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TESTIS IN COELO FIDELIS

# The *Chronicle* and *Witness*

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

VOL. XLIII., NO. 5.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

SOME time ago we have occasion to refer to the disrespectful manner in which some people sing aloud and laugh in the cemetery. There is, however, something more repulsive in the oaths and offensive expressions used by laborers in the home of the dead. Whether they are employees of contractors for monuments and copings, or employees of the fabrique, we cannot say; but we judge from the nature of their work that they come from the city. It is very unpleasant for those good Christians who go to visit the last resting place of their friends, to decorate their graves, or to pray in "God's Acre," to have their meditations and prayers broken in upon by foul language and rough oaths of the lowest class. We would ask the different foremen of the various gangs of masons and stone-cutters that work in the cemetery to be good enough to warn their men, and insist upon a proper respect for the living and the dead.

In consideration of the recent attention drawn to Italy and King Humbert, in consequence of the visit paid by the "Etna" to Montreal, perhaps, the following piece of news may be interesting as an illustration of the glorious effects of the Italian monarch's beneficent and awfully religious reign.

"The soldiers of King Humbert are bayonetting the peasantry in the province of Novara. The authorities ordered the destruction of the vineyards in the province in order to try and stamp out the insect plague which is ruining the grape production. The people resisted the action of the authorities as it throws them out of work and leaves them to starve. The military are acting with brutality. Possibly the soldiers have a grudge against Novara. It was from its capital, similarly named, the Italian army made its celebrated run away from the Austrians in the year 1849."

THE paper which, in our last issue, we were forced to bring to task for its abominable insults towards Catholics, and objects that are held sacred and dear by the vast majority of our citizens, has very cunningly sought to repair the mistake it committed, by attempting to show that it has as good a right to its opinions as we have to ours. No person ever referred to the opinions of that organ, nor did we discuss them in one way or another. It is perfectly free to hold whatever opinion it desires. But what called forth the exposure of its infidel and malicious attacks upon our faith, was the low, slangy, insulting manner in which it referred to a saint of the church, and the vile comparison made between Catholics and objects of detestation. It is not with that journal's opinions we have any quarrel,—they are so confused and baseless that no sane person would waste time in striving to fathom them,—but we object to that organ, or any other one, insulting our co-religionists in a most uncalled for manner, and publicly sneering and scoffing at what Catholics revere, and openly

traducing the elect of God, as well as blaspheming His majesty. It does not concern us that the editor (or editors) of that organ should lack faith, but the absence of belief in a creed does not give any man a right to sneer and scoff at that religion, nor insult and hurt the feelings of its adherents. A person may be an unbeliever—but let him have the instincts of a gentleman, let him show some delicacy of feeling and respect for the feelings of others. We repeat, it was not a question of opinion but one of fact; the fact that vile insult was launched against every Catholic citizen of this city, and we could not allow it to pass unchallenged.

WE HAVE often heard of "raising Cain;" but if ever the first murderer and fratricide were raised, it decidedly was in the person of a reverend doctor of the same name—only he spells it with a big K—who has recently been telling the Belfast Orangemen what Kane would do—that is to say if he were only Able. Read the following:

"Addressing a deputation of Belfast Orangemen, the Rev. Dr. Kane, grand master, suggested Colonel Saunderson as president and Mr. T. W. Russell as vice-president at the forthcoming Ulster Central Assembly, adding that whoever were chosen should be ready to die a hundred times rather than submit to a criminal Fenian Government in Dublin. If it came to the worst, they had to defend their liberties, he was glad that ninety per cent. of them knew how to exchange their walking-sticks for more effective instruments of self-defence without any scramble at the crucial moment."

THE reports from the Congo Catholic missions are most satisfactory. Five hundred children, that have been rescued from servitude and barbarism, are receiving instruction in Catholic schools, and five of them are being trained for the purpose of forming the nucleus of a body of native clergy. There are fifteen postulants at the house of novices of the indigenous sisterhood. Glory to the indefatigable missionaries—priests and nuns—who are carrying the faith into the land of darkness!

IN ANOTHER column we publish a letter, written by one who sent us some very interesting correspondence, a few months ago. The letter speaks for itself. We had intended writing editorially upon the subject, but we reserve that for another issue, finding that our communication of this week fully touches upon the points we were to treat. But we have much more than "Ajax" to say upon this matter. That very cunningly constructed article in the Star is a splendid index to what might be expected unless the public be made acquainted with the true inwardness of the case. It is pushing audacity to the limit of the ridiculous to find a Board of men, who are supposed to expend the public funds in the interest of education, squandering thousands upon the demolition of that splendid Gothic structure—the Sarsfield school—and erecting an architectural monstrosity, at enormous cost, in its place, and at

the same time talking of seeking to get control of other schools—religious ones of course—in order to crush them eventually. We have the example of Kingston before us; and we warn the would-be perpetrators of similar injustices and atrocities that there is a limit beyond which it is not safe to go. The public, that supports them, and should have a knowledge (and a correct one) of what becomes of the monies, may be forced to raise a voice of more emphatic protest,—already is it crying out *Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra!*

IN connection with the question of superstition, and the supernatural, of which we write this week, the following piece of Roman news may prove very interesting:—

"A curious case was recently examined at Rome by the ecclesiastical courts which gave rise to a curious question, 'How far is it permitted to consult sacred books at hazards, and to draw conclusions by means of the texts which meet the eyes in the opened volume?' A person had made a practice of consulting holy books in this manner without, at the same time doing so for gain, or for any but a good motive and in good faith. It happened that she had on several occasions hit upon the most strange and striking truths, and that her predictions were more than once realized. The decisions of the ecclesiastical court is that such practices was an abuse, and the would-be prophet was forbidden to continue them. If, however, any person desires to consult sacred writings at hazard, and for the good of their souls, the best method is that followed by St. Ignatius, who used to read extracts from the Imitation of Christ twice a day. In the morning he read it by order of the chapters, and in the evening was in the habit of opening it at hazard. The great saint was wont to declare that he had always drawn great comfort from these improvised counsels and admonitions. One of the most learned editors of the Imitation (Gence) once stopped near the town of Viterbo, and charmed with the beauty of the spot decided to reside there for the remainder of his days. Almost immediately after his resolution was taken, he opened his favorite books, and the verse that met his eyes was: 'Why dost thou stand looking about thee here, since this is not thy resting-place?' Struck by this warning, our traveler at the same instant heard the slow and solemn tolling of a church bell. He rose from the place where he was resting, and walking towards the town met a funeral procession bearing a dead body to its last earthly habitation. The Christian wayfarer accompanied his unknown brother to his narrow home, and then continued his opened chapter in the Imitation which, with marvelous applicability, continued: 'Thy dwelling must be in Heaven, and all things of the earth are only to be looked upon as passing by. All things pass away, and thou along with them.'

FRANCE seems bound to get into war with some nation or other. Scarcely has the Siam cloud blown over than the Italian difficulty arising out of the bloody scenes at Aigues-Mortes blackens the horizon. Where matters are going to end there is as yet no knowing; but it evidently looks as if France is stepping over a war volcano that menaces at any moment to burst forth and play havoc. The despatches of Monday were certainly

sensational enough, nor is there any evidence of the atmosphere clearing. We fear that our application of Irwin's poem, a few weeks ago, which was then considered by a great many as an exaggeration, may prove somewhat correct before the close of this year.

WE learn that Count Mercier has been "frozen out" at the great French Canadian Convention at Chicago. Most properly so. He has abandoned his nationality and has become a French American. Poor Riel! How soon your champion has forgotten your memory, the moment it could no longer serve his purposes.

THE BOSTON PILOT has the following, which is too rich to leave un-reproduced. We have heard of "rubbing it in," but we must say that old Labby has the most effective method of performing that peculiar operation that we have ever heard of. The Pilot says:

"Apropos of 'Judas' Chamberlain,' a London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman quotes from memory Mr. Labouchere's stinging invective on the same subject six years ago. Labby was speaking to an audience in the country and introduced the name of Chamberlain, then a fresh and detested traitor. Immediately there came a cry of 'Judas.' The speaker paused to rebuke such a sentiment:—

"I must deprecate these historical comparisons, quoth Mr. Labouchere. 'They are seldom accurate or just. I am not here to defend Judas; but Judas had his good points. It is quite true that he betrayed his Master, but he did not then dine with Caiaphas and set up with Herod. He did not get upon platforms with the Scribes and Pharisees. He did not stump Judea to prove that he was the only true Apostle, and all the rest were apostates. No; Judas appreciated the situation, and he very properly went out and hanged himself.'

"WHY, WHEN, HOW, AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO READ," is the title of a most admirable little volume of about 155 pages, that has recently been published by Thomas B. Noonan & Co., of Boston, and which is written by the Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. After "lovingly and gratefully" dedicating the work to his mother, "at whose knee he learned, in childhood, how to read," the author gives several pages of most instructive and highly valuable information. The mere mention of the chapters is all we can give in the space at our disposal; but if even that much should induce any of our readers to secure and study that volume and eventually put in practice its teachings a great good will be the result. After telling us, in a fresh and happy style, why, when, and how we ought to read, we get ten sub-chapters upon "what we ought to read." The choice of books—for which general principles are laid down; poetry; danger of sentimental reading; hints on choosing books; an order of reading suggested; history and biography; magazines; newspapers; novels; and reading for children, are all subjects elegantly and attractively discussed. We heartily recommend our readers to procure, if possible, that little guide and to follow it; much valuable time may be saved and much information may be secured that might—for want of system—be entirely lost.

ACT OF THE UNION.

THE REPORT OF THE HOUSE ON THE IRISH POOR.

This Report Appeared in 1830; the Only Available One of a Like Nature; Given 30 Years After the Union was Consummated; Adam Smith and other Authorities.

In reproducing extracts from this Report and in commenting thereon, we will argue with the actors therein, as if they were present in the flesh. Most, if not all of the arguments, are as applicable to Ireland of to-day, as they were to the Report of 1830.

Fifty tons weight of Eggs, and ten tons of live and dead Poultry, are sometimes shipped from the Port of Dublin in one day.

"In 1829, the Exports from the single Port of Waterford reached £2,136,934, a sum less by £170,000 only than the whole Trade of Ireland for seven years, a century before.

Exports to Great Britain.

1801—	£3,270,300	12	0
1825—	7,048,934	5	6

Imports from all Parts.

1801—	£4,621,344	16	6
1825—	8,596,785	8	11"

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON THE STATE OF THE IRISH POOR—1830.

The Irish Parliament, in 1779, in a voice that could not be misunderstood, said that, "it is not by temporary expedients, but by a Free Trade alone, that this Nation can be saved from impending ruin." This unequivocal and spirited language opened the eyes of Lord North and the English Nation; and the haughty Minister who contemptuously refused some very trifling commercial advantage in 1777, brought forward his propositions in the English Parliament, granting Free Trade to Ireland.

We endeavored to prove, in our last articles, that the landed monopoly had undermined and subverted Irish manufactures:—it is our intention in the present to prove, that the same many-headed monster annihilated her trade, with the exception of that portion of it which can scarcely be called trade—the transportation of rude agricultural produce for the supply of the English markets. These are open to Ireland, but the colonies, and every other market in the world, are shut against her. There is nothing more easy of proof, than that neither the landed interest of England nor that of Ireland gained anything like what is generally supposed by the corn monopoly, or a tithe of what was lost to the community by it; that it was the intermediate monopolists that reaped all, or nearly all, the advantages, and that the landed monopolists were made the tools and instruments to bolster up the others. The innumerable monopolies that have been generated by it would instantly vanish into empty air, if the great landed one were done away with; but we might as well attempt to reason with the billows of the ocean, or the winds of heaven, as with monopolists of any description; no matter whether they are landed monopolists, mercantile monopolists, or slave monopolists—they will cling to their monopoly to the last, though they may at the same time bring down ruin on their own heads, as well as on the heads of their victims. You may crush the monopoly, but it is the extreme of folly to think of reasoning with the monopolists. If reason could have effect on the landed monopolists, the strongest could be given, and it could be proved, that any measure that presses on the industry of the country must be injurious to them, their interests and those of the community being the same.

The great object with the committee of the House of Commons on the state of the Irish poor, from whose report we have taken the extract that heads this article was to prove the vast increase in the trade of Ireland since the Union and her unrestricted intercourse with England. "Fifty tons of eggs and ten tons of live and dead poultry are sometimes shipped from Dublin in a single day!" triumphantly exclaimed the chairman of the committee, Thomas Spring Rice, Esq., M. P. for the commercial city of Limerick, one of His Majesty's under secretaries of state for the treasury. We cannot say which feeling predominates in our mind—scorn, or indignation—at having such a gross delusion foisted on the public as a proof of the prosperity of

Ireland. Ridicule and laughter would be the most appropriate weapons to use on such an occasion, were it not that, at the very time that committee was laboring to prove the rapidly improving state of Ireland, her wretched inhabitants were suffering all the horrors of famine, and the Premier of England was stating that there was no remedy for it; that famine was periodical in Ireland; that it should take its course; that it was beyond the power of legislation to meet or cure the evil! In the face of appalling wretchedness, misery and famine stalking abroad in every corner of Ireland—in the face of the avowal of the Prime Minister—the committee on the state of the Irish poor attempted to prove that the commercial, agricultural, and other interests of Ireland were rapidly improving! It is our present intention to prove that they imposed on themselves, and grossly deluded those who placed any reliance on their report.

To show that trade is flourishing and agriculture advancing, it is not necessary for parliaments or their committees to announce the pleasing intelligence; it is easy of proof. The question to be asked, and which every man can answer, are these: How is the great body of the people situated? Are they well clothed, well fed, and well lodged—are they contented—are they happy? Let these questions be put with reference to the Ireland of 1830—or the Ireland of to-day; the answers will decide whether the country is prosperous, or otherwise. This is the opinion of a great authority on this question, Adam Smith, who says:—"The liberal reward of labor, therefore, as it is the necessary effect, so it is the natural symptom of increasing national wealth—the scanty maintenance of the laboring poor, on the other hand, is the natural symptom that things are at a stand—and their starving condition, that things are going fast backward."

This opinion of that great man, like every other opinion of his, is at the same time based upon the most profound knowledge of human affairs and on the most splendid principles of benevolence and humanity. What a contrast does it not exhibit to the pigmies who now-a-days pretend to be political economists, and who presumptuously arrogate to themselves knowledge sufficient to guide and direct the movements and actions of seven or eight millions of people! Can any man be found, who will have the audacity to state, that the industrious and laboring classes of the Irish are even tolerably "well fed, lodged, and clothed?" Will any be found to deny "the scanty maintenance of the laboring poor," and that the only change in their unhappy lot is from bare subsistence to "periodical starvation?"

But, said Sir James Graham, first Lord of the Admiralty, "Never was there a country that derived more benefit from another than Ireland has from England since the Union. That country derived wealth from this, and this found her the market for her produce." If he had said, found "Consumption" for her produce, and that, like hungry gluttons, the English consumed everything raised from the soil by the Irish people, without leaving them even husks for the swine, there would have been some truth in his assertion; but we must dismiss the opinion of Sir James Graham, who appears to have been as profoundly ignorant of the principles of trade and commerce, and the true source of national wealth, as he was of the true state of Ireland, or of the character of the Irish people.

We have given Adam Smith as an authority to prove, that if the working industrious portion of the community are poor and miserable, none of the superior grades can be very well off. We stated, that the Irish population was reduced to the lowest state of destitution; in opposition to this state of things, the committee on the state of the Irish poor had the hardihood to aver, that the commercial prosperity of Ireland was advancing with most rapid strides. They triumphantly put forward their proofs, which appear at the head and front of this article, in the amount of exports from all Ireland in general, and from the port of Waterford in particular. "Out of their own mouths they shall be condemned." From the facts they have given us, we shall prove that Irish trade was equally subverted with her manufactures. We shall follow the example given in our last article, when speaking of the ruinous state of the manufactures of the country. It will not, we presume, be disputed, that the seven or

eight millions of exports from Ireland consist chiefly of agricultural produce. "The last, the lowest, and most disadvantageous species of commerce," says Archdeacon Paley, "is the exportation of raw materials for wrought goods—as when wool is sent abroad to purchase velvets—hides, or peltrie, to purchase shoes, hats or linen cloth. This trade is unfavorable to the population, because it leaves no room or demand for employment, either in what it takes out of the country, or in what it brings into it. "Its operation on both sides is noxious:—by its exports, it diminishes the very subject upon which the industry in the same proportion that it supplies the consumption of the country with the produce of foreign labor." Did we not quote our author, it might be supposed that the opinion we have stated was intended to apply to the trade now carried on between England and Ireland. Is not, then, the trade which is carried between the two countries, as far as Ireland is concerned, "the last, the lowest, and the most disadvantageous?" Before we have concluded these articles, we will conclusively show, that the Irish merchants are the unrequited agents, or, rather, the mere pack-houses of the English monopolists.

The advocates for these things as they are, and for the Union, say, if Ireland obtains Home Rule, the English markets will be closed against her butter and bacon, her live and dead stock; invested capital will be removed to Britain—nothing will remain but BLUE RUIN for Ireland.

Such are the consoling prophecies of the Ascendancy, the Monopolist, and the Orange parties. But those carion birds of evil omen, who so flippantly drum such stories into the ears of the credulous, are not aware, that it would not be the first time the English markets were shut against Ireland. The commercial jealousy was as vindictive and as indefatigable as the Manufacturers' jealousy. The British Parliament prohibited the importation of live stock into England, when they thought it injured their own country and served Ireland—when they found this prohibition had a directly contrary effect to that which was intended, that it absolutely served Ireland, they at once repealed the law. They would act precisely on the same principles at this day, if they found their advantage in doing so—so consistent is honest John Bull. Commercial monopolists are like insatiable tigers, ever ready to pounce upon their prey. But what would be the inevitable consequence to England, if she did shut her ports against Irish produce? In that case she would have one of two things to do—either to give the sole monopoly to the English landlord for the supply of the English markets, thereby putting the people on short commons, and by which means the price would be, at least doubled—or she would throw her ports open to all other agricultural countries. Could she, if she acted on the former, be able longer to supply the world with her cheap manufactures—and would she not at once be reduced to the necessity of consuming her own manufactures, as well as her own corn, butter, and bacon? And if she adopted the latter course, would any other country in the universe take the same proportion of her manufactures as the Irish? Could she refuse to give Ireland the same privileges as she would give foreigners? If she did, then the

people of Ireland would be reduced to the melancholy alternative of eating their own corn, butter, pork and beef, together with the "FIFTY TONS OF EGGS AND TEN TONS OF LIVE AND DEAD POULTRY," instead of potatoes and salt, (often moistened with their salt tears); and of shearing their own sheep, manufacturing their own wool, and wearing it themselves. All this to the mortification and ruin of the landed monopoly, and the debauched and absentee rouses. We tell those ignorant alarmists, that if a wall of brass, fifty cubits high, were raised between England and Ireland, the people of the latter country would be able to support themselves, and be in a far better situation than they are at present. England, Home Rule, or, no Home Rule, will receive Irish produce as long as it is her interest to receive it and not one day longer.—E.E. TRUE WITNESS.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

There are four Indian boys studying in an Indiana normal school for the priesthood.

Cardinal Gibbons has declined the proposed \$10,000 purse his priests and people wanted to collect.

The 19th of March, the Feast of St. Joseph, will henceforth be officially recognized as a holiday in Portugal.

Mr. Albert Reinhart, a prominent young lawyer and a society leader in Cincinnati, is about to enter the Dominican order.

The Pope has issued a special dispensation to the Catholics of Naples from abstinence on Fridays as long as the cholera prevails in that country.

An academy for the higher education of young ladies is to be erected in Lake Linden, Mich. It will be conducted by eight Jesu-Marie Sisters of Montreal, Canada.

Reports from Molokai state that Fathers Conrady and Wendelin are in good health, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. Also that leprosy is on the decrease.

Most Rev. Francis Janssens, D. D., archbishop of New Orleans, has recovered from his recent attack of illness, which he contracted while making his visitation of the parishes in his archdiocese.

Fathers Postage and Hartman, S. J., who have had long experience amongst the inhabitants of Mashona, have completed a grammar of the Mashona language, and it is now going through the press.

The news from Castel-Gondolfo, Rome, as to the condition of the famous archeologist, Commendatore de Rossi, is fairly satisfactory. He is recovering strength. His left side, however, remains paralyzed.

The Convent of La Rabida at the World's Fair attracts by far more people than any other object on the grounds. It is jammed all day by the crowds anxious to see the treasures it contains.

The Bishops of Campania, at a conference held under the presidency of Cardinal Saffelice, decided to send a protest to the Italian Senate and Chamber against the bill giving the civil marriage ceremony precedence over the religious.

A movement is on foot to present a testimonial to the American Catholic novelist, Mrs. Anna A. Dorsey. The most Rev. Archbishop Ireland and Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of the Catholic University, head the list with a hundred dollar subscription each.

Mgr. D'Ambrosia, Archbishop of Durazzo, in Albania, who is eighty-three years of age, recently resigned his office. His successor has just been appointed in the person of Father Bianchi, who has served as a parish priest in the archdiocese for seventeen years.

The Pope gave audience to Monsignor Bartlett, of Baltimore, with whom His Holiness conversed for a long time on the extension of the Catholic Church in the United States. Monsignor Bartlett presented to the Pope a list of American converts.

The episcopal see of Jafna, vacant by the promotion of Mgr. Melezan to the archbishopric of Colombo, Ceylon, has just been filled by the appointment of the Rev. Henri Jonlain, O. M. I. The new Bishop, who is a Frenchman, has labored in Ceylon since 1860.

The Manning Library Association, of Wilmington, Del., has appointed Rev. Dennis J. Crowley and J. Bradford Gibney, delegates to the Nineteenth Annual Convent of the Catholic Young Men's Union at Chicago, on September 6th and 7th.

September 14 has been fixed as the date for the investiture of Bishop Hennessy of Dubuque, with the Archbishop's pallium. The sermon on the occasion will be delivered by Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia.

A remarkable change of attitude on the part of the Catholics of Switzerland has occurred. Since 1873 the priests and high officials have been appointed by public suffrage, but the Catholics have always refused to take part in the voting. Recently at the Berns church election the Catholics went to the polls and easily carried the day for their candidate by 114 votes to 25.


A recent despatch from Panama says: Mgr. Ordonez, Archbishop of Ecuador, died in Quito on June 12. He was elevated to the archbishopric fourteen years ago. His family was one of the wealthiest in the Republic. It is said he left all his wealth to the Church and the poor. Mgr. Gonzalez succeeds him as Archbishop.

Noticing the increase of Catholics in New England, the writer of the "Signal Station," in the Baltimore Baptist, says: "In nearly every place Catholics equal Protestants in numbers, and, in many sections, far outnumber them. I think I saw stated, on the authority of the recent census, that Romanists outnumber Protestants, taking New England as a whole."

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A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks, and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

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THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

Strange how very easily imposed upon our usually astute American cousins are when political failures from Canada go amongst them preaching annexation. All the world over the human family is somewhat alike; "the public is the most credulous animal in existence," said an American political philosopher. Only the other day ex-Premier Mercier, the erratic count and wonderful patriot, went forth from the Province that once lay at his feet, but which he almost ruined beyond repair, and undertook to accomplish a self-imposed mission amongst his expatriated fellow-countrymen in New England. Having lost the grandest opportunity that ever a man had to do a lasting good to his country, having failed most ignominiously at home, having brought his own political career to a suicidal close and his province to bankruptcy, having found out that "no man (who has disregarded every promise made and has shattered every hope and confidence that was reposed in him) is a prophet in his own country," he determined upon the role of Don Quixote, and proceeded to New England to secure an unenviable notoriety in lieu of the fame that escaped him. Comparing himself to Washington, Gracchus and Marius, he thundered his unpatriotic orations into the ears of a very gullible set of audiences—for gullable must be the men, who knowing Mr. Mercier's career of failures and his fire-rocket history in the sky of politics, could put trust in his protestations and even imagine for a moment that he represents Canadian sentiment.

While the fallen hero of a small political faction is playing Marius, amidst the Cathagenian ruins of his own opportunities, behold a whole Republic "taking stock" in his assertions, and a handful of Canadians at home, attempting to make political capital out of the jugglery of this national merryandrew. Standing in all the sublime dignity of an attempted imitation of Mirabeau, Mr. Mercier points with one hand to the great exodus of Canadians, the thousands that have left his native land to pitch their tents upon the more hospitable fields of America and to enjoy the freedom and prosperity of another constitution, and with the other hand he indicates the dark clouds of commercial depression—effects of bad government of course—that hang upon the Canadian horizon; just beyond the sunlight of industrial and commercial prosperity that renders glorious the land of the Stars and Stripes. This is a beautiful picture, one worthy the pencil of an historical artist; a framework consisting of the limits of the great Republic and the central figure on the canvas a stupendous orator—a very Demosthenes—pouring into the ears of his willing hearers a story of Canada's ruin under her present constitution, and of Canada's salvation in her future annexation. But while Mr. Mercier is pouring forth his floods of more or less exact expressions and more or less sane ideas, while his both hands are employed as before mentioned and his whole mind is absorbed in the contemplation of his own importance, there are scenes of another kind being enacted upon the theatre of active and living events.

While the fallen politician is telling of the Canadian exodus, in reality families upon families are flocking back into Canada, flying from starvation that is abroad through the United States and seeking food, shelter and work in the very land that they once abandoned. While political mountebanks are entertaining their audiences with pictures of our Canadian misery, the streets of New York are alive with thousands of starving creatures calling for bread or work and

unable to secure either. While committees are drawing up resolutions in favor of Canadian annexation, or Canadian independence, and are laying plans whereby to rescue this country from the famine of industry and the famine of food that menace her future, there are other and more significant committees in the Empire State, committees of that class called the people, of that mighty ruling power at whose breath thrones have rocked, and under whose tide governments and kingdoms have been submerged, and these committees are passing resolutions such as follows:

"We, the unemployed workmen of New York, of different trades, in a hunger demonstration assembled, which is caused by the present conditions of labor, do adopt the following resolutions:—

Whereas, first that the monopolists of this city, London and Paris are responsible for the present miserable condition of the working masses;

Resolved, that we ask every hungry man, woman and child to assemble in a mass meeting and appeal to the public for bread; and

Resolved, that we call on all hungry workmen not to pay any rent until the present conditions are improved."

While our country is being misrepresented and self-seeking political knights-errant are abroad preaching treason to the constitution that in the days of their expectancy they clung to with all their might, while the world is being told that Canada is rushing headlong to ruin financial, commercial and political, while Goldwin Smith joins hands with Count Mercier to guide the Dominion into a haven of salvation beyond the line forty-five, we hear the reverberations of the Australian crash sounding over the Pacific and dying away before it has crossed the Rockies, we hear the roar of the great silver-crested breakers that tell of the trouble-lashed sea of American affairs, as they strike against our shores and strike to recede from the solid barrier of our financial stability. Yes, while Canada is being painted in the very blackest of hues, she sees her banks solid, her currency secure, her people contented, and above all her laborers fed; and all this time; the *el dorado* of the Reciprocity-Commercial-Union-Annexationist-Independence-hydra-headed faction, is a prey to the most starting panics and the most dangerous insecurity. Hence to Canada the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the trader, the speculator, all are coming, flying from either the loss of property or falling value of their land, from the uncertainty of pay, from the unreliability of trade from the spectre of gaunt famine that stalks through the country, from the crash of banks that in their falling crush so many unfortunates and bury them beneath their debris.

There is no doubt but eventually Canada must feel a slight shock after the commercial and financial earthquake that is convulsing the neighboring Republic; but that can in no way change the facts that we are safer and more prosperous, with our future better secured as five millions living under our own constitution, with our solid banks, our model banking system, our reliable currency and our countless acres awaiting the plough of the colonist to return a hundred-fold, than to be bound hand and foot to a giant country of seventy millions, with its unwieldy financial machinery, its insecure banks, its shaky banking system, its commercial crises, its financial panics, its unsettled currency and its spasmodic booms and corresponding collapses. Never before, in the history of this continent, were the false prophecies of an anti-Canadian set of public speakers, writers and politicians more splendidly contradicted by living facts; never before were the efforts of

the men, whose sole object seems to be to ruin the fair name and credit of the country, more tellingly turned against themselves. It is in vain that the learned national acrobat, Goldwin Smith, has written, in vain that the personification of political failure, Count Mercier, has spoken; there are the facts, the results of the systems, each seen in the light of its own creation. They cry out emigration, while the people are immigrating; they shout depopulation, while the incoming trains whistle repopulation; they sing "blue ruin in Canada, salvation in the States," while American financial institutions are rocking and Canadian ones are immutable; they point to prosperity, where the masses are starving, and they talk of home sufferings while the hundreds come back, like the Prodigal, to ask even what he was willing to take rather than feed upon husks in a foreign land.

Much as we admire the American constitution and respect their institutions, we must confess that we love, honor, and have confidence in our own to a degree away beyond comparison. Therefore we feel indignant when we find disappointed politicians, both at home and abroad, seeking to attain some object of pretty ambition, be it fame, power, notoriety or emolument, by misrepresenting our country, belittling her institutions, despising her prospects, ignoring her prosperity, and making a laughing-stock of themselves and their followers in the eyes of all serious and reputable men. How long this American crisis may last is more than we can say, but this we do know, that it is the strongest and most convincing argument that could possibly be used against the advocates of all these recently invented theories that cluster around the annexation idea. There is many a man to-night who, when he kneels down to say his evening prayer, will thank God that he is back safely again in his humble but happy Canadian home, where if luxury does not decorate at least the wolf of hunger does not ravage. Before closing we desire to point out one peculiar feature in the aspect of present affairs in the United States. While the Western States are demanding secession of Trade between their new country and the older or Eastern States, we find a set of Canadians asking for Reciprocity of Trade between young Canada and those same members of the American Union; while the portion of the Republic that more nearly corresponds in its mineral, forest and other prospects, to our Dominion, is seeking Commercial Separation from the more greatly populated States, a few of our would-be statesmen are squandering their energies in the hopeless task of bringing about Commercial Union with our friends at Washington. Not one reputable Canadian Statesman is or ever has been with these advocates; literary and political failures, bohemians and knights-errant alone amuse themselves with the little game.

SCHOOL INSPECTORSHIP.

By this time our readers may have grown tired of the above heading and have come to the conclusion that about all necessary to be said upon this subject has been stated and that it is time to move in another direction and in an effective manner to secure the much needed appointment that we have been advocating. The articles so far published contain only a few of the principal reasons why an English speaking Inspector should be named; had we desired we could have filled our whole paper with arguments equally strong in favor of the contention. But we have given sufficient to form the basis of action, and

now the time has come to move in the matter in a more direct way. In order that our readers may know exactly what we are doing and feel that the TRUE WITNESS does not confine itself to the simple advocacy of a principle, or the mere pointing-out of a want, we can inform them that we are at present taking the requisite steps to bring the question under the eyes of the proper authorities with a view to having the appointment made as soon as is convenient.

It seems to us that, by this time, it must be pretty well known and generally conceded that we do not undertake any defence of rights or assertion of principles without having first duly weighed the *pros* and *cons* and that having found that what we seek is just and requisite, we do not stop short until, in one way or another, a final decision is secured. During the few months that the TRUE WITNESS has been under its new direction it has wrestled, and most successfully, with some social, moral, national and religious questions, that for a long while had been suffered to remain untouched and allowed to shift for themselves. In the interests of our faith we have carefully watched every attack that was made upon it, and did our utmost to repel the same; in the interests of our fellow-countrymen—collectively and individually—we put forth our every effort in favor of their cause, advocating due representation in one sphere and proper recognition in others; in the interests of public and general morality we did not hesitate to take in hand, push ahead and go to the extreme limit of our influence with a question that affected the whole Christian community; in the interests of our younger generation, and in the names of education and literature, we have carefully studied all the knotty problems regarding these matters and have insisted on fair representation in accordance with the taxes contributed and the interests at stake; and in all these cases we have met with success sufficient at least to prove that we were upon the right track each time.

This question of the School Inspectorship is only one more of the many that the necessity of the situation made imperative, and we have no hesitation in saying that years hence, others, who shall reap the benefits, will be grateful to those who had it in their power to thus promote their interests and who did so.

IF THE authorities or whoever has charge of the surroundings of the elevator to the Mountain Park would kindly have the approach to the inclined railway levelled and made more pleasant for its patrons a great favor would be conferred on the public. The pathway is most unpleasant, owing to a couple of inches of dust and all the stones that serve the purpose of shoe-makers more than that of the purchasers of their goods.

THE *Rassegna Nazionale*, a Florentine review recommends a *modus vivendi*, that is to say peace, between Italy and the Papacy. Those who suggest it for the sake of monarchical Italy dissemble their notions when they do not entirely mark them. The Universe says on the subject, what is indeed very true, that:

"Without a reconciliation with the Vatican, it is felt that the kingdom will go to absolute and universal ruin. But, seeing that the Pope has made many appeals, the initiative belongs henceforth to the State. But this initiative, the *Moniteur de Rome* maintains, should be preceded by the ample and plenary restitution of Rome to the Holy See. Rome is fatal to conquerors. The Pope should be left inviolate and unassailed there. It is well to recollect what Sir Walter Scott writes in 'Anne of Geirstein'—'They say you cannot live in Rome and strive with the Pope.'"

Continued from first page.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE San Francisco Monitor has presented its readers with a magnificent number. Its issue of August 12, in honor of the feast of St. Ignatius, or rather the celebration of that festival by the Alumni of St. Ignatius, and the thirtieth anniversary of the foundation of the College, is a credit to American journalism. The illustrated supplement containing the portraits of the members of the Alumni Association—from 1863 to 1893—is a precious keep-sake, while the paper itself is an honor to the editor and directors. We of Montreal have a certain pardonable pride in the progress and well-deserved praise from all sides of the Monitor. It is under the editorship of one of Montreal's most talented and widely esteemed former citizens, Mr. Quinn, and his success is to a certain extent our own, for it reflects most creditably upon Canada, upon Montreal, and upon the Irish Catholics of this country. Need we say that we wish the Monitor a triumphant career in the far West? It is an honor to Catholic journalism and an organ of which any people might be proud.

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THIS is a season of pic-nics, and they are not all over yet. Nothing so enjoyable as a pic-nic; nothing so beneficial in many ways. However, some of the most praise worthy things in this world have their drawbacks and dangers, and so it is with pic-nics. We believe in athletics in their place, we strongly recommend manly sports and games, we admire beyond expression a good race—especially when there is a prize worth winning and above all when the object of the pic-nic is charitable. But there is one feature—unhappily too frequent in the programs of our Catholic pic-nics, to which in the name of common respectability, we most emphatically object. The same has been objected to by the Church on a number of occasions elsewhere than in Montreal; and we know of one good Irish priest, well-known to this city, who more than once gave forcible expression to his disapproval of that particular feature. We refer to the races for girls. It is a perfect shame to have young Catholic girls, with their dresses tied about them, man-fashion, or else flying in confusion over their heads, entering the lists and running for the amusement of a crowd. They are simply there taking the first lesson in boldness, brazenness and disregard for all maidenly modesty. The vicar general of an Ontario diocese once reproved a girl and strongly censured her parents because she took part in a picnic race, at which she won a prize of some value. In pointing out to her the great mistake she had made, he used these significant words: "your name was on the paper to-day for having won a foot race, look out that the next time it appears it don't be for something worse." In fine we cannot understand how any Catholic organization would permit of such a cruel wrong as to expose our young girls to the countless dangers that may probably result from such conduct. Nor do we see how Christian mothers can sleep and feel happy, when they know—if they are sensible enough to know it—the great abyss that is being dug for the young victims. Public racing leads to a love of publicity, then by degrees to all disregard for the dangers that honeycomb that path, and finally the descent of Avernus is easy. We appeal to our Catholic pic-nickers to efface, in future, that item if it should ever appear on their programs.

## Remember the Poor.

A grand pic-nic will be held on Saturday next, on the Exhibition grounds, when it is hoped that the benevolence of

the object will attract a vast concourse of citizens to aid by their presence in the grand purpose and charitable intentions of Rev. Father O'Donnell, the popular and energetic pastor of St. Mary's. The Rev. Father is spiritual director of the Irish Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the officers and members of which noble association have organized the pic-nic. We trust that the benevolent citizens of Montreal will give a helping hand in the cause of the really deserving and the poor. A grand program of games and amusements, with a number of costly prizes for competition, has been prepared. Don't fail to attend. The occasion combines pleasure and benevolence. Mr. D. Murney, the indefatigable secretary, has spared no pains to bring the event before the public and we ask the public to heartily respond on this occasion. Remember the Exhibition grounds, Saturday, 26th August.

## A NOTE OF WARNING TO THE HUMBLE FOLLOWERS OF DE LA SALLE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—I must apologize to those immediately concerned for sounding the alert without consulting them on the matter. If I do so now, it is to open their eyes to the dangers of a yawning gulf into they may be precipitated at any moment. These remarks are *apropos* a vigorous criticism of the sanitary defects of some of our public schools which appeared in the correspondence column of the TRUE WITNESS, some few months since. That criticism had a salutary effect in more ways than one on the non-progressive element composing the School Board. It not only did good, but it also loosened some of their tongues, so to speak. At the time I publicly exposed, and condemned on sanitary grounds, the holding of classes in the basement of the Plateau Academy, I had then little hopes that I could in a comparatively short period of time, congratulate both pupils and teachers on their exit from caverns some ten or twelve feet below the level of the Plateau surface, to better and healthier quarters. I thought that the tens of thousands of public money thrown away on those quarters since they were first turned into class rooms, would deter the Board from taking up the criticism and acting upon it *au sérieux*; but I am pleased to learn from an evening contemporary that my fears on that point at least were groundless and that, "this last institution," (meaning the Plateau Academy,) "has been greatly changed and the class rooms removed from the basement, where they used to be situated." So far, so good. I am not now concerned with the extensive alterations, repairs, and houses in course of erection spoken of at some length, but I wish to turn the search light of inquiry on the following extract from the same article, to see if anything tangible can be evolved from the obscurity in which it is involved. The article alluded to, goes on to state that, "The course of studies, a commissioner or stated, will be about the same during the next year as it was formerly. It was regretted that the curriculum of all the schools under the control of the Catholic Board was not brought in touch one with the other. As things now existed some of the schools did not grant the same certificates, and the teacher thought that a class in one school ought to correspond with that of another, and thus avoid examinations, which were sometimes not trustworthy and which would thus become unnecessary. There is now, it is said, some agitation in regard to this question, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction has already given it his attention. Nothing can, however, be done in the matter until the Board obtains more absolute authority over certain places of learning, and this it seems difficult to bring about."

Here then is the key-note of warning to which I would wish to draw the Brothers attention. It may be premature, and I may be even said to be impertinent, for dabbling in affairs with which I have no concern. Be it so, this shall not deter me from giving the alarm before the fire has time to make headway. I shall pass over the different points enumerated in the above and confine my attention to the last and most forcible, which states that, "Nothing can, however, be done in the matter until the Board obtains more absolute authority over certain places of learning, and this it seems difficult to bring

about." This "absolute authority," once gained over the subsidized schools taught by the Brothers, all else is sure to follow.

The agitation (?) or, rather say diplomacy, has gone so far as to enlist the attention of the "Superintendent of Public Instruction" on the subject. My advice to the Brothers is, sooner than become the slaves of the School Board, or rather, the slaves of the one-horse power that controls all the actions of the School Board, throw up the paltry subsidy you receive, consider your rights and liberties, and your duties to your Venerable founder, immeasurably more precious than all the gold within the Commissioners' coffers. Remember Kingston! and their successful agitation will be Kingston repeated!

Another quotation from the same article reads:

"Another mooted subject, and one that is also under consideration, and which, were it possible to bring it about, would be a boon and a blessing to parents who have children at school, so think the authorities, and who are often obliged to take them from one place and to send them to another, is the project to make the books of all schools alike throughout the whole section, so that when a child would come from one place, the parent, who is often poor, would not be obliged to buy a completely new outfit, especially when the old one is just as good as the new, in the estimation of some, the only difference being that the child could not otherwise follow the classes. The Commissioners think that this is a change very much to be desired, and they do not doubt that in the very near future it will be realized. The Hon. Mr. Ouimet made it, not long ago, the subject of one of his speeches, and he spoke strongly in its favor."

On the subject of the uniformity of text-books, throughout the whole Province, I am as much in favor as is the Hon. Mr. Ouimet. But until the secular teachers of the Province, have standard text-books, worthy of being placed in hands of their own pupils, I again say to the Brothers, hold fast to what you have: none of the other "texts" in use in the public schools can compare with your own publications!

In conclusion, I may state that, I do not feel disposed to enter deeply into what I look upon, at once, as both a serious and delicate question. My keynote, is but an echo of what I could say on the subject, under different conditions. But, I hope the echo has been sufficiently long and loud to reverberate from Ville Marie to the "Limestone" city and back again to the ears of the followers of La Salle, who, after all, are those most concerned in the agitation (?)

AJAX.

Montreal, 21st August, 1893.

## The Wrong Incident.

To the Editor THE TRUE WITNESS:

MR. EDITOR.—It is really an amusing, in fact a laughable matter, for us Catholics to see all the fuss made by Protestants about a little incident in a little church in a little country village, i.e., the Wrong incident, respecting precedence in church prayers, as if it made a material difference in the eyes of God whether the Prince of Wales was prayed for before or after the President of the United States. I might repeat Shakespeare's saying: "Much ado about nothing."

What makes the matter all the more amusing to us is to see these very same people agreeing to worship in what they call a Union Church, where all the Protestant sects have their *entree*, so that on one Sunday a minister will impress on them the necessity of a certain set of doctrines, and on the following Sunday the same congregation will be treated to quite the opposite, and so on, during the season. And so they go on swallowing this *pot-pourri*; but I suppose the picnicing, boating and bonnet-hopping during the week help them to digest the doctrinal compound.

J. A. J.

## A Well-Deserved Benefit.

On Wednesday, the 6th September next, a benefit concert will be tendered our esteemed fellow-citizen Mr. Richard B. Milloy. The entertainment will take place in the Armory Hall, on Cathcart Street. It is to be a tribute of recognition, on the part of the Catholic young men of Montreal, for services rendered on countless occasions. It is well known that whenever a charitable or benevolent con-

cert or dramatic entertainment took place, the gratuitous services of Mr. Milloy have always been counted on, and he never failed to lend his powerful assistance in drawing audiences and in sending them away happy and satisfied with the evening's of enjoyment. We might remark that the benefit will be given on the eve of Mr. Milloy's departure for Chicago, whither he goes to continue his already brilliant career as a first class actor. We trust that the concert will a success in every sense of the word.

## Catholic Order of Foresters.

Preparations are now concluded for the grand demonstration of the above order on next Sunday. The different courts will assemble at 8.30 a.m., on the Champ de Mars, where they will be formed according to seniority and march by the way of Gosford, Craig, St. Hubert, St. Catherine, Beaver Hall, Lagauchetière, St. Alexander, Dorchester and Bleury to the Jesuit's Church. After Mass the different courts will be dispersed to return to their homes as they please.

In the evening they will re-assemble on the Champ de Mars and escort the delegates to the depot who leave for Chicago. A deputation has waited on His Honor, Mayor Desjardins, and invited him to take part in the morning parade, which he has kindly consented to do.

## Miss Cronin's School.

At the close of the scholastic year in June last, we had occasion to write a few words of well-deserved praise regarding the admirable young Girls' Academy, over which the talented and popular principal, Miss Cronin, presided. Now, that the long vacation draws to a close, and that the pupils will be anxious to know the date of the re-opening of that admirable school, we desire to inform them, and the parents, that the 4th of September is the day fixed, and that in future the classes will be held in the much more comfortable and commodious rooms at No. 369 St. Antoine-Street. We hope to see the larger and more suitable premises as well, if not better filled, than were those of last year. Miss Cronin and her able assistants deserve every possible encouragement.

## After Breakfast

To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood; and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel "like a new man." The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why don't you try it?

Hood's PILLS cure constipation. They are the best after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

## THE SHAMROO LIGHTHOUSE

Is at Sambro, N.S., whence Mr. R. E. Hart writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good, I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B.B.B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known many lives would be saved."

Montreal, November 1891. I was suffering for three months from an obstinate cough, pricking in my throat, night sweats and a general debility, which caused me to fear consumption of the throat. I am now perfectly well, and owe my cure to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took four small bottles of 25 cents each. FELIX SAUVAGEAU, General Contractor, No. 179 St. Antoine Street.

MONTREAL, 29th February, 1892.—J. G. Lavolette, Esq., M.D., No. 217 Commissioners street. Sir,—I suffered for 22 years from a severe bronchitis and oppression which I had caught during the Franco-Prussian war. I made use in France and Canada of many important remedies, but unavailingly. I am now completely cured after having used 4 bottles of your Syrup of Turpentine I am happy to give you this testimonial, and hope, for the good of humanity, your syrup may become known everywhere. AUGUSTE BOUSSINEL, Advertising Agent for "Le National."

MONTREAL, 13th December, 1890. I, the undersigned, do certify that Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which I am using for some time, is the only remedy that has given me a notable relief from "Asthma," a disease from which I have been a sufferer for many years, and which had become so very serious, as to require my dispensation from occupation of any kind. I have been treated by several physicians abroad, but without the slightest result; and do here state that the progressive improvement which is daily taking place in my health by the use of this Syrup gives me entire confidence in a radical cure. SISTER OCTAVIEN, Sister of Charity of the Providence, corner of Fullum and St. Catherine Sts.

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM, corner St. Hubert and St. Catherine Streets. I consider it my duty to certify that, being a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis since over 22 years, the use of Doctor Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine has given me a great relief. The cough has diminished and sleep has returned gradually. SISTER THOMAS CORNINI, Sister of Charity of the Providence.

**BROTHER ARNOLD'S SCHOOL.**

Re-opening of Classes—A Magnificent New Building.

As a rule we have the same story to tell over and over each year about the commencement of the scholastic term in St. Ann's school; a story of past success and future prospects. But this year we have something new to add to the tale, always so interesting. The school will open on Monday, the 28th August, and it is expected that not less than six hundred pupils will be on hand to commence their year's work under the able direction of the ever popular director, Brother Arnold, and his assistant teachers. Since the close of the last term a splendid addition has been made to the establishment, a magnificent five storey building has gone up, between the former school house and the residence. It has a frontage of twenty-one feet and is fifty-five in depth; supplied with every modern appliance, sanitary and otherwise, the new structure will be an ornament as well as an acquisition to the locality and a great benefit to the pupils and public. The face of the edifice presents a very grand and striking appearance. In the nich on the fifth storey will stand a six-foot statue of the Blessed De La Salle, the illustrious founder of the order of Christian Brothers, and on either side will appear two of his first Irish pupils, McMahon and Dillon. On the summit will be a flag-staff twenty-five feet in height, from which we may expect to see the colors of our Dominion and the flag of Erin floating to the breeze. The two upper flats are used for the new stage of the enlarged academic hall. Over two hundred pupils can be placed upon that platform, and the remainder of the old hall, stage and auditorium, will form one of the most comfortable and largest in the city. The whole will be lit by electric lights and fixed up with every necessary comfort, both as regards the stage and the public. We need scarcely say that THE TRUE WITNESS wishes St. Ann's school all the prosperity and success that could possibly be desired. We hope to see the classes filled to their utmost capacity, as much for the sake of the public as for that of the good Brothers. Certainly every possible encouragement is now extended to the parents and the promise for the future of their children is great.

**OBITUARY.**

The Late John McGee.

It is our painful duty to record, this week, a sad event which has cast a gloom over the community of Lachine, and has been felt in Montreal as well. Mr. John McGee, one of the best known and most esteemed citizens of Lachine, and an universally popular member of the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Society of this city, passed away on the 17th instant, and was buried on Monday, the 21st. A magnificent service was held in the Church at Lachine, when the members of St. Ann's choir sang a solemn requiem Mass. Cut off, almost in the prime of manhood, and snatched from a bright future that opened out before him, he has gone to a reward beyond, and has left many a tearful friend to recall his numerous fine qualities, and to breathe sincere prayers for the repose of his soul. THE TRUE WITNESS desires to join in the sad chorus of regret and express a heartfelt sympathy at his loss. The numerous attended funeral, the sorrow manifest on all sides, the kindly words spoken, tell most plainly how high a place he held in the minds of his fellow-citizens and how deep a place he had in the hearts of his loving relatives. One more good man is gone, and we join the Church in that sublime and consoling prayer, "May he rest in peace."

**DEATH OF HON. MR. THIBAudeau.**

A Well-Known French Canadian Merchant Passes Away.

QUEBEC, August 19.—Hon. Isidore Thibaudeau died at his residence on the Cape at three o'clock yesterday afternoon at the age of 73 years, after an illness of some time from paralysis. The honorable gentleman was born at Cap Sante, Que., and had long been the head of one of the best knowing and most extensive importing houses in the city, the large wholesale dry goods establishment in lower town that bears his name. In his time Mr. Thibaudeau has played an important part in public affairs. As long

ago as 1862 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly and was subsequently appointed President of the Executive Council in the Brown-Dorion Government. In 1867 he was appointed to the Legislative Council of the Chauveau administration to represent the Liberal element in that house, and sat in it till 1874, when he resigned his seat to contest Quebec East for the House of Commons. He was elected by acclamation in this division, and sat for it till October, 1877, when the Hon. Mr. Laurier having been

DEFEATED AS A MINISTER

in MacKenzie's government in Drummond and Arthabaska, Mr. Thibaudeau generously resigned his mandate for Quebec East and asked the electors to return Mr. Laurier in his stead. There is no doubt that Mr. Thibaudeau might have been appointed to the Senate had he so wished it, as his brother, Rosaire, of Montreal, is understood to have been appointed thereto upon his recommendation. Mr. Thibaudeau's death will be mourned by his fellow-citizens of all nationalities, and without regard to politics, his whole care have been that of an exemplary citizen. The greater part of his immense fortune, estimated at over a million of dollars, will pass to his son Alfred, of Montreal.

The deceased gentleman entered business very young and became a partner in the firm of Thomas & Thibaudeau. Afterwards he became chief partner of the firm of Thibaudeau and Genereux, which was changed to that of Thibaudeau Bros. & Co., a branch of which exists in Montreal.

He was president for some time of the Banque National, and he has been a director since its inception. He was also a director some time ago of the Grand Trunk Railway, and a director and organizer of the Caisse d'Economie of Quebec.

**THE CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.**

Deputation Waits Upon the Hon. Messrs. Taillon and Hall

A deputation waited on the Hon. Messrs. Taillon and Hall Monday morning at 11 o'clock, which was composed of the following gentlemen: The Hon. Senator Murphy, Mr. Girouard, M. P., Viscomte de la Barthe, Judge Baby, Messrs. Tiffin, Wm. McLachlan, Ald. J. O. Villeneuve, Ald. Cresse, L. Huot, W. D. Lighthall, J. Robillard, de Lery Macdonald, the Rev. Mr. Warner, J. Shearer. The object of the meeting was to obtain from the Government a reduction in the price of the old Chateau de Ramezay, so that the City, aided by some gentlemen, might be induced to purchase it in order to form a museum and a library. Several contributions had been offered already and a place was required to keep them.

The Antiquarian Society urged on the hon. gentlemen the advisability of doing something in the matter, on account of the national memories that attached to the place and also on account of the great benefit that would accrue to the city, and thereby indirectly to the province, from the number of tourists who would be attracted there.

The Government promised to consider the matter favorably, and to no longer deserve blame for having neglected to foster national sentiments and to educate the people in historical subjects. Mr. Taillon said that an interview would be sought with the City Council on this subject, and he promised to bring the affair to the end desired by the Society, provided that the finances of the province would not suffer, and the agent of the Government, for the sale of the property, would see if a division of the land could not be made so as not to sell the Chateau.

The Hon. Judge Baby thanked the ministers on behalf of those present and the city, whom he said they represented, and the deputation withdrew.

**Ecclesiastical Appointments.**

His Grace Archbishop Fabre has made the following appointments: Rev. A. Corbeil, chaplain of the St. Jean de Dieu asylum; Rev. P. J. Brady, chaplain of the St. Mary's asylum; Rev. Elzear Lafortune, at St. Jerome, and Rev. C. Laurin, vicar of Vercheres.

**A Sermon to Catholics.**

Archbishop Duhamel, preached in the Basilica at Ottawa on Sunday the opening triduum preparatory to a pilgrimage to Ste. Ann's of the Roman Catholics of the Archdiocese of Ottawa. In his ser-

mon, which was on the duties of a Christian mother, the Archbishop dwelt on the question of education. He said that the careful religious teaching of the child in the schools was far more necessary than scientific secular teaching and extravagant attention to modern systems, viz., sciences and literature. Secular teaching should not be neglected, but the religious ought to be the first consideration and have the highest place. The Archbishop added that there was a movement in this country, even in the Province of Quebec, to do away with the teaching of religion in the schools. He said the aim of those who were at the bottom of the movement was to have in Canada the same state of things as in France, where he said text books containing blasphemies against the Holy Virgin Mary and the sacraments of the Church were put into the hands of children. He warned French Canadians against such retrogression.

**C. M. B. A. PIC-NIC.**

An Enjoyable Day's Pleasure at Royal Park on Saturday.

The picnic and games held at Royal park on Saturday, under the auspices of the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A. of Canada, proved a great success, there being over 2,000 people on the ground in the afternoon, and about 1,000 in the evening. The games were all well contested, and passed off to the entire satisfaction of all. The members of the association felt grateful to the management of the Royal park for the good order preserved throughout, and the many courtesies extended to the committee. The following are the names of the prize-winners:

- Boys' race, under 14 years, 75 yards—Alfred Baron 1, H. Raymond 2.
  - Girls' race, under 15 years, 50 yards—Katy Canniff 1, Nellie McCabe 2, Mary Espie 3.
  - 100 yards race, for presidents and chancellors—P. Doyle 1, M. P. McGoldrick 2, C. O'Brien 3.
  - Half mile race, open—E. Oughead 1, J. Strothers 2.
  - Bicycle race, one-half mile in heats—John Jones 1, Tom Brown 2.
  - Horse race in five heats of a mile—Mr. Guilbault.
  - 150 yards, members C. M. B. A. race—T. Foy 1, W. A. Corcoran 2, W. J. Egan, 3.
  - Putting 16 lbs shot—A. Mann, 36 feet 7 in., 1, H. Pelletier, 35 feet 2 in., 2.
  - 100 yards, picnic committee race—A. Suprenant 1, M. J. McGoldrick 2, J. E. H. Howison 3.
  - Half mile walking race—Chs. Beau-doin.
  - Members' sons' race, under 14 years, 75 yards—B. Palmer 1, James Kenny 2.
  - Long jump—P. Whitty, 17 feet 9 inches 1, Jos. Levesque, 14 feet 3 inches, 2.
  - Tug of war, 12 C.M.B.A. members vs. all comers—Won by C.M.B.A. members.
  - Baseball match between the Gazette newspaper compositors and the Montreal Witness—Won by the Gazette.
  - The judges were Messrs. B. Tansey, Joseph Beland and P. Doyle.
- The committee on behalf of the association beg to thank the following for donations of prizes:—Branches 190 and 140, M. Drouin, P. C. Shannon, Jas. Coleman, W. J. Smith, Hon. Solicitor-General Curran, A. D. McGillis, T. C. O'Brien, T. P. Tansey, Branch 50, Joseph St. Amour, E. Quain, Branch 87, A. I. Clement, J. N. Loranger, W. J. Rafferty, Jer. Coffee, E. Mailhot, Three Rivers, and E. O'Brien.

**Personal**

The Rev. Father Carrier, C. S. C., the eminent professor of natural sciences, at St. Laurent College, has just returned from the World's Fair, at Chicago, where he spent a month, acting in the capacity of judge in the electricity department. Father Carrier visited his old home and the scene of his many years of labor, at Notre Dame, Indiana, and he brings us good news of the hearty welcome he found amongst his former pupils and confreres. In particular he spoke of Rev. Father Hudson, the able and distinguished editor of the Ave Maria and the good and learned Father O'Connell, whose master hand is seen in the Notre Dame Scholastic. We are rejoiced to see Father Carrier looking so well and hearty.

**VIGILANT CARE.**

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extra of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe-guard.

**C. M. B. A.**

[Reproduced at Request.]

London, July 28, 1893.

Thos. Coffey, Esq.:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—The following resolutions were moved by Bro. C. J. O'Meara, seconded by Bro. P. F. Boyle and Rev. Father Tiernan, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The conventions as heretofore held by the Grand Council of the C. M. B. A. of Canada have entailed an extraordinary expense on said Grand Council, necessitating the borrowing of money to meet the same; and whereas future conventions of said Grand Council, if held as formerly, will necessarily be more expensive; and whereas by Dominion Act of parliament the said Grand Council has authority to establish Provincial and Territorial Councils; we, the members of Branch No. 4 of the C. M. B. A. of London, Ont., hereby,

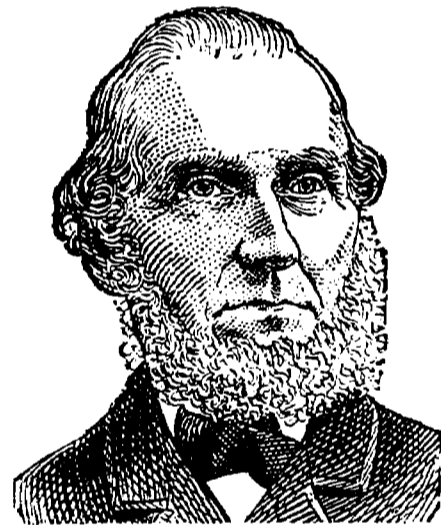
Resolved, That it would be greatly to the interests of the C.M.B.A. of Canada to have such provincial and territorial Councils established, believing that each Provincial and Territorial Council would have no difficulty in meeting its own expenses, and that the conventions then held by the Grand Council would be comparatively inexpensive on account of the small number of delegates required. Be it further

Resolved That the Grand President and board of Trustees of the Grand Council of Canada be hereby requested to take such steps at as early a date as possible as will lead to the formation of said Provincial and Territorial Councils.

Resolved That a copy of this resolution be sent the Grand President, and also published in our official organ, the Catholic Record.

Fraternally yours,

WM. CORCORAN, Rec. Sec.



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

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

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

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

**Liver and Kidneys**

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

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

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

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

**LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE.**

**DIVIDEND NO. 114.**

The Stockholders of La Banque du Peuple are hereby notified that a semi-annual dividend of THREE PER CENT. for the last six months has been declared on the capital stock, and will be payable at the office of the Bank on and after

MONDAY, the 4th September Next.

The Transfer Book will be closed from the 15th to the 31st August, both days inclusive. By order of the Board of Directors.

J. S. BOUSQUET, Cashier.

Montreal, 28th July, 1893.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CUSTOMS VACANCY.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

DEAR SIR,—It is always a great pleasure to an honest mind to see true worth publicly recognized and duly appreciated. From this standpoint alone, I am sure that the friends of Mr. W. J. McKenna, and they are legion, will be pleased to find THE TRUE WITNESS, first in the field, advocating the claims of one of our best and worthiest young men to a position for which there should be no competition. By right, by tenure of office, by ability, and by all the qualities which command respect and esteem; W. J. McKenna is as far removed above his competitors as is the occupant of the Collector's chair removed above the political and semi-political hacks, now in quest of that lucrative seat. Appoint a man to the Chief Clerkship of the shipping office, ignorant of the duties required, and the business in all its practical details, and what would be the result? Simply this: He would have to become the pupil of W. J. McKenna, learn the alphabet of the business at his feet, and while McKenna would be de facto the Chief Clerk, the nonentity (disgracing himself and the position alike) would be drawing the emoluments and receiving the very equivocal honors of office. Surely the Government in this case will do its duty to the great commercial interests of Montreal. Let not political influence operate against worth, honesty, intelligence, and a profound knowledge of the business under consideration. The eyes of the public are at this moment fixed on the Government to see the disposition made of the Chief Clerkship of the shipping office. On the appointment there is more in the balance, than the Government has yet dreamed of. Let it act wisely and well, and it can only do this by appointing W. J. McKenna Chief of the shipping office.

MERCHANT.

Montreal, 21st Aug., 1893.

SCHOOL INSPECTORSHIP.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

MR. EDITOR,—In my communication of the 3rd instant, under the above caption, I promised to discuss at some length the utility and importance of the mathematical sciences as a factor of the public schools' curricula on my first essay in THE TRUE WITNESS. I then contended that it was the duty of the inspector to insist on the teaching of algebra and geometry in every school in his district where the pupils were capable of grasping the first impressions of those most important subjects. How far my contention is borne out by facts will be seen from the following splendid paper, on the "Utility of Mathematics," read by the Inspector of Separate Schools, before the Toronto Sisters of St. Joseph, assembled in convention, on the 11th and 12th July last. I am induced to request the reproduction of this splendid essay in THE TRUE WITNESS, as it, in the first place, embodies many of my own ideas on the subject; and in the second place, it may prove an incentive to our public school authorities to take up a subject which they now completely ignore.

RESARTUS.

Montreal, 21st Aug., 1893.

Utility of Mathematics.

The magnified importance which some teachers attach to certain subjects in which they are especially interested would lead the general educator to view with suspicion the efforts to advertise the usefulness of effectiveness of one study as compared with others. I have often remarked how much importance many educators attach to creating in the pupil a taste for literature, a love for history, a pleasure in drawing, etc., yet never a word about the subject of mathematics. Nevertheless it is, I venture to say, the experience of the majority of teachers that to render this subject even tolerably agreeable to say one-half of their pupils is no easy matter. And what is the reason of this? Perhaps it is because this subject has never been made to suggest to the child's mind anything of beauty, of interest, of use, and he has come to identify arithmetic with "figures," mere symbols of abstract notions which his inactive mind has never grasped; and so the very term "mathematics" comes to be in his ideas synonymous with whatever is dry, uninteresting, vague and unintelligible, and he regards the mathematician as a truly wonderful being, a very genius. Undoubtedly an inborn appreciation of form, symmetry, proportion—a mind delighting in logical sequences—will reveal in the beauties of geometry, but, setting aside any special predilection for the subject, there are to my mind possibilities in geometry, particularly which we are slow to recognize, and which if developed would furnish the key to that industrial training which to many is the problem of the hour. Although in most curricula geometry so understood makes its first appearance as a branch of study in the High School, it seems to me that few realize how largely it is employed in the methods of the kindergarten, where the child is taught to arrange geometric forms and to note resemblances and differences between them, in the teaching of drawing where the line, the angle, the square, the circle, etc., are combined and arranged to form designs of beauty. The introduction of geometry in this way, when a charm might be thrown about it by its associations with the beautiful, would

furnish food for riper years, and the study which was nurtured in the cradle of our race, and which for centuries has guided the student in scientific research, would be divested of the greivous character with which it is endowed. Happily the midnight procession and warden anxious days and sleepless nights. The study is new to him. In beginning algebra he was more at home, for that science was simply his arithmetic, expanded and blossomed out into more attractive form; but here he is introduced into a new country, where the inhabitants present strange aspects, live under peculiar conditions, speak an unknown tongue, and before he has ceased to wonder at the novelties presented he is confronted with a term examination in which he is expected to logically argue the claims and adjust the relations of these partially unknown beings. Then, too, the pupil often gains exaggerated ideas of the difficulties ahead from those who have pursued the study successfully or unsuccessfully. The former class to themselves heroes who have fought and won, glowingly paint the hardships encountered in warring the enemy. Again, the student who has been forced to look upon geometry and arithmetic and algebra as a failure has done much to render the subject of mathematics unpopular. Because he has failed he has drawn the illogical conclusion that some minds are constitutionally averse to mathematical study, and that to make even passable progress in this study he must possess certain mental peculiarities. This is not as one would suppose a humiliating concession for some people believe that this, to their innate inability to master one subject, means multiplied capacity for another. To my mind this is fallacious reasoning, for while other sciences may appear more strongly to some intellects, because of the subject matter, mathematics are founded on principles which are implanted by nature in all sound minds and deal purely with abstractions, so that a pupil of sufficient intelligence to grasp its self-evident truths cannot fail with application to become a mathematician. His development may be slow, but perseverance will make him master. The short time allotted to the subject in most courses of study forces us to admit that the work often degenerates into learning a certain amount of text in connection with each point, and right here we can trace a cause for the dislike which many students evince for the subject. If the student does this inferior kind of work, the subject must of necessity be most uninteresting; for while the botanist handles the leaves and flowers, minutely examining the peculiarities of each, the geologist walks among the rocks and looks for specimens on the seashore, the student of history lives the lives and fights the battles of the past, what has our embryonic mathematician to impress upon his memory? The intangible ethereal geometrical concepts; those airy shapes without substance—pure abstractions. The study of mathematics, if pursued in a legitimate manner, becomes beneficial to the student, no matter what his purpose in life may be. The definitions and axioms underlying the demonstrations are simple truths couched in the plainest terms. The conclusions deduced from correct premises are infallibly true. There is no element of doubt lurking in the result to induce a wavering, unsettled state of mind. It is not an exaggeration to maintain that this straightforwardness in language and detail must help toward the formation of exact methods in business and upright habits of mind when a boy or girl discovers that a proposition is true, or it is not true, that a little conniving at defects and discrepancies, cannot make that right which is not right. Then has been learned the lesson in morals which underlies all straightforwardness of conduct. It is not uncommon to hear a pupil say that he cannot make anything out of mathematics, but that he takes positive delight in the natural and physical sciences. He likes a study which has in it something tangible, something that he can handle. This want of the power of abstraction is perhaps chiefly due to the confused images which fill his mind, and which are the result of his hasty introduction to and short acquaintance with the geometric bodies and their signification. Had he during the primary and intermediate years, followed a progressive course in form study then the process of evolution would have brought his mind into harmony with his work, and at that stage where logical reasoning becomes the chief object his mind would be in a better frame to concentrate on the mathematical abstractions and relations with which he has to deal. When it is necessary to give a reason for the study of mathematics to the exponents of utilitarianism, and all other sources fail, it is a comfort to know its use as a means of "mental discipline" may be relied on. What writer in this practical age can commend a subject of study to supply the place as a means of mental discipline which the study of mathematics affords.

He may be old-fashioned enough to feel that minds are still in need of mental discipline, but his wisdom teaches him to couch his thought in what to his mind is more popular language, and he advocates something of mere use. To convince our girls and boys of the usefulness of a particular branch of study one must doff the garb of philosopher, and come down to the every-day affairs of life. They want facts and actual cases wherein that study will practically benefit them. If by a practical study is meant one which will make the pupil to reach great results with little or no labor—one that will fill his mind with knowledge without the inconvenience of investigation—then mathematics is certainly not a practical subject. Preferable to this narrow meaning of the term is that accorded to it by a noted philosopher who makes it the best means of applying knowledge and of forming ideals, thus bringing the deductions of this science into business and the active affairs of life. It is needless to call attention to the many and varied ways in which the results of a knowledge of mathematics are shown in the works of civilization. Buildings, railways, aqueducts, tunnels, bridges, all speak for themselves. If we examine into the trades we find that mathematics is the one study whose fundamental principles are absolutely necessary to the skilled workman; and while they form the warp in the artisans work, the artist, the genius does not scorn to draw upon our subject for the framework on which to rest his ideal. But only when the teaching of mathematics rises beyond the technicalities of the subject and leads to a knowledge of higher things, when through its influence the horizon of thought is expanded to include the ideal in life, then only does our study fill its legitimate ends.—Catholic Record.

The Central Labor Union on Sunday, by an overwhelming vote, passed a resolution in favor of repealing the Sherman law.

AROUND THE WORLD.

It is said the young Earl of Dudley holds the largest life insurance ever effected, the amount being £1,200,000.

General Fitz John Porter has been made cashier of the New York post office, to succeed Richard Van Cott, resigned.

A detachment of French sharpshooters have been sent to occupy Chautaubun until Siam shall have complied with the terms of the ultimatum.

Ambassador Bayard has taken a charming place at Englefield Green, about an hour's ride from London, where he will remain till cold weather.

Julius Verne is 66 years old and has written 66 books. The novelist leads a quiet, retired life at Amiens, and is a member of the municipal council of that city.

The tariff war between Germany and Russia, which amounts to a prohibition of trade, is exciting uneasiness, owing to the feverish condition of European politics.

Another monster diamond has been found in South Africa. This one is from the abandoned diggings on the Vaal River, weighs 271 carats, and is twice the size of the Kohinoor. It is valued at \$100,000.

A long and bitter fight is expected in the United States Senate over the repeal of the Sherman law. Advocates of free silver in the Senate will, it is thought, attempt to defeat the bill for repeal by preventing a vote being reached for months by making speeches indefinitely.

The canal at Corinth is at last completed, and was opened Sunday, 6th. Modern Greeks have accomplished what Alexander the Great projected, Julius Cæsar decided on, and Nero actually commenced. The canal is four miles long. It was begun eleven years ago, and cost \$6,000,000.

The oldest officer in the French army is General Millinet; he is 85 years of age. The officers of the garrison of Nantes, where he resides, visited him the other day in a body, and gave him an ovation. He received the grand cross of the Legion of Honor after the battle of Magenta.

The old soldiers of the first French Empire are not all dead yet. There remains now in France eleven Médailles de Sainte Helene. In 1802 there were 3,000 of them; in 1801 there were 47; and in 1802 there were 15. At this rate it will not be long before the last soldier of the first empire will receive the final honors.

It must be rather a pleasant occupation to be governess to the Infantas of Spain. The Countess de Nurasoi, Miss Etta Hughes, and Fraulein Paula, who are respectively the Spanish, English, and German governesses to the Infantas, receive a yearly salary of \$5,000 each and a home in the royal household.

Prime Minister Giolitti has notified the foreign diplomatic representatives in Rome that cholera has become extinct in Alessandria, and that the epidemic is declining in Naples, where the number of cases does not exceed twelve daily. Cholera is spreading in Roumania and Galicia. Several cases have been reported in Lemberg, the capital of Galicia.

Catholic Sailors' Concert.

The Catholic sailors held their regular weekly concert at their club rooms Thursday evening and it was announced one of the greatest successes of the season. It was not only a musical success, but it was also successful in drawing together for pure social entertainment several hundreds of sailors, whose singing greatly pleased the large number of ladies and citizens present. Commendation is due to Mr. P. Shea, organist of St. Ann's church, and also to the young men of the St. Ann's society, who added greatly to the entertainment of the evening. The balance of the evening was taken up in songs, choruses, hornpipes, Irish jigs, etc., by the following:—Messrs. Geo. Holland, W. Casey, John Pearson, James Hayes, John McGuire, Sig. Emblem, M. McLarky, E. Quinn, J. Murray, A. E. Emblem, E. Wate, J. Loughlin, J. McLean, Morgan Quinn, M. O'Brien, Miss J. Milloy and Miss Ryan. Mr. P. J. Gordon presided, and, in the course of a very appropriate address, thanked the various performers for their kindness. Every week these concerts are growing more popular, and certainly the efficient and kindly assistance given by the St. Ann's Young Men's Society will serve the Catholic Sailors' Club, not only in the present instance, but will add prestige to all their future concerts. The institute is certainly most grateful to the performers and to the worthy president, Mr. Gordon, for the great encouragement his remarks gave.

An Awtful Tale.

VIENNA, August 17.—A gang of men have been arrested in Biskupitz, Croatia, for mutilating young children. The men have for years made a trade of crippling children and then sending them out to beg or selling them to others for the same purpose. When the police forced their way into the house yesterday they found two girls of twelve or fourteen years with their legs broken. Another girl of about the same age lay bound on a bed with her right arm broken and both eyes gouged out. Two other children, hardly less horribly mutilated, were found on cots in the cellar. Many instruments which had been used in producing physical deformities were uncovered in the cellar and were seized for evidence.

The standard blood purifier, strength builder and nerve helper is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's because Hood's cures.

Station. St. James street, near G. L. R. S. S. Great Pacific Tea Co., 613. ter value than any house in Canada and at all prices, a heater and best. We are selling Teas of all kinds.

Castor Fluid. Registered. A delightful refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY B. GRAY, Chemist, 123 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

HOME RULE !!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt, Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

4-17 P. MUNGOVAN.

Dr. Fowler's

Extract of Wild Strawberry is a reliable remedy that can always be depended on to cure cholera, cholera infantum, colic, cramps, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all looseness of the bowels. It is a pure

Extract

containing all the virtues of Wild Strawberry, one of the safest and surest cures for all summer complaints, combined with other harmless yet prompt curative agents, well known to medical science. The leaves

of Wild

Strawberry were known by the Indians to be an excellent remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery and looseness of the bowels; but medical science has placed before the public in Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild

Strawberry

a complete and effectual cure for all those distressing and often dangerous complaints so common in this changeable climate.

It has stood the test for 40 years, and hundreds of lives have been saved by its prompt use. No other remedy always

Cures

summer complaints so promptly, quiets the pain so effectually and allays irritation so successfully as this unrivalled prescription of Dr. Fowler. If you are going to travel this

Summer

be sure and take a bottle with you. It overcomes safely and quickly the distressing summer complaint so often caused by change of air and water, and is also a specific against sea-sickness, and all bowel

Complaints.

Price 35c. Beware of imitations and substitutes sold by unscrupulous dealers for the sake of greater profits.

COUNTY OF HOCHELAGA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. FALL SHOW.

The Fall Show of this Society will be held this year in connection with the Provincial Exhibition, which takes place on the Exhibition Grounds, Mile End, from the fourth to the ninth of September, inclusive. Entries for competition for the prizes offered by this Society (which are open to its members only) must be made with the undersigned sec.-treas. at his office, New York Life Building, Place d'Armes square, on or before the first of September next. Prize lists, which are this year in pamphlet form, can be had on application at the office of the undersigned.

By order. H. BRODIE, Sec.-Treas.

Room 302, New York Life Building, Place d'Armes. 4-3

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

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

THE CLASS WORK OF CANADA SCHOOLS.

One of the Finest and Most Praiseworthy Educational Exhibits at the World's Fair—A Splendid Vindication of the Efficiency Attained Under the Admirable and Just Denominational School System in Vogue in the Dominion.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—I have examined Canada's educational exhibit. It contains so much of interest to Americans who reside in this glorious republic, that I am constrained to devote a special letter to the theme. It must be admitted that in some things England is as mentally broad as the wide expanse of her political possessions. No matter what may be her shortcomings, when education is in question she rises to the full height and extends to the widest range of the subject. After carefully regarding her attitude on the school question in our "sister country," I have no hesitancy in pronouncing the talk about annexation that we occasionally hear, as the weakest bit of mental milk-pap with which our daily papers, off and on, furnish their readers. You will admit this ere I have done.

In par. 141, Sect. II., Chap. IV., of

THE "SCHOOL LAW,"

(edition 1891), I read as follows: "If, in any municipality, the regulations and arrangements, made by the school commissioners for the management of any school, are not agreeable to any member, whatever of the proprietors, occupants, tenants, or rate-payers, professing a religious faith different from that of the majority of the inhabitants of such municipality, such proprietors, occupants, tenants and rate-payers may signify such dissent in writing, to the chairman of the commissioners. The law then reads so as to grant the dissenting minority the right to elect three trustees for the management of its school affairs."

This is the broadest piece of legislation ever admitted into any code of public instruction! And that's the law in England's Catholic Province of Quebec. Now as to the application of that law. Judge Sicotte in the case, "Cushing vs. the School Trustees of Acton Vale" decided "That each of the different sects forming the minority can legally demand a school and board of school trustees of its own." Such an interpretation made in the Catholic Province of Quebec shows that the judicial mind take the legislative acts to mean simply this:

THE ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE PROTESTANTS MAY EACH HAVE SCHOOLS OF THEIR OWN.

Thus the tax money for public instruction taken from the Roman Catholic tax-payers is administered by the various Roman Catholic boards of school commissioners for the education of Roman Catholic children. Thus the tax money for public instruction, taken from Protestant tax-payers is administered by the various Protestant boards of school commissioners for the education of Protestant children. The Province of Quebec is Catholic. The Province of Ontario is Protestant. These provinces have their exhibits side by side on the gallery of the Liberal Art's building. I would that it were in my power to take every man, woman and child in this glorious republic through these two exhibits, so that the full force the detailed completeness of Quebec's superiority could be brought home to their inner hearts by the silent eloquence of every letter and figure and stitch and stroke in her vast display. Take from the exhibit of the Province of Ontario the work from the Catholic school and the paucity of what remains will not redound to the honor of any country's educational facilities. Figures will bear me out. There are 5,876 public (Protestant) schools in the Province of Ontario. This number excludes kindergarten, high schools, collegiate institutions, special schools, etc. In plain language it represents the schools of the people. There are 289 Roman Catholic separate schools in the Province of Ontario. In the catalogue of Ontario's educational exhibit I find twenty and one-half pages devoted to a detailed specification of the display made by its 5,876 public (Pro-

testant) schools. The 289 Roman Catholic separate schools in that same catalogue require eight and one-quarter pages for the detailed specification of the exhibit they make. That is to say, the Protestant schools are a little more than twenty times as numerous as the Roman Catholic schools. Yet, they require only two and a half times the space to detail the display of their work. Now, let any fair-minded jury in the world decide which of these two classes of schools are really doing the work! But let me go farther. These so-called public schools have their displays numbered on the catalogue from 275 to 710. The difference—435—represents the detailed total of the separate portions of their exhibit. Take from this sixty photographs of buildings, etc., each appearing in the catalogue with a special number. The remainder, 375, represents the total quantity of the exhibits that have come from the 5,876 public schools in Ontario.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE SCHOOLS of the same province are accredited in the same catalogue with exhibits from 709 to 956. The difference less thirteen photographs of buildings, etc., will leave them 234 as the total quantity of class work material sent to the exposition. Now compare:

Five thousand eight hundred and twenty-five public schools send 375 aggregate exhibits.

Two hundred and eighty-nine Roman Catholic separate schools send 234 aggregate exhibits.

This needs no comment. It would be eloquence itself to an African Kaffir or an Australian Bushman. The De La Salle institute of Toronto simply distances all competitors in the entire display made by Ontario. The work sent from that institution is superior to any other work in the exhibit of its province. All of the public schools in the city of Hamilton have not sent up as much material as this one institution displays! As to quality enough is said when I find at its head the name of a brother of the Christian schools, Rev. Brother Odo Baldwin. With Catholics throughout the country the name of a Christian Brother is synonymous with all that is excellent in education. Now let us turn to the Province of Quebec. The of Montreal has a population which contains about three Catholics to one Protestant. The Protestants are much the wealthier class. Their school tax is equivalent in the aggregate to the amount coming from the Roman Catholic population. The Roman Catholics have to care for three times the number of children, yet have but the same amount of money to do it with. Montreal is in population

A TYPICAL CATHOLIC CITY.

Now, from the world's Columbian statistics let us compare. Under the control of the Roman Catholic commissioners of Montreal there are thirty-five schools. These schools are supported by the school tax gathered from the Roman Catholics. Over and above this there are in the city of Montreal independent Roman Catholic institutions as follows: One university, three seminaries, one normal school, three colleges, seven academies, two model schools, one school of art and manufactures, nine grammar schools, five asylum schools, one reform school, one industrial orphanage, one institution for the deaf and dumb and two kindergartens. This totals thirty-seven educational establishments supported by Catholics over and above the school tax. Here, then, is a city with a population of 216,650 souls. Of this number 162,984 are Roman Catholics and 53,666 are Protestants. The Roman Catholics have two establishments of learning from kindergartens up to a university. The Protestants have not more than twenty schools. Thus the Roman Catholics with three times the population and the same amount of money, support four times the number of schools. This will give a comprehensive idea of the comparative educational facilities in

THE CATHOLIC PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

I have taken Montreal as a type because I was unable to get the figures of the entire province. The display made by all the Protestant schools throughout the Province of Quebec is so meagre as to be unworthy of notice. Quebec received 1,700 square feet of floor space. Her Protestant schools do not cover 125 square feet. Yet, were the proportion as it should be, their display would require about 575 square feet. But her Catholic schools are there. Volumes and volumes of glorious work are heaped upon the counters. The walls are hung

with the deft products of pen and pencil, of stub and brush, of the crochet hook and tatting needle. The floral glories of Canada's glens and heights were gathered in great hebaria by Catholic children and at the World's Fair bespeaking the beauties of the land that bred them. Her rivers and islands, her cities and towns, have been moulded in plaster by Catholic hands and bespeak the scenic beauties and water wealth of Catholic Canada to the eyes of the nations that have met on a common ground at the World's Fair. Oh! It is another triumph for Catholic education. I would like to go into a detailed account of this exhibit. It is worthy of it. But excellent features are so numerous that I must content myself with referring only to the remarkable ones. In the first place the exhibit represents work from

SCHOOLS IN CHARGE OF RELIGIOUS AND SECULARS.

About eighteen religious orders have taken part in the display. It is needless to say that the work from their schools is superior to that from the establishments in charge of seculars. It cannot be otherwise. I hold it as a psychological axiom—the soul unfettered by natural affections is best fitted to lift other souls to higher things. Now, the secular teacher is weighed down by the cares of life, the love of wife and child. The religious educator is as free as the brown winged lark that, shaking the dew from her wings, mounts her to the sky and sings her matins to God. His one business is education. He does not teach today and take a wife to-morrow and go into business the third day. Teaching with him is not as it is with the secular. He teaches for Christ's sake; the secular for mammon's. If there be any exception to this rule that exception but proves the rule. I appeal again to figures. I find in the report of the schools controlled by the Roman Catholic board of school commissioners that the teachers employed in the institution in charge of seculars receive salaries as follows:

Principals not less than \$800 nor more than \$1,500 a year.

Teachers not less than \$400 nor more than \$1,000 a year.

In the same report I find in the schools directed by the Christian Brothers that the brothers, directors, receive \$550 a year, the brothers, professors, \$250 a year, and yet, these same Christian Brothers that receive a paltry \$250 for their year's service, have sent the work that makes the exhibit of the Province of Quebec the magnificent triumph it is. And those seculars that receive their \$400 to \$1,000 a year have sent work that better had the great mass of it never been sent at all. It would be a wise thing if the Roman Catholic board of school commissioners of the Province of Quebec would, as a body, come to the fair and see what returns they are getting for an expenditure of \$400 to \$1,000 a year, as contrasted with the work done in the class of a religious teacher with a paltry salary of \$250 a year. I am certain that 99 per cent. of the work from these secular Catholic schools would be ordered home. And it should be. Catholic pride makes me speak thus. There are schools of this class in the city of Montreal that, I am told, are regarded with admiration, looked on as the acme of perfection. I saw some of the work they have sent. Thus, I thought to myself, as I looked at it, even Canada does the fine building, the beautiful property, give a glitter to the sham within. The most notable feature of the Canadian educational exhibit is the magnificent pen work done by the pupils of the Christian Brothers. In their commercial academy of Quebec, and their boarding school at Mount St. Louis, Montreal, the writing is raised to the dignity of a fine art.

IN NO OTHER EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT AT THE WORLD'S FAIR IS IT EVEN EQUALLED.

Ten or twelve years ago a number of their old pupils formed themselves into a penmen's club. These gentlemen have displays in Quebec's educational department. A Chicago professional penman, I. W. Pearson, 43 McVicker's theater, saw the work and enquiring as to the amount the artist, A. O. Matton, had received, immediately requested to be put in communication with. The training

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength, like HOOD'S. It is the only one of which can truly be said "100 Doses \$1."

that developed that artist and many others, whose works are displayed in this exhibit, is what the Christian Brothers give their pupils in Canada. The same care is noticeable in all their class work—French, English, mathematics, drawing, from simple linear to freehand, from projection to tinted mechanical and architectural work—in fact in every branch they teach. Verily, their display is the crowning glory of the schools and colleges for boys in the Catholic Province of Quebec. The congregation of Notre Dame have the grandest display made by the schools for girls. There are hundreds of pieces displayed in the Fine Art gallery not as good as the generality of the sheets in this beautiful volume. They have three cases about 2½ feet square and about 9 feet high and filled with the most beautiful needle work. St. Viateur's college, Joliette, St. Laurent, has very creditable and comprehensive display of their entire college curriculum by bound volumes of class work. Their classical papers are very good, as also are the papers on philosophy and zoology. The work from the institute for the blind in charge of the Grey Nuns is very interesting, particularly an original lace design worked out by a blind girl of thirteen. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have sent the most complete herbarium in the entire exhibit. The

SISTERS OF ST. ANNE

have some work that is wonderful. For instance a volume of knitting so well done that passers by thought it well worth while to steal from it. It has now to be kept under lock and key. The work of their pupils in water colors and crayon is certainly far above the ordinary. And so I might go on with words of praise for every exhibit from schools in charge of religious teachers. In view of all that I have said what sane man will believe that a people treated with so much justice will relinquish their liberties to come under a government that will make him pay to support non-sectarian schools to which they prefer not to send their children. Why cannot the school question be settled in this country as it is in Canada? Why cannot the money which Catholics now pay to support state schools be turned over to a board of Roman Catholic commissioners for the management of their school affairs? It is done in Canada, in the Catholic Province of Quebec as well as in the Protestant Province of Ontario. It is the simplest solution of the so-called school question. Catholics have no desire to destroy state schools. They are proud of their country which does so much to advance the intellectual status of her people. Why cannot that be conceded to us in this country of Religious Liberty which is granted beneath a government that has an established religion. Statesmen, in the name of justice and honor, consider these little facts.—Catholic Universe.

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WEDNESDAY.....AUGUST 23, 1893

## CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

Last week we had the pleasure of a conversation with Rev. Dr. Conaty, the popular editor of the "Catholic School and Home Magazine," of Worcester, Mass., and the recently elected president of the Catholic Summer School. The reverend gentleman spoke in terms of the greatest satisfaction of the success that attended the second annual session of the school and of most sanguine expectations regarding the brilliant future of that most praiseworthy institution. In referring to Canada the president expressed regret at the small number of Catholics from the Dominion who took active part or even passing interest in the school. However, he looks forward, and we hope with reason, to an improvement next year. He says, what is very true and very natural, that perhaps many of our Canadian educationalists look upon the Summer School as an exclusively American institution and that Canadians have not been invited nor induced to take part in its operations. We know that such an impression does exist, to a certain extent, in Canada; but it is an injurious and very false one.

The Catholic Summer School has been organized at the expense of time and means, by its eminent promoters, and the object is simply to raise the standard and broaden the facilities of higher Catholic education for all the children of the Church upon this continent. Nor does it seek to confine its beneficent results to Catholics; to instruct, educate, illumine, elevate and bring together in the great arena of the intellect the worthy citizens of North America is the grand purpose of the school. One of the reasons why it has been located so close to the Canadian line, is to afford an opportunity to the studious and intelligent Catholics of this country to meet their American co-religionists upon a field of mutual interest where advantages may be reaped by all who go there to learn. It is for us to take advantage of these glorious opportunities and to show in a more striking manner, than has yet been done, our appreciation of them.

Dr. Conaty has authorized us, on the part of the Summer School, to not only extend a pressing invitation to all Catholic educators and students in Canada but even to appeal to them to bestir themselves in favor of this grand movement and not allow the bright stream of instruction to flow past without drinking deeply of its life-giving waters. So interested are the promoters of the school, in our Canadian Catholics, that they would gladly see our Dominion represented upon their Board of directors for the coming year, and hear the voice of

our young country raised in the great educational chorus of the lecture halls. Much already has been done by the energetic workers who planned and are executing their designs for a permanent school; but much has yet to be done, and means and co-operation are required. While some are making arrangements regarding the land and the buildings to be erected, others will be occupied with devising methods, whereby the spirit that animates the school may be kept alive.

While the attending of the summer session combines the two-fold pleasure of a regular vacation "outing" and of a most profitable course of lectures, still the operations of the school should not end there. It is the intention of the directors to so interest the Catholic public and the different literary, and other societies in the work, that from one session to the other a regular series of preparations may be carried on. In fact the object is to form a chaplet of instruction, each minor bead leading up to the decade one of each summer meeting. The many associations, societies, literary institutes or other such organizations, in the different cities, should form reading circles in which preparations might be made for the summer's session, so that every possible benefit may be derived from the coming lectures, and all the benefit imaginable may be afterwards secured by studying over and extending in detail the subjects treated during the session that is over. The scheme is vast and proportionately attractive; its fulfilment demands energy and good will; its success depends upon the infusion of a noble educational spirit into the people, the creating a real thirst for knowledge and a powerful love of culture in the Catholics of both countries. The Summer School is not an institution that will exist by spasmodic efforts and periodical bursts of enthusiasm; its foundation is deep and solid, and although it may require time and patience to complete its superstructure, with all its perfection of ornamentation and beauty of design, yet once finished it will stand for generations as a monument of Catholic zeal and Catholic progress.

In consideration of the countless advantages that must eventually accrue to our educators and students, we begin, at this early date, even as the session of 1893 closes, to advocate the cause of the Summer School and to ask our Catholics of Canada to commence and interest themselves in its success. It is for their own sakes that we desire that they should join in the great march of educational advancement. Soon the scholastic year will be at hand, our colleges, convents, academies, universities and other homes of education will open their doors and the usual courses will be resumed. During the next ten months let our professors keep before them the long vacation—that desert journey of two sultry months—with the bright and cheerful oasis of the summer session in its centre; let our literary societies, reading circles, and other associations reflect upon the wonderful mine of instruction that awaits not their labor alone, but their presence; let all our educated Catholics, at home, in the school, in the public library, in the assembly halls, in private and in all places, read, ponder over, discuss the lectures of this year at Plattsburg, and calculate for a thorough enjoyment of those to be given next year. The Catholic Summer School is simply an open university, where the brightest minds of the age, the deepest thinkers of the country, the profoundest scholars of the day, meet to concentrate their respective rays of knowledge and reflection into one great focus of light, which there

shines, like an intellectual sun, for all who choose to enjoy its life-giving heat and its soul-illuminating brilliancy.

In an age like this, when the inventions and discoveries of science, the splendors of art and the results of mighty intellectual efforts crowd and crush along the highway of existence, when to keep pace with the rapidly advancing army of progress it is necessary to be ever vigilant and ceaselessly active, when to save oneself from the inward rushing tide, that must soon overtake each individual and overwhelm him unless he has a safe boat and a sea-worthy one wherewith to rise upon the crest of the breakers, no man, and especially no Catholic, can afford to lose the slightest opportunity of advancement and self-improvement. For every Catholic who interests himself in the Summer School and takes advantage of its lessons, it becomes a vast forge wherein are fabricated both coat-of-mail to protect him and sabre to carve his way successfully through the battle of life. Let our Catholic Canadians reflect on this subject; we will recall it again to their minds.

## DIVORCE.

In our article upon this subject, in last week's issue we mentioned that several of the prominent magazines are publishing various papers upon this important question. To analyze the different and conflicting theories and opinions of the various writers would demand more space than we can afford; but we cannot refrain from commenting upon a couple of the principal articles that came under our notice. Decidedly the Catholic idea is conspicuous by its absence in these contributions, the sacrament of marriage is ignored, the Divine institution is sacrificed at the shrine of human presumption. In view of the bickerings between the editors of different Catholic papers in the United States, to which we referred last week, it seems to us that their time would be spent to better advantage were they to devote their attention to the suppression of lynching and to the abolition of Divorce. Most decidedly if their legal desecration of the solemn vows of marriage is not checked, the results will be disastrous to the whole human family.

In the July number of the "Modern Review," Mr. Alfred T. Storey, a widely known biographer, has an article entitled "Some Blots on the Divorce Law." The writer is evidently animated with a good spirit, but he fails—for lack of the real Catholic principle—to see exactly wherein the Divorce Law is at fault. With such intentions as his and with a thorough conception of the sacramental importance of matrimony, Mr. Storey's crusade would be of great value to Christianity: but without the last mentioned requisite he fails completely in his object. In the first place we contend that there can be no "blots on the Divorce Law," because it is a complete blot, in itself, upon the statute book of any country; there can be no blots upon that which has no redeeming feature. However, without playing with words, we will take Mr. Storey's introductory remark. He says: "The first blot on the law relating to divorce is that it is based upon the worn-out ecclesiasticism of the Middle Ages. It regards marriage as a sacrament, as a sacred bond binding the persons together, that cannot be broken, even when all that is sacred about the tie has long been departed, or been converted into everything that is unholy and accursed." It is pitiful to find a learned and evidently well-intentioned man penning such extraordinary samples of illogical argument and childish attempts at reasoning.

Divorce cannot be based upon "eccle-

siasticism," either of the Middle Ages or any other time, it is a direct violation of the most elementary principle of the Church on the question of matrimony. The Church—speaking in the name of Christ—says that the man and woman having been joined together, for weal or for woe, until death doth them sever, no man can possibly have the right to separate them; the law of divorce says the contrary, that no matter whether God or man united them, it has the power to untie the knot. The absurdity of the very first statement is so patent that one proceeds with Mr. Storey's article in a more distrustful and less confident mood than, perhaps, the author thinks he deserves on the part of the reader. The very first sentence is axiomatically false. But he makes the situation still worse by a second inexact statement, which even were it exact, would be a direct contradiction of his first remark. He states that the divorce law regards "marriage as a sacrament," "as a sacred bond, binding the persons together." Again the truth is the reverse. The divorce law cannot regard the marriage as a sacrament, if it did that very fact would suffice to indicate the sacredness of the institution and its inviolability, save by sacrilege. Be it remembered that all this refers to the law of divorce *a vinculo*, not the mere *separation des corps et de biens*. The latter, even the Church recognizes, under given circumstances, the former is completely and entirely opposed to all ecclesiastical principles and can be admitted in no case, and recognized under no circumstances. But even if the law of divorce did regard marriage as a sacrament, and purposely authorizes its violation, that fact alone would suffice to show that instead of being based on "ecclesiasticism," it really is most antagonistic to the Church.

And as if these assertions were not sufficient to illustrate Mr. Storey's meagre knowledge of "ecclesiasticism" (as he calls the dogma and discipline of Christ Church) he tells us that the bond is looked upon as one that cannot be broken, "even when all that is sacred about the tie has long been departed." This would be unintelligible to any reasoning Christian, not to say sane Catholic, were it not that the writer thus explains his meaning, "Love makes it a sacrament, and if that is dead not all the prayers nor sanction of churches can make it anything but desecration and degradation." Such is Mr. Storey's knowledge of a sacrament, with a conception so vague and unfounded he goes before the world with his theories upon divorce and marriage. Truly was it said that certain characters "rush in where angels fear to tread." To begin with, "all that is sacred about a sacrament" can never depart; as well say that all the mental faculties may depart from the soul. Love may attract two persons to each other and the consequence of that mutual love may be that they apply for the sacrament of matrimony; but love—human love between man and woman—does not and cannot create the sacrament. It became a sacrament in consequence of the Infinite Love of Christ for man, who raised it to the degree of a sacrament and made of it one of the seven channels of grace. Not all the unworthiness and wickedness of the vilest spouses can change the sacrament nor efface its sacredness, nor even destroy its source. The Eucharist is a sacrament on account of the Love of Christ for man; but if a man commits sacrilege and abuses of the Holy Communion, this sin in no way affects the sacrament nor does it wipe out the Love that created it. It may create enmity between the unworthy individual and the God of Love; but it cannot influence that Love

as regards the sacredness of the perpetual sacrament. So illogical and radically perverse are the first and second sentences of Mr. Storey's contribution that the reader becomes discouraged. However, in future issues we will continue the subject, as we wish to prove the absence of real knowledge of the subject on the part of certain secular and non-Catholic authors.

### THE SUPERNATURAL.

In glancing over some of Aubrey De Vere's admirable and profound essays, we met with the following most comprehensive remark: "For some persons the Supernatural retains its charm only provided it can be dissociated from the glory of God and the good of man." True; and unfortunately the persons referred to are by no means the exceptions in the human family. Reflect, dear readers, upon that one sentence, examine it and turn it over carefully in your own minds, follow it out to its logical conclusions, and you will be astonished at the number of your friends and acquaintances to whom it applies; you will be even more surprised at the many ways in which it fits your own condition.

Man is possessed of finite faculties, but as every object in creation seeks to perform its mission, and as the end of man and the purpose of his creation must be to return eventually to the infinite source—God—from which he came, so the soul is ever athirst for the supernatural, the marvellous, the incomprehensible. We all love and seek knowledge; we all naturally incline towards the great mysteries behind, around and before us; we all desire to *know*, to have a proper conception of our origin, our actual surroundings and our future destiny. The inordinate desire of that universal knowledge brought sin into the world and all the consequences of sin. But the very yearning of the human soul for the Infinite, for the supernatural, for a possession of a happiness away beyond the limits of this world's miseries, constitutes the grandest evidence of the immortality of our nobler part, the imperishability of that which is the image of God, and the existence of another life, another world, another order of being, and of an Almighty and all-absorbing Power upon which creation depends. Still so perverse is man—another consequence of sin—that he will gladly fly to any vulgar superstition, no matter how foolish it may be, and will cling to it with a confidence that borders on madness, while he will ignore and ridicule the mighty truths of revelation, the great dogmas of faith, the wondrous sources of all reasonable hope for here and hereafter. Let us look at the world to-day, in all its whirl of follies and insane ideas.

The doctrines of Christianity, with all their glorious mysteries are looked upon as the dreams of an effete superstition; while spiritualism, hypnotism, mesmerism, necromancy and all these thousand extravagances are looked upon as most sensible and merely the legitimate avenues of supernatural attainment. The perverse world has its own measure wherewith it gauges every action in life. To believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and the infallibility of the Church, is superstition; to have faith in hypnotic influences, in the communications of mediums with devils and ghosts, is most rational and explained as supernatural. The Communion of Saints—that holy and consoling doctrine whereby we pray for the departed and plead for those suffering dear ones in purgatory—is common superstition; but to call upspooks to speak to the de-

parted by rapping on a table or by means of some equally silly incantations may be styled supernaturalism or some other "ism." Apparently sane people will not believe in the miracles at Lourdes, or the wonderful effects of contact with the actual relics of dead saints; they look upon these well-authenticated and humanly inexplicable facts as so many signs of a base and senseless superstition. Yet the same persons go into ecstasies over the advent of some necromancer or juggling medium, and with a confidence amounting to folly, they rush to the nearest fortune-teller to seek out the future, and guide their actions in life by omens, signs, warnings, dreams and all such phantasmagora. You may laugh at their belief in the mysteries of faith and they laugh with you; but the moment you dissent from their preternatural or fantastic opinion, they are up in arms and ready to defend their foolish and childish ideas with the energy of an apostle of some new faith. Catholics are countless who doubt the teachings of the Church on most important points and yet they have full confidence in the most insane theories of the first swindling mountebank magician that advertises himself in the town. They doubt the efficacy of prayer and they have no doubt in the efficacy of a spiritualist or some hypnotic operator; the "still small voice" of conscience goes unheeded, while the words of a mind-reader, who cleverly takes the money and laughs at his dupes, is barked to with faith.

Again we have people who claim that they pray constantly and are never rewarded: but they forget that prayer depends upon three conditions,—humility, sincerity, and a desire for the greater glory of God. How few pray for a grace, a gift or a favor in order to thereby attain—not their own happiness—but the glory of God! Still these same people will put faith in astrology and believe that some special combination of planets at some particular stage in their existence has an influence upon their lives. They grovel in that superstition, the most pagan and anti-Christian of superstitions, while they are ashamed of or lack confidence in the all-guiding Hand of God. The Church of Christ teaches that predestination is not compatible with the free will that God the Creator gave His Creature man; but many a Catholic believes the contrary or rather many a one professes to believe the teachings of the Church, while flying in the face of God and saying to Him, by their actions and theories: "No, you never gave man free will, you created him a slave, you bound him hand and foot to his destiny, you marked out what fortune and misfortune he must have, what wrongs he should commit, and you send him to hell for doing what you—unjust God that you are—forced him to do." Imagine the folly of the astrologer who talks of this or that planet guiding his fate: as if the Infinite Creator, in all the majesty of His sublime conception of the universe, gave to a material particle of that vast construction an influence upon the immaterial—the soul, the man, the being for whose soul all other objects were created and to which they are all but secondary. Imagine the human being, born to immortality, destined to live beyond the limits of time, to reign with God for all eternity, to go on in glorious life, when every material object, the earth, the sun, the moon, stars and all the objects of the universe shall have gone back to the dust, the chaos, the nothingness from which they were drawn; imagine that human being, made to the image of God, directed and guided by a star, his destiny

changed according to the regular revolutions of the heavenly bodies, that are millions of miles beyond even the range of vision, and God lowering His own image to the degree of a creature of destiny controlled by perishable and material portions of His vast creation. As well say: "God is the slave of His own material creation: He brings a soul into existence for His own glory; but yonder planet is greater than God, for it settles the fate of a being to whom He, in His bounty, gave a free will."

In a word, they who cry out "superstition" against the faithful believers in the supernatural glories of religion, are themselves the victims of a most pragmatic and degrading superstition.

### BRO. AZARIAS DEAD.

As we go to press the sad news of the somewhat sudden death of Rev. Brother Azarias, of the De La Salle Institute, New York, has reached us. The sorrowful event took place at the Lake Champlain Hotel, Plattsburg, where the learned and saintly religious has been staying since the opening of the Summer School. Only a couple of weeks ago did we publish a synopsis of his magnificent lectures delivered during the session of the Summer School, that has just closed; only a week previous did we give our readers, from the pen of our able correspondent Walter Lecky, a splendid article upon Brother Azarias and his great work "Phases of Thought"; only the other day did hundreds sit on the seats of the Summer School, and drink in full draughts of knowledge and wisdom from the inexhaustible fountain of his erudition; and to-day the eloquent tongue is silent, the keenly critical and deeply philosophical mind is at rest, and the great, good, noble and pure heart of the foremost educator of America has ceased forever to beat.

Great God! How wonderful are Thy ways, and how inscrutable Thy designs! The lofty pine on the mountain is felled to earth by the lightning stroke, while the willow and the shrub remain untouched and undisturbed by the tempest; the sky-piercing spire is shattered, while the poor and insignificant cottage is saved from the convulsions that rock the earth. The giant of intellect, that has wrestled with the mighty problems of the ages in the arena of learning, is called from the scene of his labors and triumphs, even when his strength is greatest and his work becoming most effective, while we—poor, unimportant and feeble creatures—are permitted to go on through the mazes of life. Who can explain such wonderful, such mysterious purposes? We can but bow to that Supreme and All Wise Ruler of the heavens and the earth, and acknowledge our insignificance in presence of His Majesty!

This is not a time for cold biography, nor is the place for an appreciation of that grand life, so lately brought to a close; while yet surrounded by the cloud of sorrow, that has shadowed the bright sky of Catholic literature, we can only pause, look on, adore and be silent. As Duffy said of Davis, so say we of Azarias: "It is not Death alone, but Time and Death that canonize the patriot. We are yet too near to see his proportions rightly." It is only when the "calmness of grief," in its depth and stillness comes to us, that we Catholics will feel able to contemplate the one that has departed and to judge of him impartially. To-day we can feel only the keen sense of a great and irreparable loss. It is almost as the child who has lost a father; the little creature knows that there is grief in the household, but it is only in after years that he

will learn what a fearful calamity has befallen him. We have but a moment at our disposal, as our form goes to press, but we snatch that moment to extend our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved relatives of the beloved deceased. And while they feel most bitter the loss, there is another, a larger family that mourns to-day one of the brightest ornaments it ever possessed—we refer to the Christian Brothers, of which community he was a member. His own immediate relatives, his brothers in religion, the Catholic Church at large, and every member of that Holy Institution, as well as every friend of education and lover of the good, the pure, the noble in literature and in the realms of thought—all feel the loss and all stand mute, but prayerful, over the ashes of that worthy son of the Blessed De La Salle.

But while the mists of natural sorrow hang upon the horizon of the present and lower in darkening aspect upon the hopes that had been formed for the future, high up in the pure sky, away in the immeasurable firmament of the soul, shines undimmed and inextinguishable the glorious orb of Truth. The finely tempered blade of a superior mind has worn out the scabbard of mortal clay that held it, and in the full blaze of that glittering sun, it now flashes victoriously. The Church Militant has lost a soldier, a captain, a hero; the Church Triumphant has gained an immortal saint to join in the glorious pageant that will, for unending cycles, go marching, in sublime review and under the eye of God, adown the vastness of Eternity.

Let us treasure his memory, collect his works, reap the harvest he has sown, and pay the tribute that he most would desire, the tribute of prayer for his soul! We have no fear to-day of shocking the humility that hid so much greatness beneath the cloak of a friar; he is now beyond the influence of praise; let us then perform what would have been his will—namely to profit by his labors for the good of souls and the glory of God.

"Dust unto dust!"

He died as becometh the faithful and just, placing in God his reliance and trust."

### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

THE following letter, signed Amable Kerr, and addressed to the London Universe, from Cromwell Road, S. W., London, on July 23, is an evidence that a Catholic Sailors' club is in contemplation in the great metropolis. In Montreal—thanks to the Catholic Truth Society—we are ahead of the Catholics of London. Who knows but the suggestion may have come from some one who has visited the Montreal Catholic Sailors' club. The letter runs thus:—

"SIR,—It has been determined to open a club for Catholic merchant seamen near the London and St. Catherine's Docks, the object being to make a beginning towards supplying a want acutely felt.

The number of Catholic sailors who annually land at the docks has been roughly put at 10,000, and hitherto there has been no centre where they can meet, or be met by, Catholics, or where, above all, they can be brought into touch with the local clergy. Even for the small beginning contemplated the sum of at least £200 is needed for the first year only, and it is to raise this sum that the present appeal is made.

A house has been secured in a suitable situation, but the only sum at present forthcoming is £20, contributed by the committee towards the expenses of furnishing, and it is hoped that all interested in the welfare of Catholic seamen will come forward promptly and generously, so that this desirable work may be started without delay. As treasurer to the committee for supplying literature to Catholic seamen, I shall be very glad to receive donations for the above object."

AGNES REPLIER.

A MOST FASCINATING ESSAY.

No Ordinary Female Writer—A Well-Armed and Powerful Critic—Sly Humor—Pungent Sarcasm—Little Lord Fauntleroy Unmasked—The Children of To-day—Our Nursery Tales.

A friend of mine, a dweller in the city, a lover of red bricks, one to whom the sound of the dray-cart merrily grinding on the pavement is sweeter music than a burst of woodland song, has tardily conceded that the Adirondacks, on a summer day, is pleasant. I value his testimony and record it with pleasure. Let us be thankful for small favors when cynics are the donors. For me these woods, lakes and crystal streams hold an indescribable charm. They are the true abode of man. Here is liberty, while the city is but a cage, with its thousands uttering the plaintive cry of Sterne's prisoned starling. I cannot get out. For the hum of wheels we have the songs of birds, the music of waterfalls, the purr of mountain brooks, and the harmonies of the winds playing through the thousand different species of trees, each one differing in melody, but conbling in one grand symphony. Orchestras are muffled music when compared to nature's lute. The Pipes of Pan is but a poet's struggle to embody in speech such a symphony. For the city's smell, that not even a Ruskin could paint, albeit they are far from elusive we have the mountain air that has dallied with the streams and stolen the fragrance of a thousand clover fields. Every man to his taste. There is no disputing of this. Lamb loved bricks and Wordsworth such scenes as ours; yet, Lamb would be as sadly misled from our libraries as Wordsworth. Swing my hammock in the shade of yonder pine good Paddy. A robin is piping his sweetest notes to his brooding spouse, the salmon river runs at my feet, biting the sandy shore, laughing loud when a saucy stone falls in its current. From over the hills comes the scent of new mown hay; bless me, this is pleasant. To add to this enjoyment you have brought a book—something bright, you tell me. I'll soon see. And gliding into my hammock, I said my first good morning to Agnes Replier. It was a breezy good morning, one of those where the hat unconsciously goes out as much as I am to say: old fellow, you don't know how glad I am to see you. There was no friend with a white cravat standing on the first page to introduce us, and tell us that the authoress bore in her look a fecund message to struggling humanity, and that the major part of that same humanity could not see it; hence it was his duty to stand at the portal and solve the riddle. There was no begging for recognition on the score of ancestors, fads or fims. I am Agnes Replier, said the book; how do you like me? A few pages perused, and my own voice amusingly fell on my ears, saying: first class. Here was a woman who thought—not the trivial thought that nauseates in the books of so many literary women—but virile aggressive thought, that provokes, contradicts, and, like Hamlet's ghost, will not be downed. This thought is not folded in a garment, whose many hues quicken the curiosity and make her pages a continual feast of wit, droll irony and illuminative criticism all curiously and harmoniously blended. Her pages are rich in suggestion, apt in quotation. You are constantly aroused, put on your guard, laughingly alarmed, and that in a way that Lamb would have loved. She has no awe in the presence of literary gods. Lightly she trips up to them with her poignard, shows by a pass that they are made of mud, and that the aureole that encircles them is but the work of your crude imagination. Clearing away your shreds and patches she puts the author in a plain suit before you, and, how you wonder, that with all your boasted knowledge you have called for years a jackdaw a peacock.

How delightful to watch this critic armed cap-a-pie, demolishing some fad, that has masqueraded for years as genuine literature. Is it little Lord Fauntleroy, a character sloppy, inane, impossible to real life, yet hugged to the heart by the commonplace. Miss Replier keenly surveys her ground, as an artist would the statue of his rival, notes the foibles, cant, false poses, and crazy-quill jargon used to deck pet characters. Experience has taught her that you cannot combat seriously the commonplace. "The statesman or the poet," says Dudley Warner, "who launches out unmindful of this will be likely to come to grief in his generation." Sly humor, pungent sarcasm, are the weapons effectively used. The little Lord is unrobed, and the life that seemed so full of charity and virtue, becomes but a mixture of hypocrisy and snobbery. Yet, if some of our critics could, "all the dear old nursery favorites must be banished from our midst, and the rising generation of prigs must be nourished exclusively on Little Lord Fauntleroy, and other carefully selected specimens of milk and water diet." The dear land of romance, in its most charming phase, that phase represented by Red Riding Hood, Alla Baba, Blue Beard and the other heroes of our nursery hood must be eliminated, for children are no longer children, in the old sense of believing "in such stuff" without questioning. American children, at any rate, are too sensitively organized to endure the unredeemed ferocity of the old fairy stories we are told, and it is added, "no mother nowadays tells them in their unmitigated brutality." These are the empty sayings of the realists, who would have every child break its dolls to analyze the sawdust. The most casual observer of American homes knows that our children will not be fed on such stuff as Realists are able to give, but will turn wistfully back to those brave old tales, which are their inheritance from a splendid past, and of which no hand shall rob them. As Miss Replier so well puts it. "We could not banish Blue Beard if we would. He is as immortal as Hamlet, and when hundreds of years shall have passed over this uncomfortable enlightened world, the children of the future—who, thank Heaven, can never with all our efforts, be born grown up—will still tremble at the blood-stained key, and rejoice when the big brave brothers come galloping up the road." Ferocity, brutality, if you will, may couch on every page, but this is much better than the sugared nothingness of Sunday-school tales, and beats all hollow, as the expression goes, the many tricks perpetrated on children by the school of analytical fiction. Children will read Blue Beard, and thank Heaven, as grown-up men, for such a childish pleasure, adding a prayer for her who wrote the "Battle of the Babies." Bunner and others have accused Miss Replier of ignoring contemporary works, of rudely closing in their face her library door and saying he who enters here must have outgrown his swaddling clothes, must have rounded out his good half-

century. This may be one of Bunner's skits. Even if it were not, there is more than one precedent to follow. Hazlitt, in his delightful chat on the "Reading of Old Books," begins his essay, "I hate to read new books." This author has the courage of his convictions, you do not grope in the dark to know why. Here is the reason, and it is easier to assent to it, than to deny it. "Contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes—one's friends or one's foes. Of the first we are compelled to think too well, and of the last we are disposed to think too ill, to receive much genuine pleasure from the perusal, or to judge fairly of the merits of either. One candidate for literary fame, who happens to be of our acquaintance writes finely, and like a man of genius; but unfortunately has a foolish fad, which spoils a delicate passage;—another inspires us with the highest respect for his personal talents and character, but does not come quite up to our expectation in print. All these contradictions and petty details interrupt the calm current of our reflections. These are sound reasons, as if to clinch them he adds, "But the dust smoke and noise of modern literature have nothing in common with the pure, silent air of immortality." Miss Replier, an admirer of Hazlitt, and if one may hazard a guess, her master in style, would not go so far. She believes in keeping up with a decent portion of current literature, and "this means perpetual labor and speed," whereas idleness and leisure are requisite for the true enjoyment of books. To read all the frothings of the press for the sake of being called a contemporary critic were madness.

She concurs with another critic that reading is not a duty, and that no man is under any obligation to read what another man wrote. When Miss Replier stumbles across an unknown volume, picking it up dubiously, and finds in it an hour of placid but genuine enjoyment, although it is a modern book, wanting in sanctifying dust, she will use all her art to make it other hearts a loving welcome for the little stranger. A By-Way in Fiction, tells in her own way, of a recent book born of Italian soil and sunshine. The Chevalier of Penseri Vani. It is the essayists right to read those books ancient or modern that are to her taste, and it is a bit of impertinence in any writer to particularly recommend to Miss Replier a list of books, which she is naturally indisposed to consider with much kinds, thrust upon her as they are, like paregoric or porous plaster. "If there be people who can take their pleasures medicinally, let them read by prescription and grow fat." Our authoress can do her own quarrying. One of the darts thrown at this charming writer is, that she would have children pore through books at their own sweet will, unoppressed by that modern infliction—foot-notes. That, when a child would meet the word dog an asterisk would not hold him to a footnote occupying a page and giving all that science knows about that interesting animal. This is precisely the privilege that your modern critic will not allow. He will have his explanations, his margins, "build you a bridge over a rain-drop, put ladders up a pebble, and encompass you on every side with ingenious alpen-stocks and climbing-irons yet when perchance you stumble and hold out a hand for help behold, he is never there to grasp it." What does a boy, plunging into Scott or Byron want with these atrocities? The imagery that peoples his mind, the music that sweeps through his soul, these, and not your stilled erudition are the milk and honey of boyhood. "I once knew a boy, says Miss Replier, in that sparkling defense 'Oppression of Notes' who so delighted in Byron's description of the dying gladiator that he made me read it to him over and over again. He did not know—and I never told him—what a gladiator was. He did not know that it was a statue, and not a real man described. He had not the faintest notion of what was meant by the Danube, or the Dacian mother or a Roman holiday, historically and geographically, the boy's mind was a happy blank. There was nothing intelligent, only a blissful stirring of the heartstrings by reason of strong words, and swinging verse, and his own tangle of groping thoughts." Had the reader stopped the course of the swinging verse to explain these unknown words, boyish happiness would have flown, oppression become complete and let us hope sleep would have rescued the bored boy from such an ordeal.

Cowley fall of good sense is on the side of our essayist. In his essay "On Myself" he relates the charm of verse, falling on his boyish ear, without comprehending fully its purport. "I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and by degrees with the tinkling of the rhyme and dance of the numbers, so that I think I had read him all over, before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an enchanter." The charm of Miss Replier's pages lie in their good sense. She is a lover of the good and beautiful, a hater of shams and shoddies. Everything she touches becomes more interesting, whether it be Gastronomy, Old Maids, Cats, Babies or the New York Custom House. Like Lamb and Hazlitt a lover of old books, finding in them the pure silent air of immortality, she will welcome graciously any new book whose worth is its passport. Agnes Replier was born in the city of brotherly love more than thirty years ago. Her father was John Replier, a well known coal merchant. Her earliest play-mates were books. Her mother a brilliant and lovable woman, fond of books, and, as a friend of her's informed me, a writer of ability, watched over and directed the education of her more brilliant daughter. Under such a mother, amid scenes of culture, Agnes grew up, finding in books a solace for ill-health that still continues to harry her. When she entered the arena of authorship, by training and study, she was well equipped. At once she was reckoned as a sovereign princess of "That proud and humble. . . Gipsy Land," one of the very elect of Bohemia. She came, as Steadman says, "with gentle satire or sparkling epigram to brush aside the fads and fallacies of this literary *fin de siecle*, calling upon us to return to the *simples* of the masters. Her charming volumes should be in the hands of every student of literature as a corrective against the debasing theories and tendencies of modern book-making. The student will find that if she does not know all things in heaven and on earth, she may plead in the language of Little Breeches:

"I never ain't had no show;  
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,  
On the handful o' things I know."

WALTER LEOKY.

CATHOLICS IN BOOKS.

A Most Interesting and Able Essay.

One of the first things that strikes the Catholic reader of contemporaneous literature is the peculiar treatment his fellow-believers receive in its pages. They are spoken of as though they were beings of a distinct race, and if an author finds it useful or necessary to introduce a Catholic to his readers he hastens to apologize for it by assuring them that that particular specimen is of a liberal turn of mind and not at all to be confounded with the superstitious element who believe in the Pope and are deficient of admiration for Voltaire. The picturesque in Catholic belief is left to the character, but most of its fundamental doctrines are eliminated, and the result is funny. We have a Catholic who goes to Mass, is regular at Vespers, says pretty little prayers to the Saints and does not forget to pray for the dead; but who "smiles superior" at the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope, and who considers his or her interpretation of right and wrong more correct than the Church's. Needless to say, such Catholics are purely creatures of the imagination. But why is this apologizing and cutting down necessary? Is there a peculiar atmosphere about Catholics which prevents their assimilation with other people unless faith is mutilated in some way? It would seem so.

But perhaps it is only some sort of blind instinct which warns those writers that a Catholic character needs a great deal of paring down before it can be acceptable to that great wide world which has little sympathy for anything that is not like itself. The feeling that dictates this apologetic tone probably has its origin in the old fallacy which placed Catholics on a less respectable level than their fellow creatures; and it is the same feeling which urges writers, the exigencies of whose stories demand a gentle, innocent, convent-bred heroine, to assure us with all haste that the "good nuns" never attempted to interfere with the faith of their pupil. What an irreparable calamity it would have been had the maiden become a Catholic!

Besides this class of writers, who, to do them justice, are rarely offensive; there is another, of whom Edna Lyall is a fair sample. This class can do nothing with their Catholic characters until they convert them body and soul to some other form of belief. This accomplished, usually by means of the hitherto unread Scriptures, the converts become models of nobility and virtue, and are remarkable for their religious fervor which no doubt they would not have been had they not providentially been converted.

But why is this necessary? Have Edna Lyall and her fellow authors never met good and noble Catholics who were capable of all the self-sacrifice and other heroisms which the most exacting public could demand? What about the Father Damens in the leper settlements of the world; and the Sisters of charity who nurse the cholera patients in Europe and the yellow fever patients in America when even their own relatives run away from them?

Nor are all heroic Catholics priests and nuns. There are many among the lally who would make as admirable heroes and heroines as Miss Lyall and her contemporaries could desire. The insinuation that a soul cannot be noble or great while it cherishes the Catholic faith is unworthy of a talented mind like Miss Lyall's and is a sign that she has yet to free herself from a prejudice which the greatest minds of the age have consigned to oblivion long ago.

But if these two classes of whom I have spoken have much to learn, what shall we say of that third class of whom Emma Jane Warboise is a specimen brick? Anyone who has ever read either "Overdale" or "Father Fabian," will know what I mean. This lady is haunted by a spook in a black gown which she calls a Jesuit. A cunning, mischievous goblin, who creeps into unsuspecting households in the guise of an Anglican minister and converts them to Romanism before they know what they are about.

Miss or Mrs. Warboise is a Methodist, and her books are directed against Anglicanism in general and high-churchism in particular, as being the great highways to Rome. According to her, Protestants who cherish religious purity and freedom must cast themselves into the arms of Dissent or consent to go into the bondage of Rome via the Anglican establishment; and she barricades her position by asserting that no dissenter ever went straight into the jaws of Romanism, but always took a circuitous road through Orthodoxy. Wherein Miss Warboise displays lamentable ignorance of current events. Unfortunately, her want of knowledge is not confined to one point; her books are full of the most absurd mistakes which might be forgiven in a school girl, but are inexcusable in one who sets herself up as a teacher and guide in the most momentous question that ever disturbed the human soul. For instance, in "Overdale" she makes her hero, who had been an Anglican clergyman, separate himself from his wife, because, forgetting, he had become a Catholic, and the Catholic Church does not approve of married priests. Is Miss Warboise not aware that Anglican Orders are not recognized by the Roman Church, as she politely and grammatically calls it; and that a Protestant clergyman becomes simply a layman upon entering its fold; therefore, need not leave his wife. Surely one who shows herself so conversant with Catholic prayers and ceremonies cannot be ignorant upon the important point just mentioned. Yet if not, what are we to think of her good faith? Perhaps the lady, in her visits to the numerous monasteries and convents she describes, has unconsciously imbibed the doctrine that the end justifies the means, hitherto supposed to be peculiarly the perquisite of the Jesuits. The error, willful or accidental, might be excused did she not solemnly inform her readers at the end of the story that it was founded upon facts of which she had personal knowledge. This is a little too much.

A reader of "Overdale" or "Father Fabian" cannot help coming to the conclusion that their author has never been beyond the precincts of some English village where Orthodoxy and Dissent are locked in a death struggle, and her knowledge of the Catholic Church has been gathered from some stray book of devotion of which she had not the key. Had she even the faintest idea of the world wide work of the Jesuits and the importance of the subjects they occupy themselves with, she would never represent their General as devoting his days and nights to the perusal of midnight despatches relating to the spiritual condition of obscure Anglican clergymen in England or anywhere else. Neither is she a good reader of the signs

of the times or she would be aware that instead of leading to Rome, Ritualism is at the present moment keeping many souls out of her fold by supplying them with the outward form of the nutriment they crave; and those who have come to her by that path would have got there much more quickly had they not been delayed on the way by the shadow of the substance they were seeking. A heart that craves to express its devotion both interiorly and exteriorly would never content itself with the formalism of Methodism or the bareness of Presbyterianism. It is not Rome that makes souls discontented with these religions, it is their discontent with them that sends souls Romeward. The world moves, and before the coming generation has passed away it is safe to say that the class of people who are frightened by the bogies evoked by Emma Jane Warboise and others of that ilk, will have ceased to exist, and it is even possible that a writer may by that time dare to introduce a Catholic to his readers without feeling obliged to apologize for it.

EMMA C. STREET.

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Boys are received for vacation. L. GEOFFRION, C.S.C. President.

**YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.**

**WHAT MY LITTLE BOY TAUGHT ME.**

"Tommy, come to mamma."  
A sullen little face, with scowling brow and pouting lips, appeared at the door.

"Why, what is the matter, dear?"  
"I know I've got to stay in bed all day." And with the words Tommy jerked off his jacket and kicked one boot across the chamber floor.

"What naughty thing have you been doing?"

"Spoiling the calla lily."  
The words, tone and manner of the little boy of six years were so hard and defiant that a vague feeling of alarm seized me, and I said, gently:

"Come here, my poor little laddie, and go into mamma's bed. You look very cold."

The downcast eyes were lifted in a strange, glad surprise, and the remaining garments were laid aside softly. Slowly, shyly and questioningly the little fellow crept into bed and lay quite still.

"Now, Tommy, tell mamma all about it."

"I only just pinched the littlest whitest leaf. I wanted to see what it was rolled up so tight for. There's ever so many more."

"Yes, Tommy, but no more like this one. All the years you have seen these little rolls unfold into droad, glossy, green leaves; but this one, one, Tommy, this white one—was a bud. If you had watched without touching it you would have seen it grow larger and lighter in color, until some bright morning you would have run down stairs to shout and clap your hands over the most beautiful flowers you ever beheld. It would have looked up lovingly into your face from its heart of gold, and its pure velvet lips would have smiled upon you for letting it live and bloom. I am so sorry you hurt the dear little bud, that now can never be a flower."

"Can't it be mended, mamma?"

"No, dear."

"You mended a cup I broke."

"Yes, darling, a broken china cup may be made whole again, but a sweet little bud, waiting to become a rich, golden flower, pinched and torn by cruel fingers, can never be restored."

"And cannot God restore it, mamma?"

The penitence, pathos and despair of the child's face were indescribable. I drew the little form to my breast in silent awe.

"I'm almost as bad as Cain, mamma," he said, sobbing heavily.

"How is that, dear?"

"I've killed something. But, mamma, I didn't mean to, truly. I didn't know I was hurting the little bud. I'll never touch a plant again—only took at it, mamma, and love it, and wait for the morning when it'll be a great, beautiful flower."

Precious little teacher! What a lesson for mothers! In the hurry and worry of this toiling world are we not in momentary danger, as we walk in the gardens of our homes, of pinching, if not killing, something?

**A REMARKABLE BOY.**

One of the most remarkable pupils that has ever attended the Catholic Deaf Mute Asylum of Le Couteulx at Buffalo, N. Y., as we learn from the Le Couteulx Leader, has just left the school to go to his home in Chicago. The boy whose name is John Clarence Selby, entered the institution blind and deaf. He was also losing the power of speech.

To the Sisters it is a common task to develop the minds of those who have been born deaf and dumb, but it is done largely through the agency of the sight. The slow and tedious work of teaching them to speak was a matter of ease compared with the work of enlightening this lad, and it took years of untiring effort to bring about the condition in which he is at present.

By patient and repeated effort he was finally taught to recognize raised letters of the alphabet by touch, and then a glove was made for him on which raised letters were placed and he familiarized himself with the location of the letters on the glove, so that the Sister could communicate rapidly to him by spelling out the words on the glove.

The only study that he has been unable to master is arithmetic. In this he is somewhat deficient but at the last commencement at Le Couteulx he received a silver medal for proficiency in his studies.

During the summer he will attend the

World's Fair and it is safe to say that, notwithstanding his infirmities, no one will take more pleasure in visiting it than he.

**DOMESTIC READING.**

I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love—Hoser xi 4.

If you are sad it is almost always caused by thinking about yourself.

He who seeks peace or consolation outside of the Creator will never find ill.

Despise the world, despise no one; despise self, despise being despised by others.

A Russian proverb says: "The devil lies hidden where the water is stillest."

Youth lingers much longer than those who are still young have the slightest notion.

Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index to a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

Melancholy disturbs the mind, cheerfulness strengthens the heart and makes us persevere in a good life.

We must guard, against little fancies, for he who despises them will soon harden his conscience and go to ruin.

**Tails of Animals for Winter Wear.**

A good deal of uncertainty seems to prevail as to the likely supply of seal skins, but a recent feature in the fur trade, says an English paper is the liberal resort to the use of tails of animals, which at one time were regarded as being of very second-rate importance. The most urgent demand for tails would appear to be in the instance of ermine. But the point only, being jet black; is inserted, after the well-known fact of their introduction, at intervals—in reality, the ermine trimmings of the sovereign and royal family not actually consisting of the tail of the ermine, but of the black Astrakhan lamb or other suitable black fur. Squirrel tails are, however, largely used, and one or two millions of these find their way annually into the market, as well as martens' tails, which really make a beautiful fur. The musquash tail is also a large article of commerce, the musquash tail itself being perhaps the best natural low-priced fur that finds its way into our market and far superior in point of wear to the dyed rabbit skins that are sold in black and brown lustered goods familiar to the trade.

**A Sad Accident.**

We regret to be called upon this week to record a very sad accident which took place on Tuesday August the fifteenth. A young lad, Peter J. Fanning, aged seventeen years and one day, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Fanning, an esteemed and worthy citizen of Alnwick township, was killed by being thrown from a load of grain. Mr. Fanning resides two miles and a half north of Burnley, and in all the country around is a most popular and highly respected citizen. The sad event has cast a deep gloom upon the family, a gloom that extends to all the community. The young boy had just celebrated his seventeenth birthday, and was entering upon a life full of promise. The TRUE WITNESS heartily sympathizes with the bereaved family.

How sad to our hearts are some scenes of childhood,

As our recollections present them to view;

The use of the switch that was brought from the wildwood,

And various punishments most of us knew.

But saddest of all is the thought of the pill-box,

That mother brought out when she thought we were ill,

O! the gripping, the aching, the twisting and torment

Wrapped up in the horrible old-fashioned pill.

But that's all done away with. To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pellets excel. You'll experience no pain, no discomfort; no bad results. Children take them as readily as peppermint drops.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents; by druggists.

**BISHOP NULTY**

**On the Depopulation of Meath.**

BISHOP NULTY, of Meath was presented with an address by the people of Drogheda. Referring to the complimentary terms in which his patriotism was spoken of, he said:—

"My patriotism was forced upon me. I was but a very young priest at the time when I saw the most cruel evictions, wholesale depopulation of my people, swept from the homes in which they were born, their houses levelled to the ground. This ruthless depopulation of my native country—for I am a Meath man—continued. You can conceive the extent of the depopulation of the county alone from the simple fact that we are at the present moment from 110,000 to 115,000 less in population in Meath than we were forty years ago. The people were swept from the land of their fathers; strangers have come in and appropriated their lands, and the fertile plains of Meath that afforded nourishment and support to a teeming population of honest, hard-working, laborious men, are now occupied by cattle. I saw this was most unjust, and it was this spectacle that made of me a patriot. The only means of subsistence that is provided for us is by the land, and every human being, therefore, that the Almighty has brought into the world has a right to the land, and by his toil and labor to take out of it the means of subsistence. That right comes therefore from God. God could not withhold it. Every man has the right of access to it. If you deprive any individual of the right of drawing his subsistence from the land you condemn him to starvation. That is exactly the position that has been taken, that is the injustice that has been committed against the whole community by a class in this country—a class of men who, without any authority from man, except from themselves, seized upon the land and seized upon the means of subsistence of the community, and will not allow you free access to the land except at their bidding. Therefore, I say that that system of landlordism is essentially unjust and unfair. It is a violation of the rights of every individual. Therefore, it is a system that ought to be abolished and that will be abolished sooner or later."

**HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.**

**A NEW STYLE SHOE.**

A new style of shoe for women, and one bearing a fanciful trade name, is a high cut with a buttoned strap fastening. It is made of steel-gray suede, with low vamp and scanty back-piece of patent leather. Suede seems to be popular yet, and, like ooze calf, appears to best advantage in quite low foxings of patent leather, by which means less of the soft, dainty-colored material is concealed. The low, oval, back-piece is much used in fancy shoes, in place of the regular full-height quarter, and produces a pretty effect.

**HOW CHILDREN ARE SPOILED.**

The girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her, till she is 10, 12, 15, or 18 years of age is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-respect is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than its no-mistakes; because when a child makes mistakes, and has to correct them, it is on the way towards knowing something. A child that is waked up every morning and never wakes himself, and is dressed and never makes mistakes about being clean, and is fed and never has anything to do with his food, and is watched and never watches himself, and is cared for and kept all day long from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle; perfect, straight and solid, and comely, and unvital, and good for nothing but to be burned up.

**ONE'S HAPPIEST YEARS.**

The happiest years are those when self is entirely forgotten. Those when we strive with heart and soul to create happiness for those around us, sacrificing our own pleasure for others, giving a kind word when, perhaps, an angry retort is our first impulse, and doing what we can to lighten the burden of some less fortunate person than ourselves.

**NERVOUS PROSTRATION.**

This is a disease from which women suffer desparately. Put into plain English, diagnosed, as it were, it means a horrible sort of depression, a sensation as if something were going to happen—a physical feeling as if one would sink through the earth. A prominent physician says that half the cases of nervous prostration, dyspepsia and insomnia that come to him for treatment are to be directly traced to an inactive liver.

**FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.**

The Journal of Chemistry gives the following as an infallible vermin exterminator: "Dissolve two pounds of alum in three or four quarts of boiling water; then apply it with a brush, while boiling hot, to every joint or crevice in the cupboards where ants and cockroaches congregate, to all the pantry shelves and to the joints and crevices of the bedsteads. Brush all the cracks in the kitchen floor and in the baseboards with this mixture. A cement of chloride of lime and alum, is used to stop rat holes, and the walls and cracks and corners washed with hot alum, with borax added, will drive away rats and mice as well as insects."

He who continues in anger, strife and revenge breathes the air of hell.

**"She Looketh Well"**

to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always old ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using



the New Shortening, instead of lard. And this is in itself a reason why "she looketh well" in another sense, for she eats no lard to cause poor digestion and a worse complexion.

COTTOLENE is much better than lard for all cooking purposes, as every one who has tried it declares. Have you tried it?

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## IRISH NEWS.

The Rev. Francis Donohoe, pastor of Mohill, is recovering from a severe illness.

Mr. Porter, a farmer living at Tomgar, died suddenly on July 26, whilst engaged at hay-making with his men.

Eliza Sutton, sixty-five years old, a resident of Ballytasna, by the Rat Hole, Oulart, was found dead recently.

Thomas Hamilton of the brigantine Huntress, moored at the city quay, Dublin, was drowned in the Liffey on July 22.

A soldier named Oakley, of the B. Company of the Seaforth Highlanders, was drowned at Fermoy, on July 22, while bathing.

Some beautiful stained glass windows have been bought for St. Michael's Church, Gorey, by the pastor, Canon J. L. Furlong.

Mr. James Dowling has been elected a member of the New Ross Town Commission in succession to Mr. M. Hutchinson resigned.

A bazaar is soon to be held to raise the necessary funds to erect a suitable residence for the Catholic curate of the parish of Swords.

Owen Clooney, a four-year-old son of Thomas Clooney, of Ferristown, was killed on the 26th ult., by the stone coping of a gate falling on him.

A new branch of the Federation has been formed in Ballinacarrow. Among the members are Messrs. O'Grady, Colliery, Cawley and McBrine.

A young son of Mr. G. W. Johnson, of Skibbercen, while walking with his nurse on July 23, was kicked in the stomach by a horse. He died the following night.

There were three Catholic farmers on the Carlow Grand Jury for the Summer Assize. They were all Nationalists too, and Nationalists having the courage of their opinions.

Richard Heffernan, while standing near a shooting gallery at Fairview, on July 22, was accidentally shot. His nose was broken and the sight of the left eye was completely destroyed.

A boy named Walter Huddleston, residing on the Woodstock Road, Belfast, was instantly killed on July 26 by a tram-car passing over him. The driver of the car, Robert Bain, was exonerated from all blame.

William Bonner, about fifteen years old, was drowned on the 27th ult., in the Foyle River at the Black Rock Water-side, while bathing. He was the son of Mr. William Bonner and was employed at the Belfast and Northern Railway terminus.

Galway County has every reason to be proud of the Fourth Connaught Rangers, as it stands at the head of the list of musketry in the return for 1892, with a figure of merit of 125.89. The King's County (Third Leinster) follows third with 115.56.

At the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork, on the 27th ult., Miss Elizabeth Mary Josephine, in Religion Sister Mary Peter of the Sacred Heart, eldest daughter of Mr. M. Flannery, of Dublin, received the white veil at the hands of Bishop O'Callaghan.

## ROMAN NEWS.

(From the London Universe and other sources.)

The Sovereign Pontiff has appointed Commander Lantier, President of the Order of Advocates of St. Peter, Chamberlain of the Cloak and Sword.

Mm. Van Estvelde, Secretary for the Interior, and De Crelle Rogier, Secretary for Foreign Affairs for Congo, have received the Cordon of St. Gregory from the Pope.

The Holy Father has given orders to the Congregation of Rites that the question of religious music—what to approve and what to reject—must be regulated by November next.

The Abbe Vathelet, an officer of the Legion of Honour, and formerly chaplain-in-chief to the expeditionary corps to Dahomey, has died at his native town in the diocese of Langres. R. I. P.

It has been resolved to suspend the proposed pilgrimage to Lourdes on the fete of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin on account of the rumors of cholera. Thanksgiving services are to be held locally instead.

The Civiltà Cattolica contains an able article on the school question in the United States, wherein it is shown from

Pontifical documents that the decree of the Baltimore Council is still in plenary vigour over the parish schools.

Commauder Tongiorgi, of the Pontifical Ministry of Finance, has presented the employees of the various Papal offices of administration to the Holy Father, to whom they gave their respectful homage and a contribution to the Peter's-pence fund.

The French colony at Cairo has had a serious loss by the death of the Superiores of the Community of St. Vincent de Paul in her seventy-second year. This estimable lady was forty-nine years in Egypt, was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and was admired by Moslems as by Christians. R. I. P.

## WHAT IS CIVILIZATION ?

True Notion of It Dilated Upon by Bishop Keane.

Bishop Keane, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., delivered a scholarly address on "The Relation of Our Colleges and Universities to the Advancement of Civilization," before the World's Fair Educational Congress, Friday. The Bishop began with a brief description of the old Græco-Roman civilization which educated for citizenship and not for the development of the man. He said in substance:

Man means more than citizen. Civilization has come to mean development and, if possible, perfection in all those qualities which constitute excellence and dignity of man. Education has gradually come to mean the training of the young, not only in those duties which fit them for citizenship, but also in all the things which fit them for all their relationship with their fellow beings and with God. The best way to secure the highest education and the best citizenship is to be careful for the development of the qualities which make the best man. Everything presented by Christian civilization is far higher than any ideal the world ever had before Christianity appeared on earth. To strive toward the ideal of this civilization is the duty of every nation, community and individual. The American ideal of civilization comes closer to the ideal embodied in Christian civilization than does that of any other nation. Other nations may show more artistic genius and skill than does ours.

## WORDS OF WARNING FROM GLADSTONE.

"We recognize the value of these things, and we are resolved not to neglect them. Meanwhile, we are content to know that these great things of art are only the external adornments of civilization that its essence lies far deeper than they. But we have lately had a word of warning, and it came from Mr. Gladstone. Forecasting the tremendous influence which our country must exert on the civilized world, he reminds us that this influence may be either a curse or a blessing to mankind, according to the spirit in which it is exerted. He asks: "Which is it to be?" And he answers that this depends not upon what sort of a producer but on what sort of a man the American of the future is to be.

His answer is not only a forcible assertion of the true notion of civilization, but is also a solemn warning to us, lest, in our eager endeavor to master the development of our country's resources, we may have been intent somewhat on forming producers rather than on forming men. This, we can easily recognize, would be the destruction of the civilization which is our country's birthright and destiny. This would be carrying civilization even lower than the Græco-Roman idea. We must, if we would make the right kind of men, be sure that we hold the right philosophy of man and that the rising generation is properly taught in it. History and reason show manifestly that the only true philosophy concerning man is that which is embodied in the Christian religion. Therefore, practically the right moulding of our people, the right shaping of our civilization, the right direction of our nation's energies and the right attainment of her destiny depend on this, that our people's ideas shall be shaped and their lives conformed to the principles embodied in the Christian religion. And the sound development of our civilization must largely depend on the reign of the Christian religion—from which that philosophy is inseparable—in our colleges and universities.

## WHAT WE MUST AIM AT.

How to bring this into practical shape and working may often be rendered diffi-

cult by local circumstances. But there is a great advance towards the solution of the momentous problem if these truths themselves are clearly and strongly grasped. We must aim at forming skillful producers; we must aim at forming worthy and loyal citizens. But above all this, and as the means and condition for all this, we must aim at forming the truest type of men; and the only efficient way for the attainment of this, the only way which, after all the experience of history, we ought to think it worth our while to try, is the way God has taught the world through Jesus Christ.—*Catholic Citizen.*

## A Jesuit Meteorologist.

A two-line dispatch from Havana last week told of the death of Padre Vines, the celebrated Jesuit meteorologist, who had been making wonderfully accurate weather predictions there for a quarter of a century. In a short sketch of the Padre, which it printed some 3 years since, the New Orleans Times-Democrat said that it was he who several days ago predicted a hurricane, and the reports from Havana verified the prediction. He was regarded by navigators and meteorologists all over the world as one of the most correct and reliable weather scientists of the age.

For the past quarter of a century Padre Vines made his work purely a labor of love. He was a highly cultured gentleman, unassuming and a profound scholar. Fully appreciating the valuable services rendered by the Padre some time since, the United States Government offered him a handsome salary in recognition of his past services. This offer he promptly declined, because the rules of the Jesuit Order prohibit it.

Captain J. McBaker, of the steamship Hutchinson, of the Southern Pacific system, was well acquainted with the Padre, and in speaking of him to a reporter he said: "For the many years that I have been navigating the Gulf I have never touched at Havana without calling on the Padre when the opportunity presented itself. During the hurricane season his opinion is always anxiously sought after. Before the connections with the Windward Islands were perfected, the Padres' predictions were always looked forward to anxiously by navigators. To-day the cables only recently laid give him a large scope and make his forecasts more reliable and important to commerce."—*Catholic Columbian.*

The July Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart contain "An Episode of Parisian School Life," by the Marquis de Segur, one of those little anecdotes which one so often hears of loyal French boys. "Two Christian Martyrs," by George Rowland, and "Reflections on Our Lady," by Miss Florence Mary Kilkelly, are chief among the remaining articles. "A Beautiful Instance of the Power of Mary over the Sacred Heart of Jesus" is a marvellous and beautiful story taken from the life of the late Father Hermann (Watertown, N.Y.)

Donahoe's Magazine for August opens with an illustrated paper by H. M. Sylvester, entitled "Fisherman's Luck," and containing some excellent Yankee dialect. A sketch of Queenstown is also illustrated, and a sketch of Mr. Samuel J. Kitson by Mr. Henry Austin is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Kitson and pictures of his work. One page is given up to five portraits of John Boyle O'Reilly at different ages, and under the title of "A Growing Immortal," Mr. John H. Grant criticises the poet's work. The Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., contributes a bright and earnest paper entitled "From Altar Boy to Priest," and incidentally makes certain statements which should be read by parents hesitating as to the proper school for their boys. "What Is This Money Trouble?" by James E. Wright; "Catholicism in Boston," by Mr. Thos. Carleton O'Brien; "Thirty Years of Ireland's Battle," by Mr. John F. Finerty; "Analysis of the Home Rule Bill," by Mr. P. O'Neill Larkin, and "A Modern Hustler," translated from the French, are the principal remaining articles. (Boston.)

## MINING NEWS.

Mining experts note that never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhea, etc. It is a sure cure.

The loveliest faces are to be seen at moonlight, when one sees half with the eye and half with the fancy.



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EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, acrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail: This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to an advanced age, their wonderful, unerring and incomparable efficacy.

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GREAT REDUCTIONS IN DRESS GOODS

Fancy All-Wool Dress Goods. Price 50c per yard. All to be sold at Half-Price—25c per yard.

Fancy Striped All-wool Dress Goods. Former prices, 25c, 30c and 35c per yard. All to be sold at only 10c per yard.

Ottoman Cord Dress Goods. Former prices, 30c, 35c and 40c per yard. All to be sold at only 20c per yard.

A lot of Plain All-Wool Dress Goods, assorted colors. Prices, 25c, 30c, 35c and 40c per yard. All this lot to be sold at Half-Price—12½c, 15c, 17½c and 20c per yard.

All-Wool Hop Sacking, 5½ inches wide. Price, \$1 per yard; less 25 per cent, or 75c per yard.

Fine All-Wool India Cashmere. Prices, 40c, 60c and 75c per yard; less 20 per cent discount.

All-Wool Camel's Hair Dress Goods, assorted patterns and colors. Prices, 50c, 60c and 75c per yard; less 20 per cent discount.

All our stock of Black Cashmeres, from 25c per yard. To be sold at 20 per cent discount.

All our stock of Black Henriettes, from 80c per yard. To be sold at 20 per cent discount.

All our stock of Black Silk and Wool Paramattas, from \$1 per yard. To be sold at 20 per cent discount.

All our stock of Black Crapes, all to be sold at 20 per cent discount.

All our stock of Black Dress Serges, from 50c per yard, to be sold at 20 per cent discount.

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Forbearance is a domestic jewel not to be worn for state or show, but for daily and unostentatious ornament.

Distrust your suspicions. They will betray you more frequently than you would have been betrayed without them.

We should not ask God for the tribulations presuming that we can bear them; it is no little thing to bear those which God sends daily.

He who covets riches will never be spiritual, and he who practises mortification will always be cheerful and joyous.

# LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER XV.

"Well, and why not? Ain't we always going through a sort of mild revolution? What's parliamentary government but revolution, weakened, like watered grog, but the spirit is there all the same. Don't fancy that, because you can give it a hard name, you can destroy it. But hear what Tom is coming to. 'Be early,' says he: 'take time by the forelock; get rid of your entail, and get rid of your land. Don't wait till the government does both for you, and have to accept whatever condition the law will cumber you with, but be before them! Get your son to join you in docking the entail; petition before the court for sale, yourself or somebody for you; and wash your hands clean of it all. It's bad property, in a very ticklish country,' says Tom—and he dashes the words—'bad property, in a very ticklish country; and, if you take my advice, you'll get clear of both. You shall read it all yourself by and by; I am only giving you the substance of it, and none of the reasons.'

"This is a question for very grave consideration, to say the least of it. It is a bold proposal."

"So it is, and says Tom himself; but he adds: 'There's no time to be lost; for once it gets about how Gladstone's going to deal with land, and what Bright has in his head for eldest sons, you might as well whistle as try to dispose of that property.' To be sure, he says," added he, after a pause—"he says: 'if you insist on holding on, if you cling to the dirty acres because they were your father's and your great-grandfather's, and if you think that being Kearney of Kilgobbin is a sort of title, in the name of God stay where you are, but keep down your expenses. Give up some of your useless servants, reduce your saddle-horses—my saddle-horses, Dick! 'Try if you can live without fox-hunting.' Fox-hunting! 'Make your daughter know that she needn't dress like a duchess—poor Kitty's very like a duchess; and, above all, persuade your lazy, idle, and very self-sufficient son to take to some respectable line of life to gain his living. I wouldn't say that he mightn't be an apothecary; but if he liked law better than physic, I might be able to do something for him in my own office.'"

"Have you done sir?" said Dick, hastily, as his father wiped his spectacles, and seemed to prepare for another heat.

"He goes on to say that he always requires one hundred and fifty guineas fee with a young man," but with we are old friends, Maurice Kearney," says he, "and we'll make it pounds."

"To fit me to be an attorney!" said Dick, articulating each word with a slow and almost savage determination.

"Faith! it would have been well for us if one of the family had been an attorney before now. We'd never have gone into that station about the mill-race, nor had to pay those heavy damages for levelling Moore's barn. A little law would have saved us from evicting those blackguards at Mullmalick, or kicking Mr. Hall's bailiff before witnesses."

To arrest his father's recollection of the various occasions on which his illegality had betrayed him into loss and damage. Dick blurted out: "I'd rather break stones on the road than I'd be an attorney."

"Well, you will have to go far employment, for they're just laying down new metal this moment, and you needn't lose time over it," said Kearney, with a wave of his hand, to show that the audience was over and the conference ended.

"There's just one favor I would ask, sir," said Dick, with his hand on the lock.

"You want a hammer, I suppose," said his father, with a grin—"isn't that it?"

With something that, had it been uttered aloud, sounded very like a bitter malediction, Dick rushed from the room, slamming the door violently after him as he went.

"That's the temper [that helps a man to get on in life," said the old man, as he

turned once more to his accounts, and set to work to see where he had blundered in his figures.

## CHAPTER XVII.

DICK'S REVERIE.

When Dick Kearney left his father he walked from the house, and not knowing, or much caring, in what direction he went, turned into the garden. It was a wild, neglected sort of spot, more orchard than garden, with fruit trees of great size, long past bearing, and close underwood in places that barred the passage. Here and there little patches of cultivation appeared, sometimes flowering plants, but oftener vegetables. One long alley, with tall hedges of box, had been preserved, which led to a little mound planted with laurels and arbutus, and known as "Laurel Hill;" here, a little rustic summer-house had once stood, and still, though now in ruins, showed where, in former days, people came to taste the fresh breeze above the tree tops, and enjoy the wide range of a view that stretched to the Slieve-Bloom Mountains, nearly thirty miles away.

Young Kearney reached this spot, and sat down, to gaze upon a scene, every detail of which was well known to him, but of which he was utterly unconscious as he looked. "I am turned out to starve," cried he aloud, as though there was a sense of relief in thus proclaiming his sorrow to the winds. "I am told to go and work on the roads—to live by my daily labor. Treated like a gentleman until I am bound to that condition by every tie of feeling and kindred, and then bid to know myself as an outcast. I have not even Joe Atlee's resource—I have not imbibed the instincts of the lower orders, so as to be able to give them back to them in fiction or in song. I cannot either idealize rebellion, or make treason tuneful.

"It is not yet a week since that same Atlee envied me my station as the son and heir to this place, and owned to me that there was that in the sense of name and lineage that more than balanced personal success, and here I am now, a beggar! I can enlist, however, blessings on the noble career that ignores character and defies capacity! I don't know that I'll bring much loyalty to her majesty's cause, but I'll lend her the aid of as broad shoulders and tough sinews as my neighbors." And here his voice grew louder and harsher, and with a ring of defiance in it. "And no cutting of the entail, my Lord Kilgobbin! no escape from that cruel necessity of an heir! I may carry my musket in the ranks, but I'll not surrender my birthright!"

The thought that he had at length determined on the path he should follow, aroused his courage and made his heart lighter; and then there was that in manner he was vindicating his station and his claim that seemed to savor of heroism. He began to fancy his comrades regarding him with a certain deference, and treating him with a respect that recognized his condition. "I know the shame my father will feel when he sees to what he has driven me. What an offense to his love of rank and station to behold his son and heir too! I can picture to myself his shock as he reads the letter in which I shall say good-bye, and then turn to tell my sister that her brother is a common soldier, and in this way lost to her forever!

And what is it all about? What terrible things have I done? What entanglements have contracted? Where have I forged? Whose name have I stolen? What is laid to my charge, beyond that I have lived like a gentleman, and striven to eat and drink and dress like one? And I'll wager my life that for one who will blame him there will be ten—no, not ten, fifty,—to condemn me. I had a kind, trustful, affectionate father, restricting himself in scores of ways to give me my education among the highest class of my contemporaries. I was largely supplied with means, indulged in every way, and, if I turned my steps towards home, welcomed with love and affection."

"And fearfully spoiled by all the petting he met with," said a soft voice, leaning over his shoulder, while a pair of very liquid gray eyes gazed into his own.

"What, Nina!—Mademoiselle Nina, I mean," said he; "have you been long there?"

"Long enough to hear you make a very pitiful lamentation over a condition that I, in my ignorance, used to believe was only a little short of Paradise."

"You fancied that, did you?"

"Yes, I did so fancy it."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what circumstance, though? I entreat you to tell me, what belongings of mine, what resources of luxury or pleasure what incident of my daily life, suggested this impression of yours?"

"Perhaps, as a matter of strict reasoning, I have little to show for my conviction, but if you ask me why I thought as I did, it was simply from contrasting your condition with my own, and seeing that in everything where my lot has gloom and darkness, if not worse, yours, my ungrateful cousin, was all sunshine."

"Let us see a little of this sunshine, Cousin Nina. Sit down here beside me, and show me, I pray, some of those bright tints that I am longing to gaze on."

"There's not room for both of us on that bench."

"Ample room; we shall sit the closer."

"No, Cousin Dick; give me your arm and we'll take a stroll together."

"Which way shall it be?"

"You shall choose, cousin."

"If I have the choice, then, I'll carry you off, Nina! for I'm thinking of bidding good-bye to the old house and all within it."

"I don't think I'll consent that far," said she, smiling. "I have had my experience of what it is to be without a home, or something very nearly that. I'll not willingly recall the sensation. But what has put such gloomy thoughts in your head? What, or rather who, is driving you to this?"

"My father, Nina, my father!"

"This is past my comprehending."

"I'll make it very intelligible. My father, by way of curbing my extravagance, tells me I must give up all pretension to the life of a gentleman, and go into an office as a clerk. I refuse. He insists, and tells me, moreover, a number of little pleasant traits of my unfitness to do anything, so that I interrupt him by hinting that I might possibly break stones on the highway. He seizes the project with avidity, and offers to supply me with a hammer for my work. All fact, on my honor I am neither adding to nor concealing. I am relating what occurred little more than an hour ago, and I have forgotten nothing of the interview. He, as I said, offers to give me a stone hammer. And now I ask you, is it for me to accept this generous offer, or would it be better to waver over that bog yonder, and take my chance of a deep pool or the bleak world, where immersion and death are just as sure, though a little slower in coming?"

"Have you told Kate of this?"

"No, I have not seen her. I don't know, if I had seen her, that I should have told her. Kate has so grown to believe all my father's caprices to be absolute wisdom that even his sudden gusts of passion seem to her like flashes of a bright intelligence, too quick and too brilliant for mere reason. She could give me no comfort, nor counsel either."

"I am not of your mind," said she, slowly. "She has the great gift of what people so mistakingly call common-sense."

"And she'd recommend me, perhaps, not to quarrel with my father, and to go and break the stones."

"Were you ever in love, Cousin Dick?" asked she, in a tone every accent of which betokened earnestness, and even gravity.

"Perhaps I might say never. I have spooned or flirted, or whatever the name of it might be, but I was never seriously attached to one girl, and unable to think of anything but her. But what has your question to do with this?"

"Everything. If you really loved a girl—that is, if she filled every corner of your heart, if she was first in every plan and project of your life, not alone her wishes and her likings, but her very words and the sound of her voice—if you saw her in everything that was beautiful and heard in every time that delighted you—if to be moving in the air she breathed was ecstasy, and that Heaven itself without her was cheerless—if—"

"Oh, don't go on, Nina. None of these ecstasies could ever be mine. I have no nature to be moved or molded in this fashion. I might be very fond of a girl, but she'd never drive me mad if she left me for another."

"I hope she may, then, if it be with

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such false money you would buy her," said she, fiercely. "Do you know," added she, after a pause, "I was almost on the verge of saying, go and break the stones; the 'metier' is not much beneath you after all!"

"This is scarcely civil, mademoiselle; see what my candor has brought upon me!"

"Be as candid as you like upon the faults of your nature. Tell every wickedness that you have done or dreamed of, but don't own to cold-heartedness. For that there is no sympathy!"

"Let us go back a bit, then," said he, "and let us suppose that I did love in the same fervent and insane manner you spoke of, what and how would it help me here?"

"Of course it would. Of all the ingenuity that plotters talk of, of all the imagination that poets dream, there is nothing to compare with love. To gain a plodding substance a man will do much. To win the girl he loves, to make her his own, he will do everything; he will strive to win her. Poverty will have nothing mean if confronted for her, hardship have no suffering if endured for her sake. With her before him, all the world shows but one goal; without her, life is a mere dreary task, and himself a hired laborer."

"I confess, after all this, that I don't see how breaking stones would be more palatable to me because some pretty girl that I was fond of saw me hammering away at my limestone!"

"If you could have loved as I would wish you to love, your career had never fallen to this. The heart that loved would have stimulated the head that thought. Don't fancy that people are only better because they are in love, but they are greater, bolder, brighter, more daring in danger, and more ready in every emergency. So wonder working is the real passion that even in the base mockery of Love men have risen to genius. Look what it made Petrarch, and I might say Byron too, though he never loved worthy of the name."

"And how came you to know all this, cousin mine? I'm really curious to know that."

"I was reared in Italy, Cousin Dick, and I have made a deep study of nature through French novels." Now there was a laughing devilry in her eye as she said this that terribly puzzled the young fellow, for just at the very moment her enthusiasm had begun to stir his breast, merry mockery wafted it away as with a storm wind.

(To be continued.)

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**THE RE-UNION OF THE CHURCHES.**

The Rev. Dr. Redman delivered a final discourse on the above subject the other evening at St. Francis' Church, Notting Hill. It was a discourse followed with interested and pleased attention. The absolute unity of the followers of Christ was (said the rev. preacher) the absolute will of the Founder of Christianity; hence, that body alone wherein such unity was visible could claim to be the fold. Within that fold all would be at peace, for Jerusalem is built as a city at unity within itself. Outside of it men will be on points of doctrine—as one has written of the Conference at Lucerne—separated as far as the poles asunder. In truth, the condition of England alone since the upheaval of the 16th century could only be described as the Babel of religious dissension. It had been tossed ever since by every wind and doctrine to and fro. The Cardinal at the Oratory on the Thursday reconsecrating England to her ancient patrons, and the counterblast from St. Paul's on the Sunday after—these are but a few samples of the conflicting gales which blew from every quarter of the firmament. Christ foresaw all this, and provided a remedy, adequate though simple. "Simon! Simon!" He exclaimed, addressing Peter, "Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat." The pronoun is plural—plural in the Greek. All are involved. In the faith of Peter shall be seen the accurate and absolutely perfect application of the teaching of Christ, so that, Christ being absent, but Peter present with his living faith and teaching voice, men shall ever have in their midst the accurate copy to copy from. Thus shall they be stable upon a firm foundation which Christ has laid. Each shall copy from the same one pattern sealed, and thus the faith of each shall tarry with the faith of all, and perfect peace and absolute unity shall reign in Peter's flock. Indeed, the Master did not omit to add the result of His infallible faith when he said: "Stablish thou thy brethren"—(Luke xii., 32) But Peter died! and many men suppose that when he died this beautiful order and provision perished, so that, for all time Satan who endures, shall sift, while stablishing Peter is clean renewed. They would have it that the founder of the Church equipped his forces temporarily against a foe whose forces are perpetual. How Satan would laugh if the remedy against his sifting process were to endure but till the year of Christ when Peter dies! Away with the foolish, irreverent thought! So long as Satan seeks to scatter the flock, so long shall Peter establish by his unfailling faith. And even to the consummation of the world shall Peter live and rule in his see of Rome by his never failing line of episcopal successors. And therefore to the end of time the flock which gathers round the See of Peter shall be one in faith and one in concord, a contrast plain and visible to the confusion which reigns beyond the boundaries of that one flock. He the same ever, and the flock ever the same. No change in doctrine, though there must be endless development of a Gospel which contains things new and old—new in definition but old in revelation. As this very doctrine of Peter's unfailling faith was finally promulgated three and twenty years ago, whereas the revelation of it came to the ears of men the night before the passion. This, then, is the immovable rock of Peter, which lends its own stability to the Church of God which rests upon it, the perpetual source of unity, and the provision God has made for unity. This, which men deride as the "idle hope," the Catholic reveres as the grand fulfilment. And men will meet in voice to discuss the subject of their amalgamation on other basis, for until they come to Peter for the gift of oneness, their efforts will but resemble those of the men of Sodom, blinded, when "they weared themselves to find the door."—*London Tablet.*

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Patent Winter.....	3.40 @ 3.60
Straight Roller.....	3.10 @ 3.30
Extra.....	2.75 @ 2.90
Superfine.....	2.40 @ 2.70
Fine.....	2.20 @ 2.35
City Strong Bakers.....	3.75 @ 4.00
Manitoba Bakers.....	3.40 @ 3.80
Ontario bags—extra.....	1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers.....	1.50 @ 1.70
Superfine.....	1.25 @ 1.40
Fine.....	1.10 @ 1.20

Oatmeal.—We quote values as follows:—  
Rolled and granulated \$3.35 to \$4.45, standard \$3.90 to \$4.10. In bags, granulated and rolled, \$2.10 to \$2.20, and standard \$1.95 to \$2.05.

Feed.—The have been further sales of car lots of bran at \$12.75 to \$13, and one car is reported sold at \$12.50. Smaller lots, of course, bring more money, and we quote \$12.75 to \$13.50 as a fair range. We quote shorts \$16.50 as to \$17.50. Moultrie is easy at \$19 to \$21.50.

Wheat.—The sale is reported of a lot of 5,000 bushels of No. 2 red winter wheat at a point west of Toronto at 60c f.o.b. No. 2 Spring has been sold at 58c. No. 2 hard Manitoba is nominally quoted in this market at 78c to 79c.

Corn.—We quote 47c to 48c in bond, and in car lots, duty paid, 60c to 61c.

Peas.—We quote 72c to 73c per 60 lbs in store.

Oats.—Sales of car lots are reported of No. 2 at 39c per 34 lbs in store.

Barley.—At 43c per 49 lbs, one car selling at 44c. Malt grades are quiet at 48c to 55c as to quality.

Rye.—Prices are nominal at 57c to 59c.

Buckwheat.—The market remains dull at 56c to 58c.

**PROVISIONS.**

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.....	\$20.00 @ 21.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.....	19.00 @ 19.50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....	00.00 @ 00.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....	00.00 @ 17.00
India mess beef, per tierce.....	00.00 @ 00.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.....	14.00 @ 15.50
Hams, city cured, per lb.....	12 @ 14c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....	11 @ 12c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....	9 @ 9c
Bacon, per lb.....	11 @ 13c
Shoulders, per lb.....	10 @ 11c

**DAIRY PRODUCE.**

Butter.—We quote:—

Creamery.....	20c to 20½c
Eastern Townships.....	18c to 19c
Western.....	16c to 17c

Cheese.—We quote prices here as follows:—

Finest Western colored.....	9½c to 9½c
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Liverpool cable white.....	46s 6d
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**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

Eggs.—Lots of fresh have been sold at 11c to 11½, while single cases of candled stock command 12c. Quite a lot of culls are selling at 9c to 9½c.

Beans.—We quote hand-picked at \$1.40 to \$1.50 per bushel, ordinary to good \$1.25 to \$1.30, and inferior 95c to \$1.10.

Maple Products.—Syrup at 4½c to 5c in wood, and 50c to 60c in tins. Sugar is dull at 60 to 70c per lb.

Honey.—New comb honey at 11c to 13½c, the latter for white clover. Old extracted honey quoted at 6½c to 8c, as to quality.

Hops.—We quote choice Eastern Townships 18c to 19c per lb. Crop reports continue favorable for Canada.

Baled Hay.—Old hay is getting somewhat scarce, and sales have been made at \$19.50 to \$14 per ton alongside vessels. Baled straw is quiet at \$3.50 to \$6.00 as to quality.

**FRUITS, Etc.**

Apples.—Duchess selling at \$2.75 per barrel and Astracans at \$1.50. Fancy baskets are saleable at from 40c to 50c. Ordinary quality almost unsaleable at 15c to 20c.

Blackberries.—At 9½c to 10c per box.

Pine Apples.—At 13c to 18c a piece as to size and quality.

Plums.—Egg and Washington at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per crate of 8 boxes.

Melons.—Musk and cantaloupes are quoted at \$1.75 to \$2.50 per crate.

Lemons.—Good sound fruit \$3.50.

Oranges.—The only ones obtainable are California which are very scarce and selling at \$3.75 to \$4 per box.

Peaches.—California peaches are quoted at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per box, and baskets 50c to 90c as to quality.

Grapes.—Concord's selling in 10 lb baskets at 75c to 80c. A few crates of grapes, containing 4 baskets each sold at 75c.

Bananas.—Prices range from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bunch.

Pears.—Prices range from \$2.50 to \$2½ per box, and baskets at 40c to 50c as to quality.

Onions.—Egyptian onions are quoted at 2½c to 3c per lb.

Tomatos.—Quotable at 60c to 65c per bushel basket.

Potatoes.—Prices remain unchanged at \$1.20 to \$1.40 per barrel.

**FISH AND OILS.**

Steam refined seal oil is quoted at 42c to 25½c. In cod oil there have been sales of about 200 bbls. of Newfoundland at about 31½c, but it is said that 32½c is now the lowest price, and we quote 32½c to 34 as to quantity. Cod liver oil 60c to 70c as to quality.

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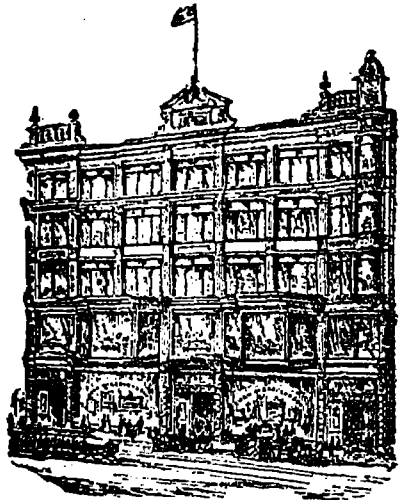
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Catholic families and young men visiting the Chicago Fair can be accommodated at very reasonable terms, in responsible hotels and private Catholic families in Chicago, with whom very liberal arrangements have already been made by the Columbian Catholic Bureau of Information, 403 Owing's Building, Chicago, incorporated under the laws of Illinois. Endorsed by Archbishop Feehan and leading business men of Chicago.

Many valuable privileges enjoyed by members. Special accommodations for Ladies. Circulars, with full information, on application to

**FRANCIS J. M. COLLINS, Agent,**  
818 Palace Street, Montreal.

In writing mention this paper. 41DP



**SPECIAL NOTICE!**

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Bed Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back, both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will create an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we can not guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

**Large Sales and Small Profits.**

**OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,**

1849, 1851 and 1853

*Notre Dame Street.*

ESTABLISHED 1865.

**G. Ross Robertson & Sons**

11 HOSPITAL STREET,

NORTH BRITISH CHAMBERS.

**GENERAL INSURANCE BROKERS AND SPECIAL AGENTS**

Of the following well-known Companies having total Cash Assets of over \$247,000,000.

North British & Mercantile.....	\$ 52,000,000
Royal.....	42,000,000
Alliance.....	18,000,000
Liverpool & London & Globe.....	42,000,000
London Assurance Corporation.....	18,000,000
Commercial Union.....	17,000,000
Western.....	1,300,000
Scottish Union and National.....	20,000,000
Insurance Co. of North America.....	9,000,000
Caledonian.....	8,000,000
Lancashire.....	10,000,000
Sun Fire.....	10,000,000
Total.....	\$247,000,000

The above shows our great facilities for placing large lines of Insurance, in addition to which we have connection with several other leading Companies in Montreal and New York. Churches and Institutions Made a Specialty.

**WEDDING PRESENTS.**

Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate, Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery. Spoons and Forks, All quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices.

**INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. WATSON & DICKSON,**

1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter, (L'An 58, St. Sulpice.)

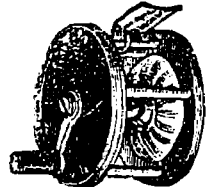
**Porter, Teskey & Co.,**

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

**FISHING TACKLE.**

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Salmon and Trout Files, Rods, Reels, Lines, Snelled Hooks and Gangs



EVERY REQUISITE FOR FISHERMEN.

Canadian Agents for H. Y. MILWARD & SONS FISH HOOKS.

Send for Catalogue.

**WANTED RIGHT AWAY** RELIABLE MEN everywhere local or traveling, to keep our show cards tacked up in towns, on trees and fences along public roads. Steady work in your county

**\$75 A MONTH AND \$3** a Day Expenses. Deposited in your Bank when started.

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**RIENDEAU HOTEL,**

58 and 60 Jacques Cartier Sq.

MONTREAL.

The cheapest first-class house in Montreal. European and American Plans.

**JOS. RIENDEAU, Proprietor.**

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS, HAVE FURNISHED 35,000 CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER BELL METAL. PUREST, BEST. GENEVEY & CO., WEST-TROY, N.Y. BELL-METAL CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

The finest quality of Bells for Churches, Chimes, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices. PUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, THE VAN DUZEN & TITT CO., Cincinnati, O.

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

**BAILEY'S** Compound light-spreading SILVER-plated Corrugated Glass REFLECTORS. A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Halls, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free. Send for designs. BAILEY REFLECTOR CO., 708 Penn Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

**KELLY'S SONGSTER No. 53**

Contains 8 great parodies on the famous song "After the Ball," and the following songs: Daddy Wouldn't Buy me a Bow-wow, Naughty Doings on the Midway Plaisance, Sweethearts and Wives, The Flower Girl, Hearts, The Miner's Dream of Home, Kiss and Let's Make Up, Don't Forget Me, Katie Darling, Knocked 'Em in Old Kent Road, The World's Fair Fatal Fire, Three Little Chaps, and several other songs and parodies. Can be had at all newsdealers or mailed on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

**P. KELLY, Song Publisher,** Montreal, Can.



**McGALE'S** FOR . . .  
**BUTTERNUT**  
**PILLS**  
 25 cents per box.  
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.  
**B. E. McGALE,**  
 CHEMIST & Co.,  
 2128 NOTRE DAME ST.,  
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**Sick Headache,  
 Foul Stomach,  
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 HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

**S. CARSLY'S COLUMN**

**This Week's BARGAINS.**

**BLACK LACE SKIRTS**  
 For Street or Evening Wear.  
**One Lot Reduced**  
 — FROM —  
**\$7.50 to \$1.95 each.**

**MANTLES EXTRAORDINARY!**

PELERINES, Handsomely Embroidered,  
 HALF PRICE.

DOLMANS, Trimmed Lace and Jet,  
 HALF PRICE.

LADIES' SHORT JACKETS  
 HALF PRICE.

Fawn J JACKETS, Embroidered,  
 HALF PRICE.

**S. CARSLY,**  
 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779  
 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
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**T. E. & A. MARTIN,**  
 Formerly of the Firm of Fee & Martin.

**Furniture**  
 —AND—  
**Bedding.**

**1924**  
 NOTRE DAME ST.

Open EVERY Evening,  
 till 9 o'clock.



**Sold for Cash**  
 OR ON  
**EASY TERMS**  
 OF PAYMENT TO RESPONSIBLE PERSONS

Remember the Address:  
**1924**  
 NOTRE DAME ST.  
 A FEW DOORS WEST OF  
 BALMORAL HOTEL

**T. E. & A. MARTIN.**

**JERSEY BARGAINS.**

COLORED JERSEYS reduced from \$2.75 to only 50c each.

BLACK JERSEYS reduced to only \$1.00 each; original prices from \$2.50 to \$3.50 each.

**S. CARSLY.**

**THE PAPAL GUARDS.**

A Touching Interview with Mgr. Satolli, Apostolic Delegate.

A New York despatch of the 19th August says:—A few of the survivors of the old Papal Guard, who live in this vicinity, called upon Apostolic Delegate Satolli in their green uniforms, with gold and yellow trimmings, and in their zouave costumes, and the meeting was perhaps the most touching incident of Mgr. Satolli's visit to the city.

The grizzled veterans who did duty in the towns of the Papal States, some twenty-five years ago renewed on bended knee their pledges to the Holy Father, and their spokesman, Lieut. P. C. Dooley, expressed in a brief address their devotion to the Pope's temporal power and their readiness to answer his summons at any time, should he need them again.

"We are all old men now," said Lieut. Dooley, "but our hearts are young. We desire to express our sympathy for the Holy Father in his present circumstances,

**HE HAD THEM TESTED.**

You are in want of a Thoroughly Reliable Hot Water Boiler

PLEASE EXAMINE THE  
**BUFFALO,**  
 Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO.,  
 Queen Street, Montreal, Que.

For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat.  
 For Ease of Management.  
 For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others.

Read what a well-known large property holder writes us regarding the Buffalo Hot Water Boiler.  
 MONTREAL, June 23, 1893.  
 Messrs H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal.  
 DEAR SIR:—I have had tested the qualities of the Buffalo Hot Water Boiler and find it equal to any Boiler I have had in use. It is all that you claim for it and the test resulted in my placing three of them in my houses.  
 Yours truly,  
 (Signed) GEORGE BISHOP,  
 The Geo. Bishop Eng. & Ptg. Co  
 Catalogue and Price List on Application.



**ONLY 13 CENTS**

This week we offer  
**Ladies' Print Blouses**  
 at only THIRTEEN CENTS

Wednesday, August 23rd,  
 and all the week.

We Offer All  
**CHILDREN'S WASHING DRESSES**  
 At Exactly Half Price

OUR DEVOTION TO THE CAUSE and our willingness to assist him should he need our services again."

Then he asked the delegate to convey to the Holy Father their expressions of good will.

The Apostolic Delegate replied affectionately and shook each one of the Guards by the hand, while on bended knees they kissed his signet ring and received a blessing. The Guards were all quite overcome, and some of them were moved almost to tears.

The Guards marched to the archiepiscopal residence, from the corner of Lexington avenue and Forty-seventh street. Peter Brereton, the president, led them, and they attracted much attention. He was accompanied by Vice-President John O'Connell, Chevalier John Kerwin, captain; Lieut. Dooley, secretary; Lieut. Peter Hughes and Privates Lawrence Higgins and Thomas Doran.

President Brereton, who is a tall man of striking appearance, wore the uniform of an officer of the guard.

THE PAPAL COAT OF ARMS and a cockade were on his hat, and he carried a sword. The uniforms of several of the others were similar in design, though more simple in their ornamentations. The Zouaves wore a jacket and full trousers of bluish gray, with a cap and white leggings. The uniform was trimmed with red and gold.

Each of the Guards wore a silver medal with the inverted cross, symbolical of Peter's crucifixion, in the centre, and about it the inscription:  
 "Victoria Quae Vincet Mundam Fides Nostra."

On the reverse were the words:  
 "Pro Pietri Siede E Pio IX., P. Ma. X. V."

There are about forty survivors of the Papal Guards living in this city and its vicinity.

**UNION ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**

HEAD OFFICE: 51 CORNHILL, LONDON, E. C.

Instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.

Capital Subscribed.....	\$ 2,250,000
Capital Paid Up.....	900,000
Total Funds (Dec. 31, 1892).....	12,250,000
Annual Income.....	2,968,880

FIRE RISKS accepted on almost every description of insurable property, at lowest rates of premium. Dwellings and their Contents, Churches, Colleges, Nunneries, School-houses and Public Buildings insured on specially favorable terms for one or three years. Losses settled with promptitude and liberality.

Canada Branch Office: 55 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, Montreal.  
**T. L. MORRISEY, Resident Manager.**

The undersigned having been appointed city agent of the above staunch old fire office, respectfully solicits from his friends and the public generally a share of their patronage.  
**Telephone 1943, T. J. DONOVAN, City Agent.**

**Girls' White Dresses**

All Reduced to HALF-PRICE, and

**GIRLS' COLORED WASHING DRESSES**

All marked down to HALF PRICE

50c.....Dresses for.....	25c
75c.....Dresses for.....	38c
\$1.00.....Dresses for.....	50c
\$2.00.....Dresses for.....	\$1.00

**S. CARSLY'S.**  
 Notre Dame Street

Great Pacific Tea Co., 218 St. James street, near G. T. R. Station, offering best value teas in the city at 40c lb, worth sixty cents elsewhere.