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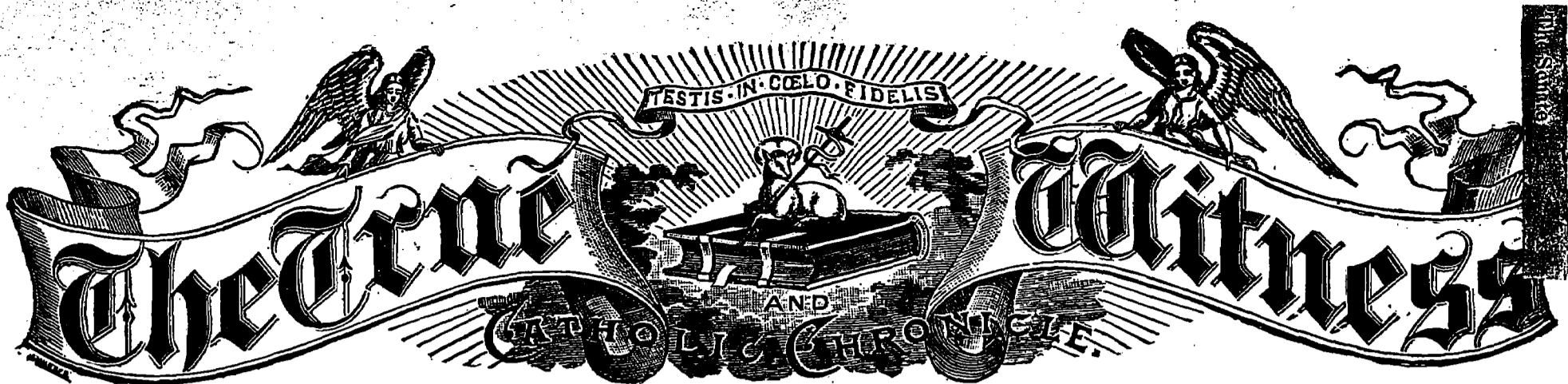
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Mock Parliament is in full blast. It seems that the blast is likely to become a tempest; even if "a tempest in a tea pot." One member of real legislature deems it well to resign, because an ex-member of a municipal body is honorary member of the debating organization. Then a Gazette correspondent twists the tangle another round by declaring that "Private Rooney is at his post and the fight will now begin." As far as the proper name Rooney is concerned, it has little to do with the matter. But if we rightly surmise, the writer of the paragraph in question is no "private," and, in fact, nothing is too "private" for his search-light to make known to the world; he is always at "his post," but that post is endowed with such perambulating powers, that it is difficult to say where it is to be found at any given time; and as to the "fight," it could not take place unless he were in the midst of it—or at the beginning of it. If the Gazette's scribe had his way, we fear there would be less "parliament" and more "mock" about the institution. We advise the keeping out of all external or real politics and the institution may be productive of real benefit. The introduction of personal animosities, or any of the peculiar party or personal ambitions of the great political world can only serve to frustrate the real object of this admirable training school of debate. From a business stand-point, as well as a newspaper one, we see a grave omission in this queer production. The name of the prominent tea merchant should be given; it would be a splendid advertisement—no mock declaration in that?

REV. FATHER ELLIOTT, the eloquent Paulist, has decided to go into the "Western Reserve," and to continue the work commenced last year in the diocese of Detroit. The Protestant missions, as they are styled, produced some wonderful results, and this year Father Elliott purposes spreading still more abroad the grand truths of Catholicity. Bishop Horstman has placed a house in Cleveland at his disposal, and preparations are being made in all that section to render the energetic missionary all the assistance required. Needless to say that we wish Father Elliott all manner of success.

THE Conservative and Catholic party in Belgium will have to meet, at the next general elections, a coalition of Socialists and Liberals. However, the union between these two factions may not be very formidable, since it will drive a number of Catholics into the Conservative camp. During the greater part of the last quarter of a century the Catholic party has been in power. From 1870 to 1878 the Catholics directed the affairs of the kingdom. For the next six years the Liberals, under Mr. Frere-Orban, held power. But since the elections of 1884 the Catholics have secured the confidence of the people. When the Bel-

gian Liberals were in they had a heavy deficit to show in their budget; but in two years—from 1884 to 1886—the Catholic party replaced that deficit by a surplus. Since then the development of Belgian enterprise in Africa, the reorganization of the national defences, the revision of the constitution, the reform of the labor laws, the passing of an equitable education law, and other sick measures have served to strengthen the party now in power, and there is every reason to believe that the coalition between the Socialists and Liberals will suffer a defeat at the coming election.

THE Church Times and Cardinal Vaughan are not in love with each other these days. "They don't eat on the same plate," as our French contemporaries would say; decidedly they don't worship in the same temple. The Church Times utters a fearful threat; it says: "He must expect to find his public utterances criticised as the sentiments of a foreigner." We heard the story of a good woman who had just landed in New York from the Old Country. She called at the post-office and asked for a letter. "Is it a foreign letter you expect?" inquired the clerk. "No," was the prompt reply. "Then we have none for you." She came a second time and the same question was asked and the same answer given. "But I know there is a letter for me," said she in despair. "Where is it from then?" asked the clerk. "From the Old Country," was the answer. "A letter from the Old Country is a foreign letter, Mama," said the clerk. "No, it is not," she replied. "It is yourself that is the foreigner." How does the moral of the story suit the editor of Church Times? If Cardinal Vaughan is a foreigner, so was St. Augustine; so was William III.; so is Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales. But in this case it is the learned gentleman of the Church Times who is the real foreigner. The Cardinal, we understand, expects to outlive the threat.

HERE is a beautiful sonnet, printed without comment recently by one of our contemporaries. It is entitled "The Wheat's Reward." We reproduce it for the benefit of our readers, and we are sure they will appreciate its splendid conception:

"Out of the ground I rose; the seed seemed dead,
But lo! a slim, green arm pushed through the sod,
And by and by, before my Maker, God,
I stood full ripe. A voice cried: 'Give us bread.'
The wind of God went by; I bowed my head,
And one approached who held a curved knife,
And for the life of men he took my life,
And ever since by me are millions fed."

And then God spake these words: "O blessed weed,
The lowly sister of the lily proud,
Be thou my chosen messenger to shroud
The mystery of My Son, the Woman's Seed,
Thou dreadest not the sacrificial knife—
Be thou to dying men the Bread of Life."

THERE seems to be a wave of moral wickedness passing over the continent, compared to which the fearful storm that recently swept the South is but a gentle breeze. If any of our readers will take

the trouble to note the headings over the different despatches in our daily press, it will be found that the great majority of them refer to suicides, murders, horrible crimes of different varieties and a species of madness that is almost unaccountable. The skirt of the hurricane has touched Canada, and under its deadly touch we have had some most abominable outrages to add to the list of crimes committed in this country. Pistols, knives, poisons and other instruments of destruction seem to be brought into almost daily use by characters, young and old, rich and poor, who seek refuge in suicide. In the greatest number of cases there is no reasonable cause that can be suggested for such conduct. As far as the outrages committed throughout the country on women, girls and children are concerned, they are mostly all to be traced to members of that army of tramps that is scattered over the Dominion. Some means should be taken to provide a place of safe-keeping for such vagrants, or else they will augment in number and the dangers to society will increase proportionally. The great source of the suicidal mania is the absence of true, sound, religious principles—of Catholic practice as well as precept. Bad literature, bad company, and infidelity are the devil's agents in most of the cases.

IN our last issue we referred to the nine great literary lights that have shone upon the sky of America's first century of national existence. The last of them was the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is strange how prophetic some poets are; they seem to predict their own fates; they certainly pen expressions that in the light of other years savor very much of prophecy. We could cite several examples, but Holmes is one of the most remarkable. The poem on the "Old Man" was written in 1831, and in 1894 we find its fulfilment. How beautiful and musical that stanza:

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Then comes those predicting lines:

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring;
Let them smile as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

A LEADING Baptist organ—the Watchman—argues that is a good thing for ministers, in certain cases, to remain unmarried, and that, as a rule, they enter into matrimony too young. It says: "Generally they marry too early, and assume the responsibilities of a household before they have established themselves in the profession." This style of argument might suit very well in the case of lawyers, engineers, and men of other professions; but it leaves a very poor idea of the serious aims of the young aspirants to the "ministerial professions." Since preaching, with them

is merely a profession, perhaps they are right. But evidently the care of the souls of their congregation don't seem to come in. The idea seems to be: get a solid footing in the profession, secure enough means, and then marry and take up the cares of a household; never mind the flock that you are supposed to watch over. But the Baptist preacher has no necessity of the advice. He has no confessions to hear, no sacraments to administer, no office to say, no consciences to direct; he has only to preach, and get paid for so doing. This article of the Watchman is the best argument that a Baptist, or any other non-Catholic journal could furnish in favor of the Catholic doctrine and practice of clerical celibacy.

IN the editorial notes of a most interesting local journal there recently appeared a paragraph that has puzzled a number of its readers. It refers to some species of Protective Association, a forlorn editor, and a scheme on foot that was shattered by the production of a copy of THE TRUE WITNESS. The mention of this paper probably is the reason why fully a dozen of people came to us to ask the meaning of the remarkable paragraph. We confess that we were unable to explain it. Either, like Carlyle's poem, it is "Too Awfully Deep," or else it was intended as a piece of sarcastic humor. If neither one nor the other, we give it up. "Language," said a French satirist, "is a means to hide our thoughts." One thing certain—the enigmatical paragraph was never penned by the editor of that journal. The style and the sentiment indicate another pen.

MGR. J. DE CONCILIS, of St. Michael's Rectory, Jersey City, tells a most interesting story of the justice that actuates Recorder Smyth of New York. It is evident that when on the bench, Judge Smyth is blindfolded—like Justice herself—as far as prejudices, private feelings or sentiment are concerned. The story, a most interesting and illustrative one, is too lengthy for reproduction, but it so affected the church dignitary that he expressed the hope "that the voters of New York would keep Recorder Smyth on the bench till he is physically incapacitated to remain there by old age." Such a tribute, coming from such a source, is an honor that any man might covet, and speaks volumes for the integrity of the most prominent judicial character in that great city.

IT must have afforded the Holy Father great pleasure to receive the group of sixty Catholics from the Austrian dominions. They came from the mountains of Tyrol, and were of that noble race which struck for liberty under Andreas Hofer, and whose swords carved a pass to glory for the peasantry of Innsprucks. Amongst them were some of the warrior mountaineers who helped to check the fury of Garibaldi's red-shirted brigands, and whose arms taught a lesson to that revolutionary and anti-Catholic leader which he never forgot in after years.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

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

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

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

To-day they are the bosom friends of the Almighty. By their lives and by their deaths they have sealed forever their eternal happiness and have secured the unbounded love, the unending gratitude (if such a term may be used) of the Creator. It is only natural, then, that their prayers should be most potent and their petitions most readily granted.

For themselves they require nothing more; they now possess in its plenitude the happiness that knows no ending; they are seated in presence of the Beatific Vision, and the cup of their bliss is filled to the brim. But they are ever anxious for the increased glory of God and the happiness of His creatures. The more souls that go from earth to heaven the more will there be to replace the fallen angels and to compensate for the numberless unfortunates who daily descend to fill the caverns of iniquity and undying misery. This thought alone, were there never another one, would suffice to enlist the Saints in our cause and to secure their services beside the Fountain of all Grace. They cannot come to us; but we can go to them. We can ask of them to recall their own severe battles with the envoys of hell; to remember that we are struggling along the same rugged pathway; that our strength is even not as great as was theirs; and that we require the aid of heaven. Especially upon the great Feast of All Saints should we offer up our petitions, and there is not the slightest doubt but that they will receive attention.

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

ALL SOULS' DAY.

Friday next, the 2nd November, the Church calls upon the faithful to remember the souls in Purgatory. All Souls' Day is one of the saddest and yet most consoling days of the year. We on that occasion are called upon, in an especial manner, to remember the departed, to help the sufferers who can no longer help themselves, to go to the grave and there hold converse with God in the cause of those dear dead ones, but we have the glorious consolation of knowing that upon All Souls' Day there are countless sufferers who pass from the prison-house of Purgatory into the freedom unending of God's glory; and we know that our prayers, our alms, our sacrifices and our sufferings, if offered up in their behalf, are the keys that unlock the door of their abode. Yes; all this month of November is specially dedicated to the service of the souls in Purgatory. It has been well chosen; for there is a gloom about November that corresponds with the feelings of natural sorrow for the departed; and there is a promise in November—a promise of Christmas joys that are to follow its penitential advent—and it harmonizes well with the promise of a glorious resurrection. On All Souls' Day there is a special pilgrimage to the Cote des Neiges cemetery, and there the faithful, in a body, go around the Stations

of the Cross. "It is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the day that they may be released from their sins," says the Book of Holy Writ; let all our readers go on that day—at least in spirit—to Cote des Neiges, and join in that solemn procession. In the meantime we will go to the City of the Dead and gaze upon a scene that is potent with salutary lessons.

Grey, damp and dreary is the atmosphere; sad, solemn and awe-inspiring the surroundings; cold the air, cloudy the sky, sombre the prospect, funereal the picture. Evening is approaching, the short day is dying, the shrill blast shrieks among the leafless branches, the ashen twilight seems to cast a cloak of death upon all nature. Suddenly, in the far west, just on the rim of the horizon, beyond the darkening summit of the last mountain-range, the clouds part for a space, and the rays of the setting sun light up the expanse, paint the faces of the black misty banks with crimson and orange, gold and silver, shoot horizontally over the damp landscape, tip the summits of the cold monuments in the silent city, and shed an unexpected splendor upon a scene of desolation—Hope shining upon the grave!

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

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

Since we have the consolation of being members of such an institution, and the possessors of a faith that unites us with the dead, let us not forget those suffering

souls, but remember that every prayer or offering that we make in their cause will knock off links from the shackles that bind them and will secure for ourselves countless blessings that their gratitude will shower upon us when comes our hour of need. Moreover, there are to-day countless souls in Purgatory who have no friends to pray for them, or whose friends neglect them. For this reason does the Church call upon the faithful throughout this month of November to offer up prayers for those sufferers. Therefore, we say that while All Souls' Day is one of the saddest, it is also one of the most consoling in the calendar of the Church.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Things in this world are very mutable. Old empires, old kingdoms, old constitutions and old systems are constantly vanishing, while new institutions arise on their ruins. It seems remarkable that the greatest contemplated change in that old power—the British House of Lords—should emanate from one of its own members. The speech of the present Premier, which we publish in this issue, is calculated to set some of the titled legislators a-thinking. It is true he does not go as far as to declare in favor of the abolition of the Upper House, but he certainly leaves the public to understand that radical changes must be made in that body. He clearly points out the manner in which the present prerogatives and powers of the Lords constitute a perpetual menace to the people, that is to the House of Commons representing the people. And he indicates that the policy of the present Government, on this question, will be one very far from favorable to the House of Lords.

The fact of Lord Rosebery committing his Government to a campaign against the Lords, and to a revision of the constitution, indicates most clearly that the wave of democratic sentiment which has been rising for years, and has rolled over the face of Europe, is more powerful than those who oppose its progress are desirous of admitting. Very few high and powerful mountain peaks of autocratic power are left uncovered by that wave to-day; perhaps the House of Lords may be the last summit upon which their ark may rest. But as well strive to stem the St. Lawrence, or to check the tide on Atlantic, as to try to prevent the advance of democratic sentiment the world over. Before this generation has passed away we may expect—and reasonably so—to behold the principle of "laws for the people, by the people," universally recognized. What the immediate effects of Lord Rosebery's attitude may be is more than we can predict; but we feel certain that he has taken the "bull by the horns" and that he will stand or fall by his action in this instance.

As long as the House of Lords remains, or, at least, remains constituted as it is to-day, the Irish people need not expect any permanent triumph for their cause. As long as that Upper House has the power to reject measures for the passage of which months of time and immense amounts have been expended, so long will the Commons, and therefore the people, be unable to attain any grand, necessary, or rational reforms. The great obstructionist body in British legislation is the House of Lords, and while the Premier may not have gone as far in his expression of opposition to that body as some of the more advanced Liberals might like, still he has assumed a position not to be expected from a Lord, and far more democratic and independent than any of his predecessors has ever dared to take. It is evident that the fate of the Lords—at least for the next quarter of a century—depends upon the result of the coming elections.

A DAILY PAPER.

The statement is frequently made, by a number of our fellow-countrymen and co-religionists, that we should have a daily paper. While freely admitting, that, amongst the number of those who give expression to that idea, there are quite a few who sincerely and earnestly give voice to their deep-seated conviction in that respect, it cannot be denied that a very large number merely repeat the phrase with the sole object of endeavoring to evade the duty surrounding the preliminary work which would ultimately lead to a daily issue. Have any of those promoters of the scheme of a daily edition of a paper ever given the subject of the expenditure in connection with the enterprise any consideration? Have they ever considered the question of the amount of capital which would be required to launch the undertaking in a manner which would ensure its share of patronage in a field where such powerful mediums exist—where the battle is now raging between morning and evening dailies to such an extent that editions of events are being manufactured and issued within the space of one hour after they have taken place, in order to capture the attention of the masses, especially the rising generation? Have they even spent an hour in figuring out the salaries of an editorial staff, whose combined talents would be of such an order to enable the paper to be placed side by side with all of those existing, and not only compare favorably with them, but inspire the readers with the desire to purchase it on account of its superiority? Have they, even in fancy, ever thought of a sum like \$12,000 per annum for that branch alone? Have they counted the cost of plant that would be required to equip the establishment merely for the purpose of issuing the paper? Or have they dwelt upon the fact that \$20,000 would be sunk in that way? Have they estimated the amount required in the composing room, in the business office, in the press room, in the dispatchers' department, not speaking of the sum which would be necessary to disburse for material, premises, and with the canvassing agents for advertisements and subscriptions? If those promoters of the evening newspaper scheme will merely devote a few moments to a study of the subject of the capital needed to behold the realization of it, they may have a temporary chill after they have made the totals of the long lists of expenditures, to be followed by a series of chills when they calculate the short list of revenues to meet that expenditure during the first years.

We are led to indulge in this expression of our views on account of the beautiful flippancy which characterizes the outbursts of certain evangelists amongst our own nationality and religion in connection with the idea of a daily paper. That we cannot have a daily paper at present, unless \$75,000 can be secured, is no mere visionary statement. But we may have a daily paper in the near future if the weekly is supported, just with the same measure of certainty that a business man with a fairly remunerative establishment will have a fortune or a nice competency if he husbands his income with any degree of economy.

The newspaper history of Canada has many parallels where weeklies have become dailies by the dint of applying that good old principle of "making haste slowly." Several of the most successful journalistic enterprises started out as weeklies, and after a period of encouragement became semi-weeklies; then another term and they became tri-weeklies, and finally appearing in their daily dress. There are other journals which were

merely of a monthly issue that in a moment of an upheaval or some public excitement in which the nationality or class whose interests they were supposed to protect were antagonized that sprang into existence and are now firmly entrenched in the affections of that section as a daily visitor.

THE TRUE WITNESS is the only weekly organ within the broad limits of the Province of Quebec that has for its mission the aim of guarding the rights and privileges of the English-speaking Catholics. To the unthinking mind it may be a feeble medium, and to the indifferent Catholic a kind of an unpalatable luxury, because he yearns for some other kind of mental food which will tickle his fancy in a piquant manner by unsavoury pictures of sensationalism, whilst some of the columns of the medium which he supports are nothing more nor less than silent evangelizing forces wearing their fascinating leaden impression, which unfortunately too often contain those venomous stings which underlie the sentiment treasured against anything associated with Roman Catholicism. To the thoughtful man, to the father of a family who appreciates the treasures of a good sound Christian education for his family in the probationary period of youth, THE TRUE WITNESS will appear what it is and what it will continue to be, a powerful electric motor that will germinate the current which will send its flashes of alarm when necessary into many thousand Catholic homes and warn the inmates of any impending danger to their cherished rights. He also may rely upon it that it will speak out boldly those words of counsel and advice in an emergency which will not be tinctured by a sectionalism that favors any political faction or party, any particular organization or special congregation, parish or individual, but proclaimed in the endeavor to promote the best interests of the English-speaking Catholics.

We will leave our readers for the present to mediate upon the matter, with the hope that they may devote some portion of their leisure to spreading the lessons we desire to inculcate amongst the friends in their circle. That the English-speaking Catholics of this Province are respected on account of their numbers is also a truism, but that they would be more powerful with THE TRUE WITNESS in every Catholic home is a greater truism.

MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

In this issue we publish the decision of the Greenway Government of Manitoba concerning the rights of the Catholic population in that Province to have separate schools. It is a plain, unvarnished statement, whereby all external interference is repudiated and set at defiance, and the doctrine laid down that the Catholic minority must submit to the will of the prejudiced Government now in power. This question now rises high above the din and conflict of mere political parties. It has to do with the vital interests of an immense section of this Dominion's population, and it is the flinging down of a gauntlet that only the most ungenerous as well as unpatriotic would for a moment ever dream of handling. Justly has one of our contemporaries said: "The Manitobans have set their ideal of national schools on one side and their respect for their Catholic fellow-countrymen's conscientious opinions on the other, and have decided in favor of their school ideal. They are not doing as they would like to be done by were the position of parties reversed."

A glance at the situation in our Province of Quebec suffices to show how un-

fair and unconstitutional is the act of the Manitoba Government. We have no intention of entering into all the powerful arguments in favor of the Catholic contention; but we purpose stigmatizing the course of the Greenway Government as cowardly, bigoted and un-British. It is cowardly, because it is the act of a "bully," who has a weaker party in his grasp, but who, were he in the position of the latter, would be the loudest in his plea for justice; it is bigoted, because the Government knows full well that it is merely taking advantage of a play upon the wording of an act to perpetrate a criminal—if legalized—injustice upon a section of the people; it is un-British in the two-fold sense that it is notoriously unfair, and that it is a direct menace to the constitutional economy under which we have so far lived.

It was acts like this that raised the ire of the Barons and wrenched the Magna Charta from the despotic power of King John; it was dangers like this that awakened the independent patriotism of the men of '37 and '38, and that brought about the revision of our legislative system in 1840; it was in order to avoid such petty party tyranny that the great organization of our Confederation was brought into existence; and if the law of our Dominion is too weak, or our system of Federal and Local government too faulty, to prevent such an abominable crime being committed against the consciences of a third of our population, then the sooner the confederation is amended and rectified the better for the stability of Canada.

Premier Greenway's Government is evidently animated with the spirit of the men who originated the Laws of the Pale. Could it do so, in the face of this whole Dominion, it would probably send the Catholic population of Manitoba "to Hell or to Connaught." But the day of religious persecution, of political ostracism, has long since set; and whosoever attempts to revive its lurid light will have to be prepared for a scorching in the fire of his own creation. We have been somewhat silent regarding this question, because we were anxious that the Manitoba authorities should have a fair opportunity of hearing all the arguments, of seeing for themselves the great wrong that might be done to the Catholic minority, and of taking the easy but necessary steps to the settlement of such an important question. They have had the time, they have studied the case in all its phases, they have calculated on the weakness of the Catholic vote, they have felt that the Protestant element is sufficient to keep them in power, and they have decided to ignore the rights, the feelings, the conscientious opinions of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

How would Mr. Greenway, or Mr. Anybody else, connected with this despicable and narrow-souled piece of legislation, like to find the same course adopted by the Catholic majority of Quebec? But to men who could issue such a cold-blooded answer, or ultimatum, the interests of Protestants or Catholics, elsewhere, outside of Manitoba, are nothing. We believe, that were the Manitoba government certain that its position could only be held by the sacrifice of every Protestant interest in Canada's other provinces, it would not hesitate a moment to decapitate the whole Protestant population. Such men are prepared to ride into power over the hearts and lives of any section of the community. Devoid of fine feeling, actuated by no sense of justice, they care little what ill they originate, what bitterness they engender, what animosities they create, provided their own miserable ends are attained. The reply to which we refer is a direct insult to every Catholic in

Canada and a mean injury to the numerous high-minded, justice-awayed Protestants of this Dominion. In our recent issues we unfolded pretty clearly the question of the rights of minorities in matters of Education, and do not intend going over those arguments again; but we say, and can logically prove, that the action of the Greenway Government is un-Christian, unnatural and unconstitutional. It is un-Christian, as it is a violation of Divine law; it is unnatural, as it is a violation of the underlying principles of the British Constitution. If our language of indignant censure is deemed too strong, we are prepared, by pen or voice, here or elsewhere, to make good our accusation and to prove beyond the power of contradiction, that the Greenway reply is unworthy of any British subject or Canadian legislator.

WOULD MEND THE LORDS.

LORD ROSEBERRY MAKES A PLAIN FORWARD DECLARATION.

LONDON, October 27.—The Prime Minister, Lord Roseberry, made an attack on the House of Lords in a speech in Bradford this evening. The veto power exercised by the irresponsible chamber, he said, would prevent the present Parliament from continuing for anything like the full extent of its natural life. The next election, in his opinion, would be fought on the questions of the continued existence of the House of Lords. That House, as it existed at present, was a mockery and an invitation to revolution. The House of Commons might vote bills till they were black in the face; they must still go up, cap in hand, to the Lords and ask them to pass the bills. He favored the principle of a second chamber, saying that the temptation of absolute power was too great for any single person or body. He believed that the feeling of the country on this point was the same as his. (Shouts of "No" and cheers.) The issue was the greatest that had been presented since the country resisted the tyranny of Charles I. and James II., involving a revision of the entire constitution. The country had not given a mandate to the Government at the last election to deal with the House of Lords; if it had, it had not given the Government a sufficient majority. The Government must, therefore, walk warily; it must first bring the Commons into play. The Government proposed to submit to Parliament a resolution, the exact terms of which he would not state now, but affirming the principle that the Commons, in the partnership with the Lords, was unmistakably the dominant partner. Such a resolution, which in the present temper of the House of Commons would undoubtedly be passed, would represent the joint demand of the Government and the Commons for a revision of the constitution, the question thus entering upon a new phase. Then the verdict would be as favorable as the verdict of the Commons. These steps would be taken immediately, because the Government hoped to pass useful measures before dissolving Parliament. The Government threw down the gauntlet to the Lords and it was for the people to take the gauntlet up.

MADE DEACONS.

Archbishop Fabre has conferred the following orders; Deacons—Charles L. Pontbriand, Burlington; S. A. Rocheleau, London; R. A. Bernardin, Manchester; F. Fitzpatrick, Peterborough; P. O'Leary, Peterborough; F. L. French, Pontiac; Jos. Mincham, Toronto.

Sub-deacons—E. P. Guilbault, Montreal; P. J. McKeon, London; J. H. Brennan, Manchester; H. H. Halpin, New York; W. A. Gilfillan, Springfield; D. J. Meloche, Valleyfield.

ECCLIASTICAL NOMINATIONS.

The following nominations have been made by His Grace the Archbishop.—Charles Laforce, chaplain to the Sisters of St. Anne's Lachine; Zenon Therien, vicar to St. Bridget's, Montreal; O. Lachapelle, vicar to St. Louis de France, Montreal; Joseph Landry, vicar to St. Bruno.

HONORE MERCIER DEAD.

During several weeks Death's Angel has been hovering, in ever narrowing circles, over the home of ex-Premier Honore Mercier. At times it seemed that the last hour had arrived and that human resistance could no longer withstand the pressure; but with wonderful energy the dying statesman overcame the icy-handed grip that was upon him and rallied back into a fitful life. Finally, on yesterday morning, at half-past eight o'clock, in the shadow of that wing that had fatally touched him, his spirit went forth to the great unknown, eternal region beyond Time's confines. He is now beyond the power of human flattery or human censure; his varied and checkered career has passed into history; had he faults—and such is the lot of humanity to have them—they vanish in the light of his noble gifts, his grand mind, his patriotic heart, his indomitable courage, his strong Catholic faith, his never-to-be-forgotten services to his people and to his country. If he ever committed a mistake, in all the whirl, excitement and vicissitudes of a political career, doubtless "the accusing spirit fled up to heaven's sanctuary therewith, and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon it and blotted it out forever." But compared with acts that might have given rise to political censure,—and all political deeds are subject to the same,—there was a grand purpose in Mr. Mercier's life; a purpose accompanied by so many splendid evidences of sincerity, of heart, of faith, that over his death-couch the grief of a people should be manifest, and over his last resting place the tears of combined admiration and regret should dampen, for many a year, the sod that will be as green as his memory in the annals of Quebec's history and in the hearts of the people he loved.

The man who arose, by his own exertions and by the exercise of his native talents, from the position of an ordinary student to a foremost place in the profession of his choice,—who entered the political arena without any other weapons than his skill in organization and his magnificent eloquence,—who, despite all opposition, all crushing attacks, personal and general, ascended the stairway of success, with strides so rapid and with foot-steps so secure that he reached the highest position in the gift of the people of this Province, and swayed the minds and souls of a race to such an extent that their entire confidence and hopes were centered in him,—who was deemed worthy of special and extraordinary honors from the immortal Pontiff who to-day governs the Church of Christ,—who was as magnanimous in subsequent defeat as he was generous in the hour of victory,—who had it within his power to secure immense fortune at the expense of a confiding people, but who retired from his lofty post of trust, having enriched his friends and forever impoverished himself,—who never murmured at the ingratitude that those who owed most to him,—who accepted the reverses as he had taken the triumphs of life,—and who died a poor man, poor in this world's wealth, but gloriously rich in the mighty consolations of an imperishable faith—such a man is no mere ordinary politician, no simple citizen, he is one of the grandest characters on the field of Canadian history and one to whom pen or voice can scarcely pay a sufficient tribute.

The magnificent service that he rendered to the Catholic Church in this Province, when risking his high office of Prime Minister in order to restore to the rightful owners that which belonged to them and of which they had been so

unceremoniously deprived, will long remain as a monument to his zeal, his sincerity and his devotion to the cause of truth. The manner in which he fought for the rights and privileges of his immediate fellow-countrymen must forever stamp his character with the seal of the patriot. The numberless evidences of a broad and generous spirit which he gave—even after the shadow of political defeat had come upon him—indicate the inwardness of a noble heart and the workings of a lofty mind.

But all is over. *Hodie homo est, et cras non comparet.* Yesterday he was the leader, the powerful-voiced orator, the mighty tribune thundering his appeals in the ears of a people; last evening he was the vanquished, but still unconquerable hero, who faced death with the serenity and confidence that a grand and soul-absorbing Faith alone can impart; to-day he is no more; the frail form that contained the bright spirit lies there, but the soul has been wafted, long since, to a region beyond the din, the turmoil and the sorrows of this existence. His ashes will slumber beneath his beloved Canadian soil; his name will be inscribed on the page of Canadian history; his memory will survive in the hearts of his people; and his soul—rendered glorious in the contact with the Church's sacramental gifts—will enjoy, we pray, that repose, that happiness and that peace promised by the Saviour to "every good and faithful servant." To his bereaved family—wife and children—we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and trust that they will find consolation in the knowledge of his edifying death and in the fact, that, as far as this Province is concerned, his was

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

GRAND CONCERT IN THE GESU HALL.

The second annual concert of the Catholic Truth Society, in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club, was held in the academic hall of the Gesu, on Monday evening. There was a large attendance, and the varied and excellent numbers on the programme were heartily appreciated. The piano selections, by Miss Barbeau and Miss Wheeler, were well applauded, and Professor Sullivan's brilliant rendition of some classical violin solos elicited an enthusiastic encore. The songs of humorous Mr. Holland, and Mr. Frank Feron, were very enjoyable in their different classes. The singing of Miss Bertram and Miss Delaney was well received. Miss Mona Stafford, who has an unusually sweet voice, which she modulates without the slightest apparent effort, sang a pretty song which was enthusiastically received. Miss McAndrew's clear voice was also heard to great advantage. The musical selections by Mr. J. S. Shea, Miss Shea and Master Shea were very clever and pretty. Miss Mamie Stafford recited a difficult piece very gracefully and exceedingly well. Miss May Milloy also performed as artistically and thoughtfully as usual. The dainty recitation by pretty Miss Appleton was, as it deserved to be, one of the best received performances of the evening. One of the sailors was called up from the audience and acquitted himself so well that he was encored twice. Perhaps the most charming item of the evening was the violin playing of Miss Camille Hone, a very graceful young lady, who, for one so young, has a surprising mastery over that most untamable of instruments. Miss Hone played first in company of Miss Lefebvre, also a clever little lady, and, alone, played the Mazurka de Courant in the most charming and dexterous manner. The mandolin selections by the Ladies' Musicales were very enjoyable. Altogether, the concert was a most enjoyable one, and those who attended it were well satisfied with the entertainment provided.

When a lady, in answer to an importunate alms-taker, answered that she never gave anything at the door, the beggar said as to that he had no scruples in going in the parlor.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S CASE.

HIS GRACE VICTORIOUS.

Decision in the Famous Case of the Canada Revue Against Archbishop Fabre.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Justice Doherty delivered a most elaborate and comprehensive judgment in the famous case that has been going on between the proprietors of the defunct Canada Revue and His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal. Owing to the late hour of the judgment, we are unable to give more than a synopsis of it, but sufficient to show that the Archbishop has been upheld throughout. We take the following from the Witness report.

The case being put before the Court, opened four questions for examination: First—Did the Archbishop's circular constitute a libel? Second—If so, was it a privileged communication? Third—Was the prohibition a wrongful act, or was it the mere exercise of a right? Fourth—Did such exercise, if so it was, constitute an invasion of plaintiffs rights?

As a sequel came the question of damages, but the proof clearly established that plaintiff suffered loss as a result of the circular complained of, and the only question on that point was the one of responsibility for such loss.

First—Did the circular constitute a libel? On this point the Court held that if there was any libel the proof thereof must be found in the document complained of. While plaintiff's declaration referred to the circular as charging him with the intention to disperse and destroy the bishop's flock, the Court found it difficult to see anything in said circular but of comment, criticism or imputation upon a public paper. Now, did such constitute a libel? After quoting from both French and English authors, the learned judge came to the conclusion that there is a marked distinction between the defamation of a person and a condemnation of his writings, and with the law as it now stands and must be applied, criticism, however severe, is not a libel. If the criticism is unfair it may give rise to damages, but the unfairness must be established. This privilege of criticism was not confined to journalists, but it was the right of every man. Plaintiff claimed that the comment complained of was unfair, but he failed to establish that point, and the law supplied no presumption of such unfairness. The Court did not say that it would have arrived at the same conclusion as defendant did with reference to plaintiff's writings, but the conclusions arrived at were such as could be reached by an honest man criticising them. Under those circumstances the circular must be pronounced as not constituting a libel. This question being settled, rendered it unnecessary to examine whether or not the circular was a privileged communication, and the third question must be taken up.

Third—Was the prohibition a wrongful act or the mere exercise of a right? On this point the Court declared that the defendant had in no way questioned the jurisdiction of the Court in deciding this point. As a matter of fact, the Civil Code declares that the law applies to all persons who are able to discern between right and wrong amenable to the law, and there was no reason to depart from this course in the present case. While contending that defendant's condemnation was wrong, plaintiff admitted that the bishop had the right to condemn heterodox books. At the same time he held that the sufficiency of ground for such condemnation should be pronounced by the Court.

Defendant claimed, on the other hand, that this was a matter left to his own discretion, which the Court could not revise. Plaintiff based his pretension on this point on the old French law of 'Appel comme d'abus.' With this view, the bishop's decision was actually made a judgment in the first instance, and the Court was not prepared to admit that it should imply, without the contrary being proved, that this first judgment was wrong. 'Appel comme d'abus' supposed an abuse, but here no abuse had been proved, although it rested with Plaintiff to make such proof.

Although not necessarily called upon to do so, the Court was willing to consider the further question whether the 'Appel comme d'abus' still applied in

Canada. In the opinion of the Court it did not, having disappeared at the time of the cession, with all the other laws governing the relations of protection between the Church and State in France.

Under our present regime all subjects were purely citizens, and all religions stood in the same light as other organizations recognized by the state. Now, all such organizations could make rules for their internal government, provided such rules were not contrary to law.

After quoting decisions of the Privy Council in support of this doctrine, the learned judge went on to say that the evidence had shown it to be a fundamental rule in the Roman Catholic Church that the bishop has a right to govern the reading of books by members of his flock, and there was nothing to show that such domestic rules were contrary to law. On the other hand, there was not the slightest indication of any malice on the part of the defendant, and the Courts interfered in the domestic management of any organization only in the case of such malice. Under all these circumstances the prohibition must be considered as the mere exercise of a right.

Fourth—Did the exercise of such right constitute an invasion of plaintiff's own rights? No doubt the exercise of the Archbishop's right had seriously affected plaintiff's interests, but it could not be considered to have invaded his rights. Plaintiff had the right to offer his paper to those who were willing to purchase it, and even after the publication of the circular, everyone was still at liberty to purchase the 'Canada-Revue' if he so desired. The Bishop's act did not constitute an invasion of plaintiff's right, although it affected his interests. It was 'damnum absque injuria,' but did not render its author responsible in damages. For all of these reasons plaintiff's action must be dismissed.

Once more the Court remarked that the judgment had been rendered on purely civil principles, as affecting ordinary cases, and in no way going into the merits of ecclesiastical authority.

THE CONTRACT AWARDED.

The contract for the decoration of the body of St. Patrick's Church has been awarded by the Advisory committee to Messrs. Arnold and Locke, of Brooklyn. The firm have proved themselves, by their work in the churches of New York, Brooklyn and other places, to be fine artists. It may be of interest to know that Mr. Locke, the artist of the firm, is a sister's son to the late Monsignor Conroy, Papal delegate to Canada.

A HYPOCRITE.

Hypocrisy is always the pretence of other people—not our own. Witness this little dialogue:

"I despise a hypocrite," says Boggs.
"So do I," says Cloggs. "Now take Knoggs, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth. I despise that man."
"But you appear to be his best friend."
"Oh yes; I try to appear friendly towards him. It pays better in the end."

Sporting Husband: "Now I'll be off. See if I don't bring you home a brace or two of partridges, my dear." Wife: "No, no; a couple of ducks will do me just as well. They come cheaper, you know."

Home is the first and most important school of character.



WEARINESS
in women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores your strength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again. It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

Creston, Iowa.
DR. R. V. PIERCE: Sir—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility. I can heartily recommend it for such cases.

H. H. Snyder

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

List of Prize Winners and Donors.

St. Ann's bazaar closed on Saturday evening after a most successful run of ten days. The last number of the bright, witty little Fair Journal will be issued Friday; throughout the bazaar the Journal has appeared evening after evening with undiminished brightness, and its quips and epigrams have aroused more interest in the progress of the bazaar than could have been awakened by any other means. A grand closing entertainment was given in the hall last night; on the programme were an Operetta, Tableau, Drill, Comedy, etc. All who were present received a coupon ticket which entitled them to a chance in a drawing of prizes.

During the whole of the bazaar the ladies who gave their assistance worked with splendid energy and accomplished everything that it was possible to accomplish. The ladies and gentlemen who provided the first class entertainment given every evening also merit every commendation. The entertainment on Thursday evening was particularly good. The programmes, however, gave very meagre information, simply announcing singing by some Montreal artists, so when Mr. Arthur Cunningham, the renowned baritone, appeared before the audience, the surprise at the unexpected pleasure was visible on every countenance and a very storm of applause filled the Hall. The audience was rather small during the evening, but had it been distinctly known that such genuine talent would provide the entertainment, the Hall would have been filled to overflowing. Though small, it was an intensely attentive and appreciative audience that had assembled when the opening notes of Mr. Cunningham's beautiful song floated through the Hall. Those who had heard Mr. Cunningham before were delighted to have the opportunity to hear him again, and those less fortunate ones, who had known him only by his fame, willingly admitted that he has justly earned the flattering reputation he holds. His distinct enunciation adds another charm to his singing, for it is a matter that receives very little attention from the ordinary singer. The unmistakable demands of the audience were responded to in a very gracious manner, by Mr. Cunningham's singing of "The Raven," a composition of another style, but as thoroughly enjoyed as his first effort.

The next number on the programme was a solo by Master Slattery, with violin accompaniment. Master Slattery is possessed of a very good voice, of which he made the best use Thursday evening for the benefit of the Bazaar. The accompaniment of the violinists is well known.

There were several other interesting items on the programme, including a recitation by Mr. Fitzgibbon, a musical selection by Mr. McGuirk, and an instrumental duet by Mr. and Mrs. Jt. Jean Closset.

NOTES.

The energy and ability of Miss Johnson gave the greatest satisfaction; in artistic decorations and drapings, getting up of tableaux, euhore parties, etc., she was always most prominent by her talent and good humor, and her services were always valued highly, as they deserved to be.

Anyone wishing for copies of the last issue of the Bazaar Journal may obtain them from Mrs. J. Kannon, at the corner of Colborne and Ottawa streets.

WINNERS.

Cooking range, Mr. West; chair, Rev. F. Rioux; mirror, Rev. F. Catulle; deerskin rug, Rev. F. Savard; fancy cuspidor, Rev. F. Bancart; costly doll, Miss Annie Gareau; painted table scarf, F. Burns; reed rocking chair, D. Kearney; fancy basket and white bear, Thos. McCarthy; silver cake basket, Thos. Hanley; gold watch, R. Fitzgibbons; mantle drape, Mr. Feron; Oriental table cover, Mr. Fitzpatrick; piano stool, Rev. Father Catulle; rocking chair, Mr. M. Shea; clock, P. O'Brien; fancy cake basket, Rev. F. Bancart; musical alarm clock, J. Collins; forks and knives (silver), Miss Cassidy; student's chair, Norah Kinella; fancy rocker, Joseph Johnson; fancy table cover, M. Doheney; prayer book and beads, T. Dillon; fancy bird cage, Mr. Vanotetti; chandelier, Mr. J. Herman; painter's cushion, William J. Inskin; bedstead, Mrs. Killoran; china tea set, Rev. F. Bancart; dozen silver tea spoons, R. M. Greevy; table lamp, Mrs. McGold-

rick; Greek urn and plate, J. Johnston; hand-painted table cover, Rev. F. Bancart; picture and easel, Mrs. O'Shea; parlor table, B. Cote; corner chair, Mrs. H. Pitts; music rack, Miss Herbert; fancy chair, Mrs. Rogers; plush album, Dan Hanley; cooking range, Miss Annie Nolan; a rug, J. J. Curran; painted bannerette, Miss Bromley; lady's companion, Mrs. French; white knitted jacket, Mr. P. Malone; wool knitted hood, Miss Power; dressed doll, Miss M. Cullinan; duster bag, Miss A. Gareau; corner book shelf, Mrs. Brennan; perfume bottles, Mrs. Duclos; barrel of Astral oil, R. F. Lava; caddy of tea, R. F. Steinforth; fancy cushion, Mr. Jos. Johnston; beautiful baby doll, Mrs. W. Gail'oyle; silver pickle jar, Mrs. M. Markham.

WINNING NUMBERS IN MISS ELIZABETH BRENNAN'S LOTTERY.

Cooking stove (Brilliant Leader), 26; overcoat (boys') 46; autoharp, 85; picture St. John, 492; set of servers, 495; load of wood, 558; recollections of Rome, 675; painted plague, 837; ton of coal, 875; large baby doll, 903; box laundry soap, 1017; pair of vases, 1049; bed spring, 1101; watch stand, 1405; pickle jar, 1452; dressed doll, 1534; table scarf, 1568; picture Our Lady of Victory, 1591; pail of jam, 1668; fruit dish, 1775; portrait of Bishop Emard, 1783; jardiniere and plant, 1832; framed panel, 1956; set Japanese trays, 2061; concertina, 2144; \$5 gold piece, 2201; box stationery, 2655; wanner sewing machine, 2838; baby bonnet, 2951; table cover, 3074; crazy pillow, 3087; framed portrait, 3093; picture, "Holy Family," 3421; plush album, 3485; caddy of tea, 3552; pair lady's shoes, 3656; box laundry soap, 3666; baby's bonnet, 3679; suit boy's clothes, 3823; sofa pillow, 3836; dessert set, 4132; breakfast cruet, 4431; glove and handkerchief satchet, 4490; barrel of apples, 4480; large fruit cake, 4544; hanging lamp, 4687; handkerchief satchet, 4795; picture, "Ecce Homo," 4797; slipper case, 4801; colored engraving, 4838; fancy fan, 4994; flowers under globe, 5041.

PERSONS WHO DONATED ARTICLES FOR THE BAZAAR.

R. F. Catulle, Greek urns and plates, 1 doz. silver spoons and forks, a musical clock; R. F. Bancart, photograph holder, 1 doz. silver tea spoons, a beautiful cooking range; Mrs. Poulin, lady's companion; Mr. Laliberti, bear and fancy basket; Mrs. T. Donnelly, china tea set; Mrs. Holland, picture of His Holiness Leo XIII; Mr. T. Donnelly, plush portrait album; Mr. Cantwell, silk umbrella; Mr. J. Bruchesi, gold watch; Mr. Clendenning, cooking stove; Sadlier & Co., picture and easel; Miss Donoghue, child's hood and muff in white fur; Owen McGarvey, handsome chair; M. Feron, fancy cuspidor; Mrs. Prudhomme, bedroom set; Mr. Cochenthaler, gilt candlestick; Miss B. Meade, hand-painted banneret, with hand-painted pin-cushion; M. Merriman, blackthorn stick with ivory handle; Drapeau & Savignac, chandelier with globes; Miss M. Mohan, silver cake basket; C. W. Lindsay, plush piano stool; Mrs. M. Curran, bamboo music rack; Miss M. Cardinal, case with beads and prayer book; Miss M. Kennedy, costly doll; Wilder & Co., two rockers; Miss Johnston, parlor table; Mr. Trudel, hand-painted fancy stool; T. E. & A. Martin, student's chair; Miss Ellis, dressed doll; Mrs. Gallagher, rocking chair and parlor lam; Miss L. O'Neill, fancy clock; Mr. T. Kane, fancy chair; Mrs. Cullinan, handpainted table cover; Miss Cahill, mirror; Miss Mulcair, handsome rug and fancy caskets; Miss Murphy, fancy cushion; Mr. Ligget, handsome rug; T. O. Lyons, dozen perfume bottles; N. Rheume & Bros., framed picture; Mrs. Martineau, handpainted table scarf; Mrs. M. Ginn, knitted fancy hood; N. E. Hamilton, corner book shelf; J. S. Flynn, handkerchief satchet; Bushnell Oil Co., barrel of astral oil; Mrs. J. Doherty, deer skin; Mrs. McGurn, beautiful baby doll; Mrs. J. Johnston, brass bird cage; Mrs. Sullivan, silver pickle jar; Fraser and Viger, caddy of tea; Hemsley, small clock; Miss M. E. Kelley, handsome duster bag; Miss Ritchot, dressed doll; Mrs. Ritchot, ice cream; Mrs. Ch. Strubbe, several fancy articles; Hicks, draperies; Rae and Donnelly, draperies; Davidson, flowers; Mar in, flowers; M. Martel, Wanner sewing machine; Mrs. E. Riely, barrel of apples; R. McShane, caddy of tea; Mrs. Pegnam, pail of jam; a friend, picture of Holy Family; a friend, "Ecce

Homo"; a friend, portrait Bishop Emard; Mrs. Slattery, colored engraving; Miss O'Rourke, crazy pillow; a friend, sofa pillow; Mrs. M. P. Ryan, pair vases; H. A. Hart, set carvers; Mrs. Martin, fruit dish; Miss B. Maehan, box stationery; a friend handkerchief satchet; Miss E. Brennan, glove & hank'f satchet; a friend, ton of coal; Mr. Graham, load of wood; Miss K. Dunn, painted plaque; Miss A. Gareau, table scarf; Miss K. Moore, table cover; a friend, framed panel; a friend, framed portrait; Mr. McDermot, jr., pickle jar; Mr. Gallery, suit boy's clothes; Direct Supply Association, overcoat (boy's); Mr. C. Martel, autoharp; a friend, concertina; Mr. Flannery, pair lady's shoes; Mrs. Enright, box laundry soap; Mr. M. Clarke, box laundry soap; Mr. P. M. Dermot, breakfast cruet; a friend, dessert set; Mrs. Kiloran, fancy fan and "Recollections of Rome"; a friend, picture of "St. John's"; a friend, vase of flowers under globe; Mrs. Fosbre, baby's bonnet; Mrs. Healin, baby's bonnet; Mrs. P. Ryan, plush album; Mrs. Gibbons, hanging lamp; a friend, slipper case; Mrs. Feron, jardiniere and plant; a friend, large baby doll; Mrs. T. Moore, dressed doll; Mrs. Demers, set japanned trays; a friend, picture of "Our Lady" and cooking stove; Mr. Walsh, large fruit cake.

GOOD WORK IN ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of St. Ann's Parish was held on Sunday. The meeting was the first general one before the beginning of the season.

Mr. Michael Shea was admitted as a member. This gave opportunity for the society to express regret for the loss of his father, who was a good and generous member. A year ago the society began to take an interest in the Catholic Rescue and Protection Society, and a new committee was formed for the purpose as follows: Chairman, T. Lyman; vice-president, J. Killoran; treasurer, Wm. Daly; secretary, P. O'Reilly; Messrs. Michael Clarke, M. J. Ryan, D. Baxter, J. Cantwell.

A committee of ladies has charge of the girls.

The secretary, P. O'Reilly, remarked that this committee would meet and work apart from the Conference, as the C. P. & R. Society is no burden to the St. Vincent de Paul. The outfitings of the home, St. Thomas street, are covered by private donations, all other expenses being paid by the societies in England. Nearly 200 children found shelter there, and were placed. Satisfaction with the work of the C. P. & R. Society was already expressed by members of the clergy, both in Canada and on the other side, and by the government.

VILLE MARIE BAZAAR.

The bazaar in aid of the reconstruction of Ville Marie Convent will open on November the 12th. Among the many ladies, mostly French, who will assist are the following well-known Irish ladies:—Mrs. E. Murphy, Collins, J. J. Curran, Casgrain, Moore, McIntyre, Wilson, James, Love, Ryan, McCarthy, Fitzpatrick, McDonald, Boyes, Phelan, Kavanagh, Adam, Gethings, Drummond, O'Brien, Sadlier, Cox, Monk, Mount and Bowes. The object of Ville Marie is a splendid one and the ladies who have worked so energetically in its interests deserve every encouragement and patronage during the bazaar.

"THE POOR WILL BENEFIT."

The receipts from the bazaar for the benefit of the society of St. Vincent de Paul amounted to \$1144.25. In the popular contest held in connection with the bazaar between Union St. Vincent and Cercle St. Joseph the latter won by a majority of 6,355 votes.

WITTILY ACKNOWLEDGED.

A laughable little story is told of a woman on the witness-stand in a French court. She was asked her age, and answered that she was thirty-three years old.

"But," said the magistrate, "did you not tell me you were thirty when you appeared before me two years ago?"

"I think it very likely," she replied, smilingly acknowledging her falsehood, and not at all abashed. "I am not one of those women who say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."

Irish News.

Mr. Gerald Cullen, a Castleblayney, solicitor, died recently at an early age.

Constable George Ryan, of Timahoe Station, has been made an acting-sergeant.

In the Dungannon Revision Court, East Tyrone, Nationalists gained an advantage of 52 votes.

Alderman Jerome Counihan, J. P., of Limerick, proprietor and editor of the Munster News, died on Oct. 5.

T. O'Gorman, president of the Limerick Amnesty Committee, died suddenly, on Oct. 2. The deceased had been suffering from heart disease.

James Drennan, J. P., of Case Hall, Limavady, has died at the ripe age of four score and five. He was an excellent type of the prosperous Ulster farmer.

On October 4, Miss Kathleen McCarthy, daughter of Patrick McCarthy, of Ballyduff, Dungarvan, made her final vows at the Convent of Mercy, Dungarvan.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John F. Tumpane, T. C. P. L. G., Dr. William Courtenay and Thomas Ryan, all of Nenagh, to the Commission of the Peace for County Tipperary.

Patrick Crumley, T.C., a merchant of Enniskillen, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace. Mr. Crumley is well and favorably known throughout Fermanagh and the adjoining counties.

District-Inspector Maxwell, who has been stationed in Wexford for three years, has been transferred to Mount-rath. He will be replaced by O'Neill Ferguson, District-inspector of the latter station.

Patrick Cremins, of Boherbee, is dead. He and his brother were identified with the Fenian movement, and were also members of the Papal Brigade. His brother, John Cremins, is a resident of Killarney.

The deaths occurred, on Oct. 4, of Mary McEntee, of Donore, the daughter of the late Mrs. McEntee, of Castletown, and sister of the Rev. H. McEntee, pastor of Donore; and at Darthogue, Ratoath, of Bryan Joseph Macabe.

Donal Sullivan, member of Parliament from South Westmeath, has been visiting his constituents lately, and has been, during his stay, the guest of John Gaynor, solicitor and country coroner, who acted as his election agent in 1892.

At a meeting of the Nationalist members of the Clonmel Corporation, on October 1, Alderman E. Cantwell, J.P., was unanimously selected as Nationalist candidate for the vacancy in the mayoralty created by the resignation of Alderman J. H. Lonergan, J.P.

In Woodford, on the night of Oct. 1, two houses which had been built by Lord Clanricarde in the hope of getting planters to live in them, were destroyed. One was blown to pieces and the other burned. The buildings stood on the site of a homestead from which a tenant had been evicted.

The Rev. M. Doherty, C.S.S.R., of Dundalk, died on the 27th ult. For eight years he was one of the community of St. Joseph. Father Doherty came here after giving a mission in Liverpool, and his heart was bound up with the new church. He was never in robust health, but so truly was he inspired by the zeal of the great founder of his order that he was a most indefatigable missionary, and he might almost be said to have lived in the confessional.

The newly renovated church of Donagh, parish of Newtownbutler, was solemnly dedicated to St. Patrick on Sunday, September 30, by Bishop Owens, of Clogher. The church, which twelve months ago was almost a crumbling ruin, was taken in hand by the worthy pastor, Canon O'Connor, and with the aid of his generous parishioners the building was re-roofed, re-floored, painted and decorated at a cost of £700, which was entirely subscribed by the people of the united parishes of Newtownbutler and Donagh.

It is reported that a lady in Boston was promised a sealskin cloak if she would not speak for a quarter of an hour. She set her lips for silence; but at the end of a few minutes she exclaimed, "Mind you, it's got to be a two hundred and fifty dollar one."

Happiness grows at our own firesides, and is not to be picked up in stranger's gardens.

VATICAN AND QUIRINAL.

AN INSIDE VIEW OF THE CASE.

Significant Reflections on the Reported Possibility of New Relations.

ROME, Sept. 30.—Though I was away from Rome, I felt bound to return to the beloved and hospitable city in order to find out the trouble about the conciliation. I felt that the Quirinal and the Vatican had come to a point where the roads meet, that a new era was beginning, that a "new" spirit was breathing from the heights. What is the new policy? To what events will Mr. Crispi's speech at Naples give birth? Is it true that we are on the eve of a "modus vivendi" or final arrangement of the Roman question? Accustomed as I am to treat these matters in the Sun, I shall continue to-day my impartial investigation, without prejudice and without favor. In politics, as in life, it is the broad lines that we must keep in sight and follow, avoiding the devious ways of selfish combinations and calculations. The speech of Signor Crispi is the outcome of long reflection, the result of the evolutions which have taken place in Europe and in Italy. When, at the threatening muttering of the Sicilian revolt, Signor Crispi had the boldness to assume power and to proudly assert his intention of saving the ship of State, which was making water through every seam, he knew intuitively what new part events had forced upon him.

Brought up in the school of Palmerston and Bismarck, he does not believe that to change is to lose standing; he thinks that the statesman must adapt himself to circumstances, and must direct his policy according to the changes which occur. To man, man is a great child, to be ruled through the imagination and to be dazzled by astonishing transformation scenes.

Bismarck has raised this method to the dignity of an art, a science. This it is that brought about his glory and power, and also his collapse and misfortune. These leaders of peoples forget that humanity is directed by moral laws; that it is not a machine, but an organism. It was Napoleon I. who first of all degraded politics to this subtle game. Bismarck followed him at a distance; Signor Crispi also at a distance. They are strategists; they are neither saviors nor reformers.

Thanks to this turn of mind, to this moral condition, Signor Crispi took up the direction of affairs with a novel stage setting. He, the old conspirator, the unsparring persecutor of the Pope and of Catholicism, asked immediately for the intervention of the Papal See in Sicily and begged of the Vatican and the contending parties for the "truce of God." He immediately put himself in communication with the Pope by the intervention of his friend, Mgr. Carini, under librarian of the Vatican, a Sicilian like himself. He preached the concentration of all the forces of the nation to suppress the moneter revolution. The Pope was surprised. Though the difficulties in which the Italian Government is involved justified his policy of waiting and of holding back, and though the revolt of Sicily, "the isle of fire," as Dante calls her, was the signal for the bankruptcy of Italian unity, His Holiness asked no concessions for his assistance.

Instead of publishing an Encyclical, as M. Crispi desired, he sent secret instructions to all the bishops of Sicily to pacify the minds of men. The collaboration of the clergy had a great deal to do with breaking the force of the insurrection. The disease in Sicily, like the malady in Italy, is a malady of exhaustion. It is the consequence of a great disillusion. The statesmen in favor of unity had won over the masses by promises as high as heaven and as long as eternity! Liberty, national independence, the progress of the industry, of commerce, and of agriculture, a new birth of intellectual activity; the new order of things had spread the most beautiful prospects before thirsting souls. And instead of fruit the people now held ashes in its hands. The fortune of Italy was like those eastern roses which leave behind only poison and bitterness. Hence the value of the aid of the clerical party. The Catholics and the Pope alone were from the malady of Italy; they alone had resisted the mad antics of the State, and they alone were innocent of the misery of the people and the collapse of the economic fabric of the

nation. They alone, therefore, had the right to preach peace, forgetfulness and reparation.

So Signor Crispi kept entreating the Vatican to lend its aid to a substantial understanding. The settlement of the affair of the Patriarchate of Venice and of the exequaturs, the establishment of an Italian Apostolic Prefecture in Erythraea seemed to Signor Crispi the starting point for a sensational manifestation, one too sensational perhaps, at all events an untimely and theatrical one. Repeatedly Signor Crispi had asked his agent, Mgr. Carini, what conditions the Holy Father asked for the suppression of the *non-expedit*, but the Vatican invariably replied that the participation of the Catholics in the elections should be the reward, the sanction of a reconciliation, and not the beginning and the cause of it. As for the question of Rome, the Pope would never treat with the Quirinal before the departure of the King and Government, for the Vatican could not recognize in Rome itself the authority and power to contract of the new Government. In spite of this declination to discuss the real substance of the matters pending, Signor Crispi determined upon the illusive demonstration at Naples. The impression made at the Vatican was a curiously mixed one. Morally the speech was an admission of impotence and at the same time a glorification of the Holy See, and the visible sign of the need which official Italy had of its assistance. Politically it looked like a venture, for the Freemasons and the old irreconcilable Liberals would circumvent Signor Crispi, make him turn back and harass him in his attempts to make compromises with the Pope and the bishops for the quiet and quieting regulation of current matters. The Pope exclaimed: "It is a leap in the dark." The violently hostile attitude of Signor Lemmi and some of his party justified the opinion of His Holiness. But Signor Crispi, in accord with the King, has his plan. To create a popular feeling for a conciliation, to bring the force of the national aspirations to bear upon the future acts of the Papacy, if possible, to put the unyielding Pontiff in the wrong; at all events, to attract to himself in the administrative elections all the elements of order, with the object of crushing the Radicals, the Republicans and the Socialists; lastly, in time to begin slowly a change of policy toward the Papacy, to facilitate for the successor of Leo XIII. the solution of the intervening steps with regard to the Roman question, and the participation of the Conservatives in the elections. Such is Signor Crispi's ideal.

From this point of view the stage trick has been completely successful. The great majority of the people, in magnificent unison, has declared for peace, and has shown its desire to draw closer and to end the strained relations. By this the Vatican both gains and loses. Incontestable as is the fact that this change means a total break with the policy of war, open or secret, against the Papacy, the Holy See, nevertheless, does not like the roughness of this moral pressure. The Vatican feels that if the powers that be ask the aid of God and of the Conservatives it is to save the present Government and the system it has hitherto pursued. Now the Catholics do not feel called upon to act as life savers. They do not care to be either fools or dupes. After the restoration of order, after the State is snatched from the depths of the abyss, the old game would begin again. And, moreover, if the system is not changed, is it possible even to restore the fortunes and the security of Italy? If the present course is not radically changed would the cause of the evil be suppressed? Would the disease be cured? Would new blood be infused into this exhausted organism by calling new doctors merely to consult at the patient's bedside?

Consequently, the Pope will not come forward. He has his own plan. It is Rome, a free and Catholic city, the capital of the religious world and not of a little political State. It is the widening of unity by combining with it a federation of districts, corresponding to the traditions, the temperament, and the needs of the country; it is republican federation, with free play for all the individualities of each fragment of the long-stretched out territory of Italy.

For Catholics the military royalty is the symbol of antagonism to the Papacy; it is not only the hostile power, it is the bond that holds together, the hotbed from which springs all opposition to the influence and international power of the

Pontificate. The Holy Father does not stop at the combinations of a day; he sees the future, and he thinks he has his hand upon it.

There you have the truth. But though no combination is possible with the present arrangement of parties, the change in Signor Crispi is none the less a historical fact of vast importance. It may be the starting point and forerunner of moral revolutions too great for the will of man to check their impetuous course.—"Innomina'o" in N. Y. Sun.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER

DECLARES THE SO-CALLED PROTESTANT SUPERIORITY IN IRELAND A FRAUD.

Rev. Mr. Wark, a prominent minister of Memphis, Tenn., recently delivered a lecture on Ireland which is being widely published, owing to the truthfulness of the matter contained therein. The minister introduced his speech by remarking: "Long live old Ireland! Green be her fields, bright be her skies, and happiness be the portion of her sons and daughters." In his allusions to Catholic and Protestant Ireland, he said: "My business is to state facts, not to make them. Of course I had ever been taught—in fact, I had read it in the Sunday school books, that the north of Ireland, which is supposed to be Protestant, is greatly superior to the south of Ireland, which is supposed to be Catholic. Now I have been through Ireland from the extreme south to the north, and I aver upon the honor of a gentleman and a Christian, that a greater fraud than the assumed superiority of the Protestant over the Catholic population of Ireland was never palmed off upon an innocent and unsuspecting public. It is pitiful when men attempt to coin religious capital out of such material. On the other hand, I saw more squalor, more abject misery, more poverty and wretchedness in Glasgow and Edinburgh than in the whole of Ireland put together. Scotland is Protestant, Ireland is Catholic. I say it is my duty to state facts as I see them, and not allow religious prejudice to blind my eyes to the truth. The sun of heaven shines in no fairer spot than the South of Ireland. From Mallow, on the Blackwater, to Cork, on the Lee, it was pure and beautiful as the dream in the heart of a sinless maiden. I saw just two cities in Europe that I should care to live in. One of these is Dundee, in Scotland, the other Cork, in Ireland—with a decided preference for Cork. Everywhere in Ireland I was treated like a gentleman. Never for an instant was I mistreated by a human being."—*New York Catholic Review*.

JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.

A NON-CATHOLIC ON THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham, in an article in the Nineteenth Century, pays a splendid tribute to the early Jesuit missionaries in Paraguay. Certain non-Catholic writers who have never been within 1,000 leagues of South America, have seen fit to circulate numberless calumnies and salanders about the Paraguay Jesuits and their labors among the Indians of that country, and unfortunately, their false statements have been accepted as the truth by many readers of history. Mr. Grahame, unlike these malicious critics, has been on the spot, and knows whereof he speaks. He appears to be honest and sincere. For obvious reasons, therefore, his statements are trustworthy and his opinions worthy of attention.

Mr. Grahame's article treats, for the most part, of the adventures of one particular Jesuit missionary, "a kindly, honest, simple-minded man, whose lot was thrown in strange places, and who fortunately has preserved for us a record of his undertakings." One cannot be certain whether Mr. Grahame is not more amused than edified by the simple writings of the missionary, but of his admiration for the Jesuit missionaries as a whole there can be no doubt. He praises their heroism and patience in suffering. He says that they "accomplished much good, endured great perils and hardships, and were the only people whose mere presence did not bring mortality amongst the Indians." Their labor in those days no glowing newspaper or magazine articles to sound their praises, no triumphal processions and no testimonials, "nothing but drudgery amongst savages, but journeys, ridings by night and day, sleeping amongst swamps, fightings and

preachings, and death at last of fever, or by Indian club or arrow. For all reward, calumny and misconception, and a notice in the appendix of a book written by a member of the society, in this wise: "Padre Julian Lizzardi, a Biscayan, caught by the Chiriguano, tied to a stake, and shot to death with arrows; Diego Herrera, pierced with a spear; Lucas Rodriguez, slain at the altar by the Mocoibos; Gaspar Osoiro killed and eaten by the Paraguas."

Of the great good accomplished by these self-sacrificing heroes, these much-maligned servants of God, Mr. Graham promises to treat in detail at some future periods. His work will be awaited with interest. It will be a contribution to historical and religious literature, and should forever set at rest the slanders of bigoted and ignorant writers.—*New York Catholic Review*.

THE WORLD AROUND.

The Colorado Catholic wants a Rooky Mountain Summer School.

The Argentine Republic has established a legation to the Holy See.

Sir Alfred Stephen, formerly lieutenant-governor of New South Wales, is dead.

General regret is expressed at the retirement of Hon. W. Bourke Cockran from the House.

Rev. Eligius Beyer, a saintly member of the Society of Mary, died on October 2d at San Antonio, Texas.

It was reported from Shanghai a few days ago that Port Arthur, the Chinese stronghold, had been captured by the Japanese.

The silver wreath subscribed for by the musicians of the United States, was presented to the Composer Strauss Monday in Vienna.

An edict has been published in Pekin assuring foreigners that their persons and property will be protected by the Chinese Government.

It is believed in Mexico that the dispute with Guatemala concerning the boundary line between the two countries will be settled peacefully.

An admirable paper on Stonyhurst College, which lately celebrated its centenary, appears in the current issue of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Several of the government and municipal authorities in Paris have received threatening letters from London Anarchists, who defend the murder of President Carnot.

Morocco City has been in a state of rebellion against the Sultan for a week past and the Caliph is hemmed in by insurgents. Oaid Behama committed suicide rather than be arrested.

The hurricane that passed over the Island of San Domingo on the night of September 21st did great damage to property, particularly on the sugar estates. Many lives were lost through disasters to coasting vessels.

Brother Raymond Huber, O.S.B., died recently at St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pa., in his 73d year. During his long religious life he rendered great service to the monastery. He worked for many years in the old brickyard, and in fact there contracted the first germs of the disease which ultimately caused his death.

The Soleil says that in consequence of a case of fraternization of French and German soldiers having been reported to him, Gen. Mercier, Minister of War, has issued an order forbidding the frontier troops to go beyond their stations without special permission.

The Berlin Tageblatt's Rome correspondent has had an interview with Cardinal Galimberti concerning the election of the next Pope. The Cardinal said he thought the conclave would choose Cardinal Amilcare Malagola, Archbishop of Fermo, who belonged to a rich and noble family, and had the liberal ideas which distinguished the present Pope.

A society has been formed with the object of prosecuting for defamation of character any one who by word or in a newspaper unjustly attacks the reputation of a priest. The new institution has already brought about good results. Until now priests have been among the most defenseless of French subjects, their means of defense often consisting in a rap with a stick on the head of an offender. This mode of chastisement is sometimes administered in the streets of Paris.

TRACES OF TRAVEL.

In Campagna, -Frascati; a Most Graphic Pen-Picture of an Italian Town—Scenes to be Remembered.

Only a half-hour's ride from Rome yet the old city seems literally a thing of the past. The stranger who alights at the station a mile from Frascati, under the hill, might easily imagine himself in the midst of a wilderness of olives. Not a house visible; no wily landlords standing at the doors of their mansions, awaiting, nay inviting custom. Nothing but a swell carriage or two with liveried footmen, a public coach of a primitive pattern, and a half-dozen tumulous donkey-boys—the only souls who appear honestly glad to see you. Good-natured youngsters, these lads, who seem on the most intimate terms with their docile and diminutive beasts. If you don't see fit to engage them, they immediately mount the great, awkward saddles—as plump as meal sacks—and gallop back to town as merrily as if money was no object, and a ride home more than compensated for the lack of patronage.

The road winds up the hill between groves green and fragrant; and when it begins to seem as if Frascati were a delusion, you suddenly see a glimmering white town on a hill-slope that dissolves into thin air as you approach it. You turn a corner in the shady road, and are brought face to face with the bright little city, all aglow in the heat of a summer sunset. The traditional Italian sunset is not an everyday affair. I am half inclined to think that the Italian sun, in love with Italian indolence, sometimes forgets his duty and sets only occasionally. Or perhaps he has his moods like the rest of us. Sunset was the correct thing yesterday. Sunset and a villa before dinner; music and good wine after; and then to bed early, to the melody of nightingales—for we rose with the lark this morning, and one must needs sleep now and again, though it be Italy and summer combined.

I paced the streets of Frascati, working my way to the west front of the town. I was not alone, and how jolly it is to find friends abroad who speak English that does not seem to have gone mad—as most English on a foreign tongue is apt to do!—and I walked to the parapet that overhangs the Campagna, and there we revelled in the expiring agonies of a day that was dying game. The streets—you could have counted them on your fingers—all led out to the sunset; the houses all turned lovingly that way; citizens flocked to the front and leaned lazily over the parapet, with their faces set calmly to the west; balconies blossomed like magical flowers, with rows of pretty women trailing over the railings; children stopped play to look and to listen,—for the hour was so delicious it seemed as if some prophet would suddenly receive a revelation, and we were quite in the mood for receiving something of the sort ourselves.

A captain and a lieutenant joined us—plump gentlemen, with sabres that clanged on the pavement as they walked. We sat on the edge of a fountain—for we all sit or lean or lie in this country,—while the clouds ran blood, and then grew pale as if from the loss of it. But they were once more pierced with great golden shafts that drove the throbbing color to their breasts; and so they fretted themselves to death in presence of the whole town of Frascati.

Oh, it was glorious! The green Campagna almost seemed to undulate like a living sea; and the mist that hovered over it—a mist fraught with fevers and death—added to its mysterious beauty. The everlasting dome, the only dome that doesn't shrink in the distance, but seems rather to expand—St. Peter's,—was all of the Eternal City that was visible, but it was enough. It overtopped the Seven Hills; and when the eye left that landmark there was nothing else worth resting on till it came to the shining girdle of the Tyrrhene Sea.

It is odd that sunsets know just how long it is safe to last. Nearly everything else wears itself out, or is so brief it can hardly be voted a success. The fountain at our elbow awoke us from a reverie; it was shooting up a column of liquid amber that had absorbed very much of the loveliness of the hour, and was still spouting it out, though the last pallor had come over the clouds, and our sunset was over. "To the Villa!" said the captain, with a clang of his sabre. "The Villa!" echoed the lieutenant, as if it was

an official order he had received from the captain. "Aye, to the deep defiles of the Villa!" cried the rest of us, like a chorus in the third act, where the villain is for a moment triumphant.

Frascati is environed by villas. Most of them were built by fine old cardinals, whose enormous wealth was equalled only by their good taste in the selection of sites and the improvement of the same. An Italian villa is an umbrageous solitude, the silence of which is broken only by the splash of fountains and the call of birds. We rang at a gate that would have done justice to a convent, and were admitted by a porter who seemed to have taken upon himself much of the serene solemnity of the place. A broad road led us to the front of the ugly Italian house,—a house whose doors and windows looked as if they were never intended to swing open. A splendid fountain laughed with all its waters in the face of this living tomb. Terrace above terrace, reached by broad flights of moss-grown marble steps, beguiled us to the summit, where another fountain played in the shadow of an ilex grove that looked boundless, it was so dense and expansive. Winding paths led hither and thither into mimic dells and narrow ravines, such as banditti ought to haunt, and in some cases do. At the Villa Ruffinella, once the property of Lucien Bonaparte, Lucien himself was attacked and plundered by robbers.

We lost one another in the double dark of the wood. The fireflies misled us, the bats flopped their sooty wings about our ears; owls hooted at us, and dry twigs snapped under our feet where the dead leaves were inches deep, and it seemed impossible that serpents should not lurk. There were bowers for love, and retreats for reverie and silent meditation. It was the hour and the place for any lady of Lyons to realize the dream of any ambitious gardener. We all struck attitudes and exclaimed with one accord:

"If thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which, could love...."

But it was growing dark, and we had yet to find our way out of the delightful labyrinth. Hanging gardens looked down upon gardens below them, and waved broad leaves in greeting. The cool air stirred gently among the swaying boughs; the lights of the town sparkled, the stars "globed themselves in dew." It was altogether lovely, and we left it as one leaves an earthly paradise—but the thought of dinner consoled us.

Returning, we paused for a moment at the base of a cascade that tumbled in a marble bed and tangled itself with long knots of grass. There was a charming air of neglect everywhere visible. I felt like blessing the man who had taste enough to leave all that great garden to nature, for another touch of art would have spoiled it. I never wish to know the plan of my villa—probably I never shall—but when it is dusk let me wander and lose myself in it. Aud, that it may be ever new to me, an ingenious and non-communicative party shall strike fresh trails in it and so trap me in unsuspected difficulties, out of which I shall be in no haste to extricate myself.

The amiable porter did not want to take anything for his trouble; he positively declined, and continued declining, with his palm upward, so that anything from a farthing to a fortune would have stood no chance of rolling out of it. Bless his heart! He was a pensive porter, who lived in a lodge that was bearded with lichen and smelt of the grave.

Dinner! Dinner for the captain and the lieutenant and for those who spoke English. Dinner also for the fair one with golden locks. In the midst of the salad, lol the tinkle of a guitar under the window, and the scream of the pandean pipes. We forgot our appetites—our good mountain appetites, prefaced by a sunset and a dusky dell.

The Italians are certainly obliging—when they choose to be. Seeing that we had music in ourselves, they proposed entering the saloon and playing for us; and there was music and mirth for the rest of the evening.

Behold the eccentric troubadours! Two men of middle age, as crazy as lions. One, fancying himself a count, but choosing, notwithstanding his title, to pace the streets of Frascati with a guitar nearly the size of a grand piano, but not quite. He played and sang well—sang songs of his own composition that were both witty and pretty. His companion, he of the pandean pipes, seemed to live for the sole purpose of paying homage to the surpassing gifts of the guitarist. He

could look at him with the rapt air that is noticeable only in insanity and genius. But this was not enough to satisfy his ardent spirit; he must needs break in upon the singer with a shrill blast of his pipes that bore no relation to the song, yet seemed to harmonize with it. There was evidently a strong affinity between the two; they both dwelt in that chaotic world where the inharmonious elements assimilate by reason of their common lack of harmony, and the two were as amiable as idiots.

One of them told his story: There are four of these lunatics who run together. They call themselves a musical brotherhood, and it is their custom to enliven the evenings of Frascati with gratuitous melody. "No one but madmen can join *curcaoir*," said the singer; "for other men are afraid of us." I scarcely wonder at it, for before the evening was over the pandean pipes went as mad as Pan himself; and the poor fellow who revelled in the incoherent music he was blowing from the pipes danced grotesque dances to his own accompaniment, while the singer abused him roundly for interrupting his song. Our cigars burned slowly out in the midst of this odd entertainment; and when the minstrels at last took their leave, which they did with a formality worthy of royalty, we were faint from laughter.

How cool the night was! How different this air—the sweet, unbreathed air—from that of feverish Rome! And the night-singers, the nightingales, that haunt these villas and burden the hours with their deliciously melancholy refrain,—there is little of the city horrors: crime, hunger and unrest. Oh, it is well to be here! It is well to be anywhere, I suppose, for a change—anywhere else. But even Frascati, with its sunsets, its nightingales, its villas, and its troubadours, would probably cloy in a day or two.—CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, in *the Ave Maria*.

HOW TO SAVE BOYS.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

IT'S ASTONISHING

how Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts upon nervous women. It's a marvelous remedy for nervous and general debility, Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or Inability to sleep, spasms, convulsions, or "fits," and every like disorder.

Even in cases of insanity resulting from functional derangements, the persistent use of the "Prescription" will, by restoring the natural functions, generally effect a cure.

For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run-down or overworked; at the change from girlhood to womanhood; and, later, at the critical "change of life"—it is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates and cures.

If it doesn't, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

What more can any one ask? Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good?"

Sister Ameliana, who has had charge of St. Mary's Hospital in Brooklyn, N. Y., for the past twenty-six years, died last Sunday at the hospital in her seventy-sixth year. She was born in Ireland, and came to this country when a child. In her twenty-seventh year she entered the Convent of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul at Mount St. Vincent on the Hudson. She was a woman of remarkable energy and executive ability, and during her administration St. Mary's Hospital was steadily enlarged.

The ill-doing of a good thing is a very great evil.—Faber.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

A new Catholic chapel has been recently dedicated at St. Regis Lake, in the Adirondacks.

The creation of a legation of the Argentine Republic to the Holy See is affirmed to be immediately expected.

The newly elected Superior-General of the Redemptorist Order, whose headquarters are at Rome, will make an official visit to the United States next January.

The Hail Mary is soon to be published by "Illustrated Catholic Missions" in 150 foreign missionary tongues. One hundred such translations have already been printed.

Great regret will be felt throughout the Church in America at the announcement that the brilliant rector of the Catholic University, Bishop Keane, is threatened with total blindness.

The Holy See has directed the Vicars Apostolic of China, Japan and Corea to act with extreme prudence, so as not to afford any excuse for persecuting measures against the Catholic missions.

It is said that conversions to the Church from among the Waldensians in Italy are very frequent. It is the custom to baptize such converts publicly at St. John Lateran's on Holy Saturday.

Jean Baptist de Rossi, the famous archaeologist, died at Rome on Thursday, the 29th ultimo. He was born February 23rd, 1822. To him we owe pretty much all that is known of the Catacombs of Rome.

It is reported that three Catholic patriarchs of the Eastern rite will go to Rome this month to lay before the Holy See the views of the dissident churches of the East respecting the projected reunion with the Roman Church.

Father A. J. Couquet, of the Diocese of Oregon City, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood on September 21st. In consideration of his long and faithful service, the Pope has conferred upon him the title of Monsignor.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, at Vizagapatam, have received a letter containing \$40, from Sir Charles Pritchard, a member of the Indian Viceroy's Cabinet, who assisted at the laying of the corner stone of the church in November last.

A new bell, weighing 2,000 pounds, is to be placed in the Church of the Visitation, Philadelphia, and the ceremony known as the "baptism of the bell" will be performed Sunday, October 28, by Most Reverend Archbishop Ryan. The money for this bell was bequeathed by the late Mr. John McSorley.

There are thirty-three Catholic churches in Cleveland, and the thirty-fourth will be ready for dedication in about two weeks. Two more will soon be built, one in the direction of Genville and the other in West Cleveland. This will, however, barely supply the needs of a Catholic population of 90,000.

A colossal statue of His Holiness Leo XIII. from the chisel of the sculptor, Chevalier Luchetti, of Perugia, has been conveyed to the Benedictine Monastery, at present being constructed on the Aventine Hill at Rome. It was executed on the commission of an opulent American.

An appeal for aid has been received from Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Mission, in charge of the Indian Industrial school at Morris, Minn. The Mother Superior says that the sisters sustained great loss by a hail storm, July 30, and that unless help comes from the outside it must be a hard winter for the orphans dependent upon them.

Bishop Hawkins recently administered Confirmation in his cathedral, Providence, and at the conclusion was presented, first, with two handsome mitres, and then with a check for \$5,000 for the endowment of a bed for an incurable patient at St. Joseph's Hospital, to be known as the "Bishop Hawkins Bed."

The ladies of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City, are making arrangements to have the church represented by a handsome table at the fair of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor. The Rev. John E. Burke, rector of the only colored Catholic congregation in the city, will open the fair in Lenox Lyceum on November 12th. St. Paul's table will be in charge of the Rev. Martin J. G. S. S. S.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1894.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers and all others interested are hereby notified that Francis McCabe is no longer an agent for the True Witness.

THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

The Members of the A. O. H. to the Front.

Some weeks ago we received a communication from Mr. Andrew Dunn, County Delegate of the A. O. H., expressing the very practical desire to assist in the work of increasing our circulation in the city. Mr. Dunn also wished to ascertain if we could give him club rates.

We replied to Mr. Dunn at the time that we had no club rates in connection with the TRUE WITNESS, but we were willing to give all members of the National and Religious Societies, subscribing at the present, the TRUE WITNESS up to the first of January next free, provided they paid the sum of one dollar and fifty cents in advance to cover the year, which would then begin on the 1st of January, 1895. We also said that the earnest endeavor to otherwise interest himself in connection with the A. O. H., in promoting the prosperity of the paper, was very much appreciated. If everyone of our co-religionists would manifest the same spirit in the matter, the future of the TRUE WITNESS would not only be assured, but its power for the advancement and welfare of all those whose interests it is intended to protect would be very materially benefited.

Since the above correspondence, Mr. Dunn has sent us the first instalment of his labors in the new campaign to increase the circulation. The following are the subscribers' names he has handed in at our office with fifteen dollars cash: Edward Fanning, 772 Charevoix street; John Hughes, 172 Richardson street; John McCarthy, 458 St. Patrick street; John Donovan, 340 St. Patrick street; Thomas Smith, 170 Richardson street; John Moore, 171 St. Charles street; M. Nolan, 162 Richardson street; M. McKeown, 171 Laprarie street; Michael Treacy, 9 Richardson street; Thomas Milloy, 316 St. Patrick street.

We have only to add that Mr. Dunn refuses to accept any remuneration.

In a recent issue we quoted from the London Universe some criticisms of a report made by Rev. Archdeacon Evans upon the question of French Evangelization. The remarks cited leave the impression that the report to the head-branch of the organization in London was padded with questionable information. The Rev. Archdeacon desires to

state that the society formed by the Anglican Church for the benefit of French-Canadians, who, for one reason or another, abandon the Church of Rome, is not a proselytizing body. Its members do not seek to take people out of the Catholic Church; but when they go out of that Church, the Anglicans wish to give them an opportunity of having the Protestant gospel preached to them in language that they understand. To save them from complete infidelity or "from joining the sects," to use the Archdeacon's words, the doors of the Anglican Church are thrown open to them. In other words, they do not seek to pervert any man from his faith; but if a Catholic comes to them they want to be able to receive him. In justice to Rev. Canon Evans and the members of the French evangelization body we make these remarks. We will be permitted, we hope, to add, that no Catholic leaves the Church of his own accord. If he is not drawn away by some proselytizing influence, he is driven out by "the flesh or the devil." Either his unruly passions turn him from the Church that will not tolerate them, or else he has been influenced by stronger-minded persons who seek to make perverts. The Anglican clergy may not actually proselytize, but they allow what they call the sects to do that part of the work and they look out for the rest.

In another column we have presented our readers with a few facts in connection with the question of a daily paper, and it would be well for the promoters of the idea to also dwell upon the fact that throughout the entire length and breadth of the American Union with its ten millions of Roman Catholics and a consequent number of millionaires there exists no daily paper in the English language specially devoted to the interests of Roman Catholics. Why should our co-religionists in this city and its environs expect so much from a small population? Build up the TRUE WITNESS by your annual subscription promptly paid in cash. Let it be found in every Catholic home, and the present management will, under such encouragement, meet the difficulty.

The Illustrated Church News, endowed we expect with a spirit of prophesy, has ventured the following:

"The reunion of non-Roman Christendom will one day be an accomplished fact. The next will be the disintegration of Roman Christendom. The last stage in the drama will be when the Pope and his followers, alarmed at the depletion of their ranks, will humbly seek reconciliation with a world-wide and free federation of Catholic Christians."

This is one of those prophetic sayings that have been reported in many forms for the last several centuries. The end of the Church has been predicted times out of mind; and yet the Church is the same to-day, only more splendid in her universal augmentation of strength. Of course we are told that "false prophets will arise;" but they should not forget the words of the greatest of all prophets. Jesus Christ Himself predicted that the gates of Hell would not prevail against the Church. His statement has been verified by the history of ages. It matters little what the others say. Of course the different sections of non-Catholic Christianity will league against Rome. That is nothing new. They are so combined to-day; but of what avail to them?

In the Congregational Church of New Haven, Conn., a week ago last Sunday, a strange sight was presented, when Prof. W. C. Robinson, of the Yale Law School, and Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, of the

Connecticut Supreme Court, discussed "The Mutual Relations of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches." The peroration to Justice Baldwin's address is well worth careful reading. He said:

"Our enemies are its enemies. The great danger to republican government in America now comes from two sources—the spread of anarchy and the incorporation into our society of masses of new-come foreigners, unfamiliar with our institutions and ignorant of the necessary limits of liberty. Against both these forces the Roman Catholics are our best allies. It is full time for all Christian men to pull together in warfare with the bad in the world. Our differences are as nothing compared to the points on which we agree, and it will be the fault of the American Protestant if he does not welcome and solicit the support of Catholic churches on every question of ethics and morality."

The Rev. Dr. Lilly, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church—of which Prof. Robinson is a member—had a seat in the pulpit.

DURING a fearful storm in New York the walls of an unfurnished house were blown down, and crushed in a neighboring tenement. After a graphic account of the accident the New York Evening Sun adds the following:—

"In the thick of the crowd of firemen and police in the wreck moved a man in priestly robe, giving aid and comfort and help wherever it was needed. Was a rope to be pulled on he was there. Was a cry heard from under the ruins, he was down on his knees in the dirt and mud, whispering words of cheer, of hope and of encouragement. It was he who passed the drink of sustaining whiskey through the gap made by the firemen's axes to the one imprisoned underneath. He was not a Rabbi, though all to whom he administered were Jews. He was a Catholic priest, Father Moore, of St. Teresa's Church, on Rutgers street, who had hastened to the spot on the first news of the disaster. They asked no questions and neither did he. On their great Mosaic feast day, their helper and comforter, their friend in dire need, was a priest of Christ. It was as it should be."

DEATH OF A YOUNG PRIEST.

Rev. Father Charlebois, director of the Agricultural college at L'Assomption, died on Saturday morning at the comparatively early age of twenty-eight years.

A PROCESSION.

All the men of the different societies of St. Ann's parish will walk in procession to the cemetery on Sunday afternoon, where the Stations of the Cross will be said for the benefit of the souls in Purgatory.

ST. PATRICK'S CATECHISM CLASS.

At the children's Catechism class, at St. Patrick's on Sunday next, there will be special musical services in addition to the ordinary instructions. Professor Sullivan has kindly consented to be there, so the music is sure to be of a high quality.

ANOTHER BURGLARY.

The store of F. H. Barr, 2378 St. Catherine street, was burglarized Saturday night. The thieves took knives, scissors and razors to the amount of about \$200. Detective Cullen is working on the case. The thieves entered by the back window.

THANKSGIVING DAY ENTERTAINMENT.

A special stereoscopic entertainment for the delectation of the children of St. Patrick's and others will be given in the Armory Hall on Thanksgiving day. Mr. Hugh Russell, the well-known entertainer, has been engaged for the occasion.

FATHER LUKE O'CALLAGHAN.

The many friends of Father Luke Callaghan will be pleased to know that he had a very favorable voyage across the Atlantic and arrived in Liverpool without paying the usual tribute to Neptune.

The Rev. Father spent as little time as possible in Liverpool, London and Paris, and arrived in the Eternal City after a very pleasant journey.

SERMONS ON THE ANGELS.

The Rev. Father Martin Callaghan delivered the last of a course of four sermons on the angels on Sunday evening. The Rev. Father on the three previous occasions had spoken eloquently on the glory and beauty of the angels generally and guardian angels, and last of the wicked rebellious angels. The sermons were eloquent and forcible and were exceedingly appropriate to the month.

EMERALD COURT, C.O.F., CONCERT.

St. Mary's hall was well filled on Monday evening by an appreciative audience. This was the first entertainment given by the members of this new Court, and it is to be said to their credit that seldom has a more pleasant evening been passed. The gentlemen taking part on the programme carried out their parts in a most successful manner. Mr. John Ryan, Deputy High Chief Ranger, explained fully in his address the objects of the Order, and is to be congratulated on the manner in which he done so. On motion of Mr. J. P. Coutlee, seconded by Mr. Frs. Martineau, M.P.P., a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Ryan. At the close of the concert Rev. Father O'Donnell said a few words to the audience congratulating the Emerald Court, and announcing his intention of becoming an active member of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

A HAPPY EVENT.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. CHARLES NEVILLE.

Yesterday morning quite a large number assembled at St. Patrick's Church to witness the interesting ceremony of the marriage of Mr. Charles Neville to Miss O'Grady, of Quebec. The nuptial Mass was celebrated and the nuptial knot was tied by the Rev. Father Quinlivan. Mr. Neville is one of Montreal's most popular young men. He is a senior player on the Shamrock Lacrosse team and has ever been one of the most highly esteemed members of the Shamrock Association. He received a number of testimonials from his confreres on the team, from members of the club, and from his numerous other friends. With the best wishes of the whole community following them, Mr. and Mrs. Neville left for Ottawa and Western Ontario on their wedding trip. The congratulations of their numerous friends accompany them, and will continue to accompany them through life:—

"May they divide the cares of existence,
But double its hopes and its joys"

MR. AND MRS. NEHER

CELEBRATE THEIR SILVER WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Neher celebrated their silver wedding on Friday last. The occasion was very much enhanced by the fact that in the afternoon of the day of the celebration the members of St. Patrick's choir, at the request of the popular and able director, Prof. J. A. Fowler, assembled in the practice room and presented Mr. Neher, who has been associated with the choir for many years, with a magnificent silver epergne. Mr. Robert Warren, president of the choir, in making the presentation, paid a high tribute to the enthusiastic manner in which Mr. Neher had interested himself in every work in connection with their organization. Speeches were also delivered by Prof. Fowler, Messrs. P. F. McCaffrey, Frank Feron, John Hammill, and others. In the evening further pleasant surprises were in store for Mr. and Mrs. Neher, by receiving the visit of a large party of friends, who offered their congratulations to them. Mr. and Mrs. Neher were also made the recipients of many costly presents from their host of acquaintances and friends. It is indeed a very pleasing task to chronicle such flashes of social sunshine in this prosaic world, where the rush and race seems to be more inclined to capture the dollars and dimes.

An advertisement reads:—"Wanted—A young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter;" and we ask, "What will be the results when the door slams?"

THE MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

Premier Greenway and His Government Refuse Positively to Do Justice to the Catholic Element.

Here is a summary of the reply made by Mr. Greenway and his Government to the representations made by the Catholic minority of Manitoba:

"Previous to the year 1890 there had been two sets of schools, Protestant and Catholic, and provision was made by law for their maintenance and government. The maintenance was effected by a special school rate levied upon each district for its own purposes, a general municipal rate levied by the municipality and divided among the school districts in the municipality, and a grant from the Government, which came out of the provincial treasury.

In 1890 the above system was entirely changed and a single set of schools was established. These schools are maintained by rates and grants, as above set forth. They are non-sectarian public schools. The law makes no distinction between Catholics and Protestants, or between denominations of any kind. It is true that the Catholic people complain that they are not treated as they should be, but the ground of complaint has not been properly stated. It is said that unfair distinction is made against Roman Catholics. As a matter of fact no distinction has been made against any one. The Roman Catholic people demand that they shall be singled out from the rest of the community, and that special class legislation shall be afforded to them as against all others. Our law is attacked because our Legislature has refused to thus favor and distinguish them as against other citizens. The ground of complaint, therefore, is not that an unfair distinction is made against Roman Catholics, but that the Legislature declines to make an unfair distinction against others in favor of Roman Catholics.

No citizen of the province has any justification in fact for claiming that he has not the same rights and the same privileges respecting education that any other citizen possesses. In addition to establishing the above principle in public schools legislation of and subsequent to 1890, it has been made the duty of every ratepayer to contribute to the support of the public schools.

The statement that the Catholic people are compelled to pay for the education of Protestant children creates a false impression. The law is not responsible for any such effect. The correct statement of fact is that all taxpayers contribute to the education of all children whose parents send them to the public schools. All taxable property is assessed for public school purposes, and all citizens have the same right to make use of the public schools. Catholic people have the same power to avail themselves of the schools as Protestant people. The religious exercises are non-sectarian and are not used except with the sanction and with the direction of the trustees elected by all the ratepayers without distinction of creed. If a Catholic refuses to take advantage of the public school, and decides voluntarily to maintain another school, he is exercising his own judgment in the same way as any other person who prefers to send his children to a private school, to the support of which he contributes. Neither of such persons, however, by so doing gains any immunity from payment of school rates.

As to the question of confiscation of school property, it is to be observed that the same question was the subject of argument before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the case of Barrett vs. Winnipeg, and that tribunal expressed the opinion that the Roman Catholics were somewhat better treated than the Protestant people in regard to the disposition of school property under the act of 1890. In so far as the act of 1894 is concerned, there is no ground for the statement attributed to the memorial that it decrees the confiscation of school property in districts which had not submitted their schools to the new law. The act of 1894 has reference to the distribution of grants of money raised by taxation upon all taxable property. It deals with the public school system and in no way affects the ownership of any property of a school district which does not submit to the Public Schools act, and which is, therefore, not a public school.

WILL NOT ADVISE A CHANGE.

The questions which are raised by the report now under consideration have

been the subject of most voluminous discussion in the Legislature of Manitoba during the past four years. All of the statements made in the memorial addressed to the Governor General, and many others, have been made, re-read and considered by the Legislature. That body has advisedly enacted educational legislation which gives to every citizen equal rights and equal privileges and makes no distinction respecting nationality or religion. After a harassing legal contest the highest court in the British Dominions has decided that the Legislature in enacting the law of 1890 was within its constitutional powers, and that the subject of education is one committed to the charge of the provincial Legislatures. Under these circumstances, the executive of the province sees no reason for recommending the Legislature to alter the principles of the legislation complained of. It has been made clear that there is no grievance, except it be a grievance that the legislature refuses to subsidize particular creeds out of the public funds, and the Legislature can hardly be held to be responsible for the fact that their refusal to violate what seems to be a sound and just principle of government creates, in the words of the report, "dissatisfaction amongst Roman Catholics, not only in Manitoba and the Northwest territories, but likewise throughout Canada."

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MR. CHARLES F. MACCALLUM.

In far off Montana, in the little town of Annaconda, the Angel of Death appeared on the 26th September last, and in passing he struck down one of Canada's most respected citizens in days gone by, one of the truest and best Catholics that ever crossed the line from our country, in the person of Mr. Charles F. MacCallum. His was a rich character, comprising a lofty and patriotic soul, a heart of deep piety and humility, and a disposition as mild as an infant and as daring as a hero. Through all his long sufferings Mr. MacCallum evidenced his sincere Catholic faith and noble resignation to the will of God. From the day of his departure from Canada he never ceased to take part in all benevolent and charitable, as well as national, projects affecting his native land. He died far away from the shrine of his early devotion and the friends that were dear to his youth. He remained actively connected with the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the League of the Sacred Heart, the Apostolate of Prayer, and the Union Catholique, of Montreal. His life was exemplary, his death edifying, and his example will long remain a beacon light for good before the eyes of his fellow-countrymen. He was in his sixty-eighth year when the summons came. May his soul rest in peace.

REV. MADAM MARY OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

This week we have the sad duty of recording the death of Miss Margaret Agnes Mary Doherty, in religion, Madam Mary of the Annunciation, which event took place at the Convent of Jesus and Mary, Sillery, Quebec. The deceased was a daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Marcus Doherty, and a sister of Hon. Judge Charles Doherty, of this city. It seems but yesterday that we penned a humble tribute to the memory of that promising and noble young advocate, the late Mr. Thomas Doherty, brother of the deceased lady. It would appear that the Death Angel had not departed from the family of our esteemed and honored citizen, Mr. Justice Doherty, even when the first victim had perished beneath the shadow of its wing. Still hovering around that domestic hearth the messenger of God's mandates seemed to await a second crushing blow, and to bear aloft at once the spirits of brother and sister. In His wise Providence God knows what is best for us, and He certainly must have considered that earth was no longer the fitting habitation for souls so devout and for hearts so truly Catholic in every pulsation.

The deceased member of that splendid religious Order was a model of womanly grace, virtue and sacrifice. Fitted to occupy the highest rank in the social sphere of this world, she abandoned all for the glorious life of a consecrated spouse of the Eternal and the perpetual servant of the Queen of Angels. Brightly as might have shone her talents, her acquirements, her educational as well as general charms in the dazzling sphere of this world's attractiveness, still more gloriously did they appear under the veil

of religious humility and in the beams of the sanctuary lamps of devotion. She was of those who knew the value of sacrifice, and animated with the Christ-imparted spirit of the Catholic virgin, she left home and friends to take up her cross and follow Him. During her lifetime any just tribute to her noble gifts and grand qualities might have grated upon the spirit of religious humility that animated her. But [she is now beyond the reach of human praise or human censure, and we deem it a duty to the departed, to those so near and dear whom she leaves behind, to the congregation of which she was a distinguished member, and to the Church of God, one of whose ornaments her life has been, to tell to the world the true and ever-hidden beauties of that sweet and saintly character.

Were we to apply to her short and meritorious career the words of Gerald Griffin's imperishable poem on "The Sister of Charity," we would be simply doing justice to her memory. But we prefer to close our tribute in the language and spirit that she would most have appreciated could she have read our few remarks. Her life was consecrated to God, to the Church and to the works of salvation; it is over, and we pray with confidence that her spirit has ascended unfettered to the glorious source whence it sprang, that from the ranks of the Church Triumphant she looks down with love and encouragement upon all who struggle in the phalanx of the Church Militant, and that the salvation she sought for others has already dawned—in an undying day—upon her future.

To those of her family left behind, we extend the sincere expressions of our heartfelt sympathy, and we trust they will be enabled to bear this second loss with that Christian fortitude and Catholic resignation which characterized their acceptance of the recent sacrifice demanded of them. They may rely that above, away beyond the clouds and mists of this life, the spirits of brother and sister are united in a bliss unending, are participators in the reward promised to every "faithful servant" of the Most High; and that when again the Angel of Death descends (and may it be a long day before he returns to their family circle), he will summon them to the presence of the Father of all Mercy, in whose mansion they will be welcomed by the dear departed. May her soul rest in peace.

THE LATE MR. MARTIN MULARKEY.

At Chambly, on Sunday, the 21st October, death visited one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the district in the person of Mr. Martin Mularkey. The deceased gentleman and his brother, Mr. Daniel Mularkey, came to this country, from the county Sligo, Ireland, about forty years ago, establishing themselves in Chambly, where they gained the esteem and deep respect of all who knew them. Mr. Martin Mularkey was sixty-five years of age when he received the final summons to his eternal reward. On Tuesday, the 23rd inst., the funeral took place and the large concourse of neighbors that attended gave evidence of the popularity and high standing of the departed gentleman. Mr. Mularkey was a true Irishman and a most fervent Catholic; he always took the deepest interest in all matters affecting the Old Land, and his thorough Catholic life has been the guarantee of a grand reward in the eternal home to which he has gone. While expressing our sympathy with his brother, friends and acquaintances, all of whom will miss his genial presence, we unite with the Church in that consoling prayer for the departed—"May his soul rest in peace."

ST. MARY'S FANCY FAIR.

St. Mary's Fair under the auspices of the Ladies of the Sewing Circle closed on Wednesday evening. The Fair was a grand success, as it deserved to be, and the entertainments provided on the two evenings of the fair were first-class. Messrs. J. S. Shea, J. Shea and Miss Shea gave a musical selection on the violin, cornet and piano; songs were given by J. S. Slattery, Mr. Harkins and others. The Mandolin club, of St. Mary's, was very much in evidence and delighted all with their sweet music.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Heffernan, the brilliant professor of English at the Montreal college, was present and made some telling remarks. The ladies had worked for weeks and weeks with energy that was unabating, and the fine stock of

goods bore testimony to their generosity. The hall was charmingly decorated with Chinese lanterns and evergreens.

The ladies who deserve special mention for this generosity and great energy are many, among whom are the following: Mrs. C. x, Mrs. Thos. Jones, president, and Mesdames Mento, Finley, Lowe and Lynch. The handsome Fair Journal, which formed a supplement to the usual Calendar issued monthly, was a literary effort of high quality, and contained a large number of cuts, humorous anecdotes, poetry, stories, etc., in addition to a well written history of St. Mary's parish. Altogether the Journal was one of the most attractive, instructive and amusing Fair Journals that has ever been issued in the city.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

ST. MARY'S CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY

At the regular meeting of St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Society, on Friday evening, the 26th inst., the president, J. J. Maguire, occupied the chair. Rev. Father O'Donnell was also present and made some important remarks in the interests of the society.

The president read a very instructive paper on "Contracts," for which he was accorded a vote of thanks.

It was decided to have the members of the society take part in a debate at next meeting, 2nd November. The subject for discussion will be, "Would Home Rule be beneficial to Ireland or not." With such an interesting subject to debate on, a lively time is expected.

The following resolution of condolence, moved by Mr. F. Cotter and seconded by Mr. T. W. Puelan, was unanimously passed: That we, the members of St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Society desire to express to our fellow-member, Mr. P. Macauley, our most profound regret on the death of his brother.

That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the bereaved family and to the press.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty God, in His divine wisdom, to remove from our midst a most upright and faithful brother Hibernian in the person of Phillip Malone; and

Whereas, in his death, his wife has lost a faithful and a loving husband, his children a devoted and attentive father, and the community an honest and upright citizen; therefore be it

Resolved, by the Brothers of No. 1. Division of the A. O. H.—That we tender the most heartfelt sympathy to the family of our deceased brother, in this the hour of their sad trial and affliction, assuring them that their deep sorrow is shared in common by the brothers of this Division.

Resolved, that these resolutions be placed on the records of this Division and that a copy of same be forwarded to the family of the deceased, also to THE TRUE WITNESS for insertion.

(Signed) PETER JAS. KENNEDY.
BERNARD FEENEY.

SAILOR'S CONCERT.

The weekly concert at the Catholic sailors' club was well attended last Thursday. The programme was a first class one and was much enjoyed. Mr. Frank Butler was there and his splendid voice was heard to the greatest advantage both in comic and serious songs. A deal of Mr. Butler's success is due to the excellent way in which he manages his voice. Another fine singer there on Thursday evening was Mr. McCarthy, whose charming voice would be heard to advantage and give pleasure in any concert room. There will be another concert to-morrow evening.

THE ARNOLD READING CIRCLE.

The members of this circle had a very instructive programme for last week's meeting. President T. J. Donnelly being unable to attend, Vice-Pres. T. Gleeson presided. The members are at present reading Canadian History. Interesting papers were read by T. Gleeson, C. Lennon, W. Healy, R. Hart and F. Burns.

Build up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE GARDEN BY MOONLIGHT.

There was but one heavy heart at the dinner table that day; but Nina's pride was proof against any disclosure of suffering, and though she was tortured by anxiety and fevered with doubt, none—not even Kate—suspected that any care weighed on her.

As for Kate herself, her happiness beamed in every lineament of her handsome face. The captain—to give him the name by which he was known—had been up that day, and partaken of an afternoon tea with his aunt and Kate. Her spirits were excellent, and all the promise of the future was rose-colored and bright. The little cloud of what trouble the trial might bring was not suffered to darken the cheerful meeting, and it was the one only bitter in their cup.

To divert Curtis from this theme, on which, with the accustomed *mala propos* of an awkward man, he wished to talk, the young men led him to the subject of Donogan and his party.

"I believe we'll take him this time," said Curtis. "He must have some close relations with some one about Moate or Kilbeggan, for it is remarked he cannot keep away from the neighborhood; but who are his friends, or what they are meditating, we cannot guess."

"If what Mademoiselle Kostalergi said this morning be correct," remarked Atlee, "conjecture is unnecessary. She told Dick and myself that every Irishman is at heart a rebel."

"I said more or less of one, Mr. Atlee, since there are some who have not the courage of their opinions."

"I hope you are gratified by the emendation," whispered Dick; and then added, aloud, "Donogan is not one of these."

"He's a consummate fool," cried Curtis, bluntly. "He thinks the attack of a police barrack or the capture of a few firelocks will revolutionize Ireland."

"He forgets that there are twelve thousand police, officered by such men as yourself, captain," said Nina, gravely.

"Well, there might be worse," rejoined Curtis, doggedly, for he was not quite sure of the sincerity of the speaker.

"What will you be the better of taking him?" said Kilgobbin. "If the whole tree be pernicious, where's the use of plucking one leaf off it?"

"The captain has nothing to do with that," said Atlee, "any more than a hound has to discuss the morality of fox-hunting—his business is the pursuit."

"I don't like your simile, Mr. Atlee," said Nina, while she whispered some words to the captain, and drew him in this way into a confidential talk.

"I don't mind him at all, Miss Nina," said Curtis; "he's one of those fellows on the Press, and they are always saying impertinent things, to keep their little talents in wind. I'll tell you, in confidence, how wrong he is. I have just had a meeting with the chief secretary, who told me that the Popish bishops are not at all pleased with the leniency of the Government; that, whatever 'healing measures' Mr. Gladstone contemplates, ought to be for the Church and the Catholics; that the Fenians or the Nationalists are the enemies of the Holy Father; and that the time has come for the Government to hunt them down, and give over the rule of Ireland to the cardinal and his party."

"That seems to me very reasonable, and very logical," said Nina.

"Well, it is and it is not. If you want peace in the rabbit-warren, you must banish either the rats or the rabbits; and I suppose either the Protestants or the Papists must have it their own way here."

"Then you mean to capture this man?"

"We do—we are determined on that. And what's more, I'd hang him if I had the power."

"And why?"

"Just because he isn't a bad fellow!

There's no use in hanging a bad fellow in Ireland—it frightens nobody; but if you hang a respectable man, a man that has done generous and fine things, it produces a great effect on society, and is a terrible example.

"There may be a deep wisdom in what you say."

"Not that they'll mind me for all that. It's the men like myself, Miss Nina, who know Ireland well, who know every assize town in the country, and what the juries will do in each, are never consulted in England. They say: 'Let Curtis catch him—that's his business.'"

"And how will you do it?"

"I'll tell you. I haven't men enough to watch all the roads; but I'll take care to have my people where he's least likely to go—that is, to the North. He's a cunning fellow is Dan, and he'd make for the Shannon if he could; but now that he knows we're after him, he'll turn to Antrim or Derry. He'll cut cross Westmeath and make North if he gets away from this."

"That is a very acute calculation of yours; and where do you suspect he may be now—I mean, at this moment we're talking?"

"He's not three miles from where we're sitting," said he, in a low whisper, and a cautious glance round the table. "He's hid in the bog outside. There's scores of places there a man could hide in, and never be tracked; and there's few fellows would like to meet Donogan single-handed. He's as active as a ropedancer, and he's as courageous as the devil."

"It would be a pity to hang such a fellow."

"There's plenty more of the same sort—not exactly as good as him, perhaps, for Dan was a gentleman once."

"And is, probably, still?"

"It would be hard for him, with the rascallions he has to live with, and not five shillings in his pocket besides."

"I don't know, after all, if you'll be happier for giving him up to the law. He may have a mother, a sister, a wife, or a sweet heart."

"He may have a sweetheart, but I know he has none of the others. He said, in the dock, that no man could quit life at less cost—that there wasn't one to grieve after him."

"Poor fellow, that was a sad confession."

"We're not all to turn Fenians, Miss Nina, because we're only children and unmarried."

"You are too clever for me to dispute with," said she, in affected humility; "but I like greatly to hear you talk of Ireland. Now, what number of people have you here?"

"I have my orderly, and two men to patrol the demesne; but to-morrow we'll draw the net tighter. We'll call in all the party from Moate, and, from information I have got, we're sure to track him."

"What confidences is Curtis making with Mademoiselle Nina?" said Atlee, who, though affecting to join the general conversation, had never ceased to watch them.

"The captain is telling me how he put down the Fenians in the rising of '61," said Nina, calmly.

"And did he? I say, Curtis, have you really suppressed the rebellion in Ireland?"

"No; nor won't Mr. Joe Atlee, till we put down the rascally Press—the unprincipled penny-a-liners, that write treason to pay for their dinner."

"Poor fellows!" replied Atlee. "Let us hope it does not interfere with their digestion. But seriously, mademoiselle, does it not give you a great notion of our insecurity here in Ireland when you see to what we trust law and order?"

"Never mind him, Curtis," said Kilgobbin. "When these fellows are not saying sharp things they have to be silent."

While the conversation went briskly on, Nina contrived to glance unnoticed at her watch, and saw that it wanted only a quarter of an hour to nine. Nine was the hour she had named to Donogan to be in the garden, and she already trembled at the danger to which she had exposed him. She reasoned thus: "So reckless and fearless is this man, that, if he should have come determined to see me, and I do not go to meet him, he is quite capable of entering the house boldly, even at the cost of being captured. The very price he would have to pay for his rashness would be its temptation."

A sudden cast of seriousness overcame

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WIT AND HUMOR.

What is the greatest curiosity in the world? A woman's.

Aspirant: "What is the chief requisite for a young lady entering the literary field?" Editor: "Postage stamps."

Unsophisticated Cook—"If you please, mum, the butcher says I shall get five per cent. on all orders I give him. What does that mean?" Mistress—"It means, Mary, that we shall have a new butcher."

Entering the house of one of his congregation, Rowland Hill saw a child on a rocking-horse. "Dear me!" exclaimed the aged minister, "how wondrously like some Christians! There is motion, but no progress."

"Are you a single man?" inquired a lady of a brawny mechanic who had come to fix the kitchen stove. Considering matrimony, mum," he replied, "I am; but when it comes to slugging, they do say I'm equal to about four."

"I guess Jimmie Jones was mistaken about his brother being a college graduate." Mama: "What makes you think so?" "Well, papa said they always knew everything, and he couldn't tell what our baby was cryin' about."

Young Doctor—"Here I've had my shingle out two weeks, and not a case yet. I've been sitting here like patience on a monument." Friend—"Never mind; you will eventually get a chance to put the monuments on the patients."

"You must have made several dollars out of your theatricals." "I? Oh, no. Those theatricals were for the poor." "I know; that's why you divided up the receipts among the performers. They were the poorest I ever saw."

THE FOX AND THE LION'S DEN.

There is a rich store of illustrations for temperance speakers in the fables of Aesop and other writers. The moral of the following is self-evident:—The lion, in order to catch his prey the easier, gave it out that he was very ill, and sent invitations to all the beasts to come to his den to see him in his illness. Most of them complied with this invitation, but it was noticed that the fox kept outside. Upon this the lion sent one of his jackals to ask why he did not come into the den as others did? To this the fox replied, "Pray present my duty to his majesty, and tell him that I have the same respect for him as ever, and would certainly come to see him in his illness; but when I come to the mouth of his den I see the prints of all my neighbours pointing forwards into the cave, and cannot discover the impressions of anyone of them coming out again. This makes me tremble for my safety, and, therefore, I keep outside where I know I am in no danger." Those who go to the den of strong drink leave their footprints behind them, all pointing towards destruction; but where are the prints of those who return again?

TEST OF LOYALTY.

The test of true loyalty which each one may put to himself is: "Am I faithful to truth, to right, to duty, to love?" "Am I constant to the best methods I can find—to the highest ideals I can form?" To do this much must sometimes be resigned, just as in the ascent of a mountain, many pleasant resting-places must be left behind. But he who is thus loyal to his best conceptions will never be disloyal to his nation or his party or his friend. The great rule is the less. "To thine own self be true; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

(To be continued.)

THE MARRIAGE TIE.

EPISCOPALIAN EFFORT TO INSTITUTE A DIVORCE REFORM LEAGUE.

Tactful Endorsement of the Catholic Church in Making Marriage a Sacrament.

From the New York Sun.

There is a consideration which ought, perhaps, to receive some attention in the discussion which is now proceeding as to the marriage of Roman Catholic girls. Marriage by the law and faith of the Roman Catholic Church is a sacrament, indissoluble except by death. Rome allows no divorce and it recognizes none, whatever may be the law of the State. Marriage, accordingly, is a more serious matter with a Catholic than with a Protestant. For one it is a step that cannot be retraced. For the other it is a contract from which there is escape under the laws of the State governing it.

Undoubtedly some of the Protestant churches refuse to recognize in their own law any other cause for divorce save adultery; but practically all of them.

TOLERATE DIVORCE

for any cause and all causes allowed in any State. A Divorce Reform League, made up of Protestants, has been in existence in this country for many years, for the purpose of inducing the States generally to make adultery the sole cause of divorce; but meanwhile members of the churches represented in that association are obtaining divorces for other and many different causes, and are marrying again without suffering ecclesiastical punishment or the social disapproval of their fellow-members. So from creating a sentiment against freer divorce, such divorce has become more frequent and less reprobated than before the organization of this reform movement.

The circle of society in New York which is made up of people of fashion more peculiarly consists in chief part of members of the Episcopal Church, the Protestant Church which is most exacting in its

CANONICAL REQUIREMENT

that no divorce shall be treated as ecclesiastically valid which is obtained for other cause than conjugal infidelity. Under that law persons who marry again after having been divorced for any cause are adulterers; their union is sinful; they live in concubinage, and not in holy matrimony. But such marriages of divorced people not only occur but are frequent in that society. Moreover, they are sanctioned and solemnized by Protestant ministers of other Churches than the Episcopal.

This society of which we have spoken does not debar those who enter into them, but grants its continued favor to people whom its Church denounces by its law as living in adultery. Neither have we heard of any instance where the Episcopal Church itself has visited upon them any penalties. Practically, it recognizes as sufficient any marriage which will stand the test of the civil law. The society does not assume to interfere with its members in their divorces and marriages so long as they keep within the legal bounds. If a mated pair find that their temperaments are incompatible, and that they cannot live together without unhappiness and bickering, they are not reprobated because they go East or go West to get a divorce, and, having obtained it, proceed to wed other mates with whom they think that they will be more congenial. The cast off old wives and husbands are welcomed back to society as

NEW WIVES AND HUSBANDS.

Of course, when people make up their minds to be married they are not likely to be directly influenced by the possibility of their getting divorced; but when they see such toleration of divorce all around them, among those whose opinion is of the most consequence to them socially, they are not likely to be impressed by the feeling that marriage has any other sanctity than the love of the pair imparts to it. Their sentiment regarding it is romantic rather than religious. They get the sanction of the Church for it as a conventional matter, not as an essential requisite; and hence if the marriage prove a disappointment to them they pay heed to their inclinations rather than render obedience to the Church in deciding the question of a divorce.

With a Roman Catholic the marriage

ceremony is not a merely perfunctory concession to a custom of society, but an obligatory religious sacrament. The sentimentalist might not admit that this is "a higher view of the sanctity of marriage," for they might reply that love alone gives marriage its highest sanctity; but that, undoubtedly, is not the religious view, though it seems to prevail among people of religious associations.

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

THIN BISCUITS.

Take one pint of flour, one wineglassful of milk, one tablespoonful of lard and butter mixed, and one egg. Beat the egg light and pour it on the flour; then the milk, and lastly the butter and lard. Work it well; then break off small pieces the size of marbles, roll out as thin as wafers, and sprinkle with dry flour as you roll them, which will make them crisp. Stick each biscuit with a fork, and bake quickly.

TOMATO BISQUE.

This is a delicate and appetizing summer soup. Stew and strain one quart of tomatoes, add a small teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper. Boil one quart of milk. Smooth together one tablespoonful of flour with one of butter. Add this to the boiling milk, but do not put in the tomatoes until the dinner hour. Have the tureen hot. Turn in the boiling milk, add a small pinch of soda to the tomatoes. Pour them in, mix and serve at once.

TOMATO JELLY.

A pretty dish can be made of tomato jelly. Stew, strain and season to taste the tomato. Soak as much gelatine to the quart as you would for any jelly, and then add to the strained tomato. Put into the ring moulds, and when hard, put on individual plates and fill the centre in quarters, one-quarter to be filled with chopped white of hard-boiled egg, one-quarter with grated yolk of egg, one-quarter with chopped olives, and one with mayonnaise dressing.

COOKED CHEESE.

In all countries cooked cheese is now considered digestible and to give tone to the stomach.

A learned chemist asserts that while the raw cheese is in many cases indigestible to weak stomachs, the cooked cheese can be eaten with immunity. In cases where persons are troubled with bilious derangements the brown crust of cooked cheese dishes may be discarded; that is really the only part which is not readily digested.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.

Select one dozen fine, large ears of green corn and grate all the corn from the cobs into a large earthen dish. Beat the whites and yolks of six eggs separately. First add the beaten yolks to the grated corn and stir hard for two minutes, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and a pinch of salt. Stir again for two minutes, then add a teaspoonful of granulated sugar, stirring for five minutes. Next add a quart of milk, stirring well while pouring it in. Last of all, add the beaten whites of the eggs. Stir two minutes, pour into a well buttered dish and bake slowly for nearly an hour.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Tea trays and all japanned goods should be cleaned with a sponge wet with warm water and a little soap.

Skimmed milk makes hardwood floors, stained ones and oilcloth look shiny. A woolen cloth should be used to wipe up the floor.

If you dip your broom in clean, hot suds once a week, then shake it until it is almost dry, then hang it up or stand it with the handle down, it will last twice as long as it would without this operation.

To clean hair-brushes quickly and easily, take a dessertspoonful of hartshorn to a quart of cold water in a wash-hand basin. Dip in the hair of the brushes, and rub them together until clean. Then rinse well with cold water; rub dry with a towel and stand upright in an open window.

A beautiful sofa pillow may be worked

now in the old fashioned "filling" stitch on canvas and with worsteds. If a pretty and artistic pattern is chosen of some conventional figures, the whole will look, when closely done, to cover the entire surface like a fine old piece of tapestry.

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

MR. BOK'S DEFINITION.

A successful life is nothing more nor less for man or for woman than living as well as we know how and doing the very best that we can. Success cannot be measured by fame, wealth or station. The life of the humblest woman in the land, if well lived, is as successful as is that of the woman who, with greater opportunities, is enabled to make the results of her works reach farther. Some of us must live for the few, as others again must live for the many. But both lives are successful. Each of us in this world influences some other being, and it is the quality of our influence, and not the number we influence, which makes our lives successful in the eyes of God. We may believe that we go to our graves unknown and unsung, but not one of us goes out from this world without leaving an impression, either for the good or the bad. And the kind of impression we make while we live, and leave them when we die, is the difference between successful and unsuccessful living.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

DID NOT WANT TO DECEIVE.

Little Johnny is in no sense a great wit; but he screened himself from reproof the other day behind a transparent but effectual play of words.

He had attended the birthday festivities of a friend; and allowed himself to be helped to ice-cream rather more generously than was sanctioned either by etiquette or hygiene; and he was now in consequence undergoing a course of home treatment.

The principal feature of the treatment was a frequent spoonful of a mixture not at all to Johnny's taste. To get him to take it required so much persuasion on his mother's part that at last her patience was a trifle strained, and she said, "Johnny, I don't think you're reacting very well."

"Well, mamma," he replied, "would it be right for me to act well when I'm not?"

FRIENDLY CENSORS.

There are some people from whom we can bear reproof and not feel at all hurt. They correct us in a kindly way, and we know it is for our good; we accept it in the spirit in which it is given, and though we may not acknowledge it openly, yet in our hearts we are thankful for the corrections. We never look on these people as fault-finders, for such they never are. They are not watching for every little mistake, and only correct—or, more properly, advise—us on very

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rare occasions. There are times when advice from these people is of very great value, often helping us over the rough places. Friends of this kind cannot be valued too highly. They are ever willing to help us in the hour of trial; and our confidence in them is such that they are the first people we call on when we are in trouble, feeling sure that by their assistance we shall be enabled to overcome our every trial. What a contrast these friends present to the fault finder, to whom nobody would think of going for assistance in time of trouble.

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Some More Interesting Letters.

[We are pleased to see that our young friends are anxious to fill up this column. It is for their special benefit and we hope they will take advantage of it.]

CHARITY.

DEAR EDDIE.—On Sunday, the 14th. at nine o'clock Mass in our church, we had a beautiful sermon on Charity. It was as follows: "Last Sunday, dear brethren, the sermon was on Hope, so I will speak now on Charity. We love our fathers and mothers, our sisters and brothers very much; but we should love God far greater than them. Now, what do we mean by our neighbor? We must not think that our neighbors are only the people that live on Farm, or on Colborne or Murray streets. Nor must we think that it is only the people that live in Montreal who are our neighbors. No, my dear children, we have neighbors all over the world. Dear children, you must not fight with your neighbors, as this offends God, whom we should love above all things."

HARTFORD.

[Such letters as this indicate that the writer, young as he may be, pays attention to all that is said in church, and we can assure the children that if they learn to practise attention in the church and to strive to remember what the priest says, they will be performing the real apostolate of children.]

A GOOD COMPARISON.

MY DEAR MICHAEL.—It seems to me I am in your debt a letter or two. I have long desired to pay your debt, but somehow I could not collect news enough to meet the account. I went out hunting the other day, I think it was on Thursday. On entering the woods I suddenly came on a porcupine. As I had never met this kind of animal before, I came very near being feathered by him, but not with the feathers I like to lie upon. He almost ruined my poor Carlow, who had the rashness to attack him. It took me two hours to draw out all the quills from the poor suffering brute's nose and head, and of course if I had not pulled them out they would have penetrated into his head and have killed my dog. Have you ever seen a porcupine? If not I will try to give you an idea of him by comparison. You have often seen a surly boy; well, there are many traits of resemblance between the surly boy and a porcupine. The porcupine lives a solitary life in the forest. The surly boy cannot endure company. All his body is covered with spikes. The surly boy's manners are repulsive. When anybody approaches the porcupine, he rolls himself in a ball and erects his spears. When you offer the surly boy any advice he becomes angry. We know not how to lay hold of the porcupine, and if we try to catch him we will surely be wounded. We know not how to deal with the surly boy, and we receive but insolent words if we reproach or punish him. Now, Michael, I think you have a pretty good idea of my hunting experience. I would advise you, Michael, if you ever come up with one of these quilled birds, be sure to pepper him with shot before he feathers you with quills.

JOE.

[Joe has hit on a good comparison; one that should be carefully read by all boys. Never play porcupine, dear children, it pays better to be pleasant and good. If you are surly people will feel a repugnance for you.]

AN INTERESTING STORY.

DEAR ARTHUR.—Since I saw you last, I have learned a nice little story, which I know you would be glad to hear about St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, so called because of the many miracles he had wrought while on earth. When his great piety was made known to His Holiness the Pope, he was consecrated bishop, and received a diocese in Asia Minor. One of his first actions as a bishop was to implore the assistance of God and help of the Blessed Virgin, who appeared to him accompanied by St. John. The Blessed Mother of God told St. John to give him whatever he asked. St. Gregory made known his request, and St. John dictated to him the Apostles' Creed. Then the saintly Bishop went and

taught the prayer he had received from St. John. On one occasion he invited some old men to his palace and made them recite the Apostles' Creed. During the recitation one old man remained silent; the Saint ask him why he did not say the prayer, he answered, "I never learned it, or never had any one to teach me." On hearing this St. Gregory exclaimed: "Is it possible, that during one hundred years there was no person to instruct this poor old Christian on the truths of his holy Religion?"

A SUPPORTER.

[Perhaps "Supporter," in this beautiful story, or rather account of a fact, does not perceive that he is making St. Gregory perpetrate a "bull"—and not a "papal" one. The event is well told and most interesting.]

A GOOD DIALOGUE.

TELEPHONE ERROR.

Coachman—"Is the Farrier at home?" Farrier—"Yes, sir; what is the matter?"

Coachman—"My gray mare has taken very bad again."

Farrier—"Wait a minute; I will give you a prescription." (Coachman goes away from telephone.)

Mr. Phelan—(In meantime to furnace maker)—"Sir, that furnace you put in my house yesterday leaks so much I had to empty her."

Furnace Maker—"Just wait a minute, I will tell you what to do."

Coachman returns to telephone to receive prescription.

Furnace Maker—"Are you there?" Answer—"Yes, sir."

Furnace Maker—"Just close all the valves and laks, fill her with cold water, put on a good fire, and I will be down in the morning to take her apart and put in new pipes."

J. E. M.

[Not bad for J. E. M. Useful as the telephone is, it often is the innocent cause of trouble—so are many people in the world.]

A FIRST EFFORT.

This is the first letter I have written to THE TRUE WITNESS. I am eight years old, and go to school. I am in the baby class and learning the piano. If you wish, when I am a big girl, I will write again.

ANNA A. SLATTERY.

[Anna's letter is most heartily welcome, and as often as she desires to contribute, THE TRUE WITNESS will be rejoiced to publish what she writes.]

ANOTHER WELCOME LETTER.

Mr. Editor.—Would you please give space to a little girl ten years of age? I have not seen any letters from girls, and I feel shy about writing. I have been writing to the Pilot for two years. Our Dear Tender is very good and never notices my mistakes. I read THE TRUE WITNESS every week, and I like it very well. Hoping to be admitted, I will now bring my letter to close.

MARY KATHLEEN SLATTERY.

[Mary is most welcome to our columns and she can rest assured that little girls, as well as boys, are heartily invited to contribute. Thanks, Mary, for your first letter. Come again.]

The surest way to reveal your weakness is to hide your motives.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

HON. JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF SCIATIC RHEUMATISM—CRIPPLED FOR SIX YEARS.

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for many years served his native county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet. My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system, became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891, I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement. Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1898. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try the Pink Pills. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50), by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

AN EXERCISE IN R/S.

Rough rolled the roaring river's stream,
And rapid ran the rain,
When Robin Rutter dreamt a dream
Which raked his heart with pain.
He dreamt there was a raging bear
Rushed from the rugged rocks,
And strutting round with horrid stare
Breathed terror to the brooks [badgers]

But Robbin Rutter drew his sword,
And rushing forward right,
The horrid creature's throat he gored,
And barred his rueful spite.
Then, stretching forth his brawny arm
To drag him to the stream,
He grappled grizzle, rough and warm,
Which roused him from his dream.
Anon—1791.

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1000 Yards Bleached Table Linen, Double Damask, new patterns, worth \$1.25 to \$2.25 per yard, to clear at 33 1/2 per cent. discount.

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\$1.65 Table Linen for	\$1.10
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5 000 Yards Fine Bleached Cotton, free from dressing, regular price 15c a yard, to clear at only 10c a yard.

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Good Beef, Lamb, Mutton, Veal, Corned Beef and Salt Tongues, go to E. DAURAY, Bonsecours Market, Stalls Nos. 54 and 56, or Telephone No. 2978. G42

GIVE ENCOURAGEMENT.

Whenever you can conscientiously encourage anyone, do so. You would not leave those plants in your window-boxes without water, nor refuse to open the shutters, that the sunlight might fall upon them; but you leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle along on stony soil—shrubs that can wait for dew and sunbeams—vines that will climb without kindly training—but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can, give the helping praise when you see that it is deserved. The thought that "no one cares and no one knows" blights many a bud of promise. Whether it be the young artist at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at her piano, give what praise you can, for many a one has fallen by the way for the want of that word of encouragement which would have "established their feet."

The latest story about the weather comes from Pontypool, where an old farmer, exasperated by the falseness of his barometer, which was steadily rising while the rain as steadily fell, got up solemnly, took down the glass, and carrying it to the door, showed it the weather.

A light of duty shines on every day for all.—Wardsworth.

Wit inclines naturally towards satire, and humor towards pathos.

"Oh, mamma!" cried a little boy, on waking, "I've had a dream; I dreamt I was going to a picnic." "Did you have a good time, my boy?" "No (with disgust), I didn't get there."

IC AND CHOLERA MORBUS
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Thousands Have Been Given
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Test Its Virtues, Weary
Sufferer.

"Go with thy pains to the fountain,
Go with thy load of disease;
Use nature's curer and healer,
Thou shalt have health, strength and
ease."

Every ailing, sick and diseased man,
woman and child must go to the same
fountain for cure. There is no fashion-
able or royal road for the elite and
wealthy of society; the noble of birth,
the titled and affluent must lay hold of
the same means for banishing disease
and suffering that is so eagerly sought
after by those in humbler positions and
circumstances.

As the sun shines on the rich and
poor, the righteous and unrighteous,
blessing all alike; so does Paine's Celery
Compound give life, health, strength and
a fresh lease of life to people of every
grade and class who are victims of ner-
vousness, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspep-
sia, indigestion and liver and kidney
troubles.

All troubles quickly roll away when
nature's great medicine is used. In the
past tens of thousands have used the
waters of that unfailing fountain of vir-
tues, and have been made whole. Thou-
sands are testing it to-day, and miracu-
lous results are the fruits. If you are
suffering, dear reader, delay no longer;
test the great healer that has won so
many victories, it will meet your wants
and needs. For your encouragement
the following letter from Mrs. Fanny M.
Huff, of Salmon Point, Ont., is given as
a proof of what results you may reap, if
you use Paine's Celery Compound:

"After receiving so much benefit
from Paine's Celery Compound, I think
it my duty to inform sufferers what this
great medicine can do for all who wish to
regain health and strength. I have been
a great sufferer for years from nervous-
ness and attendance of doctors with but
little benefit. I was induced to use your
Paine's Celery Compound, some time
ago, and I must confess it is the best
medicine I ever used. Nothing else has
ever done me so much good, and I now
feel quite a different person.

"I trust sufferers will not be influenced
to use any other medicine while they
can procure yours which does such good
work. I cannot speak strongly enough
in favor of Paine's Celery Compound, and
you may be assured I will always recom-
mend it. You are at liberty to publish
this letter in your work."

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP DU-
HAMEL.

RIGAUD, Que, October 26. There was
a grand demonstration at Rigaud yester-
day in honor of His Grace Archbishop
Duhamel, of Ottawa, who yesterday
commemorated the twentieth anniver-
sary of his bishopric. His Grace arrived
at Rigaud Saturday night. He was met
at the station by the professors of the
Bourget College, citizens and a band, and
escorted to the College, where he re-

mained as their guest. In the evening
the College was handsomely illuminated,
while in the hall of that institution was
held a grand literary and artistical enter-
tainment. The hall was crowded.

Among the many entertainments
were an address in English read to His
Grace by Mr. George Fairfield; an
English comedy, entitled "Barney the
Baron," was rendered by the following:
Messrs. Wm. McEwen, Arthur Matte, P.
Robillard, P. Quessel, J. B. Villemare,
Ernest Laviolette, D. Duchesne, H.
Masson and H. Labrosse.

The new graduates of the college were
then conferred with their diplomas by
His Grace Archbishop Duhamel, who
also delivered a sound and practical ad-
dress to the students. The event was
brought to a close by the national an-
them. This morning Archbishop Du-
hamel and Rev. Abbe J. H. Levasc respec-
tively returned to Ottawa and St.
Lazarre, their domicile.

DR. HOLMES AS A PUNSTER.

It was Dr. Holmes who remarked that
though woman tempted man to eat, he
had an idea that Eve had nothing to do
with his drinking. He took to that on
his own account. On another occasion,
at a dinner party, he remarked, with
affected gravity: "I really must not
smoke so persistently. I must turn over
a new leaf—a tobacco leaf—and have a
cigar only after each"—here he paused,
as if about to say "meal," but he con-
tinued—"after each cigar." When the
smile ran around the table he leaned
back in his chair and said: "A foreigner
is an alien, a foreigner who drinks too
much is a bacchanalian, and may not a
foreigner who smokes too much be called
a tobacconian?"

THE DIGNITARY AND THE BULL.

Once there was a very important state
official of California who thought every-
body knew him or ought to know him.
One day he was walking through a field
when a bull addressed him in an under-
tone and made for him with his head
down and horns in a position to raise
him. He was a state official, a man of
dignity and political power and of na-
tural pomposity.

But he ran. He ran surprisingly well.
He ran even better than he did for
office, and he got to the fence first. He
clambered over, out of breath and dignity,
and found the owner of the bull calmly
contemplating the operation.

"What do you mean, sir," asked the
state official, "by having an infuriated
animal like that roaming over the field?"

"Well, I guess the bull has some right
to the field," said the farmer.

"Right? Do you know who I am,
sir?" gasped the official.

The farmer shook his head.

"I am General Blank."

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell
the bull?"

HOW SHE MANAGED IT.

A young couple in a Lancashire vil-
lage had been courting for several years.
One day the young man said to the
young woman,—"Sal, I canna marry
thee."

"How's that?" she asked.

"I've changed my mind," said he.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do,"

she said. "If folks know that its thee
as has given me up, I shanna be able to
get another chap, but if they think I
have given thee up, then I can easy get
another chap. So we'll have banns pub-
lished, and when the wedding day comes
the parson will say to thee, 'Wilt thou
have this woman to be thy wedded wife?'
and thou must say, 'I will,' and when
he says to me, 'Wilt thou have this man
to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say,
'I winna.'"

The wedding day came, and the
minister said the man:

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy
wedded wife?"

"I will," answered the man.

Then the parson said to the woman:

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy
wedded husband?"

"I will," she said.

"Why, you said you would say 'I
winna,'" the young man said furiously.

"I know that, but I've changed my
mind," answered the young woman.

"If I have ever used any unkind words,
Hannah," said Mr. Smiley, reflectively,
"I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose
you want to use them all over again,"
was the not very soothing reply.

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR GRAN. Etc.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as fol-
lows:—
Patent Spring.....\$1.25 @ 1.45
Ontario Patent.....2.80 @ 2.95
Manitoba Patents.....3.30 @ 3.35
Straight Roller.....2.65 @ 2.85
Extra.....2.30 @ 2.50
Superfine.....2.10 @ 2.25
City Strong Bakers.....3.75 @ 3.90
Manitoba Bakers.....3.10 @ 3.20
Ontariobags—extra.....1.25 @ 1.30
Straight Rollers.....1.35 @ 1.40

Oatmeal.—We quote jobbing prices as fol-
lows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.00 to \$4.05;
Standard, \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated
and rolled are quoted at \$1.90 to \$2.00, and
standard at \$1.85 to \$1.95. Fancy brands of
both granulated and rolled are quoted at higher
prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$2.75 in bbls.
and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—Sales at \$15.50 in car lots and
we quote \$15.50 to \$16.00, ordinary shorts \$17.00,
and fine white \$18.00. We quote mouille at
\$19.50 to \$21.50 as to grade.

Wheat.—Holders are now asking 50c afloat
Fort William for No. 1 hard, with 50c bid. Here
the price is nominally 62c to 63c for cargo lots.
Red winter wheat 57c to 58c.

Corn.—Market quiet at 61c to 62c duty paid,
and 55c to 56c in bond.

Peas.—Sales reported of about 10,000 bushels
at 64c to 66c afloat. The market is firm in the
West at an advance of 1c.

Oats.—Sales of ten car loads have been made
at 34c per 34.5c for No. 2, and a few cars of No.
3 and rejected at 33c and 33c.

Barley.—A sale has just been reported of
another lot of malting barley at 52c. Feed
barley is steady at 46c to 47c.

Buckwheat.—Further sales are reported in
car lots at 49c, while we hear of sales of about
5,000 bushels in the West at 41c f.o.b.

Rye.—We quote car lots at 52c to 53c.

Malt.—Steady at 72c to 80c. Several con-
tracts are reported at about 70c.

Seeds.—The market for a little and red
is quiet, the former at \$4.50 to \$6.00, and the lat-
ter at \$5.25 to \$6.00.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote prices as fol-
lows:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.	\$18.00 @ 20.5
Canada short cut, light, per bbl.	18.50 @ 19.00
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.	17.50 @ 18.00
Voss pork, American, new, per bb.	17.50 @ 18.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.	10.5 @ 11.0
Plate beef, per bbl.	11 @ 11c
Hams, per lb.	11 @ 11c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.	9 @ 10c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.	7 @ 7c
Bacon, per lb.	12 @ 13
Shoulders, per lb.	9 @ 10.

Dressed Hogs.—Sales have been made at
\$8.50 to \$7.00 per 100 lbs.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—

Creamery, September and October.	20c to 21c
Creamery, August.	18 1/2 to 19
Eastern Townships dairy.	16 1/2 to 18
Western.	14 1/2 to 16

Add 1c to above for single packages of
selected.

Cheese.—We quote:—

Finest Western, colored.	10 1/2 to 10 3/4
" white.	10 1/2 to 10 3/4
" Quebec, colored.	9 1/2 to 10c
" white.	to 10
Under grades.	8c to 9 1/2c
Cable.	4 1/2 to 6d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—There has been a fairly good demand
for fresh fall stock which has sold at 15c to 16c,
with selections at 15c. Held stock have been
sold at 13c to 13 1/2c. Pickled eggs are selling at
13c to 14c. The export demand continues for
England.

Beans.—Prices are steady. Western hand-
picked beans have sold in this market at \$1.40
to \$1.45 for fancy hand-picked, other kinds at
\$1.20 to \$1.30.

Honey.—Sales of extracted are reported at
7c to 8c in tins for new, and old selling at 5 1/2
to 6c.

Hops.—Sales to brewers have ranged from 7c
to 10c for the new crop as to quality. Year-
lings are quoted at 4c to 6c.

Partridges.—Sales of fine conditioned birds
have been made at 50c and No. 2 at 25c.

Baled Hay.—The market is steady, with
business at \$7.00 to \$7.25 alongside ship in 100
ton lots. No. 1 timothy is quoted at \$8.00 to
\$9.50 on track. At points on the Grand Trunk
and C. P. R., sales are reported at \$5.50 to \$6.50
for No. 2, and at \$6.75 to \$7.00 for No. 1.

FRUITS, Etc

Apples.—Sales are very slow at \$1 to \$1.75
per bbl. for fall varieties and \$2 to \$3 per bbl.
for winter varieties.

Oranges.—A fair trade is reported at \$6.00
to \$6.50 per bbl. for Jamaica and \$3.50 to \$3.75
per box for Floridas.

Lemons.—Maori fancy \$5.00 to \$5.50 per box,
Malagas chests \$7.50 to \$8.00.

Pears.—We quote barrels selling slowly at
\$2.00 to \$3.00, and fancy at \$3.50 to \$4.50; Cali-
fornia pears at \$1.50 to \$2.00 per box.

Peaches.—A full supply California peaches
are selling at \$1.00 to \$1.25 per box.

Bananas.—Prices go up about \$1 per bunch,
and we quote \$2.25 to \$2.50.

Cranberries.—We quote Canadian \$9.00 to
\$10.00 per barrel, and Cape Cod \$10.00 to \$10.50.

Grapes.—Receipts 2c red, 2c Niagara, and
Almeria \$5. per keg.

Sweet Potatoes.—Are selling well at \$2.50
per barrel.

Potatoes.—We quote 50c per bag of 90 lbs on
track, and 55c in a jobbing way.

Onions.—Canadian onions are selling well,
but the receipts are very heavy, which keeps
the market over supplied at \$1.75 to \$2.00 per
barrel. In Spanish onions, some good sized
sales have been made at 6 1/2c, but for jobbing
lots we quote 75c to 80c per crate.

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS

ADVERTISEMENT.

AS USUAL
We are in the Front Rank
FOR FALL TRADE 1894.

In Gent's Furnishings Cloths, Tweeds, etc.
AND IF YOU WANT A WHITE SHIRT
Just ask for Our Own Make Shirts
The best White Shirt on earth for 75c.
Warranted Pure Linen Front and Bands and
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Better Grades \$1.00 and \$1.25.
Horricks No. 2 Best Dress Shirts only \$1.50.

Men's Grey Flannel Shirts, with Bands,
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.
Men's Grey Flannel Shirts, with Collars,
\$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.
Boys' Grey Flannel Shirts, with Bands,
75c, \$1.00.
Boys' Grey Flannel Shirts, with Collars,
75c, \$1.00.

Men's and Boys' Blue Flannel Shirts, with
and without Collars, in all sizes, plain and
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Men's and Boys' Collars, in all the newest
styles.

Men's Braces, from 15c. up. Boys' Braces,
from 9c. up.

Full Line of all kinds of
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the literature of his own language, and
to encourage such a taste for it that he
would long to read books and not be
satisfied with the opinions of other
people about them."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE;

Faith and Infidelity,

An essay, by Joseph K. Foran, LL.B.,

Bound in fancy cloth gilt cover.....50c

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

What is the spirit of our age?
What should be the spirit of our age?
The means afforded by the Church to
enable the Faithful to conquer in the
battle between right and wrong, truth
and error, faith and infidelity.

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DIVIDEND No. 58.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of
three and a half (3 1/2) per cent. for the current
half year upon the paid-up capital stock of
this institution has been declared, and that
the same will be payable at its banking house,
in this city, on and after SATURDAY, the
FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the
16th to the 30th November next, both days
inclusive.

By order of the Board.
A. DE MARTIGNY,
Mgr.-Director.
Montreal, October 20th, 1894. 15-5

THE SUBJECT OF WASTING

SOME OF ITS PHASES AND HOW THEY ARE CURED.

The Wasting of a Consumptive and the Wasting of Babies and Children--Scrofula, Anæmia and other forms of Illness Discussed--Coughs and Colds Reveal a Weakened Condition.

In the obituary notices of the late Prof. Hermann von Helmholtz, the German scientist, were references to one of his earlier works "On the Consumption of Tissue During Muscular Action." In this work Prof. Helmholtz set the theory forth as an established fact that wherever there is muscular action there is also a wasting, or rather a consumption of tissue.

The body is constantly changing. There is wasting going on all the time. Food is designed to counteract this wasting and if the organs of the body are in a healthy state food does its work in nourishment. But the digestive and vital organs get out of tune every once in a while, so that an extra nourishment, one that is concentrated and easy of assimilation, is needed in order to keep up a normal condition of health.

If this extra nourishment is not taken the wasting which goes on incessantly soon impairs health. One of the first signs of a weakened, poorly-nourished body is taking cold easily. Colds are such common things that people are very apt to neglect them. They do not know that the cold reveals a weakened condition, but after taking cold several times they find it harder work to recover the semblance of health again.

The common way to cure a cold or a cough is to take some household specific, or when a person feels run down in health he thinks he needs a tonic or stimulant.

The truth is, however, ordinary specifics and tonics or stimulants, for coughs and colds, afford only temporary relief. They are merely superficial means of relieving the local trouble, but they do not give the nourishment necessary to strengthen the system and overcome the wasting tendencies.

It is because Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy tissue, enriches the blood, and gives vital strength that physicians give it such unqualified endorsement. Scott's Emulsion is quick to relieve inflammation of Throat and Lungs, and its power to cure the most stubborn cough is unquestioned. But this is only part of its work. Scott's Emulsion makes the system able to ward off disease and other ailments.

This subject of wasting is almost inexhaustible. Scrofula results in a wasting of the vital elements of the blood, and Anæmia is simply no blood at all. Consumption is probably the worst form of wasting. In all of the early stages of this disease Scott's Emulsion will effect a cure. It requires time to recover after a patient is once into Consumption, but there are numerous cases where Scott's Emulsion has cured persons who had got so far that they raised quantities of blood.

The wasting tendencies of babies and children are known to too many unhappy parents. There does not in thousands of instances seem to be any cause for their growing thin, but as a matter of fact their food does not nourish them and the babies and children do not thrive. The babies are weak and children seem to grow only one way.

Now it costs only 50 cents to try Scott's Emulsion, and you will find that it will do more for your baby or your child than all the rest of the nourishment taken. Scott's Emulsion makes babies fat and children robust and healthy. It takes away the thin, haggard look in the pinched faces of so many children.

Another one of the many uses of Scott's Emulsion is the way it helps mothers who are nursing babies. It gives them strength and makes their milk rich with the principles of food all babies need.

Scott's Emulsion is not a secret mixture. Its formula is furnished to physicians and has been endorsed by physicians for twenty years. It has a record unequalled by any other preparation in the world. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents and one dollar. Pamphlet mailed by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, on application.

A PLUCKY WOMAN.

One of the most admirable attributes that a woman can possess, according to masculine views, is pluck. You feel that a man has a sincere admiration for one of the opposite sex when he says with an honest ring in his voice: "She is a plucky little woman." And he does all he can to encourage her and make the burden less heavy to carry, for if the Lord helps them that help themselves it is equally true that mankind follows the high example to the letter.

When a woman is gritty she is thoroughly so, and keeps up under trying difficulties, fighting off mentally and bodily ills which, without meaning anything detrimental to the stronger sex, we must add parenthetically, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times, would cause a man to succumb at the outset. She struggles along, and before the world is brave and cheerful, making light of the worries that are in reality eating out her very soul.

But when the necessity for wearing the mask is laid aside and she can hide away in some little corner where naught but affection and tenderness can enter, what is she then? A woman through and through, helpless, clinging and without a vestige of those go-ahead qualities that have given her the reputation for pluck. Woman's nature doesn't change, even though the need of money or the desire for fame urges her out into the hurry and worry of that side of life so different from the encircling protection of the home circle.

She may appear indifferent to outsiders, but she is not so in reality. She may show a pair of bright keen eyes, that look as though their brilliance never could be dimmed by tears, and yet the struggle may sometimes prove too much, and in the seclusion of her own room all the pent-up trouble will find vent in such a fit of weeping that would astonish those who think they know her best, but who in reality know her so little.

Ah, plucky little women! It takes a woman to read your hearts, to ferret out that inner life hidden so far beneath the surface, and it is a woman's earnest sympathy for you voiced in the one honest sentence: "God help you."

A MOTHER'S LOOK.

The following touching incident is related by a Jesuit Father: "I have known a student, whose desolate and wicked life caused him to be cast into chains and to be locked up in the Erenbretstein. His father was long since dead. His mother, therefore, had to bear alone the grief caused by her degenerate child. It is difficult to express how keenly it gnawed on the mother's heart; in the soul of the criminal, however it was and remained as dark as in the prison where he was chained; not the least sign of repentance. No wonder that such a sorrow, which, by day and by night, afflicted the poor mother of the impenitent son, lay on her bed of death. Seeing the hour of dissolution approach, she sent a petition to the commander of the fortress to bring her child once more before her dying bed. He granted her request. The next day the son appeared, escorted by armed soldiers, at the bed of his mother. But she, pale and consumed with grief, spoke no word--no, not a word, but long and piercingly she looked at him, and having penetrated him long and deeply, she turned her face to the wall and gave the signal to lead away the son. As he came, so he went--cold and sulky, like as if there was in him an incarnate obstinacy. But in the prison it came upon him. The look of his haggard dying mother, thin and wasted, and with this look everything--reproach, punishment, abomination, entreaty, mother's anxiety, mother's love! Had she spoken to him a whole month long, unceasingly, she could not have spoken so earnestly and thrillingly to his heart as she did with her dumb look from her death-bed. What a storm of emotion agitated the soul of the wretched you! As never before he was moved, and broke forth in such vehement ejaculations that one would think that his heart must break. We need not be astonished that, all at once, he struck his brow, burst into tears, and loudly exclaimed: "O God! to what have I come?" He stopped not with this cognition--no; he was converted sincerely; he even entered a monastery and became a Jesuit and missionary; and now you see him--the young criminal here, standing before you in the pulpit!" It was Father Hasslacher himself, the celebrated German Jesuit, who died in 1876.

House Full of Steam! A big fire, heavy lifting, hard work is the usual way of doing the wash



There is an easier and cleaner way.

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169a.

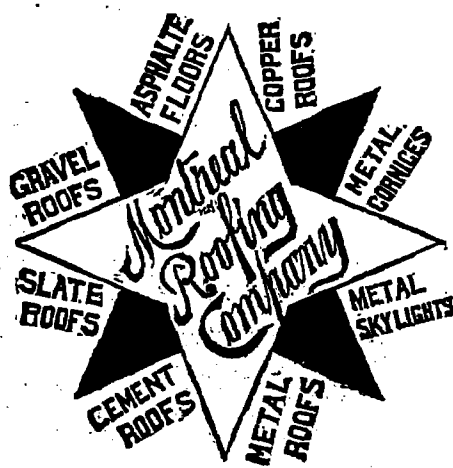
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JUDICIAL NOTICE TO ANN DOYLE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to Ann Doyle, whose maiden name was Ann Cassidy and who was the wife of Thomas Doyle, in his lifetime of the City of Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario, deceased, and who went to the City of Montreal about 19 years ago, and who was, when last heard from about 18 years ago, a cook on a steamboat sailing from the said City of Montreal, if she be still living, to communicate, on or before the first day of December 1894, with MESSRS. GORMAN & FRIPP, 74 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Solicitors for the Administrators of the estate of the said Thomas Doyle, deceased; or in default thereof she will be excluded from all claim to do so or otherwise in said estate. Dated 22nd September 1894. W. M. MATHESON, Local Master at Ottawa, Ontario.

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Invalid and Table Jellies,

SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

- LEMON, RASPBERRY, STRAWBERRY,
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- LIME JUICE, VANILLA, BLACK CURRANT,
- PINE APPLE, CALVESFOOT

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Will not chap or roughen the skin like ordinary ammonia, will make clothes snowy white, will wash flannels and blankets without shrinking; for the toilet, for the bath, for the sick room and nursery. Cures all insect bites. Cleans and brightens silks, laces, Crapes. For glass, crockery and silverware. Be sure and ask for

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ENGLISH PROVISION CO., 2450 ST. CATHERINE STREET, [Corner DRUMMOND.] Telephone 4847. 45-11

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

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

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 538 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted. Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not on Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS FOR SALE CHEAP.

Four of the large, rich Stained Glass Windows in St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, which do not harmonize with the others, are for sale cheap. The pattern is such that they could be easily divided into eight windows, each of about twenty feet in height and about five feet in width. May be had after a month's notice. Apply to
J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

CHURCH PEWS FOR SALE.

The Pews of St. Patrick's, Montreal, which have been removed from the Church, may be bought very cheap. There are three hundred of them, made of the best clear pine, with neatly paneled ends and doors. The book rests and top bead are of black walnut; each pew is six feet long by thirty-eight inches wide. Apply to
J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given by Miss Josephine Vanier, spinster, and Joseph Eleodore L. Vanier, civil employe, both of Montreal, that they will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for the purpose of obtaining an act to authorize them to sell the substituted immoveable properties belonging to the estate of late Dame Adelphine Vanier, widow of Pierre Vanier, gentleman, of Montreal, which said immoveables are all situated in the District of Montreal.
Montreal, 26th September, 1894.
DEMERS & DE LORIMIER,
Solicitors for Petitioners.
11-5

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C. McKiernan,
HORSESHOER,
(15 years' experience in Montreal.)
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2-52

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This well known and popular institution will re-open on MONDAY, the 3rd SEPTEMBER next.
The Electric cars from Bleury street, by way of Outremont, run out to the College every half hour.
The parents are requested to send the pupils as early as possible. 15-18

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NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made at the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec to obtain a Bill authorizing the Board of Examiners of the Dental Association of the said Province of Quebec, to admit THOMAS COLEMAN, L.D.S., D.D.S., of the City of Montreal, to the practice of the profession of Dentistry, and to grant him a certificate of License as Dental Surgeon after examination.
Montreal, 18th October, 1894.
THOMAS COLEMAN,
Petitioner.
14-5

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

CANADA: PROVINCE OF QUEBEC: DISTRICT OF MONTREAL: SUPERIOR COURT: No. 276. Dame Alice Jane Swall, of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal, wife of George W. Clarke, Trader, of the same place, gives notice that she has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her said husband.
Montreal, 20th September, 1894.
HUTCHINSON & OUGHTRED,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
11-4

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7-3

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Read what the



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

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

"I can recommend PECTORAL BALSAMIC ELIXIR, the composition of which has been made known to me, as an excellent remedy for Pulmonary Catarrh, Bronchitis or Colds with no fever."
L. J. V. CLAIBOURN, M. D.
Montreal, March 27th 1889.

L. RORTAILLE, Esq. Chemist.
Sir,

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

"excellent remedy for Lung Affections in general."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Capital: \$5,000,000.

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Price 25 cents.

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For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma,
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Will be found superior to all others for all kinds
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**NEW RAISINS,
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and Vegetables.
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed, and endorsed "Tender for im-
provement of the Lower Narrows above Pem-
broke," River Ottawa, will be received until
Friday, the 23rd day of November next, in-
clusively, for the improvement of the Lower
Narrows of the River Ottawa, above Pembroke,
Ontario, according to a plan and specification
to be seen at the Post Office, Pembroke, and at
the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.
Tenders will not be considered unless made
on the form supplied and signed with the ac-
tual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted bank cheque payable to the or-
der of the Minister of Public Works, for the
sum of four hundred dollars (\$400.00) must ac-
company each tender. This cheque will be
forfeited if the party declines the contract, or
all to complete the work contracted for, and
will be returned in case of non-acceptance of
tender.
The Department does not bind itself to ac-
cept the lowest or any tender.
By order, E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 18th October, 1894. } 14-2



TRENT CANAL.
Simcoe and Balsam Lake Division,
ALSO
Peterboro' and Lakefield Division.
NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed, and endorsed "Tender for Trent
Canal," will be received at this Office until
noon on Saturday, the Seventeenth day of
November, 1894, for the construction of about
five and a half miles of Canal on the Simcoe
and Balsam Lake Division, and also for the
construction of about three and a half miles
of Canal on the Peterboro' and Lakefield
Division.
Plans and specifications of the work can be
seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of
the Department of Railways and Canals, at
Ottawa, or at the Superintending Engineer's
Office, Peterboro', where forms of tender can
be obtained on and after Monday, October 29th,
1894.
In the case of firms there must be attached
the actual signatures of the full name, the
nature of the occupation, and place of residence
of each member of the same, and further, an
accepted bank cheque, for the sum of \$7,500
must accompany the tender for each section;
this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to
the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will
be forfeited if the party tendering declines
entering into contract for work at the rates
and terms stated in the offer submitted. The
accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned
to the respective parties whose tenders are not
accepted.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily
accepted.
By order, J. H. BALDERSON,
Secretary.
Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, October, 1894. } 15-3

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COLUMBIA, MANITOBA, MISSOURI,
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Best value in Montreal.

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- Ladies' Stylish Beaver Jackets, \$3.85.
- Ladies' Stylish Beaver Jackets, \$6.00.
- Ladies' Stylish Golf Capes. \$5.35.

And all other Mantles equally
as cheap. Ladies' Mantles up
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- Ladies' Stylish Golf Capes \$5.35.
- Ladies' New Capes \$6.50.
- Misses' Stylish Jackets \$3.50.
- Ladies' Evening Wraps \$6.65.
- Ladies' Fur Lined Jackets \$22 25.
- Ladies' Fur Lined Capes \$10.50.
- Misses' Tweed Jackets \$2.80.
- Children's New Ulsters \$5.40.
- Misses' New Ulsters \$6.80.

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