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## A JUBILEE OF SORROW.

### Remembering the Dead on the Banks of the St. Lawrence.

### THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO DIED FOR IRELAND.

### Grand Demonstration—Let a Mortuary Chapel be Built—Thousands in the Procession and Thousands Line the Route.

### The Splendid Efforts of the Redemptorist Fathers Rewarded.

Never before in the history of the Irish Catholics of Montreal was there paid such a tribute to the hallowed dead as that witnessed on Sunday, when thousands poured across the canal to honor the grave of the dead who died for Ireland. It is true that these dead did not meet their fate front to front to the foe in battle for Ireland's rights. It is true that they surrendered their lives on stranger soil, but they, like the heroes who suffered death on English gibbets, were none the less martyrs to the cause of resistance against tyranny and foul oppression. In their native land they could not stay; starvation and persecution on the one hand with the offer of apostasy on the other. This was their prospect in the land of their birth, that land of sorrow whose children have so long wept in vain.

Self preservation compelled them to live, self respect compelled them to cast aside the offer of the proselytizer. There was one refuge—that of exile—and happy indeed was the Irish Catholic of the time who could seek even this unhappy alternative. Here on the soil of Canada, where policy had guaranteed to their faith the rights which common humanity should have given them in Ireland, this band of Irish men, women and children sought a home. They died martyrs to their religion and their love of freedom, and how are they remembered by their fellow-countrymen, who, happier than they, have lived to see the Irish Catholics of Canada an honored race and foremost in the ranks of leaders of men? And have the Irish of to-day given a thought to the memory of those whose bones rest on the bleak bank of the St. Lawrence? Have they given proof of any spirit to honor and keep green the memory of these unfortunate Irish people who met so unhappy a fate in order to preserve their faith immaculate and pure?

The question can answer itself. The huge stone which marks the resting place of the dead is nature's handiwork and the labor spent in placing it in position came from stranger hands and is in no sense an Irish monument for Irish men and women. It is to be hoped and we believe it to be a fact that the demonstration of last Sunday is but the commencement of a movement which will end in having a fitting memorial erected for the victims of 1847. To our mind a mortuary chapel where at stated intervals fitting prayers should be said for those who rest below would be the best form of commemoration. Shaft and pedestal are well enough in their way. They are pleasant to the eye and make the prospect ornamental, but in the mortuary chapel, kneeling in prayer, the soul of the living comes into touch with the soul of the dead, and instead of an empty monument of stone the worshipper feels the heartfelt beats of sympathy moving in his breast.

The rough granite stone bears on its face this inscription—

To Preserve from desecration the remains of 6,000 immigrants who died from ship fever, A.D. 1847, THIS STONE IS ERECTED BY THE WORKMEN OF MESSRS. PETO BRASSY & BETTS, EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, A.D. 1859.

This is all there is to mark the resting place of thousands. To the Reverend Fathers of the Redemptorist Order, who year in and year out have never faltered

in their work of keeping bright and clear the memory of the victims of the ship fever, is due the initiative of this grand movement which resulted in such a great demonstration as that of Sunday last.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, and other Catholic Societies of the city vied with each other in their efforts to do honor to the occasion. His Grace Archbishop Brachei was present, officiating at the cemetery, and was assisted by Rev. Fathers Schellhaut and Smead, Bishop Michaud of Ogdensburg, Rev. Father Strubbe, Hon. Dr. Guerin, M. L. A., President of St. Patrick's Society, Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, M. P., Dr. Devlin, Hon. Judge Carran, Rev. Father Quinlivan, Rev. Father O'Donnell, Rev. Father Donnelly, Rev. Father McCallen, Mr. Jos. P. Clarke, Mr. Alfred Perry, Mr. Arthur Jones, Hon. James McShane, Mr. F. B. McNamee, Ald. Kinsella, Ald. Cunningham, in fact all the prominent Irish Catholics of Montreal were present at the ceremony.

The turn out of the different national societies will not be forgotten. The following were represented in the procession—Ancient Order of Hibernians, Catholic Order of Foresters, Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Young Men's Societies, Temperance Societies, Irish Benevolent Society, St. Patrick's Society. Along the route the flags were at half-mast, and on the corner of St. Patrick and Wellington streets hung the grand old Irish banner draped in black. All through the demonstration was one which did honor to the Irish Catholic race. There were fully five thousand men in the line of procession and four times that number of spectators lined the streets and listened to the speeches from the platform. It was indeed a solemn spectacle—the living Irish Catholics of Montreal greeting those who have gone before. St. Ann's choir, reinforced by the representatives of the various choirs of the Irish parishes, and under the leadership of Prof. P. J. Shea, sang the *Liberia* in a most impressive manner.

Rev. Father Strubbe's Address.

Speaking from the front of the platform, Rev. Father Strubbe then reminded the gathering of the occasion which had drawn them together. He said that he had expected such well known Irish priests as Fathers Brown, McCauley and Quinn to address them; but circumstances made it impossible for them to be present. However, if they did not hear from an Irish tongue they heard from an Irish heart. He historically referred to the mournful history of the unfortunate immigrants who, fifty years ago, had left their home across the seas to find in a new country the livelihood which was denied to them in their own country, and the mournful fate which befell them in the land which they had looked forward to with feelings of hope. As they stood on the deck of the ship, and took a last fond look at the scenes of their childhood, many of their number were no doubt impressed with the sentiments expressed in the following lines:—

When I slumber in the gloom  
Of a nameless foreign tomb,  
By a distant Ocean's boom—  
Innissfail!

Around thy Emerald shore  
May the clasping sea adore  
And each wave in thunder roar—  
All hail!

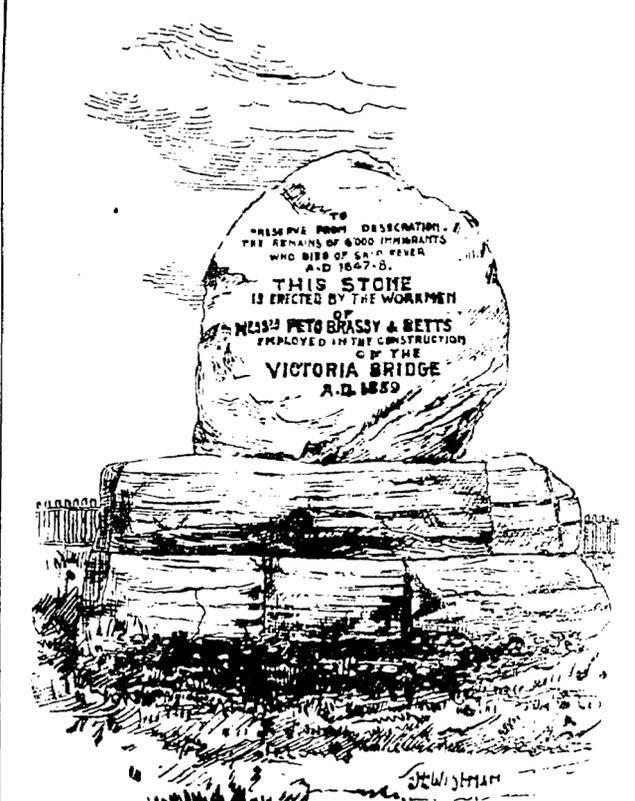
And when the final sigh  
Shall bear my soul on high,  
And on chainless wings I fly  
Thro' the blue—

Earth's latest thought shall be,  
As I soar above the sea,  
"Green Erin, dear, to thee  
"Adieu."

It was fifty years now that the victims had been buried in that sacred spot, and to day they had come to say a prayer upon their graves and to pay a tribute of respect to their memory. The sacred ground in which their poor remains were laid was not a burial ground. It was a cemetery, a place of rest until that day that the departed should be summoned before the Judgment seat of Almighty God. It was God's acre, where the seed was kept for the harvest of eternity. The Rev. Father then spoke of the neglected state of the sacred spot, and expressed a hope that the utmost would be done by those of the faith to have the cemetery secured to the Catholic Church, in order that the sacred duty of prayer for the dead, so long neglected, might be fittingly performed. Rev. Fr. Cattelle, thinking what more he could do for the Parish, had taken care of the children by building schools, the Young Men by building the Hall for them, for the aged and poor people of the Parish by introducing the

Sisters of the Poor. There was another matter which aroused his sympathies and that was the victims of the ship fever. He established a Solemn Anniversary Service in June, which service is held every year in St. Ann's. He therefore asked them to take upon themselves a pledge that they would work hand in hand, that if that spot could not be got back to the Catholic Church, at least that the bones of the departed might be taken to a more fitting place. He would ask them also to pray for the souls of the dead, and hoped that the various societies of the Church would give and ask for alms in order that masses might be said for the repose of their souls.

A service of prayer was then offered up, at which His Grace the Archbishop



officiated, and afterwards granted an indulgence of forty days to all present. His Grace also delivered a short address.

Father Strubbe announced that Dr. Guerin, President of St. Patrick's Society, would say a few words.

Dr. Guerin read the following letter of regret from the Rev. Father Brown, who was one of those present at the time of the terrible occurrences, when the unfortunate immigrants had been stricken down:

ST. HUGHES, Sept. 12, 1897,  
REV. FATHER STRUBBE,

Rev. Dear Father,—Many thanks for your kind invitation. Other engagements, from which I cannot escape, will prevent my going to Montreal next Sunday; I regret it indeed.

Just fifty years ago I was at the "Sheds" myself, one of the sick emigrants, so many of whom had left Ireland, with heavy hearts, only to find a grave on the shore of the St. Lawrence.

They had sailed away from the "Old Country" in search of a happier home. They found it sooner than they expected. I can testify to the strong faith and perfect resignation with which they went through the terrible ordeal of suffering and death.

I am also a living witness and proof of the affectionate care and help tendered on that occasion, by the French Canadians, both clergy and people.

If there were no other bond of union and friendship between Canadians of Irish and French descent, the remembrance of those days ought to be sufficient to unite them for ever.

Once more I assure you that I am grateful for your invitation. In spirit I shall be with you on the 19th.

Sincerely yours,  
Geo. Brown, P. P.

Hon. Dr. Guerin Speaks.

Dr. Guerin said words were needless on an occasion such as the present, for the green field beside them spoke its own tale of pathos deeper than words could describe. In joining together at a demonstration of this kind they had brought before their minds in the most striking manner the cost at which they had gained the position they occupied in the country here to-day. And if their forefathers and predecessors went through such suffering and died for the faith, they surely had established their position in the country in a very positive manner. It would be needless for him to speak about the suffering of those good people. They had died with resignation, and, although it might be well in case of doubt to say a prayer for the repose of their souls, he in his heart believed they died the death of martyrs. And there was no doubt he thought that in a meeting of that kind the kindest of sentiments should be preserved toward their fellow citizens in general, because

in Montreal the Irish immigrant was received most cordially. At that time the Mayor of the city, a Protestant, died of the disease while ministering to the wants of the unfortunate immigrants. The speaker alluded with reverence to the noble sisters of charity, whose good works had been so marked on that occasion, and eleven of whom were buried in that plot, and also to the many good priests who had sacrificed their lives in trying to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate. More particularly should they feel grateful to the French-Canadian clergy, for it was a matter of history, the devotion that was shown by that sainted old bishop, Monseigneur Bourget, of happy memory. He devoted his time entirely during those long mournful weeks to ministering to the wants of their fellow countrymen.



Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, M. P.

Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, the next speaker called upon, said that this was indeed an unique occasion, particularly in the history of the Irish Catholics of Montreal. As the hon. gentleman who preceded him had said, perhaps the greatest eloquence that could be displayed there to-day would be a reverential silence, in the presence of so many hundreds, eye thousands, of their co-religionists and fellow-countrymen, who by their presence there, even at this late hour, testified their heartfelt sorrow and their warm sympathy for those unfortunate fellow-countrymen of theirs who fell victims to that terrible disease in 1847 and 1848. Silence, perhaps, would be more eloquent than any words that any of them could utter there to-day. But as history repeated itself, and they saw to-day the venerable Archbishop of Montreal, leaving all his other sacred duties, in order to testify by his presence on that occasion his heartfelt interest and his warm sympathy with his Irish Catholic parishioners, so that they flew back in memory to fifty years ago to the time when his predecessor, Bishop Bourget, spent so many of his nights and days in ministering to the spiritual wants of those whose demise they were come there to-day to deplore—when they thought of the unhappy time of 1847, when they thought of the cause that made their brethren leave their native land, and when they saw that, ever in this particular, unhappy history, was probably about to repeat itself, it was no wonder that the Irish Catholic heart should be moved to-day in deep and active sympathy with those who were the victims of those times. When they thought that every cable despatch which came across the Atlantic bore to their hearts a message, saying that, perhaps, their people in Ireland were on the verge of another famine, even as they were there to-day to honor those who died in 1847, and when they might not know but that their brothers were on the verge of just such another famine as visited the whole of Ireland in 1847, it would be difficult for them, however silent they might be, to repress their heartfelt feelings, and to keep the tears from welling up to their eyes. But there were some compensation: if their people died upon this, at that time, desolate shore, because Montreal at that time, and particularly that portion of it, was not the scene of commerce that it is to-day. It was in a desolate spot that these poor people landed. They expected that they were coming to the land of promise, and met only a cold and miserable grave. Yet they saw to-day that the hand of Providence had so worked that the resting place of those poor immigrants was to-day surrounded by everything that indicated prosperity, which had been showered upon those who followed them. Their brothers,

their sisters, their relatives, had come to this land, and had found here, not only the home which they sought, but they had aided in building up this centre of commerce, in which they

enjoyed all the liberties that they had to-day. But, while their march of progress had been going on, and they had been advancing their material interests, unfortunately, perhaps, they had neglected those which, on an occasion of that kind, seemed to claim something from their people. Yet the hearts of the Irish Catholics to-day were surely as warm as those of the French-Canadian who received into their bosoms, into their families, the children of those unfortunate immigrants. The speaker related a story told him by Sir William Hingston, who occupied certainly a prominent position at that time, of an incident which occurred at Grosse Isle, where during the fever, there were sixty-eight children whose parents had died of the disease. It was given out that the parish priest that on a certain day these sixty-eight children would be assembled in the parish church, and that any person who would take one of them to adopt might go there and do so. So anxious were the people to show kindness to the little ones that there were more than enough made application to take the children and one good lady who had a family of thirteen of her own, succeeded in getting two of the so-wants and was still anxious to adopt another. As the lady was making up a cry was heard coming from under one of the church benches, and another lady who was watching and another lady who was there, was discovered. The lady took the child and went to the priest, asked to be allowed to keep it, which she succeeded in doing despite the Rev. Father's protestations as to her own already large family. This, said the speaker, was only one instance of the kindness that had been extended by the French-Canadian to the Irish Catholic refugees of that time. It must be said to the credit of the Irish race that almost every one of those boys and girls who were received at that time came to years of manhood and womanhood to have a mark for good in some way upon the history of the parish into which they were adopted. He did not know that he had any more to say except to ask them, when the time came, that they would be asked in turn to remember the people of 1847, to make a little sacrifice. In their hands, to do at least one thing as well as the French-Canadian people of that time. And he only asked them to do that heartily, remembering that in doing so they were honoring their nationality and honoring those who sacrificed their lives in order to obtain the same liberty, the same rights and the same means of earning a livelihood that they had to-day. (Applause.)

Mr. P. J. Curran's Address.

The next speaker was Mr. Fred Perry, who, as one of the few who had witnessed the mournful scenes of 1847, and had moved among the dying and the dead, and had assisted in ministering to their relief, spoke of these heart-rending occurrences which had afflicted their fellow-countrymen. He had assisted, he said, in placing seventeen of the unfortunate immigrants in the tomb that the gathering was that day visiting. He described the sufferings of the people at that time, and the noble services rendered to relieve their distress. Among those unfortunate immigrants there had been a few Protestants, but he was not there as a Protestant, but as one who had sympathized with these unfortunate people in their distress. The people of Montreal ought to raise a monument, in place of that primitive rock, in memory of the people who left their homes in the Old Country and came here to perish in a strange land. It had not been a question in those days whether the sufferers were Catholic or Protestant; it was simply a question of rendering assistance to the living and of burying the dead.

Mr. Justice Curran's Address.

The next speaker introduced was the Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, who said he felt this an occasion, where they were assembled to commemorate their dead, was one of Christian charity when he could, without impropriety, accept the invitation to participate. (Hear, hear.) This was a solemn occasion, and the thousands who were there testified to the undying devotion of the Irish heart. This was a fiftieth anniversary. Such were usually called jubilees, and recently we had several celebrations vying with each other in enthusiasm. Mournful as the gathering of to-day, yet, in one sense, it might be called a jubilee, for, at this time fifty years ago, the bodies of their departed countrymen had been committed to the grave they now stood beside, but their souls had soared aloft to the heavenly abode. (Applause.) He wished to join with those who had spoken so eloquently of the heroic conduct of those who had themselves fallen in ministering to the victims. To the clergy who had sacrificed their lives until only one Irish priest was left, the Rev. Father Connelly, who exclaimed in the pulpit that God had but one more blow to strike; to the valiant Mayor of Montreal, W. Mills, who in laying down his life in the cause of Christian charity had cemented the bonds of union amongst our fellow citizens of every creed, a union which had happily subsisted to the present day; to our French-Canadian friends who had acted so nobly in that hour of dire distress; but they should not forget the daughters of Mother d'Youville, the Grey Nuns, whose unceasing ministrations to the sick and dying was as bright a page as any followed them. Their brothers,

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## THE DEAD AT GROSSE ISLE

### An Interview on the Subject From the United States.

### How Matters Stood in 1863—A Detroit Journal Tells About What He Knows.

The question of a suitable monument for the Irish immigrants who died at Grosse Isle and at Montreal in 1847 is becoming a live question in the United States as well as in Canada, as is evidenced by the following interview with Dr. F. O'Rourke of Detroit, which we reproduce from the columns of the Catholic Witness of that city. Said the Doctor:—

In 1863 in company with my father, I came up the St. Lawrence river from Detroit. He pointed out to me among the papers of interest at the quarantine station below Quebec, that barren island, Grosse Isle, where three large mounds were the indications of the last resting place of six thousand of our countrymen, Irishmen, the victims of the typhoid fever.

The proposition of these mounds made me of the unburied dead will never be used in my mind. It was then agreed in Quebec and Montreal the appropriate and a possibility of erecting a suitable monument to the victims of this fatal disease, whose bleached bones may be found along the banks of the St. Lawrence and great lakes, from New Brunswick to the Pacific States.

The leading Irish men in Upper and Lower Canada were in sympathy with the movement, but circumstances arose to prevent it. The outbreak of the rebellion in 1861, and the war which followed, the war for the Union was occurring, the British extended through all the great centers of population in the United States and the American of the Potomac and Cumberland, and Canada was not without its sympathizers. Thomas D'Arcy McGee proposed having the public assistance administered to the Irish immigrants of the St. Lawrence and other countries, and as a consequence hundreds of families were kept on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in a situation of dire distress, and came to this country to build up homes for the new immigrants in the army and navy of the United States.

You know what followed: The rebellion, the killing of McGee, the civil convention and execution of the poor, unfortunate W. J. Ryan, who no doubt was innocent.

A half century has now passed since the emigrant ship freighted with disease and death was quarantined at Grosse Isle. No stone has been raised to mark the last resting place of the hundreds of thousands of our famished countrymen. It is true that the Irishmen engaged in constructing the Victoria Bridge at Montreal raised a most enduring monument to those who were buried at Point St. Charles. This consists of an immense boulder, some nine or ten feet high and near as many broad, taken from the bed of the St. Lawrence and marked with suitable inscription. But I know of no slab to mark the immense chained trenches of the Irish victims at Quebec, Grosse Isle, Cornwall, Kingston or Toronto. At Kingston there are two large emigrant mounds close to the General Hospital, the old House of Parliament, said to contain the bodies of five hundred.

However, at length the voice of a Celt, C. Fitzpatrick, is heard from the historic city of Quebec, reminding us of this sad omission, recalling an epoch the darkest in Ireland's history and the age of tribulation and our duty to our unfortunate countrymen. The erection of a suitable monument at Grosse Isle cannot be considered Canadian or American. It should be purely an Irish national movement, a monument that will reflect credit on our race, perpetuate the memory to posterity of the sufferings and sacrifices of our martyred kinsmen and remove the stigma of obliquity and reproach that clings to our nationality."

DEATH OF MRS. CUSACK.

(From our own Correspondent.)  
GRANDY, P. Q., Sept. 20.—Mrs. B. Cusack, wife of the late Bernard Cusack, died on Friday, the 10th inst., after a short illness, deeply regretted by a large circle of relatives and friends. The deceased lady had been an invalid for years. A complication of diseases, however, hastened the end, which came peacefully as sleep. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her, and in her daily walk and conversation through life was an exemplar of the virtues of devoted wife and mother. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the community in their deep affliction.

ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.

At a meeting of St. Patrick's Choir, held Thursday evening the 16th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. Robert Warren; vice-president, Mr. J. J. Rowan; secretary, Mr. M. E. Gahan. Committee, Messrs. W. J. Crowe, J. P. Carran, J. Murray, W. J. Cherry. Conductor, Mr. G. A. Carpenter. Organist and musical director, Prof. J. A. Fowler.

There are things which blemish purity without being in themselves downright acts of impurity.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

Interesting Contribution From the Pen of Margaret F. Sullivan.

The Effects of a University on Women Outlined—Some Features of the Work They Have Achieved in Early Days—A Tribute to Members of Religious Orders.

The announcement made some time ago that work had been commenced in connection with the new Catholic college for women at Washington was followed by the suggestion that this was a "departure from the usual conservative methods of Roman Catholic education."

Margaret F. Sullivan, in referring to this statement, writes an interesting article for the New York Sun, in which she says: It is a common error to suppose that the comparatively recent opening of some universities to women is a nineteenth century innovation.

In the first century of life's chariot wheels we know not if the forests move or we. Some years ago I had the honor to write for The Catholic World magazine a sketch of the higher opportunities afforded women in earlier times in older countries than ours.

The life, education, aims and precepts of venerable Sophie Madeline Barat of France, foundress of the community of the Sacred Heart, refute the error that the new Trinity College, the woman's college at Washington, is "a departure" from conservative Catholic ideas.

Those ideas were superbly set forth by Sir Thomas More when he employed the eminent Dutch classical scholar Erasmus to teach in his household, the members thereof and some companions of both sexes receiving identical instruction.

That body has devoted itself hitherto with the co-operation of thousands of trained men and women, a heroic army of voluntary teachers, mainly to the indispensable—for the many—primary and secondary instruction, waiting in fortitude and hope for the messes and the time to arrive for higher education.

In affiliating a woman's college the Catholic University of America, founded by a woman, commits no "departure." It restores the too long suspended rights of Catholic women, according to the ancient ideals and the most conservative and authentic standard.

The new Trinity only emphasizes a friend approved of by experience and sanctioned by the most advanced thought in higher education in all advanced countries—that academic and collegiate training for youth should be co-ordinate, but, for greater convenience and prudence, in separate institutions, when so preferred by parents, and that university privileges, honors and emolument, direct and indirect, should be open, in secular culture, to men and women on equal conditions.

whose president, Dr. William B. Harper, has said to me that he will never consent to a rule discriminating prejudicially between men and women.

Yellow Journalism.

The Sacred Heart Review has an article on "Yellow Journalism," the latest development of sensational newspaperdom of New York. The evil of sensational stories of crimes is incalculable and spreads a moral leprosy on society.

"The evil developed by what is called 'yellow journalism' is incalculable and Catholic parents should carefully banish papers that may be classed under the above named term from the homes. In New York the other day, a girl of fourteen who had been addicted to reading these vile sheets and glancing over their atrocious illustrations, left a note addressed to her mother, in which she said she was going to Jersey City to drown herself.

What Marriage Has Come To.

Some males and females in Boston are working to establish a branch of the English Legitimation League. The object of the league is practically to abolish the Christian institution of marriage and substitute for it a contract dissoluble at will, by which a male and a female shall agree to live together as husband and wife and to recognize as legitimate any children born of the union.

The children of these temporary contracts, we are told, are to be declared the rightful heirs in the estates of both father and mother. Nothing is said of what is to become of those children whose parents have no estates and who separate at will and go to seek new temporary companions.

In the last analysis this proposed new marriage contract is nothing more than the old temporary contract between the rake and the prostitute, which is as old as history, and always considered criminal. Compared to the theory of these pestiferous cranks, Mormonism is respectable.

The family is the unit of society. Whatever tends to destroy the family is a menace to the very existence of society, and should be so treated. This league should be called a society for the enlargement of the privileges of the poor, down-trodden rake or blackguard whose aspirations to join the brute kingdom are hampered by present laws.

Myth of the Term El Dorado.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose king, El Dorado, was periodically smeared with gold dust until his body had a gilded appearance.

It has been supposed that the originator of this fable arose from the yearly celebration of Indians near Bogota, whose chief was on these occasions gilded

with gold dust, but this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spaniards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth.

The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application to any region of more than common richness.

Blind Buyer for the Blind.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

This is about a blind man who works for a man who is also blind and does work for which men who can see are well paid. The blind man who does the work does it as well as a man with eyes, and he never makes a mistake.

The man who was the buyer for Mr. Lockwood was and is J. Oechsley. He worked for Mr. Lockwood for many years and was one of the most important of his employees. But one day misfortune came to him. Oddly enough, it struck at his eyes.

The old store Mr. Oechsley knew by heart. He was at home there even if he could not see, and as the days went on he realized that all was not gone, even if his sight was lost.

His hands seemed to have been given an extra share of cunning, and in a measure to come his sight. His whole energy was thrown into the work he had put himself to do, and in a short time it was found that as a buyer of goods he was almost as good as before the calamity overtook him.

The other blind man—the employer—is thoroughly satisfied with the work done by the one who sees with his hands. The store is prospering, and the men who play the highest part in it are happy, realizing that life is still worth the living, even if one of God's greatest gifts has been taken from them.

"The Irish Horse."

Dr. Michael F. Cox, F.R.C.P., has just had produced from the press of Messrs. Sealy, Byers and Walker a very interesting little work entitled "Notes on the History of the Irish Horse."

In the opening pages of his treatise, Dr. Cox reminds the reader that "Racing has ever been indigenous to the country; in the Brehon Laws, the King's Race Course is referred to—young nobles being the riders; and we find recorded in our Annals the death of a young Ulster Lord who was killed by a fall from his horse when riding a race. In a poem written in the 17th century, after the Plantation of Ulster, one of the chief causes of complaint is that the chase was abandoned, and that the people no longer gathered for the race.

In the course of his investigations Dr. Cox has made the curious discovery that more than four centuries ago Irish hoes were in high favour on the Continent. From the archives of Venice and Modena comes the evidence which shows that the fame of Irish horses had reached Italy, and taken the fancy of the Duke of Ferrara.

years of age. She was divorced from him in 1497, and next year married Alfonso, Prince of Salerno, who was killed in 1500 by her brother, Cesar Borgia. Both Alfonso and Hercules were equally desirous of possessing Irish horses, or "hobbies," as they were then called, and Henry VII. did his best to gratify their wishes.

One of the most useful portions of Dr. Cox's work is that in which he reproduces an essay upon the advancement of trade in Ireland, from the pen of Sir William Temple, in which that able writer in 1673 urged upon the then Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Essex, the advantages which would flow from the development of the breed of Irish horses.

A PATRIOT PREACHER.

A. P. A. President in Washington has "Went."

The "Rev." State President of the A. P. A. of Washington is numbered amongst the missing. In the phraseology peculiar to the orators of the beetle-browed, he has "went" and of his present whereabouts no one knows.

The ordinary citizen, who is not duly impressed with the treachery of the disloyal Papists, and who does not thoroughly realize the grave danger of Uncle Sam from the Pope of Rome, may deem it an ungracious act of this sizzling patriot and sanctimonious preacher that he should thus hastily depart, to the ineffable grief of all the patriots of the State of Washington.

The missing State President is "Rev." W. T. Ford, formerly pastor of the Madison street Methodist Episcopal Church of Seattle. Some years ago, in consequence of the shortness of grass in Idaho, he immigrated to Seattle. There he did not discover very fat pastures. However it soon dawned on him that this country was going to be bluetick-blank and that the Pope of Rome and the Pope's hierarchy were the cause of all Uncle Sam's woes and troubles.

THE WEDDING RING.

Death lurks in every place in this "vale of tears." There is no happiness, no joy, no success, no sorrow and no failure that may not secretly him.

Dr. Pierce's Female Prescriptions is a favorite hiding-place for death, where women are concealed, is in the very happiness and rapture of wifehood and the sacred joy of motherhood. But too frequently there is death in the embrace of love, and the first touch of baby-fingers is succeeded by the chilly grasp of the grim destroyer.

"Mrs. Seagle was a great sufferer from a combination of female diseases, a few years ago, from which she has been entirely cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Female Prescriptions," writes Geo. A. Seagle, Esq., of Box 130, Wytheville, Va. "She is thoroughly convinced that there is no medicine on earth equal to Dr. Pierce's Female Prescriptions for the cure of female ailments."

Montreal School of Elocution.

Y. M. C. A. Building, Dominion Sq.

MR. STEPHEN is now at the rooms daily, to enroll new pupils and give information. Pupils may hereafter have MR. STEPHEN'S personal instruction exclusively or combined with MISS SIMPKIN'S. Telephone 3418, Y. M. C. A. Building.

nighted nation. After he had been duly installed a member of the A. P. A., he took up the cudgels against the enemy.

He was the loudest and windiest of all the A. P. A. lecturers of Washington. His philippic against Rome made the atmosphere fairly sizzle. Honors came thick and fast upon him and at last he achieved the crowning distinction of being elected State President of the A. P. A.

He was to have appeared before a committee of the Methodist preachers of Seattle on Wednesday, August 25th, but two weeks previously he skipped the town. The preachers had some charges to prefer against him. It was, of course, the old, old trouble. But there is a peculiar infamy in Ford's case.

Down in Louisville, also, the A. P. A. is losing a good and loyal member. Before his election to be Governor of Kentucky, Bill Bradley was in good standing on the rolls of the beetle-browed. His dues were regularly paid up and he got into office through the support of the "patriots."

The A. P. A.'s have, indeed, fallen on hard times. With their State President in Washington a fugitive from the "pains of civilization, and their leaders decorating the penitentiaries of the land, it is no wonder that they have given up all hope of saving the Republic from the Pope.

The Art of Longevity.

It seems to be true, as far as the histories of recorded cases enable us to judge, that great longevity has been attained under such various conditions of living as to render it impossible to attach much importance to any of them. If there be any single character common to long lives in general, or to the majority of them, it is probably the avoidance of excess—or rather the habitual practice of moderation—in eating.

Queer Effects of a Fall.

From The Galveston (Texas) News.

Never was there a case to which more peculiar circumstances attached than that of Elmer Doolittle of Sherman, Texas. First he plunged head first from the cupola of the Diamond Mill elevator to the ground, a distance of sixty-seven feet, and escaped with a few bruises about the face and rupture of the nose and a slight fracture of the bones in one foot.

Lately he has recovered his physical strength rapidly, and is now able to go about easily, even the wound in the foot giving little trouble and pain. Once or twice his friends have become very apprehensive of ultimate results of the accident. At times his mind would wander, and he went off into statements foreign to the subject under discussion, and in a strain not natural with him.

Now he is as bright and cheerful as ever and his mind as clear as a bell. He discussed his strange condition lucidly. With a sigh of relief, and a happy smile he turned to the News reporter: "Thank goodness I am myself again. I have realized that in some way I was dazed and out of line with myself at times."

suppose I must have known what I said when in one of those peculiar moods, but it was the outcome of some uncontrollable impulses. After a while my mind would shake off its load, and like a song of music from a phonograph, what I had said would come back to me. It was like the memory of a dream, yet with the conviction that I had said things I ought not to have said. My friends and acquaintances and even strangers have been very kind to me, and when I said what might offend them they have, it seems, been kind to me. I have never failed, I hope to go to them, and apologize for my words. They would take my hand and say: 'We know how it is; don't worry. You are getting better every day mentally as well as physically.' I think I am all right now; I know I am more guarded. If I am eccentric and abrupt at times, these moods are getting more uncommon. If my friends will just continue to be as kind and patient as they have been, it will be all right very soon for sure."

"Has the accident left any sense of dread in ascending high places?"

"I can't exactly tell you. It is not a dread, because I cannot remember the fall, and I have suffered no serious pain since I recovered consciousness. I think that the effect of the accident is more that of a desire to be more careful than of a dread. You might say that it has been more of an object lesson than an experience with me."

KIDNEY TROUBLE CURED.

A WELL KNOWN HOTEL-KEEPER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

HE SUFFERED GREATLY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE AND INDIGESTION—HE DOCTORED FOR A LONG TIME WITHOUT GETTING ANY RELIEF.

From the Standard, Cornwall.

The march of the world's progress is forced, protracted and continuous, the competition for supremacy is keen. The man of business must keep track if he would secure any covetable measure of success. The watchfulness, vigilance and thought involved in modern superintendency produces a severe strain on the physical and mental powers of modern business men, and exposes them to the attacks of certain diseases. Considering that much depends on health in this struggle, it behoves those who would be victorious, to guard against the first approach of disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Bismarck's brain, according to the estimate from external measurements made by Herr Ammon, an anthropologist, and the sculptor who made the iron Chancellor's bust, probably weighs 1,897 grammes, in which case it is the heaviest on record. Cuvier's brain weighed 1,880 grammes, Byron's 1,807, Kant's 1,630, and Schiller's 1,580. The average weight of the brain for an intelligent European is 1,380 grammes.

France must face the question whether women may practice law. While degrees have been conferred before on women, a woman doctor of laws now for the first time applies for admission to the bar at Paris.

Boils, pimples and eruptions, scrofula, salt rheum and all other manifestations of impure blood are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.



A TOUR THROUGH CANADA.

Some Remarks on Travel

And the Differences Between the Turbulent Outside World and the Repos of Sanctified Homes.

"To portray the haunts of busy men It needs the pencil, they defy the pen"

Enjoying, as I now do, the leisure interval between the laying down of one responsibility and the taking up of another, I have determined to see and report something of the busy outside world and to ascertain if the struggles and worries of life are shared alike by all the children of Adam of every race and every clime.

To be freed, as in my case, from the grosser sort of business as above alluded to, was in itself an emancipation, but to fall at once into the calm, well-regulated atmosphere of a priest's home made the contrast doubly impressive.

Then, again, I drew fresh inspiration from my surroundings, for the walls of the room in which I wrote those pages were adorned with paintings that revived the tender emotions of the soul.

On the wall directly opposite me was "The Descent from the Cross," "The Sacred Heart of Jesus" was nearby, and on my left hand was the painting depicting the Man of Sorrows bearing His crown of thorns.

Close to that was "The Virgin and Child," and on my right was placed the expressive picture of "the pierced heart of Mary" pierced by a sword.

Then around about stood photographic likenesses of many venerated priests who had made fraternal calls upon the popular pastor, and in the same room were many mementoes speaking the love and devotion of many parishioners, and in the cabinet in the far corner reposed "speaking pictures" of innocent childhood flanked by those of young maidens in their first communion robes.

All these things spoke with irresistible force to the heart, and no contamination of the sordid world outside could withstand the appeal.

To become impregnated with the conception of what the figures represented and taught, meant an inward movement and elevation of the soul above the mean things of life.

While this was quite true of the effect produced by what I saw in the pastoral abode, it must not be supposed that the pastor himself was always left in undisturbed possession of this refined and pleasant surrounding, for the inevitable "sick call" will come, and the ten or perhaps fifteen miles of a journey to the sick person will have to be undertaken no matter whether it rains or shines or hurricanes blow fast and furious.

Add to this imperative pastoral duty the equally laborious duties of the confessional, and sometimes, the adjustment of family disputes or the contentions of neighboring parishioners. Aside from the sacrifices named, and inseparable from priestly duty, others have to be undergone.

My Rev. host tells me that within a few days burglars entered his house and disturbed his nightly repose, and this same unpleasantness has happened him before.

These vicious night-prowlers often take undue liberties with the clerical mansions, probably thinking that priests always have money about them, and knowing that their sacred calling forbids the use of the six shooter, thieves make very frequent incursions upon them.

But a continuance of this moralizing would lead me away from the main work in hand. A man professing to make an extended tour should not, perhaps, linger too much on the way, nor should he be too critical in his views.

Against that plea I may be permitted to urge the defects of hastily formed opinions, for unless the scrutinizer takes time to weigh and consider, his conclusions may be worthless. It is only by close intimacy with the family or the community that the observer can tell if peace and harmony reign therein, or if this blissful condition arises from a state of prosperity that has its base in the observance of moral and virtuous precepts, or if the inquisitor finds the reverse of this it will be his business to see if the moral and the material decadence do not flow from an utter disregard of all the fundamental laws of virtue and honor.

This method of scrutiny pertains to the duty of a searcher after truth. I can hardly expect to be so fortunate all the way throughout my tour, as I have been in its first stage. If I have met sunshine to-day, my progress to-morrow may be obscured by shadows, and to make the picture true both sides of humanity's struggle should be considered.

While I to-day rest in peace and calmness under the placid roof of my reverend friend, my next stopping place may be amidst the hurry and bustle of a community who in their everyday life taste of the bitter experience of the dark side of human nature, and this doleful tale the faithful recorder is bound to tell even in its nakedness and deformity, else his report will be partial and unreliable.

Whether the reporter relates the world's weal or woe, he should sketch it exactly as it goes.

This theory involves a weighing and balancing of the griefs and ills that be-

fall humanity as against the sum total of the bliss and joys that fall to the lot of mankind.

Those who are conversant with both sides of the great human problem know well that grief and affliction far outweigh all the real joys and gladness that mankind can claim to its credit.

If this gruesome fact be a real truth, will it not provoke the serious-minded moral thinker to a deep study of its primary cause? And will not that deep study of the vital problem lead to the inevitable conclusion that mankind in general is greatly to blame for a large part of its own misfortune and distress?

The moral leprosy that eats the deep into the heart of man is the selfish greed and lust for wealth. It is on record that the late Col. James Fisk said of his own father, "he would not lie for nothing but he would tell many lies for a gain of ten cents."

If free from this degrading vice of the dishonest hoarding of money, millions of men to-day would be better Christians, and they would have a higher idea of the end and purpose for which they have been born. It is useless to speculate as to their probable amendment of life, for so long as the thirst for gold continues the fell monster of greed and avarice will always have his sway, and during the continuance of that state of moral dislocation the great Law-Giver will not be obeyed, nor will His precepts and Commandments get their just fulfillment.

There is a great moral power and visible agency—the Catholic Church—working with all her might to stem the rising tide of corruption and she is striving with all her force to Christianize and to make men honest and virtuous, but the task before her is appalling and only by her supernatural strength can she make headway against the onward flow of dishonesty, error and deceit.

It would be sheer blasphemy to say that the degradation of the bulk of mankind is due to the withdrawal of the protecting hand of Providence over His creatures, for the blind-led mortals have spurned the tender helping hand, and in following their own erroneous ways they have fallen into a moral abyss, that hardly admits a ray of honest truth or light.

I hope this hurried sketch will interest the readers. At a later date I may cross the boundary line or it may be that I will cross the Atlantic, and shall strive to tell them what I think of the happiness and moral status of the peoples in these other lands.

WM. ELLISON.

BRITISH DEFEAT.

London Newspapers Regard it as a Severe Blow.

CAMP ANAYAT, via Panjkora, September 17, 8 p.m.—Severe fighting has taken place between the second brigade of General Sir Bindon Blood's division and the Mohmands. The British loss was 140 killed and wounded.

The brigade had moved out to attack the Mohmands in the valley north of the camp, to punish them for the assault of Thursday night upon the force of General Jeffrey at the foot of Pawat Pass. The Bengal Lancers found the enemy entrenched on the hills about eight miles distant.

The 35th Sikhs was ordered to make the attack. The regiment was supported by four guns of a mountain battery and by six companies of Buffs. The Sikhs drove the enemy into the hills but eventually fell back upon the Buffs before superior numbers. The enemy then advanced against the left flank drove back the cavalry and surrounded a company of Sikhs. The cavalry charged brilliantly and relieved the Sikhs, and the Guides coming up, swept the enemy back. The force halted for some time, destroying the enemy's towers, and then retired.

A company of Sikhs, on the hills to the extreme right, was hard pressed and was running short of ammunition, when the general officer commanding moved the Guides forward to their relief, which was gallantly accomplished. The Guides carried the wounded Sikhs back and executed the withdrawal in good order, though the enemy pressed them hard.

Darkness came on before the force reached the camp, and the Guides with General Jeffrey and his escort of Buffs, became separated from the column, which passed them in the gloom. General Jeffrey remained with the guns and took up a position in the village.

The enemy had occupied a part of the village, and the escort not being strong enough to expel them, they had inflicted considerable loss on the little party before Major Wortledge, with two companies, each composed of Sikhs and Guides, came up and compelled them to retire. A large body of cavalry and 38 Dogras left the camp and brought in the whole detachment.

Captain Birch and Lieut. Watson behaved with great gallantry. Lieut. Hughes and Lieut. Crawford were killed. Lieut. Watson, Lieut. Gunning and Lieut. Winter were severely wounded. Captain Birch slightly wounded. The Buffs lost one killed and seven wounded; the Sikhs, twenty-one killed and forty-two wounded; the Guides, two killed and ten wounded; the gunners, seven killed and twenty-one wounded, and the sappers three killed and sixteen wounded. Two Bengal Lancers were wounded. Many horses and mules were killed.

LONDON, September 18.—All the morning papers comment upon the British reverse north of Camp Anayat.

The Daily Telegraph says: "Whether it was due to rashness or to some not yet explained cause, it will be a matter of unfeigned sorrow. When we read of the loss of so many valuable lives, we can only deplore a casualty which, though it will doubtless be speedily avenged, casts a gloom upon the happier intelligence received from Fort Gualistan."

The Standard says: "The interruption of the advance is in every way deplorable. It is absolutely necessary to retrieve the reverse and, meanwhile, the enemy who were said to be disheartened and disinclined to fight will be encouraged to organize a determined resistance. Probably the third brigade, which has reached Nawagai, will retrace its steps in order to support General Jeffrey."

"It is impossible to offer an explanation of the mishap. We must remember, however, that it occurred in a country

never before traversed by European troops and very little known, the country of the Mohmands, who also know very little of the strength ultimately to be employed against them. But there is reason to fear once again, that a lack of complete intelligence as to the disposition of the enemy's strength has led our commanders to undertake an operation that cannot be pushed through. Further details are awaited with anxiety. It must be hoped that the Indian Government will give Sir William Lockhart a perfectly free hand to choose his own men. He must not be bound by red-tape regulations. Much has yet to be done before peace and order will be restored."

LONDON, September 18.—The Daily News says: "It is very serious news, and gives great importance to the appointment of Sir George White as commander in India on the latter's retirement, which has just been officially announced. There is little doubt that his name will be heard with dread by the insurgent tribesmen."

UNANIMOUS TESTIMONY.

The Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland on the Famine Prospects.

Earl Cadogan Does Not Believe It—He is Afraid to Offend His Political Leaders.

The winter outlook in Ireland is attracting attention over the entire continent of America, and from present reports the gravest situation may be feared. Below will be found the opinions of the most eminent prelates in Ireland on the subject, obtained through the instrumentality of the World of New York.

One of the prominent people who have answered the World's query is Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It will be noticed that he takes an entirely opposite view of the situation from all the others. Under the circumstances it is safe to assume that Earl Cadogan is as one who is blind and does not want to see. It is impossible to believe that he of all is telling the truth and that the distinguished men who have also answered the query have, to put it mildly, been misinformed. Perhaps the worthy Lord Lieutenant has been so busy looking after the Duke and Duchess of York that he has had no time to attend to the welfare of Ireland.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE ON THE SITUATION. Palace of Thurles, Tipperary, Sept. 9.

From all parts of the archdiocese of Cashel and Emly the harvest news is most disquieting. The crops had been everywhere abundant and our hopes were high, but the terrible rains of last month have dashed those hopes.

The potatoes are even now to a very large extent unfit for human food. They are rotting in the wet ground. The very early hay crop was saved fairly well but on the later meadows bearing most of the crop in this district it was impossible to save the hay. One of the most industrious farmers in the archdiocese writes:

"My hay has been cut four weeks, but I have not had two consecutive fine days since. The rest of the crop will have to be taken, not to the hay shed, but to the dung pit."

The barley and the oats are ruined by the wet.

Much of this plentiful crop is unsalable, and with a serious rise in the price of bread I have the gravest apprehension for the coming winter.

T. W. CROKE, Archbishop of Cashel and Emly.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM. His Grace of Tuam writes: ST. JERLATH COLLEGE, TUAM, Sept. 8.

From all the accounts that reach me from all parts of the diocese of Tuam, embracing nearly half the counties of Mayo and Galway, I am sorry to say that hardly could things be worse, owing to the unceasing downpour of rain. The potato, staple food of our people, has suffered severely, even where not totally destroyed by blight.

I therefore, regard it as unquestionably certain that a great famine in the diocese of Tuam is sure to overtake us before long. Unfortunately, our people have hardly any money with which to purchase meal, be it ever so cheap.

It is most humiliating to be eternally sending round the hat, but what can be done? Hunger pierces stone walls.

The oats crop, too, is greatly damaged, while the turf is in a bad way, and it may be said that a fuel famine is as bad as a food famine.

On the whole, I look on the coming time as boding misery. I give you a gloomy picture, but I am sorry to say a true one.

JOHN McEWLY, Archbishop of Tuam.

FAMINE EXPECTED IN GALWAY. This is from the Bishop of Galway: Mount St. Mary's, Galway, Sept. 9.

The harvest prospects in this diocese are really disheartening. In the Spring the seeds were got into the soil at a late period in the season, owing to continued rains and the consequent moisture of the land; and now the produce of that late

USE ONLY

Finlayson's Linen Thread.

IT IS THE BEST.

planting is very seriously injured by the exceptional rainfall of August. The cereal crops lack ripening sunshine, and the potato—the staple food and the mainstay of the small farmer—is in many districts an appalling failure. The tubers are small and have scarcely the solidity of a turnip, so sodden have they become in their wet beds of clay.

On the whole, I regard the outlook very gloomy and apprehend the advent of a famine in the diocese during the winter approaching.

F. A. MacCORMACK, Bishop of Galway and Kilmacduagh.

BISHOP OF CLOFERT FEARS THE WORST. Mount St. Bernard, Ballinasloe, Sept. 9.

The prospects for the coming year are very bad. I have seen nothing worse in this diocese of Clonfert for the last thirteen years. Even the sound potatoes are small and soft. As far as I have heard, in the best situations they are not half a crop.

Oats have been laid prostrate by the storm, and in many cases half rotten. A great quantity has been destroyed by the floods, and much of what remained is diseased and unwholesome.

We are all very anxious about the winter months. We fear the worst may happen. I am unwilling to be alarmist, but merely state what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears from all the neighbors.

Good weather, even now, would greatly help the crops, but much of the damage is irreparable.

JOHN HEALY, Bishop of Clonfert.

His Lordship Bishop Kelly, of Ross, adds: The potato is worthless, the grain ruined and the corn-bark dried.

DONALD KELLY, Bishop of Ross.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN HEARD FROM. The following is Mr. William O'Brien's review of the situation: Mallow Cottage, Westport, Co. Mayo, Sept. 9.

We are drifting inevitably toward a famine in the West. Every day deepens the people's gloom and alarm.

To-day again the temperature is down to 17 centigrade, and the crops are soaking in a cold rain. Yesterday was dry. In the interval men and women worked in the fields up to midnight, treading the haystacks and reaping the oats. To-day again the wintry sheet makes work impossible, and the crops are abandoned to their fate.

Potatoes are almost wholly gone throughout Connemara. The tubers are scarce and miserably small. Even there are blackening daily to such an extent that the people are digging them in an immense condition and selling them in ordinary years potato dealers do not begin until October. Now half the people's potato fields are already exhausted to supply daily food or as excitements from the ravages of blight by taking them to the market. An entire flock sometimes has to be dug out for a family's dinner.

Potatoes only two pence a stone last year in Westport, are now five pence and six pence a stone. The native food supply will be exhausted by November.

The most calamitous feature of all is the rise in price of foreign flour. For the last five years American flour was sold at as cheap as Indian meal, and had become a staple food for the people from Christmas to harvest. Flour, which was fourteen pence per stone, now is twenty-two pence, and threatens to go higher still. Even Indian meal, the last resource of a starving people, has advanced from six pence to eight pence a stone.

It is impossible to exaggerate the danger of absolute famine in districts like this, already scourged by last year's potato failure and sunk to the lips in debt to the shopkeepers and banks. If the landlords enforce full rents this winter the people's last resources for purchasing provisions will be gone.

Nothing except immediate, widespread Government relief can avert starvation. The people are dazed with despair and disorganization.

The emergency is incontestably graver than in the Land League year of 1880, when it took a Land League revolution and a million and a half sterling of charitable funds to cope with the danger. This time nothing can save the people but a universal uprising against rack-rents and immediate measures for Government relief.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, THE ENGLISH LIBERAL LEADER.

Even Sir V. Harcourt, the English Liberal leader, is concerned at the situation, as developed in the past two weeks. He writes to the same journal under date Sept. the 9th, as follows:—

I have read with deep concern the disastrous account of the condition of the crops in Ireland. The short supply of wheat in Europe has already seriously raised the price of bread.

I have never been able to comprehend the point of view of those who regard high prices and dear food as a blessing to mankind. It is a condition of things which presses most severely on the classes of the community who are the least able to bear it, and yet there are people who desire to aggravate the inclemency of seasons by the production of an artificial scarcity. It will be an important object lesson to mark how far (as we are confidently assured must be the case) the rise in the price of corn (wheat) is attended by a corresponding increase in the rate of wages.

The consequence of a failure of the food supply has its most painful illustration in the case of Ireland, where so

large a portion of the population constantly live on the verge of destitution. If, as you inform me, the enhanced price of corn is attended by the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, a situation will arise which will demand the anxious attention of the Government.

W. V. HARCOURT.

THE FAMOUS EARL CADOGAN. The above names speak for themselves. Here we have Earl Cadogan and he has set himself up against the most venerated names in Ireland. Earl Cadogan is to be in the ascendant in Ireland in the next year. God help it if the present Lord Lieutenant holds the reins of power. The position is a plain one. On one side we have the testimony of men whose words would be called in question, and on the other the cold sway of Earl Cadogan's rule in Dublin. The following is the text of the Cadogan reply to the query: Dublin Castle, Sept. 8.

To the New York World's London Correspondent: In reply to your telegram the Lord Lieutenant desires to state that the reports which you characterize as most alarming and the production of famine in Ireland you mention are not His Excellency's opinion, and are entirely untrue.

DAVID HARVEY, Under Secretary, Dublin Castle.

Method Soothing Syrup is the best and most reliable remedy for all cases of whooping cough, croup, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. It is sold everywhere at 25 cents per bottle.

Method Soothing Syrup is on sale everywhere at 25 cents per bottle.

Rev. W. C. Harcourt, Westport, Ireland, writes to London at the end of 81 years, and the Archbishop of Galway at the same time a proposition to distribute the same property to the clergy of the diocese of Galway. As he was interested in the matter, he was kept busy writing from one parish to another on election day. At the 1892 election he managed to vote the Conservative ticket seventeen times.

G. T. C. Pills are indispensable for all persons suffering from indigestion. G. T. C. Pills are on sale everywhere; price 25 cents per box.

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WEDNESDAY...SEPTEMBER 22 1897

THE LAST LACROSSE MATCH.

The great lacrosse match of Saturday last, even if it was a disappointment in the Shamrocks not achieving a victory, was still a memorable contest, and one that will go down in the annals of the national game and be pointed out as a wonder in future years. It was not only a splendid exhibition of play, but its very style marked a new epoch in the methods of the game. It was no more like the game of twenty years ago than was a Columbian caravel to a big Canadian. It was fast, brilliant to a startling degree, never was interest permitted to flag except during the rests; the systems of attack and defence were new in so far that they were reached by different and more scientific methods than have hitherto been utilized. And in these ways the Capitals showed in some respects their superiority. It is doing no injustice to the Shamrocks to say that they were beaten by a team which was equal to the strain at a critical moment. False hopes may have been raised in the hearts of their friends by the fact of their being able to defeat the Capitals in Ottawa in the previous match; but a little thought will soon dispel that. Those who saw that match will remember that even then the Capitals had somewhat the better of the play.

In the face of all this there have been a few people thoughtless enough to say that the Shamrocks did not do their best. Such statement, even though made from mere thoughtlessness, would be exceedingly malicious, and would be a poor return for the untiring self-sacrificewhich has marked the working of the Shamrock team all through the season. Few people really know what almost insuperable difficulties the boys in green have had to contend with, and in the face of them their patriotic instinct and indomitable pluck have brought the Irish-Canadian colors to the front, if not first, a more than creditable second.

A little consideration will show how well they deserve of their compatriots. At the beginning of the season they seemed constantly pursued by ill fortune, until it looked almost an impossibility that they should reach a position of honor in the race; but they stuck to their work with grim tenacity, time and again snatched victory out of the very jaws of defeat, and earned for themselves at the hands of the press and public the title of "the greatest finishers on earth."

It would be unfair to expect that the Shamrocks should be continuous world-beaters. If one team should ever become so conspicuously superior to all others, there would be comparatively little interest in our grand game; for after all it is the delight of combat with a possibility of winning that spurs the athlete on to do his best. A race against time never carries the interest of a real race, for time never has a chance of going faster or slower than usual. Of course the system of handicapping might be introduced, but that would be a bad thing for any national game. It is a grand contest such as that of Saturday which keeps alive the real interest in the game, and everybody will readily appreciate that only one of the teams could win.

The pernicious system of betting carries most of the responsibility for the feeling of disappointment expressed by some so-called friends of the club. It would be a good thing all round if betting could be abolished, and then instead of hard words we should hear, "Well done, boys; you did nobly; you cannot always win, and you will have better luck next time."

In another column we suggest that a mortuary chapel on the site where the victims of 1847 lie buried would be a suitable monument for the long buried dead. However, opinions may differ on

this subject and we would be glad to receive suggestions on the subject of what style of monument would be a more fitting memorial.

THE SUPPRESSION OF SMALL-POX.

The local Board of Health is to be congratulated on its successful battle with the smallpox outbreak and the people of Montreal for so ably seconding it. All classes of citizens here vied with each other in seeing that their families were vaccinated, and this change in public opinion is more particularly noticeable in the French sections of the city.

THE LATIMER MASSACRE.

The sheriff and deputies who murdered the unarmed miners at Latimer, Pa., have been placed under arrest for the terrible crime they have committed and it will be interesting to note the result of the trials. It goes without saying that the whole capitalistic interest of the United States, and the press which is subservient to them, will use every endeavor to prevent the just vengeance of the outraged laws being visited on the wholesale murderers. However, the quiet among the friends of the victims after the crime looks ominous, and it may well be expected that should the laws of the United States prove inadequate to the occasion, and that justice be prostituted to protect the guilty, then the indignation of the people will sweep everything before it and administer its own code of punishment. Vox populi vox Dei.

THE BIG LIBEL SUIT.

Just now Montreal politicians form what may be called a point of interrogation. The query is directed towards the great Tarte-Grenier battle, and both Liberals and Conservatives are feeling uneasy over the results of a battle which cannot but be big with momentous issues. The Tarte-Grenier case has long been coming to a point where the truth or the falsity of the charges against the present Minister of Public Works could be proven or refuted, but now there is every probability that the sensation will be thoroughly exploited. There are to be distinguished witnesses too, such as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. Mr. Marchand and a score of other lesser political lights. At present, while these gentlemen are still out of the witness box, the air is full of rumors as to what they can or cannot prove. Charges of bouillie are flashing across the sky and the whole atmosphere is filled with political thunderclouds. Whether any one of them will evolve a thunderbolt is the great mystery.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

Prince George and Princess May have concluded their reluctant visit to Ireland, the Queen and the Lord Lieutenant have exchanged congratulations on the loyalty of the Castle party, and the question remains to be answered, "What good has it done?" It is true that a few Dublin shopkeepers have been blessed with a few more orders and that in the country seats honored by the visits of the royal pair a few more chickens have been killed than was demanded by the usual table d'hote. The Irish constabulary and the army of occupation have had to work double shifts, and the different messengers, etc., connected with the Castle Government have been run off their feet.

There have been no stable results, and neither will there. The Irish people knew that the visit was one not of inclination but of duty, not to use a stronger word, and the Royal visitors knew that the people knew it. That, therefore, there was a lack of enthusiasm is not to be wondered at, and neither, we are convinced, did the Duke and Duchess feel disappointed. To an unprejudiced observer watching the tone of the Irish press the conviction is forced that both parties were glad to get rid of each other.

Ireland is no place for English royalty. The time is past when these periodical soops can calm the indignation of a people. The fan fare of bands, the glittering procession of troops and gold lace bekecked generals, no more charm the multitude. The people of Ireland have been brought face to face with the stern fact that to prosper something more is required than empty and hollow compliments. The Irish people are quite content that the Queen stick to Scotland as a summer resort, or when tired of that take her family to a German Spa. Just now they are engaged in building up the commercial prosperity of their nation and are too busy to devote their time to Dublin Castle guests.

As the old saying is, "the smell of winter is in the air," and the work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society will soon commence. It is to be hoped that the coming season will not press upon their resources more heavily than those of the past, but if the signs of the times are correct there will be not a little destitution and suffering among the deserving

poor. In view of this probable state of things it behooves all good Catholics to strengthen the hands of this great charitable organization. Silent in its work it goes from house to house among those in want, helping them to meet their necessities which the busy money grabbing world denies them. Individually few of us can do but together we can do much. The aggregate will well to no inconsiderable sum. It is therefore our duty to see that the great Apostle of Charity, the one grand saint who so faithfully followed his Master's words, "and the greatest of all is Charity," is not made to blush for his children of Montreal. Rally around the St. Vincent de Paul Society. When it asks for help it asks in the name of God. "The poor we have always with us," and they are the children of Mother Church. St. Vincent de Paul Society is not of yesterday. Its work for good has made itself felt over all Montreal, yes, and over all Canada for more than half a century. Its efforts are not blazoned forth in capital letters, nor has it patrons with high sounding names. It is of the people, for the people, and its silent hands soothe many a sick pillow and warm and feeds many a starving child. Help the Society by every means in your power. In doing so you are following the footsteps of the Saviour in his favorite path.

We are trading one of those Alpine passes of history where the slightest disturbance of the atmosphere is fatal. One incautious word may precipitate the avalanche.—Catholic Standard.

The above is a quotation from an editorial discussing the Hazelton murders. It is horrible to reflect that twenty-two human beings should have been so foully murdered, but the avenging of their innocent blood is in the hands of God. Never were truer words penned than those of the Catholic Standard. In deed and in truth the United States is at present on the upper crust of a volcano which at any moment may burst forth and engulf all in a sea of anarchy and ruin. The neighboring republic is feeling, like France, the results of that contempt of God's Word which cannot but have one result. In France it is anarchy, in the United States it is plutocracy. Both are about to immerse the respective countries in ruin. And what is the cause? Irreligious education of youth. Religion has been taken away from the schools and the devil has taken its place. "Thou shalt not kill," is no more on the black boards facing the little ones who in a few years have to face the world. They are taught nothing of moral responsibilities. The rule of three, reading, writing and a smattering of the sciences, are ground into the pupils, but the knowledge of God's laws is rigorously excluded. This is what makes so many men murderers in the great Republic. No faith, no responsibility. Human life is as nothing, and the man who takes it is applauded.

The Lutheran denomination of all Protestant sects is the most hostile to the Catholic Church. This may be accounted for to a great extent by the phlegmatic temperament of the German who is slow to receive and slow to acknowledge himself wrong even when thoroughly convinced that such is a fact. There are no truer followers of the Church than those composing the Catholic States of Germany and in no country do so much bitter hatred of things Catholic exist as in those Protestant States. Having once accepted the heretical tenets of Luther these people are too dull of comprehension to see the error of their ways and join the true Church. It would appear, however, that the German Kaiser, disciple of Bismarck as he is, sees enough good in the Church to copy many of its practices. He has but now issued an order that all the Lutheran churches in Germany will be kept open all days of the week. He has shown more wisdom in following a Catholic custom than he has in some of his other proceedings. It is to be hoped that his latest movement will make his Protestant subjects more devout than they have been for some time past.

There have been all kinds of so-called marriages, up in a balloon, bicycle ceremonies, salvation army wind-ups and engine and tender tie-ups, but the latest comes from the Pacific Coast, where "tug boat marriages" have become quite the rage. Imagine for a moment the respect the man and woman must have for each other who will agree to such a travesty on one of God's most holy sacraments. The man is bad enough but what can the world think of the woman. One of the greatest evils the United States has to contend against is its lax divorce laws. No religion in the schools, no sanctity in marriage; these two alone sap the very foundations of morality.

The banquet to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Windsor the other evening was a fitting tribute to the Premier, who has so well upheld the dignity of Canada in the old lands. The speeches on the occasion were thoughtful and forceful, but none had a truer ring of patriotism or touched more closely the vein of popular feeling than that of Mr. M. J. O'Connell.

M.P. His burning words roused a sentiment of delight in the hearts of all his hearers and even won an expression of approval from the great Laurier himself.

The Daily Witness calls the attention of the authorities to the disgraceful state of affairs on Notre Dame street east west of Papineau Square, every recurring Sunday. The point is well taken and the police could do some good work if they were to turn their attention to this section of the city for a couple of hours of a Sunday afternoon.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Mar. in Luther, in the eyes of a vast number of Protestants, is in large measure the founder of the new dispensation, and a reformer and preacher of renown.

In the eyes of the Catholic world, he is simply a historical monster, an apostate to the faith, and a breaker of vows. Judging by the result of his work, his success was phenomenal, and by the number of his adherents, his power was marvellous. But that is not a safe criterion to go by, for others have had similar success, as witness the prestige and power of Mahomet.

And the devil himself has been a conspicuous example in enforcing his precepts on the souls and bodies of men. We do not propose to enter upon a critical analysis of Luther's character, nor upon a polemical discussion of the merits or demerits of his institution of Protestantism; but, taking the original Latin and German text of his own writings, we lay down three propositions therefrom:—

1st. That his work was not based primarily on any clearly defined principle, but on motives of policy, governed by environment. 2nd. That his teaching was directly opposed, as a code of morals, to the teaching of Christ, and likewise opposed to the teaching of Protestants, as they now obtain. 3rd. That his doctrines, more especially in one particular, would be repudiated by sturdy, old-fashioned Protestants of to day.

We have striven to be historically correct, and if any of the statements presented as facts can be questioned, or have been weakened or altered in the translation, or if the deductions or conclusions therefrom are unfair or illogical, we will be glad to make due reparation. No famous man's word can be entirely unmixered evil, and to be blinded by bigotry and prejudice indicates an abnormal state of mind, from which every candid and thoughtful man should pray to be preserved. We go further, and willingly say that we believe the coarseness of Luther's language was due largely to the rude speech and manners of his time, and that he was so permeated with Catholic doctrine that he could never quite shake himself clear of it, as when he silenced the Reform Council in their objection to Transubstantiation by saying: "Hoc enim merum corpus."

Taking up the propositions in order—

On 30th May, 1578, Luther wrote Pope Leo the Tenth, the then reigning Pontiff, as follows:— "Most Holy Father,—Prostrate at the feet of your Holiness I offer myself with all that I am and have; vivify, kill, call, so-call, approve, condemn, as you please, I will acknowledge thy voice as the voice of Christ who presides and speaks in thee. If I have deserved death I will not refuse to die. For the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; Who is blessed forever, Amen. May He also preserve thee forever, Amen."

On 11th December, 1518, six and a half months later, Luther wrote his friend, Wencelaus Link, as follows:— "I will send you my playful remarks so that you may see whether I am right in guessing that the true Antichrist, according to Paul, reigns in the Roman Court; I think I am able to prove that the Pope is now worse than the Turks."

Three months later, on 3rd March, 1519, Luther again writes the Pope, above described as Antichrist, as follows:— "Now, Most Holy Father, before God and every creature of His, I declare that I have not intended, and that to-day also I do not intend, in any way to touch, or by any artifice (versutia) to destroy the power of the Roman Church and of your Holiness; on the contrary, I most fully confess that the power of this Church is above all, and that nothing either in heaven or on earth is to be preferred to it, except only Jesus Christ the Lord God."

Thoroughly familiar with all the claims of the Pope, and with all the Papal decrees, for Luther was a trained theologian and professor, he wrote, ten days later, 13th March, 1519, to Spalatin:—

"I am also looking over the decrees of the Popes for my disputation (with Dr. Eck), and (I say it into your ear) I do not know whether the Pope is Antichrist himself or his Apostle; so miserably is Christ (that is truth) corrupted and crucified by him in the decrees."

These four extracts prove diplomatic hypocrisy—that Luther was simply drifting and kindling a fire he was unable to quench.

On 10th December, 1520, he openly trampled on the Bull of Excommunication just outside Wittenberg, only one year and nine months after he had acknowledged that only "Jesus Christ the Lord of all" was to be preferred to the divine authority centred in the Roman Church.

To anyone who has a taste for Satanic filth we commend his book against the Pope, of 157 printed pages, written only one year before his death.

son to marry several wives, nor is it contrary to the Holy Scriptures, but I should not like to see this kind of thing now for the first time introduced among Christians."

In 1530 Luther permitted Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, to have two wives at the same time. We quote from the original document in Latin written by Melancthon, the first signature attached being Martinus Lutherus:—

"Finally, if your Highness has altogether made up your mind to marry another wife, we declare under an oath, that it ought to be done secretly. No contradictions or scandals of any importance will be the consequence of this, for it is nothing unusual for princes to have concubines; and although the reason could not be understood by ordinary people, nevertheless, more prudent persons would understand it. And this modest way of living, (tell it not in Gath) would please more than adultery, nor are the sayings of others to be cared for, if our conscience is in order. Thus and thus only do we approve of it."

If anyone will peruse Luther's sermon on Marriage preached at Wittenberg in 1522, he will find that, with all the new power conferred upon him by his new position, he very distinctly and clearly sanctioned adultery. Or if anyone wishes to avoid wading through a sermon, although Luther was an able and eloquent man, they will find the substance of the sermon referred to in Kostlin, Luther's great German champion.

We submit that these quotations speak for themselves and prove our second proposition.

Luther, in his book "About the Jews and their lies," written three years before his death, says "Burn their synagogues. Force them to work, and treat them with every kind of severity, as Moses did in the desert and slew three thousand. If this is of no use, we must drive them away like mad dogs." Luther's mantle must have fallen on Alwardt, the German Jew baiter, who recently visited these shores.

Here are some choice sayings about Catholics. We again quote: "Nobody can be a Papist, without being at least a murderer, a robber, a persecutor: It is clear enough they are the Christians of the Devil." What a lot of unconvicted murderers there must be at large in these United States! Again, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, etc., "the Rhine would be scarcely large enough to drown all the scoundrels." Thank Goodness, our great lakes and the ocean surrounding our Republic would be ample for Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, and many prelates of similar stamp.

Here are a few gems thrown to our Protestant friends. We quote: "I have been obliged to despair of the salvation of his soul (Zwingli, the Reformer of Switzerland) if he died in such sentiments, although his disciples and followers make a saint and martyr out of him. Oh, Lord God, what a saint and martyr!"

Again: "I look upon them all as forming one portion who will not believe that the bread of the Lord in the Last Supper is His true, natural body, which the wicked man or Judas receives into his mouth quite as much as St. Peter and all the Saints. Whoever, I say, will not believe that, he must not trouble me with letters, writings or words. And he must not hope for any communion with me."

Again: "They (Zwingli and others, decent Protestants, who thought they had left the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament behind them) have been found out and proved to be manifest blasphemers and liars. First, when in the beginning they taught, there was nothing but merely bread and wine in the Last Supper."

Again, and lastly: "Thus it will be of no use to the enthusiasts that they talk very big about the Sacraments, about the spiritual eating and drinking of the body and blood of Christ, and about the love and union of Christians. For these are merely the leaves of the fig tree, with which Adam and Eve wished to cover and adorn themselves, that their sin might not be seen by God. Their great labors, their teaching and writing, their earnest, chaste lives will be of still less avail to them. All that is mere heathenism. Moreover, their belief in God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and in Christ the Saviour, is lost. All, I say, is lost, with all the articles, however truly and correctly they may mention or utter them, because they deny this one article, and give the lie to what Christ says in the Sacrament: 'Take (the bread) and eat; this is my body, which shall be delivered for you,' etc., which doctrine we also retain, and still teach, as the true, Ancient Christian Church has taught for 1500 years."

The Holy Scriptures had been preserved with great and loving care throughout all ages by the Church, but Luther, in defiance of the command in the Apocalypse, expunged several whole books from the Old Testament and was disposed to tamper in like manner with the new. Of the Epistle of St. James, Luther says: "The Epistle of St. James is really a strange Epistle." And also: "I do not look upon it as the writing of any Apostle." Of Hebrews he says: "That this Epistle of the Hebrews is neither St. Paul's nor that of any other Apostle, can be proved, etc."

Of the Apocalypse or Book of Revelation, he says: "I find many things defective in this book, so that I look upon it as neither apostolic nor prophetic." Luther says, when mild objections are raised against his daring and ruthless work, to make this reply: "Luther will have it so, and he is a Doctor above all Doctors in the whole of Poperly." Truly a modest man of gentle manners!

We end here for the present, simply remarking, that if Mr. Martin Luther were alive to-day, while he would undoubtedly be a very bad Catholic, we question if he would not also be considered a very bad Protestant.

To his own Master he'll stand or fall B. M.

Mrs. Louise LeVelle is a candidate for chief of police at Denver. She is at present a police matron. The members of Denver's "Fines" are quaking at the prospect of her appointment. They are afraid that she will put them into bloomers.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia has these beautiful words to say about religion: "I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to religion that some men have associated it with unnatural gloom that it became unamiable in the eyes of men, especially of youth. Religion is bright and beautiful, and sanctifies our legitimate recreation, as well as the performance of our most serious acts. I have no sympathy with those who make it a moral strait-jacket, and try to crush out the joy of the young heart. No; enjoy life while you remain within the domain, and it is a very extensive and lovely one, on the confines of which the angels of conscience and religion stand and say: 'Thus far, and no farther.'"

The death is announced of Mgr. Duval, Bishop of Soissons and Laon since 1869, who died after a very painful illness, during which his reason was occasionally clouded. While ill in bed he suddenly rose one day, dressed himself in full episcopal garb, and went into his drawing-room, where he stated to an attendant ecclesiastic that he was awaiting the arrival of the Sovereign Pontiff, who was to accept his resignation. He was 73 years old, and many years had been cure of Notre Dame at Havre, where he was born.

In the Parliamentary election in the Third district of Brest recently the Abbe Bayraud, Christian Socialist and Republican, whose previous return was invalidated by the Chamber of Deputies on the ground of clerical influence, was re-elected Deputy by a large majority.

The Midland Review has the following:—Two years ago Col. Robert G. Ingersoll astonished the world by boldly advocating suicide. As a result quite a number of believers in his Gospel of self-destruction forthwith plunged into the dark by the revolver route. The latest revelation put forth by the prophet of agnosticism is a plea for adultery. Perhaps he wishes to make good the loss occasioned by his former lecture. It is difficult to measure the height and depth of infamy which characterizes the soul of this degenerate man.

Notwithstanding the immense amount of money expended by Protestantism in seeking to convert Catholic Italy, it is now conceded that the most flourishing missions are failures. Bishop Fitzgerald's American Methodist establishment has almost fallen into disuse.

The London Spectator has just discovered that the most ancient blood flowing in Queen Victoria's veins is Irish, that it dates back to Heremon, an ancient pagan Irish king. The mention of this will have a depressing effect in many Orange lodges.

Rev. Wm. McMahon, in the Universe, says of the Catholic population of Cleveland: "We have only 34 churches, but we have a church membership of 100,000. It may be asked how can we accommodate 100,000 members in 34 churches. Our churches as a rule are very large and we multiply the services. There are 15,000 children attending school in our city. The Catholic population of the Cleveland diocese according to our last directory is 250,000."

Capt. Charles Underwood O'Connell, a grandnephew of the Liberator, well known in New York, is on a visit to Ireland. Capt. O'Connell played a great part in the stirring times leading up to '67, and, being arrested on landing at Queenstown after a visit to America, he was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and suffered in Chatham and other English prisons. He was amnestied in '71, along with Mr. John O'Leary, and has since resided in New York. He was in charge of a company during the civil war.

General Longstreet was married Wednesday at the Executive Mansion, at Atlanta, Ga., to Miss Ellen Dortch, State Librarian of Georgia. The groom was eighty years old and the bride twenty-five.

William Smith O'Brien was tried and sentenced in 1848 to be hanged, drawn and quartered for making war against the British Government in Ireland. The other day his son, Canon O'Brien, Protestant rector of Adare, County Limerick, was conspicuous at a reception given to the British royal Duke and Duchess of York. Those O'Briens claim to be directly descended from the great Irish king, Brian Boroihme, who "smote down the Danes" at the battle of Clontarf, more than eight centuries ago. But blood does not always tell.—Irish World.

An Austrian priest, Father Gentilini, claims to have discovered a certain cure for cancer by means of eating lizards, says a despatch from Vienna, under date of September 7. By this extraordinary remedy he is said to have already cured thirty patients afflicted with cancer. Recent investigation has resulted in the discovery that both toads and lizards possess beneath the surface of their skins certain secretions, which constitute an extremely powerful chemical agent, so that the use of these reptiles for medicinal purposes in China and in other parts of the Orient is not so ridiculous as was at first imagined.

CHICAGO must be a terrible sink of vice, if the following statement of the police department of the Windy City is correct:—

The superintendent of police matron work reports that 10,130 last year had been arrested during 1896; 1,121 lost children had been cared for and returned to parents; 574 destitute women cared for; and 218 destitute children. She gives it as her opinion that liquor is the major cause of all this pity-exciting work.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. PHILADELPHIA, September 20, 1897.— Why is it that almost without exception those who write for the current literature of the day, and dictate to those who read with stern decision from which there is no appeal, are confident that everyone except the writer is cringingly deferential to the opinion of "the world?" Certainly, there is little effort made to strengthen the weak or encourage the timid who "wish they had it" in them to carry out their own tastes, their own desires, their own beliefs. If "everybody" lives in fear and trembling lest they offend their neighbor's standards, how useless for an humble-minded and undecided creature to attempt to walk alone in a path that offers beauty, or rest, or even better things to longing eyes, than the beaten track in which "everybody" goes round and round. This is the reasoning that results from constant perusal of magazine and newspaper rather than sensible observation of "everybody." The man—the woman—sometimes—who writes the "women's page" is a poor student of individuals, and a close reader of "exchanges." There are—and there always will be—more men and women who are altogether independent of others' opinions than in good society, and there are also numbers of strong, fine natures who go on their way unheeding the dictates of fashion, caring no more for custom than enables them to escape notice as "eccentric," and giving themselves wholly and happily to the daily making of their lives.

CLEAN, HELPFUL, UNSHIFTY AND FAITHFUL to the highest ideal they can conceive. What scorn one has for that miserable caricature of man or woman—one is as bad as the other—who does not dress, or eat, or visit, or receive according to their own wishes prompt, as their income permits, or as their conscience advises! And how utterly useless and valueless are their sufferings and strivings, to conform to the standard of "the world," whose whimsies pass with the morning dew, and change with the clouds of evening! A sensible, unaffected person, simply following out the "line of good breeding"—which by the way, is only the "Golden Rule" under all circumstances—has many an opportunity to indulge in quiet mirth at the cost of those who are always trying to "live up" to the "very latest thing." "All things come round to him who only waits," and it is the independent who "set the fashions." At least, the thing they have ignored, despised, and the attitude they have maintained before new fads and follies which they would not accept is soon the only attitude left for the "up to date" fanatics. Witness as proof, the old-fashioned ways to which we are returning. And the old-fashioned novels that are coming in, the old-fashioned virtues that are beginning to call forth admiring comment, the old-fashioned women who will soon have their "finings" and every opportunity to "crow over" the nightmare creation that has darkened the future of many imaginations—

THE NEW WOMAN. But it is one of the charms of the old-fashioned woman, one of the prime factors in her recall to the stage on which we play out our parts, that she does not and will not "crow"—that her womanliness is as kindly as it is modest and unassuming. Such an ending to the century, after all that has been said, has long been foreseen by many of us. We were not enthusiastic as to many wonderful "developments." We had no great reverence for "college women," for centuries had shown us that college men were not always the "salt of the earth," nor its gunpowder, either. We were not in ecstasy over the influx of girl artists, designers, manufacturers, lecturers, physicians, lawyers,—read the census reports for the list—for we knew girls thoroughly, and some other people did not. We have predicted to each other many times the ending to it all that is already beginning. "Straws show which way the stream flows," and there has been many a straw on the frothy surface of current literature during the last two years that has pointed to the open declaration now appearing in many quarters—that the new life predicted for women will never be lived. The pioneers will prove the rear guard as well, and the vast army was only volunteers who soon had enough of the struggle, and "didn't mind" anything so that they reached home and shelter. The "college women" are as like the college men as possible—no better than less favored applicants when it comes to the real work to be under taken and accomplished. The artists are, most of them, poor, very poor—in every sense. The designers are not "wanted"—if a man can be had. So it goes through the list, and the "openings for women" are shrinking in more ways than one. She who a few years ago was to set the course of the sun—almost—is now recommended to travel from house to house with a hand-bag, and wash to wash, clean bird-cages, furnish up the silver and china of the "lady's" bathroom and toilet-table, mend stockings, or dust the parlor. Verily, I think she might have begun with this, and found as much "liberty and independence" in her own home—even in its kitchen.

THE CATHOLIC HOME JOURNAL, which was our "monthly" has, I see from its cover, become "A Quarterly Magazine," July, August and September of 1897 forming the first "quarter." As a magazine, started with the definite purpose of aiding the erection of a church on the ruins of St. Dominic's Church, destroyed by fire, the new comer was welcomed among us nearly a year ago, and it has done a good work for St. Dominic's in a very graceful and refined manner. Its contents are not always contributed to it, but the selections are good, and the original matter is of the

KEEP your blood pure, your appetite good, your digestion perfect, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has the power to keep you WELL.

best. Mrs. Margaret M. Halvey, one of the prominent Catholic women of the land, has been its staunch friend, and the new number has two articles from her pen. Mr. Michael J. Dwyer, of Boston, is the subject for her "Camera and Critic" view, and a most musical and tender poem, "In Memoriam of a Royal Heart," is well worth study as an ideal of all a man should be in the fourfold relations to "his Faith, his Father, his Land, his Love, his Friend." It was Mrs. Halvey who also contributed the Jubilee sketch of His Grace Archbishop Ryan to the April and May numbers of this magazine, entitled "From Cashe to Carondelet," the most exact and timely of all the sketches, and the one that had the advantage of personal acquaintance and friendly intercourse with the subject to enlighten mere facts. The indications are that many a subject of interest will be submitted to her facile pen, and that she will become widely known as an always elegant, thoughtful and delightful writer.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Paris Temps publishes the following despatch, which gives the latest news from Madagascar: "According to news brought by the Esat African mail, the general position of affairs in Madagascar is satisfactory. There is strange news of the ex-Queen, Ranavaloa, who is now in exile at Reunion. She has asked to be allowed to embrace Roman Catholicism, and attends the services at the Cathedral at St. Denis."

Father Korkemas, a Maronite priest in New York, is collecting for a church in which his countrymen may worship. There are about 3,000 Maronites in the big city, and all are Catholics. They come from Syria and it is their boast that they never fell away from the true faith.

The next Convention of the Priests' Eucharistic League will be held at Overbrook Seminary, Philadelphia, in August, 1898.

The priests at the Cathedral of Viterbo made the Pope a present last year of the very ciborium out of which he had received his first communion seventy-five years before. Now the Holy Father, in return, has sent to them a handsome and costly ciborium of gold and silver, engraved with the name of Leo XIII and with an inscription setting forth the occasion for the gift.

William Clark, of Rock Island, Ill., an anti-Catholic lecturer, was arrested Monday afternoon while making a speech in a public street, a crowd having congregated sufficient to block the walk and thoroughfare, contrary to the city ordinance. Previous to his arrest the authorities offered him protection if he would hire a hall. This he refused to do.

Mother Mary Stanislaus, daughter of the late Irish poet, Denis Florence MacCarthy, died at the Dominican Convent, Sion Hill, Blackrock, on August 11th. The daughter inherited the genius of the father and was the author of several fine poems.

The Third Medical Congress of Mexico recently held at Guadalupe was opened with a solemn High Mass and Te Deum. The function was performed in the Cathedral and the Congress assisted thereat in a body.

Abbot Alberic, recently confirmed by the Holy Father as the first mitred abbot of Mount Mellery monastery, outside of Dubuque, has been installed in office, but his consecration to the abbatial dignity will not take place until a later day.

The Vicariate of Arizona, which was erected in 1865, has been made a diocese, with Tucson as the episcopal city. This is said to be the oldest white settlement made in the territory of the United States. It is said that the Spanish settlement there antedates that of St. Augustine, Florida.

The fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Cleveland diocese, which will occur on Wednesday, October 13, will be marked by the grandest religious celebration ever witnessed in Ohio. The occasion will be honored by the presence of Mgr. Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Corrigan of New York, Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Bishop Watterston of Columbus, and many other distinguished prelates.

C. M. B. A., BRANCH 54.

At a regular meeting of above Branch the following resolutions were unanimously carried and recorded on the minutes:—

It being the Divine Will to remove by death our esteemed brother, William Henry Costigan; Resolved,—That we, the members of Branch 54, hereby express our heartfelt sorrow, and offer our sincere condolence to his sorrowing widow and helpless little ones; also to his brother, Grand Deputy J. J. Costigan, of Branch 26, on the part of himself and brothers, who were naturally much affected by his unexpected death.

Be it further resolved,—That a copy of this minute and a letter of condolence be sent to his afflicted wife and children, and that copies be also sent to the Catholic press, also that our charter be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days.

A NEW CONVENT BUILDING AT KINGSTON.

THE CORNER-STONE LAID BY ARCHBISHOP CLEARY.

From our own Correspondent. Kingston, Sept. 20.—The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre-Dame, are erecting a fine new convent building at Kingston, Ont., as an addition to their

present large house. The new building will be 60x45 feet with a kitchen and laundry extension. It will be three stories high, with a spacious basement 8 feet deep, having for a floor the solid flat rock and will be used as a playground by the pupils in bad weather. The ground floor will be devoted to a chapel, boarders' dining room, kitchen, laundry, etc.; the second story will have class and community rooms, infirmary, bed rooms, etc.; and the top story will have a large music hall to be used as a musical studio and for closing exercises of the pupils. The building will be constructed of rock faced limestone with fine-cut stone trimmings and will have an imposing appearance; it will be heated by hot water and will be complete with modern conveniences and will be a great addition to the boarding-school and residence departments of the institution. The corner-stone was blessed with imposing ceremonies last Thursday evening, 16th, by His Grace Archbishop Cleary, assisted by a large number of his priests.

The plans for the building were prepared by Mr. Henry Smith, a young Kingston architect, who has designed a handsome and comfortable building for the use of the Sisters in their good work.

The Archbishop and The School Children.

On Monday, the 13th inst., at the request of His Grace, Mgr. Bruchesi, the boys from all the Catholic schools of the city, to the number of about thirteen thousand, assembled in the Church of Notre Dame at three o'clock in the afternoon. The object of the assembly was to implore the blessing of Heaven upon the children during the present school year,—to hear words of advice and counsel from his Grace, and to receive his apostolic benediction.

The spacious temple, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, was filled to its utmost capacity. The ceremony was one of the most touching and beautifully impressive that had ever taken place there. The presence of so many children, bowed in profound and reverential silence, listening to the eloquent words of His Grace,—the grand celestial altar artistically illuminated with thousands of tapers and sub-merged electric lights,—the impressive music of the grand organ, the soft, sweet, well-trained voices of the immense choir of boys, aided and augmented by the voices of those in the body of the church,—the appropriate and beautiful address, delivered in both languages, by the young Archbishop of whom Montreal feels justly so proud,—all formed a scene of solemn and impressive grandeur long to be remembered by those who beheld it.

At the beginning of the ceremony, just after the clergy and sanctuary boys had filed into their respective places, two addresses, one in French and one in English, were presented to His Grace. The latter was read by Edgar T. Reynolds, a pupil of the Catholic Commercial Academy, and was as follows:—

To His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop Bruchesi: May it please Your Grace,—We, the English-speaking pupils of the Montreal Catholic schools, beg to approach Your Grace to offer you the homage of our profound respect and devotion, and to congratulate you on your elevation to a principality in the Church. The position of Archbishop of the diocese of Montreal is exalted beyond all else by the sacred nature of the office itself; but it is also renowned by the fame of the great and saintly prelates who preceded Your Grace in the episcopal chair.

Chosen, as was Your Grace, under the most auspicious circumstances, and at a time when the diocese possessed several men of great mark and ability, it was no trifling commendation to be selected by the Holy See as the one "most worthy" of promotion to the exalted dignity. Never before was an appointment made to an office which caused more joy, or gave greater satisfaction to the people at large. The hierarchy, the priesthood, the religious orders of both sexes, the laity without distinction of class, hailed the event as one of God's special gifts, through His Sacred Heart, to our community.

In this universal rejoicing, the English speaking Catholic school boys claimed, and took a distributive share. Nor is this to be wondered at when we recall your interest in the welfare of the young, and your devotion to the cause of education in this Province and City. Your distinguished services as Education Commissioner to the Chicago Exposition, as member of the Council of Public Instruction, as President of the Montreal School Board,—the impartiality and courtesy with which you treated the different school authorities, whether lay or religious,—all place us under a deep debt of gratitude to Your Grace, and afford us reason to hope that, in your new sphere, you will be no less friendly disposed towards us in the future than you have been in the past.

On our part, we can assure Your Grace, that, among your many faithful subjects, there are none who will prove to be more docile to your injunctions, more submissive to your authority, or more loyal to our Holy Church and its pastors, than we who have now the honor of addressing you. Earnestly begging Your Grace's benediction upon ourselves and our confreres, upon our parents and teachers, we pray that Divine Providence may grant to Your Grace length of days, wisdom and strength to guide the destinies of this great and growing diocese, and to extend the Kingdom of Christ and His glory upon earth.

We are, Your Grace's faithful children of the MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Montreal, Sept. 13th, 1897.

The world's annual brew of beer is more than 17,700,000,000 quarts. Germany leads with 5,000,000,000 quarts; the United Kingdom is second, with 4,700,000,000 quarts, and the United States third, with 3,200,000,000 quarts. Russia is at the foot of the list, with about 400,000,000 quarts. Vodka is more to the taste of the Cossack.

JUBILEE OF SORROW.

illuminated the history of any religious community in any land. (Applause.) This occasion was sad, but it was not without its seal of triumph. An all-directing Providence had its design in sending an army of two million of people from the land of their fathers to a new country. Theirs was a mission of evangelisation and of civilization. The people had groaned under the penal laws for centuries. Their priests had been persecuted; their religion was under the ban, and their language was almost stamped out, for the schoolmaster had fallen under the law's proscription. O'Connell, the liberator, had been given to them. He caused the shackles to fall from the limbs and the consciences of the people, and for twenty years they had lived under comparatively free institutions. It was at that time that speaking the language of the conqueror they were prepared for a different condition than that designed for them by the statesmanship that had ground them down. That grand army started upon its mission. Those beside whose graves they stood to-day were the fallen heroes of its march. They wept over their fall, but what had the army itself achieved? Look first to the other side of the line in the neighboring republic. Men of their race were not only priests and bishops, but archbishops and even cardinals, whilst an Irish Catholic Mr. McKenna has won for himself the position of chief legal adviser in the cabinet of President McKinley. They had won their way in every rank of life, and when the dark days of secession came tens of thousands, under Sheridan and Mesgher and others, had died for the preservation of the Union that had given them a welcome and protection in the hour of their need. If we look at our happy Canadian home what do we find? Turn to the historic picture of our confederation and there you will see the Welnalas and the McCrees presiding over the birth of our new Canadian nationality never to be forgotten by a faithful country. (Applause.) In Toronto the venerable and eloquent Archbishop Walsh there presides, at Kingston we have the scholarly Archbishop Cleary. We can point to London, Hamilton and Peterboro and other places, and travelling down to the Atlantic coast we find Archbishop O'Brien by his seal and splendid attainments casting new lustre on an already distinguished name. It had been said in some quarters that our people in this city had forgotten their duty. Not so. They had been true to their mission. Did they want monuments? Then look at the churches they had built and embellished, St. Patrick's and St. Ann's, St. Mary's and St. Gabriel's and St. Anthony's, St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and St. Bridget's Refuge, all these testified that the people had not withheld the generous hand from the sacred causes of religion or charity. The idea had been put forth that the fallen heroes of 1847 should have a monument. They might not consider the spot where they stood in any way suitable, but if the remains could be transferred to the Cote de Neiges Cemetery, then, as the patriots of 1837 and 1838 had their monumental shaft, so might our brethren have theirs in that consecrated ground, and let it be something worthy of the commemoration. (Applause.) Mention had been made of another impending famine. They all prayed that such a calamity might be averted, but should it become alarmingly threatening, then the men of the race in America and Australia would not tarry in answering any appeal. Many things had been said to strengthen the bonds of friendship amongst all creeds and classes in this happy Canadian land that day. The Irish race in this country wished to be loyal to their happy home and live in amity with all men. They shed a tear over the graves of their departed kinsmen; their love of the old land would never diminish, but in such manifestations there was nothing that detracted from the performance of their whole duty to the land they lived in. As for the heroes who sleep their last sleep in the small enclosure beside which they stood, they had fallen in a worthy cause, and their memories would be ever green in the hearts of their fellow countrymen. (Prolonged applause.)

Closing of the Ceremony.

A short address by Dr. Devlin brought the ceremony to a close. Dr. Devlin, in the course of his remarks, expressed his appreciation of the sentiment that the future might see a monument raised to the memory of the departed on that spot, that they might all look upon with pride and pleasure. He believed that the names of the unfortunate people who were there buried were perpetuated all over this country, as well as in Ireland, and he thought that in raising such a monument to the memory of those men they were only enhancing the reputation

of the Irish people, not only of this city and Dominion, but of the Irish race the world over. (Applause.) The procession then reformed in the order in which it had come, and the gathering dispersed. Captain Pannell, of No. 7 Police Station, with a detachment of 24 policemen acted as a guard of honor.

MISEREERE DOMINE.

Have pity on me, O Lord, have pity on me, at least you my friends for the hand, me.—Job xix, 21. Father and God, from our most souls, ascends our prayer to Thee, O Domine. Requiem eternam, Misereere, ut in that stricken band, Who sought a home, but found a grave, in our fair Canadian land. Only a grave—in the slime that's in the bottom gate of the West. Ah! Thou, who knowest what our sufferings were, grant their souls eternal rest. These cruel laws, by tyrants framed, their souls to die. A far from kindred, home and friends, a death a stranger sky. By famine scourged, by fever fed, despair in each heart's eye. In one vast grave six thousand rest, till time shall be no more. There was one with its crown of silver hair, she was youth and golden prime, and childhood's fondest sunny glance, with a laugh like the joy-lit chime. All fell alike in the fever plague, that raced with a deadly power. And those who watched by their dying beds will never forget that hour. Ah! rulers cruel in your might, think on your work, and dread. The final day of reckoning, when the grave gives back its dead. And the restless sea,—at the "Angel's call," restore from its vast embrace, The countless hosts of the dead therein, to stand before "His Face." All God of Mercy, God of Might, still, still we cry to Thee, Requiem eternam, Misereere Domine. AGNES HEAVY.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA,

1666 Notre Dame Street, Montreal. Distributions every Wednesday. Value of prizes ranging from \$2 to \$20.00. Tickets 10 cents. In old pastures in England the worms are estimated at 22,000 to the acre, and as many as 54,000 in richly-cultivated gardens. The number of worms in the rich pasture lands, near Auckland, New Zealand, is estimated at from 400,000 to 800,000 to the acre. Were it not for the earthworms soils would become barren, and half the world would die of starvation.

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We have 5 different patterns equally assigned which we will close out at \$4.95 each. Special values in all lines of Furniture for the balance of this month. We will store your purchases free till wanted.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 Craig Street.

Everybody Now Admits That the Tide has Turned AND BUSINESS IS IMPROVING DAILY.

We have been claiming this all along in spite of the army of crackers, now well nigh silenced. We know that from the first day of last May there has been no let up with us. Slowly, Steadily and Surely, with the advancing tide, our sales have been on the increase every day, every week and every month. We propose to keep it up without break, or breath, or pause, until the 31st day of December next, so as to make this OUR BANNER YEAR. Pure Goods, honest, clean and appetizing, tell the tale.

FRASER, VIGER & CO.

500 Pails New Season's Jam. 7 POUNDS EACH.

Received into store yesterday—Raspberry, Strawberry, Peach, Damson and Gooseberry. All at 50 cents per pail. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

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We offer 100 cases Mariani Wine at \$1.00 per bottle, \$10.00 per case of 1 dozen bottles.

Perfection Scotch Whisky. 20-Year-Old Whisky.

Try a case of Perfection Scotch Whisky, \$1.25 per bottle, \$12 per case.

IF YOU HAVE NOT TRIED LONDONDERRY,

that famous old water from the "Granite Hills" you should lose no time in doing so. The most popular water in the world for the CLIBB, the TABLE, or the victim of any uric acid trouble. STILL OR SPARKLING. FRASER, VIGER & CO., Agents.

PEA MEAL BONELESS BREAKFAST BACON.

Also Ferris' New York Sugar Cured Hams and Ferris', New York, Sugar Cured Boneless Breakfast Bacon.

Armour's Chicago Star Hams. Finest Wiltshire (English), Genuine Imported Bacon. Lawry's, Hamilton, Ont., and Fearman's, Hamilton, Ont., SUGAR CURED HAMS AND BACON.

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Made That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but in thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures, absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat

Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, etc.

# WOMAN'S WORLD.

## THE FASHIONS.

Some of the very smart for garments says a writer in the N. Y. Post, for the coming season have a frilling of rich lace arranged inside of the collar, with ruffles to match at the edge of the flaring sleeve-cuffs.

Gray gowns and gray skirts of handsome material, with pretty silk fancy waist in suite, will be worn all the season by both matron and maiden. Many of these gray gowns are relieved by trimmings of white or soft daffodil yellow but little deeper than cream color. Canvas, Henrietta cloth, tannin, drap d'ete, and similar light flexible woollens in these neutral tones are made use of, and gimps, narrow frills, braiding, and rows of ribbon, either satin, faille, or velvet, are the chosen trimmings.

French coats of smooth finished satin cloth, to wear with various dresses, come in dark shades of russet brown, Russian green, several handsome shades of blue, many tints in light neutral colors, and the always fashionable black. Among the models is one of Russian-green cloth, with the upper portion trimmed with velvet and richly jetted applique ornaments. A broad bias band of black velvet encircles the waist. Another detail of many of the new coats is the oddly shaped revers collar, and also the fastening of the garment up the left side from neck to jacket-edge, with narrow fur bands as a finish, with braiding or passementerie beyond the fur, and sometimes this trimming is repeated on the opposite side, but more frequently one side is left undecorated.

Very pretty models for small shoulder capes are brought out, some of which have the long graceful stole ends on the front that fall low on the dress skirt. Velvet, corded silk, and moire are used for these little wraps, but fabrics matching the street gown are likewise very fashionable. It all depends on the uses to which the garment is to be put, in making the selection. Of course, it is always necessary to have at least one utility costume—cape, short jacket, or longer coat included—which will prove suitable when a silk or velvet one would look most inappropriate.

Parisian designers seem to be taking special delight just now in ribbon trimmings of all kinds, and among other patterns bright tartans are made use of on gowns of cerise and flax-colored cashmeres and etamines, and gray and fawn-colored serges, mohairs, and silk and wool reps. Paquin, Doucet, and Sara Meyer have also sent out some black canvas gowns for elegant autumn wear, made over coquely tartan taffetas, with elegant bead garnitures on the bodice in colors reproducing those in the plaided underdress. These passementeries are wrought on net, and there are special neck, girdle, and sleeve designs.

A number of cloth capes for early autumn lap across the front like a double-breasted coat, and fasten with two or three large handsome buttons. This style of cape has small revers also, and is slightly pointed front and back, and rather short on the sides.

A very pretty toilet of soft dove-gray repped silk trimmed with current red velvet and accented with pleatings of gray mousseline de soie was worn recently by a very lovely young girl with brown hair and eyes and a lily-and-rose complexion. The sleeve puffs were of the velvet, with frills of the gray silk muslin falling above them. There was also a full front and a neck ruche of the same, with a cluster of pink roses at one side.

To accompany the new very hand some black velvet bonnets and hats, decorated with sable plumes, are black velvet jackets, capes, peleries with long scarf fronts, and costume cloaks made much like a princess dress, but with elegant shoulder trimmings that give it a street air. In all the endless category of fabrics, there is none so universally becoming as velvet. Women—and their name is legion—who cannot wear other blacks successfully, choose black velvet without hesitation for either wraps, gowns, or accessories. The dresses of velvet they relieve with rich creamy laces if the complexion is florid or pallid, or to either of these types unrelieved lustrous black is far from being complimentary.

The first autumn hats and bonnets in colors are darker tones of the oddly braided gay-hued styles that have been so popular all summer. The iris, violet, and periwinkle shades are repeated, the various dyes in green and brown straw, and these and other showy colors will rival the black models that are to usurp no small portion of the domain of autumn fashions in millinery, and wholly black trimmings will rule very largely to the exclusion of the mass of color that has so predominated for seasons past. There will be great use of large, broad, fluffy ostrich plumes, with little or no use on hats of real elegance of the little stark, stiff, stuffed, tri-colored effigies with dyed beaks and legs, bead eyes, and wired wings that have so long been looked upon as an essential decoration of all fashionable hats.

## THE HOUSEHOLD.

There is danger to the health in the use of tea to preserve the heat of the afternoon teapot. The menace lies in the ill-effects of the overdrawn tea. It should be made fresh often with freshly boiled water and poured off into a second, previously heated, teapot. A thorough stir with a silver spoon should be given when the tea is first made. Two small, teaspoons of some scented tea may be

added, if liked, as it usually is, to four of that generally used. The addition does not lend much strength, but it varies the flavor and imparts a pleasant perfume.

A quarter of a century ago most provincial dining-rooms of the better sort were more or less adorned by sundry "fruit-dishes," as they were called, of white china, bearing a stiffly arranged and gorgeous floral device on the centre of each plate. It is curious to see precisely such dishes with exactly such ornamentation among the novelties in tableware now offered for sale. Whoever has preserved, for the sake of association, her mother's fruit-dish has "the latest thing" upon her sideboard.

Once upon a time to hear of a bead lamp-shade would have aroused a smile. But we have changed all that nowadays. We understand that from the most unpromising materials may be evolved enchanting results. Bead shades are a fad of the hour, and very curiously are they wrought, of the palest colors, in quaint, overlapping, palm-leaf designs. The empire shade is another new design. This is made of soft-tinted China silk, painted with medallions of Napoleon's head, of Josephine's, of Maria Louise's, and with the Bonaparte crest, each one surrounded by a laurel wreath. An odd shape is seen in still another shade. It looks much like an enormous poke-bonnet, of shirred silk, the scoop projecting to throw the light where it is needed in one spot, while the correspondingly short opposite side leaves a shadow. The light and shade may, of course, be varied, as is wished, by the turning about of the metal frame underneath.

Helen Campbell says that poor food, untidy homes, and lack of proper sanitation are the principal causes of the drink habit among the lower classes. She contends that temperance workers may most effectively gain their point by teaching the poor how to buy and prepare food, and how to keep their homes in decency and order. After her years of work among them, Mrs. Campbell should certainly know the people of whom she speaks. Another authority says that men have often told him that a plentiful supply of ice-water, during the hot months, had kept them away from saloons.

For the preservation of worm-eaten furniture a slight painting over the surface is recommended with either the best copal or carriage varnish which is colorless. Care must be exercised that the material used penetrates every tiniest hole.

A spider-leg oval table, with drop flaps, is admirable for use in a small dining room, as in that of a little apartment, where every inch of space must be considered. The table will occupy very limited room when the sides are lowered, and will look far less cumbersome and more in keeping with the other furniture than one of the ordinary size and form. Six persons generally may be seated at it very comfortably when spread.

A variety of knives is an absolute necessity by no means always to be found, even in very well-appointed kitchens. Quite different sorts of blades are required for the trimming of fillets, cutlets, etc., or for peeling vegetables, while for slicing cucumbers, for instance, a small knife is best which has a blade so constructed that it determines the thickness of the slice. A full set of working knives should be at hand for every cook, of whom the best work can scarcely, in fairness, be asked, if perfection in utensils be not provided.

For the library table or for the desk blotting-paper should be secured either in white or in gray. These are the prettiest tints, and, moreover, serve the purpose most perfectly. Pink blotters, for example, spread the ink and are spongy, so experience has proven.

Copper and other shining metals should never be allowed to remain in a dimmed and grimy condition, but should be promptly dealt with as soon as soiled. A mixture of bran, salt, and vinegar is excellent for brightening copper. For brass there is nothing so good as constant rubbing, or, as our Anglican sisters call the operation, "leathering." Whiteness, made to a paste with vinegar, is a good polish for brass, but it is said that all polishes remove the lacquer, and when this is done the metal is sure to tarnish.

## WHAT TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS.

Self-reliance. To make bread. To add up bills. To wear thick, warm shoes. To wash and iron clothes. To make their own dresses. To cook a good meal. To darn stockings and sew on buttons. Every day, dry, hard common sense. To say "No," and mean it, or "Yes," and stick to it. To wear calico dresses and do it like Queens. A good, substantial, common school education. That a good, rosy romp is worth fifty convulsives. To regard the morals and not the money of their beaux. All the mysteries of the kitchen, dining room and parlor. That the more one lives within his income the more he will save.

## OVERCOMING THE STOOP.

Many growing girls, especially those tall for their age, are inclined to stoop, and well-meaning persons often advi-

cate the use of braces or shoulder straps as a means of correcting this. The braces may force an upright carriage, but they do not give the wearer any means of maintaining it, since they prevent the exercise of those muscles which should be trained to produce an erect figure. Any exercise which strengthens the muscles of back and shoulders will aid in correcting this defect. Tennis, handball, shuttlecock and battledore or even a vigorous game with bean bags are all excellent for this purpose. Old-fashioned mothers used to drill their stooping daughters in walking with a plate carried on the head, and this is really a good practice. High pillows and very soft mattresses are blamed as an aid in producing this defect, and without doubt a flat, rather hard bed, with low pillow, is preferable for growing children. A stooping, awkward walk detracts so much from the appearance that there is every reason to avoid it, apart from the bad effect it exercises on the physical condition.

## NO OLD MAIDS AT FORTY.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

In the court of Judge Hulsey Misses Annie and Lillie Cunningham made application several days ago for a homestead. Their property, it was claimed, had been mortgaged and the opposition said a judgment was about to be levied on the property, which the plaintiffs exempted. The basis upon which the application was made for a homestead consisted of several grounds. The ladies stated to the court in their petition that they were aged. They said they are forty-two and forty-three years old respectively; that they are dependent upon their own efforts for a support, and they claimed they were entitled to have the portion of their property exempted under the Homestead law. In his argument Mr. Everett quoted the definition of the word "aged" as given by Noah Webster. The definition is as follows: "Aged—Old; having lived long; having lived almost the usual time allotted that species of being; applied to animals or plants; as an aged man or an aged oak."

Mr. Everett stated that if a man's allotted time on earth was threecore and ten, he was not aged until he was almost through his years, and until he was at least sixty-five or seventy years of age. He took the position that neither of the ladies was aged because she had reached the age of forty years.

The decision of Judge Hulsey sustained the demurrers upon three grounds. He decided that they were not aged, as they so stated in their petition; he said they were neither dependent upon themselves under the statutes of the code. If they were dependent, he said, all other ladies were dependent as well, which could not be true. His last ground for sustaining the demurrers was that no schedule of personal property was filed as the law requires. The decision is most assuredly unique in its nature, and it is probably the first time that this particular question has ever been decided.

## BACHELOR POLITICIANS.

How the Woman's Rescue League Retaliation Strikes a Gotham Woman.

Between the plots of designing tax gatherers and woman's leagues, the poor bachelors are having a lively time in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The following letter addressed to the Times, coming, as it does, from a woman, is worthy of some consideration:—

We were greatly edified but somewhat startled to read in the issue of the Times for Sept. 6 a resolution passed by the Woman's Rescue League (appalling name) of Boston, on the "American Bachelor Politician." We had no idea two such unique evils existed. Our sympathies, we confess, are all with the bachelor politician. To be taken in hand by one typical Boston woman is alarming, but a league of them? We shudder at the idea.

The American bachelor politician, we are told, "shirks his duty to the human family when he fails to provide a home for some good woman before he engages in the profession of politics." This is a trifle ambiguous to the Gotham mind, but Boston, we dare say, understands.

What does the Woman's Rescue League mean by a good woman? There is such a variety of the species. Is it a religious or an amiable woman? (the two are by no means synonymous.) A club-woman or one who discreetly stays at home—the type St. Paul approved. Must she know her Ibsen and Browning, or will the Pilgrim Father ancestry be sufficient? A bachelor politician one can see, now that one's mind is enlightened, requires such a different good woman from the ordinary man. Must she be his wife, we wonder? The Rescue League does not say, or would it answer to "provide a home" for some good mother or sister or maiden aunt even?

"The bachelor politician is not to be trusted after he has entered the political arena, in which temptations surround him on all sides. Modern society has given him too much latitude by ignoring his private life."

We suppose in our ignorance that the essential thing in a politician was to be blameless in his public career; that his personal affairs did not belong to the community in general. We were mistaken, it appears, if not actually criminal, in holding such lax views. The ordinary bachelor's private life is of no account apparently, but the political Benedict must be careful how he stands.

We think the position of the good woman no sinecure. She is to shield the politician from the numerous pitfalls that strew his path, but who, pray, is to protect her, since the politician "cannot

be trusted"? If it were a Boston good woman, we know she would be amply capable of looking after the politician and herself besides, but for some hidden reason the New York State bachelor politician, as those of Massachusetts are to be included in the category of those "ineligible to hold public office" by the Woman's Rescue League. The remaining States appear to have a good record, so far as their unmarried politicians are concerned, and are exempt from the purifying efforts of the Rescue League and the good woman.

The congratulations to a Boston Mayor on his approaching marriage must leave him grateful to the league, but why, when he has made himself fit for the "political arena," should the Rescue League "recommend a two years' vacation for him from political life"? Can it be, after all, that politics and the good woman may not agree? Must the political aspirant run away from one or the other of them? In that case, we know which he would choose.

## The Only English Pope.

The "Old Pretender," the "Young Pretender," and the Cardinal Duke of York—James III., Charles, Edward and Henry, the last scions of the hapless Stuart race, whose beautiful marble monument is in the church above, lies here in peace at last. Rome was kind indeed to these royal exiles, for she gave them a shelter here in life when all things earthly failed them, and in death a sepulchre close to the Prince of the Apostles.

"Sic transit gloria mundi" is our reflection as we turn away from the ashes of those whose lives, despite their exalted station, were one long struggle against the adverse fate which pursued them even to the confines of eternity. Passing still more rows of massive sepulchres, where the remains of many a Pope and Emperor repose, we come to a halt before the sarcophagus which once contained the body of the famous Borgia Pope, Alexander VI. It is a huge stone sarcophagus, with a full length recumbent statue of the Pontiff upon it, clad in pontifical vestments; and we gaze with interest on the strong, clear-cut features of the man upon whom posterity has heaped such obloquy—let us hope much of it undeserved and exaggerated by the bitter hate of enemies and the lapse of time! During the Pontificate of Pope Sixtus V. and Paul V. the body of Alexander VI. was removed from its sepulchre in St. Peter's, and buried first in the Spanish Church of St. Giacomo, then transferred to Santa Maria in Monserrato, where it still rests.

A little further on we see the sarcophagus of a queen and royal convert, Christina of Sweden, daughter of King Gustavus Adolphus, who died in Rome in the year 1689.

Our attention is brimming over with importance now as we pause beside an enormous sarcophagus of red granite to say with the utmost triumph: "Il unico Papa Inglese" (the only English Pope) "Break his Spear." And we recognize that it is the tomb which we have often looked forward to seeing—that of Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear) who occupied the chair of St. Peter in the twelfth century for five years, being the only Englishman upon whom this dignity has ever been conferred. We look with particular interest on the colossal granite tomb which contains the remains of the only English Pope, and it seems strange to think that one who had been Bishop of St. Albans, the see of the first English martyr, should in after years be the first English Pontiff and ruler of the Universal Church.—Catholic World.

## TIRED, NERVOUS, SLEEPLESS.

Men and women—how gratefully they write about Hood's Sarsaparilla. Once helpless and discouraged, having lost all faith in medicines, now in good health and "able to do my own work," because Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to enrich and purify the blood and make the weak strong—this is the experience of a host of people.

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## AN INVETERATE SMOKER.

Ernest Augustus, King of Hanover, could not endure the scent of tobacco, and his private secretary, General Von Doring, who was a slave to the weed, as most military men in Germany are, was hard put to it to indulge himself and yet not offend the King. This was his method of fumigating:—

Half-past nine was the General's hour of morning attendance. Five minutes before that time three servants stood in the passage leading to the ante-room. One held an old horse soldier's cloak with a slit behind; one held a red-hot shovel with a long handle like a warming pan; and one was there to hold the papers and take the pipe which the General smoked down the passage to the very last moment. Number one then covered the old secretary's shoulders with the threadbare and stained cloak, which had gone through the Peninsula War, and which was now buckled tight round his neck. Number two poured some incense into the hot shovel, and inserted it between the General's legs through the slit in the cloak behind. The process was continued for a minute or two till the old man was nearly stifled. Then he threw off his cloak, seized his papers and letters from number three, and rushed steaming into the King's presence as the various clocks struck the half-hour.

A western paper tells the story of a mixed brood of children which reveals the confusion liable to exist in certain families.

A widower and a widow, each having children, married, and children were subsequently born to them. The parents agreed much better than the children did. One day a neighbor going past their place heard a commotion within, out of which rose the voice of the wife, screaming to the husband:— "Jim! Jim! Hurry out in the yard! Your children and my children are beating the lives out of our children!"

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## IN LIGHTER VEIN.

"What course should a lawyer pursue when called on to defend a man whom he knows to be guilty?" asked the examiner of the New Lexington applicant. The examiner scratched his head a moment and answered: "Charge him double, of course."

Statistical.—"Before a man is 30 he falls in love with every pretty girl he looks at."  
"Yes."  
"And after he is 30 he falls in love with every pretty girl who looks at him."

The Proper Background.—"Your new clergyman is so doleful in the pulpit."  
"Yes; but he looks perfectly lovely at a funeral."

A lawyer who makes a specialty of patent business, no matter just where his office is located, was called to the further West in a case involving a mortgage on a farm. The preliminary hearing was before an old-fashioned justice of the peace, who had no high regard for the ways of men from the city. At some point in the case the magistrate put in a few remarks and the visiting lawyer collided with him. The discussion grew warm, and at last the magistrate, forgetting his dignity and position, became personal.

"Who are you, anyway?" he blurted out.  
"Well," replied the lawyer, "I'm an attorney."  
"I'm a patent attorney."  
The magistrate rubbed his chin for a moment.  
"Well, all I've got to say is," he said slowly, "that when the patent expires I don't believe you can ever get it renewed again."

One day recently in a Dundee school the teacher was examining the class in history, and asked one of the boys, "How did Charles I. die?" The boy paused for a moment, and one of the other lads, by way of prompting him, put his hand up to his collar to signify decapitation. Boy No. 1 at once grasped, as he thought, his friend's meaning, and exclaimed to the great amusement of the class: "Please, sir, he died of cholera!"

"I suppose you will support the bride on her way up the aisle." It was the bridegroom elect who asked the question. He was discussing the details of the ceremony with his father-in-law elect. The latter replied: "Yes, I suppose I will have to do that, but I want it distinctly understood that I cease supporting her the minute the ceremony is over; then it will be your turn."

## Rats on Ships.

Some years ago, as an east coast collier was going up the Thames, a bargeman gave a warning shout, and on looking over the side sailors saw a rat with its head out of a small hole which it had gnawed in the side of the ship. It was lapping the water like a dog. The collier was beached at once to avoid swamping. It is probable that the bursting of one of these sipping places accounts for the strange stampedes of rats from doomed ships which forms a fixed tradition of the sea. Quite recently an old man died in a Yorkshire seacoast town, who, when a lad in his teens, was the sole survivor from the miseries of a water-logged ship. For more than two weeks the crew lived on the tops in huts of sails, with no water to drink but the dew they lapped from the masts and yards. As they were unmooring from New York on their fatal voyage, the rats with which the ship swarmed began to troop out in such numbers that they stopped hauling in the cable to let them pass. Stampedes, of course, take place for reasons known only to the rats themselves. As a Clyde schooner lay moored in a West Indian harbour next to a brig infested with rats, the crew was startled one day by a shout from the captain of the brig, "See what a brood I am sending you," and, looking over the side, they saw a stream of rats swimming their way in Indian file from the brig to the schooner. The sailors immediately pulled up all the loose ropes hanging over the sides, and stationed themselves with sticks and belaying pins in the fore and main chains, while two of the apprentices got into the boat and attacked the rats in the water—the rats with wonderful instinct and skill diving to avoid the blows.

"And now," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "is the time of year when the college graduate gets on the rostrum and utters great thoughts—thoughts, in fact, that have been thought by the greatest thinkers."—Indianapolis Journal.

His Experience.—"When I start out to buy a \$2 shoe," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "I generally find I get the best bargain by paying \$2 for the other shoe also."—Chicago Tribune.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

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# THE PRAYERS THAT SAVE.

[BY C. H. GALLAGHER.]

IT was six o'clock on a cold, raw evening in December. Business was over for the day in the offices of Weston, Davis & Co., and Mary Russell, the little typewriter employed by the firm, left the Equitable Building and started on a rapid walk up Calvert Street. Her right hand, which was hidden in the pocket of her coat, clasped a rosary, and as she hurried along, her mind was filled with thoughts of the morrow and the happiness it would bring, for to-morrow would be the first Friday of the month, that holy, happy day, so full of joy and peace. How dearly she loved it all!—the Communion of Reparation, made in the solemn stillness of the early morning, when the Divine Guest came to her in love and mercy, filling her soul with such a heavenly sweetness that at times she felt her heart could not contain its joy; at noon also, when she had her hour off for luncheon, what happiness it was to slip into the church (for St. Ignatius' was not far from her office) and spend a quarter of an hour before the Blessed Sacrament, pouring out the inmost thoughts of her heart to the loving Heart of Jesus, and gaining such comfort and peace as the world cannot give; then at night the devotion of the League of the Sacred Heart, the prayers, and best of all, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Ah, how beautiful all this was! As she thought of it she quickened her steps, for she wanted to get to the church as soon as possible so that she might have time to go to confession before returning home to supper, and also to think over the special intention for which she would offer her Communion the following morning.

Just at that moment she came to a brilliantly lighted saloon, and as she was passing the door, a man approached from the opposite direction with an unsteady gait and an unmistakable air of dissipation. As they met, he accidentally brushed clumsily against her, pushing her roughly out towards the curbstone, and then disappeared behind the swinging door of the saloon. Mary, much alarmed, grasped her beads tighter and hurried on, murmuring a prayer for the poor creature, who was evidently a slave of the demon of intemperance. She soon reached the church, and, after examining her conscience, was fortunate enough to find her own confessor disengaged.

Her confession ended, she knelt again in the quiet church, and after saying her penance her thoughts returned to the encounter she had just experienced. Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the inspiration came to her, "I will offer my Communion to-morrow for that poor soul," and then, offering a short but fervent prayer for the conversion of the wretched wanderer, she left the church. Friday was a cold, dreary day. A heavy snow had fallen during the night, and now, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a biting wind blowing fiercely over the frozen ground cut the faces of the pedestrians like whips of fine steel wires.

Arthur Everson, the man who had so frightened Mary Russell on the previous night, was battling against the fierce wind as he walked slowly up Calvert street. His shabby, dilapidated hat was pulled low on his forehead, and his threadbare coat was fastened together over his chest as closely as the few remaining buttons would allow. He was ragged, miserable, and disreputable, and no one who met him would ever dream that this forlorn object was a college graduate, and had been in days gone by one of the most brilliant and popular fellows in his class.

He was a sad story, but one, alas, only too common. Coming into possession of a considerable fortune at the death of his father a few years ago, he at once decided to "see the world" and enjoy himself to the utmost. A bright, genial temperament, combined with his ample means, soon attracted to him a circle of congenial spirits, many of them his recent college mates, and soon the cup of pleasure was quaffed to its dregs. Always generous and open-handed, his purse was often called into requisition to assist his friends out of their many difficulties, "debts of honor," etc., and these demands, together with his own lavish expenditures, soon wasted his inheritance, and at the end of three years he was almost penniless.

With the loss of his money came naturally the loss of his so-called friends, and the practice of heavy drinking, which he had at first taken up in a merely convivial spirit, now became a

fixed habit which daily and hourly fastened itself more firmly upon him. His downward career was sure and rapid; each month, nay, each week, each day, found him lower than the preceding one; and, at the time of our story, he had almost reached the lowest stage of degradation. For several days he had scarcely tasted food, but had spent his last dollar (won at the gambling table) in drink at the saloon into which Mary Russell had seen him going the night before.

And now, his money all gone, his friends faithless, and his once magnificent constitution almost wrecked, Arthur Everson was indeed a pitiable sight. A deep depression had settled upon him, and as he struggled along in the face of the wintry gale, his mind was filled with sad and bitter thoughts. His past seemed to rise before his mental vision with a painful clearness. He remembered as though it were yesterday his graduation day and the many honors it brought him—the congratulations of the professors, the bright predictions of his friends, his own high hopes and aims and resolutions. Next came his father's death, and the acquisition of (what was to him) an ample fortune, bringing with it so many possibilities of pleasure to be tasted before the real burden of life should be taken up. Then began a wild and reckless career; a career which, at first, gave him a false and fictitious enjoyment, but which in time pallid upon him. Still, he endeavored to get what amusement he could out of it, but almost before he was aware of it himself, his money was squandered and his friends gone. Disgusted with the world and with himself, he resorted more and more to strong drink, in which he vainly strove to drown the thoughts of his folly and wrongdoing.

At the present time Arthur Everson had reached a state of desperate nervous depression. As he walked along the street with his head bent and his eyes on the ground, his mind was filled with gloomy, reckless thoughts. What was left to make life even bearable to him. Disgraced and impoverished as he was, was not death to be welcomed, nay, courted by such a miserable wretch as he? Well, it could not, should not, last much longer. A doctor had warned him a year ago that his heart was seriously affected, and that unless he changed his whole course of life, the end might come at any moment. The end! What did that mean? Was it really the end? Might it not be only the beginning of suffering even greater than he was enduring now? For years he had neglected every religious duty, putting from him as far as possible every thought of God, his own soul, and the necessary consequences of sin. The voice of conscience was stifled, and the man sank deeper and deeper into the mire of his evil habits. This afternoon, however, the doctor's words haunted him, and rang in his ears like a refrain—the end! the end! the end!

Just as he reached the corner of Calvert and Madison streets, the wind seemed to become almost a hurricane, and in his weakened condition he was unable to advance another step. Muttering to himself, "I can't stand this," he instinctively turned to the nearest refuge, the open door of St. Ignatius' Church, and before he had time to realize what he was doing, he was standing in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament. He sank into a pew near the door, panting and breathless after his struggle with the wind. But in a few moments every thought of cold and storm had vanished. Where was he, and what was going on? An intense stillness reigned in the church, although many worshippers were present, but all were absorbed in their devotions. The altar was brightly lighted; in the air was a faint, lingering perfume; and in a niche high above the tabernacle he saw a golden monstrance around which clustered countless burning candles.

For several moments Arthur Everson gazed wonderingly; but slowly there stole over his bewildered mind recollections of his earlier days, his happy past, of the college altar lighted and adorned as this one was, and to do honor to the same Guest; of a long line of boys kneeling at the railing to receive the Bread of Angels; and of one boy who knelt in the chapel long after the others had left, offering up his pure young heart to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. He fell on his knees and hid his face in his hands.

How long he knelt there he never remembered. Moments passed into hours, the twilight deepened, the lights burned more brightly in the gathering gloom, and still that bowed figure remained motionless. A mighty tempest raged within him; thoughts crowded thick and fast upon him like the billows of a great sea, flooding his inmost soul; but at last, just as the waves seemed closing over him, he lifted his head with a shivering gasp, as though struggling for breath, and his eyes rested on the monstrance.

In that glance the faith of his boyhood returned. Yes, there was the Good Shepherd from whom he had strayed so far, and yet who was calling him now to return to the safe shelter of the fold; there was the Sacred Heart, wounded so deeply by his sins and yet "burning with love" for him. As he gazed, his eyes filled with tears, tears of deep and true contrition. Every earthly friend had deserted him; those to whom he had shown the greatest kindness had treated him with basest ingratitude; and yet here was one Friend whom he had neglected, scorned and grieved, still waiting and watching for him, drawing him back with love and tenderness. Arthur Everson bowed his head on his folded arms and sobbed like a child.

Knelling in that far-away corner of the church he was suddenly aroused from his thoughts by a slight noise just behind him, and on looking round he saw a woman just leaving one of the confessionals. Not waiting for a moment he rose, left the pew, and presently was kneeling beside a priest. There in that solemn hour the man's very soul was laid before God's minister, and when at last the words of absolution fell from the lips of the priest, the burden of years rolled from the heart of Arthur Everson and fell into the mighty abyss of God's love and mercy.

When he lifted the little red curtain of the confessional and stepped out into the church again, he could scarcely realize that he was the same man who had entered that church only a few short

hours ago. The grace of the Sacrament of Penance was upon him, the sins of his whole life had been washed away in the precious blood of his Divine Redeemer, and hope and courage filled his heart. After kneeling again before the Blessed Sacrament to offer his thanksgiving to that dear Saviour who had guided his footsteps that day in such a wonderful manner, he turned to leave the church.

Just at the threshold a young girl who was entering dropped her rosary, and Arthur Everson involuntarily stooped, picked it up, and handed it to her. As she took it her eyes rested upon him, and with a start she recognized the man who had so frightened her on the previous night, and for whose reformation she had offered her Communion that morning. But, ah, what a change had taken place in his expression! Still shabby and forlorn in appearance, there was upon his face a look of one who had gone through a great mental struggle, but who had come out victorious. Astonished and amazed, Mary Russell could hardly believe the evidence of her eyes; but when she saw him, just before leaving the church, turn one long, earnest, grateful look towards the Blessed Sacrament, she felt instinctively that God had answered her prayer, and had touched with His grace the soul of the man before her.

During the beautiful service that followed, Mary Russell's heart was filled with a holy joy, and as the bell rang out clearly at the solemn moment of Benediction, she bowed her head low in the presence of God, and joined her thanksgiving with those of the angels over the "one sinner done penance."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

## The Bloodhound.

Probably no species of the dog family is so little understood as the bloodhound. While many traits are held by dogs in common, the bloodhound alone can perform the duties of a detective police by his scent. It is difficult to trace the finest specimens of this remarkable dog are to be found in England, as they are taught to excel all others in swiftness, spirit and endurance. A well formed bloodhound is usually about two feet high, with regular limbs, round feet of a moderate size, a wide breast, deep chest, a broad back and bushy tail. The head is rather small than otherwise, and the pepper colour a reddish tan.

In the old wars between England and Scotland—the days of Wallace and of Bruce—these dogs were much used. It is said that Bruce was repeatedly tracked by bloodhounds, and only escaped on one occasion by wading the distance of a bow shot down a brook, thus breaking the scent.

A sure way to stop a dog was to spill blood on his track. Wallace, with 16 followers, was once hotly pursued by the English with bloodhounds. One of his men refusing to go further, Wallace in anger struck off his head. The dogs came up and stopped where the bleeding body had fallen, and Wallace thus escaped capture.

The scent of these animals is very keen. As a recorded instance it is stated that their unerring instinct was once tested by allowing a man an hour's start, when, after a chase of one and a half hours, the hound ran up to a tree where the man was, 15 miles distant from the place of starting.

The Cuban bloodhound is very ferocious, and it is this breed that the southern planter probably used in pursuing his slaves. We are told that in the year 1795, when an insurrection was fiercely raging in Jamaica, 100 of these dogs were sent from Havana to quell it, and so terrific was their action at the sound of a gun that the maroons, or fugitive slaves, against whom they were to act, capitulated at once.

While we shudder at these stories let us not forget that the natural disposition of these dogs is very gentle; that they are faithful and attached to their masters, making excellent watchdogs and never showing the ferocity of their nature unless irritated. To man, then, we must attribute all the sorrows which these dogs have occasioned, and learn that the brute is only a brute when his lowest passions are brought out and exercised.

In the case of Keshbalkar, the editor, and Harmlaker, the proprietor and publisher of the "Maharani" newspaper, printed and published at Islamabad, in the Satara district, India, who were charged with publishing a seditious article on May 17th last, headed "Preparations for Becoming Independent," the judge, disagreeing with the assessors, found the prisoners guilty, sentencing the editor to transportation for life, and the publisher to seven years. There is an appeal to a superior court.

The London Tablet has the following story of the late King Victor Emanuel regarding the quality of the Irish hunter: "The description of the jumping of the Irish hunters at the Dublin Horse Show recalls the expression of admiration uttered by Victor Emanuel at a similar performance of one of the same stock. He had, strangely enough, entrusted to an Irish lady who, despite her sex, was one of the best living judges of a horse, the confidential commission of purchasing six horses for him in Ireland, and bringing them to Italy. So great was his im-

patience for their arrival, that after they had crossed the Alps he hurried, on the train from Turin to Florence by repeated telegrams to such an extent that the axes of the carriages caught fire, and the precious animals had a narrow escape of being cremated. When they safely arrived, and were produced for his inspection, his grand equerry described his amazement and admiration at the way they cleared the jumps by saying, 'He remained with his mouth open,' and exclaimed, 'It is not a horse, it is a bird.'"

## LOSS OF VOICE CURED.

A. M. CONGREGATION OF THE ASSUMPTION, Southbridge, Mass., March 17, 1893. Messrs. Roy Boire Drug Co.:—It is with pleasure that I certify having used Menthol Cough Syrup for loss of voice during three days. With two doses only it was found sufficient to completely restore the voice to its normal state. I cannot do otherwise than to offer you my felicitations.

Rev. Sister St. ANSELME, Superioress.

Menthol Cough Syrup is on sale everywhere; price 25c. per bottle.

## SAT UPON.

On one occasion, when a public reception was given to Daniel Webster at a hotel in Boston, a particularly obnoxious old office-seeker was introduced. The man flattered Webster until the great man was tired of him, and, hiding him good-bay, settled down heavily into the nearest chair. But the man, instead of passing on, lingered near, and seemed to have something still on his mind, though he looked very blissful. Webster observed this, and said, not very good-naturedly, "May I ask you, sir, if you want anything more of me?"

"Oh—oh, no," said the man, smirking; "—only, perhaps, I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inestimable honor to occupy the same chair with Daniel Webster."

Webster had, as a matter of fact, sat down on the man's tail heaver hat, and crushed it out of shape.

## EXCELLENT RESULTS.

MARSHFIELD, N. H. Messrs. Roy & Boire Drug Co.:—Gentlemen, I am happy to be able to state that I obtained excellent results in most every case where I prescribed Menthol Cough Syrup. It is a preparation pleasing to the taste and efficacious, and merits the confidence of the public.

E. SYLVAINE, M. D., 296 Elm Street.

Menthol Cough Syrup is on sale everywhere; price 25c. per bottle.

## REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

Women seem to think a bachelor has no business to know anything about them.

Most girls treat a man about the way they do a ribbon. When they take him off their necks they wind him around their fingers.

You can always tell how old a woman is by finding out whether she thinks a man is fascinating because he is wicked, or wicked because he is fascinating.

If Enoch Arden had come back and found that his wife hadn't got married, he would probably have gone to sea again.

The average old bachelor can never understand why, when their babies cry, the women don't throw them out into the alleys.

After Lady Godiva made her ride through Coventry, the people who saved most on the taxes were the first ones to count her dead.—N.Y. Press.

Menthol Soothing Syrup does not contain laudanum or paregoric, which is used in numerous other soothing syrups. Menthol Syrup is safe and efficacious for children.

Menthol Soothing Syrup is on sale everywhere; price 25c.

Belgian swindlers have been pasting thin transparent paper over the postage stamps they put on letters. The paper took the postmarks, leaving the stamps beneath uncancelled.

Menthol Cough Syrup is recommended by more physicians, for coughs and colds than all other remedies combined. Read carefully the circular accompanying each bottle, and you will be convinced.

Menthol Cough Syrup is on sale everywhere; price 25c. per bottle.

"The sloth," said the witty Dean of St. Paul's, "moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and in fact passes his life in suspense, like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop."

"Oh, we've got a splendid man to manage the soft drinks counter at the lawn fete. He never gives any change." "Never gives any change?" "No. He used to be a bartender on the Klondike."

There is something that ought to be tacked up in every grocery! It's on a signboard over a large New York store in Broadway, where they don't believe that "substitution" pays. And nobody does believe it, except shifty and short-sighted storekeepers. When a woman wants Pearlina, for instance, she won't be satisfied to have some inferior washing-powder in its place. It is a fraud on the customer and a fraud on Pearlina. You can help to put a stop to it. When you ask for Pearlina, don't let any imitation of it be substituted for it.

**WE GIVE YOU JUST WHAT YOU ASK FOR.**

**Millions of Pearlina**

The following resolution in regard to the grading of wheat has been carried by the Dominion Millers' Association:—That, whereas the members of this association are deeply interested in a financial way in keeping up the value and reputation of the standard grades of flour, and whereas this can only be accomplished and maintained by the use of sound wheat; therefore, be it resolved, that this association impress upon the Ontario standard board the great importance of keeping the standard grades of No. 2 red, No. 2 white, No. 2 mixed and No. 2 spring, and grades above these, entirely free from sprouted wheat when making the standard for this crop, and that two or three standard grades be made for sprouted wheat.

The full intensity of living is reached only by the perfectly healthy. Sickness discounts the capacity for enjoyment. If his body is all out of order and run down, he will not be able to enjoy anything, no matter how full of enjoyment it may be for other people. If he is just a little bit out of order, if he "isn't sick, but doesn't feel just right," he will only be able to enjoy things in a half-hearted sort of way. The nearer he is to being perfectly well, the nearer will his life be to the fullness of enjoyment. If this condition doesn't exist, something ought to be done. That means nine cases in ten the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It works directly on the digestive organs, and on the blood and through them on every tissue of the body. It makes the appetite good, digestion and nutrition perfect and supplies rich, red blood to all the tissues, building up solid, healthful flesh.

Sent 21 cents in one-cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 1008 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

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Self-indulgence deprives a man of everything that might make him great.

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**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

One Way Weekly Excursions  
—TO—  
**CALIFORNIA**  
And other Pacific Coast Points.

A Pullman Tourist sleeper leaves Bonaventure Station every Thursday at 10.25 p.m. for the Pacific Coast; all that is required is a second-class ticket and in addition a moderate charge is made for sleeping accommodation. This is a splendid opportunity for families moving West.

For tickets and reservation of berths apply a  
**137 ST. JAMES STREET,**  
Or at Bonaventure Station.

**SEE THAT LINE**  
It's the wash, out early, done quickly, cleanly, white.

Pure Soap did it  
**SURPRISE SOAP**  
with power to clean with- out too hard rubbing, with- out injury to fabrics.

**SURPRISE**  
is the name, don't forget it.

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Book and Job Printers,  
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The above business is carried on by his Widow and two of her sons.

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PRACTICAL PLUMBER,  
GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER.  
Retain Lining fits any Stove, Cheap.  
Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.



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# Our Irish Letter.

**Dublin, Sept. 15.**—The state of affairs in Connaught is becoming alarming; the miserable weather of the week past has worked apparent havoc in the fields; a general murmur of complaint is heard from the farmers, who looked with unfeigned dread to the approaching winter. The potato crop is, properly, a total failure; and the hay crop and cereals are none better. The price of flour, and other imported provisions is going up daily with alarming bounds.

**THE PAULIST DISCOVERY.**  
A Liverpool correspondent of a Dublin paper writes as follows:—The change in the mind of Birkenhead is so complete that for a long time they have been in the shadow of non-appreciation. They have been a borough, and a reputation in that lively town to bear it. Now they are determined to be no longer in silence, and in a sound resolution they have told the world that they are suffering from a visitation of "No Irish need apply" from the local authorities. Man after man, they state, has applied for admission to the Birkenhead police force, and man after man has been refused, for no other reason than that he was an Orangeman, and sent forward from the local lodge. A terrible thing, truly, to sit down and think about, that those who for years have held the gates of hospital, workhouse, asylum, and every other public institution in this country against every Catholic applicant, no matter how worthy—those to whom the music of "No Irish need apply" was as sweet as "No surrender"—should now have to dance to it. They manage these things better round Portadown.

**ENGINEERS' STRIKE IN IRELAND.**  
While the engineers' strike is spreading in England it is satisfactory to find a settlement has been arrived at in Belfast. The terms which have been arrived at between the Lagan masters and men are not before us. The trouble was, however, one which is best ended. The grievance of the men was scarcely sufficient justification for refusing any reasonable concession. The masters have shown their good sense in breaking away from the employers' combination, and so saving their business from irreparable injury. It is a great pity that English masters cannot bring themselves to see things in the same common sense light. That is, however, a matter of secondary importance. The main point is that a great Irish industry ceases to be affected by the strike. The early termination of the struggle in Belfast is a subject for congratulation.

**LOOKING FOR RELICS.**  
Mr. Charles J. Kelley, of Boston, is at present on a tour in Ireland collecting souvenirs and articles of particular local or historical interest for the Irish Exhibition in the States. Mr. Kelley has visited Enniskillen, and will thence proceed to Cork. Amongst other things the collection from Ireland will include some of the soil of each of the thirty-two counties.

**MUST NOT BE POLITICAL.**  
A meeting of representatives of '98 clubs in Belfast was held Saturday afternoon at the rooms, Howard street, under the chairmanship of Mr. Russell. On the motion of Mr. P. Devlin, seconded by Mr. Robinson, and supported by Mr. McDonnell, resolutions were adopted condemning the action of certain parties in the city in attempting to use the '98 Centenary movement for political ends, and calling on all '98 clubs to refrain from taking any part in local politics; and, further, deciding on communications being entered into with all bona fide '98 Associations in Ulster with a view of holding a provincial convention at an early date.

**WHAT STATISTICS SAY.**  
The agricultural statistics for 1897 have just been issued. The most noteworthy facts revealed by them are the increase in the acreage under wheat and the decrease in that under potatoes. The extent under potatoes has decreased by 27,900 acres. Under ordinary circumstances the yield this year would be very much less than for several years past. But, unfortunately, the country is threatened with the almost total failure of the potato crop. An examination of the Constabulary reports on the growing crops in each county makes the gravity of the situation abundantly clear. In the last week of July the blight had appeared in every province of the Kingdom. The weather since then has been, on the whole, very bad. Things have consequently not improved. From the pages of these official statistics it can be proved that Irish farmers have to face a season of exceptional difficulty.

**THE NEW PAULIST SUPERIOR.**  
**REV. FATHER DESHON ELECTED BY THE GENERAL CHAPTER.**  
Rev. Father George Deshon has been elected Superior-General of the Paulists during the session of the General Chapter which closed on Thursday, Sept. 9th, in Detroit. Father Deshon is the last surviving member of the original founders of the Paulist Community, and the superiority fell to him by natural lot. Although a man of 75 years of age, he wears his years well, and is as active in mind and as vigorous in step as men 25 years his junior. He was born in New London, Conn., of Huguenot stock. In his adolescence he was sent to the West Point Military Academy, entered the same class with Gen. Grant and others of military fame, and graduated with distinction, and for five years was professor at the academy. He became a convert to our holy religion in 1854 and desiring a more perfect life, he entered the novitiate of the Redemptorist Fathers, and was ordained a priest among them in 1855. After his ordination he immediately entered on the work of giving missions, and continued to be exclusively occupied until the separation from the

Redemptorists of the Holy Missionaries, who organized themselves into what is now the Congregation of St. Paul, or the Paulist Fathers. Father Deshon, in the last years of the life of Rev. Father Hewitt's superiority, was practically the head of the Order.

**WINNING SOULS TO CHRIST.**  
The Paulist Record of Bilingualism  
The Paulist Fathers keep a quarterly record of converts to the Church. The latest list furnished bears the following names:

A daughter of Joaquin Miller, the post of the Sierras, now in Alaska, who was baptized into the Catholic communion in Guelph, Ontario, where she has been a student in a convent; the late Rev. John Trevor Skill, vicar of the Anglican church in Kent, Essex, England, who was received shortly prior to his death by a Franciscan friar, in July last; Miss Edith Howard-Hodges, of London, a member of the Church of England, who was received into the Church by the Rev. Father Galway, S.J.; Canon Gregson, a clergyman of the Church of England, at Brisbane, New Zealand; Mrs. Thomas Atkinson, of Ryton, England, received by Canon Wrennall; Rev. A. St. Leger Westall, curate of St. Saviour's Church, who was received into the Church, together with his wife and children, by the Rev. Father Bampton, S.J., and whose renunciation of the faith of his fathers created a sensation in all England; Mrs. Gwilt Joy, wife of a well known English artist; Lady Loder, mother of Gerald Loder, senior member for Brighton, England; Rev. John N. L. Clarke, curate of St. John's Church, Cape Colony, South Africa, and Mrs. Sarah Margaret Le Verrier, at Swinton, England. Mrs. D. L. Parrish, her daughters, Millie, Louise and Isabel, and her sister, Miss Sallie Cooper of St. Louis, all of whom were Presbyterians, were received into the Church by Archbishop Kain; M. J. Reine A. Conrad, of Chicago, and Miss Caney, of New York, who were baptized in Paris by Very Rev. Father Omond, Superior of St. Joseph's Church there; Mrs. Stollhosen, wife of Dr. Paul S. Stollhosen, formerly of Princeton University; Mrs. Caulfield, New York, and Mrs. Sarah Gray, of San Francisco, who was baptized by Rev. Father Wyman, superior of the Paulists in that city.

**A CANADIAN MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS.**  
A Means Provided Whereby it may be Successfully Carried on.

To extend to our Protestant friends and neighbors a knowledge of the teaching of the Catholic Church must be the earnest desire of all Catholics. In the past this has been to some extent impossible. Missions, for many reasons, cannot be held, much as they are needed and desired, and proper Catholic literature, explanatory in its nature and trifling in its cost, has been difficult to obtain; but this order of things has, been to some extent changed, and to-day, thanks to the Paulist Fathers and the Catholic Truth Societies, literature meeting all the necessary requirements is published in abundant variety and quality.

The Catholic Truth Society in Toronto have published a second edition of that most valuable pamphlet entitled "Some Things Which Catholics Do Not Believe," by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, and which contains as an appendix a history of the true relation of the church towards the Bible. (The information to be obtained from the appendix alone is most valuable and ought to be in the possession of every Catholic in America.) The pamphlet, as its title indicates, is the presentation before the non-Catholic world, in concise form, of the information we as Catholics would have them possess. Of its literary qualities we need not say anything beyond referring to the name and reputation of its gifted author, and suffice it to say that if any non-Catholic can be induced to calmly read and weigh the statements made in it, God only can foresee the result. The Truth Society desire to scatter this little pamphlet broadcast throughout the land, and so as to accomplish this will forward single copies to any address in Canada or the United States upon receipt of a 3 cent stamp—extra copies in same proportion. This offer enables each Catholic to do something towards aiding the missionary work amongst our non-Catholic fellow citizens now in progress. The Society hope the demand will be so great that another edition will be but a matter of a short time. Address, for copies, Corresponding Secretary St. Mary's Catholic Truth Society, 6 Markham Place, Toronto, Canada.

**ST. ANN'S PARISH NOTES.**  
The ladies of St. Ann's Parish are now actively engaged in preparing for their annual bazaar, which will open in St. Ann's Hall on the 13th October. Judging from some of the beautiful donations which were shown to a reporter of the TRUE WITNESS yesterday afternoon, it is very evident that St. Ann's Parish will excel all previous endeavors in this respect. There is quite an unusual enthusiasm displayed by the ladies this year, and it may be said that never in the history of such good work has there been a similarly large attendance of the fair sex.  
Next Sunday, at 1.30 p.m., the parishioners of St. Ann's will assemble in the vicinity of the church for the purpose of making their annual visit to the cemetery to make the Stations of the Cross. The Rev. Father Strubbe and some other Fathers will accompany the parishioners. A short instruction will be delivered at each Station. It is expected that there will be a large attendance of parishioners on this occasion.  
Innocence apprehends the approach of evil by the instinctive tact of contrast.

# JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS

**TABLE LINENS.**  
We have put in stock a new shipment of our

**Standard Table Cloths and Napkins.**  
This year has been fruitful of new designs, the majority of them is now to be found in our department.  
We still confine ourselves to strictly Pure Linens, believing that Union Goods can only prove unsatisfactory to our customers and ruin our reputation.

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1 Cloth 2x2 1/2; 1 doz. Napkins 1 1/2, \$4.00 per set. Next Price, \$4.50 per set. Next Price, \$5.15 per set.

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Round and Oval assorted sizes, 5c each. Full assortment of Table Linens. Full assortment of Towels. Full assortment of Linen Sheeting. Full assortment of Pillow Linens.

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**JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS,**  
The Largest Exclusive Dry Goods Store in Canada.  
St. Catherine & Mountain Sts.

# OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

**NEW YORK, Sept. 20.**—The trouble between the directors of Brown University and Prof. E. Benjamin Andrews, the president of that institution, has been amicably settled. Prof. Andrews will remain at the head of the university. The trouble arose through the professor's advocacy of free silver. This displeased the directors and they told Dr. Andrews that he must refrain from openly expressing his views. Thereupon the president resigned. At the beginning of the month the directors requested him to withdraw his resignation, and he did so this week.

**TO PREVENT FATALITIES AT NIAGARA.**  
An account of the number of deaths by drowning of people who venture too far out in the Niagara river above the falls it is proposed to stretch a wire cable across the river just above the danger line, which is below the line of navigation. At intervals along the cable would be rubber tubes with bulbs. At night incandescent lights would burn along the cable. The cost of this improvement would be \$10,000, to be borne equally by the Dominion of Canada and the State of New York.

**THINKS CANADA PROSPEROUS.**  
Lord Kelvin, the eminent scientist, known in the world of letters as Sir William Thomson, arrived here last night from Canada and the West, where he has been making an extensive tour.  
Lord Kelvin spoke in glowing terms of the results of the meeting of scientists at Montreal, and also of his tour in the West. He believes that the present revival of prosperity on this continent is not confined to the United States, but that Canada is getting her full share of it.

**CANADIAN FISH IN THE STATES.**  
A number of fishing companies which declare they are working with American capital only are in the habit of taking fish in the Canadian waters in the great chain of lakes, and bringing the fish into United States ports for purposes of commerce. Some of the Federal collectors of customs have been requiring such companies to pay a duty of one fourth of 1 per cent. a pound on fish thus caught in Canadian waters, chiefly on the ground that the fish are taken by persons not citizens of the United States. A protest from the Buffalo Fish Company against the imposition of this duty was sent to the United States General Appraisers, and yesterday there was a hearing in the matter before General Appraisers Lunt and Sharrett. George Clinton of Buffalo appeared as counsel for the Buffalo Fish Company, and there were also representatives of the Lake Ontario Fish Company of Cape Vincent, N. Y., the Ainsworth and G-aney Company of Sault Ste. Marie, and two or three other fishing companies. "The point at issue," explained one of the importers, "is what does actually constitute an American fishery." Between two and three million pounds of fish designed for the United States markets are taken in Canadian waters every year.  
The new tariff law provides that among the imported commodities which shall be admitted free of duty are "Fish, fresh, frozen, or packed in ice, caught in the great lakes, or other fresh waters, by citizens of the United States." The customs officers maintain that fish caught by Canadians, even if they are in

the employ of American companies, cannot be classified as having been caught by citizens of the United States. The customs officers say that when an American vessel sails from a United States port, catches a quantity of fish in Canadian waters, and brings them back to this country they are properly admitted free of duty. But in the case of fish taken in Canadian waters, by Canadians with Canadian appliances, the fact that the Canadians are employed by citizens of the United States does not entitle the fish to admission free of duty.  
The importers insist that under the law it is the American company that takes the fish, and the nationality of the laborer employed should not be considered. Considerable testimony was taken yesterday regarding the methods of catching, collecting, and shipping the fish that are taken in the great lakes. The General Appraisers reserved their decision.

# THE LIGHT STANDS OUT

**And Nothing Can Quench It**  
Catholic Education Triumphant—A Showing Which Earns Credit on the Church's System of Teaching the Young.

The following is an extract from the Derry Journal and is a striking proof of the thorough system of Catholic education the world over:  
"In the meritorious achievements of the Catholic schools in the intermediate examinations it is important to note that the Christian Brothers—working among the poorer sections of the people—have again made their mark in the higher ranks of the distinctions. The importance, in its particular sense, is in the fact that the State, by one breeding process and another, and at the bidding of 'a handful of sectaries,' denies these admirable schools even the slightest assistance or endowment in face of this difficulty—and it is a grievous handicap amid the shoal of endowed and State-assisted competitors—the Christian Brothers, holding true to a principle for which they should ever be honored in Ireland, have worked away and won the coveted places, time and again, against the best that the schools and colleges of the country put into the arena.

"This year, indeed, the place of first distinction passes their door to the Jesuits, ever notable for learning and the spread of educational light, but the Christian Brothers, nevertheless, have this time too, a marvelous success. About three hundred and eighty-eight exhibitions will be awarded on the results of the boys and about three hundred and ten of these have been won by boys of the Catholic schools. The convents make a brilliant record. Six out of ten exhibitions in the senior grade go to the convents. The pupils of the nuns carry off sixty exhibitions out of a total of a hundred and thirty. This is, indeed, a proud record, and it grows in one's admiration in the consideration of the circumstances.

"When it is remembered that a large number of the convent schools have not adjusted their systems of education to the intermediate plan, these figures represent a great achievement. They are certainly sufficient to prove the quality of the good work that is being done by the convent schools of Ireland in the department of education, as well as in the elementary and the industrial, of which we had last week the striking evidence. Some critics seem not to be aware of or have forgotten the circumstance that in the earlier days of the intermediate the convents had not sanction generally to go in for the system of preparation needed, many high authorities on the Catholic side not favoring it, but holding rather that it is not to be commended, having regard to the true ideal of the education of women. There was a memorable controversy. However, one thing is plain now, that the capacity for work and win was not wanting. The intermediate results tell a tale that no sophistry can turn aside. It is the triumph of the Catholic schools and of the children of the old race in Ireland."

# MRS. SADLER TESTIMONIAL.

Subscriptions may be addressed to the chairman, Sir William Hingston, M.D., Montreal, P.Q.; or the secretary, Mr. Justice Curran, Montreal, P.Q.; or to the treasurer, Mr. Michael Burke, 275 Mountain street, Montreal, P.Q.

Subscriptions received by the Treasurer Amount already acknowledged, \$1121 75

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A New York woman has obtained a patent on an attachment for skirts by which they may be lifted on crossing muddy places on the street, a series of cords being attached to the skirt at the back and sides, with the opposite ends running through an opening in the back of the waistband and around to the front to draw the skirts by pulling up the cords.

# PAULIST RECORD.

Below will be found the only complete report of patents granted this week by the Canadian Inventors to the United States Government. This report is prepared especially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, Head Office, Temple Building, 185 St. James street, Montreal.

590084—Emile Birkhaard, grain elevator.  
589938—Emile Charagat, umbrella.  
590041—John T. Duncan, Toronto, Canada, hose clip.  
590140—George P. Eastman, Toronto, cloth cutting machine.  
590016—Robert M. Ellis, Nanaimo, Canada, fire escape.  
590061—Valery G. Gerien, rotary drum for tanning leather.  
590105—James M. Keen, Digby, Canada, combined stop and brake for bicycle.  
590157—John J. Mann, machine for spreading waterproofing material upon fabrics.  
589948—Alinson Piché et al, Ste. Anne de la Pefade, butter box.  
590176—George S. Weaver, station indicator.  
589222—Oncime Rousseau, toy.

# A JUDGE'S HAPPY THOUGHT.

Judge Sterling B. Toney, of the law and equity division of the Louisville Circuit Court, has set a precedent that his court shall not be dishonored by the tardy coming of witnesses or jurors. Several jurors during the week came in after court had opened, and Judge Toney ordered a fine of \$5 assessed against each.  
The other morning it was five minutes past ten o'clock when the judge himself arrived. Mounting the stand, the judge took the bench and in a solemn tone said: "Mr. Clerk, fine Judge Toney \$5 for being late." "The fine is entered," said Clerk Walker. "And now, Mr. Clerk," said the judge, after reflection, "just remit all fines for the week."

# LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

**LONDON, September 20.**—The was no material change in the cattle market today. The demand was good and prices ruled steady, choice States selling at 12c and choice Canadians at 11c. Owing to larger supplies of sheep the market was weaker and prices declined 1/2c per lb. since this day week, choice Canadians selling at 11c and Argentines at 11 1/2c. In Liverpool choice Canadian sheep sold at 10 1/2c.

**LIVERPOOL, September 20.**—A private cable received quoted choice American cattle at 11c, good to choice Canadians at 9 1/2c to 10 1/2c, and sheep at 10 1/2c.

Messrs. John Olds & Son, live stock salesmen of London, Eng., write W. H. Beaman, live stock agent of the Board of Trade, as follows, under dates of August 30 and September 9:—The cattle trade at Deptford market was firm to-day and prices higher; 1,646 States cattle realized 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 per lb; 1,063 Canadian cattle, 5 1/2 to 5 3/4 per lb; 509 Argentine cattle, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2. The sheep trade was quiet and prices lower than last week. Three thousand one hundred Argentine sheep made 5 1/2 to 5 3/4, in wool; 637 Canadian sheep made 5 1/2 to 6 1/2, clipped.

Trade at Deptford was firm on account of short supplies; 319 States cattle realized 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 per lb; 359 Canadian cattle realized 5 1/2 to 5 3/4 per lb; 150 good Argentine cattle realized 5 1/2 to 5 3/4 per lb; 1,736 Canadian sheep realized 5 1/2 to 5 3/4 per lb; 1,384 Argentine sheep realized 5 1/2 to 5 3/4. The sheep prices were slightly weaker.

**MONTREAL, September 20.**—The export live stock trade is without any important feature to note. In regard to ocean freight, although the end of the month is near at hand, shippers as yet show little disposition to contract for October, as they are anticipating a decline in rates owing to the continued low prices ruling abroad for cattle and sheep, but at present steamship agents are asking 45s to 50s to Liverpool, 32s 6d to 37s 6d to London, and 42s 6d to Glasgow. The chief feature of the cattle trade on spot continues to be the great scarcity of really choice stock, and the general impression is that such stock will remain scarce, as reports from the different points in western Ontario, where the bulk of this class come from, indicate that the Americans have about cleaned up the country for this season. Cable advices to day were somewhat conflicting in tone, but on the whole, note little change in values except for sheep, which declined fully 1/2c, and actual sales of Canadian stock in London netted the shipper a loss of 1s 8d per head. Cattle are also losing money at present prices on account of the high rates of freight from this port.

The receipts of live stock at the East End Abattoir market were 600 cattle, 400 sheep, 400 lambs, 50 calves and 25 lean hogs. The supply of cattle was not quite so large as on the previous two or three market days, and in consequence of which local buyers were disposed to operate more freely, and trade was active. The tone of the market was steady, and prices show no material change. There was some demand from shippers for small lots to complete shipments with, and for the best stock on the market they paid 3 1/2 to 4c per lb., the inside figure being for good cows. In stockers a fair trade was done for shipment to Buffalo, and prices were unchanged at 2 1/2c for steers, and at 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c for bulls. Locally good cattle sold at 3 1/2 to 4c, fair at 2 1/2c to 3 1/2c, common at 2c to 2 1/2c, and interior at 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c per lb., live weight. A fairly active trade was done in sheep, and all good to choice stock met with a ready sale on export account at 8c to 9c per lb., live weight. Culls sold at 2 1/2c to 3c per lb. The demand for lambs was good, but as supplies are increasing prices show a little tendency, and sales were made at 3 1/2 to 3 3/4c per lb., live weight. Calves were scarce and in demand at prices ranging from \$2 50 to \$10 each. A few lean hogs sold at from \$6 to \$10 each, as to size.

The run of cattle at the Point St. Charles stock yards was small, being

**YOU NEED**—Hood's Sarsaparilla if your blood is impure, your appetite gone, your health impaired. Nothing builds up health like HOOD'S.

from local dealers, which the demand as they had ample supplies on hand, consequently no sales were made. The receipts of hogs were also light, only 100 being offered. The demand was good, and prices firmly held at \$5 80 per 100 lbs., live weight. There were no sheep or lambs for sale.

# John Murphy & Co's

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**  
**NEW COLORED DRESS GOODS**  
All the Latest and Cheapest Novelties now in Stock!

**NEW ALL WOOL COVERT CLOTHS,** in all the new shades, prices from 50c per yard.  
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**High Class Dress Patterns.**  
A very choice selection from the leading Paris and London Dress Goods Houses, restricted to our trade; prices from \$7 to \$20 per pattern.  
Country Orders Filled With Care. Samples Sent on Application.

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