

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.



NOTICE To Subscribers and Advertisers.

Our city collector commences this week his visits to our different subscribers and advertisers who are in arrears. We would respectfully request that all who are indebted to THE TRUE WITNESS Printing and Publishing Co. (Limited), will do their utmost to facilitate his work by settling the accounts presented. If any should find it impossible to do so when he calls, they would confer a great favor by mentioning a date when he might return and be sure of payment. This would greatly lighten his work and obviate the disagreeable necessity of calling more than once on each person whose account is due. Our readers all want a thorough Catholic paper such as THE TRUE WITNESS is to-day; it is unnecessary to argue that in order to have such an organ it is imperative that they support it—at least to the extent of paying up all arrears.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE month of September is one of special feasts in the Church. On the third Sunday the Sorrows of Our Blessed Lady are commemorated; in fact the whole month is dedicated to the devotions awakened by the dolours of the Mother of Christ. On the second of September we have the Feast of St. Stephen, the martyr; on the fifth, that of St. Lawrence; on the eighth we celebrate the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; on the fourteenth, the Exaltation of the Holy Cross; on the twenty-first, the Feast of St. Matthew; on the twenty-sixth, the Feasts of Saints Cyprian and Justin; on the twenty-seventh, those of Saints Cosmas and Damian; on the twenty-eighth, St. Wenceslaus; and on the thirtieth St. Jerome. It is a month of great devotions and one that should be fruitful of abundant graces.

ON MONDAY next the schools nearly all open for the coming scholastic term. A word to the parents may not be out of place under the circumstances. It is well that the pupils should attend even from the first day. Too often they are kept back, for one reason or another, and come straggling in a few days—and sometimes a week or so—after the classes have commenced. This is a great mistake and it forms a source of considerable annoyance to the teachers and is a cause of great loss to the pupils. At the beginning of the term the classes are organized and the students are classified; then the first general instructions for the year are given and the initial lessons are always of the utmost importance. If the pupils are not present the teacher is obliged to go over the same lessons and instructions for each late arrival, causing thereby a loss of time to all the others. Besides, the student that does not start out on even footing in the race cannot

expect to keep up with his companions, nor to win final laurels, unless through great exertions on his part later on. In every way you look at it the fact is obvious that the pupils who attend from the beginning afford the greatest amount of satisfaction to their teachers, to their parents and to themselves. We, therefore, repeat the request, in the names of the different schools, that the parents send their children from the very first day.

SOME time ago the C.M.B.A. Weekly undertook to fire a few shafts at us, and in our last issue we referred to those feats of archery on the part of our esteemed contemporary; but in so doing the C.M.B.A. Journal—through some mistake—got credit for the editorial witticisms of the Detroit organ. In justice to the editor of our popular C.M.B.A. Journal, we desire to rectify the error. Detroit is a city of humorists; perhaps the spirit is contagious; if so we can account for the sudden dive taken by the Weekly into the sparkling fountain of wit.

THE great match of the 25th August, between the Capitals and the Shamrocks, now belongs to the history of Canadian lacrosse. It was a grand triumph for "the boys in green," and it virtually settles the question of the championship for 1894. We had scarcely any misgivings as to the ultimate result of this year's series; but there is always a degree of anxiety and uncertainty before a battle of giants takes place. So many accidents may occur, so many slips may happen, that it is generally a difficult task to bring one's mind to a state of complete certainty on the result. But the Shamrocks have proven that they are, beyond all question, the greatest lacrosse players of the world; and we heartily and sincerely congratulate them on their triumph.

THE season of pilgrimages is over. Several friends have written to us to know if there were any more pilgrimages this year to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. The last on the list took place on August 21. We may yet have very fine weather in September, and a trip on the St. Lawrence may prove quite as pleasant as in mid-summer. Although there may be no general pilgrimage, still many good Catholics might make private pilgrimages to the shrine. There is no trip more enjoyable in America—apart from the spiritual as well as temporal blessings that it affords.

THE POPE has condemned Zola's last abominable production, his novel "Lourdes." Not only is this work a tissue of miserable lies and wicked blasphemies, but even in the statements of ordinary events he is mistaken oftener than he is correct. He draws a fearful picture of the disembarkation of the maimed and dying; in the midst of the confusion there is a cry heard, "Clear the way for the Bayonne express," and

the poor creatures are kicked and hustled about in all directions to let the express train pass. The fact is that no express trains run through Lourdes station. They all stop there, so that Zola's scene is impossible. When he is so inexact about the railway trains we can judge how much confidence he deserves when treating of the supernatural.

IN THIS ISSUE we refer editorially to the subject of suicide, and point out, as one of the causes of this crime, the infidel literature of the day. The Catholic Times of Liverpool speaks as follows—and very wisely—on the question:

"Nothing can justify suicide—not 'the fear of the workhouse,' great as it may be. But there are degrees of guilt even in the perpetration of suicide. The man who commits suicide through fear of facing the consequences of his own acts is an unqualified coward. Neither the civil nor moral law can mitigate the enormity of his crime. He has had no more right to take the life that was given to him than that which was given to another. Coroners' juries are, we are afraid, responsible for at least a proportion of the suicides which take place. The fact is that many of the cases in which coroners' juries return a verdict of 'temporary insanity' are clearly cases of *felo de se*. Jurors do not, very naturally, wish to add to the poignancy of the grief of bereaved relatives. They know nothing about mental disease, and give the suicide the benefit of the doubt. But this is playing fast and loose with a very serious subject. If coroners' juries are of any value at all, and we doubt very much if they are, except to keep up the traditional existence of the oldest Court in the realm, this state of affairs should cease or be remedied."

THAT "Rock" to which we referred last week wants to know how it is that if the Irish Parliamentary party is not responsible for what others may do, how could one of its members predict boycotting in case the Evicted Tenants' Bill were rejected. It fails to distinguish between the sayings of an individual member of the party and the responsibility of that party as a whole. Moreover, it seems to think that whosoever predicts the future must necessarily be the cause of the events foretold. Nobody will hold Professor Stone Wiggins answerable for the devastations of a storm simply because he predicted it would come. The ancient prophets foretold the Redemption, but they never got credit for having brought it about. A queer specimen is the "Rock."

WHENEVER a stray Catholic rambles off into the numerous byways of Protestantism there is generally a noise made over the event, and the failure of Catholicity, the down-fall of the Church and the end of Popery are predicted. From the very beginning there have been apostates and yet the Church has not been staggered, even for one second, in her onward march. If we were to spend our time hunting up the record of every convert to the Faith and publishing details of the conversion we would have very little time left to do anything

else. Here in our own city, in the very central parish of St. Patrick's, during the past eight years there have been six hundred and seventy-five received into the Church. This year—and the year is not near over—the number of converts is forty-five. Who ever heard of these? It is not at all necessary that, when a man or woman, obeying the voice of conscience and the grace of God, turns to the source of Truth, the story—in all its details—should be heralded on all sides. But gradually, steadily, and infallibly the Church of Christ goes on augmenting in the numbers of its faithful and extending the sphere of its mighty work. Some one recently remarked that the Catholic Church was a queer institution; so it is. It is a peculiar, a unique establishment; it has no facsimile, no duplicate on earth. It is so simply because it stands alone as the One only Holy and Apostolic Church.

IT APPEARS that the Rev. C. Horner, Methodist clergyman of Pembroke, has been suspended by the members of the District Meeting, for insubordination. The decision reads that "we, the members, clerical and lay, desire to express our entire disapproval of the action of Rev. R. C. Horner in organizing a new sect." The truth is that Rev. Mr. Horner's individual interpretation of the Scriptures—his Protestant right of private judgment—is condemned because it does not agree with the equally fallible interpretations of his former co-religionists. Perhaps Mr. Horner's initial might also have caused him to fall under the suspicion of the Pembroke Methodists. "Rev. R. C. Horner" might easily be made to stand for Rev. Roman Catholic Horner. It may be possible that the gentleman has actually shown signs of a Romeward inclination—which would be even more terrible, in the eyes of his judges, than the fact of starting a new sect. Surely he has as much right as ever had Wesley, or Knox, or Calvin, or any other man, to start a sect of his own.

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY, who evidently aspires to succeed Edmund Yates as a cable correspondent, has very crooked views, and the Atlantic cable itself is not long enough to straighten them out. In his last to the Tribune he says: "The Irish allies of the ministry naturally begin to ask themselves where they come in. They took nothing by the last session and nothing by this. Home Rule is no nearer. It has admittedly lost ground." Who admits that it has lost ground? Two men—a disappointed politician and an ambitious correspondent—Goldwin Smith and G. W. Smalley. The former has the advantage over the latter—even if their ideas appear identical. Smith is original, he conceived the thought and he expressed it in his polished style; Smalley borrowed the idea from him and conveys it in his own halting and often uncouth phrase. They would make a good team, but should be driven tandem; side by side the whiffle-trees would not balance.

A WELL-DERIVED MONUMENT

TO THE IRISH EMIGRANTS WHO DIED AT KINGSTON.

Archbishop Cleary Unveils the Statue in Commemoration of the Dead—The Story of Their Sufferings Retold.

Two weeks ago there was unveiled at Kingston, Ont., a monument presented by Archbishop Cleary in commemoration of the 1400 Irish emigrants who perished there during the memorable famine year of 1847-8. The history of these refugees is the saddest of all the stories of the sufferings of those fleeing from the famine.

A SAD STORY.

On the 8th of May, 1847, the Uran, from Cork, with several hundred emigrants on board, a large proportion of them sick and dying of the ship-fever, put into quarantine at Grosse Isle. This was the first of the plague-smitten ships from Ireland which that year sailed up the St. Lawrence. But before the first week in June as many as eighty-four ships of various tonnage were driven in by an easterly wind, and of that enormous number of vessels there was not one free from the taint of malignant typhus, the off-spring of famine and of foul ship-hold. This fleet of vessels

LITERALLY REEKED WITH PESTILENCE.

All sailing vessels—the merciful speed of the well-appointed steamer being unknown to the emigrant of those days—a tolerably quick passage occupied from six to eight weeks, while passages of ten or twelve weeks, and even a longer time, were not considered at all extraordinary at a period when craft of every kind, the most unsuited as well as the least seaworthy, were pressed into the service of human deportation.

Who can imagine the horrors of even the shortest passage in an emigrant ship crowded beyond its utmost capability of storage with unhappy beings of all ages, with fever raging in their midst. Under the most favorable circumstances it is impossible to maintain perfect purity of atmosphere between decks; even ports are open, and every device is adopted to secure the greatest amount of ventilation. But a crowded emigrant sailing ship of twenty years since, with fever on board—the crew sullen or brutal from very desperation, or paralyzed with terror of the plague—the miserable passengers unable to help themselves, or afford the least relief to each other; one-fourth, or one-third, or one-half of the entire number in different stages of the disease; many dying, some dead; the fatal poison intensified by the indescribable foulness of the air breathed and rebreathed by the gasping sufferers—the wails of children, the ravings of the delirious; the cries and groans of those in mortal agony. Of the eighty-four emigrant ships that anchored at Grosse Isle in the summer of 1847, there was not a single one to which this description might not rightly apply.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.

The authorities were taken by surprise, owing to the sudden arrival of this plague-smitten fleet, and, save the sheds that remained since 1832, there was no accommodation of any kind on the island. These sheds were rapidly filled with the miserable people, the sick and the dying, and round their walls lay groups of half-naked men, women and children, in the same condition—sick or dying. Hundreds were literally flung on the beach, left amid the mud and stones, to crawl on the dry land how they could. "I have seen," says the priest, who was then chaplain of the quarantine, and who had been but one year on the mission; "I have one day seen thirty-seven people lying on the beach, crawling on the mud, and dying like fish out of water." Many of these and many more besides, not able to drag themselves from the slime in which they lay. Death was doing its work everywhere—in the sheds, where the victims lay in hundreds, and in the poisonous holds of the plague-ships, all of which were declared to be, and treated as hospitals.

"In the grounds of the General Hospital of Kingston there is an artificial mound, beneath which lie mouldering the bones of 1400 of these emigrants, victims of the awful scourge, ship fever. With the intention of pushing on to the west, the goal of their hopes, multitudes of the Irish reached Kingston, 350 miles

up the St. Lawrence, from Quebec; but the plague broke out amongst this mass of human misery and they

ROTTED AWAY LIKE SHEEP.

So fast did they die, that there was no means to provide coffins in which to inter all of them. There was timber more than sufficient for the purpose, but the hands to fashion the plank into the coffin were too few, and death was rapid in his stroke; and so a huge pit of circular form was dug, and in it were laid, in tiers, piled one upon the other, the bodies of men, women and children, forming a mound which now stands in front of the General Hospital.

"About thirty years ago, John Francis Maguire, member of parliament of Dungarvan, and subsequently for Cork city, made a tour through the United States and Canada, to examine the condition of the exiled Irish that had settled in these countries. He spent some days at Kingston and paid a visit of sympathy to this spot where these bodies lie, once the scene of unspeakable woe. In a book published afterwards, Mr. Maguire severely notices the fact that 'neither rail, nor fence, nor stone, nor cross, nor inscription is here to tell that 1,400 of a Christian people slept beneath the turf of this gigantic grave.'

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT.

On reading this Archbishop Cleary resolved in some way to commemorate the forgotten dead and the monument is the result. The statue is of Carrara marble and stands near twelve feet high. On its side is this inscription:

On the 6th of August, 1894, this Monument was erected by
—JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,—
Archbishop of Kingston, in memory of his afflicted Irish compatriots, nearly 1,400 in number, who, enfeebled by famine in 1847-8, ventured across the ocean in unequipped vessels, in whose fetid holds they inhaled the germ of pestilential "ship fever," and on reaching Kingston perished here, despite the assiduous attention and compassionate offices of the good citizens of Kingston. May the heavenly Father give them eternal rest and happiness in reward for their patient suffering and Christian submission to His holy will through the merits of His Divine Son, Christ Jesus Our Lord—Amen.

UNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

A Protestant View of the Pope's Encyclical.

The Independent has the following significant article on the Encyclical addressed by the Holy Father to the Rulers and People of the World, inviting all to return to the fold of the One Church. Says our Protestant contemporary:

In reading Pope Leo XIII's Apostolic Letter the first impression that one gathers is of its most attractive Christian spirit. There is a sincerity and affection about his words that will touch every unprejudiced heart. No one can question the pain with which he looks upon the millions of unevangelized pagans.

Thence the Pontiff turns to the various Protestant bodies. He is willing to forget the rise of Protestantism; and he tells Protestants that, making each his individual conscience his guide and rejecting all authority, they have been broken into a multitude of sects, and that many have torn away the very foundation on which religion and hope of immortality rests—the divine nature of Jesus Christ; and that, having begun with a declaration of submission to the Bible only, they are now, many of them,

PIERCE Guar-anteees a CURE

to every nervous, delicate woman, suffering from "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness. In every exhausted condition of the female system, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an invigorating restorative tonic, fitted to the needs of nursing mothers, and women approaching confinement.

South Bend, Pacific Co., Wash.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:



Mrs. BAKER.

We think it saved me a great deal of suffering. I was troubled a great deal with leucorrhoea also, and it has done a world of good for me. Sincerely yours, Mrs. W. C. BAKER.

denying its inspiration. He reminds them that many of their number have returned to the Roman Church, and he appeals to them to come back into that unity which always exists in the Catholic Church. He offers no argument; he simply speaks to them from his heart.

Now, what answer have Protestants to make to that? We thank the Pope for his affectionate interest. We believe in his sincerity; we see in his invitation not a bit of the cunning of the spider's invitation to the fly.

His Holiness concludes with a brave and noble expression of hope and faith. He tells the world and its rulers that he is pursuing an ideal rather longed for than immediately expected; but that Jesus reigns, and that the folly of the Cross and its preaching can accomplish more than the wisdom of the world. This is true; and it is Christian labor and Christian faith that must bring the Church together; that must break down and overthrow its errors, and that must reform society and put an end to war. There is an eloquence in his concluding words, in which he compares the last century, closing in the horrors of revolution, with the better prophecy of this closing century:

"May that God, rich in mercy, in whose power are the times and the moments, deign, in his infinite goodness, to hearken to Our wishes and hasten the fulfillment of that promise of Jesus Christ: 'And there shall be one fold of the Shepherd.'"

In this prayer let the whole Christian world unite, and in Leo's desire for Church union. He has offered his basis, submission to the supremacy of the Holy See; we can at least recognize the evil he deplors, and do something to bring together the severed parts of Protestantism, hoping for the time when those churches which make so much of successions and traditions can allow such a union as Peter and James at Jerusalem allowed with St. Paul and his disciples at Antioch.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. O'HARA.

An old friend of THE TRUE WITNESS in its early struggles and triumphs—Mrs. Mary Ann O'Hara, widow of Cornelius O'Hara, late caretaker at Isle aux Noix, Que., and mother of John C. and James O'Hara, who served their apprenticeship on THE TRUE WITNESS and at present of the Boston Herald—died at St. Valentine, Que., on the morning of August 16, aged 79 years, fortified by the Blessed Sacrament and all the rites of the Holy Catholic Church. Mrs. O'Hara was a devoted and practical Catholic, and for many years had made daily preparation for death. Jesus, Mary and Joseph were the models for her daily life, and with her latest consciousness she pronounced their holy names and committed her soul to their blessed keeping. She had often expressed a desire to die on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and assuredly her Blessed Mother has obtained that favor for her servant. R. I. P.

THE LATE MR. JOHN BARRY.

We regret to learn, by the Newfoundland press, of the death of the late Mr. John Barry, of Harbor Grace, one of the oldest and most highly respected inhabitants of that section of the country. Mr. Barry was for many years clerk of the Cathedral of Harbor Grace. He was a native of Carbonear, but most of his life was spent in the former place. The sad event took place on Sunday, 12th August. Mr. Barry had reached his seventy-fourth year and leaves a wife one daughter and four sons to lament his loss. One of his sons is a resident of our city, and to all the relatives, in the hour of their sorrow, we extend our sincere sympathy and join in the prayer that the soul of the departed may rest in peace.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH DECORATIONS.

The Rev. Father Quinlivan left Montreal for Philadelphia yesterday. The Rev. gentleman has gone to inspect several new churches with a view to selecting a style of decoration for the work that is to be done in St. Patrick's Church. Father Quinlivan has already had under consideration two plans of artistic decoration. The work of renovating the interior of St. Patrick's Church will most probably begin at the latter end of next month.

CANADIAN PILGRIMS AT LOURDES.

COMPLIMENTED BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

The Canadian pilgrims to Lourdes, France, arrived safely at the glorious shrine on August 15th, in time for the great celebration of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady. Before going to Lourdes the pilgrims spent some time in Paris, where a most enjoyable stay was made. After visiting the famous churches and other sights of interest in the gay city, Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, was called upon and received the pilgrims most affably. His Eminence commended the faith and zeal of the pilgrims in undertaking so distant a pilgrimage; he gratefully referred to the courageous devotion of the Canadian Pontifical Zouaves, and then made allusion to the approaching canonization of Joan d'Arc and to the celebration—soon to take place—of the anniversary of Clovis' embracing Christianity, and to many other interesting topics. He graciously presented to be

KISSED BY EACH OF THE PILGRIMS

his pectoral cross, which is the identical one worn by M. seigneur Affre, when barbarously shot down, some years ago, at the barricades, whilst endeavoring to quell the civil war raging on the Boulevards. Special pilgrimages were made to Notre Dame des Victories, to the Church of the Sacred Heart on Montmartre, to the Oratories of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament and of St. Philomena. A few carried their excursions further and visited La Fleche, a town of some importance in days gone by, and dear to Canadians as being the cradle of the Montreal Hotel Dieu, and of the institutions that have since sprung from it.

Cardinal Richard, before parting with the pilgrims, congratulated them on having so well preserved the pure French accent of the great literary period of the reign of Louis XIV. The Pope, it is expected, will receive a number of the pilgrims at the Vatican after their having visited Lourdes.

ECCLESIASTICAL RETREAT.

The second ecclesiastical retreat of the Archdiocese of Montreal opened on Sunday at the Grand Seminary. Rev. Canon Bruchesi was selected to preach the sermons. One hundred and eighty priests were present. Archbishop Fabre presided.

At Valleyfield the ecclesiastical retreat was preached by Mgr. Emard, at St. Hyacinthe by Rev. Father Pichon, at Sherbrooke by Rev. M. Lacocq, director of the Grand Seminary.

A NEW PRIVATE SCHOOL.

Miss Abbott, a talented and highly educated young lady, will open a private school for small boys and girls, on St. Paul street, early in September. Miss Abbott was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent at the Sault.

STATUE TO JOAN OF ARC UNVEILED

The statue of Joan of Arc was unveiled on Thursday at Domremy, the native place of that heroine, in the presence of 20,000 pilgrims. Religious processions and fetes were also held in her memory.

SEND TO-DAY.

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

R. EYAN,

22 SHEERWOOD STREET, Ottawa, Ont.

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

SEBASTIAN MARTINELLI,

SUPERIOR GENERAL OF THE AUGUSTINIAN ORDER,

Visits Montreal—Brother to the Late Cardinal Martinelli—Second Governor-General of the Augustinians to Cross the Atlantic.

The Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, Superior General of the Augustinian Order, spent part of last week in Montreal. He was the guest of Mr. Forde, of Sherbrooke street, and was accompanied by the Very Rev. Abbott J. J. Fedigar, Atlantic City, N. J.

The rev. gentleman spoke highly of Montreal, and speaking of his reception in the various countries he has visited, he said that in Ireland he received the greatest and heartiest welcome, both from the Fathers of his own Order and from the people. During his visit here the illustrious prelate was conducted through the various institutions of St. Sulpice by the Rev. Fathers James and Martin Callaghan.

The Most Rev. Martinelli sailed from Italy on June 21 of the present year, and arrived in New York on the feast of St. Peter and Paul. He is the only Augustinian General save one (the Most Rev. Paul Micallef, who visited South America in 1859) that ever crossed to this side of the Atlantic; and he came for a visitation of the houses of his Order and to preside at the Chapter convened at Villanova College on July 25. Dr. Martinelli is in the very prime of his manhood and usefulness, and possesses a charming personality—a gracious mingling of dignity and ascetic simplicity. He speaks English with ease and fluency; and his many and brilliant gifts acquire a fresh emphasis and adornment from the unaffected modesty of his bearing. Sebastian Martinelli is the ninety-ninth Superior General of the Augustinian Order. The first was elected at the date of the union of the Order of St. Augustin in 1254. He was born in 1848 at Lucca, Tuscany, and is brother to the late Cardinal Toumaso Maria Martinelli and to Father Aurelius Martinelli, now Director-General of the Pius Union.

Sebastian went to Rome when he was fifteen years of age, and has dwelt for thirty-one years in the Eternal City. Most of his time has been spent in teaching. He was resident Regent of Studies at the Irish Augustinian Hospice of Santa Maria in Posterula; and (when the government seized that house for public improvements) at San Carlo on the Corso. For many years he was Promoter of the Causes of the Augustinian Saints and Blessed ones—an office of trust and great honor; inasmuch as the Promoter is champion, advocate, and sponsor of the candidates for canonization before the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

At the General Chapter of the Augustinian Order, convened nearly five years ago, at the Convent Church of St. Monica, Rome (in the very shadow of the Vatican Basilica) Sebastian Martinelli was elected Prior General of the Hermits of the Order of St. Augustine vice the Most Rev. Pacifico Neno, deceased February, 1889. On that autumn day (the 23th of September, 1889) Father Sebastian was in his cell at San Carlo—knowing nothing about the election. The committee from the Chapter house, coming thither in the name of the Cardinal President, found the humble friar at his desk (he was a hard student), and despite his tears and protests, insisted on bearing him off to where the brethren were awaiting their newly-chosen chief. Their choice has been well approved by the distinction with which the young Father-General has filled his high and responsible position. He is a member of the Holy Office, that select and supreme tribunal at Rome, which claims the Sovereign Pontiff himself as its Prefect: and which is called to render decision on the weightiest causes and questions of Christendom.

The Augustinian Order numbers 7000 members and is 1500 years old, being founded by St. Augustine.

The Superiors-General of the Order are elected for a term of six years and after that cannot be re-elected without a special Papal dispensation.

The Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli left Montreal on Friday, for New York, from which city he will make his return journey to Italy.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSIONS.

A LARGE NUMBER OF YOUNG LADIES TAKE FINAL VOWS.

His Lordship Archbishop Fabre received last week the religious vows of the undermentioned young ladies at the Sisters of Providence convent: Sarah Cecilia Fusey (Sister Philomen), St. Ursule; L. Emerance, Belisle (Sister Andre Avellin), St. Andre Avellin; Arth Emelie Desrosiers (Sister Marie of Perpetual Help), St. Simon; Delia Desrosiers (Sister Pascal), Southbridge, Mass.; Emelia Gauthier (Sister Ludovic), Saguenay; Virginie Allard (Sister Joseph Elie), St. Tite; Georgina Corbeil (Sister Praxede), St. Vincent de Paul; Georgina Page (Sister Louis Victor), Lanoraie; Victoria Roy (Sister Zolique), Mascouche; E. Alphonsine Roy, (Sister Catherine of Sienna), Berthier; Adelina Genevieve Roy (Sister Jeanne de Marie), Berthier; Louisa Alma Hervieux (Sister Theotime), Lanoraie; Eutyobiane Evangeline Saucier (Sister Mary Hereule), Louiseville; Augustine Lasalle (Sister Joseph of the Bon Pasteur), Joliette; Rose Lapiere (Sister of the Immaculate Conception), Joliette; Leony Toomey (Sister Thomas of Jesus), Argenteuil; Pomela Frenette (Sister Mary Celina), W. Basile; Corina Forest (Sister Agnes d'Assise), Hinchinbrooke; Emma Herbert (Sister Mary Phoebe), Montreal; Emma Matilda Vachon (Sister St. Benjamin), Montreal; Philomena Juras (Sister Peter), Fever Bay; Celina Boissonnault (Sister Joseph Calozance), Coboes, N. Y. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Juras and the sermon given by Rev. Abbe H. Laforce.

MISS CRONIN'S ACADEMY.

One of the most deservedly popular elementary schools in Montreal is that under the able direction of Miss Cronin. At No. 257 St. Antoine street Miss Cronin opened her academy last year, and the success that attended her efforts and those of her talented sister was most encouraging and gratifying. The coming term promises even greater results than the last one, and we can only express the hope that the public may show a thorough appreciation of all that the lady directress has been doing for the young persons confided to her care, and grant her a corresponding encouragement. For a time Miss Cronin had called her academy after the patron saint of the parish—St. Anthony of Padua. She adopted that name in order not to clash with what has long been known as St. Anthony's Academy. However, it has been discovered that St. Anthony's Academy was only so called for the sake of abbreviation, and that the real name of the institution was the one adopted by Miss Cronin. Consequently the generous-hearted teacher, who is ever willing to do aught in her power to please and adjust matters, has decided that her school will be known merely as "Miss Cronin's Academy"—the very best she could adopt—for she is the foundress, the life and the soul of that ever increasing home of learning.

BEATIFICATION OF MARGUERITE BOURGEOIS.

Monsieur Minetti, the Italian lawyer, who has been charged with furthering the proceedings tending towards the beatification of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeois, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame, writes that the Sacred Congregation has approved of the case as far as it has gone. Proceedings have also been instituted for the beatification of Mgr. de Laval and the Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation.

SAILORS' CONCERT.

The Catholic Sailors' club was again crowded Thursday evening. The programme was an attractive one and thoroughly enjoyed by those present, which included a large number of citizens. Mr. Harry Singleton presided, while those who contributed to the pleasure of the evening scored great applause.

A TRIDUUM TO BE HELD.

A triduum is to be held next week on Friday, Saturday and Sunday at the Church of the Immaculate Conception in honor of the Venerables Balducci and Aquaviva, of the Society of Jesus. The sermons are to be preached by Rev. Father Hamon, S. J., Rev. P. Bernard,

Franciscan, and Rev. Father Strubbe, Redemptorist. The Archbishop is to preside over the ceremonies.

THE DRINKING HABIT.

It Can Be Cured.

The most cheering feature of this particular theme is that expert medical authorities agree that, except in its last stages, what is now called the drinking habit and classed as a disease can be cured and the taste for liquor eradicated. How to accomplish this cure has been classed by students of inebriety as one of the "gravest social problems of the times." Dr. E. F. Arnold, a member of the American Society for the Study of Inebriety, in a recent article in the North American Review, put the case succinctly when he said of the result of mere agitation:

"Public interest in the subject has been shown for years in the many temperance reform organizations, and more recently by the formation of a political party whose primary idea is the suppression of intemperance by legislative enactment. It must be admitted that thus far these movements have been more or less failures. The reason for these failures is obvious. The inebriate has been regarded as an example of moral depravity, and the efforts to reform him have been in the line of appeals to his better nature. These waves of public sentiment served to produce an emotional crisis among inebriates. Names on pledge lists swelled to magnificent proportions. Hopes waxed high, only to wane when it was found that the majority of these had fallen into a worse condition than ever. This is the natural result of any method which appeals only to the emotional nature of the man and fails to relieve his physical sufferings."

Dr. Arnold divides inebriates into these three classes:

1. The steady drinker, seldom or never becoming intoxicated.
2. The outgrowth of Class 1, associated with periods of intoxication. An effort to reform is made, but the physical deterioration so weakens the will that frequent excesses occur. These conditions become worse, and the debauches more frequent and more prolonged. A general breaking down of the whole system follows, and the victim dies directly from chronic alcohol poisoning, or ends his days in a madhouse.
3. The true periodical or dipsomaniac forms a separate type, in which the law of heredity is strikingly illustrated. A study of family history usually reveals in the ancestry either chronic alcoholism or some grave form of nerve disease. A congenital weakness of the nervous system in the offspring results. Once the desire for alcohol or other narcotic becomes developed the effect is overpowering.

The action of alcohol on the system is that of a narcotic poison, capable of producing death, with symptoms of brain congestion and coma so closely simulating apoplexy that there is hardly a hospital in the country which does not contain records of cases in which the correct diagnosis was made only on the post mortem table.

Dr. Arnold, in a further analysis, calls attention to the fact that while alcoholic stimulant will increase the flow of ideas, the ideas lose in concentration, and that constant use of the stimulants will produce insomnia and a breaking down of the mental machinery, inevitably, besides doing vast and often irreparable harm to the stomach and digestive system. Of men who drink under the strain of business cares, and want to get rid of this habit, Dr. Arnold writes:

"There remains a larger class, at most times capable of transmitting business, and who, while unable to overcome the drink habit unassisted, seek aid to enable them to do so. The question arises: How shall we best treat them? Shall it be by the use of narcotics powerful enough to overbalance an intellect already on the border line of insanity? To answer is to condemn. The plan is illogical, and is undeserving the sanction of any honest medical man. An extensive experience with these cases has shown the writer that, if treated intelligently on lines governing the physician in the treatment of chronic nervous troubles, satisfactory results may be obtained.

"The administration of remedies belonging to the tonic and restorative classes is, as a rule, promptly followed on

the part of the patient by a voluntary cessation from the use of alcohol. The majority of the cases will, if shown that the sudden withdrawal of stimulants does not produce the depression they dread, refrain from alcohol from the beginning of the treatment. With them the improvement is almost immediate. Appetite is restored, insomnia is replaced by restful sleep, tremor promptly disappears, in emaciated cases gain in weight is rapid, and general improvement in health goes on without interruption."

To this large class belong the class of drinkers about whose welfare the Sun's correspondent is evidently solicitous. A reporter asked Dr. Arnold for further facts about the treatment of the cases. "My only reply," Doctor Arnold said, "can be that they must take a tonic treatment and exert their will power. No physician can give a rule that will apply in a cast iron way to such patients. The first duty is to restore the nervous system and re-establish a healthy tone to the stomach. The latter may be accomplished by a diet of toast, light broth, eggs beaten up, and generally food that is easily digested. A physician who finds out the condition of his patient can judge for himself and can bring the patient back to health if the case is taken in time."

"The use of whisky," continued the Doctor suddenly, "does not bring on always the worst cases of inebriety. It is the men who are what you call calisaya and ginger fiends who form the worst types of inebriates. Both these stimulants are just as much to be feared as any of the better known forms of strong alcoholic stimulants, and perhaps calisaya will hurry a man to delirium tremens quicker than whisky. The patient who is under treatment for the drinking habit and who turns to calisaya or ginger makes an almost fatal error. To be cured he must abstain from anything that will excessively excite the brain."

Many patent medicines are on the market which are proclaimed as cures for inebriety. Reputable physicians do not endorse them, because it is a rule in their profession to taboo secret remedies. It is impossible to find out what these remedies contain without a chemical analysis. The purchaser must take them in faith.

Under these circumstances, it seems that the sensible course for any hard drinker to pursue is to consult a reputable physician, tell the whole truth about himself, submit to a diagnosis of his physical condition, and then adopt the treatment that the physician prescribes.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Jesuits, the Lazarists and the Sisters of the Sacred Heart are now the only religious orders excluded from Germany.

The largest sum ever paid for a book is said to be \$50,000 that the German government gave for a missal that Pope Leo presented to Henry VIII.

The Congregation of Rites has taken another step in the process of beatification of the Venerable Louise de Marillac, co-foundress of the Sisters of Charity, by deciding that there was nothing contrary to faith in her writings.

Father Decker, of St. Anthony's Church, Milwaukee, is attending the Catholics stricken with smallpox, at the isolation hospital. He makes daily visits to the pest house and ministers to all the unfortunate ones confined there.

The Berlin newspapers' report, that the only son of Herr Buhl, heir to an immense fortune, intends to enter a monastery, has created amazement, especially as his father, although a Catholic, is a National Liberal and opposes the politics of the Centrist party.

Lord Masham's daughter has been received into the Catholic Church, and it is said by the Bradford Observer that there is a prospect of his Lordship's eldest son following his sister's example. Lord Masham was better known as Mr. Sam Lister, founder of the famous mills of Manningham, Bradford, England.

The community of Dominicans at Sherman Park, Westchester County, New York, who have established a novitiate and house of studies at that place, will be re-enforced in a short time by the arrival of a colony from Lyons, France. They are expected to arrive within two weeks. The party consists of twelve professors, forty students and a number of lay brothers. Studies will begin in a few weeks.

THREE RIVERS.

The Ursuline Monastery and Its Relics.

Historical Reminiscences—A Quaint Town, With Its Legends and Its Glorious Past—Scenes that are Novel to the Eye of the Modern Traveller—A Place Worth Visiting.

THE great expanse of Lake St. Peter is passed and the St. Lawrence becomes narrower, yet majestically broad. You stand upon the deck of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamboat and watch with interest the ever-shifting panorama before you. It is broad daylight, the air is pure, the atmosphere is invigorating, the sky rivals the celestial canopy that over-arches Italy, the shores are green, the forests are variegated, the hills that touch the rim of the horizon illustrate the words of Campbell that

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

On the south shore a spire, cross-capt, rises from out a wilderness of trees; it is the little gem-like church of Ste. Angele that stands there. Far down the stream, where the river seems to end in a vast bay, upon a jutting headland, glitters the belfry of Cape de la Magdaleine. Nearer still, and on the north shore, flanked apparently by two huge, sky-piercing, smoke-emitting chimneys, is the gothic tower that crowns the Cathedral of Three Rivers. The rest of the town is, as yet, lost in a grove of elms; here and there a neat cottage or some antiquated structure peeping out from the grove and apparently stealing a glimpse at the vessels that ply up and down the St. Lawrence.

In half an hour the town is reached, and the steamboat runs down stream—almost to the mouth of the St. Maurice—in order to come up against the current to her moorings. At last the ropes are thrown out, the gangway put down, and the rush of people coming to meet friends, and of carters looking for fares, confirms the fact that you are in Three Rivers.

Before landing it is well to know that the place derives its name from a mistake—very natural indeed—made by the great discoverer, Jacques Cartier. As his vessel ploughed, for a first time, the deep channel that sweeps past this historic spot, he noticed the archipelago of the St. Maurice and concluded that the islands therein were sections of the mainland; consequently that *three rivers*, instead of one, flowed into the St. Lawrence at that point. The site was favorable and the rude tents of the navigator were pitched there, a post was established, and the locality was called Three Rivers—a name that it has ever since retained.

The first thing that you notice—even before landing—is a long and ancient looking wall, surmounted by a railing and apparently the remains of some olden fortification. It might have been a powder magazine, or the cellar of a feudal castle, or a military barrack of the last century, or anything in the form of an historical connecting link binding 1894 to 1694. Between that grimly ancient wall and the modern wharves are a dozen or more buckboards—or *barouches* as they are called—with their long, springy bottoms and their peculiar hoods. In each of these is a jehu clamoring for passengers.

In you get and off you dash, up a long and narrow street that reminds one of Quebec or some such historic city. This street is intersected by a number of other equally narrow thoroughfares. At one spot you come on a very beautiful park, with clean, shady walks, a bandstand and a profusion of tall elms and over-arching maples. Beyond the park is the stately cathedral and the episcopal palace, the home of that wonderfully brilliant and positively saintly old man, good, venerable Mgr. Lafleche. Still a few acres down, and towards the country, you pass the magnificent structure of the Three Rivers College, and the grand stone edifice that serves as hospital, refuge, home for the aged and the orphan, under the direction of the Sisters of Providence. Numerous elegant private residences, some of them even palatial, line the main avenue of the northern section of the city. We have taken this

hurried run from end to end of Three Rivers in order to see all that is modern about the place. In future articles we will come back to this locality and visit each of the buildings mentioned. For this week, however, we will leave the enchanting scenes that nature has flung in profusion around the trifluvian town, and go through the sections that more intimately connect us with the far away past.

ON THE HISTORIC PLATON.

Immediately behind the post office and within two minutes' walk of the busier streets of the city, overlooking the old wall that we saw from the steam-boat, and frowning—or rather smiling—upon the majestic river that laves its feet, stands the round, grass-covered hill that is known as the Platon. Let us ascend its gentle declivity; walk lightly, for you tread historic soil, your feet kiss earth that drank the blood of heroes and of martyrs. There, in the centre, overlooking the busy, rushing town, gazing down upon a scene that tells of nineteenth century movement, and yet amidst a silence and a solitude that seem to naturally belong to the immediate spot, rises the grand statue of Laviolette, the founder of Three Rivers. In 1884 the patriotic people of that charming, hospitable and noble little city, placed the monument there, and all creeds and all nationalities combined in paying this tribute to the memory of the man who two hundred and fifty years before (in 1634) laid the foundations of what has since developed into their cherished home.

Standing, with head uncovered in veneration for the dead past, under the shadow of that splendid work of art, we look around us; and lo! at every point of the compass appears some structure illustrative of ancient times and suggestive of men and deeds that have long since passed into the domain of history. On this platon stood the first residence of the early governors; there Laviolette built the fort that was the refuge for years of the colonists when threatened by the ferocious Iroquois; there are the old government buildings to-day, marking the deeds of heroism and a thousand evidences of Catholic sacrifice in the cause of religion, for the glory of God and the salvation of man. Looking down from that eminence one beholds a picture that in a certain degree is the same that the pioneers of two centuries and a half ago beheld, but which, in another aspect, is somewhat changed.

Yonder is the Anglican Church, with its solid white-washed stone walls, its prison-like vestry, and its antiquated manse. It tells a strange story—that ancient edifice. Originally it was the chapel of the Recollet Fathers. In it they offered up the Holy Sacrifice, baptised the Indian children, taught the savages the truths of the gospel, and administered spiritual consolation to the suffering and besieged colonists of the time. While working upon its roof one of the good Brothers of the order—Frere Didace—was killed, and his remains were buried under the High Altar. To-day the cross has disappeared from its spire, the sacred images no longer adorn its walls, the spirit of Catholicity has departed from its sanctuary, and the only relics of the Ancient Faith that the venerable pile contains are the ashes of the saintly Recollet that still repose within its vaults. But Christ has said that He would be with His Church unto the end of time; "that the gates of Hell should not prevail against her;" and His promises can never fail. Creeds may come and creeds may go; Christianity may be shattered into fragments and each section of the heretical world may brandish the broken pieces of its faith against the others, but the Church will go on ever secure, ever triumphant. When that day comes and the Angel of the Resurrection calls upon the millions to arise, the petty, fragmentary, human creeds

will have all vanished, while the One, Holy, Universal and Indestructible Church will stand on the confines of Time. Then will the soul of the buried Recollet return to animate his dust, and, out of the catacombs of the olden Church, his form will probably be the only reminder of the days when this was a temple of Truth, as it comes forth from the debris of that quaint and hoary edifice. Peacefully may he slumber there; it is no longer the church of the past; to-day it is without priest, altar, sacrifice or inspiration—a dumb monument of a glorious epoch.

THE URSULINE MONASTERY.

Turning from the contemplation of the old Recollet Church, we behold the long white walls of a most antiquated building. They commence at a little church, at the meeting of three streets, and run along, as far as the eye can see, until they terminate in a modern brick edifice of elegant proportions and imposing appearance. Midway down that solid wall is a chapel door; it is the only breach in a seemingly impregnable fortress. They are grey old walls, and they are wrinkled with age; they are quiet, silent, impressive walls, and seem to tell you that they are the outward shell of some most precious kernel; they are cold stone walls, yet there is something about them that tells of a throbbing life within; they are the walls of the Ursuline monastery. The chapel is the only public portion of that section of the immense building; the brick structure at the end is the boarding school; the grand and splendidly lighted and well equipped four-story edifice, that seems to hide away in behind the old walls, is the school, the museum, the library, in a word, the home of those young pupils who receive their training—the perfect instruction and admirable education—from the cloistered ladies of the Ursuline community.

Three Rivers was founded in 1634. In 1697 the Ursuline monastery was established. To use the words of one who wrote the story of that historic house and of those noble women, "It was Mgr. Saint-Vallier, the second Bishop of Quebec, who transplanted to Three Rivers a branch from the parent stem of the great Ursuline tree, a branch that has thrown out vigorous offshoots, amidst the leaves of which God's little birds sing the praises of their Creator."

"The letters patent of foundation, accorded by the King-in-Council on the 31st May, 1702, were signed by Louis XIV., then in the height of his glory." "The Ursuline colony, which came from the Monastery of Mere Marie de l'Incarnation of Quebec, shared for some years the Castle of Governor de Ramsay, situated upon the Platon, where it was safely protected from the Iroquois by the guns of the fort. When, later on, the Iroquois withdrew to their own country, the Ursulines, having no further cause for fear, purchased the property upon which the Monastery still stands."

In 1897 the members of this community will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of its foundation. What a glorious history the two centuries of labor, of sacrifice, of devotion, present! When first the Ursulines—whose order is essentially a teaching and positively a cloistered one—took possession of their institution, the circumstances of the situation demanded that they should go beyond their ordinary duties and take charge of the military hospital. The consequence was that, as hospital nuns, they were permitted to wear crosses, a decoration not allowed in the mother community. Good Bishop St. Vallier was so interested in the welfare of his Ursulines of Three Rivers that he caused his silver crozier to be melted down in order to make crosses for the nuns. And these crosses they still carry. In the museum may be seen a rude cross—heavy and solid, of purest silver—that was portion of the saintly Bishop's historic crozier, and needless to say, it is preserved as a precious relic of the one who did so much both for the community and for the colony.

Stepping out of the world, and into the silent peacefulness of the old cloister, it seems like going, in one stride, from the present into the realms of the long lost past. There is an air of sanctity about the place; there is an atmosphere of contentment and of bliss that comes nearest on earth to a forecast of that which all Christians anticipate in the life beyond. There is a refinement, mingled with a wonderful light-heartedness, about the members of the community. It is

easy to perceive that all the grander, the more elevating, the more noble impulses of which nature is capable are there exemplified. What a mighty sacrifice each has individually made! But how delicious the reward, in the tranquility of a life dedicated to God's glory and the education of youth, in the holy meditations that draw the soul into contact with beings of celestial existence, in the great faith in an undying reward—a faith more solid than the grey walls that shut out a world destined to crumble and to perish!

INSIDE THE MONASTERY—ITS STORY.

Before entering the public halls of the new building or the grated parlors of the old one, we pass by a section of the establishment that seems neither ancient nor of to-day. It is the old pensionnat—built in 1832, and contrasting in its blue-stone appearance with the white of the monastery and the red of the Academy. In fact, from a certain distance, the whole untitled structure appears like a huge, irregular, but quaintly devised tri-color flag. It was in 1697 that the first building was erected, under Bishop St. Vallier; in 1752 it was almost completely destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt by Mgr. Pontbriand. Again, in 1806, the devouring element seized upon the monastery and reduced it to ruins; but under the directions of Mgr. Plessis, Mr. Noisseux caused it to arise from its ashes. So that the outer walls of to-day—walls that were built to last for centuries and that were never destroyed—are the only remaining portions of the original monastery.

As we saunter through those corridors, and into that museum, what wonderful memories of the past arise. A chain of names binds two centuries and a half together. Here is a relic of Laviolette, there is one of le Frere Pacifique Duplessis, yonder is something from Father Buteux, beyond is a reminder of Pere Noue, this tells of Brother Didace, that of De La Verandyne, the other of Hertel. Relics of Mgr. Cooke, first Bishop of Three Rivers, and a thousand objects of precious value from the venerable Mgr. Lafleche, the present head of the vast diocese. Look out through that window; the roof of the old church is there—the church of which we have said so much: look out through the other window; the great St. Lawrence extends its greenish-blue scarf between the verdant hills and around the necks of the verdure-clad islands. It was out there, on the breast of the river, when the hand of winter had chained its waters, when the tempest of the north swept over its white face, that Pere Noue, on his way to Fort Richelieu, at Sorel, perished amidst a blinding storm. It was there his body was found in the attitude of prayer; it was there that his great soul went forth to the martyr's reward.

Turn back from the outer world—you are in a cloister. There are the beds upon which suffered and died missionaries, martyrs, pioneers, soldiers, heroes. On each bed is the name of a saint. The old cells, in which the demented were confined, in days gone by—for this also was an asylum as well as an hospital—are still there, although much of the original fixtures were destroyed by the fire of 1806. Here we are in the museum. It would require a small volume to tell the story of each relic that therein is preserved. The old clock—still ticking away—that kept time for M. de Colonne; chemical appliances used in the teaching of natural philosophy; mineral collections; rare coins and medals of priceless value; specimens of marine animals, presented by Mr. Gregory, of Quebec; the palm held by Mgr. Lafleche, when he assisted at the Council of the Vatican, in 1870, and heard the great dogma of the Infallibility promulgated; addresses that he received from the Indians of British Columbia; composition books of pupils that date all the way down from 1844, with the original essays written therein—the first, that of a Miss O'Neill, of Montreal; the different compositions made by pupils on the blessing of the monastery bell, on the 5th May, 1846; the funeral or *in memoriam* cards of all the former pupils and of thousands of friends; a plate from the dinner service of Mgr. St. Vallier; a silver plate from that of the Abbe de Colonne—chaplain of the monastery, who died in 1822, and who was brother to one of Louis XVI's ministers; a piece of oak that was 1800 years in the Rhine; a bronze plate found when digging a grave, in 1850, for one of the nuns, (Concluded on fifth page.)

LACROSSE REDEEMED.

FOUL PLAY HYPNOTIZED ON THE SHAMROCK GROUNDS.

Twelve Thousand Spectators Under the Spell of Canada's Stars—Feats Feigned Supreme—Shamrocks Triumph.

Saturday's great lacrosse game was one of the finest exhibitions of clean and clever lacrosse playing that ever took place. The two finest teams of the world, the Shamrocks and the Capitals, the latter champions of 1898, measured their strength together on the occasion of the final supreme test. The Shamrocks were the victors, and for the fourteenth time in the history of the game they have wrested the championship from the world.

The greatest interest, perhaps, that was ever taken in a game of lacrosse was taken in Saturday's match; fully twelve thousand anxious spectators filled the space allotted to them, and every point of vantage was eagerly seized on; a solid line of humanity occupied the high fence grounds, and outside the grounds the telegraph poles were padded with a string of clinging men and boys, and all the house-tops in the vicinity were packed with spectators.

At 3.30 the teams appeared on the field, and a great and lusty cheer greeted the boys in green and their opponents. The teams were:

Shamrocks—Stinson, goal; Dwyer, point; Moore, cover; Murray, O'Brien, Hinton, defence; Kelly, centre; Neville, Danaher, Tansley, home; Wall, outside home; Tucker, inside home; Polan, captain.

Capitals—Crown, goal; Patterson, point; Quinn, cover; Devine, H. Carson, James, defence; G. Carson, centre; Carleton, Lacey, Murphy, home; Smith, outside home; Ketchum, inside home; Bissonette, captain.

Mr. Harry Brophy acted as referee. The ball was faced, and Kelly, the meteor of the Shamrock team, got possession; in a minute it was at the Capital's flag, but the Senator City boys were good, and in eight minutes the first goal for the Capitals was telegraphed to Ottawa to soothe their anxious friends. The next game was taken by the Shamrocks in three minutes, and then after a hard struggle of 20 minutes the operator clicked another game to soothe the waiting crowd round the bulletins at Ottawa. In four minutes the Capitals added another and the third game to their score. The Shamrocks had scored but one game, but their supporters believed in them still, though the two thousand Capital adherents pretty nearly cheered themselves inside out, and ladies waved their sunshades regardless of handles or the features of those sitting near them. But in three minutes from play the Shamrocks scored their second game, and Tucker in a few more minutes delivered a ball through the Capital's flag that evened up the score and sent as much joy through the hearts of the admirers of the verdant-coated boys as if they had suddenly heard that Ireland's Home Rule Bill was passed. The cheer that went up was tremendous. But the ladies from Ottawa did not wave their handkerchiefs.

When play began again a wonderful thing happened. The ball was placed and Dick Kelly drew it; he not only drew it but he sent it streaming like a streak of light up toward the Capital flag. Then Danaher took it gently but firmly, and the telegraph operator sitting in the grand stand registered another goal to the Shamrocks, and the crowd screamed with joy till it could scream no more.

This made the Shamrocks four and the Capitals three. The last game was an ideal one; it was glorious; 12,000 people gazed with absorbed admiration on the greatest gladiators of the country. The Capitals fought hard: they played well; they were quick, but the Shamrocks won; they scored that last and fifth game, and the laurels of victory decked their brow. This was too much for the crowd; it could contain itself no longer; it cheered itself nearly paralytic, and strong supporters of the Shamrocks, who weighed 200 pounds, jumped about seven feet high with joy. Then as the game was over the crowd climbed into the field and congratulated the Shamrock boys nearly to death.

When everything was over the spectators went home, saying they had seen the best game of lacrosse that was ever played.

While the Shamrock team won a mag-

nificent victory within the charmed circle of the lacrosse arena, the executive of the club achieved a veritable triumph by the manner in which they succeeded in accommodating over 10,000 spectators who witnessed the great match. It is a source of gratification to us to offer our congratulations to the officers of the organization for the tact, energy and enterprise they displayed in perfecting the arrangements which produced such beneficial results and so admirably demonstrated the fact that our fellow-countrymen of the present generation have the spirit and true wisdom which leads to success.

The management of the vast audience was superb, and redounds to the credit of the Irish race in this country.

Mr. P. J. Gordon, a young Irishman of this city, was a busy man in and around with his mysterious photographing paraphernalia, endeavoring to duplicate the spectators on the grounds without increasing the gate receipts.

(Continued from fourth page.)

THREE RIVERS.

which plate was on the coffin of the foundress of the Three Rivers branch of the Ursulines. The inscription is in quaint old French, and reads thus: "Cy gist Saur Marie (Drouet) de Jesus, premiere superieure qui decedat le 26 Octobre, 1709, age de soixante et douze ans * * * Here lies Sister Marie Drouet de Jesus, first superioress, who died the 26th October, 1709, at the age of seventy-two years." Then there are the knife, beads, inkstand and cross of Bishop St. Vallier. It would be impossible to give the list, not to mention aught of the history, of those treasures. There is a complete sketch of her own life written by the Venerable Marie de l'Incarnation; it is the original in her own handwriting. But we must close for this week.

The community room of those cloistered nuns, that hall wherein they meet for recreation, consultation, meditation, organization and general business, that home of each religious and common ground whereon all unite as members of one family, was once the ball-room of the Governors in the days of the old regime. How extremes meet! Life and death, the world and the cloister. From the relics of the past and the memories of the dead, let us bound into the actual living present. The methods, and the success of the Ursulines, as teachers, require no comment from us. Their works are there to speak; the fruits of their labors are seen on all sides to-day. But in closing this first article, we desire to mention that, by the certificate from the judge—Mr. J. L. Spalding—and the chairman of the Executive Committee on Awards—Mr. John Boyd Thacker—at the World's Fair, Chicago, we find that the Ursulines of Three Rivers had "fourteen volumes of class work, in all branches, well written and illustrated; well executed drawings on glass, and fifty-three specimens of botany classified and well mounted." So the cloister unites the present's utility with the past's sublimity!

EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

NEW SCHOOL IN ST. MARY'S PARISH.

Rev. Father O'Donnell, the energetic pastor of St. Mary's, who takes a deep interest in the education of the youth of his important parish, has, after repeated efforts, succeeded in convincing the School Commissioners of the great necessity of a school for the English speaking boys of the East End, and in consequence has secured a most suitable school for next year. The building to be occupied is situated on the corner of Craig and Visitation streets, and although it bears the name of St. Mary's Academy, yet was known as the Montcalm school. This building has all accommodation requisite for a school of 500 boys. Rev. Father O'Donnell will act as director, and has secured eight diplomaed and competent teachers, who will leave nothing undone to secure for the students a good substantial education.

CONCERT IN C.Y.M. HALL.

The Concert in the C.Y.M. Hall, which takes place on Friday next, August 31st, promises to be a most enjoyable entertainment. There are twenty-one first-class items on the programme, and the members of St. Laurent College, headed by Mr. R. E. Callahan's orchestra, who

have the management, are lending all their energies toward making the concert a success. The tickets are selling very rapidly, and all who go may depend on having more than their money's worth in enjoyment.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PICNIC.

The picnic on Monday next, Labor Day, of the St. Vincent de Paul Society promises to be a most enjoyable outing. The tickets are only five cents and a good programme of games and music has been arranged. If the weather is fair there should be a larger number of persons at the picnic than there has ever been, especially as the funds will be devoted to the worthy object of providing food and warmth to the poor during the winter time.

C. M. B. A.

A grand religious re-union of members of the C.M.B.A. will take place on Sunday next in St. James Cathedral. In addition to the members of the C.M.B.A. who are in the city, there will be about 200 members from Ontario who are en route for the Convention at St. John, N.B. Archbishop Fabre will preside.

The Convention of the Grand Council of the C.M.B.A. opens to-day in Quebec. Seventeen delegates from Montreal will attend.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

A number of ladies of St. Mary's parish have organized themselves into a union for the purpose of collecting money to pay off the debt on the church. These zealous ladies have divided the parish up into sections and each lady will collect from a particular district. In this way excellent results will doubtless accrue and the efforts of the collectors be crowned with the success they deserve.

CONVERTS AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Some idea of the glorious work effected in St. Patrick's parish may be obtained from the register, which records that since 1886, eight years ago, 675 Protestants have embraced the true Faith. This splendid record averages more than eighty converts a year. This year already forty-five persons have received instruction and been received into the Church.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

The Convent of Our Lady of Good Counsel, St. Mary's parish, will reopen its classes on September 4, and the energetic and zealous Sisters are already making preparations for the reception of the scholars.

A BAZAAR AT COTE ST. PAUL.

The Rev. Father Brault and Father McGuinness, of Cote St. Paul, presided at a grand bazaar which opened yesterday in the school rooms of the Cote St. Paul parish. The bazaar is for the benefit of the church and will continue until Tuesday, 11th of September. Every evening there will be special entertainments for the amusement of visitors.

ST. JOSEPH'S SOCIETY.

At a meeting of St. Joseph's Society held last week the officers for the coming year were elected. The Society, which was started in 1886 with 25 members, is in a very flourishing condition and now has an active membership of 660 and a cash value of \$12,000.

SCHOOLS RE-OPEN.

The schools in all the English speaking parishes of the city will re-open on Monday next, September 3rd, except the schools in St. Mary's parish, which will open on Tuesday, September 4th, so as to allow the children to attend the St. Vincent de Paul picnic at St. Helen's Island on Labor Day.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Rev. Father Brady, pastor of St. Lawrence, one of the most promising parishes of Hamilton, Ont., occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's Church on Sunday last and delivered one of the most impressive and eloquent charity sermons ever heard in the handsome little edifice.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

(Continued from first page.)

THERE is an art that seems to us to be too much neglected in our time. It belongs, we think, to the domain of athletics. It is the art of swimming. There are trainers and "professors," who devote their energies to the teaching of boxing, fencing, rowing and gymnastics of every kind; why should there not be teachers of swimming? Considering the number of people who are obliged to earn their livelihood on the rivers or the seas, it would be of the utmost advantage to the younger generation were they taught to swim with ease and security. Every day we read of the bodies of men, women or children having been dragged out of the canal or the river. Many of these drownings are simply accidental, and were the unfortunate victims able to swim they might have saved themselves. In any case there is no reason why the useful and necessary art of swimming should not be taught, and we would look upon a school for that purpose as a great boon to the community.

* * *

THE following very significant resolution was passed at a "popular" demonstration held in Hyde Park, London. Some seventy thousand people were present:

"We regret that the Government has been unable to give any definite pledge as to their action regarding the House of Lords. We call upon them to take immediate steps to abolish the mischievous and useless hereditary chamber. We call upon all electors of the United Kingdom to refuse to support any candidate who will not pledge himself to advocate such steps."

Probably the majority of those present were merely lookers-on. However, it is evident that the Lords are not in high favor with the British public; nor are they working for their own political salvation.

A POPULAR YOUNG MAN.

WILL JOIN THE REDEMPTORISTS.

Mr. John J. McGinn, secretary of St. Ann's Y.M.S., one of the most popular young men of the parish, left Montreal, on Monday night, for St. Louis, Missouri, where he will attend St. Joseph College, with a view to becoming a priest of the Redemptorist Order. He was escorted to the G.T.R. depot by a large concourse of friends, mostly young men, whose hearty good wishes testified to the great esteem in which he is held by them.

MISSION AT LACOLLE.

At Lacolle there are quite a number of Irish Catholics, and the first mission preached in English in the parish was preached last week by one of the Redemptorist Fathers. This was due to the Rev. Father Pepin, the beloved priest of the parish. Lacolle has a pretty little chapel, to which an addition is at present being made that will enable it to accommodate about 20 more persons than it does at present.

PILGRIMS FOR OKA.

The tickets for the pilgrimage to Oka, which takes place from St. Ann's parish on Labor Day, Monday, September 3rd, are selling fast, and there is every indication that the pilgrimage will be a most successful one if the weather is fine. The steamer Prince of Wales leaves Dalhousie street wharf at 6 a.m., and will take pilgrims at Seigneurs street bridge, at Cote St. Paul and at Lachine bridge.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

The beauty of the Sanctuary of St. Ann's Church has been materially enhanced by four elegant carved oak stalls for the accommodation of the clergy and the altar boys.

Three of the new Redemptorist Fathers, who are destined for St. Ann's parish, are Fathers McPhail, Stafford and Steinfeld.

Whether Casimir-Perier is a Freemason or not is still up for discussion among French newspapers. The probability is that he is not. None of the members of his household are Freemasons; and besides he goes to Mass.

A JESUIT ON THE BIBLE.

THE ELOQUENT JESUIT PROVINCIAL LECTURER

Before the Catholic Summer School on the Holy Scriptures—The Catholic Church Preserved Them, Copied Them and Translated Them.

Father Pardow began by stating that it was impossible, in four lectures, to treat fully of any of the deep questions connected with the study of the Bible, so that in the lectures it would be considered principally as the Rule of Faith. Before considering it so, however, there were a few preliminary questions that must be answered. For ages the enemies of the Church have charged her with being the enemy of the Bible, but in this nineteenth century she, and she only, stands up to declare that the Bible, and the whole Bible, is the inspired word of God, and consequently must be believed. The Sovereign Pontiff in his Encyclical says: "Let them loyally hold that God, the Creator and Ruler of all things, is also the author of the scripture, and that, therefore, nothing can be proved either by physical science or archaeology which can really contradict the scriptures. Truth cannot contradict truth, and if there is any apparent contradiction we may be sure that some mistake has been made, either in the interpolation of the sacred words, or in the polemical discussion itself, and if no such mistake can be detected, we must then suspend judgment for the time being."

There are, at the present time, many earnest people who have loved it all their lives, who, perhaps, have read it on their knees, into whose souls, moved by this higher criticism which now rejects one part and now another, doubts are creeping, who ask themselves: "Will it stand the test? When will this work of desecration end? Is the Bible to be to me merely a book of consolation, or is it to be a book which imposes points of doctrine that I must believe under penalty of eternal condemnation? Who will tell me what to believe?" St. Paul says: "God, who, at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days, hath spoken to us by his Son."

PREJUDICE IS REASON'S ENEMY.

Our God, to use a familiar comparison, has been to us as a telescope bringing down truths to us from his Eternal Father. It would seem an easy thing for God to speak to his people, but it is a hard thing. It is an easy thing for Him to speak to individual souls, but to souls collectively it is the hardest thing in the world. It is hard to convince them that it is He who speaks, and that they must obey, for human reason is infallible in its own sphere. When, after a clear examination, reason tells us that we must do a thing, it must be done, or we sin against God. The question is asked, however: If reason is infallible, why do we differ? Because we will not let reason speak. Reason presents unpleasant truths to us and we silence it. Obstacles come in the way and prejudice steps in—prejudice or pre-judgment—a judgment beforehand. This is what has been doing all the harm in matters of religion throughout the ages—prejudice. This is what Catholics have suffered from at the hands of their enemies—pre-judgment: that is a pre-judgment before we know what we are talking about. Our Lord, coming to speak to men gifted with reason, willingly submitted to the requirements of that same reason which he had given them.

OUR LORD'S CREDENTIALS.

When St. John the Baptist, hearing of the works of Christ, sent two of his disciples to ask Him, "Art thou He that art to come?" our Lord, knowing so well the human mind, did not say, "I am the Christ," as any impostor could have said, but, "Tell John what you have heard and seen: the blind see, the lame walk, the dead rise again." John called our Lord to the tribunal of reason, asking Christ for his credentials, and our Lord answered by suspending some of the laws of nature and performing miracles. His answer could not be duplicated. Having shown His credentials as authorizing Him to speak in the name of His Father, He then had the right to teach. But what should those do who had not seen?

They should take the testimony of truthful witnesses. There are two avenues to the mind, and only two; the authority of evidence and the evidence of authority. Truth put clearly before the mind produces certainty. Few things are evident. Almost all knowledge is acquired by authority.

HOW WE MAY SIN AGAINST REASON.

Our Lord tells us things that we cannot prove and that He will not prove to us. For example, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, which we cannot grasp. If, however, His credentials have been examined and have been admitted, then must all the doctrines He teaches be admitted. Such has ever been the teaching of the Catholic Church. When, as we read in the VI. chapter of St. John, our Lord proposed a doctrine which to some of the disciples was "a hard saying," what did He do, He the loving master who had come on earth to save sinners? He let His disciples go. They sinned against reason; they were the first protestants, because, although they had admitted His right to teach, they objected on the score of what He taught. He let them go. Better let 10,000 go than forego that principle so full of consolation to all succeeding ages.

LUTHER'S CHARGE CONCERNING THE BIBLE.

Then Luther came. He wished to reform the church, and men listened to him. Men of keen intellect, who were able to weigh and sift evidence, listened to this one man who wished to reform God's masterpiece, the institution which our Lord came on earth to found, and which was to teach truth to the end of time. What should they have done? They should have said: "Show us your credentials; show us by what right you say the spouse of Christ is not true, that Christ has failed to keep his appointment and has taught error. If the church must be reformed, it must be reformed by its author, or one whom he authorizes."

Luther said the church had enchained the word of God. What do others say in this age of enlightenment and investigation? The church had enchained the word of God. Is it so? Yes; and why? So that the people might read it. Think what the Bible was in those days. It was not the book of to-day, which can be turned out of the press by the hundreds, but the book over which holy monks and nuns in their quiet cells had toiled months and years in order that it might be placed in the cathedrals for the people to read. Does any one claim that nowadays the directories are chained to the counters of our apothecaries' shops so that people may not have access to them?

The men of to day boast of their fairness of investigation, and are critical in their weighing of evidence, yet they admit accusations by which more than 200,000,000 of people are condemned, and they have never taken pains to investigate evidence, and the Catholic Church is condemned without a hearing.

RELATION OF REASON TO REVELATION.

What is reason's attitude to the Bible? Reason acts sometimes as though it would say, if the Bible proves its right to teach, I will admit it. I will be glad to admit it if it teaches me more truth. I will welcome it as I would welcome a friend. Reason goes farther still. It says probably there are truths beyond the range of my own vision, but these truths must be authenticated. One man cannot know all things well. Only God's infinite mind can know all things. If, therefore, one wishes to get information on some particular subject, he goes to one who has learned all he can on that subject, a specialist, one who speaks with authority. Even he may make mistakes. If a man comes to me as an ordinary teacher, I will listen to his ideas, and if he can prove them I will accept them, but when a man comes to me and says, you must believe these truths which I do not intend to prove, truths upon which rests your eternal salvation, reason rebels and says, "Show me your authority." God, knowing all things, knows that if he sends a teacher he must send him with authority. This is proven by the example of Moses. We read in Exodus that God said to Moses, "I have seen the affliction of my people in Egypt and I have heard of their cry. And knowing their sorrow, I am come down to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians. Come, I will send thee to Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth my people of Israel out of Egypt." Moses said to God: Lo, I shall go to the children of Israel and say to them: The

God of your fathers has sent me to you. They will not believe me nor hear my voice, but they will say: The Lord hath not appeared to thee. Then the Lord said to him: What is that thou holdest in thy hand? He answered: A rod. And the Lord said: Cast it down upon the ground. He cast it down, and it was turned into a serpent, so that Moses fled from it. That they may believe, saith He, that the Lord, God of their fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath appeared to thee. Then Moses went forth and the people believed him because of the miracles performed. They were critical people in those days. They wanted the authentication and Moses had the power of the Almighty back of him. It was no longer Moses who spoke, it was the Lord. When our Lord came on earth, He came down to the requirements of human reason. There was difficulty. When He spoke in the synagogues at Nazareth the people were delighted with Him and wondered if it were possible that this was the carpenter's son, their townsman, whom they knew so intimately, but when He stood up to declare that He was the Messiah referred to by the prophets, they refused to believe Him and asked by what authority He made the claim. Hence His miracles.

LUTHER'S WRONG IDEA OF REFORMATION.

Luther should have made the distinction between the reformation of morals and the reformation of doctrine. Can there be a reformation of morals in the Church? Yes. A reformation of faith? No. Our Lord came to save sinners, and there will be sinners in the Church, sin to be forgiven till the end of time. The teachers of truth may fall away, but truth remains. Judas taught the kingdom of God, but Judas betrayed his Master. He showed many the way to heaven, but he strayed from it himself. Those whom he taught were not lost, because it was Christ who had taught them through him. Judas was only the instrument. So the Lord has placed a deposit of truth in His Church. If the Church had taught error but once, it forever lost its power to teach. There can be no error in the teaching of the spouse of Christ. The accusation against the Church has been that we Catholics do not do our own thinking. What thinking does any one do in regard to the Trinity? How much thinking does one do about baptism? Only the mind of God can see the mystery of the Trinity.

HOW THE BIBLE GREW.

Now, as the Bible is a teacher, we must ask for its authority. The authenticity of the Bible must be investigated. What is the Bible? It is a book made up of many books, a book that grew. Few have thought how it grew. Adam had no Bible, but he had the truth direct from God. For many years there was no Bible, and so it is absurd to say the Bible is the rule of faith. Who wrote the Bible? God by His own hand wrote the commandments, and that is all. Did one man write all the books? No. How do we know that the men who wrote it were right? Because God inspired them, and therefore God is the author. What is meant by inspiration? When the Church speaks of inspiration it means the voice of God. Then did the Lord inspire the authors of this book? He did not dictate every word to them, for we know that the same incidents are related in different words by the different authors. He moved their wills, and so they wrote for you and me, and the unity of the book is preserved, for He is the author.

How did the New Testament grow? How did the epistles grow? The epistles were letters—letters from Paul to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to Timothy. Were these letters inspired? Who says they were inspired? Who says I must do what they say? The Church. Listen to what the Protestant Sherer says: "Unless, with the Catholics, we attribute a supernatural, infallible authority to the Church, we are compelled to acknowledge that she may have been deceived in the formation of the Canon of the Bible; may have introduced into it books which did not merit that honor, and excluded others which would have deserved it more." (La Critique et la Script.)

And what does the great St. Augustine say? "I would not accept the Gospel unless the authority of the Catholic Church impelled me."

NO BIBLE OUTSIDE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Luther rejected from the canon of the Scriptures Job, Ecclesiastes, the Epistle

to the Hebrews, the second Epistle of St. Peter, the second and third of St. John, that of St. Jude, and the Apocalypse. Calvin removed also from it the books of Esther, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and the two books of Maccabees. Spinoza and other critics cast a doubt on the authenticity of the Pentateuch, the Judges, Kings, the two books of Paralipomenon, Isaiah, Jeremias, Ezechiel, Daniel and the twelve lesser prophets; Hobbes, that of Ruth. Grotius asserts that the Canticle of Canticles, the Book of Wisdom, and the two last Epistles of St. John are not inspired. The Anabaptists denied the divinity of the Psalms and the books of Esdras, and so on. So that a Protestant publisher who wished to publish a Bible containing only books whose authority would be recognized by all his co-religionists would have nothing to print.

Who settled the canon of the Holy Scripture? Who determined what was Bible and what was not? No other power but the Church. Christ had said: "All power is given to me. Go ye therefore, and teach." And falling back upon his promise, "All My power I give to you." The Fathers in various councils, without fear of hesitation, declared what was Bible and what was not.

Did the Church wish to keep the Bible from the people? Who preserved it, copied it, translated it? These Catholic translators exist now. Luther said he had unearthed the Bible, and yet there were sixteen editions of the Bible in German before Luther printed his. How in the face of this could Luther say he had not seen the Bible? Why had he not been called to account for his statement? People were blinded.

Irish News Items.

At a Redmondite Convention in Kilkenny, on July 21, Dr. French Mullen was selected to contest the city at the next general election.

At the ordinations which took place on the 8th of July, at the Maison de Missionnaires, Oblate, Rue Basse-Dz, Lege, John Flynn, son of the late Laurence Flynn, of Cook Hill, Gormanstown, was ordained priest by Monseigneur Doutreloux, Bishop of Liege.

The Congested Districts Board have decided to make a grant for the improvement of the road leading from Glenfarne railway station to Kiltyclogher, North Leitrim, on the condition that the improvement be carried out by the Leitrim Grand Jury on plans approved by the Board.

These Mayo people have died recently: In Castlebar, on the 27th ult., at the residence of her father, Hugh Morrison, Eliza J., wife of J. Hanna, of Belfast, aged twenty-seven years. In Castlebar, on July 24, Sophia, relict of the late Patrick Walsh. The deceased belonged to an old Castlebar family (the Knights.) At Hollymount, on July 27, Sarah, wife of John Hughes, and mother of Father Hughes.

The Southern Division of the Police Courts, Dublin, on July 26, presented a scene of unusual interest. The Dublin and Suburban Workingmen's Dwelling Company issued ejection notices against twenty-eight of their tenants residing at Liffey street, Inchicore. The tenants are:—Thomas Byrne, James Fitzgerald, J. Doherty, Peter Stafford, James McGibney, Catherine Carway, Thomas Moore, William Whelan, Edward Young, Patrick Nolan, Maria Keane, John Murtagh, Thomas Hopkins, William Connor, Patrick Fitzsimmons, Agnes Waller, Eliza Doyle, Joseph Tierney, Margaret Merrigan, Andrew Lyons, Mary Meredith, William Griffin, John Burke, Thos. Gibney, George Hawkins, Thomas Byrne, Michael Murray and James Gaynor. The judge dismissed all the cases, with 2s. 6d. costs in each case.

"What a very disagreeable thing it must be to be disappointed in love," said she. "Yes," replied he, with emphasis, "it is infinitely worse to be disappointed in marriage."

FOR CONVENTS AND COLLEGES.

Iron Beds, Spring Beds, Mattresses, Washstands, etc., sold at very low prices, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine street. Open every evening. Tell your friends.

AMIEL AND PESSIMISM.

The Religion of Christ Teaches Suffering;
Luther the Father of Pessimism.

The King is dead, long live the King. Amiel, hardly known in his day, reaps fame in death. A professor in Geneva, with a German drilling, he toils for years to create something. He writes poems, meaningless and prosy. The world would not listen; life is a weary round; its daily weariness is recorded in a journal; years and years pass, the journal becomes more gloomy; Amiel is dead, the journal stops. Friends could not understand how it was, a man so richly gifted produced nothing or only trivialities. These friends, as most friends are, were sadly mistaken. Such is the irony of things. He held himself in reserve so to say. Byron slept and fame found him. Amiel will not wake, but he is equally famous. What he longed for in life was granted in death. While the friends regretted his play for life he had been in reality working out the mission assigned him in the spiritual economy, and faithfully obeying the secret mandate which had impressed itself on his youthful consciousness.

"Let the living live and you gather your thoughts, leave behind you a legacy of feeling and ideas; you will be most useful." So say his lovers. A charming tale, but let them not adduce the journal to prop it: this is the age of type. Nothing is sacred: friendship ceases with death: the dead do not speak; dust is a severer of ties. Amiel dead, his friends looking for a legacy of feelings and ideas—and there is well founded suspicion that the dying pessimist puts them on the track—gathered the thousand sheets, added their own advertisement, telling that these sheets were above all the confidence of his most private and intimate thoughts, a means whereby the thinker became conscious of his own inner life; a safe shelter wherein his questionings of fate, and the future, the voice of grief, of self-examination and confession, the soul's cry for inward peace might make themselves freely heard. This journal, like the letters of George Eliot, was written with an eye to its future publication. His friends may, and it is their shrewd play to hold the other end.

The picture of the professor all misunderstood, writing to ease his mind wearied with world pain, on any slip of paper, careless of its fate, is a picture to bug. His English introducer, Mrs. Ward, to whom came literary notoriety by an accident, labors porpoise fashion to impress this picture. "But," says the author of Rob, "a talking woman is an awful judgment and mystery and oppression."

Amiel had an eye on the future, who could blame him, to revenge the past. The future has a fascination for most writers. Southey, who when he wrote a poem, "his heart and all his feelings were upon it," appealed to it for Roderick. His case has not come up for trial. Amiel was as intense with his sheets as Southey with his poems. He has had better luck. His expressed wish, that his literary executors,—he deemed his work of sufficient importance to give it guardians,—should publish those parts of the journal which might seem to them to possess either interest or thought or value or experience. The executors were brave men, they did more, and from a pecuniary point of view, with success. The confidences of a solitary thinker have tickled Europe. The strange thing about this thinker's confidences is that they are unreal, rapid vaporings, without body or bone.

In vain will the reader con the pages, to be startled by an idea, or hurriedly rushed along by an impetuous tide of imagery or diction. The style is stiff, heavy and lumbering. Amiel thought in German, the transfer to the most polished of tongues is clumsily done. The process is interesting, the outcome a jargon. He is not in his element, a want of ease runs through his pages. His vague, formless, vacant thought cuts a sorry sight, in the language of precision. Had he written in German, the most fitting of civilized tongues for gymnastic word display and obscurity of thought, his absurdities might have had a longer life. As it is, his book is but a passing show. It happened to come in time. A century earlier or later, its life was short. It preached the philosophy of the age, sorrow, suffering, the mad fight for life, the survival of the fittest. It was the outcome of canker and rust, the negation of the Christian God, the deification of

self. It was not a new doctrine—an old one revived under fitting conditions and given a new impetus. Its clothes were ragged and torn, it had few graces to recommend it. This was a trifle. It was in the swim, it went with the current. That current was the muddy waters of pessimism.

Pessimism is not a novelty. Its late defenders claim it is. Instead of showing fight for the belief, they sulk and reckon all investigators ignorant. The usual trick is to call it a verity and then loudly trumpet, foolish is he who questions a verity. A verity is truth, but so man of the human race are colorblind that falsities pass for verities. Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight with its own falsehoods. Pessimism is one of them. Filtering through the ages, in this age it has reached its high water mark. To the body loving Greeks it meant little. Socrates might tell them that

"'Tis something better not to be," and their great tragic poet, "Not to be" is the supreme word: the next best is that having been, a man should depart as quickly as possible thither whence he came.

The people heeded them not. Life, while not free from suffering, was far from comfortless and discouraging. Yet, from a pagan point of view, with its pale doubts of a future state, pessimism could be condoned. One would rationally surmise, that with the coming of Christ, and the unfolding of the true aim of life, that this old ism would seek his grave. "There is nothing new under the sun" has been worn smooth. Yet it is useful as emphasizing the historic fact that every new generation is but a tailor shop for old isms. The religion of Christ was the recognition of suffering. Suffering was the crucible wherein the human dross was destroyed. It was a path to the promised land—a land cleared of mists, having reality and a name. Pessimism, prior to its coming, had a support for its tendrils in the religion of egotism and pleasure, yet its growth was dwarfish. In the religion of altruism and suffering, strange as it may seem, it has attained its greatest growth.

Nor is this wholly baffling to the student of its history. The Greeks and Romans had little time for the contemplation of suffering or speculation on its origin. Even their slaves, whose lot was a sad one, ameliorated it from their point of view, by revelling in the games and pastimes. They valued life, and clung to it with as much tenacity as the ordinary pessimist. Their religion of self was superseded by one of abnegation, teaching that life was a dream of vapor, time but a breath, pleasure and ambitions all folly; while self-denial, inward searchings, charity, prayer, self-discipline are the only means of gaining the promised land. In such a soil pessimism must dwindle and die. Had this teaching alone continued, modern literature was free from the black death of pessimism. Its perversion was Protestantism.

Protestantism cut and put together its own original creed. It was eclectic. It was progressive. This progressiveness meant decadence, decadence, rottenness, and rottenness is ever the fruitful soil of pessimism. Luther was a destroyer of religious feeling, a breaker of continuity, the wedge of dissensions. "The causes of atheism," says Bacon, "are divisions in religion, if they are many." Luther was their father. Pessimism, as atheism, strikes deep root in the sects. From Luther to Kant one follows the widening stream of pessimism and irreligion. With the advent of the last named philosopher, a new impetus is given. The reformers unto his time held to revelation. Now it was to be challenged, each word was to be put under the microscope, the earth was to be dug for controverting theories and given a new value. The supernatural was to be ignored, what reason could not conceive rejected. The moral leaven of Christianity was to be destroyed at all cost. Suffering was meaningless, unsanctified. In such a soil pessimism struck deep its roots. The end of man should be enjoyment, and owing to the complicated ills of modern life this being clearly impossible—life was labelled "not worth living."

This dreary doctrine taught by his disciple Schopenhauer and his followers, notably Von Hartman, whose "Philosophy of the Unconscious" is as yet its most marked presentation. With him non-existence is preferable, and the misery of life in every form greatly ex-

ceeds its happiness. Goethe, Byron, Leopardi, have thrown around the dry bones of this philosophy a certain poetic glamour. Minor minstrels have willingly caught their disease.

The modern novel, the most powerful means for the dissemination of ideas, closely hugs pessimism. It is irritating to watch what Dudley Warner calls "The confidence young novelists have in their ability to upset the Christian religion." Fame has lost its significance. Once it meant a desire to perpetuate, for all time, the best founts of the intellect. Now it is another name for notoriety. To gain it one must follow George Sands' dictum and write something very scandalous. Christianity must be scoffed at, pessimism defied. A modern novel must repudiate any idea of a moral purpose, it must be a series of "slit throat, rope dependent figures, placarded across the bosom, Diillusioned, Infidel, Agnostic, Mererrimus."

Amiel knew his age. His diary is in evidence. One lays it aside, in his own words, "Nothing is so melancholy and wearisome as this journal," and let us add that nothing is so melancholy and wearisome than to have its author dubbed a philosopher. The abuse of words is great. Authors use them without attaching any definite sense to them. The reading of such books is a mere waste of time. They can teach nothing worth knowing. Mere literary offal, husks for swine, labelled food for men. Through them runs an intense hatred for the Catholic Church. It is evident that she alone is worthy of their blade, albeit they loudly proclaim the cosmopolitan tendency of their minds, a mere catch-word, they keep aloof from the literature of the church they so bitterly attack. Their animus is founded on ignorance and prejudice. They will feed on all literatures save that of the Catholic Church. Now and then a genius like Newman will force his way and make them listen. It is reluctantly done, and with the retort, a weak position cleverly defended.

Weary with the world-pain, eagerly seeking in many languages and literatures a hint of rest, still they purposely avoid the treasures of the ancient Church. Yet she alone has the ointment that cures world-pain. She looks at the souls for whom Christ died, and who are made over to her; and her one object for which everything is sacrificed—appearances, reputation, worldly triumphs—is to acquit herself well of this most awful responsibility. Her one duty is to bring forward the elect to salvation and to make them as many as she can—to take offences out of their path, to warn them of sin, to rescue them from evil, to convert them, to protect them and to perfect them. She overlooks everything, in comparison of the immortal soul. She answers that parrot question of pessimism "Is life worth living?" in the affirmative.

Pessimism will not crown himself victor unless he has examined her philosophy. Pessimism, in the past, has purposely abstained, fearing defeat. Its malevolent hints are poor instruments to crush truth. It must soon enter the arena. Catholicism is aggressive. It is a quality of truth to extend her dominions to conquer. The so-called leaders of enlightened and liberal thought, in the hopes of defeating her, shall be compelled as Newman, to study her, thereby getting glimpses of her beauties—glimpses that will light up their encompassing gloom.

At present their ideas of her, so far as fairness and insight go, are on a level with the wives and mothers of our small provincial shopkeepers, or the beadle or church warden of a country parish. But prejudice, even when so virulent and so dogged as this, will lift and disappear some day like a London fog. The conflict must come and we have no fear of the result. Long before that day such books as Amiel's will have had an end. Pessimism, like all falsities, must be daily presented in new forms to live. Other and more brilliant men may wallow in its cesspool, they cannot prolong its life, nor can they imitate the jesting Pilate by asking "What is truth?" and not staying for answer.

"Ira Nominis non implet Justitiam Dei."—Walter Lecky, in the Catholic Reading Circle Review.

A young gentleman at a ball, in whisking about the room, ran his head against a young lady. He began to apologize. "Not a word, sir," cried she; "it is not hard enough to hurt anybody."

ROMAN NEWS.

The Holy Father has received in private audience Mgr. Benedetto Lorenzelli, Apostolic Internuncio in Holland.

His Eminence Cardinal Vincent Vanutellia has taken possession of his office of prefect of the *Economia* of the Congregation of the propaganda.

The Rev. Mother de Sartorius has been elected Superior-General of the Dames of the Sacred Heart at Paris in place of the late regretted Mother Lehon.

There has been a vast assembly of the faithful in the Basilica Eudossiana at Rome during the octave of the devotions, and the osculation of the sacred chains of the Prince of the Apostles.

We regret to learn the demise of Signora Meszyzaski at Posen, mother to the faithful secretary of Cardinal Ledochowski, who attended His Eminence in his prison at Ostrowo. R. I. P.

Mgr. Keane, rector of the Washington University, has been received in private audience by the Holy Father, with whom he had a long and cordial interview. He is soon to return to America.

The police in Rome have discovered a revolutionary band who correspond regularly with foreign anarchists. Society women have acted as go-betweens for the correspondents in order that the suspicions of the police might not be aroused.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites met in the Vatican in the presence of their Eminences the Cardinali Componenti, to inaugurate the preparatory meeting for the discussion of the heroic grade of the virtues practiced by the Venerable Fra Bernardino da Calenzana, of the diocese of Ajaccio, professed priest of the reformed Minors. The vote was in the affirmative.

On the Feast of Portiuncula the Holy Father, assisted by his chaplains, celebrated Holy Mass, and afterwards heard the Mass of Thanksgiving said by Mgr. Boncompagni, his private chaplain, in the Pauline Chapel in order to receive the plenary indulgence called *Il Perdono d'Assisi*. In the afternoon His Holiness likewise took share in the closing function of solemn Benediction. Many Sisters, *religieuses*, and persons of distinction were present by special tickets of admission.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER VINDICATES IRISH CATHOLICS.

Few Established Church ministers have the courage of the Rev. C. C. Macdonald of Aberdeen, who, the other day, stood up in a hostile assembly and—dissenting from a speech by Dr Scott on the subject of the Irish Presbyterian Church—said, with reference to the Catholic Church, that he personally regretted that a single syllable disrespectful to such an honorable institution should be uttered in that house. He was not a Roman Catholic, nor half way towards it, but had found in co-operation with Roman Catholics the highest Christian sympathy and goodness of feeling; and he had felt that, as a member of the Church of Scotland, it was impossible for them to defend their own National Church without having some sympathy for the Roman Catholics of Ireland, who really constituted the National Church of Ireland. As truly as the Church of Scotland did that of Scotland they constituted the Church of Ireland. They had no evidence or proof that the Roman Catholic Church would establish a religious ascendancy and dominate the members of Parliament in the House of Commons in the legislative house. If they looked to France—if they looked to Italy itself—did they find that the Roman Catholic Church had the power to dominate the legislators of the country? He believed that it was beyond a doubt that the very act of Mr. Gladstone in giving Home Rule to Ireland would develop free political life, and that that free political life would do more to bring Roman Catholicism into accord with the spirit of the times than any other action they could possibly conceive.—*Glasgow Observer*.

The Unsympathetic Boarder—"If I had the wings of a bird," sighed the lady, "I'd fly away and be at rest." "Well, my dear madam," ventured the boarder, "you may get them yet. I see by a note you sent up to my room this morning you already have a bill."

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.,
(LIMITED)

At No. 761 Craig St., Montreal, Canada.

J. K. FORAN, Lit. D., LL.B., EDITOR.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

City, \$1.50; country, \$1.00. If not paid in advance \$1.50 (country) and \$2 (city) will be charged. Subscribers, Newfoundland, \$1.50 a year in advance.

All business communications to be addressed to C. A. McDONNELL, Managing Director, THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. Co.



MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 29, 1894.

STATE EDUCATION.

There is no question that has a greater hold upon the public attention of to-day than that of education, and the efforts made on all sides, and in almost every land, to establish what might be generally called a system of State Education, are calculated to arouse the suspicions of all thinking men. By State Education we mean the assuming by any Government of the right to educate the children of a country. Whether it be in the form of public schools, or in the shape of obligatory attendance, for stated periods, at schools designated by the Civil authority, it matters not; the underlying principle is the same, and we purpose dealing with it, entirely on our own responsibility, from that general standpoint. We commence by the bold and dogmatic assertion that State Government is a violation of the natural—and therefore of the religious—law. It is not in accord with the order of things; it is repugnant to the very order of creation and existence. This may sound strange to some; to others it may appear far-fetched. Still we take our stand upon this assertion and we intend to remain standing.

In the first place what is society? what is the State? what is the origin of both? The source of all social existence is in the combination of two or more individuals united for a purpose of mutual protection or mutual assistance. The very initial stage in society is the family; the parents and their off-spring. A number of families constitute a community; a number of communities constitute a Province; a number of Provinces constitute a State. Each of those Provinces, communities or families is represented by chosen individuals, who form what is known as the Government of that State. Each member of that Government may be individually responsible for his personal acts, but the Government itself is a species of fictitious being—a great phantom of power—that has no body upon which corporal punishment can be inflicted and no soul that can be condemned. This organization called the State claims the right, the authority and the legitimate power to educate and watch over the children of the thousands of individuals, the citizens, whose interests it is supposed to represent. In so doing the State usurps a right which never belonged to it, exercises an authority which it never received either from God or from man, and makes use of a power that becomes a tyranny.

When the Creator placed man on earth, and when to man He gave a partner in life, and when to these, the parents, He gave children, He conferred upon the

father all the authority necessary to guide the child, He bestowed on the mother all the means whereby that child could be nurtured, trained and educated. He did more; He gave the parents the gift of paternal affection, a corresponding one He implanted in the heart of the child. Instinctively the child clings to the mother's breast; instinctively the mother nurses the child; instinctively the child runs to the father for protection; instinctively the parents shelter the child from harm. It is a natural law; it is a law that prevails even amongst the lower animals. And as the child develops and grows it looks to the parents for guidance and love. They know the wants of their offspring; they have the means and the desire to cultivate the heart as well as clothe the body, to educate the mind as well as form the character and save the soul of their child. It is again a law of nature. Instinctively the child recognizes the paternal authority, and while submitting thereto, it is a submission of love and respect.

And this fictitious being called the State—probably composed of the very men who care the least for their own families and who sacrifice the joys of a parent for the glories of a politician—comes in and seizes upon that child, and tells the parents that It—the State—will be father and mother to their offspring. Before the parents should be expected to quietly abandon their child to this great Power—the State—have they not a right to ask for the signs of its authority, for the evidence of its mission, for the proof that it is the natural and God-appointed guardian and educator of that young being? What maternal instincts has God given the State? What paternal feelings has He imparted to the Government? What love and veneration can the State create in the breast of the child?

The child feels its own weakness and it naturally relies upon the strong arm of its father and the tender hand of its mother to protect and guide its young life. When the child errs it feels that the paternal correction is just and it sees beyond the temporary punishment the fondness that will cherish its future. But snatched from its parents, by the iron hand of the State, the young being feels that all love, all tenderness, all devotedness have gone. It is in presence of a gr. m. monster that will educate it, and that has the power and the will to punish it—but never to reward. It is cruel to take the fledgling from the parent bird—and the State will punish such wickedness; yet the same State will rob the human parents of their child and will demand that they submit with gratitude. The State robs the parents of the filial affection, the common respect, of their off-spring, and of their claims to support and consolation in old age—when it takes away the child. It robs the child of a mother's care, a father's guidance, the softening memories of the innocent years of life, and of the joys of a home. The State in claiming the right to educate the child violates the natural laws, and at the same time strikes a sweeping blow at paternal authority and filial obedience—the authority that is nearest to God's—thereby preparing a spirit of disrespect for all authority, even that of the State itself. The child respected—for it was in accord with the natural law and that of God—the authority of the parent; that same child obeys, because it fears, the authority of the State. The motive power of love is destroyed, that of fear replaces it, and the child cringes under the yoke longing for the day of emancipation. That day comes and the State has an enemy in the child that obeyed it through fear. In

other words the State robs the parents of children that would become worthy citizens and builds up a generation of anarchists and haters of all authority—not even that of God excepted.

Do you want an example? In France to-day, according to statistics, the majority of the recorded suicides are children between the ages of ten and eighteen. In the blackest days of paganism, in no land, did such a state of things prevail. Youth is the season of hope, of vigor, of vitality; it is unnatural that youth should seek self-destruction. What is the cause of this? The Godless State education. The child is wrenched from the parents, separated from the refining influences that love and paternal devotion weave about him, is dragged into the cold, heartless, soulless school of the State. Behind him there are no tender memories that inspire hope; around him there is no religion to impart consolation; before him there is only the Power that holds out its punishments, without any corresponding rewards. The child errs, is chastised; errs again, is punished more severely; errs still more, is crushed and trampled upon. God has been driven out of his young life, religion to him is a mockery, love he has not—it was uprooted when his mother's arms last untwined from around him, cold chills of despair creep over his soul, the State is there with its iron rod, its sphinx-like features, its heart of stone and its eyes of Argus. The poor creature seeks to escape from his misery, and he plunges into the Seine. That is the fruit of State education.

We repeat, and we will dwell again and again on this subject from a dozen standpoints, that State education is a violation of the natural law, as well as of the law of God. It is also a violation of the constitution. Every approach to it; every move made by a government that tends to secularize the educational establishments, or to force parents to have their children educated according to the will of the State and against their own consciences, or to impose such laws upon any section of a community that necessitates the abandonment of the sacred rights vested in parents, or to place any subject between the obligations to God and the obligations toward the State, or to leave a portion of the population in a position to choose between duty to the children and material interests—every such move on the part of a government is a step in the direction of State education, and is a violation of the very laws of nature. We have an example of this in Canada to-day, in the schools of the North-West. We will come back to this subject again next week.

PREACHING SUICIDE.

Recently the daily press published an account of the insane conduct of two young persons in New York. A man named Marcus, aged 30, and a woman named Fournier, aged 17, committed suicide in the Central Park. They left the following letter to explain their action:

"We die in perfect health and with clear minds. We die for love, and are happy. We wish that no autopsies be held over us, as it is our last request that no knife be put in our body and that both of us be buried in one grave, if possible. We are both free-thinkers and don't care which cemetery we will be interred in.

"I wish that my beloved parents will favor me with my last request and bury Juliette and myself in one grave. I die for her and she dies for me. We don't wish to be parted, dead or alive. We beg all and from all forgiveness and are as happy as ever

"JULIETTE DE MARCUS,
"JULIETTE FOURNIER."
The woman was married to her uncle, who was 40 years of age. It appears she and Marcus had been lovers and she was not happy with her old relative. It would seem difficult, at first, to account for such conduct on the part of these young people—unless it were in the fact

that they had no sense of religion. They declare themselves Freethinkers. But when their bodies were found the grand secret was unearthed. In the man's pockets was a copy of Bob Ingersoll's lecture on "Suicide not a sin."

Behold the fruits of that infidel's work! If ever the devil spoke through the lips of man it is surely when Ingersoll takes the platform to blaspheme God and to lead humanity to destruction. According to the law of God and of the land, we are under the impression that he is morally answerable for the crimes that he causes to be committed. We cannot see why the State does not interfere and save the citizens of the Republic from such deadly enemies. Poor half-witted, uneducated, irreligious individuals are carried away by the smooth phrases and glittering sophistry of the man, and they proceed to put into practice all that he preaches. If the serious people of the world would reflect upon the thousand ills that are the outcome of such unbridled license, if religion could only touch the hearts of the many who are the victims of the infidel literature of the day, then—as Thomson, in his "Seasons," sings:

"Vice in its high career would stand appalled,
And heedless, rambling impulse learn to think."

The only antidote to the poison of immoral and infidel literature that we can suggest is pure, honest, and solid Catholic writings. It is another potent reason why our faithful citizens, our good men, our fathers of families, our pious mothers, should encourage Catholic journalism and Catholic literature. It is the only safeguard they possess to protect their children from the terrible danger that menaces their earthly peace and their eternal salvation. It is a sad and dreary prospect, when we gaze down the avenues of the future and behold them shrouded in the gloom of Ingersollism. Surely these fearful crimes, the destruction of young lives, the crushing of souls, the misery, disgrace and death—temporal and eternal—should make the world pause, and raise one harmonious protest against the workers of such ruin. For God's sake, dear Catholics, and for the sake of your own future and of your children's souls, encourage Catholic literature and help to crush the hydra of Infidelity.

THE Church Times, an Anglican publication, reported that certain members of the Anglican Church were recently admitted to Communion in Catholic churches abroad, but for "obvious reasons" their correspondent does not state the particulars. In the first place the Catholic Church "abroad" and at home, in Europe and in America, in every land and in every age, is exactly the same. So that the conditions of Communion in the Church are identical no matter where the fact takes place. The only two ways in which these Anglicans could be admitted to Communion, in the Catholic Church, are, by renouncing heresy, accepting the Faith, being baptized, confessing their sins, receiving absolution and then approaching the Holy Table; or else, by coming into a church, pretending to be Catholics, and committing the sacrilege of receiving unworthily the Eucharist. If they were admitted on the former conditions they had ceased to be Anglicans and were actually Roman Catholics; if they received Communion under the latter circumstances, they were not admitted by the Church, but took advantage of the fact that their dispositions were not known to the priest. In the first case, the Church Times has nothing to boast about; in the second case they should be ashamed to admit their criminality. Evidently these writers know less about the Catholic Church than they do about any other living subject.

IS IT A FACT?

Last week we referred to a small leaflet that has been compiled by some very queer character and which has for object to prove that St. Patrick was a Protestant, and that the Real Presence is a fiction. We had expected that this wonderful being, who proposes settling two such questions on two pages of a tract, would start out with some bold historical assertions or with entirely new Scriptural evidence. He does nothing of the kind. He makes use of that very peculiar method of argument used by men who have no evidence to adduce, by asking questions. Now any fool can ask questions; and very often a fool's question will puzzle a wise man. It is impossible for us to follow him through his whole list of interrogatories—to do so would require an entire issue of the paper—but we will take a couple of them as samples. The first question he asks is this: "Is it not a fact that St. Patrick never mentions the Pope of Rome in any of his writings?" Again he asks: "If St. Patrick taught the doctrines of Modern Romanism, how is it we find not a single mention in his writings of Purgatory, nor the Intercession of Saints, nor the Mass, nor Holy Water, nor Communion of any kind?" But here is the most striking of all the profound questions—Heaven help the poor man that conceived it: "How could St. Patrick have belonged to a Church like that of Rome, when his father and grandfather were ecclesiastics?"

There is wisdom, erudition, historical lore, all combined; and yet the possessor of so much learning asks questions, and, like Oliver Twist, still cries "for more." Suppose we were to propound a few questions equally as foolish and as misleading as those above given, would not our tract-writer fly into a holy rage? Let us, for amusement's sake, ask him the following: "Is it not a fact that St. Peter never spoke of the King of Greece in any of his writings?" "If Luther taught pure Protestantism, how is it that he never once referred, in any of his writings, to the Quakers, the Shakers, the Salvation Army or the A. P. Aists?" "If St. Peter were prince of the Apostles and first vicar of Christ on earth, how comes it that his father was a fisherman and his grandfather a Jewish priest?" Probably we would find the tract-writer asking for a judgment of interdiction against us on the ground of insanity were we to seriously seek answers to such questions.

The truth is that the learned questioner has been reading some pages from Henry Morley and has failed to understand them—hence his absurd ideas and nonsensical statements under the shield of interrogation marks. The same author, from whom these questions have been gleaned, or rather whose writings suggested them, says, in his preface to Aubrey De Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick," that "St. Patrick's great influence was not that of a writer, but of a speaker." Again, "St. Patrick did not attack heresies among the Christians; he preached to those who were not Christians the Christian faith and practice." In fact, St. Patrick's writings consist of three small Latin pieces, and two of these are only ascribed to him. They are all in the Book of Armagh and cover only a few pages. They are a "Confession," a "Letter to Coroticus," and a few "Dicta Patricii." The Book of Armagh is in Trinity College, Dublin, where our friend can examine it when next he visits the "Isle of Saints." The "Confession" is in very unpolished Latin, and the writer calls himself "indoctus, rusticissimus, imperitus." However, St. Patrick takes the trouble to tell

his readers that he prepared himself for his mission by giving four years to study at Auxerre, under the great Germanus, and that he then went to Rome, with the priest Segitus, and with letters from Germanus to Pope Celestine. Surely it was not in his capacity of Protestant minister that Pope Celestine received him and gave him his mission!

The same author, referred to above, says: "St. Patrick addressed the ruling classes, who could bring with them their followers, and he joined tact with zeal; respecting ancient prejudices, opposing nothing that was not directly hostile to the spirit of Christianity, and handling skilfully the chiefs with whom he had to deal." . . . "His time was occupied in preaching, travelling, administering sacraments and building churches." The eminent Irish scholar, Mr. Hennessey, has translated one of the two existing books of Colgan's "Tripartite Life" of St. Patrick. The work was long lost, but the books of it were rediscovered. Thus ends the "Tripartite Life." "After these great miracles, therefore, after resuscitating the dead, after healing lepers, and the blind, and the deaf, and the lame, and all diseases; after ordaining bishops, and priests, and deacons, and people of all orders in the Church; after teaching the men of Erin, and after baptizing them; after founding churches and monasteries; after destroying idols and images of Druidical art, the hour of death of St. Patrick approached. He received the Body of Christ from the Bishop Tassach, according to the counsel of the Angel Victor."

Let us ask a question! Is that the life-work, or is that the death of a Protestant? The questions asked by the sage expounder of Irish history would lead one to suppose that St. Patrick had written volumes. The fact is that he wrote scarcely anything; and what he did write was not of a controversial nature. If these people would have a little more respect for the Faith St. Patrick planted they would show more common sense. Next week we will deal with other questions from the same source.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

On the deck of a steamer, out on the broad bosom of Lake St. Peter, when silence reigned on flood and hill, broken only by the plashing of the prow through the waves and the labored puffing of the great engine, we recalled those lines, penned in the years now dead, by that gifted poet and Irish-hearted historian, McGee:

"'Twas but last night I traversed the Atlantic's furrow'd face;
The stars but thinly colonized the wilderness of space—
A white sail glinted here and there, and sometimes o'er the swell
Rung the seaman's song of labor, or the silver night-watch bell;
I dreamt I reach'd the Irish shore, and felt my heart rebound
From wall to wall within my heart, as I trod that holy ground."

Something like the spirit of the dead bard came to us, and visions such as he beheld, when dreaming of the "Ancient Race" and conjuring up scenes from "beyond the misty space of twice a thousand years," floated around us. Soon the picture changed and we beheld, as it were, rising out of the misty distance where lake and sky blended dimly, a panorama of Irish history. The peaks of the far away past towered grandly skyward and were radiant in the sunlight of fame, and away down the declivities of years the mists hovered thickly around the mountain's breast; and below the valleys were dark, for the stray beams from above, that stole at intervals through the few rifts in the clouds, were dimmed by distance, broken and feeble. Yet those rays tipped with splendor the summits of the Round Towers, gilded

the shattered remains of a nation's desolate grandeur, and imparted to the valleys and streams a faint lustre sufficient to tell the people of the land, that away beyond the blackness of the storm-shrouds there flashed a light calculated to illumine a whole continent—a whole world.

Ploughing its way inland a great ocean steamer hove in sight; in the gathering gloom its apparently increased proportions loomed phantom-like against the sky; its signal light's flashed streaks of quivering fire along the rippled surface of the lake; and with the advent of this disturber the vision vanished—even as the fog that but recently curled along the north shore of the river. But, unlike the pictures that come to us in dreams, that mountain, with its gloomy base, its cloud-engirdled breast and its sun-lit summits, remains fixed in memory, and will so remain.

This is but a faint image of what the Irish—or Celtic—language is; and of its history. In the ages long gone, when the full floods of learning and freedom flashed upon the hill-tops of Irish history, there was a sublime grandeur about the race. The Island was the refuge of science, when driven by barbarism from Europe; it was what Dr. Johnson called "the quiet home of sanctity and learning;" it was the conservatory of great deeds, noble records, just laws, sublime poetry and pure religion. The laws were written in a language soft, harmonious, powerful and exact; they were chanted by bards filled with all the combined genius of the improvising poet and the inspired musician; the teachings of the masters were embalmed in the Celtic tongue and transmitted from tribe to tribe and generation to generation. The "Senchus Mór," compiled in the fifth century, was the embodiment of the lofty principles that came down from Druidical times, and the grandeur of which—even though of pagan origin—was such, that they dove-tailed into the precepts of Christianity that the great Apostle of Ireland brought with him to the land.

The people were ripe for the Truths of the Gospel, and no sooner did they hear the wondrous message from the Tiber, than by the streams of Ireland arose monasteries and homes of learning, churches and convents, until there was scarcely a district that had not its abbey and its shrine. Civilization, bleeding and crushed upon the continent, fled for refuge to the saintly asylums of Erin. And from out those houses of piety and of erudition the missionaries and educators of Europe went forth to instruct the nations of the then known world. "From the peaks of the Alps to the banks of the Loire" they travelled; they snatched up the torch of Faith from beneath the hoof of the barbarian's charger, and before he could trample it in the dust, they waved it aloft in the cities of the world. From Iona to Bobbio, from Oxford to Paris, they taught—and the great ones of the age bowed before them and their science. That was the glorious period, when the sun shone grandly upon the higher summits of Irish history, when the language of the Celt was the medium of education, and when the lord and the peasant, the priest and the bard, the law-maker and the law-expounder all spoke and wrote the sweet, soft Celtic—the rich old Irish tongue.

But as we descend the slopes of time we meet the gathering mists on the brow of the hills and the clouds of the Pale collect around the breast of the mountain. Century after century, and still the storm waifs cling to the declivities of the past and darkness falls upon the valleys of the future. The few stray beams that come through the bogs are

broken and scattered almost as soon as they flash upon the scene below. They are but shafts of the olden Celtic light that have penetrated the gloom of years; but they suffice to show us what a brilliancy there is beyond, were we but able to drive away the clouds and allow the full glow of the past to stream down upon the present, to light up the future. At times it would seem as if the Irish race were destined to behold the disappearance of those dark and fierce tempest clouds and to live again in the enjoyment of that daylight of learning and greatness. Governments may rise and fall, party may succeed party, political enactments may take place, legislative changes may come; but the race cannot assume its rightful position if deprived of its literature, its history and its early laws; no more can it form a solid nationhood if dispossessed of its language. It is in the revival of the Celtic tongue that we behold the rejuvenation of the Irish race. Already a few beams from that far away source of national light have flashed upon the men of the present; by increasing those rays, by multiplying them, eventually the mists on the breast of the mountain will become absorbed, and when legislative autonomy will be enjoyed by the people, the greatness of their past will come to them in an uninterrupted flow.

There are a few, to-day, both in Ireland and America, who are working hard to revive the study of the Celtic language. Theirs is no easy task; in this age of rush and electric movement men find little time to devote to such a grand purpose, but they should not be discouraged. It may take years, generations perhaps, to awaken the olden tongue; but once the work is accomplished, the future children of the race will reap the benefits. There are mines of literature—the rarest, the richest, the grandest—buried away in the sarcophagi of the past and embalmed in the Celtic language. When the day comes that the olden medium will be revived there will be a resurrection of the nation; its spirit will again walk abroad, as of old, inspiring the peoples of the world with ideas, sentiments and conceptions that are little dreamed of to-day. The clouds will roll off the mountain-side of Irish history, and from the far away heights will descend the unbroken light of an almost forgotten erudition; the hills and valleys of the land will grow radiant in the contact; the ruins of a former greatness will glow—like the walls of Muckross at sunset—and the Guabre Towers will preach sublime lessons, drawn from the distance of ages, for the edification and glory of the future Celts.

This is not mere imagery, nor is it the pencillings of the imagination. Let our Irish people encourage, each according to his means, the men who seek to rescue the language from the dead, and eventually the race will reap the benefit, and the world at large will bless the preservers of a million treasures that are to-day buried under the debris of centuries.

MR. J. F. HOGAN, M. P. for Mid-Tipperary, has been in Montreal for some days. He is on his way to the West and thence to Australia. It is his intention to return to London in time for the opening of the next session. Mr. Hogan proposes writing a series of articles on the colonies for the London Reviewer. He is the author of some very interesting and well-written books; amongst them the "History of the Irish in Australia," "An Australian in London," and "The Last Explorer." Mr. Hogan—unlike the Siamese twins of anti-Irishism, Goldwin Smith and Geo. W. Smalley—has strong faith in the ultimate and early success of the Home Rule movement. And he is in a position, as an active politician, to know something about the subject. J

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXIV.—(Continued.)

"Be a dear good girl," cried Kate, as Nina entered, "and help me in my many embarrassments. Here are a flood of visitors, and coming unexpectedly. Major Lockwood and Mr. Walpole have come. Miss Betty will be here for dinner, and Mr. Atlee, whom we all believe to be in Asia, may arrive to-night. I shall be able to feed them; but how to lodge them with any pretension to comfort is more than I can see."

"I am in little humor to aid any one. I have my own troubles—worse ones, perhaps, than playing hostess to disconsolate travelers."

"And what are your troubles, dear Nina?"

"I have half a mind not to tell you. You ask me with that supercilious air that seems to say: 'How can a creature like you be of interest enough to any one or anything to have a difficulty?'"

"I force no confidences," said the other, coldly.

"For that reason you shall have them—at least this one. What will you say when I tell you that young O'Shea has made me a declaration, a formal declaration of love?"

"I should say that you need not speak of it as an insult nor an offense."

"Indeed! and if so, you would say what was perfectly wrong. It was both insult and offense—yes, both. Do you know that the man mistook me for you, and called me Kate?"

"How could this be possible?"

"In a darkened room, with a sick man slowly rallying from a long attack of stupor, nothing of me to be seen but my hand, which he devoured with kisses—raptures, indeed, Kate, of which I had no conception till I experienced them by counterfeit!"

"Oh! Nina, this is not fair!"

"It is true, child. The man caught my hand, and declared he would never quit it till I promised it should be his own. Nor was he content with this; but, anticipating his right to be lord and master, he bade you beware of me! 'Beware of that Greek girl!' were his words—words strengthened by what he said of my character and my temperament. I shall spare you, and I shall spare myself, his acute comments on the nature he dreaded to see in companionship with his wife. I have had good training in learning these unbiassed judgments—my early life abounded in such experiences but this young gentleman's cautions were candid itself."

"I am sincerely sorry for what has pained you."

"I did not say it was this boy's foolish words had wounded me so acutely. I could bear sterner critics than he is—his very blundering misconception of me would always plead his pardon. How could he, or how could they with whom he lived and talked, and smoked and swaggered, know of me or such as me? What could there be in the monotonous vulgarity of their tiresome lives that should teach them what we are, or what we wish to be? By what presumption did he dare to condemn all that he could not understand?"

"You are angry, Nina; and I will not say without some cause."

"What ineffable generosity! You can really constrain yourself to believe that I have been insulted!"

"I should not say insulted."

"You cannot be an honest judge in such a cause. Every outrage offered to me was an act of homage to yourself! If you but knew how I burned to tell him who it was whose hand he held in his, and to whose ears he had poured out his raptures! To tell him, too, how the Greek girl would have resented his presumption had he but dared to indulge it! One of the women-servants, it would seem, was a witness to this boy's declaration. I think it was Mary was in the room, I do not know for how long, but she announced her presence by asking some question about candles. In fact, I shall have become a servants' hall-scandal by this time."

"There need not be any fear of that, Nina; there are no bad tongues among our people."

"I know all that. I know we live amidst human perfectabilities—all of Irish manufacture, and warranted to be genuine."

"I would hope that some of your impressions of Ireland are not unfavorable?"

"I scarcely know. I suppose you understand each other, and are tolerant about capricious moods and ways, which to strangers might seem to have a deeper significance. I believe you are not as hasty, or as violent, or as rash as you seem, and I am sure you are not as impulsive in your generosity, or as headlong in your affections. Not exactly that you mean to be false, but you are hypocrites to yourselves."

"A very flattering picture of us."

"I do not mean to flatter you; and it is to this end I say you are Italians without the subtlety of the Italian, and Greeks without their genius. You need not courtesy so profoundly. I could say worse than this, Kate, if I were minded to do so."

"Pray do not be so minded, then. Pray remember that, even when you wound me, I cannot return the thrust."

"I know what you mean," cried Nina, rapidly. "You are veritable Arabs in your estimate of hospitality, and he who has eaten your salt is sacred."

"You remind me of what I had nigh forgotten, Nina—of our coming guests."

"Do you know why Walpole and his friend are coming?"

"They are already come, Nina—they are out walking with papa; but what has brought them here I cannot guess, and, since I have heard your description of Ireland, I cannot imagine."

"Nor can I," said she, indolently, and moved away.

CHAPTER LXXV.

MAURICE KEARNEY'S REFLECTIONS.

To have his house full of company, to see his table crowded with guests, was nearer perfect happiness than anything Kearney knew; and when he set out, the morning after the arrival of the strangers, to show Major Lockwood where he would find a brace of woodcocks, the old man was in such spirits as he had not known for years.

"Why don't your friend Walpole come with us?" asked he of his companion, as they trudged across the bog.

"I believe I can guess," mumbled out the other; "but I'm not quite sure I ought to tell."

"I see," said Kearney, with a knowing leer; "he's afraid I'll roast him about that unlucky dispatch he wrote. He thinks I'll give him no peace about that bit of stupidity; for you see, major, it was stupid, and nothing less. Of all the things we despise in Ireland, take my word for it, there is nothing we think so little of as a weak government. We can stand up strong and bold against hard usage, and we gain self-respect by resistance; but when you come down to conciliations and what you call healing measures, we feel as if you were going to humbug us, and there is not a devilment comes into our heads we would not do, just to see how you'll bear it; and it's then your London newspapers cry out: 'What's the use of doing anything for Ireland? We pulled down the church, and we robbed the landlords, and we're now going to back Cardinal Cullen for them, and there they are murdering away as bad as ever.'"

"Is it not true?" asked the major.

"And whose fault is it true? Who has broke down the laws in Ireland but yourselves? We Irish never said that many things you called crimes were bad in morals, and when it occurs to you now to doubt if they are crimes, I'd like to ask you why wouldn't we do them? You won't give us our independence, and so we'll fight for it; and though, maybe, we can't lick you, we'll make your life so uncomfortable to you, keeping us down, that you'll beg a compromise—a healing measure, you'll call it—just as when I won't give Tim Sullivan a lease, he takes a shot at me; and as I reckon the holes in my hat, I think better of it, and take a pound or two off his rent."

"So that, in fact, you court the policy of conciliation?"

"Only because I'm weak, major—because I'm weak, and that I must live in the neighborhood. If I could pass my days out of the range of Tim's carbine, I wouldn't reduce him a shilling."

"I can make nothing of Ireland or Irishmen either."

"Why would you? God help us! we are poor enough and wretched enough;

but we're not come down to that yet that a major of dragoons can read us like big print."

"So far as I see, you wish for a strong despotism."

"In one way it would suit us well. Do you see, major, what a weak administration and uncertain laws do? They set every man in Ireland about righting himself by his own hand. If I know I shall be starved when I'm turned out of my holding, I'm not at all so sure I'll be hanged if I shoot my landlord. Make me as certain of one as the other, and I'll not shoot him."

"I believe I understand you."

"No, you don't, nor any cockney among you."

"I'm not a cockney."

"I don't care; you're the same; you are not one of us; nor, if you spent fifty years among us, would you understand us."

"Come over and see me in Berkshire, Kearney, and let me see if you can read our people much better."

"From all I hear, there's not much to read. Your chawbacon isn't as cute a fellow as Pat."

"He's easier to live with."

"Maybe so; but I wouldn't care for a life with such people about me. I like human nature and human feelings—ay, human passions, if you must call them so. I want to know I can make some people love me, though I well know there must be others will hate me. You're all for tranquility in England—a quiet life you call it. I like to live without knowing what's coming, and to feel all the time that I know enough of the game to be able to play it as well as my neighbors. Do you follow me now, major?"

"I'm not quite certain I do."

"No—but I'm quite certain you don't; and, indeed, I wonder at myself talking to you about these things at all."

"I'm much gratified that you do so. In fact, Kearney, you give me courage to speak a little about myself and my own affairs; and, if you will allow me, to ask your advice."

This was an unusually long speech for the major, and he actually seemed fatigued when he concluded. He was, however, consoled for his exertions by seeing what pleasure his words had conferred on Kearney, and with what racy self-satisfaction that gentleman heard himself mentioned as a "wise opinion."

"I believe I do know a little of life, major," said he, sententiously. "As old Giles Dickson used to say, 'Get Maurice Kearney to tell you what he thinks of it.' You knew Giles?"

"No."

"Well, you've heard of him? No! not even that. There's another proof of what I was saying—we're two people, the English and the Irish. If it wasn't so, you'd be no stranger to the sayings and doings of one of the 'cutest men that ever lived.'"

"We have witty fellows, too."

"No, you haven't! Do you call your House of Commons' jokes wit? Are the stories you tell at your hustings' speeches wit? Is there one over there"—and he pointed in the direction of England—"that ever made a smart repartee, or a brilliant answer to any one about anything? You now and then tell an Irish story, and you forget the point; or you quote a French 'mot,' and leave out the epigram. Don't be angry—it's truth I'm telling you."

"I'm not angry; though, I must say, I don't think you are fair to us."

"The last bit of wit you had in the house was Brinsley Sheridan—and there wasn't much English about him."

"I've never heard that the famous O'Connell used to convulse the house with his drillery."

"Why should he? Didn't he know where he was? Do you imagine that O'Connell was going to do like poor Lord Killeen, who shipped a cargo of coal-scuttles to Africa?"

"Will you explain to me, then, how, if you are so much shrewder, and wittier, and cleverer than us, that it does not make you richer, more prosperous, and more contented?"

"I could do that, too, but I'm loosing the birds. There's a cock, now. Well done! I see you can shoot a bit. Look here, major, there's a deal in race—in the blood of a people. It's very hard to make a light-hearted, joyous people thrifty. It's your sullen fellow, that never cuts a joke, nor wants any one to laugh at it, that's the man who saves. If you're a wit, you want an audience, and the best audience is round a dinner-

table; and we know what that costs. Now Ireland has been very pleasant for the last hundred and fifty years in that fashion, and you and scores of other jwsprited, depressed fellows, come over here to pluck up and rouse yourselves, and you go home, and you wonder why the people who amused you were not, always as jolly as you saw them. I've known this country, now, nigh sixty years, and I never knew a turn of prosperity that didn't make us stupid; and, upon my conscience, I believe if we ever begin to grow rich, we'll not be a bit better than yourselves."

"That would be very dreadful," said the other, in mock horror.

"So it would, whether you meant it or not—here's a hare missed this time!"

"I was thinking of something I wanted to ask you. The fact is, Kearney, I have a thing on my mind, now."

"Is it a duel? It's many a day since I was out, but I used to know every step of the way as well as most men."

"No; it's not a duel!"

"It's money, then! Bother it for money. What a deal of bad blood it leads to! Tell me all about it, and I'll see if I can deal with it."

"No, it's not money; it has nothing to do with money. I'm not hard up. I was never less so."

"Indeed!" cried Kearney, staring at him.

"Why, what do you mean by that?"

"I was curious to know how a man looks, and I'd like to know how he feels, that didn't want money. I can no more understand it than if a man told me he didn't want air."

"If he had enough to breathe freely, could he need more?"

"That would depend on the size of his lungs, and I believe mine are pretty big. But come now, if there's nobody you want to shoot, and you have a good balance at the banker's, what can ail you, except it's a girl you want to marry, and she won't have you?"

"Well, there is a lady in the case."

"Ay, ay! she's a married woman," cried Kearney, closing one eye, and looking intensely cunning. "Then I may tell you at once, major, I'm no use to you whatever. If it was a young girl that liked you against the wish of her family, or that you were in love with though she was below you in condition, or that was promised to another man but wanted to get out of her bargain, I'm good for any of these, or scores more of the same kind; but if it's mischief, and misery, and life-long sorrow you have in your head, you must look out for another adviser."

"It's nothing of the kind," said the other, bluntly. "It's marriage I was thinking of. I want to settle down and have a wife."

"And why couldn't you, if you think it would be any comfort to you?" The last words were rather uttered than spoken, and sounded like a sad reflection uttered aloud.

"I'm not a rich man," said the major, with that strain it always cost him to speak of himself, "but I have got enough to live on. A goodish old house, and a small estate, underlet as it is, bringing me about two thousand a year, and some expectations as they call them, from an old grand-aunt."

(To be Continued.)

EXPELLED

—every poison and impurity of your blood, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Then there's a clear skin and a clean system. Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors and Swellings, and all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst scrofula—these are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

In building up needed flesh and strength of pale, puny, scrofulous children, nothing can equal it.

Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Address, in confidence, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

FOR CONVENTS AND COLLEGES.

Iron Beds, Spring Beds, Mattresses, Washstands, etc., sold at very low prices, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine street. Open every evening. Tell your friends

A STATUE TO GLADSTONE.

Lord Mayor Dillon Considers it Rather Premature.

The following correspondence explains itself and has an interest for readers on both sides of the ocean:—

WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A., May 15.

To the Rt. Hon. Valentine Blake Dillon, Lord Mayor of Dublin,—

MY LORD MAYOR:—In view of the despatches to this country announcing a movement on the part of the English Liberals to present some National testimonial to Mr. Gladstone, the question naturally suggests itself: What expression will the Irish people give to their admiration for and gratitude towards, the great English Commoner?

Feeling through the public press of this country an unmistakable throb of enthusiasm pulsing in the Irish-American heart to voice in some little fitting way the gratitude of our race for the great Englishman during his lifetime, I take the liberty of suggesting some immediate action. To this end I enclose herewith bank order for \$25 as my first instalment.

My own idea would be the opening of a National subscription list for a monument fund. If such should be opened there is no shadow of doubt that the response would be as instantaneous, hearty and liberal, as it would be world-wide.

To initiate the movement I know of none so fitting as you, Sir, who come of a family that has given so many patriots to the cause of Ireland. I speak advisedly when I assure you that every state in the American Union will be proud to contribute as a state a block of granite or marble to a Gladstone monument raised on Irish soil. It would perhaps be premature to suggest the location of such a monument. If, however, the testimonial takes such form (and I do not doubt it will) then how fitting it would be to replace the statue of "Dutch William" in your city with that of the great English William. To replace the Prince of Orange with him who is not only the glory and pride of England, but the grandest defender, outside of her own sons, that ever rallied to the rescue of our long-injured country—the martyr-patriot of nations—dear, brave old Ireland.

How fitting, I repeat, that future generations of Englishmen and Irishmen should in such a statue see revived the spirit of Gladstone preserved forever in the realization of some Irish sculptor's dream frozen into purest marble.

How doubly fitting too that such a statue should rehalow the deathless memories of College Green, pointing to the reopened portals of our ancient Parliament House, the glorious "old house at home."

That it should also stand an imperishable witness of the offering and acceptance of the National olive of abiding peace and goodwill.

The Celt and the Saxon contemplating a monument to Gladstone so placed might each forget the bitterness of history, the one the shame of the Boyne, the other the glory of Fontenoy.

These four statues, as it seems to me—O'Connell, Grattan, O'Brien and Gladstone—clustered around the Irish Parliament houses would open a new preface for the future history of the English and Irish people.

Trusting, my Lord Mayor, that you will agree with me that it is in accord with the fitness of things that this suggestion should come from the Capitol of the great American people who have done so much to help forward the Irish cause, and trusting too that you will receive, in the spirit in which it is offered, this suggestion as that of one whose love for the old land makes him jealous to see her first to pour out the gratitude of her national heart towards that Cour-de-lion of British statesmen, the greatest and grandest of living Englishmen, William Ewart Gladstone.

I have the honor to remain, my Lord Mayor, with the most profound esteem and respect, your Lordship's most obedient and faithful servant,

DONATUS O'BRIEN.

MANSION HOUSE, Dublin, June 15, 1894.
Donatus O'Brien, Esq., Washington, D.C.:

DEAR SIR,—I have your favor of May 16, suggesting a movement should be inaugurated to erect a statue to Mr. Gladstone in Dublin.

I regret that I cannot agree with you

that the time is opportune, although Mr. Gladstone has accomplished a great deal for this country. I consider that until the memory of Mr. Parnell—to whose matchless statesmanship very much of the work carried out by Mr. Gladstone is attributable—has been suitably commemorated, no statue can fittingly be erected to any statesman of this generation.

I am with you in considering Mr. Gladstone the greatest living Englishman, but I consider our first duty is owing to the memory of the greatest Irishman of this generation, and when we have a Home Parliament—the prospect seems now deferred—I trust the Irish people will not be so ungrateful as to omit unveiling a statue to Parnell on the day the Parliament House will have been opened.

Holding these sentiments I have only to return the draft for \$25 which you sent me.

For the high personal compliment paid me, in asking me to be the medium of your suggestion, and for the very flattering references you made to my family, I am extremely grateful and only sorry I cannot see with you in the matter.

Yours faithfully,

V. B. DILLON.

Washington, D.C., July 20, 1894.

To the Rt. Hon., Valentine Blake Dillon, Lord Mayor of Dublin:—

MY LORD MAYOR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of June 15, with inclosure as stated.

I am glad to see that, although you think the time inopportune for the erection of a statue to the great Englishman who has been the true and consistent friend of Ireland for the past quarter of a century or more, your thoughts are turned in the direction of one statue above all others that should have the sympathy of the Irish people in the near future—a statue to the lamented and "matchless" Irish patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell—and I trust, my Lord Mayor, that before the close of your years of official life, it will be your endeavor to carry into effect the excellent suggestion you make as to the propriety of first recognizing the claim of Mr. Parnell on the gratitude of the people of Ireland.

When I took the liberty of suggesting to you the erection of a statue to Mr. Gladstone, the cable had just flashed across the ocean the news that it was the intention of the Liberals of England to present him with a great national testimonial.

I believed then, as I do now, that many of our admiring and grateful Nationalist Irishmen would likely participate in such a testimonial.

I thought that if such would be the case their minds should be directed only to the memorial raised on Irish soil and for that reason alone I suggested to you the initiation of such a monument in Ireland. It is true that much of Mr. Gladstone's work for Ireland in recent years has been attributable to the energetic and patriotic statesmanship of Mr. Parnell backed up by a United Irish party in and out of parliament, but I trust you will bear with me when I recall to your mind the fact that Mr. Gladstone accomplished great things for Ireland fully six years before the lamented Parnell took an active part in the politics of his country, and it is the belief of many Irishmen who watch closely everything relating to the interests of Ireland, that Mr. Gladstone would have been brought in the natural course of events to become the champion of Home Rule some years sooner than he did but for the obstinacy and shortsightedness of the Irish party of the day. I need not remind you how, for want of a leader like Parnell, Ireland's then representatives hurled Mr. Gladstone from power by their votes on the Education Bill, and restored the Tories, the old-time enemies of Ireland, from whom they were subsequently glad to accept an Education measure far inferior to the one on which they retired Mr. Gladstone.

I regret, my Lord Mayor, that you seem to think the prospect for a Home Rule Parliament is now derided. It may be for a short time until after the coming General Election, but for one I have full confidence in the great party created by Gladstone and Morley, that they will never recede from the position they have taken to restore Ireland to its ancient autonomy. I believe Rosebery and



To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes: "During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty,

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT

gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

It is largely prescribed
**To Assist Digestion,
To Improve the Appetite,
To Act as a Food for Consumptives,
In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.**

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

Morley are doing their best not only to give Ireland Home Rule, but to restore the evicted tenants to their farms, which the Tories, before they left office, insultingly refused to do.

The opinion, my Lord Mayor, of all true and earnest Irishmen in this country is that the trouble is not with Rosebery or Morley or the great Gladstone party—a title by which it is hoped the Liberal party of the future will be always recognized—but rather with the disunited Irish representatives themselves. The lack of unity in the Irish party in the House of Commons, so marked that a small section of the party has been openly playing into the hands of Salisbury and Balfour by its recent votes, has not alone almost entirely neutralized the efforts in this country in behalf of Ireland, but is calculated to alienate the sympathy of the press and people of America generally.

Your patriotic kinsman, John Dillon—a man so much beloved all over this great Continent—said at a recent meeting in Limerick County: "If the Irish party—the real Irish party—were so foolish, so wicked, so false to the interests of their country, as to turn round and adopt the policy of Mr. Redmond, by voting against the Government, the result would be to bring back the Tories into power by a majority of one hundred." This would assuredly have a most disastrous effect upon the work of the friends of Ireland in this country, and it would be difficult if not impossible ever again to evoke the enthusiasm and generosity for the Irish cause that have been so helpful, and I may add, so necessary to its success in past years.

The fact is, my Lord Mayor, there should be no place at the present time in the Irish representation for sectionalism in any form, no place for the "Boys of Wexford" or the "Boys of Waterford" or the "Boys" of any other city or county that is not true to Ireland. Let us hope that the Irish people will rise in their might at the coming general election and relegate to private life any man or number of men, no matter how conspicuous, who fail to represent the true interests of their country by acting and voting with the English Tories, as the "Redmondites" did recently, for it is nothing less than an insult to the memory of the departed leader to call those men "Parnellites."

It is cheering to read by recent exchanges that the honest men of Clare—O'Connell's Clare—brave old Clare, that has been ever true to Ireland—are strong in their condemnation of one of their representatives, a man of whom when I met him in this country I had hoped better things. Let other constituencies emulate Clare, especially the *urbes intacta*, the good old "City of Meagher," and we will once again see Ireland returning—if only for a while—to Westminster with a re-united Irish party, an honor to their country and to themselves, and at the same time a source of pride and a perpetual stimulus to the Irish people in the United States. I may add, my Lord Mayor, that there need be no fears for the gratitude of the Irish people all the world over, when the fitting time comes for the erection of a grand statue to their late illustrious leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, and let us hope that on that day there will be no memories of him but those of honest, fervent gratitude for his splendid and unrivalled services to the cause of Ireland. No fears, I say, need be entertained for the gratitude of a people whose hearts ever beat warmly when ignoring the memories of their departed great ones, as the streets of the grand old city over which you so ably preside do freely attest in the splendid statues erected in our own time to Ireland's sons who nobly labored and nobly died in her behalf. It is

needless to say, my Lord Mayor, that I will be a subscriber to the full extent of my ability to any tribute you may initiate in the memory of the lamented Parnell, and I trust in the not distant future to hear of your taking your seat as one of the representatives of the National Capital in the "old house at home," and that one of your first acts will be to move that the Irish Parliament will take prompt steps to have "an epitaph written" of another of the illustrious sons of Ireland, its great hero-martyr, the chivalrous but ill-fated Robert Emmett.

I am, my Lord Mayor, with the renewed assurance of my profound respect and esteem, always yours faithfully,

DONATUS O'BRIEN.

WHAT IT WOULD DO.

- The money paid for one glass of beer would pay for one loaf of bread.
- The money paid for one glass of whiskey would pay for one pound of beef.
- The money paid for two glasses of beer would pay for a peck of potatoes.
- The money paid for two glasses of whiskey would pay for one pound of coffee.
- The money paid for three glasses of beer would pay for a quarter of a pound of tea.
- The money paid for three glasses of whiskey would pay for a dressed fowl.
- The money paid for four glasses of beer would pay for a dozen eggs.
- The money paid for four glasses of whiskey would pay for three pounds of butter.
- The money paid in one month for two glasses of beer a day would pay for a half ton of coal.
- The money paid in one month for two glasses of whiskey a day would pay for a suit of clothes.
- The money paid in one year for three glasses of beer a day would pay the rent for a small suite of rooms for one year.
- The money paid in one year for three glasses of whiskey a day would pay for an outfit of household furniture.
- The money paid in one year for four glasses of beer a day would pay for a carriage.
- The money paid in one year for four glasses of whiskey a day would pay for a horse and harness.—*Worcester Herald.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

- Irate Father—"When I die, I shall leave you without a penny."
- Calm Son—"Certainly. You can't take money along, you know."
- Teacher: "What is conscience?"
- Bright Boy: "Its wot makes you sorry when you get found out."
- She—"Here's a bill from the doctor."
- He—"What is it for?"
- Ethel—"I know, mamma. Doctor spoke cross to me on the street yesterday and I stuck out my tongue at him."
- "There's a friend down stairs waiting for you; says he wants you only for a minute."
- Mr. Catchon—"Here, James, take this ten dollars and keep it until I come back."
- Visitor—"Perhaps you have a notion that if you only build high enough you may reach heaven?"
- Chicago Citizen (proudly)—"No, sir; I'd have you understand that no matter how very high the building may run, it is still in Chicago!"
- Johnny—"There's one curious thing about discovering places that I don't understand."
- Teacher—"What's that?"
- Johnny—"Take Bermuda, for instance. It was discovered by a man named Bermudez, but how he stumbled on a place with a name like his own beats me?"

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A. FERGUSON, OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever, Followed by Decline—Two Physicians Failed to Help Him—The Means of Cure Discovered by Taking the Advice of a Friend.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr. Richard Smith in the marble business at Merrickville, is well known to most residents of that vicinity. He went through an illness that nearly brought him to death's door, and in an interesting chat with a reporter of the Record told of the means by which his remarkable recovery was brought about. "While engaged in my business as marble cutter at Kingston," said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in May, 1893, with malarial fever. After the fever was broken I continued to have a bad cough, followed by vomiting and excruciating pains in the stomach. I was under the treatment of two different physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I continued to grow weaker and weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone into a decline. About the middle of September I was strongly urged by a friend to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had not much hope that they would help me, but from the time I commenced the Pink Pills I found myself beginning to improve, the vomiting ceased and finally left me altogether. I grew stronger each day, until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds, and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills illness had reduced me to 123 pounds, so that you will see how much the Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt better in my life than I do now, although I occasionally take a pill yet, and am never without a part of a box in my pocket. I believe that had I not been induced to take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-day, and I am equally convinced that there is no other medicine can equal them as a blood builder and restorer of shattered systems. Five boxes cured me when the skill of two of the ablest doctors in Ontario failed, and when I look back to the middle of last September and remember that I was not able to stand on my feet, I consider the change brought about by Pink Pills simply miraculous."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post-paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

DEATH OF HON. C. F. FRASER.

The very sudden and somewhat tragic death of the late Hon. Christopher Finley Fraser, ex-Commissioner of Public Works in the Ontario Cabinet, has cast a deep gloom over all that province, and the shadow has fallen upon many other sections of our Dominion. The deceased gentleman was fifty-four years of age and had been in public life ever since Confederation. He was one of the ablest debaters, the most persuasive speakers, and most untiring workers in the Ontario legislative body. His father was a Scotch Highlander and his mother was of Irish birth and parentage. Mr. Fraser combined the sterling and persevering character of the Scotchman with the brilliancy and warm-heartedness of the Irishman. He was a careful and close student, an energetic official, a man of strong convictions and more than ordinary talents. He carved his own way to success; from the school to the Recorder's office, thence to the Bar, and finally into the Provincial Ministry he climbed, round after round, the ladder of success.

Hon. Mr. Fraser was a thorough and zealous Catholic; his voice and his purse were equally at the disposal of the

Church whenever occasion required, and he has done very much—as a public man—to raise his co-religionists in the estimation of the Ontario public. The last occasion upon which he spoke in the Legislature was painfully memorable. After a lengthy silence, due to his constantly failing health, the one-time powerful speaker arose to discuss an important question. For a few moments he proceeded vigorously, but suddenly the collapse came, and sinking back in his seat, he said: "Mr. Speaker, I am very much afraid I am not going to be able to continue. I should have liked to discuss the matter further." From that hour till his recent resignation, as member of the ministry, his voice was unheard in the Assembly where it so often aroused enthusiasm and commanded respect.

When the announcement of Mr. Fraser's resignation was made in the House, a glowing tribute was paid to his character, his work and his abilities by the leader of the party that he opposed. Irrespective of all political considerations the late gentleman was admired and honored throughout the whole of Ontario. His failing health was a cause of universal regret and his very sudden death—under the most mournful circumstances of being alone in the last trying hour—has created a deep feeling of intense sorrow and sympathy. His funeral, which took place in Brockville, was the most imposing ever witnessed in that town. A fit tribute to one who had done so much, in his busy lifetime, for the public at large. In closing we can but repeat the words of that solemn service which the Church chanted over the remains of the dead statesman—"may his soul rest in peace."

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The Rev. P. Colgan, parish priest of Aran Isles, Co. Galway, Ireland, who replaces Rev. Father O'Donnell, recently of that parish, writes to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions for the relief of the poor of that stricken district, viz: James Howlett, Tilt Cove, Newfoundland, \$2; Jeremiah O'Rourke, same place, 50 cents; Thomas Dooley, same place, 50 cents, and John Hearn, R. C. teacher, through whom the amounts were forwarded to us. The letter tells a sad story of all the misery suffered by those poor people, and certainly any aid given to them is really a charity of the highest merit.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Father O'Meara, of St. Gabriel's, and Father Guilbault, of St. Anthony's, are making their annual retreat.

The Hon. Judge Doherty, W. J. O'Hara, M. Wright and H. Gilchen are the collectors in St. Patrick's for the coming three Sundays.

The Rev. Cure L. J. Guyon, of St. Eustache, died on Wednesday last. He was cure of St. Eustache for forty-eight years and for three years was vicar of Sorel.

Sister Mary Patrick and Sister Mary of the Redeemer, of the General Hospital, Ottawa, spent the latter part of last week visiting Miss Brennan on St. Thomas street.

The Rev. Father Jacques, of St. Hyacinthe, has been appointed Superior of the Dominican monastery at Ottawa, and the Rev. Father Gauthier goes back to St. Hyacinthe.

The Rev. Father Colin, Superior of the Sulpicians, arrived in Montreal from France on Monday morning; he was accompanied by the Rev. Father Portier, a new priest for the Seminary.

Boston Girl—"Do you know, I fancy heaven will be much like Boston."
Chicago Girl—"Why? Because there won't be men enough to go around."

MRS. WOLFF'S ACADEMY,

58 GERMAN STREET,

Will re-open on Monday, 3rd September. Mrs. Wolff can be seen daily on school business from 3 to 5 p.m.

T. FITZPATRICK, L.D.S.,
DENTIST.

Teeth without Plates a Specialty.

No. 54 BEAVER HALL HILL,
MONTREAL. 46G

USE
SURPRISE
SOAP
ON WASH DAY;
AND EVERY DAY.

CHOLERA MORBUS
ALWAYS PROMPTLY CURED BY
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.

JAS. A. OGILVY & SON

OUR GRAND OPENING

OF

FALL AND WINTER MANTLES

FOR THE COMING AUTUMN SEASON
IS NOW GOING ON.

Our display of New Fall and Winter Mantles and Jackets is far ahead of our usual fine selection. They have been chosen with the greatest of care from the leading Centres of Fashion, such as

LONDON, PARIS AND BERLIN.

And comprise all the Newest Fads in Taste and Art in

MANTLES,
JACKETS
AND CAPES,

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

To suit all sizes and ages.

Call early and have your choice,

—AT—

JAS. A. OGILVY & SON,

THE FAMILY LINEN AND DRAPERY HOUSE.

208 to 207 ST. ANTOINE ST. { Telephone
144 to 150 MOUNTAIN ST. } 8225.Branch, ST CATHERINE STREET,
Cor. Buckingham Avenue,
Telephone 3835.

LACHINE,

Dorval, Lakeside,
Pointe Claire, and
Beaconsfield.

On and after FRIDAY, 4th May, our Express will make a weekly trip during the summer months, to the above mentioned places. Orders by mail promptly attended.

N.B.—Express leaves our store at 1 p.m. sharp

ENGLISH PROVISION CO.,
2450 ST. CATHERINE STREET,

[Corner DRUMMOND.]

Telephone 4847. 45-11

St. Leon Springs Sanitarium

ST. LEON, QUE.

This celebrated establishment, the most delightful and agreeable summer resort on the continent, will open on 4th June.

Tourists who visit this beautiful spot annually will find it this year under the new management, more attractive than ever. The proprietors will spare no effort in catering to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests.

The cuisine will be under the immediate management of one of Montreal's leading professional cooks. Special facilities will be given for all kinds of recreation, such as billiards, bowling, croquet, lawn tennis, boating, &c., &c.

To sufferers from Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Indigestion, General Debility, &c., &c., the Saline Springs in connection with this hotel offer a sure cure. An experienced physician will reside in the hotel.

Excursion tickets \$1.00, issued every Saturday, good till Monday.

Coches in waiting for guests at houseville on the arrival of all trains from Montreal and Quebec. For terms apply to ST. LEON SPRING CO. C. E. A. LANGLOIS, Manager, June 6, 1889. 55-13

MONTREAL
BUSINESS
COLLEGE,

Established 1864,

CORNER

Victoria Square
and
Craig Street,Is one of the
Largest, Best
Equipped and Pa-

trionized Commercial Educational Institutions in America.

All Commercial Subjects taught by Specialists. Shorthand and Typewriting by practical and experienced teachers.

SEPARATE APARTMENTS FOR LADIES.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES.

Write, Call or Telephone (2890) for Prospectus.

Address:

DAVIS & BUIE,

Business College, Montreal.

COVERNTON'S

NIPPLE : OIL.

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

COVERNTON'S

Syrup of Wild Cherry.

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

COVERNTON'S

Pile Ointment.

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

Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 121

Blary street, corner of Dorchester street.

BRODIE & HARKIE'S

Self-Raising Flour

Is THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

House and Household.

FASHION NOTES.

Crushed strawberry red is the favorite color in wash silks used for the blouse waists.

White dresses are effectively trimmed with yellow laces and insertions and are particularly pretty made over yellow silk.

Openwork embroidery is fast gaining favor and is now done on colored chambery as well as white and ecru mull. It is used extensively on one gown, sometimes forming the entire front of the shirt.

Parasols to match the tiny checked silks so much in fashion now are the proper thing.

Sporting jewelry is a feature in chief. Gold bar safety pins have on them every animal that has tempted man to kill, and always in full chase.

Original brooches are made to represent a flower—a pansy, a rosebud, a daisy or a fuchsia—with a few leaves.

Among the delicate colored organdies so pretty for summer gowns there are bright poppy reds and dark navy blue. The red gowns are very strikingly trimmed with black lace, and the blue is pretty adorned with white.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

He appeared satisfied with himself and at peace with all the world when he sat down to his dinner.

"Been shopping to-day?" he asked.

His wife nodded.

"I had nothing else to do," she said.

"Did you see anything you wanted?" he inquired.

She nodded again.

"I saw a handsome tea gown," she said.

"Have the bill sent to me," he said, promptly. "My wife can have anything that I can give her."

"Really?" she asked, but there was little animation in her tone.

"Of course," he replied. "Have I ever been niggardly?"

She shook her head.

"You've always been kind to me," she said, "but—"

"But what?" he asked. "Haven't I been generous ever since my business has prospered?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Haven't I given you everything you wanted that money could buy?"

"You haven't stinted me in anything," she returned.

"And haven't I worked hard to make the money?"

"Yes," she said, "you've worked very hard. Are you going to the office to-night?"

"Yes, I've got a little business that I must finish up. I guess I'll make enough on it to pay for that tea gown."

"I'll go without the tea gown, Harry," she said quickly.

He laid down his knife and fork and looked at her in surprise.

"Why, Jessie," he exclaimed, "you can have it just as well as not. I—"

She suddenly pushed aside her plate and asked:

"Why did I marry you, Harry?"

"Why, I suppose because—"

"I had a good home," she interrupted.

"Yes, of course."

"And my father was well off."

"Yes."

He was plainly surprised.

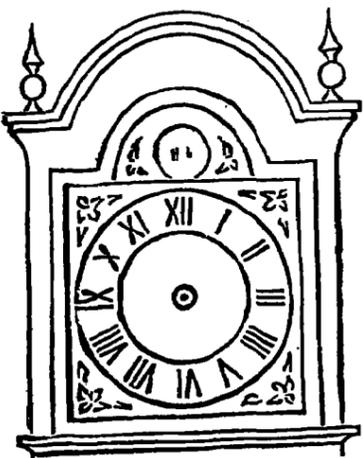
"And what have you given me?" she asked, looking at him earnestly. Then, before he could reply, she answered her own question. "A home and money, Harry, and oh, such a lonesome feeling some evenings. You seem to think—"

she hesitated, and then added, "I don't want the gown; really, I don't. I'd rather—"

He went over to her and kissed her, and, as she put her arms around his neck, said—

"I'm not going to the office to-night. I never thought, you know—you get that tea gown anyway. That settles that!"

An old salt, on hearing of the death of his former master, the captain of a frigate, dashed away a tear and said: "What did he die of?" "The rupture of a vessel." "Ah! that's better,—a glorious death for a sailor."



No hands are hurt when you wash with *Pearline*; no harm happens to the finest fabric. The hands that are delicate have much less work; the things that are tender have much less wear. It takes away the dirt, and brings ease in doing it. *Pearline* for washing leaves nothing to wish for; *Pearline* in washing leaves nothing to be done. Beware of imitations. 200 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

	Dor.	Retail.
Dominion Catholic Reading Charts Introductory to the Dominion Catholic Series, and to accompany the Dominion Catholic First Reader. Part I. Twenty-seven Charts mounted on Fourteen Boards, Illustrated, size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Per set.....	\$9 00	
Dominion Catholic First Reader \$ c.	\$ 7	
Part I.....	63	10
Dominion Catholic First Reader, Part II.....	90	25
Dominion Catholic Second Reader.....	2 40	35
Dominion Catholic Third Reader.....	3 60	35
Dominion Catholic Fourth Reader.....	5 40	50
Dominion Catholic Complete Speller.....	2 70	30
Elementary Studies in English Grammar.....	2 70	30
Outlines of English History, (with Colored Map).....	2 40	25
Outlines of Canadian History (with Colored Map).....	2 40	25
Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Part II.....	1 00	10
Dominion Edition of Payson, Dutton & Scribner's Penmanship, Large size or advanced course in 12 Numbers.....	80	10
Small size or Primary Short Course in 5 Numbers.....	60	7
Small size Tracing Course—Letters A and B.....	40	5
Patent Cover and Blotter, Small size "Large".....	18	2
The Hand Book of Penmanship for Payson, Dutton and Scribner's Course First Lessons in Book-keeping by Williams & Rogers.....	7 80	75
The New Theoretical and Practical Instructive Book-keeping by Williams & Rogers.....	10 80	25
The New Theoretical and Practical Complete Book-keeping by Williams & Rogers.....	19 80	2 00
Catholic School History of England, With Five Colored Maps.....	7 50	75

Complete Lines of School Stationery.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.,

Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles. 1699 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL. 115 Church St., TORONTO.

HER MAJESTY'S FLEET.

AN OFFICER SPEAKS OF THE LIFE OF CATHOLIC SAILORS.

Mr. Thomas Noonan, a third-class officer of the Tartar, when interviewed by a TRUE WITNESS reporter as to the condition of the Catholic sailor in the British navy, said:—

On the ships at present in Montreal there are about ninety Catholic sailors; on the Tartar there are about twenty. The Admiralty provide almost every facility to enable us to exercise our religion. At all the ports at which we rest for any length of time a priest, who receives a subsidy from the Admiralty, attends to our spiritual wants. This is the case in foreign as well as English ports. On all transport ships a Catholic chaplain attends to the spiritual needs of the men. "Of course," said Mr. Noonan, "we could not, with an average of only twenty Catholics on each ship, expect to have a chaplain on the boats that are her." Chaplains who have served a long time receive recompense from the Admiralty the same as sailors or soldiers. Bishop Virtue, the present Bishop of Portsmouth, England, receives a regular pension for the services he rendered as naval chaplain years ago. When it is possible we have a Mass on board our ships in the captain's cabin; we are the only religion who may use the captain's cabin for our service, because, of course, Mass must be said in a place which is quiet and secluded. The Admiralty is more scrupulous in making Catholics attend to their religious duties than any other denomination; when we are anywhere near a church we are always required to attend Mass.

What is the percentage of Catholic men in the English navy?

"Well," said Mr. Noonan, "that is rather difficult to say at a guess, but I should think about 20 to 25 per cent; on the Blake there are 600 men, and of these a little over one hundred are Catholics."

In answer to a question, Mr. Noonan said: "Boys generally enter the navy when about sixteen years of age, and after some years on a training ship they are drafted, if they show sufficient aptitude for the work, into a man-of-war as ship's boys, and as soon after that as they are competent they are entered as ordinary seamen on the ship's books. The boys, by the new code, are required to enlist for twelve years, after that they may renew for another term of ten years. A large percentage of the men on the Tartar are already well on in their second term of service. A boy of intelligence and good conduct may rise to be a warrant officer long before his second term expires. A man who has served the full twenty-two years is pensioned off with full pay, which is sufficient to keep him in comparative ease for the rest of his life.

"Every sailor in the British navy has an official number and description registered at the office of the Admiralty, so that his identity may be known if anything happens to him at sea."

The sailors of the fleet in Montreal attended Mass on Sunday in the new Cathedral, by special invitation of Archbishop Fabre.

"Commend



to Your Honorable Wife"

—Merchant of Venice, and tell her that I am composed of clarified cottonseed oil and refined beef suet; that I am the purest of all cooking fats; that my name is

Cottolene

that I am better than lard, and more useful than butter; that I am equal in shortening to twice the quantity of either, and make food much easier of digestion. I am to be found everywhere in 3 and 5 pound pails, but am

Made only by



The N. K. Fairbank Company, Wellington and Ann Sts. MONTREAL.

\$500

Accident Insurance Free

We give to our Customers a Policy for Five Hundred Dollars in the

MANUFACTURERS'

Accident Insurance Co.

AVAIL YOURSELF OF THIS LIBERAL OFFER AND BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

— AT —

RONAYNE BROS.,

2027 NOTRE DAME ST.,

Chaboilaz Square.

(Near Grand Trunk Depot.)

MONTREAL.

FARMS FOR SALE.

FARMS In every county in Canada, NEBRASKA, BRITISH COLUMBIA, MANITOBA, MISSOURI, NOVA SCOTIA, DAKOTA, etc. Please send for Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address.

FARMS A SPECIALTY.

P. E. BROWN,

Real Estate Agent,

17 Place d'Armes Hill Montreal.



RHEUMATISM

NEURALGIA, MUSCULAR STIFFNESS, PAIN IN SIDE & LAME BACK MUST GO

WHEN THE "D.&L." MENTHOL PLASTER IS USED



IF YOU BUY THE

QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR

YOU HAVE THE BEST VALUE!

IF you SAVE THE WRAPPERS and return 60 of them to THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co., 168 McCord Street, they will send you a handsome MACASSAR, size 17 x 22 inches, imported direct by them from France, which will ornament your drawing-room.

BOARD OF

—THE—

Roman Catholic School Commissioners
OF MONTREAL.

The reopening of the Classes of the Catholic Commercial Academy and all the other Schools under the control of the Board, will take place on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd.

For all particulars apply to the Principal or the Director of each School. 5-3

UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA

The Leading English Institution of
Catholic Education in Canada.

Theological, Philosophical, Classical,
Scientific and Commercial Courses.

FULLY EQUIPPED LABORATORIES!
A PRACTICAL BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

TERMS:—Including Board, Tuition,
Washing and Bedding, \$160 per year.

For PROSPECTUS apply to the
Secretary. 51-9

MOUNT ST. MARY

EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT
FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of the
Congregation de Notre Dame, 328
Guy Street, Montreal.

This establishment, beautifully situated
near the Mountain, commands a
delightful view of the City of Montreal,
the River St. Lawrence and the celebrated
Victoria bridge.

The course of Studies is complete in
English and French. Classes will re-
open for boarders and day-scholars on
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER FOURTH.

For further particulars apply to
5-3 THE MOTHER SUPERIOR.

Notre Dame College,

COTE DES NEIGES.

This well known and popular institu-
tion will re-open on MONDAY, the 3rd
SEPTEMBER next.

The Electric cars from Bleury street,
by way of Outremont, run out to the
College every half hour.

The parents are requested to send the
pupils as early as possible. 5-13

Mount St. Louis Institute,

444 SHERBROOKE ST.

MONTREAL.

This Institution will re-open Tuesday,
September 5th.

Boarders of last year and new appli-
cants as boarders or day pupils will be
received on Tuesday.

Day pupils of last year, on Wednesday
September 6th, at 9 a.m. 4-3

BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P.Q.

(Near the Ottawa River.)

Classical Course and English Commercial Course.

Banking and Practical Business Depart-
ments. Best modern text-books are taught by
competent professors. Short-hand, type-writ-
ing, telegraphy, music, etc. Diplomas awarded.
Communications are convenient by rail or
water. Board, Tuition, Bed and Washing, \$120
per annum. Studies will be renewed on Sep-
tember 5th. For prospectus or information ad-
dress to REV. JOS. CHARLEBOIS, C.S.V., Pre-
sident. 51-9

MISS GRONIN'S ACADEMY

WILL RE-OPEN

ON SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1894.

At 257 St. Antoine Street. 6-5

MISS McDONNELL'S ACADEMY

For young ladies and small boys will re-open
on Monday, September 3rd.

675 LaGauchetiere Street. 5-3



LACHINE CANAL.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed, and endorsed "Tender for the
deepening of Canal Prism," will be received at
this office until noon on Tuesday, the 4th day
of September, 1894, for the deepening of the
Canal Prism between Lock No. 3 and Lock
No. 5.

Plans and specifications of the work to be
done can be seen on and after the seventh day
of August, 1894, at the office of the Chief
Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa,
and at the Superintending Engineer's office in
Montreal, where forms of tender can be ob-
tained.

In the case of firms there must be attached
the actual signatures of the full name, the
nature of the occupation, and place of resi-
dence of each member of the same, and fur-
ther, an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of
\$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This
accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the
Minister of Railways and Canals and will be
forfeited if the party tendering declines enter-
ing into any contract for the work at the rates
and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.
The accepted cheque thus sent in will be re-
turned to the respective parties whose tenders
are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind
itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
J. H. BALDERSON,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 4th August, 1894. } 4-3



LAKE ST. LOUIS

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed, and endorsed "Tenders for New
Channel, Lake St. Louis," will be received at
this office up to noon on Tuesday, the 18th day
of September, 1894, for the formation of a new
channel in Lake St. Louis, section No. 1.

Plans and specification of the work to be
done can be seen on and after the 23rd day of
August, 1894, at the office of the Chief Engineer
of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the
Superintending Engineer's office in Montreal,
where forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached
the actual signatures of the full name, the
nature of the occupation, and place of resi-
dence of each member of the same, and further,
an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of
\$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This
accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the
Minister of Railways and Canals and will be
forfeited if the party tendering declines enter-
ing into contract for the work at the rates and
on the terms stated in offer submitted. The
accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned
to the respective parties whose tenders are not
accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind
itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
J. H. BALDERSON,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals }
Ottawa, 4th August, 1894. } 6-3



SOULANGES CANALS.

Notice to Manufacturers of and Dealers
in Portland Cement.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed, and endorsed "Tenders for Port-
land Cement," will be received at this office
up to noon on Saturday, the 1st September,
1894, for the supply and delivery of 11,000 bar-
rels, more or less, of Portland Cement. Specifi-
cations and forms of tender can be obtained
by the parties tendering at the office of the
Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa.

In the case of firms there must be attached
the actual signatures of the full name, the
nature of the occupation, and place of residence
of each member of the same, and further, an
accepted bank cheque, for the sum of \$2,000 00
must accompany the tender. This accepted
cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister
of Railways and Canals and will be forfeited if
the party tendering declines entering into
contract for the work at the rates and on the
terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted
cheque thus sent in will be returned to the re-
spective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind
itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
(Sgd.) J. H. BALDERSON,
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, }
Ottawa, 18th August, 1894. } 6-1



\$3 a Day Sure.

Send me your address and I will
show you how to make \$3 a day; absolute-
ly sure; I furnish the work and teach
you free; you work in the locality where
you live. Send me your address and I
will explain the business fully; remem-
ber, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for
every day's work; absolutely sure; don't
fail to write to-day.

Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

TEACHER WANTED.

For the Catholic Boys' School in the
village of Rawdon, a male Teacher, with
Model Diploma for English and French.
For particulars apply immediately to
the undersigned, Wm. WHITTAKER, Sec-
Treas., Rawdon, Co. Montcalm, Que. 5-2

C. A. McDONNELL,

ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE.

186 ST. JAMES STREET,

Telephone 1182.

MONTREAL.

Personal supervision given to all business
Rents Collected, Estates administered and
Books audited.

DOYLE & ANDERSON.

WHOLESALE

TEA; MERCHANTS.

DIRECT IMPORTERS.

564 ST. PAUL STREET, Montreal.

P. S. DOYLE. | B. J. ANDERSON.

DUFRESNE BROS..

SCULPTORS on WOOD or STONE.

Office: No. 1273 NOTRE DAME STREET.

Orders promptly attended to.

EDWARD ELLIOTT,

FAMILY GROCER

59 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL

Choice and Fresh Stock always on
hand.

E. HALLEY,

General Contractor and Plasterer,

126 PARK AVENUE,

MONTREAL.

Jobbing a specialty.

E. KING,

BOOTS & SHOES NEATLY REPAIRED.

All Work Warranted.

Second-hand Boots and Shoes Bought and Sold

38 CHABOILLEZ STREET.

FRANK DUPLANTI.

SIGN PAINTER AND DECORATOR

Whitewashing, Tinting and Paper Hanging.

GRAINING A SPECIALTY.

362 LIVERPOOL STREET, Point St. Charles.

GALLERY BROTHERS,

BAKERS and CONFECTIONERS

Bread delivered to all parts of the city.

Cor. YOUNG & WILLIAM STREETS. 3

TELEPHONE 2895.

G. H. PEARSON & CO.

FINE TAILORING.

22 CHABOILLEZ SQUARE.

G. H. PEARSON. | J. P. CLARK.

GALLERY BROTHERS,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

2165 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Shirts and Underwear a Specialty.

JOS. DESJARDINS & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

Orders Promptly Attended. Fit Guaranteed

1626 ST. CATHERINE STREET. 48G

JOSEPH M. O'BRIEN,

Stenographer and Typewriter,

ROOM 90, TEMPLE BUILDING,

185 ST. JAMES STREET.

Telephone No. 2326. 50-3 m

JOHN MARKUM

PLUMBER, GAS & STEAMFITTER

TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKER

85 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL.

Telephone No. 9224.

LORGE & CO.,

Hatter and Furrier.

21 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

MONTREAL.

MCENTYRE & SON,

IMPORTERS and TAILORS,

58 BEAVER HALL HILL,

MONTREAL.

S. O. MESSIER,

3011 NOTRE DAME STREET

PIE BAKERY.

Cakes delivered to all parts of the city.
Reductions to Restaurants, Hotels, etc.

T. C. O'BRIEN,

FANCY BOOTS and SHOES,

231 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,

MONTREAL.

D. MULLIN,

Veterinary Surgeon and Horse Dentist.

Office: 22 St. URBAIN STREET.

Telephone 2352.

WAVERLEY

LIVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLES

McDONNELL & ANLOW, Proprietors.

95 JUROR STREET, (Victoria Sq.)

Montreal.

Special attention to Boarding. 51-G

Telephone 1528.

A. BYRNE,

Livery, Boarding and Sale Stables.

A. M. BYRNE, | 28 BLEURY ST.,

Proprietor. | Montreal.

First-Class Livery always on hand. Special
attention to Boarding. A call solicited. 2-52

C. McKIERNAN,

HORSESHOER.

(15 years' experience in Montreal.)

No. 5 HERMINE ST., Montreal.

All horses personally attended to. Interfer-
ing, Lame and Trotting Horses made a specta-
cle. 2-52

Montreal Roofing Co.

::: GENERAL :::

ROOFERS AND CONTRACTORS.

Roofing

IN METAL, SLATE, CEMENT, GRAVEL.

Roofs Repaired.

BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDERS'
GET PRICE FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS:

Cor. Latour st. and Busby Lane.

TELEPHONES 130 and 1602.

POST OFFICE BOX 909.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Mont-
real. In the Superior Court. No. 2327.
Dame Coriène Leblanc, of the City and District
of Montreal, wife common as to property of
Isidore Boileau, clerk of the same place, Plain-
tiff; vs. the said Isidore Boileau, Defendant.
The Plaintiff hereby gives notice that on the
8th August, 1894, she has sued, for separation
as to property, her husband, the said Isidore
Boileau.
Montreal, 22nd August, 1894.

SAINT PIERRE & PELISSIER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
6-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF
MONTREAL. In the SUPERIOR COURT.
No. 781. Dame Marie Anne Erien dit Duro-
cher, of the city and district of Montreal, wife
of Jean Baptiste Malepart, of the same place,
has this day instituted an action in separation
as to property against her said husband.
Montreal, 23rd August, 1894.

BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.
6-5

Subscribe for THE TRUE WITNESS, only
\$1.50 per year.

TRADE AND COMMERCE

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—The local demand continues fairly good, and there is some enquiry for export, with sales of Manitoba patents reported for Liverpool and Glasgow. It is very difficult to obtain an advance in prices, although some assert that they have been able to get a little more money for well known and attractive brands. In this market sales of Ontario straight rollers have been made at \$2.85 to \$2.90 on track, and the same flour is said to have been offered in Quebec at precisely the same figures. We quote:

Patent Spring.....	\$3.40	3.50
Ontario Patent.....	3.10	3.20
Straight Roller.....	2.85	3.10
Extra.....	2.40	2.60
Superfine.....	3.15	3.25
City Strong Bakers.....	3.30	3.40
Manitoba Bakers.....	3.15	3.40
Ontario bags—extra.....	1.30	1.40
Straight Rollers.....	1.50	1.55

Oatmeal.—The easier feeling of last week has been emphasized, owing to the easier market for oats; and we quote jobbing prices as follows:—Killed and granulated \$4.35 to \$4.50; Standard \$4.25 to \$4.35. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.15 to \$2.20, and standard at \$2.10 to \$2.15. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are selling at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls and \$1.75 in bags, and spilt peas \$3.40 to \$3.50.

Bran, etc.—The market remains firm under a good enquiry for bran, sales of which are reported at \$15.25 to \$15.50 for car lots. Americans have been large buyers of Ontario bran of late. Shorts are also scarce and are quoted at \$17 to \$18 as to quality. Moullie is quiet but steady at \$30 to \$32.

Wheat.—The market is quiet, and in the absence of spot business prices are purely nominal. No. 1 Manitoba hard is worth only about 73c in England, and is quoted here at 69c to 70c. It is selling in car lots to Western mills at 69c to 72c as to position.

Corn.—Market quiet at 65c to 67c duty paid, and 59c to 61c in bond.

Peas.—Several lots of Ontario new peas have been received, and some of them have turned out buggy. There is a fair demand for shipment, and the last sale reported to us was at 74c afloat per 66 lbs. In the West new peas are offered at 56c per 60 lbs, equal to about 69c per 66 lbs here.

Oats.—New No. 2 Ontario oats are offered a 2c in the West; which is equal to 32 laid down here, on the export rate, and about 33c on the regular rate. Old oats have been sold at 30c for the local trade; but the price is considered too high.

Barley.—Feed barley is firm and higher, 45c being now asked. Malting barley is quiet but firm at 50c to 55c.

Rye.—Quotations are nominal at 52c to 53c.

Buckwheat.—The market is unchanged at 47c to 48c. It is feared that the new crop has been injured by the cold spell.

Malt.—Quiet but steady at 72c to 80c.

Seeds.—We quote Canadian Timothy \$2.25 to \$2.50, and Western Timothy \$1.90 to \$2.10. Alsike \$7.00 to \$7.50 for good to fancy. Red clover quiet at \$6 to \$7 as to quality.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—There has been very little change in hog products during the week, prices remaining firm all round. It is believed that packers will never again pack as much pork in the winter as in former years, for the reason that consumers now want mild cured pork, and the packing will be spread more over the whole year, than being confined to the winter season. We quote:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.....	\$18.00	23.00
Canada short cut, light, per bbl.....	18.00	18.50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.....	18.50	19.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....	18.50	19.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.....	12.25	12.50
Plate beef, per bbl.....	16.25	16.50
Hams, per lb.....	9 1/2	10 1/2
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....	9 1/2	10c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....	7 1/2	7 1/2c
Bacon, per lb.....	10	11c
Shoulders, per lb.....	8 1/2	9c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Western is quiet with a few sales reported at 15c to 16c, the latter figure for selections. A large fall make of creamery is said to be in progress and there is no prospect of any falling off in production, the pastures being all that could be desired. We quote prices as follows:—

Creamery, fresh.....	per lb.	18c to 19c
Eastern Townships dairy.....		16c to 17c
Western.....		14c to 16c

Add 1c to above for single packages of selected.

Cheese.—The market is firm and higher, cheese amounting to about 5,000 boxes by boat, and rail being disposed of at 9 1/2c to 10c which is 1/2c to 3/4c higher than the week previous; but the cheese were August make and a better class of goods. Prices, however, still show an advance. Sales in the country have been made of Western cheese 10c to 10 1/2c; but choice colored goods cannot be sold at under 10 1/2c. Contracts have been made in the Belleville section at 10c August, September and October, and in other sections at 10c August, 10 1/2c Sept. and 10 1/2c October. The Liverpool cable continues to creep up slowly, being now quoted at 48s 6d while actual business has been done at 43s to 50s. We quote:—

Finest Western, colored.....	10c to 10 1/2c
" " white.....	9 1/2c to 10 1/2c
" " Quebec, colored.....	9 1/2c to 10c
" " white.....	9 1/2c
Under grades.....	8 1/2c to 9 1/2c
Cable.....	46s 6d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—As our dealers have heard nothing definite regarding the American duty which will no doubt be 8c per dozen, no attempts at doing business with the United States have been made. Here the market is quiet but fairly steady at 9 1/2c to 10c, sales having been made at both figures for good to choice stock. Oulls have sold down as low as 7c a lot of 32 cases selling at that figure, and we quote 7c to 8c. One thing is very certain and that is there is plenty of eggs in the West.

Baled Hay.—There is not much change in hay shipments of Canadian No. 2 are still going forward to England via New York and Boston at very low ocean freight. The price of No. 2 hay has sold here at \$7.25 to \$7.50 along-side vessel. In the country sales are reported at the wide range of \$5 to \$6 per ton.

Hops.—The first new hops of the season have been received and sold; but they only consisted of 1 or 2 bale lots. Prices will rule very low this season, and we quote new hops to arrive at 10c; yearlings are offered as low as 7 1/2c; but brewers do not seem to want them. There is a big crop on both sides of the Atlantic.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—A little improvement is noticeable this week in apples, the supply not being so heavy and the demand better, we quote prices as follows:—Astricans \$1.25 to \$1.75 per barrel, and baskets 20c to 30c. Duchess \$1.50 to \$1.75, baskets 20c to 30c.

Oranges.—Sales are very limited of Rodi Oranges at \$4.50 to \$5.00 per box.

Lemons.—There is only a very limited demand for lemons, which is owing to the cold weather. We quote \$3 to \$4 per box, some rough new lemons selling cheaper.

Bananas.—Bananas are selling very slowly at 50c to \$1.50 per bunch.

Peaches.—California peaches are commanding good sales at \$1.25 to \$1.80 per box, Canadian peaches selling at 50c to 60c per basket. The heavy supply of California peaches is keeping down the price of our Canadian peaches and is also the cause of limiting the sales.

Pears.—California pears are also in good demand at \$2.00 to \$2.50 per box. Hudson River Bartlett pears at \$1.75 to \$2.25 per keg. Canadian pears 40c to 60c per basket.

Plums.—California plums are also selling rapidly at \$1.25 to \$1.75 per box. Canadian plums 45c to 70c per basket.

Grapes.—Quite a few sales have been made of Canadian grapes at 60c per basket. Hudson River grapes are also selling at 60c per basket.

Potatoes.—The demand for pot potatoes has slackened off a bit and prices are a little easier. We quote potatoes on track 85c to 90c and jobbing lots 95c to \$1.10 per barrel.

FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—The market is quiet, a few sales of Gaspe dry cod being reported at \$1.25 to \$1.75 per quintal of 112 lbs. July Cape Breton; herring is quoted at \$1.50 to \$5.00.

Oils.—Steam refined seal oil is steady and quoted at 35c to 36c regular terms. Cod oil is quiet at 35c to 36c for Newfoundland, and 33c to 34c for Halifax in jobbing lots. These prices would no doubt be shaded for round quantities. Cod liver oil is quoted at 65c to 75c.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. **BELLS** HAVE FURNISHED 35,000 CHURCH, SCHOOL & OTHER BELL-METAL CHIMES, Etc. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., LOUGHBOROUGH, Eng., the Premier **BELL FOUNDERS** of the day, have made all the important Bells in England for many years. Catalogues and all information from JAS. T. SCANLAN, Board of Trade Building, Montreal. 35-G

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO. CINCINNATI, O. Sole makers of the "Blymer" Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells. Catalogue with over 2200 testimonials. NO DUTY ON CHURCH BELLS. 24-2600W Mention this paper.

The me... quality of bells for Churches, Chimes, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Prices. **BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY,** THE VANDUZER & TRIFT CO., Cincinnati, O.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING **CHURCH BELLS** & PEALS. PUREST BELL-METAL, COPPER AND TIN. Send for Price and Catalogue. **McBRANE BELL FOUNDRY BALTIMORE, MD.**

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

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

AGENTS who work for us make MONEY fast. Send your address or postal card for particulars. **THE ROYAL SILVERWARE CO., Windsor, Ont. 11-G.**

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA.

1666 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Next Distribution of Paintings
Wednesday, 29th August.

PRICE OF SCRIPS
25 Cents.

Try our Famous
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA
35c. per pound.

Finest Creamery Butter, 25c pr lb
Finest Dairy Butter, 22c "

D. STEWART,
206 St. Antoine street.
TELEPHONE 8168.

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

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.
This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

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

Holloway's Ointment.
Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of
Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers
This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt to meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA, For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas.

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

All kinds of Job Printing done at THE TRUE WITNESS office.

WHAT IS

ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER

It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. **ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER** is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other citizens of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of **ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER.** Lack of space allows us to reproduce only the two following:

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.
I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth, a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.
D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.
Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1885.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.
I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, as it was in youth, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principle ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise in a high degree an emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.
G. DESROSIERS, M. D.
St-Felix de Valois, January, 18th 1884.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

FLOUR!
Best Hiawatha Flour,
\$3.95 a Barrel.
Best Creamery Butter.....23c per lb.
Choice Dairy Butter.....20c per lb.
OPEN EVENINGS.
J. L. GREVIER, 809 St. James Street
46-47

M. KANNON,
Veterinary : Surgeon,
LATE ASSISTANT WITH
WM. PATTERSON, M. D. M. R. C. V. S.
OFFICE . 106 Colborne Street,
MONTREAL.
Bell Tele-phone No. 2687. 81-G

T. E. & A. MARTIN.

Furniture

AND

Bedding

1924

NOTRE DAME ST.



SOLD FOR CASH

OR ON

EASY TERMS

Of Payment

TO

RESPONSIBLE PERSONS

OPEN EVERY EVENING TILL 9 O'CLOCK.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:— 1924 Notre Dame Street, a few doors west of Balmoral Hotel.

44-26 eow

T. E. & A. MARTIN

Don't Burn Your Hands.

BUY A FRUIT JAR HOLDER

Don't Burn Your Fruit.

BUY AN ASBESTOS MAT.

RANGES, GAS STOVES, TINWARE, CUTLERY, HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

ALL KINDS OF STOVES REPAIRED.

F. H. BARRÉ 2373-75 ST. CATHERINE STREET. Telephone 4241.



Open and Covered

BUGGIES

of all kinds

FARMERS' EXPRESS WAGONS

FARM WAGONS,

ROAD CARTS

FARM CARTS

COAL CARTS

PONEY CARTS

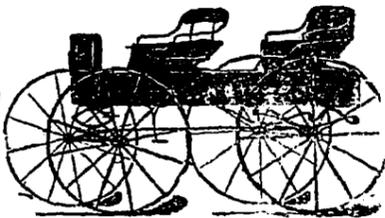
AND ALL KINDS OF

FARM IMPLEMENTS

R. J. LATIMER,

592 ST. PAUL Street, Montreal.

Branches: Sherbrooke, Richmond, St. Hyacinthe, St. John, Coteau, Huntingdon, Yamachiche, Three Rivers, Quebec.



J. F. BANNISTER,

Cor. Victoria

—AND—
St. Catherine Sts.

QUEEN'S BLOCK SHOE STORE

Is offering THIS WEEK Special Bargains in TAN GOODS. Men's, Boy's, Womens', Misses' and Children's, all at greatly reduced Prices.

A beautiful Etching on Satin given with every purchase amounting to TWO DOLLARS. These lively works of ART are much sought after and are going fast. They cannot be duplicated, so it behooves one and all to come early and secure them. Anyone bringing THIS ADVERTISEMENT will receive one with ANY purchase they make this week.

QUEEN'S BLOCK SHOE STORE.

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

REPRESENTING: SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND Assets, \$39,109,382.64.

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

EASTERN ASSURANCE CO., of Halifax, N.S., Capital, \$1,000,000.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

A NOVELTY FOR MONTREAL From the Orient.

Just received, direct from Asia,

50 MANDARIN RUGS

TO LADIES:

We think we are right in stating that the

MANDARIN RUGS

have never yet been imported into Canada.

The novelty and exquisite taste in designs and coloring renders them very recherche for the

DRAWING ROOM or LIBRARY

They are being exhibited in

NO. 3 CARPET ROOM.

S. CARSLY.

NEW CARPETS

Just received several large deliveries of New Carpets.

S. CARSLY.

VERY BEST.

The very best quality of

HIGH CLASS CARPETS
HIGH CLASS CARPETS

are kept in large varieties and sold cheap.

S. CARSLY.

- GOBLIN CARPETS
- AXMINSTER CARPETS
- MOQUETTE CARPETS
- WILTON CARPETS
- BRUSSELS CARPETS
- TAPESTRY CARPETS
- NEGLIGEE CARPETS
- ALL-WOOL CARPETS
- UNION CARPETS
- DUTCH CARPETS
- JUTE CARPETS

S. CARSLY.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Carpets ordered now will be stored and insured against fire until required without extra charge.

S. CARSLY.

FACT IS

The fact is, if you wish to select from the largest stock of new and reliable carpets,

S. CARSLY'S,

is the store to buy them.

FOUR

S. Carsley now has four large rooms full of Carpets, and his Carpet trade is increasing faster than ever.

S. CARSLY.

Notre Dame street.

ACKNOWLEDGED

That the right place to buy

BOYS' SUITS

FOR

SCHOOL WEAR

IS

S. CARSLY'S

Just put into stock ten cases boys' choice tailor made Tweed Suits, especially adapted for school wear.

S. CARSLY.

Parents and Boys Agree

that S. Carsley's is the store to buy

BOYS' CLOTHING

because he carries

THE LARGEST STOCK
THE NEWEST STYLES

and

SELLS THE CHEAPEST

S. CARSLY,

Notre Dame St.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

CURRAN & GRENIER,

ADVOCATES,

99 St. James Street,

MONTREAL.

HON. J. J. CURRAN, Q.C., LL.D.,
Solicitor-General of Canada.

34 G

A. W. GRENIER, Q.C., B.C.L.

JUDAH, BRANCHAUD & KAVANAGH

ADVOCATES

3 Place d'Armes Hill.

F. T. JUDAH, Q.C. A. BRANCHAUD, Q.C.
H. J. KAVANAGH, Q.C. 34-G

QUINN & DUGGAN,

Advocates, Solicitors and Attorneys.

OFFICES, TEMPLE BUILDING,

185 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

M. J. F. QUINN, Q.C., Crown
Prosecutor.

E. J. DUGGAN, LL.B.

G46-98

JUDGE M. DOHERTY, Consulting Counsel, SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS Montreal.

DOHERTY & SICOTTE,

[Formerly LOHREY & DOHERTY,]

Advocates: and: Barristers,

180 ST. JAMES STREET,

City and District Bank Building

G. R. PHILLIPS & CO.

(Successors to Cobban Man'g Co.)

Mouldings, Picture Frames and Mirrors

STEEL ENGRAVINGS, ETCHINGS,

PHOTOGRAVURES,
ARTOTYPES,

Easels, Screens, &c.

148 MCGILL STREET

MONTREAL.

Fine Picture Framing.