

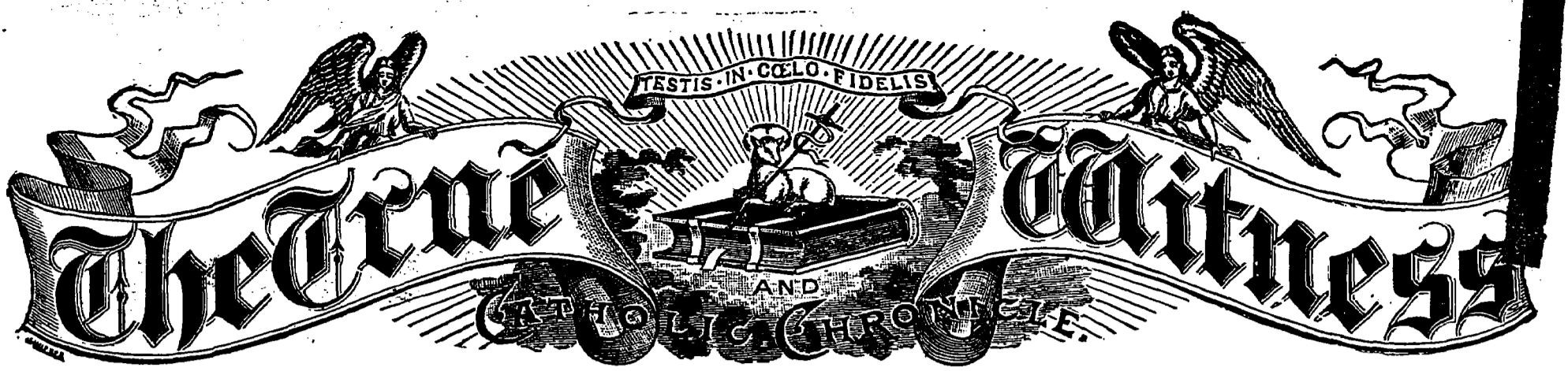
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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

THE Chinese seem to have a greater and more dangerous enemy than even the Japanese. It is the filth that has brought on the fearful plague which has been ravaging Hong Kong. For a time the death rate on that island was five hundred daily. Although it has become lower, during the past couple of weeks, the epidemic is still alarming. A queer people those laundry-men are. They would do well to practise their trade at home.

THE remaining buildings on Jackson Park, Chicago, the edifices that won the admiration of hundreds of thousands during the World's Fair, have fallen a prey to the flames. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* It took centuries to build up the ancient splendor of Rome; in a few centuries all that grandeur was demolished. It only took a few months to call into existence the fair creations of Jackson Park, and it only required a few hours to reduce them to ashes. What a sad lesson!

WHO can describe the confusion, social chaos, and wild, unbridled fury of the Chicago commune? A grand strike, and the blow recoiled; the boomerang of events struck in the direction least anticipated. It is unfortunate that the whole commercial, social and civil world—in a vast section of the country—should be flung into a state of consternation. And yet there must be something radically wrong some place. At whose door all the blame is to be laid is more than we are competent to decide. But whether able or not to trace the cause to its proper source, or to indicate the remedy, at least we can deplore the consequences. The unnecessary loss of life, destruction of valuable property, and the unfortunate awakening of the demon of socialism, or rather communism, are results that speak for themselves. The starting of such strikes resembles the putting of a match to the bunch of grass on the prairies. It is very easy to ignite the combustible; but what human power can check the conflagration after it gains headway? Surely the Government of the United States can devise some means of preventing these calamities.

THE death is announced of Sir Austen Layard, the famous explorer and diplomatic agent. He was born in 1817, and was consequently in his seventy-seventh year when he closed his useful and active career. One of the events in his life that will stand forth more than all others before the eyes of future generations was his wonderful works in the East. His unearthing of the ruins of Nineveh served to fling an entirely new light upon certain portions of ancient and oriental history. We remember well the pleasure with which we read, some years ago, Mr. Layard's beautiful accounts of the buried cities of past ages. In the midst of all his official duties—and they were numerous and varied—he found time to delve

into the past, and to literally dig amongst the debris of buried glories. He is one of the rare men, who, dying, have left something tangible after them for the benefit and good of humanity. He had a long and full life and his name will be long cherished by all lovers of authentic history.

IN our second last issue we quoted a few lines from a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," and embodied them in our editorial upon "School Flowers." A number of people have asked us to give the whole of that poem—which seems to have struck a happy and responsive chord in the souls of hundreds. In our next issue we will give our readers the full poem and leave it to each of them to decide upon its merits.

THE Gladstonian candidate has carried the division of Attercliffe, in Sheffield. It may sound strange to some that, even while the Grand Old Man is no longer in active politics, the Home Rule candidate should be called Gladstonian; but we must remember that the spirit of the great ex-Premier still rules in British politics and that his successor is merely carrying out the policy traced by the first statesman of the century. Every move made in the direction of Home Rule, every gain to the Liberal party of to day, may be considered as made and won by the followers of Gladstone. It is not yet certain that he is to remain forever out of the arena; perhaps the repose that he has taken may enable him to return when the grand crisis comes. But whether or not he returns, we repeat that his spirit still governs.

WE had intended writing an editorial for this issue upon the treatment of the Catholic Poles by the Russians, and giving therein some of the very pertinent and powerful statements of that great prelate, Cardinal Dunajowski, Prince-Bishop of Cracow; but circumstances obliged us to leave the subject for another issue. We have since learned that on Monday, June 18, the learned and great churchman died. The Liverpool Catholic Times says that "he was a man who, by his ability, generosity and religious zeal, had won a warm place in the affection of his fellow-countrymen." And to this we might add that he had done more than, perhaps, any other individual, lay or clerical, for the happiness of the Poles and the glory of the Church amongst them.

IN the death of Pere Mazurette Montreal is deprived of a most unique character and a worthy citizen. Unostentatiously, this aged patriot of 1837-93 has spent the last thirty years of his life "going about doing good." Many an old man in the east end of the city will miss Pere Mazurette. He labored for the poor; his bent and aged form was familiar in all the streets of that section of Montreal. Always neat, clean, but plainly clad, he spent his days in giving away little sacred pictures, and accepting whatever the receivers desired to give

him by way of alms. These dollars he used in feeding, clothing and lodging the unfortunate and deserving old men of the community. He was the incarnation of charity; surely his reward is proportionate to his works—if so his crown must be a glorious one. May his pious and merciful soul rest in peace!

THERE is a most instructive, edifying and ably edited monthly publication that comes from Falls View, Ont.; it is the Carmelite Review, edited by the Rev. Philip A. Best, O. C. C., of that place. It is well printed, on exceptionally good paper, and contains a fund of information that is of great interest to all Catholic readers. It is published in honor of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, and in the interest of the Brown Scapular, and has the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, and the Archbishop of Toronto, as well as the different bishops of Ontario. It contains interesting stories, beautiful poems, able editorial notes, and all the information of the month concerning the works of the Carmelites and the blessings connected with the Brown Scapular. We trust that many of our readers will encourage this very worthy publication.

THERE are clouds collecting over Corea. The Chinese are getting vexed and the Japanese threaten war. It looks as if these orientals were going to have a lively time of it—at least as lively as such easy-going people can be expected to have. It is growing very unpleasant for Christians in China; by letters and reports we learn that even friendly Chinese dread to be found in the company of Europeans on account of the antipathy of their fellow-countrymen to foreigners. The "hoodlum Chinese" call those who accompany strangers the "dogs of the Christians," and they are consequently treated as dogs. Of course the Mongolians are not very far-seeing; but it might serve the purposes of their fortune-seeking fellow countrymen in America were they to be less hostile towards civilized people. They are a queer race.

OUR friend Mr. Norman Murray is becoming quite famous these times. His case before the Recorder, in which he made the extraordinary plea,—that because a man belonged to a certain creed he was not calculated, as a judge, to do justice to men of other creeds,—caused a little stir in the press. It all ended in smoke. Now we find the irrepressible Norman at loggerheads with the Customs authorities, who seized four copies of "Maria Monk's" book, which he had imported. Mr. Murray had written to Hon. Mr. Wallace, but receiving no reply he ordered the books from Milner & Co., London, England, together with some other works—making thirteen volumes in all. Thirteen is a bad number; it proved so in the case of the "gallant thirteen" in the House of Commons,

also in that of the unlucky edition that brought so much trouble to the Canada Revue. Mr. Murray seems to be no more successful in importing anti-Catholic literature into Canada than was Dr. Fulton in trying to carry the same class of stuff into the United States. Mr. Murray is evidently a Norman, and not a Roman.

EMILE ZOLA has written an explanation, or justification, of his work entitled "Lourdes;" this last production is even worse than the one that made so much noise; but it has fallen flat. It is not true that his "Lourdes" has been put on the Index; it was never laid before the Sacred Congregation. No more is there much necessity of officially condemning it; it bears its own condemnation upon every page, and the press of the Catholic world has entirely ruined it and drawn from its sting the venom that it contained.

THE following timely note of warning comes from the Jewish organ, the American Hebrew, and is worthy our attention, for it sums up the situation pretty clearly:

"The obnoxious A.P.A., the organization which is seeking, by concerted action among Protestant Christians, to disfranchise and ostracize all Catholics, seems to be thriving apace. Even in the large cities, where the spirit of charity and tolerance and patriotism might be thought to subordinate the sway of bigotry, the Protestant press and pulpit seem to hesitate, either tacitly forbearing or boldly supporting the benighted tenets of the A.P.A., and but sparsely coming out with any degree of courage or emphasis in opposition to them. Sooner or later our Protestant friends—those who are influential in Protestant circles—will be compelled to declare themselves either on one side or the other. Before long the conflict will be definitely drawn on the lines of Protestantism versus American citizenship. That has a very ugly look in politics, and the only way to avoid it is for influential Protestants to use their power to crush out this outrageous attempt to inject religion as a factor in our political life."

WE notice by the American and European press that the death of the late lamented Archbishop Tache has caused a wave of sorrow to be felt far beyond the limits of Canada. Despite the great distances to be traversed, the concourse of eminent prelates and representatives of episcopal dignitaries at Winnipeg, on the occasion of the obsequies, was an evidence of the esteem, veneration and love in which the great departed one was held. It was a graceful and praiseworthy act on the part of the Dominion Government to have sent an official representative to the funeral of the lamented Archbishop. And certainly no more worthy and proper person could have been chosen to act on behalf of the Government, on that sad occasion, than the Hon. Solicitor-General Curran, whose presence at St. Boniface emphasized the fact that all the Dominion join in paying a well-deserved tribute to the memory of one of Canada's greatest sons.

## TEMPERANCE.

## OFFICIAL BULLETIN.

Office of General Secretary C.T.A.U. of A.  
415 West 59th St., New York,  
July 1, 1894.

The topic of burning interest just now is the National Convention which will assemble in the City of St. Paul under the auspices of Archbishop Ireland on the first day of August, and, as the time approaches for its convening, the interest that we take in it increases, and the hope we have for accruing advantages becomes larger. The local committee in charge of the Convention have been and are making extensive preparations to receive and entertain the delegates. Since we sent out our last Bulletin, we have received advices of a change of mind and heart in the Western Passenger Association. We stated in the last Bulletin that the rate fixed was a fare and a third, but since then they have modified their schedule, so that we take pleasure now in advising you that the following rates and arrangements have been agreed upon for this occasion "under a suspension of the rules": "The rate of one standard fare for the round trip, tickets to be on sale July 30th and 31st, restricted for return passage, leaving St. Paul on August 4th, 5th and 6th, good for going passage date of sale and for continuous passage in each direction." The fact that the Western Passenger Association makes a special exception in the case of the Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinents, thereby giving over the lines in their territory a trip to St. Paul and return for one fare, is a very strong argument why advantage should be taken of their generosity, and every one who is at all interested in temperance matters, and many who are not particularly so, will turn their faces St. Paulwards on the first of August. An additional reason is found in the extensive preparations that have been made by Archbishop Ireland through his committee to entertain the visiting delegates. All who go to St. Paul, and this invitation is extended not only to delegates chosen but to every Temperance sympathizer, become the guests of the Archbishop, and an elaborate series of entertainments are arranged extending over the whole week, including visits to Minneapolis, to Stillwater, and up the beautiful St. Croix River, as guests of our genial friend Mr. John O'Brien. The delegates, therefore, who are going will be entertained in right royal style.

Archbishop Ireland wishes it to be thoroughly understood that he desires to make this gathering of Temperance people one of the most notable gatherings that has convened for many years, and that there is no limit to the numbers that can be and will be entertained during the week of the Convention; and he has empowered me, in his name, to extend a cordial invitation to everyone, no matter what his religion, social standing, or position in life—everyone who is interested in Temperance matters. A number of personal invitations will be extended by him to the bishops; and the clergy and all well-wishers of the Temperance cause will please consider this official invitation of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union as personal as if it were made *viva voce* to each one.

We beg to call your attention to Section 6, Article VI., of the Constitution of the National Union: "Any society remaining in arrears ten days before the time of the General Convention shall not be entitled to a vote in said Convention." So that if your society has not yet paid its per capita tax into the office of the General Secretary, it is requested to do so by the 22nd of July under penalty of loss of vote in the National Convention.

We would most respectfully venture to repeat our suggestion of last month in order to bring your society into closer touch with the National Convention, that you secure from your delegate representing you an exact and minute report of the doings of the Convention. This can be readily done by asking at the first meeting after the Convention a carefully prepared report of the transactions of the Convention.

We are informed by advices from the Boston Union that their delegates, numbering nearly one hundred, will go by the Fitchburg and West Shore Railroads to Niagara Falls, where they will spend Sunday, the 29th of July, leaving there the same afternoon, 29th, arriving in Chicago on the morning of the 30th.

They will spend the day in Chicago, and leave for St. Paul on the 10.15 p.m. train over the Northwestern Railway, arriving in St. Paul at noon of Tuesday, the day before the Convention opens. Chicago is a good rallying point for all the Eastern delegations, and all the roads out of Chicago centring in St. Paul will carry people going to the Convention for one standard fare for the round trip.

The presidents of the Subordinate Unions, on account of the important meeting that will be held in St. Paul the evening before the Convention opens, are requested to leave Chicago not later than Monday night.

The local committee will meet the delegates on the arrival of the train. We have not been advised as yet by the local committee of the hotels and their rates, but when such information is at hand it will be published in consecutive issues of the C. T. A. News of Philadelphia and the Index of Scranton. Any further information concerning the Convention will go out through these channels.

Let me urge, as a final word, that as much publicity as possible be given to the Convention, that every one who can go will attend, and that the recommendations of the Convention be afterwards carried out in society work.

Fraternal yours,  
(Rev.) A. P. DOYLE,  
General Secretary C. T. A. U. of A.  
415 West 59th Street, New York.

## PILGRIMAGES FROM MONTREAL TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

During the coming week the following pilgrimages will be made from Montreal to St. Anne de Beaupre:—

Saturday, July 14th, a pilgrimage under the direction of the Rev. P. N. Briton.

Monday, July 16th, a pilgrimage under the direction of His Lordship Bishop Decelles, of St. Hyacinthe.

Wednesday, July 18th, a pilgrimage from St. Elizabeth's Church, under the direction of the Rev. A. Lacasse.

## AN OMISSION.

In our issue of last week we gave the list of prizes won by the pupils of Mount St. Louis Institute. Inadvertently we omitted to mention that Master Harry Fitzgibbon took second prize for elocution. This was an omission that we regret the more in consideration of the fact that Master Harry is one of the brightest and most promising young pupils in the college.

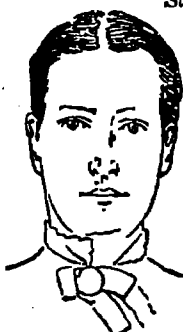
## ST. LEON SPRINGS.

## LIST OF LATEST ARRIVALS.

Theophile Ricard, Three Rivers; J R Duckett, N S Robichand, J E Garneau, Montreal; P Laberge, Yamachiche; F Lapierre, Thos Bourdeau, Montreal; Louis Alexander, James Good, Toronto; F Valentine, Jos Harnois, E D Boisclair, Three Rivers; Mr and Mrs Watson, of Chronicle, Quebec; Eugene Panneton, Arthur Panneton, Three Rivers; E Galibert, Chas Galibert, G A Morrison, wife and child, F D Shallow and family, Dame Joseph Tasse, Delle Tasse, Adjueteur Carmel, Delle Dufresne, H Beaugrand and family, Delle Glackmeyer, Montreal; C Moore and wife, St. Paul; F Reaisance, Cookshire; E W Gilman, Wm Galbraith and family, Wm Edward, Miss S Brown, Miss R Jones, Miss Stella Brown, E Gravel and wife, George Darveau, J E Huot, N E Gauvreau, Quebec.

## DOCTORS ENDORSE IT.

An Eminent Physician of Arkansas, tells of some Remarkable Cures of Consumption.



Mrs. ROGERS.

Stamps, La Fayette Co., Ark.  
Dr. R. V. PIERCE:  
Dear Sir—I will say this to you, that Consumption is hereditary in my wife's family; some have already died with the disease. My wife has a sister, Mrs. E. A. Cleary, that was taken with consumption. She used your "Golden Medical Discovery," and, to the surprise of her many friends, she got well. My wife has also had hemorrhages from the lungs, and her sister insisted on her using the "Golden Medical Discovery." I consented to her using it, and it relieved her. She has had no symptoms of consumption for the past six years. People having this disease can take no better remedy.

Yours very truly,  
W. C. Rogers, M. D.

## THE CONCERT AT THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The Catholic sailors held another successful concert in their hall on Thursday evening last; there was a large attendance of sailors and citizens, and the programme was up to the usual standard of excellence. One of the chief features of the entertainment was the clever and amusing recitation of Mr. J. Green. In the course of his recitation Mr. Green described the misfortunes of an art critic, who endeavoured to judge a picture unconsciously in the presence of the artist. The recitation was extremely amusing and received an enthusiastic encore. The "star" of the evening, however, was Mr. G. N. Parks, whose splendid singing is always such a great attraction. Mr. Parks surpassed himself on this occasion; his full and sonorous voice echoed through the large hall, and in the pathetic song, "The fatal wedding" his expression was wonderful. Mr. Parks has already received several offers to join professional operatic companies, and there is no doubt were he to take to the stage that his powerful and beautiful voice would quickly place him in the front ranks. Among the others who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Mr. E. A. Carpenter, Miss Ling, Mr. J. Brown, Miss Hall, Miss Delaney, Mr. James, Mr. Tierny.

Through the instrumentality of Mr. Callaghan, the Catholic sailors will, at their concert the week after next, be able to enjoy the splendid music of the orchestra of St. Laurent College. The orchestra is composed of about 12 specially trained students of the college, and their music is of a very high order. Orchestral music is quite an unusual event at the Catholic Sailors' Club, and the St. Laurent students may rely on a full and enthusiastic house.

## COTE ST. PAUL CONVENT.

The closing exercises at Cote Saint Paul Convent were well attended by friends and relatives of the pupils. The past year has been a very successful one, and many prizes and medals, the gifts of friends of the Convent, were distributed. The Rev. A. A. Brault presided at the distribution of prizes.

The young ladies who won the highest prizes were:—

SUPERIOR COURSE—First year: first prize, gold medal, Miss R. Pigeon. Second year—First prize, a gold medal and honors, Miss E. Fortin.

INTERMEDIATE COURSE—First class: First prizes and honors of this class (silver medal), Misses E. Deschamps, N. Kitson, A. Charbonneau. Second class—First Prizes and honors: Misses L. Gale, F. Daignault, L. Aubin. Third class—First prizes and honors: Misses A. Gahan, A. Whelan, R. Ranger.

ELEMENTARY COURSE.—Fourth class.—First prizes and honors: Misses B. Dominique, E. Lalonde, E. Laprairie. Fifth class—First prizes: Misses E. Mallette, M. Townsley, A. Vallee. Sixth class—First prizes: Misses E. Lepage, Ant. Limoges, B. Brossard. Seventh class—First prizes: Misses M. L. Mallette, E. Belanger, Blanche Denis.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—Medals and prizes presented by P. S. Murphy, Esq.: Misses M. A. Gahan, B. Dominique, R. Pigeon, A. Gahan and E. Lalonde.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—Medals and prizes: Misses M. Laprairie, A. Desparois, E. Fortin, M. A. Gahan, N. Kitson, E. Mallette, E. Laprairie, L. Yale, A. Ledoux, A. Gahan, M. Maguire, A. Henrichon, A. Charbonneau, A. Limoges, E. Ricard, A. St. Amour, E. Belanger.

Vocal Music—Silver medal, Miss E. Mallette; first prize, Miss A. Desparois.

Knitting, Plain Sewing, Embroidery—Silver medal, Miss N. Kitson; first prizes, Miss A. Desparois, M. A. Gahan, Z. Aubin, A. Whelan, A. Gahan, A. Charbonneau, F. Daignault, R. Ranger, A. Daignault, A. Limoges, E. Mallette, B. Dominique, E. Laprairie, E. Lalonde, A. Daoust, M. Townsley, T. Lynch, O. Picard, A. Labreche, E. Lepage, B. Brossard, M. L. Mallette, Ant. Limoges, Blanche Denis.

Mending—Silver medal, Miss A. Whelan; first prizes, Misses Z. Aubin, A. Desparois, R. Pigeon.

Painting and Drawing—First prizes, Miss M. Laprairie, A. Desparois, E. Fortin, R. Pigeon, M. A. Gahan, Z. Aubin, M. Maguire, A. Ledoux.

Domestic Economy—Silver medal, Miss H. Brisson, 1st prizes, Miss V. Brossard, A. Whelan, Z. Aubin, E. Richard, E. Lepage, A. Labreche, G. Lynch, M. L.

Carrighnan, R. Ranger, A. Daignault, B. Dominique, E. L. Daoust, Ald. Daoust.

Assiduity—Silver medal, awarded Miss A. Daignault.

Calisthenics—Medals, presented by P. S. Murphy, Esq., Misses E. Mallette, E. Laprairie, G. Lynch, N. Kitson, A. Gahan, Z. Aubin, E. Richard.

## MRS. WOLFF'S ACADEMY.

The commencement exercises at Mrs. Wolff's Academy took place on Tuesday, June the 26th.

The pupils of the academy have done exceedingly well during the past year, and have seconded the efforts of their zealous teachers in a most pleasing manner. Following is a list of the pupils who carried off the the highest honors:—

Medals for general proficiency were awarded to Alix Durand, Lucie Guilbault, Albertine de Grand Pre, Emeline Courtemanche, Jimmy Crankshaw.

Medal for politeness, to Miss Alma Lord.

Medal for arithmetic to Miss Antoinette Bousquet.

Medals for music, gold medal to Miss Clementine Martin; silver medal to Miss Louisa Hirtz; medal of excellence to Miss Theresa Breslow.

Medals for assiduity were awarded by Mr. P. S. Murphy to Misses Murry Jane Blackburn, Annie Blackburn, Eva Whalen, Rachel Vineberg, Georgia Moore, Eugene Desilets.

Medal of excellence, presented by his Worship the Mayor to Miss Louisa Hirtz.

Medal of excellence, presented by Rev. Father James Callahan to Miss Florence Moore.

## ST. LEO'S ACADEMY.

The pupils of St. Leo's Academy have just passed a music review and a review of calisthenics, at each of which the Rev. Father C. Larocque assisted, and he was highly pleased with both. The work of the pupils was also exhibited during two days, in which the parents had the permission to come and inspect it. Some of the pieces were extremely difficult, among them a great number of paintings, which were very well done for beginners. From the smallest to the largest pupil all had worked during the year with a zeal that was not to be overcome.

## REV. BROTHER SYMPHONIAN.

In last week's issue it was stated that Rev. Brother Arnold was director of Mount St. Louis College; this was an error, as that splendid institution is under the able direction of the Rev. Brother Symphonian, one of the oldest men of the Order in Canada. Rev. Bro. Arnold, our old and dear friend, occupies another position entirely; he is inspector of the English classes in this Province.

Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that wood covered with tin resists fire better than an iron door.

The Queen's descendants either occupy now or, in the natural course of events, bid fair to sit upon seven thrones—those of the British Empire, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, the Kingdom of Greece, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen.

## SEND TO-DAY.

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

R. RYAN,

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

## ST. DUNSTAN'S COLLEGE.

Commencement Exercises—The Closing Address Delivered by James Jeffrey Roche, Editor of the Boston Pilot.

The closing exercises of St. Dunstan's College, which took place in the Lyceum, Charlottetown, P.E.I., on the evening of the 22nd, were attended by a large and appreciative audience. A suitable programme was prepared, as is customary with colleges on occasions of this kind. Everything turned out as one would desire, the literary and musical part being admirably rendered. The valedictory, by Mr. James C. McKinnon, and an essay on "Anarchy and Socialism," by Mr. Peter D. McGuigan, were productions worthy of the minds from which they emanated. They contained many salutary lessons and exhortations rarely found in treatises of such a nature.

The distribution of prizes and the conferring of the degrees of B.A. on Messrs. P. D. McGuigan and John E. O'Brien were an interesting part of the programme. But the principal event of the evening and the chief feature of the entertainment was the closing address to the graduates, delivered by Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, the talented editor of the Boston Pilot. Mr. Roche is a native of Prince Edward Island and a graduate of St. Dunstan's College. His address, indeed, was a masterpiece, and was not only a lesson to the graduating student, but referred directly to every one in the large audience. However, we will not criticize further, but let his address speak for itself. Thus he spoke:

I am going to read my address to you and I will tell you why: Some three and thirty years ago—it may have been four and thirty—I forget the exact date, but I remember the occasion very distinctly—and painfully—the youngest and smallest boy in St. Dunstan's was chosen to deliver a 'Valedictory address,' on examination day. I remember it, because that valedictory was never delivered. It began promisingly—I may say eloquently; but before it had proceeded five minutes something happened. I cannot, even now, say just what; but I think it must have been a sudden and acute attack of 'stage fright.'

Anyhow, the boy broke down and left the stage, the smallest boy in the universe, and the world lost an orator. My memory on this subject is peculiarly keen, because I was that small boy; and from that day to this I have never trusted myself on the sea of oratory without a life preserver.

I wish I could remember the rest of that valedictory now, because I know that it was crammed with the wisdom of my years; when I knew so much more about everything than I now do about anything.

I feel deeply honored at being asked after thirty odd years, to finish that broken speech; but I confess that I approach the task with less confidence now than I had then.

There is a popular belief that the chief duty of an editor is to give advice. Theoretically, this is correct; practically, he gets more advice than he gives, from 'Old Subscriber,' from 'Vox Populi,' from 'Veritas,' from a legion of well-meaning friends—but he has one consolation, that, like a doctor, he does not feel obliged to take his own medicine.

If I were to give advice to young men just entering the world, I should aim to make it short, and as sweet as experience would justify.

I should say, in the first place: Do not cherish any illusions one way or the other about the value of your education.

Education, mere 'book knowledge,' is, on the face of it, the least marketable of all properties. But that is a superficial view of it.

Perhaps the most depressing moment in a young man's life is that in which, fresh from the scholastic arena, with the rays of victory on his brow, he goes forth to win his way to fortune, say in the field of Commerce. Very likely, then, when catechised as to his qualifications, he will (modestly or otherwise) mention a few of the many things that he knows, about ancient and modern History, about languages, foreign and domestic, about science, art, philosophy—and 'Shakespeare, and the musical classes.' And when the cold unfeeling man of business says to him: 'that is very nice, so far as it goes, but can you head up a barrel of flour? Can you sweep out a counting-room without focussing the dust under a desk or behind a door?

Can you tie a parcel neatly? Can you address an envelope correctly? Can you do any of the things that a smart common school graduate boy can do at sight? Perhaps you may be compelled to say that you cannot. Don't worry if you can't.

You can do something far better. You can learn to head up a barrel, to sweep a floor, to tie up a bundle, to address a letter, and to do many things more important, not dreamed of in the philosophy of the Commercial College.

Because you have learned how to learn, the tools of knowledge are familiar to your hands. The man whose mind has been trained to think, and study, and investigate, is not to be daunted by an unexpected call. He may be confronted by a problem wholly unforeseen and unimagined; but analogy is a science as sure as arithmetic; and to know how to find the answer is as good as knowing the answer itself, if not better.

There was a famous engineer in Boston, who stood first in his art, and he was once called upon to examine some defect in an engine which had baffled the skill of everybody else. He went to work, and in half an hour he detected the flaw and corrected it. When asked for his bill he said it would be five hundred dollars!

But, demurred the superintendent, 'that is an exorbitant price. Do you mean to say that you charge \$1,000 an hour for your labor?'

'No,' said the engineer, 'I don't charge over a dollar an hour for my labor—the rest of the charge is for the 'know how!'

That was the price of education. Make no mistake. College education means no more than the use of the tools of knowledge—but that means very much. It means in civil life what drill and discipline mean in military life. It means the formation of great virtues, such as obedience, quick comprehension of the immediate duty, intelligent submission to the dictates of that duty, even though submission mean death. Physical bravery is the commonest of human traits; but the more bravery which leads the soldier, open-eyed, to voluntary self sacrifice, is something borne of high training—something which makes his comrades rejoice in his fate—even as General Halpine sang of his dead friend, half in sorrow, half in envy:

"There poor George Morris lies,  
With the death-light in his eyes,  
He early won the prize  
Of the striped and starry shroud"

Even in civil life the trained mind is often called upon for sacrifices, less serious though not less trying. Here is where character tells—the character built up by college discipline. I have had twenty years of business life, and a dozen of more public life; and I say to you with all the experience of those years, that while I have sometimes known a knave to win what he thought success, I have never known an honest man to fail in the battle of life.

It is applying a low standard to say that 'Honesty pays.' But when a truth, attested by the highest standard of morality, is confirmed as well by the low standard of material policy it is a truth worth taking to heart.

You, young men, entering on life, have a mission just as arduous, just as glorious as that of any newly-knighted champion in the days of chivalry.

It is true, that the dragons and the giants are all dead; and the robbers and the pirates have been driven from the woods and the seas to the stock exchange; but there are wrongs to be redressed still; there are rights to be championed, and the championship calls for as much bravery, honesty and intelligence as ever knight-errant possessed.

It calls for more: because the enemy to-day is armed with one, at least, of your best weapons—intelligence.

Once the world was ruled by brute force alone—the Aristocracy of the sword.

Later it was ruled by cunning—the Aristocracy of the Brain.

Now it is being ruled by money—the Aristocracy of the Pocket; and the most powerful of the three, since it is able to command the services of the other two.

Now it is no intrinsic merit in any man that he owns the sinews of a Sampson—nor the millions of a Vanderbilt—nor the brains of a Shakespeare, if he employ them not for the service of his fellow man.

There is a fourth Aristocracy to which all men may belong, if they will, and to which every young man, educated as

you are, in the Christian knowledge, has the right of immediate entrance. It is the Aristocracy of the Soul, which is no aristocracy at all, but God's own Democracy of Human Brotherhood.

You, Esquires, just graduated; you, Pages, looking forward to higher honors—to you the career of Knighthood is open—to fight for justice to the poor and the weak everywhere—to lead in the battle for Industrial Liberty—to combat the robbers and giants and dragons that infest the highways and byeways of Trade and Politics whenever Cunning and Greed hold Simplicity and Honesty by the throat.

The world must be reformed from above—not from below. Unless the leaders lead, they will be driven—for

'God purifies slowly by Peace—  
But urgently by fire!'

Here in Prince Edward Island, small as it is geographically, you may be able to work out some problems which have puzzled the wisdom of the great world without.

Here in this self governing colony, you settled, without recourse to violence or over-much argument, the whole vast question of Tenant Rights, of Absentee Landlordism, of—wonderful to relate,—of the right of an intelligent people to make their own laws and mind their own business. And the Empire did not go to destruction when you achieved those portentous things a generation ago.

Young men brought up under such institutions are not likely to make bad citizens of this or any other country. The history of Prince Edward Island during the past forty years furnishes an excellent object lesson in political economy.

You are exceptionally blessed, it is true, in having for your heritage the loveliest island in the Western Hemisphere. That is a blessing of nature. But you have other favors of which you have better reason to be proud. A former son of Prince Edward Island, and one of her brightest, wrote me years ago from Fraser River, where he was then sojourning. He said:

"We have a glorious climate, and a fruitful country. We are proud of our climate, proud of our wonderful resources, agricultural and mineral; proud of our marvellous progress, and proud—justly proud—of our eminent and unequal criminals!"

Now, I learn from your honorable Chief Justice, my former classmate in St. Dunstan's College, that you have almost no criminals in this Island—at least none to brag about. I learn from other friends that you have very few paupers and no tramps.

You have no tramps and no millionaires. The one is about as bad as the other. You are exceptionally blessed in being free from both. May you long remain so. It is the problem of Dives vs. Lazarus that confronts and appeals to society to-day. We know how it was regarded by infinite wisdom and infinite goodness 1900 years ago. It is the mission of the educated Christians to regard and to solve it on the same lines to-day.

There is another subject on which I would say a word, before concluding. You will be told when you leave college, and it is true, that the 'professions are overcrowded.' And you will be told by way of consolation, that 'there is always plenty of room at the top.' That, also, is true. But the top is a long way off. It is clouded with mists, and obstructed by cliffs and chasms. The smooth plain at the base of the mountain is crowded.

You must join the crowd, if you have a professional base and ambition. You will not stay there, if you have instinct which leads a few to the summit. You must expect to meet with hardships on the way. They will not hurt you, if you have the right stuff in you. No success is worth much without hard work and sore privation. No true success is attained without them. But graduates going forth into the world, understand that the world is, after all, God's world, that His laws govern it, here as hereafter. The only thing that 'pays' is the thing which is right.

Be honest; be truthful; be brave; 'Be just and fear not.' The Decalogue has not been repealed. The Beautitudes are living, unrevised and unreviseable, promises. For the rest in your course through life, let it be your aim to meet and fulfil the prayer of Thackeray,

'Be each, pray God, a gentleman.'

Rev. A. F. Kolazewski, the leader of the rebellious Catholic Poles in Cleveland, O., has been excommunicated.

## ST. ANNS SCHOOL.

The closing exercises in St. Ann's school took place on June 26th. Rev. Father Bancart, C.S.S.R., presided. The hall was well filled with parents and friends. Contests in speaking and singing formed interesting items on the programme. The speakers were Masters Thos. Gleeson, Freddie Hogan, Arthur O'Leary, Michael Norris, John Nolan and Jas. McCarron. Prof. J. Saunders, T. D. Tansey and Rev. Bro. Marcellian, acted as judges. The 1st prize, a silver medal, presented by T. D. Tansey, was won by Arthur O'Leary, T. Gleeson 2nd, Freddie Hogan 3rd. M-st. J. Murray, J. Slattery, F. McCrory, J. Mahony, A. O'Leary, Thos. Gleeson, F. J. Burns, M. Norris and P. McGuire competed in vocal music; Francis McCrory, carried off 1st prize, Thos. Gleeson 2nd.

The gold medal for excellence, presented by Ald. P. Kennedy, was awarded to Charles Lennan. A gold medal, for good conduct and application, presented by Rev. Bro. Arnold, was awarded to Robt. Hart.

Prizes of honor were awarded to the following boys:—1st class: T. J. Donnelly, Chas. Lennan, T. Gleeson, John Manning, O. Leblanc and R. Hart. 2nd class: F. McCrory, T. J. Burns, J. Brown, Ed. Kennedy and Jas. Mahony. 3rd class: G. Harold, A. Auger, J. Murphy and H. Hartford. 4th class: R. Whitty, E. O'Brien, F. Ryan, P. Moore.

Following are the names of donors of prizes: Rev. F. Bancart, Rev. Bro. Arnold, Ald. P. Kennedy, Dr. J. Guerin, D. & J. Sadler, J. Slattery, T. D. Tansey, J. McCrory, Carroll Bros., D. Gallery, M. Cannon, E. Tobin, P. Kenny, J. Corcoran, Mrs. E. Brennan, Mrs. D. Doyle, Mrs. Penfold, Mrs. Coffey.

At the close of the exercises the Rev. Father Bancart expressed himself highly pleased with the progress the boys had made in their studies during the year. He then went on to speak of Mr. J. K. Foran, there present, and said that the high honor of Doctor of Letters conferred upon that gentleman by the Ottawa University was well merited. Mr. Foran was one of the ablest journalists and most fearless defenders of the Truth in America. In reply, Dr. Foran thanked the Rev. gentleman for his kind remarks, and said that the new honors conferred upon him made him feel more than ever desirous of devoting all his energies to the cause of Catholicity and Truth. He then congratulated the pupils on their prizes, which he called the 181 fruits of their labor.

The winners of the three first places in the first section of the first class were Chas Lennan, Thos Donnelly and John Manning.

First Class, second Section—Robert Hart; George Parker, Michal Scott.

Second Class, first Division—John Maloney, Robert Brown, George Leblanc.

Second Class, second Division—Michael Regan, Ed Kennedy and James Slattery.

Third Class, first Division—Michael Norris, John Nolan, James Kennedy.

Third Class, second Division—Edward Kavanagh, Michael Gleeson, William Walsh.

Fourth Class—Robert Whitty, Bernard Healy, Michael Daly, Michael Donnelly.

Fifth Class—Ed. Sheehan, Peter O'Leary, Albert Morin.

Sixth Class—Frank Forrester, J. Latimer, J. Morey.

Seventh Class—P. Enright, J. McElroy, G. Higgins.

Ninth Class—G. Murray, J. Gillighan, H. Manning.

Tenth Class—J. Callaghan, Jos. Scullion, T. Sheehan.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

ARRAN ISLES,  
Galway, Ireland, June 22, '94 }

DEAR MR. MCCANN,—I feel grateful for your kind contribution sent me per TRUE WITNESS. It is consoling to find so many kind-hearted Irishmen in America to believe the evicted and starving in the remote Isles of Aran, off the West coast of Ireland. Anyone whose heart is not of steel would be fired with indignation at seeing the treatment to which these poor, patient, persecuted people are subjected. Our impoverished condition has called forth sympathy from everybody except the cruel landlord and the so-called 'Liberal' Government of England.

With esteem and gratitude, I am, dear Mr. McCann, sincerely yours,  
MICHAEL McDONALD, C. C.

## A SPLENDID INSTITUTION.

## THE GREY NUNS CONVENT ON QUY STREET.

A Magnificent Building—A Home of Industry and Benevolence—A Sketch of the Work Done by the Sisters for the Benefit of Our Catholic Community.

Right in the middle of the finest residential portion of the city, with its grounds having a frontage on St. Catherine, Guy and Dorchester streets, stands the Convent of the Grey Nunnery, one of the largest, and certainly one of the handsomest from an architectural standpoint, in America. The Convent is built of grey stone and stands in its own beautiful grounds amid bright green trees and cultivated garden plants.

The Order of the Grey Nuns was founded in 1747, with the object of assisting the poor, and ever since the time when the Convent was an incommensurable building near the river side, the good Sisters have been gradually increasing in numbers, until now there are some seven or eight hundred, and the good they are doing in the city every day is incalculable.

The number of inmates in the Convent now is nearly 900, of whom over 400 are nuns, always busy, always bright and cheerful, and devoting all the best fruits of their labors to the benefit of the poor for the love of God.

The kind and cheerful Sister who conducted us over the building, first showed us the pharmacy of the Convent, a bright, neat room, better supplied with bottles of drugs and other appliances incident to medical practice than is a druggist shop or the laboratory of an outside doctor. As there are little less than a thousand persons altogether in the Convent, and a good number of these are in a declining old age, and others are but a few weeks old and consequently subject to all the many ills of infancy, the doctor and the good Sisters, therefore, are almost continually employed attending to cases of slight indisposition, but every remedy for serious cases may be supplied from the stores in the Convent when occasion requires. In the medical department is a Sister who is a qualified dentist, and can crown, fill, bore and extract teeth as well as a male dentist. The Sisters, say the patients, would rather the Sister extracted their teeth than an ordinary dentist, for she has more sympathy for them, and is at greater trouble not to give them pain.

Leaving the medical department, we proceed to the repository of devotional articles. Here are rosaries, scapulars, crosses and other articles, all made either by sick nuns or poor inmates, who are too feeble to do heavier work. In addition to the above, the Sisters make relic cases and stands; some of these cases are beautifully and very gorgeously decorated with gold filigree work and bright silk plushes. In this room also are several nuns highly skilled in the manufacture of mementoes from the hair of dead relatives or friends; the mementoes take many forms, such as hair watch charms, rings, and other articles for personal wear. The process by which hair is made into these varied articles is extremely slow and tedious, and can only be executed by a very skilled person of strong artistic tastes. The shortest lengths of hair can be used; on one card was hair of a dark brown color, some of the single pieces of which were not more than a quarter of an inch in length when handed to the Sister; yet all of them were utilized and converted into a beautiful floral design, which was a real work of art. In a glass case was a wreath of flowers, all made of human hair; the flowers were raised and looked most natural and attractive. The hair of which the wreath was made was of three generations of a family. Here was the grey hair of the grand-parents, the two shades of brown hair of the parents and the bright yellow locks of the little children, all harmonizing in color and woven together into a valuable and uncommon personal memento which could be kept and treasured in the family for years and years.

In a room a little further along the corridor is being carried on the work of making the lovely wax figures of the Infant Jesus, which brighten the Crib in the churches at Christmas time. These images are moulded entirely of good quality wax and are tinted and have

their eyes inserted afterwards by nuns who devote their time especially to this work. The work of chiselling the features of the images into definite form is entrusted to another Sister. The favorite mould used by the Sisters in making these figures was presented to them nearly one hundred years ago, by the Jesuit Fathers, and they have kept it ever since.

Walking further along the same corridor, we enter the store room, where all the trunks of the Sisters who are going out on missions are placed after being packed, and previous to removal to the railway depot; through this room also pass all supplies of eatables, medicines, etc., that are to be sent to the North-West missions.

In another room along the same corridor six or seven Sisters are busy making vestments. The methods of working are just the same as were followed hundreds and hundreds of years ago in the convents of the old world. Very few innovations have crept into this beautiful task which enables the good Sisters to employ their highest artistic abilities for the immediate glory of God. In this room there were being decorated some exquisitely beautiful and costly vestments set with valuable stones and heavy with filigree gold. The Sisters love their allotted work and take great pride in showing it to a visitor.

In a room across the corridor from this were a number of lay Sisters engaged in making the Host for the Blessed Sacra-

ment. Nothing but the very finest and the very purest flour is used in the manufacture. A gas machine is used for making the wafer into sheets about ten inches by twelve in size, and then a cutting machine shapes them. In this room also are made the wax candles for use on the altar.

they had remained prosperous in the world.

Up in a bright nursery, on one of the higher flats, are 40 little swinging cots, in which babies from a week old are reposing. It is an arduous task to manage so many little infants, but the good Sisters accomplish it, and the little tots are almost as tenderly cared for as they would be under the care of a loving mother. When the children grow to be five or six years of age they are transferred to another department among children of their own age, and at the age of seven or so they are put to school, where they remain for about six years, and are then placed out to earn their own living.

One little girl in the school is an Indian, and for our pleasure danced a native dance to the singing of her classmates; the Sisters say the dancing is quite natural in her, and although she is only nine or ten years of age she could dance as well as now when she first entered the school.

After visiting the numerous other departments in the building, including the kitchen, laundry, bootmakers and printers' shops, stocking making rooms, weaving rooms, the Sisters' dormitories, the children's dormitories, etc., we went to the Chapel, which is a magnificent structure, and owes much of its beauty to the generosity of the late Mrs. Tiffin, who donated the beautiful pictures on its walls and the costly jewelled Tabernacle as well as many other beautiful statues. Mrs. Tiffin was an inmate of the Convent



MADAME d'YOUVILLE.

Foundress of the Order of the Sisters of Charity, Ville Marie; born 1701, died 1771.

ment. Nothing but the very finest and the very purest flour is used in the manufacture. A gas machine is used for making the wafer into sheets about ten inches by twelve in size, and then a cutting machine shapes them. In this room also are made the wax candles for use on the altar.

After visiting all the manufacturing parts of the house, we proceeded to the educational portion. The Sister who was conducting us said: "We admit persons here of all ages, from babies a week old to the oldest men and women, poverty is the only qualification."

The Sisters of the Grey Nuns, most of whom are of good family, spend their whole lives and vow themselves to poverty, so that they may be the better able to understand and care for the poor for whom they do so much. In the institution are 400 poor persons who are supported and clothed by the efforts of the nuns. These people have no claim upon their generous benefactors except the claim of poverty, and this claim to the good Sisters is more powerful than any other that could be put forward.

In one long airy room were 145 old women contentedly knitting and sewing and otherwise occupying their time usefully; those who were too feeble to work sat in big easy chairs and chatted pleasantly to one another, probably of their young days. Several old men were sitting around in another room. There are ninety-five old men in the institution, but in the summer time most of them prefer to go out pottering about in the garden. One large plot in the garden has been generously given by the Mother Superior especially for the production of tobacco for the old men, so that they may enjoy their smoke as if

for ten years in the capacity of boarder, and the many acts of her generosity to the Church, her exemplary life and love of the poor, endeared her to all who knew her; especially was she loved by the Sisters with whom she had been for so long. The Sisters are weighed down with sorrow at her death, which occurred on Tuesday last, and say that in 200 years such a benefactress to their Order was never known.

The poor in charge of the Sisters of the Grey Nunnery are cared for well; their life is made as happy as possible, and employment suited to their powers is given them, so that time passes pleasantly; and if they are old when they come to die, they are surrounded by every bodily comfort, and by the care of the good nuns and the good chaplain; every office for their spiritual welfare is performed.

The foundress of the Order of Grey Nuns was M<sup>lle</sup>. d'Youville, a lady of noble family. This saintly lady, when in the prime of her life, gave up the pleasures of this world and devoted herself to the arduous task of establishing a home which should be a shelter for the destitute. Her efforts to carry out this good work were met with the most violent and undeserved opposition and persecution, her own family being as bigoted as the rest.

## OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. DANIEL SHEA.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of the oldest and most highly respected inhabitants of St. Ann's ward, in the person of the late Mr. Daniel Shea. The sad event took place on the sixth instant. Some two years

ago Mrs. Shea—the deceased's beloved wife—a lady of most generous and kindly disposition, went to her eternal reward. Two sons and one daughter are left to lament the loss of both those good and model parents. The late Mr. Shea was widely known for his liberality and generosity in the donations he ever made to all Irish Catholic objects, as well as in the case of every charitable cause that appealed to his ever warm heart and open hand. The funeral, which took place on Sunday afternoon last, was one of the largest seen for years in the parish wherein he had made his home. It was attended by a great number of Montreal's leading citizens, as well as by hundreds of the deceased's particular friends. The chief mourners were Messrs. Michael and Patrick Shea (sons of the deceased), D. Phelan (son-in-law), and the following relatives: Messrs. M. McMahon, E. M. Mahon, P. Brennan, W. J. Brennan, Jos. Brennan, M. Brennan and J. Sullivan. Among others present were noticed Hon. J. J. Curran, Hon. J. McShane, Ald. Kennedy, Ald. Nolan, ex-Ald. Cunningham, ex-Ald. Tansey, ex-Ald. Conroy, ex-Ald. Donovan, T. Bowes, P. Carroll, B. Tausey, J. Power, A. Finn, T. O'Connor, T. J. Quinlan, P. Kenny, Jos. Johnston, John Kane, D. Kiely, W. E. Finn, T. More, J. Slattery, P. Czarnow, Jas. Griffin, P. O'Reilly, Jos. Phelan, M. Casey, W. J. McCaffrey, J. Murray, D. Gallery, J. Gallery, P. Kennehan, Dr. E. J. C. Kennedy, Rev. J. D. McGee of St. Laurent College, etc.

On Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, a solemn Requiem Mass was offered up in St. Patrick's Church for the repose of the soul of the deceased, at which Rev. Father Quinlivan officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers McCallen and Fahey. The choir was largely augmented for the occasion, there being representatives in attendance from all the choirs of the Irish Catholic churches in the city, as a mark of respect to the son of the deceased, Mr. P. Shea, who is the organist of St. Ann's Church.

The funeral arrangements were in charge of Mr. Wm. Tracey, undertaker, of Inspector street.

To the members of Mr. Shea's family, and to his many warm friends, we extend the humble tribute of our deep and sincere sympathy; and we feel that in expressing this heart-felt regret we are merely voicing the sentiments of hundreds of our readers. With the Church that he loved so well, we add, "May his soul rest in peace."

FRANKIE LOUGHMAN.

We desire to convey our sincere and deep-felt sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Loughman, on the sad bereavement that has come to them in the loss of their only son, a bright and promising little boy. The death took place at 180 Versailles street, in this city, on the 3rd instant. Frankie, the hope and joy of his parents, has gone before to prepare the way for those who loved him. We can heartily sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. Loughman, as do all their many friends in Montreal.

Lines written on the death of Frankie Loughman, who died July 3rd, 1891:

Dear playful babe, sweet innocent,  
By thy Creator kindly lent  
A little while to ease the smart  
Of her who loved thee in her heart.

Why fly, my boy, her longing arms?  
Why hide in death's embrace thy charms?  
My love, I fear this world for thee  
Was fraught too full of misery.

Thou could'st not bear thy pouting lip  
Should of the cup of sorrow sip;  
Nor thy dear bosom bear the blast  
Which, cold and cheerless, whirls past.  
This dreary world disgusted thee,  
You turned aside from danger's den  
And closed thine artless, mild, blue eyes,  
To open them in thy native skies.

'Tis true, or thou would'st ne'er resign  
Thy mother's love, sweet baby mine.

But 'tis thy Maker's just decree,  
To snatch thee hence away from me.  
His will be done, farewell, my boy,  
Thy father's hope, thy mother's joy.  
All claim on thee I now resign,  
Ascend to God, sweet baby mine.

A cathedral is being built in honor of St. Vincent de Paul at Tunis, on the very spot where the saint was sold as a slave in 1605.

Dr. French-Mullen, owing to ill health, has declined to stand as Redmondite candidate for South Dublin. Haviland Burke has been selected in his place.

Cheap Sale of a Bankrupt Stock of Furniture going on just now at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every evening. Tell your Friends about it. Street Cars pass the Door.

ORANGE CHRISTIANITY.

A SERMON THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

A Rev. Minister Delivers a Characteristic Address—No Comments are Necessary—He is Applauded in Church—Glorious Sentiments.

On last Sunday, the service in Grace Baptist church, Cote St. Antoine was of a plain nature, and was conducted by Rev. W. T. Graham, the pastor. The members of the Orange Order filled the body of the pretty little edifice, while the galleries were crowded with friends.

Rev. Mr. Graham welcomed the Order to Grace Church. Any church, he said, that would not throw open its doors to such a fine looking body of men wanted strengthening at the knees. The text was taken from Nehemiah, chapter 2 verse 18: "And they said, Let us rise up and build; so they strengthened their hands for this good work." The preacher dwelt on the worth of a good character and the duty of building it up. The building up of the home was next in order, and naturally the building up of the nation followed. The nation must be built up on the basis of liberty of conscience, of religious liberty, or, in modern language, equal rights for all. These did not obtain here. In Quebec Province there was no religious liberty, no liberty of conscience, no equal rights for all men. They knew well that wherever Romanism exercised sway, liberty of conscience was unknown. Nowhere had it allowed liberty of conscience. He cited the case of Spain under Philip, and the effort to crush England by the Spanish Armada; the cruelties of the Inquisition; and the persecutions which harassed the Netherlands and France. St. Bartholomew's day was an attempt to burn Protestantism out of France. Wherever they turned the story was the same. In the Province of Quebec there were places where a man could not worship God according to his conscience. In Sorel there was a little handful of Baptists who came out from the darkness of Romanism, and they were to-day boycotted and put in prison for talking of Jesus. A man could not read the Bible. Was that right in a British Province and under the British flag? ("No.")

"In this Province we want equal rights for all. I say nothing for or against processions. But if the Corpus Christi procession can march down the streets on a Sunday, if the St. Jean Baptiste procession can parade the streets, if the Roman Catholic Church can send out men to march the streets any day of the week, and if Roman Catholic priests can walk about the streets of Montreal with their petticoats on (laughter and applause) you and I ought to be able to march on the 12th of July (applause); you and I ought to be able to march around the streets of Montreal with our Orange colors on (cheers). If it is right for one it is right for all; if it is wrong for one it is wrong for all. We ought to go from this place to-day resolved to rise up and build, not stopping till we can celebrate the Twelfth, if we wish to celebrate it, next year." (Renewed cheers.)

Proceeding, he referred to the connection between Church and State, and laid down the principle that the Church had no right to use the State as a machine for carrying out its own purposes, nor vice versa. In this country the Catholic Church used the State for the purpose of carrying out denominational purposes. Roman Catholics were united and would force to the front and keep there any man who gave them what they wanted.

The Government, be it Reform or Conservative, did not give them what they asked they turned their backs on it. Take Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, who was one of the greatest politicians in Canada during the last few months. He has been getting the Roman Catholics into line. The Church watched every government, and the moment it refused to do what the church wanted done it was intrigued against. "The Protestants can put an end to all this if they desire, but so long as they allow themselves to be exempted from taxation on church property they will never win the battle. Protestants should not be taxed to keep up the Roman Catholic Church, and no one Protestant section should be taxed to keep up another. When this church was built we decided by an unanimous vote to insist on being taxed and we pay our taxes. (Hear,

hear.) If a store had been built here it would have been taxed, and why should there be an exemption because the building that has been put up is a church? The Roman Catholic Church has no right to take up a corner, build a church, and then pay no taxes. Tax all church property, give no State aid, and let the church that can't run its own business die."

He urged Protestants to advocate a public school system, where the children of all creeds would meet together and be properly educated. The Church of Rome had narrow views on education. The Catholic World denied the competency of the State to educate, or to say what should be taught in the school. The Freeman's Journal said the public school system came from the devil. (Laughter.) Dr. McCarthy called the public school system a fraud. A school system was necessary where children would be taught to read and write, and taught history aright. In Roman Catholic schools they were taught that all that was good came from Rome, and all that was evil from Protestantism, and all the children grew up to look on Rome as the mother of all that was good and on the Protestant Church as the father of all that was bad. They should be taught that Rome had trodden on free discussion and liberty of conscience, and had trampled on everything true and holy. The French problem would be solved in this way also.

Equal rights for all, no State aid, no exemption, and a public school system; all these were needed. To obtain them men with strong principles were needed, men like the Orangemen, whose principles were, he believed, the finest next to those of Christianity. "There are too many weak-kneed men in the Protestant churches. There are too many who would pocket their principles for the sake of a situation. I am sorry to say that there are ministers who will not open their mouths, and Protestants in Montreal afraid to let a word be said against Roman Catholics because they have a few yards of green ribbon to sell on St. Patrick's Day. (Laughter.) I would rather stand with God in poverty than stand with the Pope of Rome in affluence. (Applause.) Don't hide your heads on the Twelfth because the Catholics have stones to throw. Stand up and let them throw them (Hear, hear.) Sometimes it is necessary for a man to die in order that he may live. Sometimes the death of an Orangeman will do more to advance the principles for which you stand than all our talk for years." (Renewed applause.)

CONGRATULATIONS

TO MR. FRANCIS J. CURRAN, ADVOCATE.

It is always pleasant to record the progress made and the success won by our talented young Irish Catholic fellow-citizens. This week it is one of our most promising young men whom we have to congratulate—in the person of Mr. F. J. Curran, son of the Hon. Solicitor-General of Canada. On Friday last, after a most brilliant and complete examination, passed before the Board of Examiners in Quebec, young Mr. Curran was admitted to the Bar of this Province. His talent, courage, energetic endeavor and a solid legal training are any guarantee of a successful career in the honorable profession of the Bar, then the newly received advocate has bright prospects ahead and a future that will reflect credit upon himself and do honor to all who are deeply interested in his prosperity. We fear not to predict all these things, and we only trust that his practice may be such that he will not have time to pause along the highway of professional success.

A REQUIEM FOR MRS. TIFFIN.

A PIOUS AND GENEROUS LADY.

At nine o'clock on Sunday morning a solemn requiem was chanted in the Chapel of the Grey Nunnery for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Tiffin, a saintly Catholic lady who died on Wednesday, after devoting her large fortune for years to the relief of poverty. Mrs. Tiffin died fortified by the holy rites of the Church. She led a valuable and exemplary life, and the glorious traces of her philanthropy will linger for generations around her name. The good sisters of the Grey Nunnery will miss more than words can tell the generous, pious benefactress who resided among them and helped

them in their good work for so many years; but more than all, the many poor of the city will miss the loving friend whose purse was so easily unloosed to ease the pains of sickness or to banish the pangs of poverty. At the requiem on Saturday morning, though no sermon of praise was given from the pulpit for the departed, the good of the pious lady was before the eyes of every one in the crowded church and the eyes that were not moist at the loss the city and the poor had sustained were very few. After the Mass had been chanted by three of the Franciscan Fathers, for which Order the deceased lady had especial respect, the long funeral procession formed into line for their journey to the cemetery; first went a long row of carriages bearing the lay friends of the deceased, then came more carriages bearing the Sisters of the Grey Nunnery, after those followed the Franciscan Fathers walking, in accordance with the rule of their Order, and last came the orphan children of the Grey Nunnery dressed in mourning and wearing black crape badges, with the latter came a contingent from the St. Patrick's orphanage. Mrs. Tiffin lived for ten years as a boarder in the Convent of the Grey Nunnery, and her liberal and charitable disposal of a large fortune as well as her kindly and lovable disposition endeared her to all who knew her.



PERE MAZURETTE, A SAINTLY PHILANTHROPIST.

A FAMILIAR FIGURE IN THE STREETS OF THE CITY HAS PASSED AWAY.

Early last week there died in the Hotel Dieu a man whose name will be handed down as a true philanthropist in the city's history for generations to come. Pere Mazurette's bent emaciated form, which was for twenty years a familiar sight in the streets of the city, has passed for ever from this world. The little children, who loved his kindly face and clustered round him as he went his daily round seeking charity for the succour of his old and destitute proteges, will miss his smile and will miss the sacred pictures and medals he gave around him like spiritual roses strewn along his path to heaven. Pere Mazurette loved the children, perhaps from the natural gravitation of purity to purity, for his own soul was doubtless pure as that of a little child. But much as he loved children he devoted his life to old destitute men. Out of his own means and from charity bestowed on him he gave them a home, he took them in ragged and hungry, and he clothed and fed them.

A man of some means, he devoted his life to the amelioration of the lot of his less fortunate brothers, and when his own funds were insufficient for his loving charitable purpose, he went out into the streets of the city, and into the office and the stores asking for help in his work; and he seldom asked in vain, for both Catholic and Protestant knew his history and loved him and respected him.

Ubalde Mazurette was born in Vercheres, on the 16th of May, 1818, and in 1874 had firmly established his home for old men; which home for twenty years was to succor annually 150 poor old men and was to be wholly supported by the personal efforts of its founder. In twenty years Pere Mazurette has given aid to 3,000 necessitous old men.

This faithful philanthropist was a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, a member of the Sacred Heart League, and a brother of the order for nocturnal adoration of the Holy Face at Notre Dame. After a long illness, which he bore with the greatest resignation, he died at Hotel Dieu, at 6 o'clock in the evening of Monday, July 2nd, fortified with the rites of the Holy Church.

Charity covereth a multitude of sins and Pere Mazurette's life for twenty

years was all charity. At the expense of his health he walked the streets in all weather and seasons, and bent nearly double as he was with age and weakness, he continued his work perseveringly to the last.

On Friday morning the funeral of Pere Mazurette took place from Notre Dame church to Cote des Neiges cemetery. A solemn requiem was chanted by Father Legace at 8 o'clock in the presence of a large congregation. The cortege was a long one, and among those present were the deceased's son, Pierre Mazurette, and his nephews, T. Mazurette, Thos. Mazurette and Peter Dufresne, Recorder de Montigny, Dr. Jacques, and Messrs. Granger, Simard, Seymour, Z. Laguerre and ex-Ald. Dufresne.

REV. MR. GRAHAM'S ATTACK ON THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—Would it not be well to earnestly request the prayers of the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS for the intellectual health and strength of Rev. Mr. Graham, who suffered from a very violent attack of nervous excitement while delivering a "lip-slop" sermon to the Orangemen of Derry Lodge on Sunday last? The poor gentleman—who is no doubt a very amiable and well-intentioned minister on ordinary occasions—in his effort to be very eloquent and reach the zenith of perfection, brayed even louder than any other wearer of his cloth or member of his church who has yet been heard in Montreal. Here are a few gems of his sermon: "Wherever Romanism exercised sway, liberty of conscience was unknown—and that even in the Quebec Province there was no religious liberty, no liberty of conscience, no equal rights for all. That a man could not read the Bible. That if Roman Catholic priests could walk about the streets of Montreal with their petticoats on, he and his followers would march around with their orange colors." Proceeding, he babbled about the connection between the Church and State and urged Protestants to advocate a public school system, where the children could be properly educated. The Church of Rome, he said, had narrow views on education. He also made reference to weak kneed men in Protestant Churches who would not say a word about Catholics, because they had a few yards of green ribbon to sell on St. Patrick's day. No one can blame the audience for the outburst of laughter that followed the last nonsensical utterance, as it was too silly for anything and unworthy of a minister of the Gospel. Now it would be useless for us to expect more from Rev. Mr. Graham, of Grace Baptist Church, than we have received at different times from many of the ministers of the various conflicting sects. In the midst of all these sensational speeches we sit composedly and say, "O what fools the mortals be." Rev. Mr. Graham beat his record, and we hope he is satisfied. It may be well to acquaint him of the fact that as Catholics in the Quebec Province we enjoy perfect liberty of conscience; are free to read the Bible when it pleases us to do so, and walk about the streets of the city with our cassocks—not petticoats, as our sarcastic cleric styles them,—and last, but not least, have imparted to our children a good Catholic education. To educate a man or a child, as a man or a child, is to draw forth, cultivate, train, direct, the powers that God has given him; and still, thank God, we have a vigilant episcopate and a zealous priesthood, who will ever pride in directing the education of our children.

Before closing I would like to ask Rev. Mr. Graham how much liberty of conscience the Catholics of Ontario enjoy? M. L. SHEA.

REQUIEM FOR CARNOT AT ST. HYACINTHE.

A solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of the late President Carnot, was chanted in Notre Dame Church of the Dominican Fathers, at St. Hyacinthe. Mgr. Moreau officiated at the absolute. The Church was filled with the clergy and the elite of the city.

Cheap Sale of a Bankrupt Stock of Furniture going on just now at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every evening. Tell your Friends about it, street cars pass the Door.

## A BRILLIANT ADDRESS

## ON THE LIFE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

Delivered by Mr. John Stapleton, of Sheton, Conn., at the Commencement Exercises in Montreal College.

The distinction of such an audience as this speaks well for the attention and indulgence the young speaker claims for a few remarks while he puts to feeble words the admiration he holds for a grand name, one of the grandest of our century and the pride and glory of the language he calls his own. It is not necessary to be English to know and admire such a man. England with all her possessions was too small to circumscribe his fame (and reputation), it crossed the limits and resounded like a sweet music through the world. So that in putting before you the noble figure of J. H. Newman, I am convinced that you have only to recall a souvenir, a souvenir of him who by a single step undid the work of centuries in England and struck, in the name of Truth, a blow such as primitive times alone record. Indeed, wiser brains and richer endowments could alone do justice to such a name, but admiration this time must compensate for defect of talent and experience in praising him who, through love of truth, found it, and having found it through love, defended it.

Poets compare this life to a battlefield where man finds arrayed against him the powers of darkness, the flesh and ignorance. We all fight; some more, some less. And while the destiny of the talker seems so inexorable, Providence nevertheless compensates the latter with special gifts and graces for the deprivation of light. And it may be soon, it may be late, but such souls must needs reach the end desired and deserved: for the just man shall not perish.

To young Newman light was denied; but in its stead, in that young heart beat the noblest sentiments, and in that young mind were the grandest aspirations. While but a child, he tells us he loved the Bible, and poured over its sacred pages like an ordinary boy would over Robinson Crusoe. He wished the Arabian tales were true, himself an angel, and all this world a deception. 'Twas not the most enchanting, but the most serious books that caught his eye, and at an age when most lads rarely trouble themselves about grave matter, he was studying the deepest questions in religion. No obscurity, no obstacle, could check him: he thought, sounded, unraveled, and was only content when at the bottom of the difficulty. The boy was a theologian in his teens. Such a cast of mind few could comprehend; nor was it anything but the workings of Divine Providence in a soul-elect, the sowing of seeds that would one day bring forth such beautiful fruits. In after years men doubted his sincerity, laughed at his opinions; but never had they two opinions of his vast intellectual powers. Providence thus had given him that which is next best after truth and light—a longing desire to find them.

Have you ever read what wise books tell us of some of those heavenly tapers that deck the sky at night? How they coursed for thousands of years through the space of the Infinite, guided by that unerring hand, before casting at last their benignant rays upon the world? And the star that rose over Albion in 1845, what deserts had it to traverse, how long and how wearisome the peregrination? But the same finger led both and could no more lead one astray than the other. Where did it lead Newman? To Oxford. Strange place say you, to seek light and the very nursery of a heretical creed, the gymnasium of its ablest champions, the rendezvous of the talent of Anglicanism. But it was among this gay and proud galaxy of fellows that Newman was to lay the foundations of his great work. There at its fountain-head, to seek deep into everything grave and serious on religion and doctrine, there to live in contact, to converse with and hear the opinions of the clever men of the day, the Puseys, the Frudes, the Kebles; there in a word, to give the final touches to his bark before launching it on the wave. How far were they from thinking the sages of Oxford, what giant proportions would one day take the keen-witted youth that entered their antique and venerated precincts! The scholar,

in one step he reached the foremost; in another, left far behind him the brightest talents of the University. The tutor, the anxious and boiling activity and workings of his mind left him no rest. Science, letters, politics, antiquity threw open their portals at his fearless knock. Nothing too vast, nothing too trivial, he was always better informed on every topic, says University tradition, and every word that fell from his lips was treasured as an intellectual diamond. The Idol of Oxford, he ruled as a King; and for nine-tenths of the fellows the genuine symbol of faith was "Credo in Newmanum." It was here that he acquired that self-control, that profoundly philosophical cast of mind, that invincible logic of which the libellers of the faith have so often confessed that force in the bitterness of defeat, of a logic, too, symptoms of which for the first time, were found to savor of the politics of Rome. At first it was an expressive nod, then whisperings that soon grew into a hue and cry. And strangest of all he was publicly accused of apostasy, he who regarded the Roman Creed with a sacred honor. But how well were the suspicions founded! Gradually a veil, he called it liberalism, fell over him; little by little the worm gnawed at his heart and his steps began to totter and deviate, unknown to himself, from Anglicanism. Could it be material influence? None ever dared hazard the opinion. No, it was the same instinct, I mistake, it was the same infused grace, the same finger that led him to Oxford. Like the carrier-pigeon, circling round and round before taking its direction, Newman, arrived at a climax, felt his ideas undergo the same revolution. Was truth on earth? He knew it, and while yet a boy had proved it to himself. Where was it? His searchings convinced him that it was in the Primitive Church, the church of Anastasius and Augustine. Where is it now? One by one every doctrine passed before his eyes. Arianism, Nestorianism, Calvinism! he stamped them false. There was one left, Romanism. It is either Rome or England that possesses it? But oft, oft, had he detected on the monument raised by Henry VIII., spots that told of hidden corruption and decay. Of the interior life of the Catholics he knew nothing. It was a lost church, invaded by the Evil Spirit, profaned, gross and cruel. And then he was driven back into himself and felt his isolation. Once the Oxford divine looked forth with a troubled gaze on the phenomena at work around him, and with a heavy heart he saw or thought he saw the grand theory of truth swept away by the storms of passion and error. Here stopped the giant intellect of Newman. The human could go no farther. The divine must come to his aid. What struggles, what pangs were in that soul. None can tell. But that there were pangs, and mortal ones, you have but to read in that furrowed, worn-out, never-to-be-forgotten face. With a cry almost of despair: "All is divine save the soul of man," and he bent beneath the awful force of his own word.

One day he found himself, he scarce knew how, under the Italian skies in an English barque. 'Twas an image of himself, the heart-sick worn-out sailor tossed on the sea of life. How near Rome! But how little he thought of it! The wave was calm for a moment, and the firmament above lit up by a single star that sent its feeble rays across the deep. His soul for a moment forgot its grief; it could not resist the poetic charm of the scene prepared for the stroke of grace, and opening the very bottom of his yearning heart in one cry he sang:

"One step, aye, unknowingly he confessed it L. K. L. and where? To home, to England. I have work to do in England. I have never sinned against light." In that moment his soul was changed. For a time he had hesitated before believing truth to be on earth. A voice, the voice of his own tired soul now told him it was. To England! To England! Fly, take wings; O my barque, fly home. And standing on the prow, his anxious gaze piercing the horizon, he seemed to say: "It exists, then. Truth; then I'll plant the fallen column upon its basis; I will raise it from the dust; I'll tear the cobwebs from its desecrated cornices and sustain it 'gainst wind and storm, earth and hell." It was no longer the shy Oxford student, 'twas, 'twas Achilles flying to the fight after Patrocle's death; 'twas a lioness seeking the ravisher of her young. Arms he had; 'twas his heart and will with an honest

manhood of 44 years on his brow. A leader he had; 'twas the kindly light he invoked. Ah! fight noble champion of truth; fight for a cause such as makes heroes; fight, for the kindly light will show you to victory. 'Twas a beautiful spectacle. Newman was in his element! "'Twas," says he, "from a human point of view, the grandest, happiest moment of his life. Hotter and hotter it waxed. The world looked on in amazement, while onward, onward the tide of battle flowed. A step farther and it comes into collision with the State and the religion of the State. 'Twas the moment, fixed from eternity, for one of mercy's strokes. The heavens opened, a flash parted, a flash of grace from the heart of Him who redeemed man; it found its mark in a creature's heart. And when the din had ceased, the smoke of strife cleared away, England beheld her once adorned champion the hero of the day. Where? at the feet of a Roman priest."

At last, at last, the kindly light had led his storm-beaten barque to the port. He found not the *via media*, but the straight path to Rome. He won, at last, in the gigantic struggle, all that is inappreciable to man, his salvation and his strong unwavering faith, and Providence smiling on the gallant heart, showed him that the bed of thorns on which he had so long laid was but a bed of roses. I will not intrude on the sacred silence of that ecstatic soul; that peace, that joy. None but he who passed thro' it can define. Leave him a moment with his soul and his God; the powers of darkness howl without.

If ever a nation, or church, was interested in the workings of one man's mind, 'twas England, and the English church in Newman's. His conversion, by some, was expected, foreseen, predicted, but for the greater number the news of it came down like a clap of thunder. Men who thought they understood him found out their mistake, and Newman was held up to vehemence of abuse. It was rumored he was mad. The country was ablaze against the "apostate." But Newman heard not at that hour, he was drinking at the source of divine grace. For the first time, the sacred Body and Blood passed thro' his lips, his soul was being fortified for the struggles to come. He would take the field again to adore what he had burned and to burn what he had adored and put at the feet of his newly-found and true mother his homage of fidelity, of that mother whose love becomes, as if it were magnetised, to draw her children to her bosom. On that bosom St. Augustine found repose, and peace and strength for his soul. Torch of truth, its benignant rays dispel the darkness of error and transform the soul under its sublime influence. It healed the wounded, ulcered soul of Newman, poured therein the soothing balm of grace and the oil of fortitude, and then: Go forth and battle, you have found my love through grace; show you are deserving.

The cries of the disappointed school that called him were soon answered. With a leap the newly-born athlete bounded in the arena. 'Twas an unequal contest. A nation stood armed with hatred against him; he had committed the unpardonable sin in England. The schools of theology arrayed against him the weapons of controversy, bitterness and scorn. The sore was fresh, the gap was wide that he made, and 'twas felt keenly, though not until later years, long after, did they realize the injury done. Alone against the fearful odds he stood like the barbarian regenerated and became a Crusader. His weapons were still sharp; he had learned to use them in a good school, and as he stood there he surpassed by a head the host of his adversaries. He hit and hit hard. Fervid eloquence, flashy wit, keen irony, subtle and deep logic steadied his sword of polemics.

Cicero in his *Catilinaries* was not more vehement than Newman, the priest, when he vindicated the church from the foul aspersions of an immoral renegade, the notorious Achilles. It was, say his historians, as if he used the lightning of the whip, so terrible and scathing was the quality of his scorn. Never was such a specimen of crushing ironical and pitiless controversial skill displayed than in his tilt with Kingsley. Had the imprudent knight known his adversary, "so cunning of fence," he would have taken measures to prevent the encounter and would have been spared the farewell salute that Newman's skill drew from some enthusiastic student: "Go to the shades, old man, and boast that Achilles

sent thee thither." And another day came when England's future Prime Minister, the grand old man of to-day, for a moment launched on a venturesome wave, found at his hands some things to think over and to digest. But twenty years of fidelity to a cause for which he had made such enormous sacrifices and broken such affectionate ties should, it seems, have insured him from attack. But the old warrior thought every blow aimed at him to be aimed at the church, and he never recoiled. At last people found out the mettle of the Roman lion and gave up trying to understand what they evidently could not comprehend. One day, however, a Protestant minister sends a pompous invitation to Newman to dispute with him. "I have small skill in controversy," replied the great convert, "and must decline to enter the lists with so formidable a champion; however, my friends credit me with some power in playing the violin, and I would be happy to meet the challenger at a trial of strength on that instrument." There was no dispute.

But that voice that thundered with such eloquence, that shook England in controversy, with what unction, what charm, it poured forth from the pulpit the teachings of the Church! He seemed a patriarch, a man of another age, giving forth with a silvery tongue the fruits of his pains, study and experience. His sermons were dramas, better, they were poems. He seemed to hold a wand o'er his audience, and penetrating into every heart expose the wounds that pride kept hidden. And sometimes finding accents worthy of a Chrysostom in a burst of fervid passion, to which nothing could insist, engraved there a souvenir never to be effaced. On one of those calm Sunday afternoons, it seemed as if the angels and the dead were his audience, that voice thrilled young hearts and that living presence drew to itself all that was noble of purpose or high and chivalrous in devotions.

Raphael is said to have thanked God that he lived in the day of Michael Angelo. There are hundreds and thousands who thank God that they lived in Newman's time, especially to have been able to catch from his lips a spark of that eloquence that flowed as from an inexhaustible source. But Newman belongs to posterity. And what his voice could not, his pen was to do. His century would believe him, would positively do so. That antipathy born and nourished in Protestant hearts against the "apostate," that eloquence would fail to dispel,—that would live. It had to be answered, and Newman gave to the world his "Apologia," styled the boldest and most touching of modern biographies, a book of final appeal; where future ages can read the secret workings of a grand heart exposed to public view. 'Twas a giant's efforts; they might compare it to Plato's *Apology* of Socrates, where pagan ideas were susceptible of comparison with the sublime truths of Christianity. Hardly do the confessions of St. Augustine more vividly retrace the struggles of his life and the times of the great African bishops. "I give the key of my whole life away with you. My calumniators fly with space and leave me with my God." More beautiful classical English was never written. He cast the glamor of high imagination over the most tiresome and intricate subjects, and worn out and long-forgotten subjects took life at his magic touch.

His Anglican writings may have been clear and cold, but when he became a Catholic all was glow and sunshine. What an example is his last *Calista*,—worthy counterpart of another great convert's masterpiece, *Fabiola*. At a time when the general tone of religious literature was nerveless and impotent, it was then that Newman struck an original chord and woke up in the hearts of a people a music long unknown in England. Now he draws from the arid pages of another age and traces those admirable volumes that are honey to the English tongue, "The library of the Fathers;" now the epistolary, he fights and loves, laughs and cries and cries with eloquence in a dozen lines of familiar conversation. Their merit no eulogium can enhance. But convert-ist or orator, writer or historian, 'twas always the same stamp of mind, 'twas Newman. But the pen had long ceased to be a sword in his hands, and the same that demolished Kingsley and confounded Achilles—the same wrote the dream, *Gerontius*.

Though having passed his whole life in warfare, the soldier was a poet and no one can refuse a place on Parnassus to

the English Dante of the 19th century. His mind was ethereal; angels besieged it. "Every heath," said he once, "and every ray of light and heart, every beautiful prospect was, as it were, the skirts of their garments, and the waving of the robes of those who see God." His lyre has many notes, and they are sweet and pure and lofty. Add to this that intensity, that purity of a "virgin heart in work and will." Lastly, read if you can, without a thrill of emotion, a moving of every fibre of the heart, a page of his *Gerontius*. For, as the critic says, few since Dante and Milton, have aspired to kindred themes and fewer still have not singed their wings in soaring up to them. But, were I to cull from the whole bunch a flower to cast upon his grave, none, I think, were more appropriate than that most popular hymn in the language, lead, kindly light.

It seems as if that man were born to sway over the human heart. While we sympathize with the truth-seeker, while we admire that the gallant crusader of light, we dote over, we dream over the productions and a name, a face fixes itself indelibly in our soul. Nor were the English people long in experiencing it. Newman wrote many sharp polemics against the communion he left, and launched sharp sallies against it; but the hardest things that, in the heat of controversy, he uttered never estranged the heart of an Englishman from him. Though no one ever dealt them such a blow, nothing was found egotistical or dwarfed in him; no tinge of malignity marked his opposition. They found him the type of his nation, a true patriot; he was ever truly in their eyes "the noblest Roman of them all." And in their open-hearted generosity they exclaimed: "whether Rome canonized him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England." This is true. But why did not this devoted champion sooner receive the public acknowledgments of his services? Alas! Human justice is slow and often failing. A Many "whys" have been given. But listen to the words of one of Newman's old friends: their veracity admits no doubt. One day an Englishman, a man of letters, in conversation with a Roman dignitary in the Vatican, speaking of the illustrious Oratorian, now closing his long career, expressed his surprise that the purple had not rewarded his labors. The prelate, reaching to a book, opened it at a certain page, and showing to his friend: "There," said he, "is what prevents John Newman from entering the Sacred college." It was an article against the papal infallibility, taken from a magazine, and due, as was supposed, to his pen. The Englishman read with a troubled look, and turning to the other: "You say that Newman wrote this?" "Yes." "Then you have been grossly deceived; 'twas I who penned those lines which I have long since retracted." "Then," answered the dignitary, a great and long injustice has been weighing on our friend's old years; but justice shall be done." It came at last. The Cardinal's cap fell on him, an old worn-out man. 'Twas not for long; so short, it seemed but a dream; his tired eyelids drooped—he slumbers.

See him dressed in his robes, his brow furrowed with care and trouble, covered with the snows of ninety years: 'tis the royal warrior asleep on his bed of laurels. Now his past life rises up and each year rolls before him again; its struggles, pains and rare joys. He fights again; he suffers. At his feet he sees tributes of love and veneration: the tribute of Erin from her university; the tributes of England, of Catholic gratitude and Protestant admiration; tributes from Rome of ecclesiastical approbation and Papal blessing; tributes, lastly, from the world of letters of universal veneration and indebtedness. Suddenly, a spirit with golden wings and shining face draws aside, as a veil, the vast scene, and as its folds give away, another looms up. What does he see? England, the England of Elizabeth and Cromwell, like a meteor rising from a swampy slime, beautiful and resplendent. A bridge is flung across the space. Millions crowd on it; millions push forward where from the sky a kindly finger points, and where in blazing letters is written one word, the magic word of his life, the aim of his desires and labors—Rome. His work is accomplished; his wish fulfilled.

British India has 10,417 licensed opium shops.

## IRISH ART.

### UNRIVALLED BEAUTY OF IRISH ARTISTIC WORK.

Learned Lecture of the Eloquent Irish Jesuit, the Rev. Nicholas Murphy, on the Subject.

[Chicago Citizen.]

There was a large attendance at the Leinster Lecture Hall on the evening of May 31, when the Rev. Nicholas Murphy, S.J., lectured on "Irish Art as Shown in Ancient Irish Crosses." The lecturer illustrated his commentaries by the aid of excellent photographs, which he exhibited to the audience by means of an oxyhydrogen lantern. Dr. Sigeron presided, and briefly introduced the lecturer.

Father Murphy, who was received with applause, said there were two questions which he felt bound to answer, and which would naturally occur to many there, whom he might not uncharitably regard as non-experts on this subject. The first was, Is there such a thing as Irish art—art exclusively Irish? and the second was, What are the characteristics of it?

To the first question he answered that there was. There was a kind of Irish art as definite and distinct as the Egyptian art and the Grecian art. It used to be called Anglo-Saxon, but now they had asserted themselves in more ways than one, and Irish art was universally known and styled 'Opus Hibernicum,' and whether it was met with at home, abroad in a manuscript in the Ambrorian Library, or in a shrine at Copenhagen, it could be recognized at a glance and traced back to Irish artists. He came now to the second question. What was Irish art? It was in brief interlaced work, wicker work, reticuled work, diversified by scroll work.

There were some very special characteristics about such work, first of all an entire absence of foliage if, perhaps, they excepted the trefoil or shamrock, whereas animals and serpents of various kinds are twisted and adapted to ornamentation as in no other kind of art. Secondly, the spaces of the work were often broken into panels, and the patterns, which were infinitely varied, were nowhere repeated, and thirdly, perfection of the minutest details was observed. It should be borne in mind that nearly all the specimens of manuscript work were done at a time when the fine arts might be said to be extinct in Italy and on the continent. It was during the period between the fifth and eighth centuries that the art of ornamenting manuscript had attained in Ireland a perfection almost marvellous. Before proceeding to deal directly with this subject Father Murphy exhibited photographs of what he described as four of the finest specimens of Irish art. The first was the title page of the most beautiful work in the world—the Book of Kells—which could be seen in Trinity College Library, and of which Giraldus Cambrensis wrote that it seemed the work of "angelic rather than human skill." The second was the Tara Brooch, which had been sold to the Royal Irish Academy by Mr. Waterhouse, the jeweller, for £300 on condition that it would not be allowed to leave Ireland. The diameter of the brooch was 2½ inches and it contained seventy-six different panels. The third was the Ardagh Cup, or chalice, now in the National Museum, and the fourth the shrine of St. Patrick's Bell, which had been wrought 1100 A.D.—seventy years before the Anglo-Saxons came over to this country to teach Christian truths to an uncivilized people. (Laughter.) These specimens exhibited a style of art that was exclusively Irish. It was not only not Anglo-Saxon, but the term Celtic was a misnomer.

The Celts of Wales or Britagne had no such art, and Anderson admitted that if such art were to be found in Scotland it was because the Irish had brought it there. The rev. gentleman then proceeded to exhibit specimens of Irish crosses, and to point out the distinctive features, and trace the development of art as exhibited therein. Some of those crosses were memorial crosses, some were terminal crosses, and some of them were marked crosses, like that of Tuam. Most of them were over a thousand years old. He first showed two very ancient and crude specimens existing at Glendalough and G.ety, near Carlow, and pointed out that in the latter the circle which was

distinctive of the Irish cross was observable. The arms of the cross at Fingias, which had been hidden when Cromwell began his march on Drogheda, were on a different plane from the circle. There was a round moulding on the cross at Kilgobben, and five bosses were observable on the terminal cross at Lisakee. The cross of Tuam had been made about 1150 A.D., and might have been erected as a memorial of the completion of the cathedral which had been finished in that year.

The Crucifixion was wrought upon the cross of Donaghmore. The faces of the cross at Killenora formed an obtuse angle, and the moulding at the apex of the elevation formed a support for the feet of a figure of the Blessed Saviour. There was moulding in the circle of the cross at Moon, where a monastery was founded by St. Columbkille in 550 A.D. The Twelve Apostles were represented at the base in rows of four on each side. The ornamentation was of the lozenge pattern. There were a great variety of figures on the cross of Darrow. The work in the circle of the Cross of Kells was as beautiful and refined as lacework. The cross of Cong was a processional cross. It was of oak, covered with copper and brass. The filagree work became more perfect as it approached the centre. There was an inscription on the cross to the effect that it contained a portion of the true cross. Thirteen of the eighteen jewels which were in the cross remained. The concluding exhibit was the photograph of a beautifully designed cross, executed by Mr. William P. O'Neill, of Brunswick street.

Mr. George Coffey proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer. He said until they were prepared to create imaginative work without fear of criticism from English sources they would not attain the success they desired in the effort to develop Irish art.

The Chairman said he would ask General Piatt, the American Consul in Ireland, who had delayed his departure for America, which they all regretted, in order to be present at the meeting, to second the motion (applause.)

General Piatt said the subject was one in which he had taken an interest, and during his residence of nearly twelve years in Ireland he had visited the sites of many of these remains of an ancient Irish art. So far as he knew, there was in the world no country more interesting as regards its monuments and memorials than Ireland. The old Ireland of these beautiful and venerable works of art had sometimes appeared to him like a sunken land, like the places in the poetic traditions and legends of Ireland beneath the waters of haunted loughs and meres, through whose still surface the golden shimmer of its past glory revealed itself dimly, and beneath which the bells of its lost churches and abbeys were heard faintly and pitifully ringing. Some such impression or vision had come to him again there that night as he listened to the lecture of Father Murphy and saw these silent witnesses of ancient Ireland's glory pass like shadows so departed (applause.)

Professor Mir Aulid Ali supported the motion, and said that he did not agree that Ireland would lose by her connection with England, as Mr. Coffey had said. Ireland, which was the oldest country in the United Kingdom, would improve England by her art (applause.)

The Chairman, in putting the resolution, said a nation lived by the work which revealed its intellect. Surely then if they were to pronounce *non omnia moriar* they should do something more for the cultivation of the intellect than had hitherto been done, by doing what they could to popularise lectures of that kind (applause.)

Father Murphy having briefly replied, the proceedings concluded.

### BREVITIES.

An heir to the British throne, the third in line, was born on the 23rd ult.

The wife of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly died at St. Paul, Minn., on the 26th.

The faculty of Yale has approved the report of a committee recommending abolition of the annual commencement exercises.

Threatened with starvation, the Coxeyites have determined to break camp at Washington. After marching to New York to give Wall street an object lesson the army will return to Massillon.

The anti-Lords conference was held at Leeds, England, on June 20th. The fol-

lowing resolution was adopted: "The power now exercised by the House of Lords to mutilate and reject measures passed by the representatives of the people in the House of Commons, has been systematically used to defeat reforms, is inconsistent with the right of free popular self-government and should cease to exist."

A Brooklyn judge has decided that a girl has a right to entertain her beau on the front door steps. Justice may be blind, but when she speaks through one who has been there she is not unsympathetic.

### THE LIFE OF DE MAISONNEUVE.

(CONTINUED.)

At the birth of the infant colony of Ville Marie, the Iroquois were waging a bitter war against New France and its allies the Hurons. Montreal, situated in the extreme confines of civilization, found itself in a state of constant alarm; particularly when the Huron tribes had been almost entirely exterminated, and the ferocious victors rushed down like a torrent on the young colony, hemming it in so narrowly that for ten years no one could venture outside the fort, or dare to cross the threshold of his house, without exposing himself to be either scalped or massacred by the barbarians hidden in the neighboring forest, or, what was still more horrible, to be taken captive to the Iroquois village and there, after suffering unheard of tortures, to be burned at the stake with slow fire.

Maisonneuve was perfectly fitted to cope with the difficulties of his position. The governors of New France, convinced that Montreal was doomed to destruction, instead of sending them help, tried to draw the colonists to Quebec, and the troops that had been promised from France never came. Thus four heroes stood alone with his first companions, who, later on, were joined by one hundred men, that he had himself recruited in France.

As prudent as he was courageous, he felt that the loss of even one of his soldiers could not be compensated for by the death of a hundred Indians; he therefore established rules, destined to prevent the slightest indiscretion. The soldiers carried away by their excessive ardor, began to murmur at what they considered cowardice, and even went so far as to doubt the valor of their chief.

Maisonneuve, constrained to preserve at any price the moral authority without which he could not save the colony, resolved to give them a severe lesson. On the 30th March, 1644, the soldiers ran to tell him that the Indians were in the neighboring wood, and begged him to lead them out against the enemy; "Yes," replied our hero, "but we must be as brave as we promise; I go at your head."

Taking with him thirty men, he bent his steps towards the forest where two hundred Iroquois, divided into several bands, were in ambush;—despite their courage, the colonists were soon decimated by the Iroquois balls, and their ammunition giving out, they were forced to beat a retreat. Maisonneuve placed himself at the rear, and while his men, listening no longer to his wise commands, fled in disorder to the fort, he withdrew slowly, pistols in hand, wheeling about each time he found himself too hard-pressed; the savages having recognized him wished to carry him off to their part of the country to parade him through their villages, and they left to their chief the honor of taking him a prisoner. At length, our hero, turning around, took aim at the barbarian, who, by a sudden bend, escaped the ball; then, bounding like a tiger, he seized his adversary by the throat. Without losing his self-possession Maisonneuve raised his second pistol and with a well directed blow broke the Indian's skull. The Iroquois hastened to carry off the body, howling with grief, and the governor re-entered the fort. Ashamed of their weakness, and filled with admiration for so much valor and prudence, his soldiers, from that time forward, evinced the greatest confidence in his guidance, and even wished to prevent him from ever again exposing his life, which they now deemed so precious to the colony.

The correspondence of the Pope is carried on in Latin.

The church in the monastery of St. Bernard is the highest place of worship in Europe.



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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1894.

## TO THE QUEBEC GOVERNMENT.

There is a time to speak and a time to be silent; the time for THE TRUE WITNESS to raise its voice, and to speak with no uncertain sound, has come. Our mission is to defend the principles of our Faith and the rights of our fellow-countrymen. When we feel that the most cherished interests of our Irish-Catholic fellow-citizens are at stake, and, above all, when we see them either ignored or assailed, we recognize no party, no sentimentality, no other path than that of stern duty. In the question of the choosing of the school commissioners, and in the appointments officially announced as having been made by the Quebec Government, we claim that a great wrong has been done the Irish-Catholic population of Montreal, a grave injustice has been perpetrated upon one of the best, the most upright and most unflinching of representative men—in the person of Mr. Frank Hart—and we have no intention of allowing the matter to go past in silence, nor will we be silenced until the wrong is repaired and the injustice rectified.

We often asserted that we knew no politics and that our policy was confined to the assertion of our religious principles and the defence of the rights and just claims of our Irish Catholic people—individually or collectively. If we to-day step into the arena where parties contend for power, it is simply to perform the duty which circumstances have imposed on us, and in the performance of which we will be as firm as adamant.

For almost two years we had hammered away, despite every opposition, at the Government of Quebec, begging, praying, arguing, insisting, until finally we were rewarded in having an Irish Catholic School Commissioner appointed. The place was there, the need was patent, and the man was at hand. Who was that man? Mr. Frank Hart—one of the most honest, competent, highly-esteemed and honorable business men in this city—a man who stands foremost in the front rank of our commercial community; a member of the Council of the Board of Trade; a person deemed worthy of an official banquet of recognition from the Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool; a man who has only one word and who has for motto, "Justice to everyone." We were happy to see Mr. Hart appointed, as a representative of the long-suffering Irish-Catholic minority, upon the Board of the Catholic School Commissioners.

No sooner was he there than he made

his presence felt. He was no idle or wooden member of that body. It was necessary to get rid of him in some way, as too much justice might consequently be done the Irish Catholic taxpayers of Montreal. A law was passed amending the school Act, by which, on the 1st July, 1894, the old Board should disappear and a new one be created—the new Board to consist of nine members: three clergymen appointed by the Archbishop, three members of the City Council (appointed by the Corporation), and three others, appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council (the Government of Quebec), to be chosen, *in as far as possible*, from the members of the university staffs.

We plainly and fearlessly say that this amendment to the law was a mere subterfuge; it was a preconceived and cunningly devised plan to secure an excuse for undoing what had been done, and depriving us of the man best fitted and calculated to attend to and defend our most sacred interests. Individually we believe that Mr. Hart would be satisfied to be relieved of the heavy load of labor and responsibility that the position necessitated; but in the interests of that honest expenditure of public funds, which was ever his theme, he would be willing to incur all the personal inconveniences for the sake of those whose interests are at stake. In a case where hundreds of thousands of dollars are handled, it is necessary to have a man of practical business qualifications and of tried integrity to watch over the operations of such an important body as that of the School Commissioners.

When we learned how matters stood, and that there was danger of Mr. Hart being removed, we immediately communicated with members of the government—the Hon. Premier amongst them—and placed the case as strongly as we possibly knew how before the powers that be. The Premier very courteously replied, and stated what the law now was, and informed us that no movement had been made to deprive Mr. Hart of the place on the Board. In the same letter he told us—what the Official Gazette also informed us of—that Dr. Desjardins, Mr. Monk and Dr. Brennan had been appointed. The reason given for these nominations is that they are "members of the faculty of the Catholic University." We squarely say that this will not do.

The fact that a person is a member of a university faculty by no means constitutes him a financier, a man of commercial experience, nor the representative of a large and important section of the community. Mr. Hart was appointed a few months ago in recognition of the just rights of the Irish Catholic minority to have an active representative on that Board. Individually, Dr. Brennan is a most estimable man; as far as we could learn from the few who know him as a public or representative person, he stands high in his profession and is of the greatest integrity. But all these personal qualities do not constitute him a representative Irish Catholic. The name may be Irish enough; but in every other way Dr. Brennan is a French-Canadian. He is so in his education, his training, his language, his sympathies, and his experience. In no case has he ever identified himself with Irish Catholic interests in Montreal; we doubt if there are two out of every hundred Irishmen in the city who have ever heard of him, or who can say that they know him to be one of themselves. And is it thus that we are to be deprived of the representation for which we fought so hard, which we enjoyed for only a few months, and which was so thorough and so satisfac-

tory? One subterfuge piled upon another. Does the Government think to fling dust in our eyes with this amendment—gotten up and pushed through for a purpose—with this pretence of University men, when the Act only says that *in as far as is possible* the nominees should belong to the Universities, and by this farce of placing a person, who is merely Irish in name, to supplant one of the best and most competent men in Montreal? If there were no Irish Catholic on the University staff, then it was the place of the Government to find one outside that circle. There was no necessity of seeking far for him; he was there, on the Board, and his record was before the world.

No, no; this will not do. We must say that the wrong done the great body of Irish Catholic tax payers in Montreal must be rectified—and at once—or we will know the reason why. We do not beg this of the Government's generosity, we demand it of the Government's justice. We have openly spoken our opinion, and we will not be silent until this act of unfairness is rectified. We will go on agitating and agitating, until our voice is heard and heeded. And if no attention is paid to our appeal, if we are thus to be determinedly and constantly played with and ostracised, we will yet make the echoes of their House in Quebec ring with a tune that will unpleasantly remind them that the Irish Catholic element of this city and of this Province is not to be made the shuttlecock of political expediency.

Let it be plainly understood. We say to the Government of Quebec that unless they restore Mr. Hart to his place upon the Board of Catholic School Commissioners—and do so at once—we will consider it a direct insult to our people, and no body will regret more the untimely and unjust deed than the Government itself. This is a peremptory demand, and we will stand by it.

## THE TWELFTH OF JULY.

To-morrow is the ever famous Twelfth of July; the day celebrated by the followers of King William, and held in honor by the most anti-Catholic organization on earth. If any of our non-Catholic friends anticipate, from our heading, an article in the form of a tirade against Orangemen, they will be greatly disappointed. It is not for the purpose of stirring up a feeling that should never have existed in Canada that we refer to the day; rather is it to express our pleasure in perceiving that marked change which the past few years have brought about. We noticed last year a great absence of the fiery and unreasonable speeches that were wont to accompany the old-time celebrations of that day. Processions have become less frequent; insulting language has gradually been modified; party tunes, calculated to stir up rancor and religious hatred, have been left unplayed; and a general tendency to deal more Christianly with the vast Catholic population of the country has been evinced.

We are thoroughly aware that there are Orangemen—and a great number of them—who, individually, have deep respect for their Catholic fellow-citizens and who would not lower themselves to the level of men who take pleasure in insulting and hurting the feelings of others. Nor do we wish to load unto their shoulders the burden of responsibility for the thoughtlessness, the extravagance, and often the wickedness, of the *hoi polloi*, the mob, the less educated, or the entirely ignorant. Yet, we cannot but express our surprise at the conduct of apparently educated and seemingly refined men, when they lend themselves,

by their presence at the demonstration by their connection with the society whose principles they know so well, to a course calculated to create the worst of feelings in the community and to bring a dangerous disunion into the country.

We have no desire to enter into a discussion of the merits or demerits, the aims or principles of Orangeism; for our Catholic readers it would be useless, as they know already our sentiments and ideas in that connection; for our non-Catholic readers it would be equally superfluous, since they are aware of how deeply we despise the motive power of that organization. But whatever may have been the excuses, beyond the Atlantic, that fevered partisans set up in defence of the Order, one thing is positive, that here in Canada it has no *raison d'être*. A tree is known by its fruits; and we have but to take up the history of this Dominion, and hand on heart, to ask ourselves what have been the results of Orangeism in the country. Can any one point to a single demonstration or celebration by the members of that body that left the community more prosperous, more happy, more peaceful than it was before the event? There is an honest, impartial and unprejudiced standard. If you cannot point to any commercial, social, political or religious good that was the outcome of an Orange celebration, you have at once a groundwork of suspicion concerning the methods, aims and principles of the organization. But, what is more; not only can you point to no good or beneficial results, the truth is that the harmful consequences are and have been incalculable. The tranquility that reigned in the community has been shattered for a time; the spirit of union between the different elements of a cosmopolitan society has vanished; the friendships of years have been broken; the happiness of whole circles has been destroyed; and years cannot repair all the damage done during the brief hours of a senseless, meaningless, un-Christian, un-British demonstration.

We do not say this in any spirit of hatred or for any purpose of creating antagonism; were such our object we could easily assume a very different tone. We merely place before our calm and reasonable readers an honest statement of the situation, and we feel confident that all will rejoice with us in the fact that the rabid spirit which used to come with the dog-days is fast dying out in the land. Of course in certain sections of the country it is still kept up to a considerable extent; but who are the men who join in such celebrations? As a rule they are of the lowest and most ignorant class; generally persons who know no more about the history of King William and the Boyne than they do about the last organized tribe of Cossacks upon the Tartar Steppes; people who believe that they are Orangemen because that was the color worn by the usurper. Again, there is some reason in an Irishman being an Orangeman; but when it comes to Scotchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians, Swedes, and others, it becomes a real farce. The majority of them cry "Down with the Pope;" and ask them who or what the Pope is and they stand silent, unable to give an intelligent reply.

We ask, is it fair that our young country should be disturbed by a few firebrands, and a crowd of people who have no other motive of action than insolent antagonism to the Catholic Church? We have too much confidence in the future of Canada, in the sterling common sense of our people, and in the spirit of justice that pervades the great mass of our Protestant citizens, to think that such an organization could possibly

be perpetuated in our land. The Irishman who is an Orangeman may have the privilege of toasting the hero of the white horse; of "getting drunk in gratitude to the man who colonized ignorance in his native land;" but let him not disturb the peace and harmony of our happy community with his howls when enraged by the wine of bigotry. This is a new country; its civilization dates back only three centuries; Christianity has shed its lights upon Canada within a comparatively recent date. Who were the pioneers of civilization and Christianity here? Who were the martyrs for the Faith? Who rescued the land from barbarism? Who raised her to the position she occupies to-day? Only one reply: the missionaries and educators of the Catholic Church. And while they were performing their deeds of heroism and sacrifice, where was Orangeism and where were Orangemen? And are they going to step in to tear down a structure the foundation of which was laid and the superstructure of which was built by the adherents of an undying Faith?

Once more, we are grateful that a calmer and better spirit is coming into the land; and in the diminished number of irritating demonstrations, each Twelfth of July will bring greater promises of peace, harmony and prosperity to Canada.

**THAT SUNDAY PARADE.**

In another column, upon our editorial pages, will be found an article, under the heading "The Twelfth of July." It was written on Saturday last, and we do not regret having penned it; nor would we wish to keep it from our readers. It gives an evidence of the spirit of conciliation that animates us and the desire that we feel to see peace, harmony and mutual understanding exist in this community and all through our Dominion. Unfortunately we judged others by our own standard and we were, consequently, a little too hasty in attributing to the Orangemen of this section of the country the fair and more generous sentiments and desires for which we have given them credit. If our articles breathe a spirit of peace and advocate mutual forbearance and universal tolerance, it is not that we fear to express our opinions, nor is it that we are in any way backward in defending our rights or in asserting our privileges. If the gentlemen who undertook to violate the Provincial law on Sunday last, by their parade, and if the organs that publish—under most elaborate headings—sensational accounts of the proceedings, are under the impression that no voice will be raised to denounce this attempt at entering the thin edge of the Orange wedge into Montreal, they were never more mistaken in their lives.

We consider that the whole affair has been very ill-advised. The Past Grand Master acknowledges that during the past few years the reason why there were no parades, was that "wise counsel has prevailed and it was deemed inexpedient." Most certainly the wise counsel was lacking on the present occasion. If there is no friction this year over the celebration of the Twelfth, it will be due to the good, sound, common sense of our Catholic people, and no thanks to the Rev. Mr. Graham and men of his fire-brand stamp. We, however, trust that the insulting language used by this "minister of the gospel" will be passed over as unworthy of any serious notice. Such men are a menace to the community, and their imported bigotry should find no place upon Canadian soil. Amongst other provoking and wicked remarks this Rev. inciter to deeds of violence said: "Don't hide your heads

on the Twelfth because the Catholics have stones to throw. Stand up and let them throw them." We can tell Mr. Graham that the Catholics are not given to the use of such weapons; they wish to live in quiet and in brotherly fellowship with their citizens of all creeds and nationalities. If a stone were ever cast it would not be the excited person who actually committed the violent act that would be to blame; the stone would come from Mr. Graham's pulpit; he it is who would be answerable for the act.

Does this gentleman know that he is inviting people to break a law that exists on our statute book? (See article 2940 of the Revised Statutes of Quebec.) Does he know that the police patrols should be employed to prevent a violation of the law and not to encourage and protect its violators? Has he any idea of the responsibility that clings to the clergyman who, unprovoked and unnecessarily, seeks to use his influence over people, from the pulpit, in order to risk the shattering of that peace and tranquility which should be allowed to continue undisturbed? If not the law should teach him—and all men of his calibre—the lessons that they ignore. Despite this covert attempt to create ill-feeling, we still hope and trust that no further wrong will be done; and we beg of our Catholic citizens to teach these men a lesson in true Christianity.

Nearly two decades have passed away since any serious troubles of the Orange nature have taken place in Montreal, and should, unfortunately, such scenes be revived, let the responsibility and odium rest upon the heads of the organization that is determined to propagate bigotry and ill-feeling.

AS A GREAT number are asking for the dates of Dr. Foran's lectures before the Catholic Summer School, we again give them. The first will be delivered on next Wednesday, 18th July, and the second on Thursday, 19th July, both to be given in the evening.

**ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS**

The annual meeting of Divisions No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, was held on Thursday evening in their hall, Craig street, the president, Mr. George Clarke, in the chair. Division No. 1 was organized November 22, 1892, and has a membership of over two hundred. The different officers submitted their reports, which showed that the Division was on a good financial basis. After routine business the election of officers was proceeded with and resulted as follows: G. Clarke, president; D. McCarthy, vice-president; T. Tisdale, recording secretary; J. McIver, financial secretary; P. Scullion, treasurer. Standing Committee: Messrs. H. Kearns, W. Ducrott, B. Feeney, P. J. Kennedy and P. J. Scullion. Visiting Committee: Messrs. P. Kennedy, H. Horan and T. McKeough. Literary Committee: Messrs. F. T. Rawley, T. McCarthy and J. Byron. Employment Committee: Messrs. C. Morrison, H. McMorrow and R. Walsh. Sergeant-at-Arms: B. Feeney; Sentinel: P. Horan. Addresses were delivered by the officers elect and several others, after which the meeting adjourned.

The A. O. H. in this city is rapidly growing in favor, and its great advantages have induced many young men to join it who never before were members of any benefit society.

By sending 60 cents to the Telegram Company, Plattsburgh, N. Y., Catholics who cannot attend the Summer School this year, will receive the morning telegrams during the session, which will contain a full account of each day's proceedings.

**Cheap Sale of a Bankrupt Stock of Furniture going on just now at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every evening. Tell your Friends about it. Street Cars pass the Door.**

**RELIGIOUS NEWS.**

The Little Sisters of the Poor possess 225 houses scattered over nearly every country in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australia. No fewer than 33,000 men and women are sheltered in these.

M. Iswolsky, Russian Minister to the Vatican, made an official announcement to the Vatican on the 21st that the Czar accorded to Russian bishops entire freedom of relations with Rome.

Brother Kiernan, one of the prominent Trappist monks who came from Ireland to found New Mellary monastery at Dubuque, Ia., 45 years ago, is dead. He was the historian of the order.

Bishop Tierney confirmed a class of 200 adults in Hartford Monday evening, June 11. This large confirmation class was the result of a mission conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Among those confirmed were twenty-two converts, who had been received into the Church the previous Saturday.

Zola is out with an attempted defence of his travesty on "Lourdes" that is now running in the columns of a number of American papers. But his vile caricatures of the French shrine and the pilgrimages thereto admit of no defence, and each succeeding instalment of his story is worse even than the preceding one.

Those who will participate in the Pilgrimage to Lourdes from Brooklyn are very much pleased that Rev. Mother Catherine Aurelie, the founder of the Order of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, will come from St. Hyacinthe, Canada, to see them start for Europe, July 18.

Catholic Sisters have charge of the public small-pox pest-house of Cook county, Illinois. If the National League for the Protection of American Institutions objects to their presence there, and will provide substitute nurses for the patients from among its own members, the Sisters will resign. Don't all speak at once!

**IRISH TOPICS.**

It is reported that C. C. Connor, M.P. for North Antrim, intends to apply for the Chiltern Hundreds. In view of the vacancy it is understood that a communication has been made to Charles Macnaghten, son of Lord Macnaghten, in reference to his becoming a candidate.

According to a correspondent of the Freeman's Journal, quite a number of valuable pearls were found in the Shrule, between Omsgh and Newtown Stewart. E. Mullen got one weighing ten grains, and for which he refused £10. Thomas Short got six, all good colors and shapes. William Muldoon, nine pearls; J. Donnelly, fourteen, four of which were perfection and very valuable.

Daniel O'Sullivan died at the General Hospital, Hobart, Tasmania, on the 4th of April, aged twenty-seven years. He was a native of Kilmakilloge, Kenmare, County Kerry, and distinguished himself in Tasmania as an athlete and oarsman. The respect shown at his funeral was remarkable. The Irish of Hobart turned out to a man. The members of the Hibernian Society marched in procession, wearing green sashes trimmed with black crape.

**FATHER HOGAN, S. J., OF THE WEST INDIES,**

TO PREACH A CHARITY SERMON AT ST. ANN'S. At High Mass on Sunday, 15th, the Rev. Patrick Hogan, S.J., will deliver a charity sermon in St. Ann's Church. The Rev. Father Hogan is a brilliant and impressive preacher. Father Hogan is from Demerara, the West Indies. The sermon will be in aid of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

**CITY NOTES.**

The valuable prizes competed for at St. Mary's C. O. F. picnic on Dominion Day were distributed, amid much enthusiasm, on Saturday evening at No. 15 Dalhousie Square.

St. Ann's Young Men have decided to make a pilgrimage to Oka on Labor Day, Monday, September 2nd. A large number of young men have already signified their intention to be present.

The Christian Brothers to the number of four hundred will go into retreat to-morrow. The retreat will be of 8 days duration and is held in Mount St. Louis College. Brothers from all parts of Canada will be present.

During the recent retreat, the Franciscan Fathers spoke very highly of the TRUE WITNESS and recommended it as the only English newspaper we have to defend our faith; they also referred to its high literary quality and its firm and true polemical attitude. St. Anthony's Court 128, C. O. F., are making

arrangements for an excursion down the river, to take place early in August. An excursion under the energetic management of the members of St. Anthony's Court is sure to be both pleasurable and successful!

The Reading Circle of St. Ann's Young Men has ceased work until September, when the meetings of this enjoyable class will be resumed. The number of clever young men who have already identified themselves with the reading circle will be sure to make it a great success during the coming winter.

The list of prize winners in St. Ann's school report of this issue does not contain all the names of boys who took high places in the classes. The unusual pressure on our space is the reason for the omission of many names which should have appeared.

The sailors' concert takes place to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock. An excellent programme has been provided. The number of citizens who attend these concerts is weekly increasing. The entertainment provided is well worth the small admission fee of ten cents, to say nothing of the pleasure of contributing to a charitable object.

A meeting of three representatives from each English-speaking court of the C. O. F. will be called on Monday evening, 18th inst., in St. Ann's hall, to take into consideration the formation of an English-speaking local High Court. At present the English speaking members of the C. O. F. are under the practical jurisdiction of the French.

A meeting of the committees of the Emmet and Le Nationale Lacrosse Clubs will be held in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall at 8 o'clock to-night. The point to be decided is in the first instance in reference to the match played on Dominion day. It seems this match was played in 50 minutes less than the correct time. A great deal can be done in a lacrosse match in 50 minutes, and the Emmets, whom fortune was against in this unfinished match, naturally wish to test their strength with Le Nationale team in a full time game. If the match takes place the Emmets will no doubt give a good account of themselves, as they would have done on Dominion day if a full game could have been played.

The committee appointed by the United Divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians met on Thursday evening in Hibernian Hall, to make arrangements for their picnic and programme of Irish national games, to take place on Clarke's Island, on August 11. Communication was received from several leading members of the Order in the States and Canada, signifying their intention of being present, among others the Hon. P. J. O'Connor, national president. The committee are also making the necessary arrangements to give prizes sufficiently valuable to induce athletics to come from distant parts to compete in the games.

**CLOSE OF THE RETREAT AT THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.**

At the Church of Our Lady of the Angels the good Franciscan Fathers, on Monday, brought to a close one of the most powerful and effective retreats that has ever been preached to the Catholics of this city. The tertiles of the Third Order of St. Francis, for whom the retreat was particularly given, were all powerfully moved and received new spiritual strength to carry on the glorious work of their Order. Between three and four hundred persons regularly attended the services, and at the close of the retreat received the Pope's blessing. One of the oldest members of the Order, and its brightest and most zealous promoter, said, in speaking of the retreat: "I never in my life was so touched, the golden words that came from the mouths of the Fathers entered our hearts and remained there in all the warmth and power in which they were spoken. They stayed, because, as we listened to the Brothers and looked at their chastened sanctified faces, we felt the soulful earnestness of their holy words and our hearts were touched. That is the reason the retreat accomplished so much." The retreat was given under the direction of the Rev. Father Arsenius.

**LEO PP. XIII.**

FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

The following letter will prove of deep interest to our Catholic citizens, especially all who live in the vicinity of the Carmelite monastery on Notre Dame street. Remember the date, July 16 inst.

In order that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel may increase more and more, whence flow the richest and most wholesome fruits for their soul, We, according to the request of Our beloved son, Aloysius Maria Gall, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, of the Old Observance, have decided to enrich the Carmelite churches with a singular privilege. Wherefore, confiding in the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of His Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, We grant to all and each of the faithful of both sexes who, being truly penitent and having received the Sacraments of Penance and of Holy Communion, shall devoutly visit any of the churches or public chapels, in any place whatsoever, of the Friars or Sisters of the whole Carmelite Order, both Calced and Discalced, in any year on the 16th of July on which the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is kept, from the First Vespers until sunset of that day, and shall address pious prayers to God for the peace of Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of Our Holy Mother the church—to these We mercifully grant a Plenary Indulgence, and remission of their sins, which they may also apply to the souls of the faithful who have departed this life. In charity with God, notwithstanding Our, the Apostolic Chancery's rule of not granting Indulgences *ad instar*, and other Apostolic constitutions and orders, and whatever else there might be to the contrary. And the present shall be valid for all future times. And We will that the same faith which would be exhibited to the original letter, were it shown, shall also be bestowed upon copies, printed or otherwise, of the same, provided they be signed by a public notary and sealed with the seal of a person consulted in ecclesiastical dignity. Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Ring of the Fisherman, on the 16th of May, 1892, of our Pontificate the fiftieth year. [L. S.] S. CARD. VANNUTELLI.

## LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER LXV.—Continued.

"Oh, spare me his theology! I can almost imagine it, Maude. I had no conception he was such a radical."

"He is not really, my lord; but he tells me that we must all go through this stage. It is, as he says, like a course of those waters whose benefit is exactly in proportion to the way they disagree with you at first. He even said, one evening, before he went away: 'Take my word for it, Lady Maude, we shall be burning these apostles of ballot and universal suffrage in effigy one day; but I intend to go beyond everyone else in the meanwhile, else the rebound will lose half its excellence.'"

"What is this?" cried he, as the servant entered with a telegram. "This is from Athens, Maude, and in cipher, too. How are we to make it out?"

"Cecil has the key, my lord. It is the diplomatic cipher."

"Do you think you could find it in his room, Maude? It is possible this might be imminent."

"I shall see if he is at home," said she, rising to ring the bell. The servant sent to inquire returned, saying that Mr. Walpole had dined abroad, and not returned since dinner.

"I'm sure you could find the book, Maude, and it is a small, square-shaped volume, bound in dark Russian leather, with P. O. on the cover."

"I know the look of it well enough; but I do not fancy ransacking Cecil's chamber."

"I do not know that I should like to await his return to read my dispatch. I can just make out that it comes from Atlee."

"I suppose I had better go, then," said she, reluctantly, as she rose and left the room.

Ordering the butler to precede and show her the way, Lady Maude ascended to a story above that she usually inhabited, and found herself in a very spacious chamber, with an alcove, into which a bed fitted, the remaining space being arranged like an ordinary sitting-room. There were numerous chairs and sofas of comfortable form, a well-cushioned ottoman, smelling, indeed, villainously of tobacco, and a neat writing-table, with a most luxurious arrangement of shaded wax-lights above it.

A singularly well executed photograph of a young and very lovely woman, with masses of loose hair flowing over her neck and shoulders, stood on a little gilt easel on the desk, and it was, strange enough, with a sense of actual relief, Maude read the word Titian on the frame. It was a copy of the great master's picture in the Dresden Gallery, and of which there is a replica in the Barberini Palace at Rome; but still the portrait had another memory for Lady Maude, who quickly recalled the girl she had once seen in a crowded assembly, passing through a murmur of admiration that no conventional beauty could repress, and whose marvelous beauty seemed to glow with the homage it inspired.

Scraps of poetry, copies of verses, changed and blotted couplets, were scrawled on loose sheets of paper on the desk; but Maude minded none of these, as she pushed them away to rest her arm on the table, while she sat gazing on the picture.

The face had so completely absorbed her attention—so, to say, fascinated her—that when the servant, who had found the volume he was in search of, presented it to her, she merely said: "Take it to my lord," and sat still, with her head resting on her hands, and her eyes fixed on the portrait.

"There may be some resemblance, there may be, at least, what might remind people of 'the Laura'—so was it called; but who will pretend that she carried her head with the swing of lofty pride, or that her look could rival the blended majesty and womanhood we see here! I do not—I cannot believe it!"

"What is it, Maude, that you will not or cannot believe?" said a low voice, and she saw Walpole standing beside her.

"Let me first excuse myself for being here," said she, blushing. "I came in search of that little cipher-book to interpret a despatch that has just come.

When Fenton found it I was so engrossed by this pretty face that I have done nothing but gaze at it."

"And what was it that seemed so incredible as I came in?"

"Simply this, then, that anyone should be so beautiful."

"Titian seems to have solved that point; at least, Vasari tells us this was a portrait of a lady of the Guicciardini family."

"I know—I know that," said she, impatiently; "and we do see faces in which Titian or Velasquez has stamped nobility and birth as palpably as they have painted loveliness and expression. And such were these women, daughters in a long line of the proud Patricians who once ruled Rome."

"And yet," said he, slowly, "that portrait has its living counterpart."

"I am aware of whom you speak: the awkward angular girl we all saw at Rome, and that you young gentlemen called the Tizziana."

"She is certainly no longer awkward nor angular now, if she were once so, which I do not remember. She is a model of grace and symmetry, and as much more beautiful than that picture as color, expression and movement are better than a lifeless image."

"There is the fervor of a lover in your words, Cecil," said she, smiling faintly.

"It is not often I am so forgetful," muttered he; "but so it is; our cousinship has done it all, Maude. One revels in expansiveness with his own, and I can speak to you as I cannot to another."

"It is a great flattery to me."

"In fact, I feel that at last I have a sister—a dear and loving spirit who will give to true friendship those delightful traits of pity and tenderness, and even forgiveness, of which only the woman's nature can know the needs."

Lady Maude rose slowly, without a word. Nothing of heightened color or movement of her features indicated anger or indignation, and though Walpole stood with an affected submissiveness before her, he marked her closely.

"I am sure, Maude," continued he, "you must often have wished to have a brother."

"Never so much as at this moment!" said she, calmly—and now she had reached the door. "If I had had a brother, Cecil Walpole, it is possible I might have been spared this insult!"

The next moment the door closed, and Walpole was alone.

## CHAPTER LXVI.

## ATLEE'S MESSAGE.

"I am right, Maude," said Lord Danesbury, as his niece re-entered the drawing-room. "This is from Atlee, who is at Athens; but why there I cannot make out as yet. There are, according to the book, two explanations here: 491 means a white dromedary, or the chief clerk, and B x 49=12 stands for our envoy in Greece, or a snuffer-dish."

"Don't you think, my lord, it would be better for you to send this up to Cecil? He has just come in. He has had much experience of these things."

"You are quite right, Maude: let Fenton take it up and beg for a speedy transcript of it. I should like to see it at once."

While his lordship waited for his dispatch he grumbled away about everything that occurred to him, and even, at last, about the presence of the very man, Walpole, who was at that same moment engaged in serving him.

"Stupid fellow," muttered he, "why does he ask for extension of his leave? Staying in town here is only another name for spending money. He'll have to go out at last; better do it at once!"

"He may have his own reasons, my lord, for delay," said Maude, rather to suggest further discussion of the point.

"He may think he has, I've no doubt. These small creatures have always scores of irons in the fire. So it was when I agreed to go to Ireland. There were innumerable fine things and clever things he was to do. There were schemes by which 'the Cardinal' was to be caajoled, and the whole Bar bamboozled. Every one was to have office dangled before his eyes, and to be treated so confidentially and affectionately under disappointment that even when a man got nothing he would feel he had secured the regard of the prime minister! If I took him out to Turkey to-morrow, he'd never be easy till he had a plan 'to square' the grand vizier, and entrap Gortchakoff or M. J.

utin. These men don't know that a clever fellow no more goes in search of rogueries than a fox-hunter looks out for stiff fences. You 'take them' when they lie before you, that's all." This little burst of indignation seemed to have the effect on him of a little wholesome exercise, for he appeared to feel himself better and easier after it.

"Dear me! dear me!" muttered he, "how pleasant one's life might be if it were not for the clever fellows! I mean, of course," added he, after a second or two, "the clever fellows who want to impress us with their cleverness."

Maude would not be entrapped or enticed into what might lead to a discussion. She never uttered a word, and he was silent.

It was in the perfect stillness that followed that Walpole entered the room with the telegram in his hand, and advanced to where Lord Danesbury was sitting.

"I believe, my lord, I have made out this message in such a shape as will enable you to divine what it means. It runs thus: 'Athens, 5th, 12 o'clock. Have seen S—, and conferred at length with him. His estimate of value,' or 'his price'—for the signs will mean either—to my thinking, enormous. His reasonings certainly strong, and not easy to rebut. That may be possibly rendered, demands that might probably be reduced. 'I leave to day, and shall be in England by middle of next week. ATLEE.'"

Walpole looked keenly at the other's face as he read the paper, to mark what signs of interest or eagerness the tidings might evoke. There was, however, nothing to be read in those cold and quiet features.

"I am glad he is coming back," said he at length. "Let us see: he can reach Marseilles on Monday, or even Sunday night. I don't see why he should not be here Wednesday or Thursday at farthest. By the way, Cecil, tell me something about our friend—who is he?"

"Don't know, my lord."

"Don't know! How came you acquainted with him?"

"Met him at a country house where I happened to break my arm, and took advantage of this young fellow's skill in surgery to engage his services to carry me to town. There's the whole of it."

"Is he a surgeon?"

"No, my lord, any more than he is fifty other things of which he has a smattering."

"Has he any means—any private fortune?"

"I suspect not."

"Who and what are his family? Are there Atlees in Ireland?"

"There may be, my lord. There was an Atlee, a college porter, in Dublin; but I heard our friend say that they were only distantly related."

He could not help watching Lady Maude as he said this, and was rejoiced to see a sudden twitch of her lower lip, as if in pain.

"You evidently sent him over to me, then, on a very meagre knowledge of the man," said his lordship, rebukingly.

"I believe, my lord, I said at the time that I had by me a clever fellow, who wrote a good hand, could copy correctly, and was sufficient of a gentleman in his manners to make intercourse with him easy, and not disagreeable."

"A very guarded recommendation," said Lady Maude, with a smile.

"Was it not, Maude?" continued he, his eyes flashing with triumphant insolence.

"I found he could do more than copy a dispatch—I found he could write one. He replied to an article in the Edinburgh on Turkey, and I saw him write it, as I did not know there was another man but myself in England could have done."

"Perhaps your lordship had talked over the subject in his presence, or with him?"

"And if I had, sir? and if all his knowledge on a complex question was such as he could carry away from a random conversation, what a gifted dog he must be to sift the wheat from the chaff—to strip a question of what were mere accidental elements, and to test a difficulty by its real qualities. Atlee is a clever fellow, an able fellow, I assure you. That very telegram before us is a proof how he can deal with a matter on which instruction would be impossible."

"Indeed, my lord!" said Walpole, with well-assumed innocence.

"I am right glad to know he is coming home. He must demolish that writer

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in the Revue de Deux Mondes at once—some unpriocipled French blackguard, who has been put up to attack me by Thouvenel!"

Would it have appeased his lordship's wrath to know that the writer of this defamatory article was no other than Joe Atlee himself, and that the reply which was to "demolish it" was more than half written in his desk at that moment?

"I shall ask," continued my lord—"I shall ask him, besides, to write a paper on Ireland, and that *fiasco* of yours, Cecil."

"Much obliged, my lord!"

"Don't be angry or indignant! A fellow with a neat, light hand like Atlee can, even under the guise of allegation, do more to clear you than scores of vulgar apologists. He can, at least, show that what our distinguished head of the Cabinet calls 'the flesh-and-blood argument' has its full weight with us in our government of Ireland, and that our bitterest enemies cannot say: 'We have no sympathies with the nation we rule over.'"

"I suspect, my lord, that what you have so graciously called 'my *fiasco*' is well-nigh forgotten by this time, and wiser policy would say: 'Do not revive it.'"

"There's a great policy in saying in 'an article' all that could be said in 'a debate,' and showing after all how little it comes to. Even the feeble grievance-mongers grow ashamed at retailing the review and the newspapers; but, what is better still, if the article be smartly written, they are sure to mistake the peculiarities of style for points in the argument. I have seen some splendid blunders of that kind when I sat in the Lower House. I wish Atlee was in Parliament."

"I am not aware that he can speak, my lord."

"Neither am I; but I should risk a small bet on it. He is a ready fellow, and the ready fellows are many sided, eh, Maude?"

Now, though his lordship only asked for his niece's concurrence in his own sage remark, Walpole affected to understand it as a direct appeal to her opinion of Atlee, and said: "Is that your judgment of this gentleman, Maude?"

"I have no prescription to measure the abilities of such men as Mr. Atlee."

"You find him pleasant, witty, and agreeable, I hope?" said he, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Yes, I think so."

"With an admirable memory and great readiness for an *ad propos*?"

"Perhaps he has."

"As a retailer of an incident they tell me he has no rival."

"I cannot say."

"Of course not. I take it the fellow has tact enough not to tell stories here."

"What is all that you are saying there?" cried his lordship, to whom these few sentences were 'an aside.'"

"Cecil is praising Mr. Atlee, my lord," said Maude, bluntly.

"I did not know I had been, my lord," said he. "He belongs to a class of men who interest me very little."

"What class may that be?"

"The adventurers, my lord. The fellows who make the campaign of life on the faith that they shall find their rations in some other man's knapsack."

"Ha! indeed. Is that our friend's line?"

(To be Continued.)

# HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD

## FASHION AND FANCY.

One of the stylish parasols for early summer is of black and white striped silk finished with a deep frill of Bourdon lace. The long handle is formed entirely of black beads. Dainty parasols of Dresden silk have Dresden handles showered with blossoms which follow the design of the silk. A pale green silk parasol has alternating stripes of white satin and tiny pink rosebuds. The handle is of Dresden china, over which pink rosebuds are growing. One of the latest ideas is to have a white parasol striped with alternating lines of white lace insertion and violets. The hand is of white satin covered with lace, and a bunch of violets is tied to it by long white ribbons. The outing parasols are as gay as ever. The favorite is brilliant scarlet bolting cloth with stripes of white silk encircling it.

Among the "picture" gowns those of Louis XIII. design are surpassing in popularity the Louis XIV. and XV. costumes. Lace is shown in abundance, and the skirts are full and frequently made to show a petticoat. White and gold is the favorite combination. A white faille evening gown is effectively made with flounces of lace heavily spangled with gilt. The bertha of this spangled lace, outlining the low cut bodice, looks like a shower of gold.

The movement skirt is the latest. It is raised just a trifle at the side, and when composed of filmy material the effect is most charming.

A silk which is rivalling the favorite India is the Oriental Damas. It is light and cool, much opposed to wrinkles, and, best of all, sells for 69 cents a yard. The designs are exceptionally pretty and show both stripes and flowers. One of the most fetching patterns of the illuminated glace silks is a check. The colors are heliotrope, sage green and white. They blend exquisitely, and the whole silk fairly glistens.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Never under any circumstances should a plug of paper be used for the stopper of a bottle containing food or medicine for sick people or young children. Use a roll of new muslin or a firm clean piece of potato until the proper cork can be obtained.

The footsore wanderer will find solace in a footbath of hot-alum water every night before going to bed. With the best of care the feet are apt to be tender and troublesome in the warm months, and this simple treatment will be then found most efficacious.

Do not wear the paint and varnish from woodwork and furniture with soapy water and scrubbing-brush, in order to remove the fly-specks; use instead a cloth saturated with kerosene; the specks and dirt will quickly disappear, and the furniture will not be injured.

Long hair should never be shampooed more than once a month. Some people think that by brushing and caring well for the hair a shampoo once a year is sufficient; but few people, especially those whose hair is naturally oily, believe in this advice. Brushing stimulates the growth of the hair and makes it glossy and soft. It also stops the hair from falling out and is the best tonic for the scalp.

A paint for the kitchen floor that dries quickly can be made as follows: Dissolve three ounces of gold glue in three quarts of soft water; heat over the fire till the glue is perfectly dissolved, then remove and stir in three pounds of yellow ochre; with a whitewash-brush apply a thick coat to the floor. It will soon dry, then with a paint-brush give a coat of linseed oil. For a lighter shade use half white lead.

For a mosquito bite, or for any sting of insect or small eruption, there is nothing better than the old-fashioned remedy of our mothers, soda mixed with vinegar until it foams well. This panacea has the further merit of being almost always at hand for instant application.

This grease eradicator made the fortune of more than one man before the secret of its composition was discovered: Two ounces of ammonia, one ounce of caustic soap shavings, one quart of soft water, one teaspoonful of saltpetre. It

must be used with some care on colored goods lest it take hue with stain, but on white or black it is invaluable.

Fish net drapery, or Watteau netting, is excellent for summer homes, and is much in use by women who understand the art of making the home attractive during the long warm days. It can be found in all good colors, and is low in price, so there is no reason for its failing to find general recognition. It hides ugly doorways and uncompromising window casements under soft fold and graceful lines without cutting off one whit of the summer breeze, and is heartily to be commended, even were its claim to beauty less by far than it really is.

## LIGHT FROM THE PAST.

Thought goes back thro' a tangled maze—  
To brighter scenes of other days—  
The little cot upon the hill,  
Each smiling vale, and rippling rill,  
That haunted room—once more I see  
So fragrant with the thought of thee.

My thoughts go back, and heart goes too—  
To Land of Mountain, and of dew,  
Where sunshine bright bedecks the hours  
With countless joys, and blushing flow'rs;  
Yet all the things around I see  
Are but the handmaids love of thee.

Could I forget my Fatherland,  
The friends who parting press'd my hand,  
The birds I hear upon the trees,  
Or whisp'rings of the chiding breeze—  
Acquiescing of inconstancy  
Would win me back thro' love of thee.

My treasured one, thy face I greet,  
I may not know when we will meet.  
Yet thro' the conq'ring cords of Love  
I all affection's secrets prove,  
And near me still—one face I see,  
The very picture, love, of thee.

Montreal. —S. J. HUGGARD.

## IS THE YOUNG GIRL SAFE.

There is a class of silly girls who call themselves Catholics—and who are no doubt trying to live up to the rules of the Church after their own fashion—who somehow or other get it into their head that there is much in the Catholic Church they would like to see improved. There are so many things, you know, that annoy them; some of the people are so vulgar; then the seats are not cushioned; then again, the ushers are not polite, and the general tone is not just what they fancy it ought to be. Some time in their lives they sneaked into one of the Protestant churches, or went there with some Protestant friend, and they were agreeably surprised to find everything so pleasant, and everybody so agreeable, and nothing of the rudeness that comes from the crowded congregations they have to meet at Mass on Sunday. Simpletons that they are, they allow these fancied grievances to fill their brains (not a difficult job when one considers the size of that article), and so they consider it the correct thing to cultivate the society of Protestants.

Then, moreover, Catholic young men are so different from Protestants; they are so ignorant, so unchivalrous, so indifferent to the many little trifles that annoy a young lady. When not positively rude, they are, to say the least, not gallant; they haven't that refinement—that something or other about them which gives so much finish to Protestant young fellows; and which makes them so much more attractive. This is the way these silly girls talk, and this is the way they think, and this is the reason they seek after Protestant dudes. They remind us of the butterflies hovering around a burning gas-jet. Around and around, nearer and nearer, the butterflies come to the danger—an edge of a wing is scorched, but no matter, they must "keep company" with that bright spark, and finally the catastrophe comes, and the butterflies are no more. Foolish butterflies, everybody with any good sense who sees these simpletons running after those refined, polite, gallant young men without faith, and often to their sorrow, they find out, without morals.

One would be inclined to laugh at these girls if the consequences of their ways of acting were not so serious, and often ruinous to themselves. Let all such girls who read this take a friend's advice. Don't make fools of yourselves. Polished manners and gallant ways don't make good, practical husbands—a word to the wise is sufficient. But, unfortunately, these simpletons I am writing for are not wise, and therefore they need many words and many warnings—and, very often, the good, strong arm of a determined father or mother to bring them to their senses.—*Paulist Calendar.*



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Who are run down;  
Who have lost appetite;  
Who have difficulty after eating;  
Who suffer from nervous exhaustion;  
And to Nursing Mothers,  
as it increases quantity and improves quality of milk.

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## YOUTHS DEPARTMENT

### THE WHITE MICE.

"Oh dear!" sighed Alice, as she threw aside the story book she was reading, "I wish I were a boy for grown up or rich—or somethin'!"

"Why not try 'something'?" inquired her mother, smilingly. "What is the matter, dear?"

"Oh, nothing," said Alice, "except the Wakefield Chapter of the Knights and Ladies of the Round Table is going to raise some money for 'the Babies' Fresh Air Fund, and I can't do a single thing."

"I thought you could do a great many things," said her mother, smiling.

"Yes, but they're so pokey," replied Alice.

Just then in rushed Ted, Alice's twin brother, with a lively Scotch terrier bounding after him. "Down, Prink," shouted Ted, "down, sir! Here, mother, hold this, won't you, please, till I make Prink behave. Now, sir, you come out here and be quiet." Ted disappeared, and soon came back without Prink. "You can't guess what I've got in the box," he said.

"Is it alive?" asked Alice.

"Oh, you heard 'em move."

"No, I didn't."

"Them?" inquired Mrs. Bruce. "Are there several live creatures in here?"

"Mice," replied Ted.

"O—o—u—ch!" screamed Alice, and Mrs. Bruce nearly dropped the box.

"Theodore," she said, in her earnest tone, "what have you been doing now?"

"Why, they're white mice, of course," said Ted, opening the box and showing the timid little animals. "Jack Waters has had 'em most two months and he got tired of 'em. So I offered him my old knife for 'em and he took me up. I didn't think he would, but he did. I got 'em for Alice," he explained. "We're going to have a fair, you know, mother; didn't Alice tell you? And I thought she might have a side show to our Wild West like they have at the circus."

"Oh, mother," said Alice, "may I?"

"I shall have to think about it," replied Mrs. Bruce. "I am afraid that people would not pay to see white mice."

"But we would train 'em," said Ted.

"Train them? How?"

"I trained Prink," said Ted, and Mrs. Bruce knew Prink's clever tricks too well to hesitate any longer. "If your father has no objection," she said, "you may try it, Ted."

"Oh, goody!" cried Alice. "But I'm going to help, if I've got to exhibit them in a side show at the Wild West."

When Mr. Bruce came home from the office he gave his consent to the plan, and the training began.

It was not so hard, after all, to teach the mice after the little creatures had become quite at home with their trainers. At first Alice used to coax them to climb up a branch by holding a biscuit in advance of their noses. The next step was to teach the mice to climb up after bits of paste-board. These were of all colors and after a mouse had run up and picked one from Alice's fingers, she would give it a few crumbs of cake or a few grains of sugar. In this way the mice were taught that the proper way to get their dinner was to run swiftly up a stick and pick a piece of cardboard out of a box. It took another week and a hard struggle to teach the little fellows to run up the branch when Alice chirped at them; but this part of their education was at last over and Alice was ready to tell fortunes. With the aid of an old book that she found in the village library she

wrote on a half hundred slips of paper as many fortunes. There were twenty-five for boys and twenty-five for girls, and Alice made several copies of each slip in order that there should be enough to go around.

The "First Grand Annual Fair of the Wakefield Chapter, Knights and Ladies of the Round Table," opened on June 11. By working four evenings after school the boys of the Chapter managed to get their Wild West Show enclosed with old pieces of carpet loaned for the occasion. The fair grounds were just outside the village and an old barn served as a dressing-room. Planks laid across boxes and barrels made three tiers of seats about the ring, and outside this enclosure were stands for selling pink lemonade, like a real circus, three small tents for the side shows, and booths for selling salted almonds, cakes, penwipers, and other wonderful pieces of needle work, all made by Ladies of the Round Table. One of the three tents was to hold a doll show; the second contained a photograph gallery, in which Ted was to take snap-shoots of everybody who was willing to pay for it; and in the third was to sit the "renowned Gypsy Queen Geraldine, with her wonderful trained white mice"—at least that was what the show-bills said, and as they were printed on the hand-press of Knight Arthur Warren, it is probable that they were correct.

One of the very best things in the fair, not even excepting the May pole dance that followed the Wild West performance, was the Gypsy Queen and her trained mice. The Queen was not attired so closely like an Egyptian as to be mistaken for a mummy—all the Egyptian queens and princesses at the present time being in that melancholy condition—but she looked very unlike Alice Bruce, at all events. She wore a head-dress of flowers and feathers made from a half dozen last winter's hats obligingly sacrificed by Ladies of the Round Table, and her feet were encased in slippers on which beads of various sizes and colors had been painfully sewed by Alice herself. Wrapped in a Navajo blanket which her uncle Harry had sent her from Colorado, and with her face colored with drawing crayons, Alice was enough like a Gypsy Queen to answer every purpose. The important part was that the white mice ran up and down the forked branches as often as they were required, and everybody seemed to be pleased with the "fortune" that he or she received. As none of them were bad to begin with, but all promised gold mines, or fame, or some equally desirable thing, Alice was declared to be the most satisfactory fortune-teller that had ever been heard of in Wakefield. She knew that she had been kept busy when the larger shows inside the old carpet amphitheatre had not been going on, but she was surprised, on counting her money on Saturday night, to find that she had nearly three dollars. The amount was increased to four dollars and fifteen cents on Monday evening, and the Wild West Show itself made only a little less than seventeen dollars. All this was very pleasant, but the hard part came when a gentleman from Boston, who happened to be present on Monday evening, offered Alice ten dollars for the mice.

Alice hesitated a long time, for she had become very much attached to them. "Let's see. Ten dollars is two babies two weeks apiece in the country," she said, "and may be that would mean two sick babies getting well. You may have 'em, the mice," she finally consented.

After all, when the ten dollars was added to the rest of the money earned at the fair, and it made the whole amount nearly forty dollars, Alice decided that she was glad the mice had been sold.

"But then," she confessed to Ted, "I never want to train any more. It hurts too much when you have to lose them." —*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

## A NEW BRUNSWICK STORY.

### THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The One Suffering from General Debility and the Other from the After Effects of Typhoid Fever were Gradually Growing Weaker When a Cure Came—Both Now Restored to Perfect Health.

From the Newcastle, N.B., Union-Advocate.

Quite recently there came to the knowledge of the proprietor of the Union Advocate, two cases of residents of Newcastle having been greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and these were thought to be of sufficient interest to warrant their being published in the interests of humanity, if the parties interested had no objection to the facts being published. Consequently a reporter of this paper called upon the parties and obtained from them cheerfully all the particulars. Mr. and Mrs. Hammill removed from Fort Fairfield, Maine, to Newcastle, N. B., about fourteen months ago. For two years previous Mrs. Hammill had been in a very poor state of health and was steadily growing weaker and running down, until she was unable to do the necessary work about the house, and the little she did used her up completely. Pains in the back and limbs, weakness, dizziness and other disagreeable symptoms troubled her. For some time she was under treatment of several doctors at Fort Fairfield, and also since she moved here. But they effected no improvement to her run down system and she was gradually growing worse and had given up all hope of regaining her health. Having read accounts of the cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she decided last July to try them and see if she could be benefited thereby. She purchased some from Mr. H. H. Johnston, druggist, and commenced to take them and has since continued to take them with, to her, wonderful results. She had taken but a few boxes when a gradual improvement seemed to be taking place. The pains in her back and limbs left her as did the other unpleasant symptoms, and at the present time she is as well as ever she was and without feeling the tiredness and exhaustion of her former state.

At her recommendation her husband also began the use of Pink Pills. About a year before coming to Newcastle he had suffered from an attack of typhoid fever, from the effects of which he did not recover his former health. His blood seemed to be thin and watery, and he was weak and easily worn out. Through all this he kept steadily at work, although he says that when night came he was thoroughly wearied and depressed, not knowing how to obtain relief. When his wife began to feel the beneficial effects of Pink Pills she urged him to try them and he did so. After taking three boxes he began to feel a wonderful change. The tired feeling left him and he had a better appetite and enjoyed his food with a relish he had not had before. He continued taking the Pills for some time and is to-day fully restored to his old-time health and strength. Mr. Hammill was very willing to tell of the benefits both he and his wife had derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the hope that their experience might lead others to test the benefits to be derived from this wonderful remedy.

The gratifying results following the use of Pink Pills in the case of Mrs. Hammill prove their unequalled powers as a blood builder and nerve tonic. There are many throughout the land suffering in silence as did Mrs. Hammill, who can readily find relief in a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a specific for the troubles peculiar to women, such as irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks, driving out pains in the back and limbs, weakness and other disagreeable symptoms which make life a burden. They also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of the grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., and in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only

in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

The public are cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

The pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. from either address, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes, for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

### PRIZES DISTRIBUTED AT ST. ANN'S HALL.

The athletic young men who won races, etc., at St. Ann's Young Men's picnic on Dominion Day, were assembled on Monday evening, in St. Ann's Hall, to receive the rewards of their prowess. Father Strubbe presided. The prizes were very beautiful and some of them extremely costly. A handsome engraved solid gold medal in a case, the whole valued at nearly fifty dollars, was presented by the Hon. E. Murphy. The fortunate winner of the valuable trophy was Mr. T. Slattery.

50 yards, boys under 12—1st M. Norris, 2nd E. Johnston, 3rd A. Clement.

50 yards, girls under 12—1st M. Hussey, 2nd A. Hussey, 3rd Katie Fitzgerald.

100 yards, St. Ann's Cadets—M. Norris, 2nd M. Daly, 3rd P. Flannery, 4th J. Slattery.

Putting 16-lb shot—1st J. Whitty, 2nd J. McHugh, 3rd W. Duggan.

Throwing 56 lbs—1st J. McHugh, 2nd J. Quinn, 3rd J. Whitty.

100 yards, St. Ann's Y.M.—1st J. Hagan, 2nd D. O'Neill, 3rd T. Connolly, 4th T. Slattery.

Hop, step and leap—1st J. McHugh, 2nd Johnston, 3rd Trotter.

Three quick leaps—1st J. Whitty, 2nd J. Irwin.

1/4 Mile, Le National Club.—1st M. Larocque, 2nd O. Belanger.

200 yards, Emmet Club.—1st J. Kearney, 2nd F. Giles.

1/4 Mile, Amateurs.—1st A. W. Johnston, 2nd J. Hagan.

100 yards, Officers.—1st W. Finnigan, 2nd T. Connolly, 3rd M. J. O'Donnell, 4th P. T. O'Brien, 5th A. Thompson, 6th J. Byrnes.

100 yards, St. A. Y. M. (Green).—1st T. O'Connell, 2nd D. Abraham, 3rd J. Furlong, 4th W. Legally.

1/4 Mile, St. A. Y. M.—1st T. Slattery, 2nd J. Hagan, 3rd W. Finnigan, 4th B. Hart.

200 yards, Married Men.—1st M. J. O'Donnell, 2nd T. O'Connell, 3rd J. Furlong.

1/4 Mile, C. Y. M. (Open).—1st, M. Sweeney, 2nd, D. O'Connell, 3rd P. Pendergast.

100 yds., Members of Catholic Societies (50 years of age).—1st E. Morris, 2nd J. O'Donnell, 3rd D. Shanahan.

1/4 Mile, Picnic Committee.—1st P. H. Hunt, 2nd M. J. O'Donnell, 3rd T. Slattery, 4th T. Connolly, 5th, J. H. Fitzgerald, 6th Mr. Orton.

### A GRAND PILGRIMAGE

TO THE SHRINE OF THE SACRED HEART AT LANORAIE.

On Wednesday, August 1st next, the members of St. Patrick's Branch of the League of the Sacred Heart will hold a pilgrimage per steamer Bohemian, to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Lanoraie. The distance is thirty six miles from Montreal, and the return tickets are only 60 cents each. The boat will leave the Bonsecours wharf at 9:40 a. m. sharp. The usual prayers, hymns, services, sermon and devotion will be held. The whole under the direction of the Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., the popular and kindly director of the society. On Sunday, August 5th, the Mass of thanksgiving and general communion will take place in St. Patrick's Church.

The steamer Bohemian is permitted to carry 800 passengers; but for safety sake and for the comfort of the pilgrims the number of tickets has been limited to six hundred. Staterooms and tickets must be secured before July 30th. They are for sale at St. Patrick's Presbytery and may also be had from members of

the St. Patrick's Branch of the League of the Sacred Heart. The statue of the Sacred Heart at Lanoraie has been crowned by special authorization of His Holiness Leo XIII., and many favors, spiritual and temporal, have been obtained by prayers offered at the shrine. We trust that the pilgrimage will be largely attended and that in every sense it may be a grand success.

### MISS M. MCGEE'S ACADEMY.

As usual, at the end of the scholastic term, the closing exercises at Miss M. McGee's splendid Academy took place; but this year, owing to the sad event of the death of Miss McGee's eldest brother, and the affliction consequently felt in her family, the distribution of prizes was private. While expressing our deep sympathy for Miss McGee and her gifted sister in the hour of their domestic sorrow, we cannot but congratulate her upon the exceptional success of her school and the admirable results of this year's work. The pupils are to be congratulated upon the progress that they made—a progress that reflects credit upon the energetic and able directress of the school, and does honor to the parents who have the advantage of having their children trained by such competent hands.

As usual, Mr. P. S. Murphy, member of the Board of Public Instruction, has been generous in his donations and encouragements, and the gold medal which he gave to the pupil most distinguished for politeness, music and general proficiency was won by Miss Annie Stack—a young lady of great promise, bright talents, and possessed of those admirable qualities which command and merit success.

The following is the list of the prize-winners only:—

Gold medal, the gift of an honorable member of the Council of Public Instruction, was awarded to Miss Annie Stack, who distinguished herself for politeness, music and general proficiency; number of marks, 668. Silver medal to Minnie Ficus, for politeness and progress. Silver medal, to Carrie McNamara, for good conduct, music and progress. Albina Skelly, prize for good conduct. Sarah McDavitt, prize for progress. Jennie Jacobs, prize for progress.

Boys' DEPARTMENT—Master Walter F. Costigan, silver medal, the gift of an honorable member of the Council of Public Instruction, for good conduct, application and progress; number of marks, 650. Master P. Flynn, silver medal, for politeness, application and progress; owing to sickness, number of marks 540. Master James Doran, prize for good conduct and proficiency; number of marks, 210. Master Eddie Doran, prize for politeness and progress; number of marks, 107. Master Hugh McDavitt, for good conduct and progress; number of marks, 154. Master Eddie Potts Carbery and Henry McDavitt, prize for progress. Lyon Jacobs, prize for attendance. Freddie Bulmer, prize for good conduct. Arthur Bowles, prize for politeness.

Cheap Sale of a Bankrupt Stock of Furniture going on just now at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every evening. Tell your Friends about it. Street Cars pass the Door.

SLEEP IN THE DARK.—The sweetest and most undisturbed sleep is always enjoyed in a thoroughly darkened room. Light acts upon the brain, and those who sleep with their blinds up will find that in the summer time, when so few hours are really dark, their sleep is restless and disturbed. This is often placed to the account of heat, but more often than not it is the light which causes the wakefulness.

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A line of Children and Misses' Reefers and Jackets, 75c. each.

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We are giving 25 to 50 per cent. off on all our new Millinery.  
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PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by George Patrick Browne, No. 416 St. Paul Street, Montreal, that he will immediately present a petition to the Honorable the Lieut.-Governor in Council of the Province of Quebec, for the remission of the fine imposed upon him on the 8th of July instant, for selling intoxicating liquors without a license, which remission is recommended by S. A. Lebourveau, Romulus Laurendeau, and Wm. Farrell.  
Montreal, 10th July, 1894.

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

**HEROINES OF CHARITY.**

The Account of a Noble and Spiritualizing Work in Paris.

In a long article on the private charities of Paris, written by Maxime Du Camp and published in the Revue des Deux Mondes some years ago, the following passage occurs, and in its grasp of the spirit which animates such charity will serve as a fitting introduction for the account of the work carried on by the Ladies of Calvary in Paris, which is taken from a recent number of Donahoe's Magazine:

"There are women of the world, young and beautiful, fitted for a life of enjoyment, accustomed to every luxury and solicited by every allurement of pleasure, who visit the poor, console the suffering and care for motherless children without allowing the world to suspect it. They are, in a measure, fortified by the very mystery which veils their devotion. Amidst the temptations which assail them they traverse life without swerving, sustained by the interior energy which makes them at once charitable and discreet. In my youth it has happened more than once that I have surprised them making this way of sorrows where each one of their stations is marked by a benefaction. Concealing myself I have followed them at a distance, I have penetrated after them into the dark huts which they entered as a ray of sunshine and where I still found some lingering reflection of the radiance that surrounded them.

"Often, in the evening, I have met the almoners of the morning in a salon or beneath the lustre of a chandelier, gay, brilliant, pleasing and pleased, but still preserving in glance and smile something of that serenity which is the perfume of a soul at peace with itself."

Of such characters is the semi-association known as the Ladies of Calvary, founded by Madame Garnier, formed. Donahoe says of it:

"There is nothing in it, indeed, to invite attention. No vows of any kind bind together the associates, no distinctive costume attracts the eye. Even the few ladies who reside permanently and are even within call of the poor patients, dress as they please and furnish their rooms after their own tastes. The others, who live at home, conform to all the requirements of their social condition. Only once or twice each week their absence may be noticed from early morning. On such days, sacred to suffering humanity, they are to be found in close contact with the most repulsive forms of disease. The hospital of which they are the main support, and where they delight in forgetting all worldly distinctions, to become the humble servants of the poor, is called the "cancer hospital," because, although welcoming all those whose disgusting ailments make them unwelcome everywhere else, the great majority of its inmates are victims to the disease the very name of which they dread to utter. Cancer, indeed, is, in all its multitudinous forms, a terrible disease. Slowly it preys, like a thing of life, upon whatever organ it seizes, steadily disintegrating its every part, and generating odors which the most assiduous care can only imperfectly dispel, and which, if at all neglected, become almost as unendurable to the patient as the cruel evil from which they emanate. How offensive it is to those who, accustomed only to sweet perfumes or purest air, suddenly confront it, may be easily imagined. But the chief horror is in the sight of the patients, so misshapen, sometimes, by certain kinds of disease, that the human form is scarce recognizable in them. The most ghastly cases of all are those of cancer, settling, as it often does, on the face of the victim and slowly eating away the nose, the ears, the lips, the cheeks, as if a wild beast had devoured them. These are sights which try the courage of the bravest, and some there are who, invincibly repelled at first, go back again and again, in the hope of surmounting their repugnance, but to no purpose. They have at length to relinquish the task and content themselves with easier, though not less substantial, services.

"The duties, as may be imagined, are of the most diverse kinds, and it is soon discovered what each one of the devoted ladies is best fitted for. While some dress the poor patients' sores, others feed them or move them about, like little children; or they sit beside them and brighten up their sad existence by pleasant talk. The close contact of so much

kindness and refinement blended together soothes the sufferers and fills them unconsciously with patience and resignation.

"Such is the noble work which the 'Ladies of Calvary,' as they are called, have been accomplishing for many years. What the world continues to turn away from with loathing, they continue to seek out and tend with motherly care. Like the evening sunburst at the close of a stormy day, they cause a gleam of brightness to gild the last hours of many a life which had known little but suffering and sorrow. Their relations with their charges are of the most touching kind; just such as they might have with their children or their friends; the same condescension to their wishes, which, as might be expected, are not always of the most reasonable kind.

"When first these poor people find themselves waited upon by persons of position and wealth, they can hardly credit their senses. But gradually they become accustomed to it, and occasionally grow exacting, and strange fancies have often to be indulged. It is one of the weaknesses to wish to be tended by titled ladies. A certain duchess, one of the most active associates, is always in great demand. Although her nursing is none of the tenderest, the poor sufferers long to see her approach, and forget their sad condition in the thought of being waited upon by one who holds sway in the highest social circles.

"In this way the work proceeds, the good so lovingly done to others coming back a hundred fold to these devoted women themselves. Their action, inspired by faith and charity, makes ever deeper and more abundant in their souls the sacred sources from which it flows. The unceasing contact with the sufferings of others trains them unconsciously to make light of their own. Their sympathies, constantly reawakened, keep them from settling down in selfish enjoyment, and though living in the midst of worldliness they cannot become worldly.

"Above all, their work of mercy, scarce known outside themselves, is an unmistakable pledge of their love for God. What other motive could send them forth thus, day after day, from their pleasant and often luxurious homes, to seek out and see with their eyes and touch with their hands what others turn away from with insuperable disgust? But hidden under the disfigured and repulsive traits of each sufferer, their faith reveals to them a child of God, and that is enough.—Catholic Columbian.

**INTERESTING STATISTICS.**

The international vital statistics, given by the English Registrar-General, are always sad reading for Irishmen. The Irish birth-rate in 1892 was lower than that in any other country, except France; and in some ways the figures do not even compare favorably with France, for the birth-rate in France was slightly higher in 1892 than in 1890, while the Irish birth-rate has been falling steadily. The rate per 1,000 was in England 30.5; in Scotland, 30.7; in Ireland, 22.4; in Denmark, 29.5; in Norway, 29.6; in Austria, 36.2; in Hungary, 42.3; in Switzerland, 28; in Germany, 35.7; in Holland, 32; in Belgium, 28.9; in France, 22.1; and in Italy, 36.3. The proportion of persons married in Ireland is very much less than that in any other country in the world, owing, of course, to emigration of persons of marriageable age.

A Parliamentary paper has been issued giving the financial relations between England, Scotland and Ireland for the year ending March 31, 1894. The total estimated yield of the revenue from taxes is put down at £55,526,000, of which, under the existing basis of taxation, £65,160,000 will, it is calculated, be collected in England, £11,414,000 in Scotland, and £8,952,000 in Ireland. Under the proposed Budget arrangements it is estimated that England would contribute £68,773,000, Scotland £9,380,000, and Ireland £7,065,000. Of the total inland revenue, estimated to amount to £65,313,000, England would, under the Budget proposals, contribute £53,097,000, Scotland £7,310,000, and Ireland £4,688,000, as against £49,151,000 and £9,453,000 and £6,714,000 respectively under the present arrangements.

The entire revenue from all sources of the United Kingdom, including Post Office, Telegraphs, Crown Lands, and miscellaneous, is estimated to amount

to £101,371,000. Of this England, on the existing basis, would be expected to raise £77,408,000, Scotland £12,840,000, and Ireland £9,879,000. Under the readjusted scale of the Budget proposals England's estimated contribution will be £81,021,000, that of Scotland £10,806,000, and that of Ireland £7,992,000, or in the respective proportions of 81.19 of 10.82 per cent and of 8.01 cent.—Irish American.

**MORE CATHOLIC ORPHANS**

More than thirty orphans from England were received into the Catholic Immigration house last week, of these nineteen were boys. All the girls and the greater number of the boys have already been provided with situations on farms. The demand for girls still keeps greater than the supply, and although Miss Brennan, the superintendent of the house, is very careful to select good places for the children, she is almost daily receiving applications from country people for children, but is not able to supply them. A large number of children are to come to Canada during this month and a party of sixty is already on its way from Liverpool.

**Truth and Deception Compared.**

Paine's Celery Compound Cured

Mrs. Geo. H. Parker, Winona, Ont., After Every Other Medicine Failed

Deceptive and Worthless Medicines Gave No Help or Relief.

A Warning That All Should Heed.

The people of Canada can hardly have better or stronger proof of the great value of Paine's Celery Compound, and its power over disease and suffering, than is furnished in the testimony of Mrs. Geo. H. Parker, of Winona, Ont. This strong and convincing testimony holds up the danger signal of warning to all afflicted ones. It shows the folly of using any of the many boasted medicines now so freely advertised. The majority of these worthless nostrums had been tried by Mrs. Parker, but all proved useless and deceptive. How different the result when that medicine of truth and power was used—Paine's Celery Compound. The pains, sufferings, agonies and miseries of eighteen years were swept away, and the afflicted lady was completely cured. Mrs. Parker, who now enjoys the blessings of health, writes as follows:—

"I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for nearly eighteen years; these sufferings at times were so bad that words would fail to describe them. After having tried every known remedy, and different physicians, and receiving no help, I was persuaded to try your Paine's Celery Compound, which I have been using for the past four months. I am happy to say that I am now a different woman and completely cured. I can recommend your Paine's Celery Compound to all my friends, for it has been worth hundreds of dollars to me."

Mr. G. W. Spackman, one of Hamilton's prominent druggists, says:—

"This is to certify that Mrs. Parker, of Winona, has, during the past four months, purchased one dozen bottles of Celery Compound, and claims that it has been worth hundreds of dollars to her."

Cheap Sale of a Bankrupt Stock of Furniture going on just now at r. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street, open every evening. Tell your Friends about it. Street Cars pass the Door.

**PILGRIMAGE**

Of the Third Order of St. Francis (Fraternity of the Brothers.)

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

The fine Steamer "THREE RIVERS" will leave Montreal, at 6 o'clock p.m. precisely.

RETURN TICKETS, - \$2.10.

Staterooms or Berths secured at Messrs Cadienx & Derome's, 1603 Notre Dame Street. 51-3

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To create and maintain a profound public sentiment in favor of the virtue of temperance is a work which engages the attention of most earnest Catholic laymen. It is one of the fair signs of the time. The coming convention of total abstainers in the Northwest, under the presidency of Most Rev. John Ireland, bids fair to be the most important convention of the kind ever held in the United States, says the Providence Visitor. Get a list of the men who are to go there and it will be an object lesson for good—for it is a fact that the best, the brainiest, the most successful laymen, are giving their time and thought to temperance work.

Recently at Pawtucket the Paulist Fathers conducted a successful mission, the chief feature of which was their splendid temperance work. The Paulists are earnest men, and their most earnest work is for total abstinence. In more recent years the work of Fathers Doyle and Elliott for manhood and temperance has made them known from one end of the land to the other. They are both total abstainers themselves, and hence the more powerful for good in this line of work. The Paulists' method of bringing the question of temperance to the notice of intelligent people are very simple. The night they preach on temperance during the course of their mission sermons, they distribute a card on which is printed a promise for total abstinence, at the end of which is a detachable coupon like the check for a theatre ticket, on which also is printed the promise, and a space is left for the name and address of the one who makes the promise. The people are invited to take them home. They are given twenty-four hours in which to consider the matter. If they make the promise they return the coupon. Without fuss or excitement of any kind the work is accomplished. How efficient the method is may be inferred from their work at St. Joseph's Church, Pawtucket. Father Hedges announces that they had returned during that mission 1,027 coupons, of which 427 came from the men, 400 from the women, 200 from the children over ten years of age, their promise being till they become of age. With such quiet methods the Paulists battle against the evil of intemperance, an evil working directly against manhood, religion and home. One expression used by Father Hedges in his closing sermon is worth preserving. He said: "Let the Catholic young men of New England but be true to their manhood, their religion, and be sober, and they will not only turn the wheels of industry, but also own them."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

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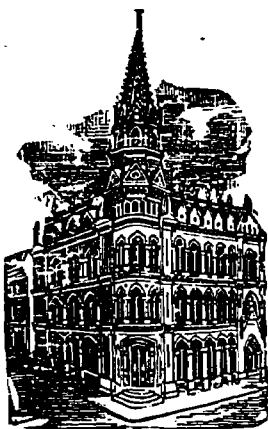
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**SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894.**

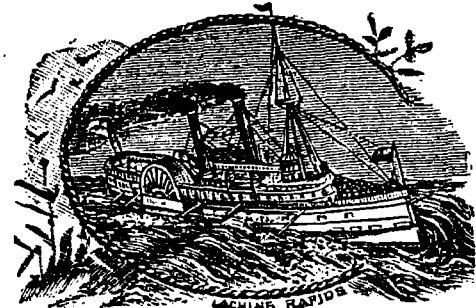
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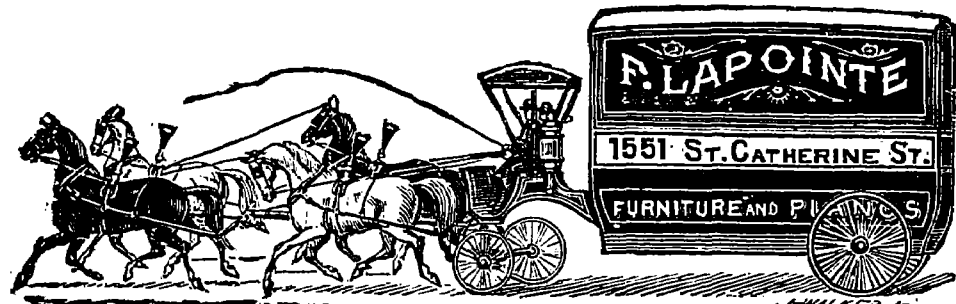
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