard himself against the defects that he might have, without knowing it. That is a Persian proverb, which you will find in Hafiz. I believe you never read Hafiz?"

"No, nor you either."

"That's true; but I can make my own Hafiz, and just as good as the real article. By the way, are you aware that water-carrie at Tehran sing 'Lalla Rookh' and believed it a national poem?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"I'll bring down an Anacreon with me, and see if the Greek cousin can spell her way through an ode."

"And I distinctly declare you shall do no such thing."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, what an unamiable trait is envy! By the way, was that your frock-coat I wore yesterday at the races?"

"I think you know it was; at least you remembered it when you tore the sleeve."

"True, most true; that torn sleeve was the reason the rascal would only let me have fifteen shillings on it."

"And you mean to say you pawned my coat?"

"I left it in the temporary care of a relative, Dick; but it is a redeemable mortgage, and don't fret about it."

"Ever the same!"

"No, Dick; that means worse and worse. Now I am in the process of reformation. The natural selection, however, where honesty is in the series, is a slow proceeding, and the organic changes are very complicated. As I know, however, you attach value to the effect you produce in that coat. I'll go and recover it. I shall not need Terence or Juvenal till we come back, and I'll leave them in the avuncular hands till then."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of these miserable straits."

"I am very much ashamed of the world that imposes them on me. I'm thoroughly ashamed of that public in lacquered leather that sees me walking in broken boots. I'm heartily ashamed of that well-fed, well-dressed, sleek society that never so much as asked whether the intellectual-looking man in the shabby hat, who looked so lovingly at the spiced beef in the window, had dined yet, or was he fasting for a wager?"

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY.

The two friends were deposited at the Moate station at a few minutes before midnight, and their available resources amounting something short of two shillings, and the fare of a car and horse to Kilgobbin being more than three times that amount, they decided to devote their small balance to purposes of refreshment, and then set out for the castle on foot.

It is a fine moonlight. I know all the short-cuts, and I want a bit of walking besides," said Kearney; and though Joe was of a self-indulgent temperament, and would like to have gone to bed after his supper and trusted to the chapter of accidents to reach Kilgobbin by a conveyance some time, any time, he had to yield his consent and set out on the road.

"The fellow who comes with the letter-bag will fetch over our portmanteau," said Dick, as they started.

"I wish you'd give him directions to

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take charge of me, too," said Joe, who felt very indisposed to a long walk.

"I like you," said Dick, sneeringly. "You are always telling me that you are the sort of fellow for a new colony, life in the bush, and the rest of it; and when it comes to a question of a few miles' tramp on a bright night in June, you try to skulk it in every possible way. You're a great humbug, Master Joe."

"And you a very small humbug, and there lies the difference between us. The combinations in your mind are so few that, as in a game of three cards, there is no skill in the playing; while in my nature, as in that game called tarocco, there are half a dozen packs mixed together, and the address required to play them is considerable."

"You have a very satisfactory estimate of your own abilities, Joe."

"And why not? If a clever fellow didn't know he was clever, the opinions of the world on his superiority would probably turn his brain."

"And what do you say if his own vanity should do it?"

"There is really no way of explaining to a fellow like you—"

"What do you mean by a fellow like me?" broke in Dick, somewhat angrily.

"I mean this, and I'd as soon set to work to explain the theory of exchequer bonds to an Equimaux as to make an unimaginative man understand something purely speculative. What you and scores of fellows like you denominate vanity, is only another form of hopefulness. You and your brethren—for you are a large family—do not know what it is to hope! that is, you have no idea of what it is to build on the foundation of certain qualities you recognize in yourself, and to say that, 'If I can go so far with such a gift, such another will help me on so much farther.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Eagle-skin Robe.

The Sisters of Ste. Anne of Lachine beg to thank all who contributed to the raffle of the eagle-skin robe which came from Alaska. It was won by Mr. J. B. Lanctot, dealer in church decorations, of Montreal. It is a sleigh robe and measures 52 by 42 inches, apart from a 5 inch red velvet border that surrounds it. It is lined in red satin. It is a real "thing of beauty," and is a credit to the Sisters of the Ste. Anne convent of Fort Georgewski of Alaska. The robe is valued at \$600; it is probably the first of its kind ever seen in Canada.

"Have you made any acquaintances since you came to town?" said one young man to another. "Well, I have a speaking acquaintance with several young women in the telephone offices."



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CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN

and the Catholic Press.

[BY E. M'GRADY, CHICAGO, ILL., U. S.]

The days we live in, gentlemen, are epoch-marking. The last few decades of the 19th century are revealing new conditions and lines of thought and action in every branch of energy: in religion, literature and science. We stand on the threshold of the past, ready to realize the glorious gifts of the future, looking backward, we can review but a century of hierarchical Catholicity; but what a century of prodigious prosperity and progress, in the years that make up the annals of our Church in this country. The diffusion of Catholicity has been accomplished by the means peculiar to the conditions presented. We have only to peruse the writings of the late lamented John Gilmary Shea (whose lifework is our proud heritage) to pay tribute to the apostolic spirit of the multitude of missionaries who, cross in hand, preached the "Faith of our fathers" in the forests and on the prairies, and who laid the foundations (often watered by their blood) of the glorious young Church in which we take pride to-day.

Thus the growth of our Church, in the past is the practical illustration of the missionary enthusiasm so ever strongly identified with the propagation of the Faith in all lands and ages; across the continent has Catholicity been borne, until now our hierarchy is spread from the distant shores of Vancouver's Island to the first Catholic settlement of St. Augustine: from Puritan New England to the boundaries of Catholic Mexico. Such, Mr. President, is a brief epitome of the conditions and results of the past. What must the future bring, and what means will be employed? Our presence here to-day is an answer. The future growth of the Church will be governed by new conditions, which she will meet with the same wonderful adaptability, which has enabled her, in all times, to exist and prosper among all peoples. "Catholic organization" is a marked feature of late years. Everywhere Catholics have associated under the shadow of the Church, for religious, beneficent and other purposes, endorsed by ecclesiastical authority. The laity and their associations will play a most important part in the future. Catholic societies are the safeguard of the present and the hope of the future. One element must not be laggard, and that is our Catholic young men who can only obtain it through thorough organization, by well equipped associations, calculated to promote Catholic interests while serving to relax body and mind. And all these societies blended in one common aim and purpose in the Catholic Young Men's National Union of America. And now, gentlemen, how must we maintain our associations and help to realize some of the grand results of the future? Surely by utilizing every legitimate means possible. I will not presume, gentlemen, to point out these means, but one, and that is a more hearty application of the possibilities and mission of the Catholic press. Catholic literature in our country no longer lurks in the by-ways and sneaks humbly for encouragement and recognition. It has become bold and aggressive. It forces itself upon our time and attention, and through many vicissitudes has become a mighty power and agency for religion. The Catholic of to-day, in order to keep abreast of the times, to be cognizant of the doings of his Church, and to be fully informed of the great questions under discussion, must read a Catholic journal. The secular press will not, and cannot, in the nature of things, devote enough consideration and comment to Catholic affairs, or when it does, often does so in a manner calculated to mislead and provoke irritation. Our Catholic journalism, gentlemen, is not yet at its maturity. It would be unfair, therefore, to make comparisons or assert that it is not abreast of the secular press, but the time is most assuredly coming when the Catholic press will receive the recognition it deserves, and all be in every way worthy representatives of Catholicity. Mighty changes are already taking place. Recent improvements have been made which cause much rejoicing. In my city even now, the establishment of a great Catholic journal will soon, by its name, mark the great Catholic Columbian Centenary of 1893. Gentlemen, support the Catholic press. The Church has few more devoted servants and champions than our Catholic journalists. Their pens are always at the service of religion; never at the

beck of infidelity, agnosticism, or of that pernicious, liberal spirit which permeates so disastrously the atmosphere of the 19th century. Why should not we Catholic young men, through our societies and otherwise, extend our support and influence? Let us in our zeal for Catholic interest not forget the Catholic press. Even individually we could do much towards this laudable object. The Catholic press is another "Propaganda Fide." When we take up a tract of that energetic Catholic Truth Society of St. Paul, or a pamphlet of that equally laudable association, the Paulist Fathers, the Apostolate of the Press, and reflect how much good these little things do, how much power for good must a progressive Catholic journal be to ourselves, or in the hands of our Protestant or non-Catholic friends.

When you return to your homes, among the things you feel will accomplish much for your society and the Church, do not forget the Catholic press. Your support will be welcomed, and in return you will keep informed of the great Church which is such a power in the world. And now a word to our esteemed Catholic editors. Why cannot our journals devote a little more space, especially in the editorial column, to the Catholic young men's organizations, their doings and aspirations? Nothing is of so much assistance to an association as its advocacy through the public print. This convention will undoubtedly give the work a powerful impetus throughout the Universe.

Let our Catholic papers help by recognizing the importance of the movement, and make the young men feel that the columns of the journals are open to them. And in time this will bear fruit in the creation of a constituency that would not be insignificant in determining the future welfare of the Catholic press.

Gentlemen, we must realize these and other means to increase the scope and breadth of our influence as individuals, and in associated effort. The Catholic Y. M. N. U. can no longer confine the bulk of its influence to the East. It must reach out to the great West. Catholic organizations are everywhere advancing to more perfect unity and a higher conception of their dignity and importance. We must do likewise. Our National Union has received the most hearty approbation among the clergy and laity. What remains then to still further stimulate our zeal and encourage our hardest exertions in behalf of the cause? We are on the eve of one of the greatest centenaries of our time. All over this broad land of ours, across the Atlantic and even to the countries of the Orient, are thousands preparing to participate. A few months will elapse and the consummation of all this will be the grandest exposition devised and raised by human skill and energy.

The World's Fair of 1893, that magnificent occasion, will be marked by vast gatherings and conventions, but none more sublime than the great Catholic Congress. What an inspiration there is in two words! From many climes and races will be assembled there the flower and genius of Catholic thought. That Congress, gentlemen, will begin a new era of American Catholic. Let it not, be a mark of reproach that our societies can not take their place among the older and influential organizations. Let us from this time forward, bend every effort to make our cause prominent and successful. That when the time will come, when we may seek through our National Union for evidences of strength and progress, we need not be ashamed to do so. Let us still further utilize the press—the great medium of modern times. Patronize Catholic journalism! Use all these means, men and, combined with enthusiasm and ardor, they will redound to the glory and honor of our grand old National Union, and to the credit of the Church to which we are proud to owe allegiance and homage. In aspiring at all this, we only benefit ourselves, for Catholic effort will make us better men, worthier citizens, and patriotic Americans.

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LIST OF PREACHERS

At the Catholic Summer School.

By invitation of the Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, Vicar General of Ogdensburg, the religious services for those attending the Catholic Summer School will be held in the spacious new church under his charge.

Sunday, July 16.—Solemn Pontifical Mass by the Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, D. D., Bishop of the Diocese of Ogdensburg. Sermon by the Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D., Vicar General of Boston. Subject: "Conscience." Sermon at the evening service by the Rev. James F. Loughlin, D. D., Chancellor of Philadelphia. Subject: "The Bread of Life."

Sunday, July 23.—Rev. James H. Mitchell, Chancellor of Brooklyn. Subject: "Three Types of Christian Virtue." Rev. Denis F. McMahon, D. D., New York City. Subject: "Effects of Catholic Teaching on Character."

Sunday, July 30.—Rev. Michael P. Smith, C. S. P., New York City. Subject: "Lay Co-operation in Church Work." Rev. Edward J. Lefevre, C. M., Niagara University, N. Y. Subject: "Some Phases of Evil."

Sunday, August 6.—Rev. John Talbot Smith, Chaplain of Sisters of Mercy, New York City. Subject: "The Spiritual Life." Very Rev. John H. O'Rourke, Port Henry, N. Y. Subject: "Supernatural Faith."

Congregational singing will be introduced at the evening services, under the direction of a Paulist Father.

ST. PETER'S AT CHICAGO.

A few days ago the formal opening of the model of St. Peter's Cathedral at the World's Fair took place. The opening ceremonies, which were of an entirely informal nature, took place in the presence of an invited audience consisting of members of the press, the Exposition officials and prominent Catholics. The model itself is almost as beautiful, and is surrounded by nearly as many historic associations as its great prototype in Rome, of which it is an exact duplicate to the smallest detail, the material being wood which is covered with a substance that gives it the appearance of marble. The minutest details of the bas-relief of the facade, the stucco, and the statues and inscriptions are faithfully reproduced. It is built on a scale of one-sixtieth of the original and has been in the possession of several Popes, and, owing to the fact that it would not be practically impossible to replace it, the owners of the miniature cathedral value it at about half a million dollars. The model was begun in the sixteenth century under the auspices of the Holy See, and was not completed until late in the last century, and soon after it passed out of possession of the Popes and became the property of the Borghese family. The structure is 30 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 15 feet high, and is enclosed in a Corinthian Greek hall, in the Midway Plaisance. The premises are guarded day and night by a score or more of guards, all of them giants in stature, and clad in uniforms which are exact duplicates to the smallest detail of those worn by the Vatican guards. There is also an exhibition, a throne similar to the one occupied by Pius IX., besides numerous other articles of historic interest, including portraits, coat of arms, and miniatures of various Popes.—*London Tablet, June 17.*

Straight from the East.

A Sultan of Turkey once said, As he groaned at the pain in his head, "Oh, my favorite wife, I am sick of this life, and I wish very much I were dead." But his wife who was wise answered "Fie! If you will Pierce's Pellets but try, You'll be well in a week— And then you will speak Of these Pellets with praise just as high." Dr. Pierce's Pellets cost only 25 cents and they are guaranteed to cure all the troubles which spring from constipation, indigestion, and bilious attacks. If you have any of these troubles, why don't you follow the example of the Sultan of Turkey?

\$500 Reward for an incurable case of chronic Nasal Catarrh offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents; by druggists.

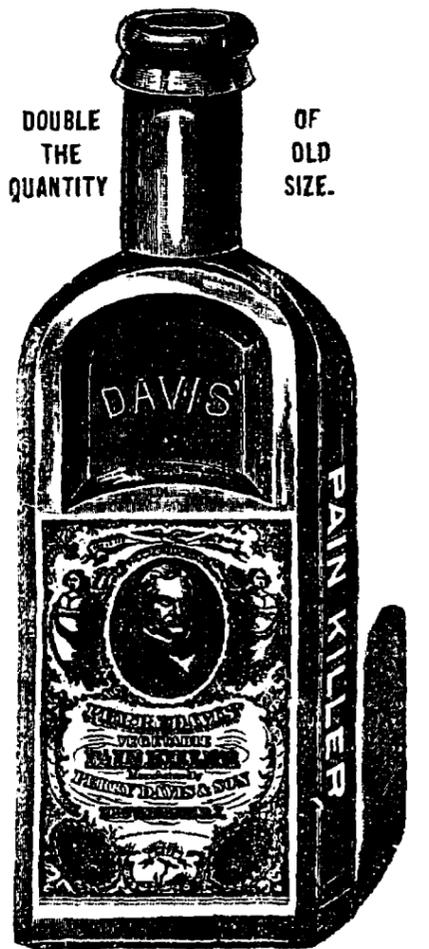
The Archbishop of Canterbury is unhappy because not even in America can he get the Church of England spoken of as Catholic. While writing a very proper

letter of refusal to take part in a Parliament of Religions at Chicago, his Grace writes:—"Then, again, your general programme assumes that the Church of Rome is the Catholic Church, and treats the Protestant Episcopal Church of America as outside the Catholic Church. I presume that the Church of England would be similarly classified, and that view of our position is untenable." The world seems united in a conspiracy to refuse the title "Catholic" to the Protestant bodies.—*London Tablet, June 17.*

ONE FOR PAPA.—"I shant shave when I grow up." "No, you'd be afraid." "It isn't that, but I couldn't make the faces."

WELL DISGUISED.—"How do you like her rendering of your song, professor?" "Himmel! Was dot my song? I did not know him."—*Funny Folks.*

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lous Recovery in Detail.

From the New York Tribune.

For some time there has been an increasing number of stories published in the newspapers of New York City, telling of marvelous cures of various diseases. So remarkable are many of the stories in their nature, that much doubt has been aroused in the minds of the masses as to their authenticity. If they are true in detail, surely the occupation of the physician is gone, and there is no reason why anyone should die of anything but old age. If they are not true, it would be interesting to know how such testimonials and statements are obtained. The first question that arises is, Are there any such persons? If so, were they really cured as stated, or are they liberally paid for the use of their names? The latter explanation is the one that no doubt suggests itself to the average thinking newspaper reader, and not without reason.

It has long been the intention of the Tribune to investigate one of the most interesting cases that could be found and give the truth to the world as a matter of news. An especially good opportunity for investigation offered itself in the shape of the following letter, which came into the hands of a reporter from a most reliable source:

February 22nd, 1893.

Gentlemen.—“I feel it my duty to inform you what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have done for me. I have been cursed with locomotor ataxia for fifteen years, and have been unable to walk without assistance for nearly five years. I was turned away from the Manhattan Hospital, Forty-first street and Park avenue, by Dr. Seguin, as incurable, and told I was in the last stages of the disease. I have been using the pills with water treatment since September last, and been improving since about November 1st. I can now go up and down stairs with the assistance of my wife, which is something I have not been able to do for the past three years. My pains have decreased, so I may now say they are bearable, and I expect by fall to be able to attend to business.”

Yours,
GEO. L'HOMMEDIU,
Sec'y Marchal & Smith Piano Co.
Residence, 271 W. 134th St., New York City.

When the reporter called on Mr. George L'Hommedieu, at the residence of his cousin, Mr. Edward Houghtaling, 271 W. 134th street, he found him resting on his bed; he had just finished some writing for the Marchal & Smith Piano Company, with whom he has been connected as secretary for ten years. He met the reporter with a hearty greeting and a grip of the hand that certainly did not show any signs of weakness or loss of power. To look at him no one would suppose that he had been afflicted for fifteen years with one of the most terrible diseases known to medical science and pronounced incurable by some of the best known physicians of New York City. He expressed his perfect willingness to give a statement of his case for publication.

“In fact,” said Mr. L'Hommedieu, “I feel it my duty to give my experience to the world for the benefit of my fellow-men and all those who may be suffering with the same affliction, many of whom, no doubt, have long ago abandoned all hopes of ever being relieved.”

“I am 51 years of age, and was born in Hudson, N.Y. I served my time in the army, being corporal of Company A, 21st N.J. Volunteers, and I believe the exposure of army life was the seed from which has sprung all my sufferings. It has been about fifteen years since I noticed the first symptoms of my disease. The trouble began with pains in my stomach for which I could find no relief. I consulted Dr. Allen, of Yorkville, and also Dr. Pratt, since deceased, and with remarkable unanimity they pronounced it smokers' dyspepsia. This seemed

probable, for at that time I was a great smoker. The pains, however, gradually became more severe and began to extend to my limbs. The attacks came on at intervals of about a month, and while the paroxysms lasted I was in almost incredible misery.

I did not leave a single stone unturned in my search for relief, but grasped at every straw. Finally I was advised by Dr. Gill to go to the well-known specialist, Dr. Hamilton. He gave me a most thorough examination, having me stripped for a full half hour, and told me he could find no trace of any disease excepting one nerve of the eye. A year later my friend told me that Dr. Hamilton privately said that I had a very grave disease of the brain.

“My condition continued to grow more critical and I was barely able to walk when I went to the Manhattan Hospital, at 41st and Park avenue. I continued treatment there for six or eight months, under Dr. Seguin, who treated me chiefly with injections.

Here Mr. L'Hommedieu pulled up his trouser leg and showed the reporter the scars of innumerable punctures; continuing, he said:

“I must confess I felt relief for the time being and gained some hope; urgent business matters, however, compelled me to give up the hospital treatment, and it was but a short time until I was as bad as ever. From this on I grew rapidly worse. The pains were more intense, my legs were numb, and I felt I was growing weaker every day. I returned to the hospital, and this time was under treatment by Dr. Seguin. He treated me for about three months, and then, for the first time, I was told that I had locomotor ataxia and was beyond the aid of medical science. Dr. Seguin also told my wife that there was no hope for me in the world and to expect my death at any time. I was now a complete physical wreck; all power, feeling and color had left my legs, and it was impossible for me to feel the most severe pinch, or even the thrust of a needle.

“If my skin was scratched there would be no flow of blood whatever, and it would take it fully six weeks to heal up. In the night I would have to feel around to find my legs. My pains were excruciating and at times almost unbearable. I would take large doses of morphine to deaden the pains and he nearly died the next day from its effects. About five years ago I learned that Dr. Cicot, of Paris, claimed to have discovered a relief for locomotor ataxia in suspending the body by the neck; the object being to stretch the spine. I wrote to Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, of 285 5th Ave., about the matter, and at his request called to see him.

“He was so interested in my case that he made a machine, or rather a harness for me, free of charge. It was fitted with pads and straps to fit under the chin and at the back of the neck, and in this position, I would be suspended from the floor twice a day. Although I received no benefit from this treatment, I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Sayre for his great interest and kindness.

“So severe had my case become by this time that I could not walk without assistance, and was almost ready to give up life. I had a great number of friends who were interested in my case, and whenever they read anything pertaining to locomotor ataxia, they would forward it to me with the hope that it would open the way to relief.

“It was in this way that I first learned of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. A. C. James, of the well-known piano firm of James & Holstern, 335 E. 21st St., with whom I had business connections, read in the Albany Journal of a case of locomotor ataxia that had been cured by Pink Pills. Mr. James showed me the statement and urged me to give the pills a trial. I confess I did not have the least faith in their efficacy, but finally consented to try them. I sent to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. for my first supply in September last. I took them rather irregularly at first with the cold water treatment. In a very short time I was convinced that I was getting better and I began the use of the pills in earnest, taking about one box every five days.

“The first sign of improvement was in November, 1892, when I had a rush of blood to the head and feet causing a stinging and pricking sensation. Feb. 22nd, 1893, was the first time in five years I had ever seen any sign of life in my feet. From this time on I began to improve. My strength and appetite

have gradually returned; I now have perfect control of my bowels, and the pains have gradually left me. I can sit and write by the hour and walk up stairs by balancing myself with my hands. Without doubt I am a new man from the ground up, and I have every reason to believe that I will be hale and hearty in less than six months.”

GEORGE L'HOMMEDIU,
JENNIE E. L'HOMMEDIU.

Sworn to before me this Eleventh day
of March, 1893.

H. E. MELVILLE,
Commissioner of Deeds,
New York City.

[SEAL]

Any one having heard Mr. L'Hommedieu's narrative could not for a moment doubt its entire truthfulness, but such a remarkable story is likely to be doubted by a sceptical public, and as a safeguard against even a shadow of doubt, a Notary Public was called in and both Mr. and Mrs. L'Hommedieu made affidavits to the truth of the statement.

Still greater force is added to the story by the fact that Mr. L'Hommedieu is widely known in business circles. His long connection with the well-known piano firm of Marchal & Smith, 235 E. 21st street, has brought him in touch with some of the best known business men in New York and other large cities, and in his case has created wide-spread interest.

The reporter next called on Mr. Robert W. Smith, a member of the firm of Marchal & Smith. Mr. Smith was found at his desk busily engaged, but when the reporter mentioned Mr. L'Hommedieu's name, and stated the nature of his call, Mr. Smith cheerfully gave the following information with but little questioning on the part of the reporter.

“I have known Mr. George L'Hommedieu for twenty years and always found him a most estimable gentleman, a business man of great energy. He became connected with our firm as secretary in 1879, and attended strictly to his office duties until 1881, when he was stricken down with his trouble. I distinctly recall the day when he was taken with his first spasm, and we had to send him to his home in a carriage. Even when he lost control of his legs, so great was his interest in business affairs that he would drive to the office and direct the work he had in charge. As the disease advanced he was obliged to succumb and reluctantly gave up his office work. From that time on his sufferings were almost incredible, and yet, so great was his fortitude, that he bore them without a murmur. I know that he tried various physicians and their treatments without the least success, and he states that he was finally discharged from the Manhattan Hospital, and told that he was in the last stages of locomotor ataxia and was beyond the hope of human aid. About six months ago, or so, he was advised by Mr. James to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, with the cold water treatment. He commenced to take Pink Pills about September last, though not regularly. For like myself, he had very little faith in proprietary medicines, and was very sceptical about their merits. So great was his improvement that he was entirely converted and commenced to take the pills as directed. The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommedieu he had gained the use of his limbs to such an extent that he could walk up stairs with the help of his wife, and is now doing much important work for us at his home.”

ROBT. W. SMITH.

Sworn to and subscribed before me
this Eleventh day of March, 1893.

[SEAL] W. H. WOODHULL,
Notary Public, New York County.

When asked to make affidavit to the story he smiled, but expressed his perfect willingness to do so, if it would induce any poor sufferer to follow the same road that led Mr. L'Hommedieu to relief. After securing the affidavit of Mr. Smith, the reporter called on Mr. A. C. James, who has offices and warerooms in the same building. Mr. James has known Mr. L'Hommedieu for a number of years, and was able to verify all the above facts.

“The last time I saw Mr. L'Hommedieu, which was two months ago,” said Mr. James, “he was able to walk with his wife's assistance. This I consider remarkable, for I remember when he had to be carried from one chair to another. I was one of those who helped to suspend him with the arrangement made by Dr. Sayre and I never knew

anyone to suffer more than he did at that time. I understand that Mr. L'Hommedieu has taken nothing but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills since last September, he has improved rapidly since he commenced their use, and I believe his condition is due to their good qualities.”

Still on investigation bent, the reporter interviewed one of the leading wholesale drug dealers of New York City, and elicited the following facts about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked upon as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties show that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vital humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of whatever nature.

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred, and the public is cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Distance that lends no enchantment—
Distance of manner.

HE LOVED
good bread, pie,
and pastry, but his
stomach was delicate.
SHE LOVED
to cook, but was
tired and sick of the
taste and smell of lard.
She bought Cottolene,
(the new shortening) and
THEY LOVED
more than ever, be-
cause she made better
food, and he could eat it
without any unpleasant
after effect. Now
THEY ARE HAPPY in
having found the BEST,
and most healthful short-
ening ever made—
COTTOLENE.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

Castor Fluid Registered. A delight-
fully refreshing prepara-
tion for the hair. It
should be used daily.
Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff,
promotes the growth; a perfect hair-dressing
for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY A.
GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence street, Mon-
real.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD

HOW TO TREAT RATS.

The best way to get rid of rats and mice, writes a chemist, is not to poison them, but to make them thoroughly tired of the locality and so induce them to leave. They are generally too smart to eat poison, even when it is provided for their benefit in the most seductive fashion, but they are not particular about tartar emetic. When a little of this is mixed with any favorite food they will eat as greedily as though the physic was not there, but in two or three hours there will be the most discouraged lot of rats about the place that anybody ever saw. The tartar will not kill them; it only makes them deathly sick.

THE THIRSTY INFANTS.

Thirst in the infant is nearly always mistaken for hunger. Give your crying child a little cool, (preferably boiled) water, using cup or spoon, or try tiny pieces of ice tied in a scrap of lawn, and see if it does not prove the very thing needed. Six or seven times every day the babies should be offered drink; it regulates the bowels, cleanses the mouth and stomach, and prevents in a measure overfeeding.

TO PURIFY WATER.

Two thimblefuls of powdered alum will clarify a bucketful of turbid water and make it fit for drinking purposes. One part of chalk and two of alum will quickly purify stagnant water.

HATS AND BONNETS FOR SUMMER.

In millinery, black hats for the moment dominate the mode. Some attractive black chip hats are trimmed with a fine imitation of old point lace variously arranged on brim and crown. Yellow flowers, also petunia-color blooms, are effective additions to such hats. Flowers which have no counterparts in nature are seen among new artificial blossoms, and conspicuously noticeable are roses which present the many novel tones of reddish purple observable in the cinnaria species. They show a wider range of shades in this fashionable color, and nearly every woman, be her complexion what it may, can find a becoming tint in that range especially when combined or intermixed with lace. Tuscan hats, after a period of banishment, are once more acceptable. They are frequently trimmed with color to match, but is very trying. It is better to employ chestnut-brown, dahlia or black, which colors tone down the vivid yellow in the straw. Large picture hats of Leghorn will be worn with the black satin gowns and full shoulder capes now popular.

HAVE PLENTY OF TOWELS.

Have plenty of towels. Comfort and cleanliness depend upon it. You can better go without some of your household decorations than to "get along" with a scant supply of towels.

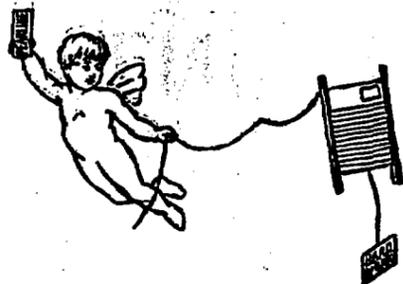
Have them of good size. They are more satisfactory and wear longer than the curtailed sort. Shall the towel be fringed? That is a matter of taste. Some one said the other day that plain hems with two or more rows of hem-stitching above the hem would soon lead in "linen good forms." We hope so—for the towel in ordinary use anyhow.

Shall our towels be damaak or huckaback? That is also a matter of taste. And it is a matter of complexion. Huckaback and Turkish are desirable for bath use. But for the face use the damaak. With that you may rub the skin without producing a battered-up feeling that is certainly not advisable for the complexion. It is well to persistently rub the face, but it is never improved by scouring.

Get the "new" out of your towels before putting them to use. It is indeed treating a guest ill to offer him a towel with the "store" starch upon it. Let the family take the "new" off your "company" linen. This may be hard on the household, but the wiping guest will love you more than if you permitted him to assist at the job.

Iron your towels on both sides. They are more agreeable to use when smoothly laundered, and when so polished give a tinge of thoroughness to your house-keeping.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Visitor: What is that unearthly noise up stairs? Fond Mother: That is my daughter. She has joined one of the local amateur dramatic clubs, and has just been given a part of three lines in the next performance; she rehearses it like that for three hours every day.



Away with the wash-board —Use Pearline. As long as you use the old wash-board there'll be hard work and waste. That's what goes with it, and can't be taken from it. That's what it was made for. It's the rub, rub, rub, on it that ruins the clothes. It's the wash-board that wears you out. You don't need it.

Away with wash-day! You don't need that, either. You don't set apart a day for washing the dishes. Wash the clothes in the same way, with no more work, a few at a time. But you'll have to use Pearline to do it. Pearline only can rid you of wash-board and hard work; with it you can do your washing when you like. And you can do it safely, too. Directions on every package. Beware of imitations. 246 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.



EVERY SKIN, SCALP, & BLOOD DISEASE Cured by Cuticura. EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, hereditary, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDY, consisting of CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to a attest their wonderful, unerring and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 35c. RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER 30c.

COLLEGE NOTRE DAME.

Cote Des Neige, Montreal, Canada

[FOR BOYS FROM 5 TO 12.]

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

Boys are received for vacation.

L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C.

President.

THE SUNBEAM, a monthly paper for Catholic youth; 50 cents a year, send for sample copy. 761 Craig Street, Montreal, P. Q.

JOB PRINTING OF EVERY DESCRIPTION DONE AT THIS OFFICE

PAILS of fibre and Pails of Wood, reliable, strong and good; for Pickles, lard, jam or sap, for use at the well or the tap.

AND

TUBS of the finest materials made for your household, your farm or your trade, for every contingency ready and pails made by E. B. EDDY.

The E. B. EDDY Co.,
MAMMOTH WORKS, Hull, Canada.

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

Furniture

—AND—

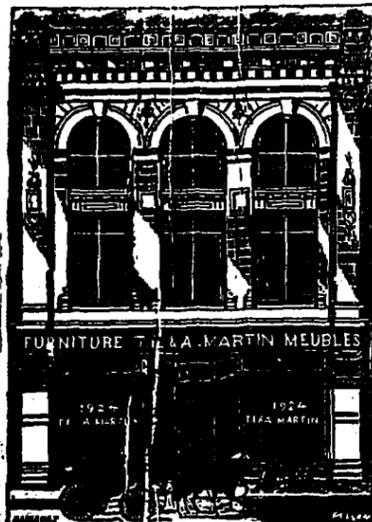
Bedding.

1924

NOTRE DAME ST.

Open EVERY Evening

till 9 O'clock.



Sold for Cash

OR ON

EASY TERMS

OF PAYMENT TO RESPONSIBLE PERSONS

—O—

Remember the Address:

1924

NOTRE DAME ST.

A FEW DOORS WEST OF BALMORAL HOTEL

T. E. & A. MARTIN.

John Murphy & Co.'s

ADVERTISEMENT.

TELL YOUR GUESTS!

TELL YOUR FRIENDS!

'The Boss' Sale

Of the city is JOHN MURPHY & CO.'S Great Mid-summer Removal Sale of

DRY GOODS.

The one word "Removal" explains why!

Reductions range from 10 to 75 per cent.

Even goods received into stock yesterday or to-day are subject to a discount of 10 per cent on our ordinary prices!

See our specially prepared Catalogue "A Reign (rain) of Bargains"!

You Have it in the House.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

1781 & 1783 NOTRE DAME STREET.

And 105, 107, 109, and 111 St. Peter St.

Terms Cash and only one price.

Telephone 2108.

A Jewish captain of the sixth battalion of Chasseurs stationed at Riva in the Tyrol has been received in the bosom of mother Church. His name is Francis Maurice Neumann. His solemn adjuration was made before Canon Maffei, and Captain Camerlotti acted as his God-father. The neophyte was carefully instructed in our religion.

MONTREAL, December, 1891.—I was suffering, for more than a year, from an obstinate cough, an abundant expectoration of a very bad appearance, night sweats, pain in the chest, debility and a progressive wasting, which caused me to dread consumption. I took several remedies unavailingly. I am now perfectly well, to the great surprise of my friends, and have been cured by Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took 5 bottles of 50 cts. each. I can recommend this precious syrup to those who are coughing and think themselves in consumption. W. DASTOUS, No. 90 St. Antoine Street.

Montreal, December, 1890.—I have, on several occasions, used various preparations of Turpentine and have always found them very efficacious in affections of the throat and bronchial tubes. I have lately administered to several of my children Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine and have found its effects remarkably prompt, especially in cases of croup-
cough. Mrs. Recorder B.A.T. de Montigny.

Montreal, 24th December, 1890.—J.G. Lavolette, Esq., M.D.—Dear Sir,—Your Syrup of Turpentine has cured us, my son and myself, of a cold which we had caught several months ago. Two bottles were sufficient. I consider it my duty to recommend it to the public. Many thanks. Your obedient servant, M. A. BRULÉ, Practical Furrier at M.M. C. Desjardins & Cie., No. 1537 St. Catherine St.

A Serious Case of Bronchitis Cured.—Suffering since a long time with an obstinate cough which allowed me very little rest, I was advised to try Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. After the use of a few bottles the cough completely disappeared. PHILOMENE ROGER, Lay Sister, Providence Asylum, cor. of St. Hubert and St. Catherine sts.

CATHOLIC EXHIBIT OPENED.

One of the Greatest Undertakings in the History of Education.

The largest collective exhibit in the liberal arts department at the World's Fair was opened Saturday. It was that of the Catholic educational exhibit in the southeast gallery, covering 29,214 square feet of floor space. Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, bishop of Peoria, and president of the Catholic educational exhibit, presided. Among the many distinguished persons present were Bishop Marty, of Sioux Falls, S. D., and Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla. Brother Maurelian opened the proceedings by addressing Bishop Spalding and announcing that the Catholic educational exhibits were complete, and awaited his declaration of a formal opening. He referred to the fact that never in the history of the world had a collective educational exhibit of such magnitude been presented. He spoke of the devotedness, the zeal, and the generous co-operation of the Catholic hierarchy, the reverend clergy, the religious teaching orders, of priests, sisters, brothers, as also secular teachers, through whom it was made possible to accomplish so gigantic an undertaking. Of the merits of the exhibits he would say nothing, as they were open to the inspection of the world and he knew that a just appreciation would be given of the work of the teachers, students and parents to understand what it is possible to accomplish in schools. He expressed his grateful feelings for the aid given him from all quarters to accomplish what could not have been done without united efforts, and thanked Bishop Spalding for his intelligent, wise directions in this exceedingly difficult undertaking.

Brother Maurelian introduced the representatives of the various exhibits, and on behalf of those absent presented their exhibits to Bishop Spalding. Bishop Spalding said:

Right Rev. Bishops and Gentlemen:—I have listened with great pleasure to the various statements made by Brother Maurelian, and I heartily congratulate him and all his many helpers on the completion of their work. * * * There seems to be an idea abroad that our religion is the absorbing subject taught in our schools. This grand collection is the brightest and most emphatically concrete contrivance of this error. That we do not neglect the culture of the mind, or the training of the hand, is abundantly proved by all that surrounds you. But we do not forget that religion is necessary for the well-being of the soul, as learning is for the mind, or skill in various handicrafts for material success in life. While we believe that religion is the essential part of education, we applaud the efforts of all who endeavor to instruct youth, to perfect the individual and thus form a manly race. I have great pleasure in handing over this Catholic exhibit to the authorities of the exposition, so well represented on this platform by Dr. Peabody.

Dr. S. H. Peabody said it seemed almost incredible that in such a short space of time such a vast array of meritorious exhibits from all parts of the world should have been so compactly and artistically arranged in the space allotted them. He thanked all, in the name of the world's fair officials, for such an acquisition as the Catholic educational exhibit, which could not well have been dispensed with. The favorable opportunity for inspecting the work of so many different schools would convince the multitude of the strenuous efforts of the Catholic educators to prepare the youth of America for the responsible positions which so many of them were destined to fulfill.

A New Boulevard Proposed.

There is now in the office of the City Clerk a sketch of a proposed boulevard, which would run from St. Lawrence Main street, where the market now stands, to St. Denis street, and would be known as l'Avenue Nationale. At one end would stand the Monument National, and at the other, on St. Denis street, Laval university would erect its new building. The avenue would be 150 feet wide, its north side would be on the line of the present Charlotte and St. Julie streets. Dr. Henri Desjardins is the author of the plan, and he will have the support of the St. Jean-Baptiste association.

PARADOXICAL—A man who is in society and who wants to keep in must be continually going out.

FLOOR PAINT.

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

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

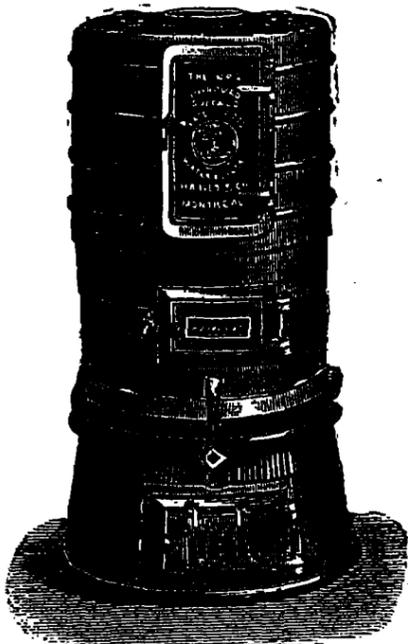
P. D. DODS & CO., Proprietors,
188 and 190 McGill Street, Montreal.



A tea-kettle of hot water
Gives enough hot water to do the entire wash when **SURPRISE SOAP** is used. There's no wash boiler required.

There's none of that hot steam about the house on wash day. This is a simple easy way of washing the clothes without boiling or scalding them. It gives the sweetest, cleanest clothes, and the whitest.

SURPRISE SOAP does it. **READ** the directions on the wrapper



Before Purchasing a **HOT WATER HEATER,**
EXAMINE THE **BUFFALO,**
Manufactured by **H. R. IVES & CO.,**
Queen Street, Montreal, Que

Below is one of the many certificates received from persons using them:

QUEBEC, June 7th, 1893.

MESSRS. H. R. IVES & CO., Montreal.

Gentlemen:—I have much pleasure in saying that the No. 17 Buffalo Boiler purchased from you has given me satisfaction during last winter. I believe said Boiler to be second to none.

Yours truly,
(Signed) **C. A. PARENT,**
Hardware Merchant, Quebec.

STAMINAL.
A FOOD
—AND—
A Tonic.
THE VITAL PRINCIPLES OF
BEEF and WHEAT
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.
Staminal.
PUT UP BY THE
JOHNSTON FLUID BEEF CO.,
Montreal, P. Q.

F. KELLY,
Ruling, Binding and Embossing
No. 1 Bleury Street,
MONTREAL.

R. J. LATIMER
IF YOU WANT
ANY KIND OF A
Cart, Express Waggon,
Open or Covered Buggy,
Phaeton, Gladstone,
Kensington, Mikado,
Or almost anything to run on wheels,
GO RIGHT TO
R. J. LATIMER,
592 St. Paul Street.
HUNDREDS TO CHOOSE FROM.
ALL STYLES AND PRICES.

J. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S.,
DENTIST,
Teeth without Plates a Specialty.
No. 45 St. Lawrence Street,
MONTREAL. 45 G

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—
Patent Spring.....\$4.10 @ 4.20
Patent Winter..... 3.90 @ 4.10
Straight Roller..... 3.15 @ 3.40
Extra..... 2.90 @ 3.10
Superfine..... 2.50 @ 2.80
Fine..... 2.20 @ 2.40
City Strong Bakers..... 3.75 @ 4.10
Manitoba Bakers..... 3.40 @ 3.80
Ontario bags—extra..... 1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers..... 1.60 @ 1.70
Superfine..... 1.25 @ 1.40
Fine..... 1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.25 to \$4.35, Standard \$4.05 to \$4.15. In bags, granulated and rolled, \$2.10 to \$2.15, and standard \$1.95 to \$2.05.

Feed.—Car lots have been sold at \$14.00 and \$14.25. Shorts are scarce and quoted at \$17.50 to \$18.50; Moultrie is quiet at \$20.00 to \$21.50.

Wheat.—A lot of No. 2 hard Manitoba wheat which last week was offered at 70c at Fort William has since been wanted at 72c, which the holder refused. No. 2 hard is nominally quoted at 80c.

Corn.—Prices are nominally quoted at 48c to 49c in bond, and 56c to 57c duty paid.

Peas.—Sales have been made in store at 72c to 73c per 60 lbs.

Oats.—A few car lots of No. 2 have changed hands at 40c to 41c per 34 lbs. in store for local account.

Barley.—Malting barley, 48c to 50c; feed barley, 41c to 43c.

Rye.—Prices are quoted at 58c to 60c.

Stockwheat.—Prices are more or less nominal at 56c to 58c

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—
Canadashortcut pork per bbl. . . . \$21.00 @ 22.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl. . . . 20.00 @ 21.50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl. . . . 20.00 @ 21.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl. 23.50 @ 24.00
India mess beef, per tierce. . . . 14.00 @ 15.50
Extra mess beef, per bbl. . . . 14.00 @ 15.50
Hams, city cured, per lb. . . . 12 @ 14c
Lard, pure in pairs, per lb. . . . 12 @ 12c
Lard, com. in pairs, per lb. . . . 11 @ 10c
Bacon, per lb. . . . 11 @ 12c
Shoulders, per lb. . . . 10 1/2 @ 11c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Eastern Townships dairy is still scarce, and choice lots have changed hands at 18c to 18 1/2c. They want 18c f.o.b. there, and one lot of 350 pgs. was placed at 15 1/2c.

Creamery. 18c to 20c.
Eastern Townships 17c to 19c.
Western 15c to 17c.

Cheese.—Sales of finest Western colored at 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c, and finest Western white at 8c to 9 1/2c. We know that 9c has been paid for finest French colored, and 8 1/2c for finest French white.

We quote prices here as follows:—
Finest colored. 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c
Finest white. 9c to 9 1/2c
Fine. 8 1/2c to 8c
Underpriced. 8c to 8 1/2c
Liverpool cable white. 45 1/2c
Liverpool cable colored. 45c to 60c

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—West of Toronto buyers are paying 9c to farmers. The outlook for the egg market at the moment is not very promising.

Beans.—We quote hand picked at \$1.40 to \$1.45 per bushel, ordinary to good \$1.25 to \$1.30, and inferior 85c to \$1.10.

Honey.—We quote 1/2c to 8c, as to quality.
Hops.—We quote good to choice 17c to 18c; yearlings 14c to 15c; and old 6c to 10c.

Maple Products.—Syrup is reported quiet at 4 1/2c to 5c in wood, and 50c to 60c in tin. Sugar is dull at 6c to 7c per lb.

Baled Hay.—The sale of 10 cars of No. 2 is reported on track here at \$14.00 per ton. Sales have also been made at \$12.50 to 13.00 f.o.b. at country stations.

FRUITS, Etc.

Lemons.—Prices remain unchanged at \$3.25 to \$4 for choice, and \$2.75 to \$3 for good.

Oranges.—We quoted \$2.75 to \$4, for boxes, \$1.50 to \$1.85 for half boxes, and bloods ranging from \$2 to \$5 as to quality.

Peaches.—California peaches are meeting with a good demand at \$2 per box.

Pears.—Selling at from \$5.50 to \$8 per box.

Apricots.—At from \$2.25 to \$2.50 per box.

Plums.—Are quoted at from \$3 to \$3.50 per box.

Grapes.—Are selling freely at \$3 to \$3.50 per carrier.

Gooseberries.—Sell very slowly in baskets at \$1.15 to \$1.25.

Bananas.—We quote 75c to \$1.75 per bunch.

Strawberries.—The market is a little stronger at 5 1/2c to 7c per box.

Currants.—250 boxes of red currants were sold at 7 1/2c to 8c per quart box.

Pine Apples.—Sugar loaf are quoted from 15c to 16c a piece by the barrel.

Melons.—Cantelope selling freely at from \$8 to \$8.50 per crate as to condition of fruit.

Onions.—Bermuda selling at \$2.40 to \$2.50, and Egyptian at \$2.25 per case.

Cherries.—Are meeting with a good demand at \$1.25 to \$2 per basket as to kind and quality of fruit.

Potatoes.—Are quoted at from 90c to \$1.25 per bag of 80 lbs. for firsts and 70c to 75c for inferiors. A few barrels of new potatoes have arrived, and are selling at \$4.75 to \$5.

FISH AND OIL.

Fish Oil.—We quote 43c to 45c. In cod oil the market is quiet at 35c to 37c for Newfoundland, 35c for Gaspe, and 33c to 34c for Nova Scotia. Cod liver oil 60c to 70c as to quality.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles. Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneven, but—" "Oh, it was all right, thank you. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
OVER ONE-QUARTER OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.



Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING takes place semi-annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEGRITY OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF PRIZES.

Attended as follows:

We do hereby certify that we supervised the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person managed and controlled the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with our signatures, in its advertisements.

J. J. Early
Mrs. Seabell
L. J. Villere

Commissioners

Col. C. J. Villere succeeds Gen. Beauregard as one of our Commissioners to supervise our Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings. Gen. Beauregard always selected Mr. Villere to represent him at the Drawings whenever he was absent. Mr. Villere has already supervised nine of our Drawings.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank.
JNO. H. GONNOR, Pres. State National Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank.
CARL KOHN, President Union National Bank.

THE MONTHLY \$5 DRAWING

WILL TAKE PLACE

At the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, TUESDAY, JULY 11, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - - \$75,000

100,000 Numbers in the Wheel.

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Amount. Includes prizes of \$75,000, \$20,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, \$2,500, \$1,000, \$500, \$200, \$100, \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, \$2, \$1, \$0.50, \$0.25, \$0.10, \$0.05.

APPROXIMATION PRIZES

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Amount. Includes 100 prizes of \$100, 100 prizes of \$50, 100 prizes of \$25.

TERMINAL PRIZES

Table with 2 columns: Prize description and Amount. Includes 999 prizes of \$20, 999 prizes of \$10.

2,424 Prizes, amounting to \$225,460

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole Tickets at \$5; Two-Fifths \$2; One-Fifth \$1; One-Tenth 50c; One-Twentieth 25c.

Club Rates, 11 Whole Tickets or their equivalent in fractions for \$50.

Special rates to agents. Agents wanted everywhere.

IMPORTANT.

Send Money by Express at our Expense in Sums not less than Five Dollars, on which we will pay all charges, and we prepay Express Charges on TICKETS and LISTS OF PRIZES forwarded to correspondents.

Give full address and make signature plain.

Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to ALL LOTTERIES, we use the Express Companies in answering correspondents and sending Lists of Prizes.

The official Lists of Prizes will be sent on application to all Local Agents, after every drawing in any quantity, by Express, FREE OF COST.

ATTENTION—(After January 1st, 1894, our drawings will take place in Puerto Cortes, Honduras, Central America, under and by virtue of a contract for 25 years with that Government. These drawings will take place monthly as heretofore. There will be no change in the management and no interruption in the business.)

In buying a Louisiana State Lottery Ticket, see that the Ticket is dated at New Orleans; that the Prize drawn to its number is payable in New Orleans; that the Ticket is signed by PAUL CONRAD, President; that it is endorsed with the signatures of Generals J. A. EARLY, and W. L. CABELL, and Col. C. J. VILLERE, having also the guarantee of four National Banks, through their Presidents, to pay any prize presented at their counters.

N.B.—The tickets for the July Drawing, and all others thereafter, in addition to the usual endorsements of J. A. EARLY and W. L. CABELL, will bear that of the new commissioner CH. J. VILLERE, the successor of Genl. J. B. HARRIS, deceased. There are many imitations and dishonest schemes on the market for the sale of which vendors receive enormous commissions, that buyers must see to it, and protect themselves by insisting on having LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY TICKETS and none other, if they want the advertised chance for a prize.

FARMS, MILLS AND HOMES
in OLD VIRGINIA, for sale
and exchange on easy terms.
Free Catalogue, A. B. CHAFFIN & Co., Richmond, Va.

Job Printing done at this Office.
Rates reasonable. Prompt fulfillment of order

Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.

REPRESENTING:

SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
Assets, \$39,109,832.64.

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

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

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

Read what the



SAY

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

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

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

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

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

L. ROBITAILLE, Esq. Chemist.

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

"excellent remedy for Lung Affections in general."

N. FAFARD, M. D.
Prof. of chemistry at Laval University.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

"I have used your ELIXIR and find it excellent for BRONCHIAL DISEASES. I intend employing it in my practice in preference to all other preparations, because it always gives perfect satisfaction."

DR. J. ETHIER.
L'Epiphanie, February 8th 1889.

"I have used with success the PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR in the different cases for which it is recommended and it is with pleasure that I recommend it to the public."

Z. LAROCHE, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

Lack of space obliges us to omit several other flattering testimonials from well known physicians.

For sale everywhere in 25 and 50 cts. bottles.

DRUNKENNESS.

—ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE CURE FOR—

DRUNKENNESS OR THE MORPHINE HABIT?

Have you a Husband, Brother, Son or friend who is addicted to strong drink? If so we can cure him. For fullest information address THOS. LINDSAY, Secretary, Double Chloride of Gold Cure Co., 16 Hanover Street, Montreal. TELEPHONE 3043.

COVERNTON'S

NIPPLE: OIL.

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

COVERNTON'S

Syrup of Wild Cherry.

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

COVERNTON'S

Pile Ointment.

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

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 181 Biscuit street, corner of Dorchester street.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

as THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it! all others are imitations.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS
HAVE FURNISHED 25,000
CHURCH SCHOOLS & OTHER
G. MENEELY & CO. PUREST BEST
WEST-TROY, N. Y. GENUINE
CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

The fine quality of Bells for Churches, Chimes, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY, THE VAN DOZEN & TITZ CO., Cincinnati, O.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES
PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN) Send for Price and Catalogue. MESHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FREE Illustrated Publications. WITH MAPS, describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, the FREE GOVERNMENT LAND AND LOW PRICE NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. The best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. Billed FREE. Address CHAS. B. LANSBURY, Land Com., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn. 41-8 & 5 cow

W. J. Burke, DISPENSING CHEMIST

107 Colborne Street, [Near Ottawa street.]

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

Prescriptions a Specialty.

Porter, Teskey & Co.,

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

FISHING TACKLE.

154 and 156 St. James Street, Montreal.

Salmon and Trout Flies, Rods, Reels, Lines, Snelled Hooks and Tangles

EVERY REQUISITE FOR FISHERMEN.

Canadian Agents for H. MILWARD & SONS FISH HOOKS.

Send for Catalogue.



EXCURSIONS

TO MANITOBA

CANADIAN NORTHWEST

— ROUND TRIP TICKETS — will be sold on

JUNE 13, 20, 27, JULY 11, 1893.

GOOD FOR 40 DAYS.

—TO—

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Price. Includes DELORAIN & RETURN \$28, ESTEVAN \$28, BINCARTH \$28, MOOSOMIN \$28, REGINA & RETURN \$30, MOOSEJAW \$30, YORKTON \$30, PRINCE ALBERT \$35, CALGARY & RETURN \$35, EDMONTON & RETURN \$40.

The World's Fair Route.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Price. Includes MONTREAL TO CHICAGO & RETURN \$24, VANCOUVER TO ALASKA & RETURN \$95.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 129 ST. JAMES ST. COR. ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Holloway's Ointment.

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

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

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

Gout, Rheumatism

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

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

588 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,

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

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

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

McGALE'S FOR
BUTTERNUT PILLS
 25 cents per box.
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.
B. E. MCGALE,
 CHEMIST &c.,
 2128 NOTRE DAME ST.,
 MONTREAL.
Sick Headache, Foul Stomach, Biliousness, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.
 For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY.
 HEAD OFFICE: 51 CORNHILL, LONDON E. C.
 Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.
 Capital Subscribed.....\$ 2,250,000
 Capital Paid Up..... 900,000
 Total Funds (Dec. 31, 1902)..... 12,250,000
 Annual Income..... 2,962,260
 FIRE RISKS accepted on almost every description of insurable property, at lowest rates of premium. Dwellings and their Contents, Churches, Colleges, Nunneries, School-houses and Public Buildings insured on specially favorable terms for one or three years. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.
 Canada Branch Office: 55 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, Montreal.
T. L. MORRISSEY, Resident Manager.
 The undersigned having been appointed city agent of the above staunch old fire office, respectfully solicits from his friends and the public generally a share of their patronage
Telephone 1943. T. J. DONOVAN, City Agent.

CATHOLIC NEWS.
 In the will of the late Patrick Brennan, a pioneer settler in Kansas City, \$22,000 is bequeathed to various Catholic charities.
 Four Irish-American Catholics have carried off the medals for bravery in connection with the fire department of New York for the years 1891-3, and were presented with them last week.
 The 25th anniversary of Cardinal Gibbon's episcopal consecration comes off August 16th. It will not be celebrated until October 1st. A purse of \$10,000 will be presented to His Eminence by the archdiocese of Baltimore.
 Archbishop Elder has introduced in the archdiocese a branch of the French Order of St. Joseph, whose devote themselves to the work of instructing women in useful industries. The foundress of the Cincinnati house is Mother Marie, of New Orleans.
 Judging from the commencement reports, the N. S. Catholic colleges, academies and schools have enjoyed a prosperous year of it, and are steadily advancing all over the country. The attendance at the parochial schools is annually growing larger and the schools themselves are multiplying in all the diocese, a pretty good indication that late endeavors to befog the educational question have been productive of any detriment to the cause of Catholic education.

A Daniel Comes to Judgment.
 [In justice to the gentleman referred to in our editorial of last week we publish the following from his pen. We are exceedingly glad that he thinks so well of his former teachers. Nor have we any intention of taking advantage of our editorial space to reply to what he imagines to be the inspiration of our article.—**ED. TRUE WITNESS.**]

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:
 DEAR SIR:—As you were not present at the examination which called forth the above editorial in your last week's issue, will you kindly give space for a few plain facts in reference thereto?
 1st. I stated that our program was a very elementary one, principally because our pupils were very backward at the beginning of the year, and had been poorly taught. This "stir" then, as your inspired article was pleased to characterize it, was not uncalled for, but rather, a necessary explanation of the absence of shorthand, typewriting, and the branches, which we had intended to teach, but which, owing to the inefficiency of our pupils, we had to postpone till next year.
 2nd. In construing my words into an attack upon the "Order of Christian Brothers," did you not act against a principle, pointed out in your own editorial "The Star's Blunder" when you say your contemporary is illogical because he reasons from the particular to the general? Everyone knows that the Brothers are doing a grand work, that their schools are, as a rule, second to none; but rules may have exceptions, and without any injustice, it can be said that in certain schools in Montreal, the Irish pupils are, too often, in incompetent hands.
 3rd. The gratuitous assertion "with bad taste, and worse grammar," will no doubt be taken at its worth; but, to use your own argu-

ment, if such were the case, "it would be offering to your readers a very questionable certificate as to the acquirements" of those whose cause you think required defence.
 I feel, Mr. Editor, the disadvantage of answering him or them who have shielded themselves under an editorial. Nevertheless, without attempting to "dash against the wall," I do not pledge myself not to point out the holes in that wall, not through animosity, but when necessity requires it. Yours truly,
THE ONE IN QUESTION.

AN EXHIBITION HOLOCAUST.
Forty Firemen Burned to Death at Chicago.
 CHICAGO, July 10.—The destruction by fire of the cold storage warehouse at the World's Fair grounds this afternoon resulted in the death of nearly forty persons and threatened the destruction of the White City. The structure was 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, and was built entirely of wood covered over with "stair." Fire Marshal Murphy, who had charge of the fire department on the ground, sent in a call for all companies to turn out. With about forty of his men Captain Fitzpatrick climbed inside the tower to the balcony, and from there ropes were lowered to haul up the hose. Meantime the fire had eaten its way down through the network of timbers inside the structure, and, unconscious of their danger, the firemen were standing as if it were on the shell of the burning volcano. No one of the tens of thousands of interested spectators had any intimation of the perilous position in which the firemen were then standing. So sudden and so furious was the outbreak, and so terrible was the spectacle that for the moment the crowd stood transfixed. All were powerless to aid the unfortunate men imprisoned on the balcony, 150 feet from the ground.
 One by one the imprisoned men started down the rope on the north side of the tower, and had almost reached the roof when it gave way and they fell. There remained, according to the count of various spectators, from twenty-five to thirty men on the tower. They were hopelessly beyond the reach of help. The escape of Marshal Murphy and Captain Fitzpatrick was most miraculous.
 The World's Fair stables, just south of the big warehouse, were all burning, and the fire had spread to the roofs of several hotels across Stony Island Avenue, just outside the grounds. With a good deal of effort the hotels were saved, but the stables were burned to the ground. In less than two hours from the time the fire started the cold storage warehouse was levelled to the ground, a smoking ruin. A complete and accurate list of the dead is difficult to obtain.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.
 The regular monthly meeting of the St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society was held on Sunday, in St. Ann's hall, Ald. P. Kennedy in the chair. The Rev. Father Bancart, C.S.S.R., P.P., of St. Ann's, opened the meeting by prayer, followed by an address. Several new members were enrolled. Methods for advancing the cause of temperance and increasing the ranks of the society were discussed at length. A large number of tickets were taken up by the members, and the society looks forward to a very enjoyable 22nd of July at Sherringham Park.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society.
 The monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society was held at St. Patrick's hall Sunday afternoon. There was a very large attendance of members. Hon. Senator Murphy presided, and Mr. M. Sharkey occupied the vice chair. Considerable business of importance was transacted. The annual picnic will be held at Sherringham park on August 12. A capital programme of games is being prepared for which valuable prizes will be offered. The proceeds are to be devoted to the rebuilding fund for the Villa Maria convent.

Two wrongs do not make a right, but they are often productive of a good deal of writing.—**Fun.**

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN
COME TO
 S. CARSLY'S ANNUAL JULY CHEAP SALE.
 TREMENDOUS BARGAINS IN THE ORDER OF THE DAY.
 FOR JULY AT S. CARSLY'S
A SPECIMEN LOT
 Several hundred pieces of Pretty Summer Dress Materials.
YOUR CHOICE
 of the whole lot at only 6c a yard.
A LOWER LOT
 One Lot Summer Dress Goods to be cleared at 5c a yard.
EXTRA WIDE
 Hundreds of pieces extra wide Summer Dress Goods, worth from 18c to 30c.
YOUR CHOICE
 of this lot at from 8c to 13c.
ALL OTHER
 Dress Goods as cheap in proportion.
S. CARSLY'S.

HOUSE FURNISHING.
 Fast Color Cretonnes.....7c
 Fancy Wood Curtain Poles.....2c
 Roman Stripe Curtains.....\$1.20
UMBRELLAS.
 Ladies' Sunshades.....40c
 Ladies' Umbrellas.....20c
 Gentlemen's Umbrellas.....43c
TRIMMINGS.
 All Silk Ribbons, Fancy Colors.....4c
 Black Jet Trimmings.....5c
 Ladies' Belts, from.....15c
S. CARSLY.

MANTLES, SALE PRICES.
 Long Travelling Cloaks.....\$1.80
 Seaside Paletots.....3.20
 Ladies' Black Jackets.....2.70
MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
 Men's Merino Socks.....12c
 4-ply Linen Collars, doz.....20c
 Men's Undervests.....23c
TWEED SUITINGS, SALE PRICES.
 Good Tweed Suitings.....32c
 Fancy Tweed Collars, doz.....41c
 Double width Serge Suitings.....\$1.18
S. CARSLY

LINEN GOODS, SALE PRICES.
 Linen Roller Towelling.....3c
 Honeycomb Towels.....3c
 Good Flannelettes.....4c

HOSIERY SALE PRICES.
 Children's Cotton Hose.....5c
 Ladies' Cotton Hose.....18c
 Ladies' Ribbed Undervests.....8c

LACES, SALE PRICES.
 Valenciennes Laces, yard.....1c
 New Oriental Laces, yard.....6c
S. CARSLY.

BOOTS, SALE PRICES.
 Men's Calf Lace Boots.....\$1.00
 Ladies' Dongola Kid Boots.....1.18
 Boy's Calf Boots.....0.90

CARPETS, SALE PRICES.
 Large Carpet Squares.....\$1.20
 Wide Reversible Carpets, yard.....0.10
 Reversible Dundee Rugs, each.....0.29
Boy's Clothing, Sale Prices.
 Boy's Sailor Suits.....\$0.20
 Boy's Galatea Suits.....0.95
 Boy's Tweed Suits.....1.22
S. CARSLY.
Prints, Sale Prices.
 Scotch Plaid Gingham.....8c
 Fancy Scotch Gingham.....7c
 Sateen Finish Drillettes.....3c
Embroideries, Sale Prices.
 Colored Embroidery Skirting.....50c
 White Embroidery Skirting.....54c
 White Hamburg Embroidery.....1c
GLOVES, SALE PRICES
 Ladies' Fabric Gloves.....5c and 10c
 Ladies' Light Kid Gloves.....19c and 25c
 Ladies' Colored Kid Gloves.....55c
S. CARSLY,
 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779
 NOTRE DAME STREET,
 MONTREAL

NOTICE TO QUARRYMEN.
 SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Building Stone," will be received until Monday, 31st July, 1893, for Quarrying and Delivering Dimension Stone from the Penitentiary Quarry, St. Vincent de Paul.
 Specification, form of tender, and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Monday, 10th July.
 Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.
 Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.
 The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
 Secretary.
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 4th July, 1893. 512

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for addition to Post Office, Quebec," will be received at this office until Monday, 24th July, 1893, for the several works required in the erection of addition to Post Office, Quebec.
 Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the office of A. P. Lepine, Post Office, Quebec, on and after Monday, 10th July, and tenders will not be considered unless made on form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.
 An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 5 per cent of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.
 The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
 Secretary.
 Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, 7th July, 1893. 612

SMILES
 It is no defence for a shoplifter to say that he was merely "stocktaking."
 The Judge: What is your age, madam?
 Fair Respondent: Your Lordship, I leave that to the mercy of the Court.
 One of the most absent-minded of men is the professor who, when he hears himself knocking the ashes out of his pipe, will call out, "Come in."
 Jones: I hear your next door neighbours have a very good organ. Do you know how many stops it has?
 Brown: Only about three a day, and those not very long ones.
 BOOKED.—The methods of the School Board have been severely criticised in some quarters, but there can be no disputing that the proper way to treat the ignorant classes is to "bring them to book."