

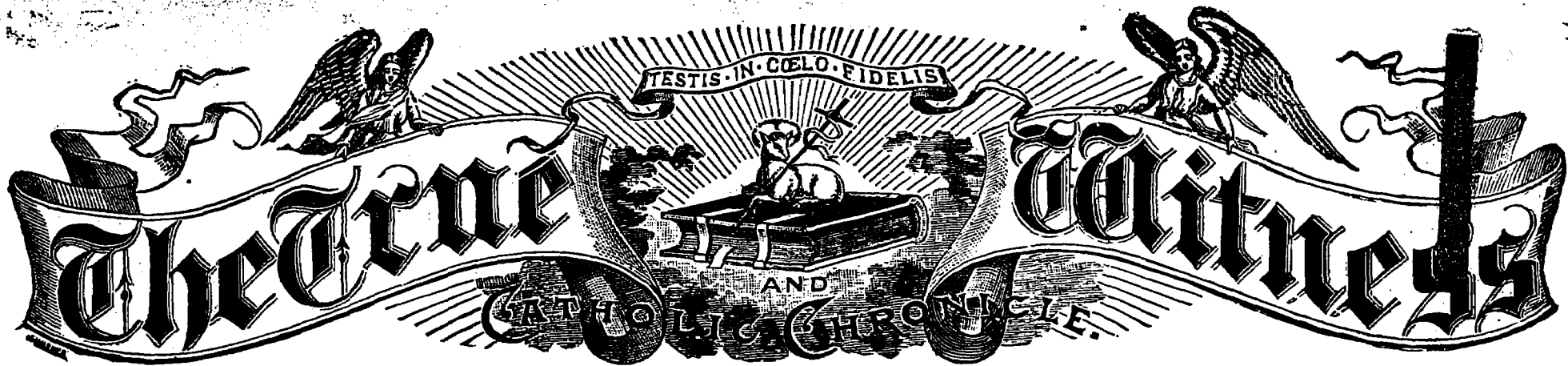
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**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

MOWBRAY, the English Anarchist, is going home in disgust. He had to send round the hat to secure enough to pay his return passage. He found that anarchism did not take on this side of the Atlantic, and he is vexed with the world. He thinks that American Liberty is a fraud since the goddess at Bedloe's Island did not receive him with open arms and offer him her electric torch to set fire to New York. He also feels inclined to kick himself down to the wharf for being such a fool as to imagine that Wall street was palpitating with joyous expectation and that Fifth Avenue was anxiously praying for his destructive presence. It might turn out that Charles Wilfred Mowbray may yet become the deadly enemy of that Anarchism which deceived him and go back to England to preach order, obedience to authority, and honest government.

IF THE learned editor of the C.M.B.A Journal would be kind enough to give his readers a cut of his doubtless attractive features, accompanied with a sketch of his career in the field of Catholic journalism, not omitting all that he has done, in other ways, for the benefit of our people, the propagation of our Faith and the augmentation of Catholic influence, he would confer a favor on many of his well-wishers and might be aiding far more the cause he has at heart than in wasting time shooting sarcastic arrows at the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS. The old motto—*stat nominis umbra*—might suit a Junius, but it is totally out of place when there is question of a modern editor, especially at the close of the nineteenth century.

HAWAII, that interesting little country, lately a Kingdom, now a Republic, has been officially recognized at Washington. We don't know very much about Hawaii, and the little we do know is gleaned from the accounts of the efforts made by members of a recently reigning family to awaken a friendly spirit to their cause in the United States, and from those admirable pages of Charles Warren Stoddard, whereon we behold most glowing pen-pictures of that peculiar country. In referring to the recognition of the Republic at Washington the Boston Pilot aptly says: "Now, will it (Hawaii) please remember that little folks are to be seen and not heard, and keep nice and quiet for the rest of the evening?"

ARTISTS have been invited to send in designs for a monument to be erected in the Church of Saint Michale, in Zolle, Holland, in honor of Thomas a Kempis. It is a project that should meet with universal Catholic support. The monument will be of solid stone, in the style of the fifteenth century, and will cost about \$4,200. The designs must be in before the 15th January, 1895. Any contributions may be sent to the Treasurer of the Committee, Rev. W. F. Weijtens, Foure, Holland. It is an un-

dertaking that does honor to its promoters. In Zolle will stand the stone monument to Thomas a Kempis; but all over the world and throughout all time there is another monument "more enduring than bronze," and one that shall transmit his name and his fame even unto the last generation—it is his inimitable "Imitation of Christ."

THE ROCK—not the "Rock of Ages"—but a species of petrified journal that the ultra-anti-Romanists of England pick up and throw at the Catholic Church, whenever a destructive fit seizes them, has got a correspondent who signs "Watchman." This semi-demented sentinel has succeeded in awakening considerable interest—in a considerably small circle—in his exceptionally foolish contributions. He did well to select the Rock as a medium, for anything softer would produce absolutely no effect. "Watchman"—who has been on his rounds—reports that there are at present:

Roman Catholic Bishops in the Established Church who are re-ordaining parsons who are uncomfortable as to their Orders. It is not clever on the part of Catholics?

This is a very interesting geological specimen from this "Watchman's" collection of rocks. He then propounds the following very sensible question:

Supposing a bishopric to fall vacant, who is to know whether he (who?) has received Romish Orders and a dispensation from the Pope to officiate.

We are very much afraid that the London authorities would require to send out another "Watchman" to look after this fellow; he may undertake to fire rocks at the people on the street—merely by way of argument.

ON THE festival of Our Lady of the Snow, 5th of August, an imposing ceremony took place in Rome. A deputation of the Primaria Romana Society for Catholic interests attended, as in the days of Pontifical Rome, to present, in testimony of civic gratitude and devotedness, a chalice to the Mother of God, in the Basilica Liberiana. The offering was accompanied by the following epigraph from the pen of Rev. Vincenzo Sardi:

VIRGO CANDIDIOR . NIVE  
SVPINAS . AD . TE . SI . MANVS  
NON . SINE . DONIS  
FERIMVS  
AST . VIRGO . TV . RESPICIENS  
VERBEM . ROMANAM . VINDICIA  
MORBOS . VISOS . INVISOS . QVE . PELLITO  
ET . NIVEOS . INVENTAE  
MORES . INDITO  
SOCIETAS . VRBANA . PRINCEPS  
CATH . NOM . PROVEHENDO  
NON . ATQ . MDCCCXCV

In connection with this feast we may recall the fact that it was on the 5th August, 1658, that Marguerite Bourgeoys had the first Indian child baptized on the Island of Montreal. The little one was called "Marie Des Neiges," in honor of Our Lady of the Snows.

THE Western Watchman says that "the secret of suicide is disgust with one's own life. The Scripture says that 'he who doeth evil hates his own soul.' This hatred rises sometimes to the sticking point and self-murder is the result." There is a mania in Europe to-day, and we would like if our contemporary would

give us the real cause of its existence—we refer to the suicide amongst children. It is the outcome of some fearful plague—we believe it to be the direct result of infidelity.

IT APPEARS that the Evangelicals, in England, are adopting a very peculiar style of expression, one that requires an interpreter. The vicar of Old Ford, London, has recently delivered himself of an effusion that may be very good in meaning, but that meaning is very hard to get at. The following passage is quoted by the London Universe as coming from the sage vicar:

"Fault lies with all and sundry . . . the terrible jealousies amongst parishes, fostered by hatreds of the ministers of religion one towards another [what a nice religion!] bulks largely before the all-seeing eye of God. Lay aside such Christless grudges and grudgings and hurt one another less cruelly in that embassy for the welfare of the world in righteousness."

This is quite interesting and just as intelligible as the faith preached by the worthy vicar. A jumble of words and a jumble of religious precepts correspond most admirably.

REFERRING to the grammatical condition of the more advanced Evangelicals in England, the London Universe quotes the following beautiful specimen:

As the Jesuits are building schools now, and can always raise money, they will soon have a net-work of hotbeds of sacerdotalism all over the kingdom [talles ours].

Here is another characteristic effort: It is strange that parents will entrust their children to such influences [what influences?], and that Protestants constantly contribute to the support of these places by giving to the army of begging nuns, who are a perfect nuisance.

Commenting upon this our London contemporary says: "So when the Little Sisters of the Poor get a subscription of money or of broken victuals from charitable Protestants for the support of the sick and the aged, whom they maintain in their well-known houses, this is 'a constant Protestant contribution for the support of Jesuit schools!' Is brain-softening in an especial degree a malady amongst the Evangelicals? If not, why do they not tear to shreds the abominable rubbish which their editors force upon them week after week?"

BY ALL the recent reports it would seem that cholera is making considerable headway toward Europe. From Thursday to Saturday last there were 237 new cases and 129 deaths in Galicia. In Bukowina there were 38 new cases and 31 deaths reported. The scourge is certainly coming West. No matter how far off the phantom is, it is well that no quarantine precautions should be neglected.

REFERRING to public schools—that is to say schools under the control of the State, such as in France and elsewhere—we find that many of our honest-intentioned Catholics have very strange misconceptions regarding them. We purpose next week dealing with this question, which we consider one of the most vital of the day. We are of opinion that State education is contrary to the Religious, the Social and the Natural

laws; three points that we feel able to uphold by fair reasoning, and the establishment of which should suffice to efface any hesitation regarding the matter.

SO THE LORDS have undertaken to reject the "Evicted Tenants' Bill." They are certainly a wise pack in that Upper House—if the reasoning of the Daily News be correct. Every person knows that the sole object of the Lords is to create some disturbance that may serve to antagonize the different elements that uphold Home Rule as a principle. The Daily News very aptly remarks:

"The majority in the House of Peers are concerting with the minority in the House of Commons, with the aim of making the government of Ireland impossible. They calculate that if disturbances can be excited in Ireland during the winter a renewal of the Coercion Act will be demanded, and Chief Secretary Morley must, by yielding, quarrel with the Irish members or fail to maintain order, and so lower the reputation of the ministry. The responsibility of the consequence of last night's vote rests upon the Lords, who have been the enemy of Ireland from the beginning and will remain the enemy till the end."

In presence of the recent clean docket at the different Criminal Court terms all over Ireland, it would seem as if their Lordships were getting a little desperate over the law-abiding spirit of the Irish people. Lord Rosebery pointed out that they were playing with edged tools; but that does not bother the Salisburys and such great men. But when they get cut with those tools they may waken up to the fact that the Premier knew what he was talking about.

INGERSOLL—the famous Bob—does not see any harm in suicide. Since a man has no soul there can be no wrong in taking his own life, thinks Robert. He believes it is no harm to stop a clock that won't keep time. Now would it not be far more sensible to get the clock repaired, instead of letting it rust or of smashing it? Bob's soul keeps good time—although he says he has none—it oscillates to the clink of the quarters that fools drop into the box, for the pleasure of hearing him rave against God. You won't catch Robert committing suicide, he knows a little too much for that. Although he ridicules eternity and scoffs at God, still he is in no particular hurry to test the existence of the former or face the presence of the latter. When Bob commits suicide, then we will perhaps have faith in him; at least by so doing he would show that he has the courage of his convictions and is prepared to practise what he preaches.

SOME genius has concocted a species of leaflet that purports to prove that St. Patrick was not a Roman Catholic and that the Real Presence does not exist in the sacrament of our altars—two somewhat difficult questions to settle in two small pages of a tract. We know not which to most admire or wonder at, the audacity or the stupidity of the compiler of those few paragraphs. We are thankful to our unknown friend who, during our absence, left us this beautiful literary specimen. Not that we attach any value to it; but on account of the many errors it contains, errors that some people take for truths, we will analyze it in another issue.

## A SHORT HISTORY

## OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.

Some of the Martyrs, Soldiers, Popes and Poets Who Have Belonged to this Most Favored of Lay Orders.

Nearly seven centuries ago the great St. Francis of Assisi, after much prayer and meditation, resolved to benefit his lay brethren, who were battling with the many temptations of this world, by the establishment of an order of religion that should, by its offices, build up around them an impregnable wall of sanctity.

It was thus that the great order, which now numbers millions of followers among the pious laity of the Church, was conceived. The first members of the Third Order of Franciscans were Luchasio, a saintly man of Cagliano, Tuscany, and Bonnadonna, his wife. This was in the year 1221, and the title—First Confraternity of the Third Order of Penance—that the illustrious saint gave to the order became known throughout Christendom. In less than 50 years after the death of St. Francis his order numbered followers in every country in Europe, and the grey habit of penance was worn with equal reverence by the peasant and the prince, in the court and in the camp. Wherever the adventurous medieval warrior found his way the Order of St. Francis flourished and the remembrance of its office compelled into the path of rectitude and saved from deeds of rashness more of the wild Knights of Chivalry than could scores of kingly mandates.

As the centuries rolled along the splendid order grew and its many followers peopled every village and town, and above the princes and prelates who donned the humble habit were more than 130 crowned heads and Sovereign Pontiffs, who, to strengthen themselves in the grace of God, joined the penitential order. In 1689 at a procession in Spain of the Chapter General of the Friars minor more than eighty grandees of Spain walked in procession in the sombre penitential habit, and over the cheap grey serge there glistened in gorgeous contrast the collar of the Golden Fleece. Nor were Clerics and men of noble blood alone the distinguished followers of the order. But the finest geniuses of centuries in art and poetry flocked around its standard and abnegated their lofty minds to its humble rule. To recall them all it were impossible, but some who by their genius won the brightest crowns of earthly glory and still shared in the graces of this noble order are: Dante, Petrarch, Lopez de Vega, Cervantes, Tasso, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Giotto, Murillo, Vasco de Gama and Christopher Columbus. There are saints and confessors too to swell the glorious band of tertiaries. St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuits, St. John of God, St. Philip Neri, St. Vincent de Paul of the Cross, St. Alphonsus de Ligouri, and forty-five martyrs and more than two hundred beatified confessors, virgins and widows. From the year 1220 to 1500 the great interest the Sovereign Pontiffs took in the Third Order of St. Francis is indicated by the 109 Papal Bulls that were issued in its interest during that time. Between 1500 and the present day many more epistles have been issued from the Vatican in which the successors of St. Peter have again and again iterated the power the offices of this order exercise for the good of the soul.

The Third Order of St. Francis has been by special Papal edict granted the distinguishing precedence of every other lay order whatsoever.

Leo the XIII., our present Pontiff, is himself a tertiary, and some years ago when asked to name a protector for the order, said: "I will be your protector," and in an audience in July, 1883, granted to the superiors of the order, he said: "From my earliest years I have had a great love for St. Francis of Assisi; you his sons must necessarily love so illustrious a father with filial love, but I do not love him any less than you do.

"A fit time having arrived, and acceding to the demand of several Bishops, I have modified the rule of the Third Order somewhat so as to adopt it to the present views of society. This is why I have diminished the number of fast days and have prescribed for those who cannot recite the Divine Office the recitation of twelve Our Fathers and twelve Hail

Mary's; 5 for matins, 1 for lauds, 4 for prime tierce text and none, and 2 for Vespers and Complin. On account of the increase of work and occupation and also on the diminution of fervor, it was necessary to mitigate the original prescription so that more persons could be brought to join. I wish to make my will in favor of that great saint, testifying to him my devotion, and seeking to merit his protection in this life and in the life to come."

The office of the Third Order, now so simple and short, brings many into its ranks who formerly felt that conscientiously they could not conform with its rules.

Innumerable are the graces accruing to the faithful members of the Tertiaries of St. Francis, and many are the temptations of the world, the flesh and the devil they are enabled to resist by the arms and armor of grace with which they are equipped by adherence to its rules.

## NEW STATUES

ADDED TO THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

Three beautiful statues, exquisitely colored and tinted, were last week added to the decorations in the Franciscan Church on Dorchester street; the statues are life size and represent the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph and the Franciscan Immaculate Conception, which is a statue of Our Blessed Lady, holding the Infant Jesus, who, with a spear, is piercing the head of the serpent that is being crushed by the foot of His Holy Mother. This statue was solemnly blessed on Tuesday last by the Rev. Director of the Franciscans.

## WILL OF THE LATE REV. J. D. BRAY.

The will of the late Rev. J. D. Bray, in his lifetime of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, has been probated in the Tutelle office. Deceased's mother is left the usufruct of \$3,000 and a property in Washington, Iowa, and after her death the \$3,000, as well as the proceeds of the sale of the property, will go to the Grand Seminary of Montreal, in trust, the interest on the money to be applied to pay the board and tuition of theological students in needy circumstances.

## ORDINATIONS.

The Rev. M. F. Fallon, son of Mr. D. Fallon, of Kingston, Ont., having completed his studies and passed all examinations for the degree of doctor of theology at Rome, Italy, was ordained by Cardinal Parrochi, Vicar-General to Leo XIII., and will return to Canada as professor in Ottawa University.

On Friday last in St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, W. A. McDonough, of Perth, was ordained a priest by His Grace Archbishop Cleary.

## A PILGRIMAGE FOR THE TERTIARIES.

A pilgrimage to Cap de Madeline for the ladies of the Third Order of Franciscans, will take place on September 24th. The Franciscan Fathers expect that a large number of ladies will avail themselves of the opportunity of making a pilgrimage which will be devotional in every sense of the word.

## AMONG THE FLOCKS

of people who visit the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., are many who are sent there, by those who have already, from personal experience, learned of the great

**Triumph in Conservative Surgery** achieved by the Surgeons of that famed institution. Little heroic, or cutting surgery is found necessary. For instance,

**TUMORS** Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are removed by Electrolysis and other conservative means and thereby the perils of cutting operations avoided.

**PILE TUMORS**, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

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**STONE** in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and safely removed without cutting.

**STRICTURES** of Urinary Passage are also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases.

For Pamphlets, numerous references and all particulars, send ten cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

## C. M. B. A.

## OFFICIAL NOTICE.

QUEBEC GRAND COUNCIL, C.M.B.A. }  
Office of Grand Secretary,  
Quebec, 17th August, 1894.

To the officers and members of the C.M.B.A., under the jurisdiction of the Grand Council of Quebec:

Brothers,—The second biennial convention of the Quebec Grand Council will be held at the hall of Branch No. 5, No. 261 St. Joseph street, in the City of Quebec, opening on Wednesday, the 29th day of August, 1894.

Officers and representatives will assemble at said hall on Wednesday morning, at 8.30 o'clock sharp, and proceed in a body to High Mass, which will be celebrated at 9 o'clock. The Grand Spiritual Adviser, Monseigneur Begin, Coadjutor to His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, will officiate at the Mass, and will then proceed to the Hall and formally open the convention.

Headquarters will be at the Royal Victoria Hotel, Palace street.

Yours fraternally,

J. B. DROUYN,  
Grand Secretary.

## MARTIN LUTHER'S OAK.

PROTESTANTS FIND A TRULY ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION IN THIS TREE.

The following letter, written by an American gentleman, travelling in Europe, to the editor of the *Irish Catholic*, can not fail to prove interesting. The oak tree of Martin Luther is famous in history. Protestants fell to believing its growth and vigor to be an allegorical emblem of the spread of their creed. So it was indeed. Now at the end of the 19th century, disintegrating Protestantism finds its truly allegorical representation in the decaying oak. The letter is as follows:

"In my travels on the Continent I have hit upon another chapter in the history of Martin, and I think it would interest the humorous faculties of your Irish readers. Outside the City of Worms there stands a tree which at first sight—and in winter—presents the appearance of a truly majestic oak. It was planted, so the story runs, by the great Doctor himself, amid the plaudits of the populace and under the supervision and protection of the assembled nobles and princes. In planting it Martin is quoted as saying—'As this shoot shall grow and expand its branches to the winds of heaven, so shall my doctrine grow and over-shadow Romanism!' And truly it did grow to majestic proportions. The birds of the air, of the most divers hues, came and nested in its branches. They had their little squabbles, but the oak outlived them. Persons from various lands and climes came, and saw, and were conquered by its towering stature. In their heated enthusiasm they declared that it was not an oak, but the gigantic tree that was to spring from the little mustard seed of the Gospel. Its preservation became an object of solicitude to all who 'made a penny' from the visitors but especially to the civil authorities. The punishment of the son of Hell, who unconsciously touched this Ark of the Covenant, was threatened those who should lay profane hands on the *Lutereiche*. Time, that waits for no man, passed on, and the princes having other matters to occupy their attention, became lukewarm in their patronage. The avaricious inhabitants of the neighborhood began to lop off little branches and sold them to the visitors as souvenirs. At the skilful hands of Martin's admirers, who had acquired a world-wide reputation for carving and whittling down, these lopped-off branches were made into pens, paper-knives, whistles, etc., etc. They assumed all conceivable fantastic forms to suit the arbitrary tastes of pilgrims who came from different nations. This barbarism increased when the worldly and greedy nineteenth century dawned on Worms, and the princes, engaged in devising measures against the advance of Socialism, persevered in their cruel negligence. But the process began to tell on the neglected oak. The winter's frost nipped its tender buds, in Spring it did not send forth so vigorously its verdant blossoms, and new branches failed to replace the old. But the worst was yet to come; for the trunk now began to show indications of a dry rot in the centre, and announced

that the principle of interior life was fast receding. The princes now awoke to the danger. They assembled in council. Was the Oak of Luther to perish? No. They swore by the memory of Martin himself that were there any virtue in the might and money of temporal power, it should never be allowed to decay. They bound it around with hoops of iron that are still pointed out to the pilgrim to Worms. Learned professors were hired from the universities and they applied to it the inventions of modern science, but the clamps of power and the injections of science have availed nothing. The rot continues. The American and English travellers continue to buy the pens, but returning home find their own pens of more practical utility, and the Luther-pens are placed on the mantelpiece as an object of curiosity to visitors. Yet a few years and the present proud inscription will have to be changed to something like the following:

"This is the decaying trunk of the once famous tree planted by Dr. Martin Luther," or, "On this spot stood formerly the majestic *Lutereiche*." Verily time and nature are unsparing in their sarcasm. If Alexander Pope lived to-day and visited Worms, he would, I fancy, pen a pithy distich on the powers and satire of the great poetess Mother Nature.

Did it ever on that gala day enter into the sublime head of poor Dr. Martin that a scoffing Yankee, of Romanish faith, from the sprays of Niagara, would, in the year of grace 1894, contemplate with mixed feelings of amusement, pity and contempt the tree of his prophetic vision? Or did he dream at all that this scoffing Yankee would communicate his impressions on the subject, in blasphemous manner, to a Catholic people on the West Coast of Europe, who, after centuries of enlightened Protestantism and refined torture, still proudly glory in the name of Papist, and laugh in their sleeves at the prophecy of Worms.

I must apologize for occupying so much of your valuable space; but to avert confusion from the minds of your readers, I deem it necessary to add that I have been describing the oak of Worms, and have said nothing of the doctrine of "the great Reformer." I am, dear sir, yours truly,

AMERICANUS.

## DOMINICAN FATHERS

VISIT THE FRANCISCANS.

Father Archambault, of the Dominican Order at St. Hyacinthe, and two Dominican Fathers from France, last week walked from Belceil to Longueuil, thence took the ferry for Montreal, walked to the Franciscan monastery on Dorchester street, where after being well received by the Franciscan Fathers, they celebrated Mass according to the Dominican rite. It has been a custom in the Dominican and Franciscan Orders for hundreds of years for the Franciscans to visit the Dominican Fathers on the feast of St. Dominic, and for the Dominicans to return the visit on the feast of St. Francis. The Rev. Father Archambault and his companions, in making their long pilgrimage, were carrying out this practice. After leaving the Franciscans the Fathers took train to St. Eustache, and walked from there to the Trappist monastery at Oka.

## SEND TO-DAY.

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

R. RYAN,

22 SHEERWOOD STREET, Ottawa, Ont.

P. S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favor 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.

## VICISSITUDES OF THE POPES.

## THE UNCHANGING DESTINY OF THE SEE OF ST. PETER.

The Strongest Human Power of the Ages has been Hurlled in Vain Against the Papacy.

The vicissitudes of the Popes have been made to point many a moral. One thing is certain: if continual and consummate disaster did not succeed in severing the Popes from their See, nor their universal sovereignty from their position, the perpetuity of their attributes is set in high relief. Ambition and other moving forces of royal rule, which constituted the strongest human power of the Middle Ages, most frequently employed both military force and popular will to diminish and destroy the perpetual Pontificate of St. Peter. Cardinal Manning has given a succinctly graphic, though incomplete sketch of the vicissitudes of the Popes, in his book called "The Last Glories of the Holy See."

"Pope Liberius was banished by an heretical Emperor.

"Silverius died in exile.

"Virgilius was imprisoned and exiled.

"St. Martin died in exile, a martyr.

"St. Leo III. was driven out to Spoleto.

"Leo V. was dethroned and cast into prison.

"John XII. had to fly from Rome.

"Benedict V. was carried off into Germany.

"John XIII. fled from a Roman faction, and took refuge in Capua.

"Benedict VI. was imprisoned and murdered by a Roman faction.

"John XIV. was cast into the prison of St. Angelo and died of hunger.

"Gregory V. was compelled to fly from Rome by a civil tumult.

"Benedict VIII. was driven from Rome by a faction.

"Benedict IX. was twice driven from Rome.

"Leo IX. was dethroned by the Normans.

"St. Gregory VII. went from land to land, and from kingdom to kingdom, and died in exile.

"Victor III. could not so much as take possession of his See, and died at Beneventum.

"Urban II. was restored by the French Crusaders.

"Pascal II. was carried off by Henry V. and imprisoned.

"Gelasius II. was compelled to fly to Gaeta, which city enjoys the glorious prerogative of having repeatedly been the refuge of the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

"Honorius II. was compelled to fly into France, by an anti-pope who usurped his See.

"Eugenius III. was driven out of Rome by Arnold of Brescia.

"Alexander III. on the very day of his consecration was cast into prison. He was consecrated, not in the holy city, but in a village church. He was obliged to fly into the mountains for safety. He passed seven years wandering from Terracina to Anagni, from Anagni to Tusculum.

"Urban III. and Gregory VIII. could not even take possession of Rome.

"Lucius III. fled to Verona.

"Gregory IX. was compelled by an insurrection at Rome to retire to Perugia.

"Innocent IV. fled to Genoa.

"Alexander IV. fled to Viterbo.

"Martin IV. never entered Rome.

"Boniface VIII. was a prisoner at Anagni.

"Urban VI. fled to Genoa.

"Innocent VII. fled from the factions of Rome to Viterbo.

"Gregory XI. fled to Gaeta.

"John XXII. fled from Rome.

"Eugenius IV. was besieged in his own palace by an anti-pope and was obliged to fly to Florence."

When the brutal action of opposing force had failed in its purpose, the voluntary retirement of the Popes themselves seemed to have achieved what violence was unable to effect. A new Babylonian captivity was begun in the beautiful residence of Avignon. But scarcely had the factions been dissolved when a new plague broke out in a worse form, that of the Western Schism. This was adjusted as was the preceding one, in the natural sequence of unforeseen facts, another proof that the Pontificate of St. Peter in Rome was inevitable, necessary, and perpetual. Yet the inex-

orable Divine Law which permits continual affliction as the medium of continual glory, allowed the unreasonable and fatal Reformation. Northern Christendom was in revolt; Southern Christendom was enervated; it was the result of a state of things wherein evil always asserts itself more powerfully than good.

Notwithstanding that the essence of the movement was opposition to the See of St. Peter, that See triumphed in the Counter Reformation in Europe and in the spread of its allegiance over wide and newly-discovered continents.

The success of the Catholic revival and its relation to the Central See here has been generally acknowledged by Protestant historians, such as Lord Macaulay in his review of Ranke's "History of the Popes."

It is plain that if the presence and rule of St. Peter remained uninterrupted and victorious, their existence and victory cannot be attributed to any absence of persistent opposition.

It is not strange that the thought of the Papal sovereignty, as it has survived and conquered every obstacle, inevitably leads to the consideration of the politico-religious question of the temporal power, the attack against which is the most concrete expression of the spirit which would impede the action and life of the great See. This close connection shows that the question of the temporal power is really a vital religious question.

In Rome St. Peter is the genius loci; one feels instinctively that all spiritual and temporal power in the holy city belong to him. But the power which has its rightful center there, not less rightly radiates over the entire world. The most energetic resistance to the struggle of the spirit of evil against this sacred fact was made by St. Gregory VII., to whose birth and death two characteristic legends cling. When a mere child, playing with the pieces of wood in his father's workshop, he formed the prophetic verse of David: *Dominabitur a mari usque ad mare. And when he was about to die he uttered the famous words: "Dilexi iustitiam, et odivi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio."* To which a Bishop present at his deathbed answered: "*Non potes Domine in exilio mori; quia in Vice Christi et Apostolorum ejus, divinitus accepisti gentes haereditatem, possessionem terminos terrae.*" The words recall St. Bernard's to Eugenius III.; "*Orbe exeundum ei, qui forte volet explorare, quae non ad tuam pertinent curram.*"

An unlimited sphere of government, determined and unceasing warfare from the spirit of evil, ultimate and complete victory, are the unchanging destiny of the See of St. Peter.—Extract from article in American Ecclesiastical Review for June, by William J. D. Croke.

## SAMPLE OF IRISH LANDLORDISM.

If an "outsider" wanted to know why there has been, and still is, a land question in Ireland, he could not get the information in better form or fewer words than it is given in the case of Patrick Moore, as stated the other day in the House of Commons by Mr. T. M. Healy. Here are the facts as Mr. Healy gave them:

"I take this case not from the files of any Nationalist newspaper. I take it from the files of the Irish Land Commission, produced by the head of that court, and I ask this House to say whether it is reasonable to expect Irish tenants, evicted or non-evicted, to remain patient under these circumstances. A man named Patrick Moore held eight acres under Mr. Villiers Stuart, formerly a member of this House—member for Waterford. Moore held eight acres on a mountain, which, according to the report, was 550 feet above the level of the sea and exposed to the sea. The rent he was paying was only twopence an acre. He was paying for his eight acres sixteen pence. He reclaimed this holding. He built on it a house, cowhouse, a boiler-house, a piggery and a stable, and he reclaimed seven acres of land from the original heath and furze. What was Patrick Moore's reward? The landlord first raised his rent to 18s. 9d., although there is a clause in the Irish Land Act which says that no rent shall be allowed or made payable on tenants' improvements. He had expended, according to the evidence, on this holding a sum of £210. He and his predecessors in title had been working the land since 1826, and during that time not a copper of expenditure was made by the landlord.

This clause which says that no rent is to be allowed or made payable on tenants' improvements is construed by the Irish Land Commission as if the word 'no' was omitted, so that it is made to read that rent shall be allowed and shall be made payable on the tenants' improvements. Accordingly, the landlord having raised the rent to 18s. 9d., the tenant applied for the benefits of the Land Act."

Mr. Healy then proceeds to tell of Patrick Moore's case going from court to court until it was finally decided on. What the final decision was Mr. Healy tells as follows:

"On Nov. 23, 1893, the Sub-Commissioners fixed on the holding a rent of 18s. 9d., which before the land act had been 16d. Was the landlord satisfied with that? Nothing of the kind. Here is the Sub-Commissioners' official report: "The position of the farm is exposed to the sea. The entire holding was evidently a poor wild mountain and will require continuous outlay in the shape of labor to prevent its going back to its normal state of furze and heath."

"And with that statement before them the Chief Land Commission on appeal raised the rent from 18s. 9d. to 30s., and ordered the tenant to pay the costs; that is, the landlord's costs."

The last statement was received in the House of Commons with cries of "Oh, oh" and "Shame!" No wonder. Even the English members were disgusted and indignant that such outrages could be and are perpetrated in Ireland under the sanction of law.

But it may be asked, what about the land acts? Does not Mr. Gladstone's land legislation protect the tenants, and especially in just such cases as that of Patrick Moore? The answer is that it is not so much the fault of the land acts as of the men who administer them. There is a great deal of good in the land acts, but the tenants very often don't get the benefit. The land court judges are mostly landlords themselves, and of course their sympathies are on the landlord side. Everybody knows that even a good law may, by evil administration, be made an instrument of oppression. For example, there is a clause in one of the Gladstone acts providing that tenants in Ireland shall not be required to pay rent in respect of their own improvements. This clause has been juggled with by the landlord judges, as in Moore's case, to such an extent that it has become practically null and void.

It is because of this fact that the present government has appointed a committee of Parliament to inquire into and report on the administration of the land acts in Ireland. The committee, of which John Morley is chairman and Messrs. Healy and Sexton are members, is at present engaged in its work. We may confidently expect that its report will show up all the iniquitous doings by which, through the unjust administration of the law, tenants in Ireland have been plundered, and will furnish good ground for such reform as will make such administration impossible.—*Irish World.*

## THE UNLUCKIEST FACE.

Sultan Mourad Bey made it his custom as a good Mohammedan to ride to the mosque every Friday. A gayly caparisoned company of cavalry formed his body guard. The people flocked to the windows and hung out their prettiest rugs and their most gorgeous streamers. The children were dressed in their best, and along the line of march the street was in a grand holiday attire. From minaret and from latticed windows smiling faces were turned toward Sultan Mourad, the Mameluke, and his company.

One Friday on a balcony sat a Turk looking at the parade. At his side was his chibouk. The balcony was rich in color, and rare rugs and tapestries hung from it. This Turk had a very large nose. The Sultan was attracted by the peculiarity of this, and as the Turk retired from the balcony he turned to get another look at the big-nosed man. In doing this, however, Mourad's turban fell off.

This unlucky accident wounded the Sultan Mourad's pride, and in his superstitious he deemed the Turk the cause of it. He immediately gave an order to have the man hanged.

Previous to execution of the sentence, as is the custom, the big-nosed Turk was asked if he had any request to make.

The Turk cried bitterly and demanded of his guards upon what grounds he was

to be so cruelly dealt with. The soldiers told him that it was by order of the Sultan.

"Take me then to the Palace," said the Turk. "Let me talk with the Sultan. I cannot understand this at all. I decorate my balcony with my best stuffs, and dress myself in my most gorgeous costume, all in honor of our Sultan, and now, O woe is me, I am to hang!"

Wailing and bemoaning his hard fate the big-nosed Turk was escorted to the palace. After conferring with the gellad, or hangman, he who pulls the rope, the Turk was admitted to the audience chamber. The hangman explained to the Sultan that the Turk wanted to know the reason for his hanging.

From behind portieres of rich texture came the proud voice of Sultan Mourad in answer to the gellad's explanation.

"I have no desire to look upon this man's face again. You will repeat this to him. To-day in going to the mosque I saw his most unlucky face, and my turban fell into the street. His face carries misfortune to all beholders, hence have I condemned him to death."

The Turk, who had been weeping and screaming all the way, now began to laugh. He laughed loud and long, and he cried: "*Allah, Allah, Doniah aghibah!*" which means, "O God, O God, what a wonderful world it is!"

The Turk said to the Sultan, who still hidden behind the curtains had been much astonished at his laughter:—

"Your Highness, may Allah prolong your life, may you have much joy and happiness. You told your gellad I had an unlucky face, and that for this reason your Highness's turban fell off into the street. And for this I am to hang. Pardon me, your Highness, for what I am about to say. Your Highness saw my face, and your turban fell off. I saw your Highness's face, and I am condemned to hang! Now tell me which of us owns the unluckiest face?"

The Sultan laughed; he admired the man's talk and his diplomacy. He marvelled at his argument, and the gellad was instructed to say to the big-nosed that he was forgiven, but on one condition. He was not to look through the windows, nor was he to sit on the balcony again.

The Turk went home radiant and happy. He removed the balcony, he barred the windows with thick boards, leaving not a chink or hole to look through, fearing that he might be tempted to look at the Sultan again. The big-nosed man thus saved his life by diplomacy.—*Hadji Raphael, in Overland Monthly.*

## LITERARY GEMS.

Wholesome human employment is the first and best method of education, mental as well as bodily.—*Ruskin.*

On the excellence of womanhood, undoubtedly rests the good and stability of society.—*Bishop P. S. Chaturd.*

A temperate youth leads to a temperate manhood, and a temperate manhood is one of the guarantees of a state.

There is nothing more precious to a man than his will; there is nothing which he relinquishes with so much reluctance.

Every individual has a place to fill in the world, and is important in some respect, whether he chooses to be so or not.—*Hawthorne.*

There is no consolation like his who shares the Saviour's cross. If the bark is bitter, the fruit is of a delicious flavour.—*B. Henry Suso.*

Kind words are benedictions. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy; blessings both to the speaker and hearer of them.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirt of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—*George Eliot.*

Great changes and startling events follow each other in such quick succession that the greatest names are forgotten almost as soon as those who bore them disappear, and the world itself is surprised to find how short-lived is the fame which promised to be immortal.—*Father Burke.*

In olden times the Egyptians had a cat cemetery which they considered sacred. We suppose they called it their cattycombs.

## ST. LAWRENCE SCENERY.

A Day on the Waters of the Giant Stream

We know of no more enjoyable trip than a run by day from Montreal down the St. Lawrence. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company have a couple of their floating palaces that are specially used for the purpose of daylight navigation on the historic waters of America's most picturesque river. Leaving Montreal an hour after noon, you glide along past scenes that are rich in all the lavished glories of nature and richer still in the glories that an almost unrecorded history—blended with legendary lore—has woven about them. Behind nearly every light-house appears the steeple—or the twin spires of a village church; the purple Laurentians to your left, rolling away to the horizon; the fertile valleys of the south shore, stretching as far as the eye can reach; the white washed cottages of the peasants, clinging like eagles' nests to the distant hill-sides, or lining the river bank in regular profusion; the numerous islands, springing verdantly from out the bluish-green of the river; the majestic steamers, surging up from the ocean; the equally proud and far more unfettered sea-gulls, flapping their white wings in the sun-light; the narrow channel between the tall sedges where the herons feed; the glorious expanse of great St. Peter's, through which your vessel ploughs at sun-set; behind you, the orb of day going down to his crimson couch; before you, the track of the harvest moon, just rising, pale and glorious like the pathway of the just to heaven—in a word, it is an hour of enchantment that is worth an age of travel. And the stories that may be gleaned, the legends that may be discovered, and the historical facts, of greatest importance, that may be unearthed in every hamlet and town, add to the wonders of that short but delightful trip.

Do you want to know the name of yonder village? Ask Captain Boucher—the genial, kind-hearted, attentive commander of the "Berthier." Do you wish for information on any point in the landscape or concerning the hotels, the places of interest, or on any other subject connected with the route? Then the same ever pleasant and ever ready gentleman is at your elbow to satisfy your every desire. Do you want to know something about the historic relics that are buried along the St. Lawrence and the phantoms of the Past that hover over its broad bosom? Then THE TRUE WITNESS will tell you of them in succeeding issues.

EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

[Continued from first page.]

"THE FLIGHT" is the title of a quarterly magazine which is published in Baltimore by the Institute of Mission Helpers for the negro missions. Its issues appear in February, May, August and November. It is only fifty cents per year, or fifteen cents for each single copy. This little work, issued in the interest of a grand cause, has the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satoli. The Superior of this order and leading spirit of the publication—Rev. Mother M. Joseph—called upon us last week, while on her way through Montreal. She is one of those noble and energetic women whose lives are consecrated to God's glory in the elevation of His creatures. In another issue we will speak more fully of the splendid work that is being done by the Mission Helpers for the sake of the colored race in America.

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BENZIGER BROTHERS, the well-known Catholic publishers of New York, have sent us a sample of their Fifth Readers for Catholic schools. The selections are most choice and not too lengthy. In fact such a book would prove of great interest and instruction to others than pupils in the schools. It would be well had the majority of our Catholic families such works upon their parlor tables. If this be an index to the whole series we can well congratulate the teachers and pupils in our American Catholic Schools upon the possession of such fine text books.

## SAILORS' CONCERT.

At the weekly concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club, on Thursday last, Miss Bessie and Miss May Milloy gave great

pleasure by their clever recitations, etc. There was a good attendance, and the usual songs and other features were contributed by the old favorites of the club.

## ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

A GALA DAY ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

St. Mary's parish, and their friends throughout the city, expect to have a gala day on St. Helen's Island on Labor Day, Monday, September 3rd, under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul Society. A grand programme of games has been arranged and good prizes will be offered. The proceeds of the outing are to be devoted entirely to the object of providing fuel and food to the worthy poor during the coming winter months. The following gentlemen have the picnic in hand, which is a guarantee of an enjoyable day's outing: Messrs. James Morley, Thomas Jones, J. J. Ryan, James Mulhally, Denis Murney, John M. Coll, Frank Freese and W. Parnell.

## ST. ANTHONY'S EXCURSION.

The attendance at St. Anthony's Young Men's excursion to Sherringham Park, on Saturday last, was, owing to the threatening weather and the fact that the excursion had been postponed, rather small. Every credit, however, for excellent management is due to the members of the committee.

## FATHER JUDGE PREACHES IN ST. PATRICK'S.

A brilliant sermon was delivered on Sunday morning, in St. Patrick's Church, by the Rev. Father Judge, S.S., of St. Charles College, Baltimore. The Rev. Father took for his subject the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. In the course of his remarks the reverend gentleman introduced several beautiful anecdotes calculated to stimulate our devotion to and strengthen our love for Our Blessed Lady.

## A GREAT PREACHER COMING.

The Very Rev. Father Boulanger, superior-general of the Dominicans, who is at present in the United States visiting the various establishments of his order, has promised to preach in the Church of Notre Dame here, on Sunday, Sept. 9. Archbishop Fabre will officiate pontifically on the occasion, that day being the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, patron of the parish of Notre Dame. Father Boulanger is one of the most renowned Roman Catholic preachers in Europe, many placing him on a par with the famous Mounsbre.

## IN HONOR OF ST. ANTONY OF PADUA.

A recent decree from the Holy See grants a plenary indulgence, with the ordinary conditions, to all the faithful who will visit the Blessed Sacrament exposed in the Franciscan churches every Tuesday in honor of St. Antony of Padua. In accordance to that privilege, with the agreement of the Right Rev. Archbishop Fabre, henceforth the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed every Tuesday, from 6.15 to 7.30 p.m., in the Church of the Franciscan Fathers, 1222 Dorchester street.

## ARCHBISHOP TACHE'S SUCCESSOR

Among those who are now most prominently mentioned in Catholic ecclesiastical circles to succeed the late Archbishop Tache, of St. Boniface, is Mgr. Lorrain, now Vicar Apostolic of Pontiac. Mgr. Lorrain is a man of remarkable ability as a financier, and he rendered great service in re-establishing financial equilibrium in the Archdiocese of Montreal some years ago. Since he has been at the head of the Vicariate of Pontiac, he has acquired considerable experience in the administration of newly settled parishes. The conditions of the archdiocese of St. Boniface are much the same, and a good deal of financing will be required to maintain the Catholic schools there. Hence, it is argued, that Mgr. Lorrain would be just the man for the place.

The Rev. Father Rex, a clever Irish-American of the Sulpician Order, has been appointed one of the 12 Advisory Councillors of the Superior General in Paris.

## A BROOKLYN GENTLEMAN

RECEIVED INTO THE CHURCH AT MONTREAL.

Another convert has been received into the Church in Montreal, in the person of Mr. James H. Tinsley, a prominent citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. The ceremony of baptizing the convert was performed by the Rev. Father Troy at St. James Cathedral, on Saturday, Aug. 11th. Afterwards, Mr. Tinsley was confirmed by His Lordship Archbishop Fabre and made his First Communion at Mrs. St. Onge's private chapel, 337 Sherbrooke street. Many of the personal friends and relatives of the convert were present at the Mass, which was said by the Rev. Father Driscoll.

Mr. J. H. Tinsley is a leading publisher in New York City and is married to a sister of Mrs. St. Onge, of Sherbrooke street. He is 59 years of age, and it was while on a visit to Montreal with his wife, who is a Catholic, that he finally decided to take the great step into the Catholic Church.

## WILL OF THE LATE MR. LOUIS RICARD.

The will of the late Louis Ricard, a French-Canadian in easy circumstances, has been probated. Testator's niece, Miss Ella Perkins, gets the sum of \$10,000, while a like amount is to be paid to the Franciscan Fathers, the same to be devoted to the saying of Masses for souls in purgatory. The sum of \$10,000 is also stipulated to go to missionaries who are laboring amongst pagan nations.

## MORE PRIESTS FOR ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The Rev. Father Catulle, who has much benefitted by his stay in Belgium, will return to Montreal accompanied by six priests of the Redemptorist Order, who will henceforth make their homes in this country. Two of the priests are destined for the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, and the other four will come up to Montreal to augment the staff of Fathers already at St. Ann's.

## A SOUVENIR.

(Lines written for the Ursulines of Three Rivers, on the occasion of a visit paid to their Monastery, by Mrs. Foran and the writer.)

Onward to ocean broad St. Lawrence sweeps;  
Tumbling down granite stairways from the North,  
St. Maurice through the mountain barrier leaps,  
Then silent from the wilderness comes forth,  
Far o'er the pine-hills of the flushing East,  
The streaks of dawn proclaim that day is nigh;  
The sun appears—like some most gorgeous priest,  
Ascending to the altar of the sky.

Far to the North rocks after rocks extend;  
Off to the West the path by martyrs trod;  
The Past and Future, where the rivers blend,  
Unite beneath a roof-tree blessed of God.  
Three Rivers' ancient story rises here,  
The glorious pictures that were made to last;  
Lavolette, DeRamsay—all appear  
Like giant phantoms looming from the past.

And in the vast expanse that we behold,  
A pyramid towers grandly up from Time,  
Around its base a country's hopes unfold,  
Around its summit glitter rays sublime,—  
Upon its pedestal is carved a name,  
Saint Vallier, Bishop, pioneer and saint;  
Three Rivers' echoes still repeat his fame,  
Unlike earth's glories, his devoid of taint.

Within St. Ursule's silent, saintly home,  
All these—the relics of the Past—we see,—  
There where the immortal, mighty Faith of Rome  
By Virgin hands is tended tenderly.  
The Past arises in that convent's shrine,  
Preserved by those who mould the Future's youth;  
Mission most holy, work that is divine,  
The conservation of the Church's Truth.

God bless their labor, and those children, who  
Their saintly mother Ursule's mandates keep;  
Endless the meed of gratitude that's due  
For cloistered, silent heroism deep.  
Oh monastery young, yet ever old,  
Conservatory of the flowers of Truth—  
Preserver of the Past, let it be told,  
You are the cradle of our virtuous youth!

Go on in hope beneath His smile or rod;  
You are co-workers in the work of God!

—J. K. FORAN.  
Three Rivers, P. Q.,  
Feast of the Assumption, 1894.

## MARRIAGE AT QUEBEC.

Miss Martha Wright, eldest daughter of Mr. P. Wright, of the City Hall, was married on Thursday last, in St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, by the Rev. Father McCarthy, to Mr. Fergus Murphy, a young lawyer and son of the Mayor of Stoneham.

## CATHOLIC IMMIGRATION HOME.

THIS EXCELLENT INSTITUTION IN SPLENDID WORKING ORDER.

The Catholic Immigration Home, on Thomas street, is still in a most flourishing condition; everything is now in working order, and almost as fast as the children arrive application is made for them. Miss Brennan, the superintendent of the Home, has already on her books more applications than she has children for the places. Most of the applications are for children from twelve to fifteen years of age. The average age of the children Miss Brennan receives is about ten years, and persons who wish to employ children of that age should communicate with the superintendent. The children are found Catholic homes in every part of Canada. Already children have been sent to the following places: Sorel, Wolseley, N.W.T., St. Scholastique, Covey Hill, Lochiel, Alexandria, Ont., Castleman, Ont., North Bay, Glen Robinson, Ont., and many other places. The children are really attached to the Immigration Home, and some of the letters received by the superintendent from the little fellows are exceedingly quaint, for instance one boy writes:—Dear Miss Brennan,—I write these few lines to let you know how I am getting on. I am in good health at present, which I hope to find you. I am glad to tell you that I like my place very well at present. Dear Miss, I have to work so hard just now that I have to wring my shirt every night. Please Miss, I hope you will tell Ginger I will never forget him, and John Franklin, because I want to stick to the job as long as they will let me, to show the boys that I can work and am not afraid of farm work. So I will conclude with fond love, and I hope you are in good health. This is all I have to say at present. So I will say fond good bye to ye both.

Yours, etc.

Another boy of eight or nine years writes in the following cheerful strain:—Dear Miss,—I am very happy, and I hope you are in good health. I am in the country and I like it very much here for there are plenty of apples and plums, and I ride on horseback and I don't feel lonely. Miss — wants a little girl as smart as me, and let her know when you have one, and there are a lot of boys I play with. If E. Daily is there tell him I send my best love to him. The country is a very good place, and a lot of berries, apples and sweet peas are better; if you like me answer my letter. I do not have to work hard.

## BRITISH POLITICS.

SOME KEEN FENCING IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Replying to a question in the House of Commons to-day as to what action the Government would take in view of the House of Lords' veto of the Evicted Tenants' Bill, Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that this was the greatest question that can occupy the Government's attention. "But," he added, "it was inadvisable to make a statement on this subject at present."

Mr. Thomas Sexton, Anti-Parnellite member for North Kerry, asked if, in view of the veto of the Evicted Tenants' Bill and the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords, the Government would define its policy in the next Queen's speech.

In reply, Sir William Harcourt said that the veto of these measures constituted the gravity of the situation. The Government, the Chancellor of the Exchequer added, was fully impressed with the necessity of dealing with it, but, to-day the Government was not prepared to make any statement in regard to its policy.

London, Aug. 2.—On conclusion of Committee of Supply in the House of Commons last evening, a number of members, including the Irish leaders, Thomas Sexton, Justin McCarthy and John Dillon, proposed various motions with a view to forcing Sir William Harcourt, the Government leader, into making a further and definite announcement of the policy the Government would pursue with regard to the House of Lords' use of the veto. Sir William declined to make any further explanation, declaring that he had already defined the Government's policy. The motions were all defeated in a house of only sixty members, by majorities of about twenty. The House adjourned at four o'clock this morning.

**THE CORNWALL CHURCH.**

Laying of the Corner Stone by Bishop McDonell.

Over two thousand five hundred people of all denominations, from Cornwall and vicinity, were present on Sunday afternoon at the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Columban Church, by His Lordship Bishop McDonell, of Alexandria, who was assisted by the Rev. Fathers McDonald, St. Andrews; D. R. McDonald, Alexandria; Fitzpatrick, St. Raphaels; Toomey, Williamstown; Corbett, Campbell and DeSaunhae, Cornwall. The Rev. Father Dougherty, of Montreal, preached the sermon, taking for his text, "Thou art Peter," etc. The new church is being built of blue limestone, rock faced, with cut stone trimmings. The courses are over a foot thick and judging by what is already laid the structure will have a massive and handsome appearance. Great care was taken in preparing the foundations, over fifteen hundred piles being driven an average of thirty feet, till hard pan was reached. In spite, therefore, of the enormous weight of the structure there will be no fear of its settling, as has happened to other large buildings in town. The interior dimensions will be 160 by 60 feet, with eighty feet in the transept. The wall will be thirty-six feet high and the roof of galvanized iron. The steeple will reach over a hundred and eighty feet and the seating capacity will be twelve hundred. The estimated cost is \$50,000, but it will probably exceed that amount. A considerable portion of the cost is already in hand. St. Columban's Court, No. 277, Catholic Order of Foresters, and Cornwall Branch C.M.B.A., were present in a body at the celebration. The collection taken up at the close of the service was a very large one and will be a valuable addition to the church building fund.

**CONCERT AND COMEDY**

BY THE CATHOLIC AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.

On Friday, August 31st, a grand concert and comedy performance will be held in the Catholic Young Men's hall, Alexander street. The concert will be under the management of the Catholic Amateur Orchestra, which is composed principally of members of St. Laurent College. Orchestral music will be one of the principal attractions. Songs, recitations and other features of a high order will enliven the evening.

The following well known singers, etc., have consented to contribute to the programme:—Mr. Frank Butler, C. Koenig, Jas. Giroux, L. Meyer, A. Champagne, B. Pontbrin, Miss May Milloy, Mr. and Miss M. Ward, Miss E. A. Martin, of New York Conservatory, Mr. Reid and others.

The selections by the orchestra will include a *potpourri* of national melodies and other popular and classical airs. A comedy, "The Police Court," will bring the entertainment to a close.

The following is the cast of the comedy:—

**THE POLICE COURT.**

A Comedy in one act and many laughs.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS.**

Judge Untermeyer.....J. Milloy  
 Clubber, one of the Finest.....J. Ward  
 Jimmy Ovarshoes.....Lawyers.....A. Reid  
 Dan Webster.....T. Rae  
 Mikey O'Flinnigan.....J. Williams  
 John Long.....J. Brennan  
 William Walker.....J. Callahan  
 John Sport, a sample of our dudes.....J. Dilsen  
 John Spring, a bootblack.....J. Murphy

Tickets for the entertainment may be secured at the sailors' concerts, from members of the Catholic Truth Society, and at THE TRUE WITNESS office.

**DEPARTURE OF A RELIGIOUS.**

We learn with regret that Rev. Mother St. Egbert, who has been for some years the Superioress of the Academy of Our Lady of Good Counsel—in St. Mary's Parish, Montreal—has been removed to St. Albans, whither she goes to take charge of the convent in that city. Few persons in our city have been more popular in their sphere of labor, and have done more for the cause of education than has the good nun who trained so many of our Catholic children in the east end. She had won her way to the hearts of all and her departure will be deeply regretted in the community where she labored so long, and where the impress of her zeal has been so strongly marked upon the children of the rising generation. In accordance with that

spirit of holy obedience, which is the characteristic of all religious communities, she has departed for a new field, and all who knew her so well—and they all loved and admired her—will pray that success may ever attend her footsteps along the chosen pathway of her life.

**GRAND C.M.B.A. CONVENTION AT QUEBEC.**

The convention of the Grand Council of Quebec will meet in that city on Wednesday, August 29th, and following days. The headquarters will be at the Royal Victoria Hotel, Palace street. The meetings will take place in the hall of Branch No. 5, St. Roch's. The grand spiritual adviser of the Order, Monseigneur Begin, coadjutor to Cardinal Taschereau, will open the convention. The following gentlemen will act as delegates from Montreal: P. O'Reilly, grand president; J. P. Nugent, grand vice-president; J. A. U. Beaudry, grand treasurer; Geo. Dorion, grand marshal; Jas. O'Farrell, grand trustee; Jas. Meek, grand deputy, delegate from No. 1; P. A. D'Artois, med.-examiner; John D. Quinn, C. E. Leclerc, Jas. Curran, Chas. Beriau, A. R. Archambault, Hy. Butler, Chas. Flanagan, L. P. Dupre.

The following will constitute some of the subjects for discussion:—

The designation of an official journal or journals in which all official documents, assessment notices, etc., shall be inserted, and the abolishment of the present system of assessment notices. The said journal or journals to be delivered to all members, and the Branch or Grand Council to pay the subscription for same.

That a continuous term of three years as Branch Recording Secretary, Financial Secretary, or Treasurer, will entitle a member to be created a Chancellor.

That a clause be inserted in the Constitution preventing a member from designating as his beneficiary any one outside of his own family, provided he has relatives.

**C. M. B. A. RELIGIOUS REUNION.**

A committee of the Advisory board of the Grand Council of Canada waited on His Grace Archbishop Fabre Sunday afternoon and made arrangements for a grand religious reunion of all the branches in Montreal, together with about two hundred delegates from Ontario, who are en route to attend the Grand Council convention at St. John, N. B. The reunion will be held in the St. James Cathedral on Sunday, 2nd September, at 2 p.m. A sermon appropriate for the occasion will be delivered by one of our most eloquent priests. His Grace the Archbishop will officiate and bestow his blessing.

**NOTRE DAME COLLEGE,**

AT COTE DES NEIGES, MONTREAL.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a notice of the re-opening of Notre Dame College, at Cote des Neiges. The coming term begins on Monday, September 3rd. This institution is under the direction of the Reverend Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. It is an elementary college in which the younger pupils are prepared for the higher courses at St. Laurent College. There are two complete courses—French and English—which are entirely distinct, and in which the pupils receive a perfect training, from the preliminary steps on the way of education up to the grade that meets the commencement of the classical and higher courses. The college is a magnificent building, healthy, airy and lightsome. It is situated at the foot of the mountain, amidst the finest grounds that surround any institution in Canada. The electric cars from the city run every half hour, by way of Outremont, almost to the college door. We know of no institution in our city that deserves more encouragement than does Notre Dame College of Cote des Neiges. It is desirable that the pupils attend the first day, or as early as is possible.

**MISS M'GEE'S ACADEMY.**

On Monday, 3rd September next, the classes in Miss McGee's splendid Academy, on Prince Arthur Street, will be open for the coming scholastic term. We are pleased to learn that the talented lady who directs so ably this useful and even necessary institution has had a large attendance of pupils last year, and

that the parents of the children confided to her care are so thoroughly satisfied with the progress made by their little ones that they are all to return to their accustomed desks when the school re-opens. We trust that their number will be greatly increased. Decidedly Miss McGee, for more reasons than one, deserves the hearty encouragement of the public, and we hope that those who are in a position to aid her academy will see and feel the advisability of so doing. Not only are the pupils instructed, but they receive a training that certainly befits them to enter any sphere of polite society once their days at the school are over. We sincerely wish Miss McGee and her academy every imaginable success, and we have no better wish for the children of that district than that they may enjoy the benefits of the teachings that her school affords.

**PERSONAL.**

Father Godts of St. Ann's is giving a Mission at Lacolle.

Hon. James McShane and Mrs. McShane left for Long Branch last evening.

Ald. M. F. Nolan left to-day for Saratoga Springs, N. Y., where he will spend his vacation.

The Rev. Father Judge, who has been staying at St. Patrick's, left for Baltimore last evening.

The Rev. James McCallen is spending his vacation with his sisters at Manayunk, Philadelphia.

The Rev. Father Strubbe of St. Ann's has gone to Massena Springs, N.Y., to deliver a week's Mission.

The Rev. Father Colin, Superior of the Sulpicians in Canada, sailed from France for Montreal, on Sunday last, August 19th.

Mr. Durack, of the City and District Bank, has returned from Old Orchard Beach, where he spent his vacation.

Mr. M. Burke, President of THE TRUE WITNESS Printing and Publishing Co., has returned to the city after a five weeks sojourn at Old Orchard.

**KILLOWEN.**

THE BEAUTIFUL HOME OF SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

The elevation of Sir Charles Russell to the peerage as Lord Russell of Killowen, set people asking "Where is Killowen?" just as, a few years ago, the choice of his new title by Sir Edward Guinness roused public curiosity regarding Iveagh. Strangely enough, Killowen happens to be a small portion of the territory called Magh-Iunis, of which the Lords of Iveagh were ruling chieftains, and from which, after the manner of the times, the Clan took its name, modernized into Macginnis, and Guinness. This territory comprehended the Mourne range of mountains, extending from Rostrevor to Dundrum, and forming a mighty bulwark on the north side of Carlingford Bay or Lough.

At the foot of Slieve Ban, frequently styled Rostrevor Mountain, on the bend of the peninsula which forms the bay on which Rostrevor stands, is the hamlet of Killowen, the parish stretching several miles between the mountains and Lough towards the sea. Truly, the "lay of the land" is as fair a picture as the eye could desire, and no wonder that Lord Russell, associated—as his life from earliest boyhood had been—with such a scene, made choice of it as a distinctive title. Though Newry claims the honor of being his birthplace, all the brightest, freest days of his child and boyhood were spent at Killowen, and great has been the delight with which the "natives" have hailed so striking a proof of the great man's love for the days gone by; not that this is the only proof, for those who have known him familiarly know that scarcely a year has passed unmarked by some act of remembrance and interest.

The house occupied by the Russells may be easily found, so is the quaint old chapel on the mountain side, where, at the hands of the learned and venerable Dr. Blake, Catholic Bishop of Dromore, Charles Russell received his confirmation. This chapel has been supplemented by a handsome Gothic church (dedicated to the Sacred Heart), in which is a beautiful marble altar, an offering of Lord Russell in memory of his mother, whose good works have indeed lived after her and whose name is still a household word among the simple, kindly-hearted people. Nor are they

less hearty in their appreciation of her son. All over the parish are old "friends," proud of their early association, and garrulous with reminiscences and anecdotes of his early days, many of the latter characteristic of the force of will and determination which have done their share in elevating him to his present position. One story only will space allow of. A farmer, Francis Hughes by name, tells how, having bested "Charley" Russell at "putting off" or "throwing the stone," the future Lord Chief Justice, though reading hard for an exam, stayed up all night practicing the "throw," and entering the lists next day, he beat his rival and victor of the former trial.

Killowen is only a mile from Rostrevor, and, with that lovely resort, forms part of the old parish of Kilbroney; and surely, in no portion of the British Isles, will you find a more beautiful or interesting district. The lines with which Miss Mary Banim winds up her delightful "Here and There in Ireland" may well be applied:

"Oh, she's a rich and rare land  
 Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,  
 She is a dear and rare land,  
 This native land of mine."

Of Carlingford and its surroundings, volumes might be written. Here the Danes made their first landing; here Christianity first dawned, and here the English made their headquarters. Ruined forts and castles, the towers of other days, bear silent witness to "Erin's power and Erin's pride."

Close on the shore of the bay, by the Rostrevor of to-day, stood one of the castles of the Lord of Iveagh, and round this castle rose the hamlet of Carrickavraghbeg, meaning, I believe, "The rock of the little Jew." In course of time, by reason of war and confiscation, the Iveaghs lost their lands, and we find James I. grant this part to his English servitors, Trevor, afterwards Viscount Dungannon, by whom the Iveagh Castle was renamed Trevor Castle; and on the marriage of this same Trevor with Rose, daughter of Marmaduke Whitechurch, Knight Servitor also to the King, both castle and adjuncts became Rose Trevor; and so we find it designated in the annals, 1690. When the last Viscount Dungannon died, in 1707, the Rostrevor estate fell into the Ross family, by whom it is still held. The old castle has disappeared, the beautiful residence of the present proprietor, Major Ross, C. B., being Bladenburg Castle.

At Clonallen, the mother parish of Warrenpoint, is the old burial ground of the Iveaghs, relics of whose power are to be traced still over the ancient lands of Mourne.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

**EXCHANGE OF GREETINGS.**

The following messages that passed between Chatauqua and the Catholic Summer School of America indicate the good feeling that is being inculcated by the higher classes among Protestants and Catholics. The spirit shown contrasts strongly with that of A. P. Aism.

Plattsburg, N.Y., Aug. 8—At to-day's session of the Catholic Summer School a most interesting incident occurred. It was the receipt of a telegram by the Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, President of the Catholic Summer School, from Bishop John H. Vincent, the chancellor and founder of Chatauqua. It reads:

CHAUTAUQUA, N.Y., Aug. 7.

By a vote of 5,000 Chatauquans to-night Chatauqua sends greeting and best wishes to the Catholic Summer School. JOHN H. VINCENT.

To-night, just before Father Pardow's lecture on the Papal Encyclical and the Bible, Dr. Conaty read the telegram to a crowded audience, which received it with enthusiasm and loudly applauded this answer:

The scholars of the Catholic Summer School of America are deeply grateful for Chatauqua's cordial greeting, and send best wishes to Chatauqua in return. THOS. J. CONATY, President.

"Oh, we had the loveliest arrangement at our church society last week. Every woman contributed to the missionary cause of half-a-dollar, which she earned herself by hard work." "How did you get yours?" "From my husband." "I shouldn't call that earning it yourself by hard work." "You don't know my husband."

The man that works himself to death usually finds that his money is only a "funeral pile."

## TRACES OF TRAVEL.

A Striking Pen-Picture of the Eternal City—In Campagna—Adrift in Rome.

I have been thinking of my first days in Rome,—Bohemian days, when I was learning the manners and customs of the people; and when my guide, philosopher and friend was the Poet of the Sierras. For the sake of those young Bohemians who dream of strange lands, and who, I trust, will some day realize their dreams, I scatter a few pages plucked from one of my note-books,—the one that was my confidant during the most trying hours of my new life in old Rome.

The train approached Rome in the grayest possible dawn; nothing could have made such a colorless sky welcome but a night of long suffering and refined cruelty. Continental steam-carriages are like flying refrigerators; the *coupes* are sure to be secured by telegraph; the compartments at liberty are uncomfortable in cold nights. You can not lie down, for the seats are too narrow. If you sit up, your nose is above the snow line; and noses are troublesome things in cold weather. You can only curl up like a cat, if you have an accommodating spine; and purr all night, just to keep yourself from committing a breach of decorum.

When my blood was at the congealing point, a man opposite to me made friendly overtures. It occurred to me that the warmth of human affection, proffered by a fresh cleric of Chicago, an Episcopalian and a trifle high, might possibly preserve me until I rushed into the arms of friends at Rome. We therefore shared cloaks, travelling rugs and confidences, and were companions in misery until the break of day, when he of Chicago, who was travelling with an open copy of Paine in his hand, resumed his study of French and Liberalism; and I fell to thinking of Joaquin, and wondering if he had much changed since last we met.

The carriage windows were obscured with steam; the landscape seemed shorn of every vestige of interest. A few skeleton vineyards; a few orchards, wherein the trees looked like wire frames, and some of them were no more inspiring than so many unoccupied hat-racks; a few ruins, very poor ones for the most part, scattered here and there in out-of-the-way places, gave one the impression that perhaps the better specimens are taken in and packed away for the winter; bare hills and bare valleys. A general air of dilapidation and exposure; a bridge or two; detached clusters of houses that seem to have grown together like wasps' nests; another train, sliding swiftly by with ridiculously small cars, like a chain of coaches; some desperate efforts toward making an audible scream in the brazen larynx of the locomotive,—a confusion of sights and sounds all new and strange to me, and the next instant we roll thunderously into an enormous station with a glass roof; and I discovered at one and the same moment that we were actually in Rome, and that I had lost Joaquin's address.

One loses something every day in travelling, though it may be nothing more than a train. Joaquin's room awaited me, but I hadn't the slightest idea where to look for it or for him. It was Sunday. I started at once for a hotel. A cab driver fished me out of the crowd with his long whip, on the lash of which I seemed to be dangling. He spoke nothing but Italian. I would willingly have ventured on any other tongue than that. I had secured the address of a good hotel, in case it might be required; and, passing the card to the driver, we dashed into narrow streets, that are for the most part only a block or two in length and branch off at the first corner at some inconceivable angle.

It was Carnival. The hotels were stuffed to repletion. I drove from one to another in vain, seeking shelter. Neither love nor money would purchase me a spot whereon to lay my head. I scoured the street, more than half expecting Joaquin to rise like an apparition from the pavement and conduct me in triumph to his lodgings. But he did nothing of the sort. At last I secured a moderately good room, in a second or third rate house, I should judge; it was at the very top of the building, under the tiles. The only window, a small square one, out of my reach, was heavily grated. The atmosphere of the place was depressing. I could not hope to meet Joaquin until the day following, when I might be able to trace him

through his banker. I drove, to dissipate my melancholy. I took the carriage by the hour. The driver needed no instruction; we did the regular round, and it was growing dark when we returned. I brought with me a confused, chaotic impression of twenty centuries of imperishable history. I could have guessed successfully at every object of interest in the whole tour. A great cellar open to the sunlight, wherein are stored a multitude of broken columns; a round temple with a marble dome that seemed like another heaven; a square on a low hill-top, bordered on three sides with palaces; a bronze horse, with a bronze rider, standing in the midst thereof, looking down a broad flight of steps into the city below. Great statues flank the steps; and on the right hand is a long stairway like a terraced hill, paved with posing beggars; and at the top, such a quaint old church, wherein the sacred Bambino is cradled. There Gibbon sat and mused, and first thought of writing the "Decline and Fall" of the Empire, that is still declining and falling with fatal persistency.

I saw an amphitheatre, that has been nibbled away by the tooth of time until there is nothing left of it but the husk. I threaded a lonesome street that ran out between dilapidated tombs, and lost itself in a vast meadow hedged with hills ten miles away, and divided by aqueducts pierced by a thousand arches, that stretch away in delicious and most satisfactory perspective. Then came a ruin, so splendid in its desolation one might imagine it to be a small star burned out, with nothing but the sculptured ribs remaining. Shelley haunted it when he was at work on his "Prometheus." After that a catacomb with an earthy odor, and a statue of that young Apollo, St. Sebastian, transfixed with golden darts. The temples followed; forests of columns, roofs fretted with dazzling gold, walls set with precious stones, and multitudes of airy statues, whose drapery looks as if it had been blown hither and thither by the winds. So magnificent are the decorations of the temples, it was a positive relief to find myself rolling through the leafy avenues of the Villa Borghese, and taking a turn through the Pincio, the last of the Roman circuses, where Fashion displays herself for the gratuitous edification of the vulgar.

All this pageant cost me the magnificent sum of three dollars. It can be seen for a small fraction of that money in company with others who share the expense; in fact, most of it is better done on foot. There were a few maskers in the streets; the *cafes* were thronged with dominos.

I dined, and strolled aimlessly about the streets, returning in company with a procession bearing the Blessed Sacrament to some passing soul. How wonderful are the contrasts in that city of cities! I entered the hotel, to find the clerk on his knees in the doorway; for the flicker of the tapers borne by the shrouded figures in the procession, still lighted his face. To my amazement, this important personage seemed to recognize me. We had, it is true, conversed familiarly during the day; we had discussed in mixed languages the mixed politics of the country, etc. I asked for the key of my room, and was bluntly informed that there was neither room nor key at my service in that particular house. I began to suspect myself: I thought it possible that my reason was unseated. I had seen too much for one day; I had lost my reckoning, and had come to the wrong establishment. Gradually the truth came to light. Not finding nor hoping to find Joaquin till the day following, I left my luggage at the station, intending to call for it as soon as I had settled myself. It was a most unlucky thought.

The clerk of the hotel had suspected me of being an adventurer: I had come to him without so much as a dressing-case; and for this reason, when I went for a stroll in the Corso, he relet my villainous chamber to a couple of Austrians, who were to pay liberally for the privilege of sleeping in my single bed. It is not surprising that two Austrians in a single bed should crowd me out, though I have been one of slumbering triplets in my time. I could make the entire management of the hotel comprehend nothing; they scarcely seemed to recognize me. I pleaded in vain for some uninhabited corner wherein to lay my head for one night. Alas! seventy sleepless hours stretched back between that miserable me and the coziest of quarters in dear old London.

I went forth furiously; I rushed from house to house seeking shelter. No one would listen to me; no one seemed to care a farthing; maskers moked me, and danced before me a ballet of despair. I thought of the hospitable nights in the tropics, when I could easily have afforded to sleep under the canopy of the stars, and was not suffered to; for the heart of the savage is not so tame that it no longer softens at the wail of sorrow or the sight of a tear!

I abandoned myself to the streets, hoping to find a secluded spot wherein to pass the night. Every corner was occupied; every black nook rendered up a ghost of some sort or other. The maskers skipped by me, crooning in tedious falsetto. Never did merriment seem to me more out of place. The night was uncommonly chilly, and dark to a degree. I listened eagerly for a syllable of good round English: it seemed to me that one of my own kind could not leave me unhoused in the midst of the Roman winter. But every man went his way, and left me to my solitary fate.

Many of the churches were still open. I entered one of these, and found penitents like myself, and wanderers in this vale of tears; seeking consolation at the several shrines. The blazing tapers seemed to give out supernatural warmth; the air was still sweet with floating incense; the soft whisper of those who were at prayer near me soothed me like a lullaby; I grew strangely calm. Perhaps I might have stolen into some obscure corner of the church and slept there unobserved; I seemed to care very little what happened now. The carousal in the street sounded very far off; I was as happy as if I had had a whole pillow to myself.

When I went out of the holy house it was with a new spirit. I returned to the most convenient hospice, and besought the landlord to receive me in any shape he chose, but in the name of humanity to receive me. I proposed a billiard table as a tolerable substitute for a bed. "Let me lie on the table, with a ball in my ear and a cue for a balance-pole, and I am happy," said I to mine host, with ghastly humor. His heart warmed a little. Guests were expected to arrive by the midnight train. It was just possible that they might not arrive, in which case their reserved chamber was at my disposal. I leaped for joy. I thought of returning to the church to give thanks; but I had forgotten which of the three hundred and sixty churches had been my salvation, and I never happened to find it again. While I was wondering, my leaden lids dropped over the tired eyes in Rome, and I was asleep on a hard bench by the hall door, in a draught.

No one came that night—nobody; nothing but midnight and a boy in buttons, whose very buttons seemed to blink, he was so sleepy. I was shone to the peak of the roof, in company with a bottle of mulled wine. Three beds stood in a row against a low, bare wall. I thought of my school-days and the dormitory to which I was doomed, and sighed. All these were mine at last. Virtue was rewarded in the fifth act; but there was an exquisite sting in the fulness of that reward: I regretted from the bottom of my heart, and I have never ceased to regret, that I was unable to sleep in all three of those beds at once. Thus ended my first day in Rome.—*Charles Warren Stoddard, in the Ave Maria.*

## NOTHING STANDS AS HIGH

as a remedy for every womanly ailment, as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Here is the proof. It's the only medicine for women so certain in its effects that it can be guaranteed. In every case, if it doesn't cure, your money is returned. Can anything else, though it may be better for a tricky dealer to sell, be "just as good" for you to buy?

"Favorite Prescription" is an invigorating restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a complete cure for all the fundamental derangements, painful disorders and chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex.

For young girls entering womanhood; for women at the critical "change of life"; for women approaching confinement; nursing mothers; and every woman who is "run down," tired, or overworked—it is a special, safe, and certain help.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, piles, biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, and headaches.

## SATURDAY NIGHT.

A GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF SORROW IN THE HAUNTS OF POVERTY.

Another Saturday night! The evening shadows are fast closing around the city. The tramp, tramp, of a thousand feet, going hither, thither, are echoing through the broad streets and dismal alleys. The night watchman has taken his accustomed place in the factory, store and office. The stealthy prowler is hiding here and there, only waiting his opportunity to pounce down upon the unsuspecting, as chance may throw them in his way.

The tired children who have been employed all day long in the factory, at the office, or in the store, are pushing their way through the surging crowd, eager to reach their homes with their scanty earnings—some with happy sunny faces, others with faces sad, tired and dejected.

The lonely mother, in widow's weeds, sits all alone with her humble surroundings, awaiting the coming of her loved ones, and sitting thus meditates; and recalls the past—other days—when she sat in a different home, surrounded by all the comforts of life, and many of the luxuries. She recalls the time when she listened for the sound of the factory whistle which brought the cheerful news that soon her husband would be with her once again. But alas! how things have changed since then! First her husband was taken from her, leaving her business unsettled, with a house full of dependents to be looked after; then again death comes into the house and robs her of the only two who were able to aid her in her lonely life. And as troubles never comes singly, so financial losses follow in quick succession, and ere she is fully awake to the sudden change, she is houseless and homeless. The factory and home have passed into other hands. And thus she meditates until she hears the voices of boisterous women and drunken men as they pass through the dark alley near her humble home. And she heard the voices cursing. A shudder passed over her frame as she looks at the clock, and wonders why the children have not come. From the sorrows and bereavement which are past she turns to the terrible thoughts of possible griefs at the present. 'Tis seven o'clock. The shops have closed for a full hour. Why are the slender stays of the widow's heart and home so late? The unsteady steps of drunken men sound loudly without, as they go staggering through the now dark and noisome street.

O, poverty! what tribute of heartache and suffering you demand. How many of the innocent and pure of heart who bend beneath your cruel lash! Half-past seven; mixed with ribald songs, without, comes the sound of youthful voices. The humble door is opened and two little ones are locked in the mother's embrace.

The shadows of another Saturday night are falling. It struggles with the brilliant lights of the city streets, and it settles down heavily where poverty and crime join hands and offer no resistance to the ominous power that it brings on its sable wings.—*Catholic Union and Times.*

## BREVITIES.

Statements by national banks of Michigan show increase in savings and decrease in commercial deposits.

Trainmen at St. Louis, dissatisfied with the American Railway Union, are organizing a new association to supersede it.

Secret Service officers in New York have arrested J. W. Murphy and several others, said to be noted counterfeiters. Twenty plates of \$10,000 notes were found.

The President of the French Republic made a call to Mgr. Fasrata, the nuncio apostolic, and they conversed for almost two hours.

Statistics prove that nearly two-thirds of all the letters carried by the postal service of the world are written, sent to, and read by English-speaking people.

English newspapers sent to France by mail or otherwise, are examined by the French police in order to see if they contain infringements of the anti-anarchist law.

Bargains in Furniture going on this month, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every evening. Tell your friends about it.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The late Henry Doherty, of Boston, has left by his will \$1,500 for a scholarship at Boston College. The beneficiary is to be selected by his executors.

Bishop Marty has been transferred by Archbishop Ireland from the diocese of Sioux Falls, S. D., to St. Cloud, Minn. This is a promotion for Bishop Marty.

In the year 1800 there were only 120,000 Catholics in England and Scotland. In 1840 the number was 400,000; in 1860, 1,620,000, and in 1890 it was 1,692,090.

The Encyclical "Præclara" has been very well received in the East, and judging from the comments of the press, the Holy Father's appeal to the Eastern dissidents will produce excellent fruit.

Last year the priests of the foreign missions, whose headquarters are in Paris, baptized 32,482 adult pagans and 171,643 children. They have 3,800 missionary stations, and have charge of regions in which are millions of heathens.

A grand ceremony—that of conferring the Pallium upon Archbishop Chapelle, will take place at Santa Fe, New Mexico, early this fall. Apostolic Delegate Satolli, Cardinal Gibbons, and several other prelates are expected to assist at the ceremonial.

A decree issued by the Pope reviews the previous orders of the Vatican relating to the music to be used in churches, and leaves the bishops free to choose the books for church use. The decree recommends the use of the Gregorian chant in polyphone.

Cardinal Newman's brother, Professor Francis Newman, who is not a Catholic, is just publishing a book on "Christianity before and after Paul of Tarsus, with the Tales accepted as Sacred in the Anglican Church. 1894." Professor Newman has now reached the exact age at which the Cardinal died.

Governor Peck has appointed J. W. Losey of La Crosse, Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee, R. M. La Follette of Madison, Frederick M. Layton of Milwaukee and James Bardou of Superior, a commission to select a statue of Pere Marquette, to be placed in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington.

The new Russian Minister to the Holy See, M. Involsky, is quite a young man, not having reached his thirty-eighth year, but he has made brilliant studies in international law in the Alexander Lyceum at St. Petersburg. He is endowed with much diplomatic tact, and tact is the rarest and most needed of qualities in his position.

One of the most notable events in the history of Crawfordsville, Ind., occurred Wednesday, July 25th, in the silver jubilee of Rev. J. R. Dinnen, pastor of St. Bernard's Church. The jubilee commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Father Dinnen's ordination, which took place July 25th, 1869, at Fort Wayne, Ind., Bishop Leurs officiating.

A Catholic Bishop has been appointed by the Chinese Government a mandarin of the third class. He is the Right Rev. Mgr. Arzer, Bishop of Teleptu, Vicar Apostolic of Southern Chantong. He now ranks among the officials of the Celestial Empire with judges of courts of appeal and generals of the army. He is held in the highest honor by all classes, and his new dignity will give him increased respect with the natives.

The Benedictines have been invited to keep daily choir in the stalls of the grand Cathedral of Westminster, which the Catholics of England are about to build. Thus the divine office will be sung in all its fullness in the new temple. Early and late the praises of God will be sounded in busy London and the world will be challenged over and over again every day to lay aside for a while its temporal cares to consider its eternal interests.

## WHITTIER'S REGION.

In the same magazine the Rev. W. H. Savage, in considering the question of the poet Whittier's religion, says that the most striking characteristic of his faith was his repudiation of the hideous doctrines of Calvinism and his great con-

fidence in God's goodness. According to Mr. Savage, the Quaker poet was more of a Unitarian than anything else. He regarded Christ as simply the personification of the inward word of conscience, and, as his writings show, he rejected the doctrine of the adorable Trinity. He believed in the future existence of man, and was convinced that in the other life he would have the same friends, loves, aspirations and occupations as here. He rejected the infallibility of Holy Writ, creeds, and rituals as religious guides, and relied wholly on direct inspiration for moral direction. Mr. Savage's analysis of Whittier's religion, while it is undoubtedly correct in many points, will hardly satisfy the admirers of the Quaker poet, whose faith, not wholly barren of truly Catholic ideas, was, nevertheless, in some matters very uncertain and dim, and whose natural nobility of soul was unable to conquer the consequences of his earlier narrow religious environments. Mr. Savage administers a very neat and effective rap to the Monday lectureship and the individuals who listen to Mr. Joseph Cook's windy orations, when, referring to a remark made by that declaimer shortly after Whittier's death, to the effect that the poet preached the same doctrine the Monday lectureship proclaimed, he says that the author of that assertion "showed a very just sense of his own need of a good endorser, and a great, and it is to be feared, a well-grounded confidence in the ignorance of his hearers."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

## JAPANESE ANCIENT MISSIONS.

CATHOLICS WHO HAD KEPT THE FAITH INVIOLE FOR CENTURIES.

The present Emperor of Japan came to the throne in 1867 and that year four thousand native Christians were torn from their homes and distributed as criminals throughout the Empire. They had been "discovered" near Nagasaki and were representatives of the Roman Catholics who had received the faith of their fathers and had kept it inviolate. The Emperor for six years followed the persecuting policy of the Shoguns, but in 1873 religious liberty was tacitly allowed and the exiles went home again.

Two incidents were related to me by one of the officials present at the banishment, incidents illustrative of the endurance nurtured by three centuries of persecution.

Men and women were bound, and passed from hand to hand across the gangplank of the boat which waited to carry them away, handled and counted and shipped like bales of merchandise. One woman, thrown amiss, fell into the water, and her hand waved farewell in the sign of the cross as she sank never to rise again.

The other concerned a woman, too, with her infant at her breast. The officials determined to force her to recant, and failed. At last they took her infant, placed it just beyond her reach, and there let it wail its hungry cry two days and two nights, with promises all the time of full forgiveness to the mother, and the restitution of her babe, if only she would recant. Recant she would not, and at last her torturers gave in, their cruel ingenuity exhausted.

The history of the Roman Catholic Church in Japan is one of the miracles of missions, a story of great success, of tragic failure, and of resurrection from the dead.

Xavier landed in Japan in 1539, was welcomed, successful, and laid the foundations in his brief three years. With him and after him came other Portuguese Jesuits; men of learning, breeding, devotion, adroit, and fitted to win victory. The times and circumstances favored them.

In 1614 the Christians numbered a million or more, and the persecution once more began, sixty priests being banished and nine churches destroyed. Thenceforth persecution followed persecution for sixty years. More than two hundred priests were killed. They dared all things, refused to go home, were concealed by converts only to be found out by spies tempted by the large rewards. The native Christians were annihilated; friend was hired to betray friend, and, at a large price, child was brought to inform on parent and parent on child. Every barbarity was employed to compel the Christians to recant, with forgiveness and reward for acceptance of the Buddhist faith.

The persecution stopped only when all Christians had been destroyed, as

was supposed, and for two hundred and fifty years the anti-Catholic decree remained.

In 1686 a decree stated that no Christians had been discovered for years and urged fresh zeal with higher prices paid informers. But there are records of no further discoveries. In 1711 the rewards to informers were again increased, but without effect. During these years foreign missionaries had sought Japan from time to time, only to suffer death. Three recanted, repeated the Buddhist formula and were given wives and pensions.

Then comes a long blank, until the persecution in 1867. In 1860 Roman Catholic missionaries went to Nagasaki, and in 1865 found traces of a Christian community which was persecuted as one of the first acts of the present Government.

Since 1873 the Roman Catholic missionaries have carried on their work throughout Japan, chiefly by schools and hospitals and in private, without attracting much attention. Their converts are from the humblest walks of life, and the Church is composed for the most part of the communities near Nagasaki, the descendants of the converts made three hundred years ago. There are one archbishop, four bishops, many foreign priests and nuns, and 46,682 adherents.

So again the Roman Catholic Church prospers in Japan, not because its missions are allied with trade, or because feudal barons destroy temples and drive out Buddhist priests, but because these humble folk, without priest or book or sacrament or public assembly, endured in faith, and were stronger in their ignorance and obscurity than the power and wisdom of the world.

And the Japanese are thought easily carried away by every wind of doctrine and a fickle-minded folk!—*Catholic Union and Times*.

## IMMURING OF NUNS.

FATHER THURSTON SQUELCHES RIDER HAGGARD.

The following letter of Father Thurston, S.J., has been submitted to and refused insertion by the Fall Mall Gazette. This act of the editor is eloquent as to the spirit in which he conducts his paper. Fortunately, his efforts to cover Mr. Rider Haggard's historical blunderings are as vain as they are inconsistent with the spirit of honest journalism:

SIR,—I have only recently learnt that you have allowed Mr. Rider Haggard to publish another communication in your columns upon the immuring of nuns. I ask you, as an act of justice, to permit me also to lay before your readers a brief statement of the information I have lately received from Mexico on the same subject. When the judgment of scientific antiquaries is plain and unhesitating, it is intolerable that the truth should be obscured by the gossip of some ignorant museum attendant or the insinuations of Mr. Ludlow's unnamed friends.

Senor Agreda, librarian of the National Museum, writing, as he is careful to state, with the authorization of the director, has formally and in detail contradicted Mr. Haggard's assertion as to the provenance of the body of the supposed nun. Senor Agreda's letter was published in a leading Mexican journal on March 6th. It was copied by a number of other Mexican papers, and amongst the rest by a Protestant journal, *The Two Republics*, yet the statements made in it have not in any way been challenged in the public press of Mexico. Of this I am positively assured in a letter written from thence on May 21st, and Mr. Ludlow's own epistle, dated April 16th, indirectly bears witness to the same fact.

On the other hand through the kindness of a friend, himself no mean authority on Mexican antiquities, several communications have reached me affirming in the most explicit way the absolute trustworthiness of Senor Agreda's information. Amongst them are autograph letters from three of the most eminent literary men in Mexico, Senor Garcia Icazbalceta, President of the Mexican Academy; Senor Alfredo Chaverro, President of the Chamber of Deputies and member of the academy; and Senor J. M. Vigil, principal librarian of the Biblioteca Nacional. What gives especial force to the testimony of the two last named is the fact that they are both notoriously opposed to the clerical party in Mexico, and are the authors of

the first and fifth volumes respectively of the great national history, "Mexico a través de los Siglos," edited by General Riva Palacio. The general tone of that authoritative work may be ascertained by anyone who chooses to consult it at the British Museum.

It is impossible even to summarise the contents of the letters referred to, but I shall be very happy to submit the originals either to you, sir, or to Mr. Haggard, or to any other person who will give reasonable assurance of their safe custody. They all three declare that the authority of Senor Agreda is decisive in the matter, and speak in severe terms of the silly credulity which can still believe that nuns were ever put death by being bricked up in walls. "It is," writes Senor Chaverro, "a vulgar error which has not a scrap of evidence in its favor," "Es una vulgaridad qui no tiene en su apoyo prueba alguna."

On the other side what is the testimony to which Mr. Haggard appeals in defence of his assertions. There is nothing but hearsay evidence of the most unreliable kind, coming from men wholly unknown either as historians or antiquarians, strangers in the country and manifesting strong religious bias. It is evidence moreover, which is in many respects self-contradictory, and which betrays gross ignorance of the facts of Mexican history. I can substantiate all these statements in detail, but here I will only say:

1. The one thing which is clear from Mr. Ludlow's letter is that he did not, as was previously alleged, find any of the remains in the museum. He declares in fact that these did not come from Puebla at all, but from Santo Domingo, in the city of Mexico. Yet this is in absolute contradiction to the Butler story—reported by a *Rule*—copied by Guinness—with which Mr. Haggard previously identified himself.

2. No one has ever denied that bodies are found in the walls of religious buildings in Mexico. They are, as stated by the eminent archaeologists above mentioned, the remains of persons both religious and secular who, by a common custom of the country, have been buried in that manner after their natural death. Indeed a high medical authority has assured me from an inspection of the very photographs to which appeal has been made, that cadaveric rigidity must have set in while the bodies were in a horizontal position.

I might add much more, but I am content to leave the matter here. I have no wish to charge Mr. Haggard with religious bigotry or with conscious perversion of the truth. But one thing is clear—that he has committed himself in print to a foolish historical blunder, and that impatient of contradiction he is willing to clutch at any straw rather than frankly and honorably to own his mistake.

Yours, etc.,  
HERBERT THURSTON, S.J.  
Wimbledon College, Wimbledon, June 11.

At the recent matriculation examination of the London University two Catholic young ladies were among the successful candidates in the first division, and these were Miss Mary Kathleen Donnelly, a student in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, and Miss Florence Gertrude Mitchell, a student at Pleasant.

The German Emperor, in an interview with Chancellor Caprivi, discussed the steps to be taken for the repression of socialism and anarchism. The revolutionists are becoming troublesome, and new laws will be demanded of the Reichstag at the coming session.

Four French bishops have lately been consecrated: Mgr. Palge, bishop of Poitiers; Mgr. Touchet, bishop of Orleans; Mgr. Gilbert, bishop of Maas; Mgr. Guillois, bishop of Pay.

It is when a man is mulcted in heavy damages for breach of promise that he begins to realize his own worth.

Always laugh at your own jokes; if you want anything well done, do it yourself.

Bargains in Furniture going on this month, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every Evening. Tell your friends about it.



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MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 22, 1894.

## CRIMELESS IRELAND.

The Times, and all who are in sympathy with its anti-Irish spirit, are never tired crying from the house-tops about the lawless, turbulent, criminal population of Ireland. Taking into consideration the amount of provocation that the race has received, the countless suffering it has undergone, the tyrannical laws that have for generations crushed the life out of the nation, the unjust and unjustifiable manner in which it has been treated ever since the Union, the robberies perpetrated in the name of the law, the legalized crimes committed against the people by the mercenaries of power, and the thousand and one nameless ills that have been heaped upon the unhappy, but ever courageous and faithful Irish, it would be a matter of very little wonder were crime rampant over the land. Were the English or any other people to have suffered the hundredth part of all that the Irish have had to stand, not only would they be lawless, but chaos, social, political, national and religious would be the order of the day. Every time that the Irish people seem within reach of that legislative autonomy, which is their right, some misfortune comes upon their cause and the budding hopes are blasted by the poison-breath of some unexpected circumstance. And yet, despite all their disappointments, all their miseries, the famines, the unjust rulings, the oppressive legislations, they are to-day the most peaceful, orderly, law-abiding race on the face of the earth. We cannot compare them with any of the Continental peoples—the contrast in each case forbids. As far as England, Scotland, Wales, and even America are concerned, the Irish, at home, are far and away superior as a law-obeying people.

These remarks may cause a sneer or a sarcastic smile to play upon the ugly features of the "Thunderer"; but the facts are there to substantiate them. Whether it be a question of religious import, or of national moment, or even of local interest, we make it a rule to never advance a statement that we are not thoroughly prepared to support by logical argument, and to back up with cold facts and figures. We will take a few of the most thickly populated and most generally censured districts of Ireland and see what the state of things is at present—as far as the law is concerned. The summer assizes have been held recently all over Ireland. At Wexford, Lord Chief Baron Palles opened the courts, at the regular term, and there being no cases for trial the High Sheriff presented him with white gloves. On July 16th, the Lord Chief Baron, attended by the High Sheriff, opened the

summer assizes for County Carlow at Crown Court. Addressing the jury he said: "there is but one bill to go before you. It is a case of larceny. Turning to the county inspector's report, I find the case equally satisfactory." On the 20th, the judges arrived at Galway. Justice O'Brien, who presided at the Town Court, was presented with a pair of white gloves by the High Sheriff, Brady Murray, as there were no criminal cases to be heard. The whole business of the term was disposed of in a few hours. On July 15 Justice O'Brien, opened the Mayo Assizes at the Crown Court, Castlebar. In addressing the Grand Jury, he said: "Not very many cases will come before you at this assizes for the exercise of your authority as a branch of the criminal jurisdiction of the county, and they are not of the least degree of importance—assaults not of a serious character, and trifling offences of a purely social or domestic nature, such as will occur in any community." On July 17, at the Kildare assizes, held in the courthouse, Naas, Lord Chief Justice, Sir Peter O'Brien and the Lord Chief Baron occupied the Bench. Judge O'Brien thus addressed the Grand Jury:

"Baron del Robeck and gentlemen, the criminal statistics of your county justify me, I think, in offering you my congratulations upon its condition. It is true that there is an increase in the number of cases that has been specially reported by the police, but none of these cases indicates any general disturbance of the peace of your county. I am informed by the County Inspector that there is no boycotting and no intimidation in your county, and I rejoice at it. In the bills that are to go before you there is one very painful case. There is a bill against the Rev. Mr. Colton and his wife for the wilful ill-treatment of certain children so as to cause them unnecessary suffering. If you think a *prima facie* case is made out, having regard to the charge and the evidence that will come before you, you should find a true bill, and let the case be dealt with by a petty jury. I don't think it is necessary at all to refer to any of the other cases; they are cases of the ordinary character, representing the ordinary fluctuation in social crime."

The heaviest docket in all Ireland—for this year—was that of the County Donegal. The court was held at Strabane, and the following will give an idea of the condition of things throughout the land. There is scarcely a county criminal court held in any important judicial district in Canada that does not present a more important array of cases than does this—the very heaviest calendar in Ireland. The judge said:

"The bills to go before you only number six; there is nothing in any of the cases to present any difficulty to you in the investigation. In one case, that of manslaughter, it will in all probability, appear to you on the evidence that he, the accused, is insane." James McGonigle, charged with the manslaughter of Con Piherty, at a stilling affray, was found not guilty, and was discharged. David Campbell, an inmate of Dunsanagh Union, was charged with the manslaughter of a fellow inmate, named Denis Conaghan, and was discharged on the jury finding him guilty with a recommendation to mercy. Daniel McDevitt, charged with the manslaughter of Conell Carr, was found not guilty and discharged. John Boyce, for a common assault on a girl, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

At the Limerick assizes, held July 6, Justice Holmes presiding, there were three cases, in each of which the Judge ordered a *nolle prosequi*. An Irish paper commenting upon the Limerick Courts says that "Judge Holmes had expected to find somebody to hang, or commit to penal servitude; but he was disappointed." Tipperary was without a session on account of the absence of cases of sufficient importance. We might go on over the whole Island and the same story is to be told in each district.

In presence of these facts we are anxious to know whether the bitter enemies of Home Rule will continue to cry out against Irish lawlessness or else admit that a more miserably governed country with a more law-respecting people never existed in the civilized world. We will add no comments to these facts; they speak too strongly and require no elaboration from our pen. Surely the day will come when the good common sense of the British public will predominate over the evil spirit of base-

less anti-Irishism, and that the men who hold the fate of governments in their hands will feel inspired to do justice to the Irish race, to recognize their noble qualities and to respect their high and dignified conduct under the most trying of all circumstances, the most crushing of all political treatment. When next the Times, or any of its parliamentary henchmen, sees well to attack the Irish people on the score of criminality, we trust that the court statistics of this year will be collected and loaded into some parliamentary gattling-gun, that can be turned upon them to rake and tear their flimsy arguments to ribbons and leave them forever silent—at least on that one question.

## CHINA AND ROME.

We are too often under the impression that the Oriental magnets, the leading statesmen in the far away East, have little or no idea of the political movements in Europe, and their knowledge is so confused that they are not competent to give proper opinions upon the situations in the Western civilized world. In this we are greatly mistaken. In fact the Chinese and Japanese rulers take advantage of all our modern improvements, our new inventions, the multiplying facilities of international communication, to study up the European questions, to analyze the methods of government and to keep track of the course of events all over the world.

Mr. A. B. DeGuerville, late World's Fair Commissioner to China, tells a pretty good story about Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Viceroy, and the young Marquis de Rudini, son of the Italian statesman of that name, and for a time military attache at the legation in Tientsin. The anecdote serves to show how carefully Li Hung Chang has observed European events and also to give an idea of the estimate he had formed of Italian tactics. The young Marquis had an interview with the great Chinaman, when the latter said: "Why don't you tell your father to let the Pope alone and to give him back what you have stolen from him? Oh, yes, I know you will deny it, but it is perfectly useless. You have robbed him of nearly all he had, and you are keeping him a prisoner in the Vatican. It is shameful, but it will not last as long as you think, for one day France will come along and change all this. Oh, yes; I know you will tell me that you have got the Triple Alliance, but it will be no use to you. The French and the Pope will get together one day and whip all of you as you have never been yet."

Needless to say that de Rudini could not reply. It is evident that the Orientals still look upon France as "the Eldest Daughter of the Church," and merely as a daughter who has strayed away for a time from the paternal roof, but who will come back again as soon as she finds that the vanities of life are all hollow and that its pleasures bring no happiness. It would not be wonderful if the prophetic words of Li Hung Chang were to come true sooner than may be expected. There is no doubt that at heart France is Catholic, that the vast body of the people is faithful to the Church, and that it is only the few—the upper ten thousand of the large centers and of the fevered world of French politics—that persist in leading the nation astray.

Every day there are signs upon the sky of France's future that it needs no necromancer to read. Was it not a strange and striking coincidence that the very Archbishop of Lyons, the one who had been deprived of his rights by the French Government, and the decree for whose persecution the late President signed, should be the v

administer the consolations of Religion, and to light up the only torch of hope that could possibly serve, in the supreme moment, the expiring Carnot? There would seem to be in this an "irony of fate" were it not that the Hand of a Divine Providence is so visible. We yet have faith that the closing of this century will behold another mighty change in France, not less wonderful in its effects than the one that marked the end of the last century. But the revolution this time will be in favor of religion, it will be a coming back to the bosom of the Church, it will be a flashing of faith-illuminated signals from end to end of the land. And when that movement commences perhaps the words of the Chinese Viceroy may be remembered—especially by Italy.

In any case we have in the story above given an evidence of the fact that China has an eye upon Rome, just as Rome has an eye upon China; it also proves that, more than all the potentates of the world, the prisoner of the Vatican is the grand object of admiration and study for even the most barbaric of nations.

## POPE HONORIUS I.

We are constantly meeting with some would-be anti-Catholic historical critic who spends his time raking up the musty pages of ancient lore for the purpose of refuting some dogma or other of Catholicity. Invariably these zealous opponents of our faith depend more upon stray quotations from more or less authentic sources, than upon facts as recorded in history; they also come to grief, as a rule, on account of a lack of exact knowledge concerning the teachings of the Catholic Church. It is a system they have probably got into through the habit of running to the Bible for authority or proof upon every imaginable subject, and jumping upon a text as a conclusive evidence, no matter what the context or the spirit of the chapter. Some American Protestants have been recently arguing that since the Church of Rome had declared Pope Honorius I. to be a heretic it is impossible that Papal infallibility could exist. Of course if Pope Honorius were heretical in his teachings it would stand to reason that he could not have been infallible, and if he were not infallible then no other Pope could reasonably lay claim to that gift. This seems very good reasoning; and so it would be if the premises were only true. But unfortunately for the argument the very first—the major premise—is not founded upon fact. Long before the council of the Vatican declared in favor of Papal infallibility the learned Peonacchi wrote an elaborate work in which he fully refuted the charge of heresy that is constantly brought against Pope Honorius I.

Dr. Henry A. Brann, of St. Agnes' Church, New York, has written admirably, of late, upon the subject and he has reduced all the arguments to a few very clear and concise proofs of the uninterrupted infallibility of the Popes. The facts proven may be thus reduced so as to embrace the whole subject at issue.

The letter of Pope Honorius to Sergius of Constantinople, which has been characterized by interested parties as a heretical production, was a private communication, and therefore could not affect the infallibility, which concerns only the public and official pronouncements of the Pope, when speaking as head of the Church. The letter, moreover, was in no way heretical; it was merely a request of Honorius to Sergius to put down and extinguish the Monothelite controversy that then threatened to create considerable annoyance to the Church. The Sixth Council, held in Constantinople, condemned Pope

Honorius. This is the grand authority or evidence brought to bear against infallibility. They imagine that herein they have an irrefutable evidence of the heretical course of the Pontiff. But they forget—or they are not aware—that the “dicta” of the Councils of the Church are not necessarily infallible. The dogmatic decrees of the Councils alone are infallible; and only so when they have received the sanction of the Pope. Pope Leo II. confirmed the acts of the Sixth Council; he, therefore, should be a better interpreter of the meaning of this condemnation than Bishop Hall or any other man. Leo II. wrote two letters on the subject, one to the Emperor Constantine Pagnonatus and one to the Bishops of Spain. In both he stated that Pope Honorius was not condemned for heresy, but because “he did not extinguish the incipient flame of heretical dogma, as befitted Apostolic authority, but by neglect nourished it.”

It was, therefore, for administrative negligence and not dogmatic heresy that the Council condemned the Pope. In other words, this proves that while a Pope is infallible, under the proper given conditions, he is not impeccable. The question of fact falls to the ground and with it comes down the whole flimsy superstructure of anti-Papal argument.

#### JEWISH IMMIGRATION.

We have learned from certain correspondence which has been shown to us that some of the leading minds amongst the Hebrews are devoting considerable attention to Canada as a future home for numbers of their people. Already has a settlement been established in the North West, but the reports therefrom are more or less conflicting, while amongst some of the promoters of Jewish colonization the prospects look dark and unpromising, while amongst others—more sanguine—there are evident signs of a bright future for the children of their race in that new country. This is a question which may seem at first outside our domain; but we consider that as Canadians and as Catholics it is of the deepest interest to us. From two standpoints it may be studied, that of religion and that of nationality. We do not purpose entering very deeply—at least for the present—into the matter, nor is it of such immediate importance as to command a special attention to the exclusion of other barring questions; but since so much is being written about it, especially in Europe, we deem it well to have a few words to say.

Firstly, we will consider the question from the religious point of view. As Catholics, and therefore as Christians, we are anxious for the spreading of Truth, the propagation of our Faith, and the establishment of our principles. And according to the teachings of the Founder of our religion, we desire to create a reign of peace, of good will and of charity. We do not believe in persecution, nor in any species of ostracism; we seek not to drive nor to drag humanity into the fold, we are inclined rather to induce our fellow-beings to accept our Faith by proving to them how thoroughly we practise its precepts and by creating in their hearts and minds an admiration for that which they may be, later on, led to accept. The great battle that is going on to-day is between Faith and Infidelity. That indifference which leads to irreligion is gaining headway in the world; it is the fruitful parent of atheism and all the abominable satellites that revolve around that deadly meteor. In social life, in politics, in journalism, and even by the domestic hearth we are confronted with

despising spirit that assumes as many masks as the different occasions may require; here it is materialism, yonder it is pantheism, beyond it is cold, barefaced atheism. This spirit of a God-hating section of humanity has become so emboldened that to exorcise it requires no puny efforts on the part of all who cherish the hope-inspiring faith in an Omnipotent Guide and in an unending existence.

The Jew comes with his olden creed. It is true that it is diametrically opposed to Christianity; but it is equally antagonistic to atheism. The Creator that we adore is also his God; and the decalogue of Sinai was inscribed upon the tablet of his heart as well as upon the table of stone. If we part our ways at the dawn of Christianity, still he conserves a faith that for four thousand years moved like the desert pillar before the advancing caravan of humanity. In a word, he is as strongly opposed as are we to that cold, hollow, prayerless, remorseless Infidelity that moves about the world, poisoning with its unholy breath the innocence of youth and the hopes of old age. Again the Jew is not a proselytizer; he seeks not to force his belief upon others; he is contented to go his way in peace, if allowed to do so; nor is he impervious to the truth the moment it flashes upon him. Consequently, for these and many other reasons, do we believe that even from a religious point of view, there are classes of immigrants far more objectionable than the Hebrew. But, leaving aside all question of creed or practice, there is the social or national phase of the question that must not be overlooked.

If we are to have new blood infused yearly into the national veins of our country we want that it be healthy and life-imparting blood. Here we require men, no matter whence they come, who are able and willing to work, who have a desire to assist in the building up of the country, and who are honest as well as industrious. We do not want that class of foreigners whose sole ambition seems to be the grinding out of bad music in the streets or the lining of our wharves and alleyways with the tattered and shattered remains of humanity. It is out in the country, in the wood lands, upon the new farms, where the air of heaven is free to all and the soil awaits the hand of industry to turn it into a fruitful parterre of production—it is there that we need the sons of other lands. But in order that they may be of use in the agricultural domain it is necessary that they should come from a class of people trained in similar pursuits, a people whose previous mode of livelihood corresponds with the requirements of the new sphere of action, a people whose sole aim is to be useful, industrious and successful colonists. Such cannot be found in the overcrowded cities and congested hotbeds of Europe; they must come from the country districts and bring with them their agricultural experience and their agricultural instincts. Such being the class of people that, we learn from the correspondence referred to, the leading European Hebrews are anxious to send out, we wish to tender them a small piece of gratuitous but well intended advice.

There is a great difference between the climate of Canada and that of Russia or of Germany. The customs, the habits and the manners do not differ more than do the methods and modes of work in each of these countries. A man may have spent the third of a lifetime on a Russian or German farm, and yet be entirely at a loss the moment he finds himself in possession of a few acres of land in Canada. The style of ploughing, the time of sowing, the way of sowing,

the methods of reaping, the building of barns, the construction of sheds, the preparations for winter, the threshing, the farming, the manure making, the spreading of the same—when, how and where—and a thousand other details are never the same on both sides of the ocean. The consequence is that even a very experienced farmer from any of the continental countries will almost positively find himself at sea in Canada. In order to remedy this danger, which is nearly always certain to lead to disappointment and failure, we would advise the persons interested in any colonizing movements to send out a few clever and experienced men; let them spend a couple or more years with some of our Canadian farmers; let them work as common farm-hands and learn from practical experience the requirements of the country. Then these men will be able to instruct others and to pave the way for a most desirable class of agricultural people. Unless some such precautions are taken, there is no hope for successful establishments of farmers and general agriculturists. Crops will fail, winters will be severe, seasons will be irregular, blights will come, and the European immigrant will go home again a sadder man, having done no good for himself and only to give a bad name to Canada. So if prominent men in Europe are anxious to establish agricultural colonies here, we advise them to begin by learning all they possibly can about the country.

#### A HOLY FACE.

There are times when one meets with some strangely striking picture, and the memory of it lingers long in the mind. Recently we came upon a painting of “The Holy Face of Christ,” and it seemed to us the most wonderfully suggestive image that we ever beheld. The crown of thorns was pressed down upon the forehead and the huge drops of blood trickled down on all sides. Fearful gashes were made in different parts of the face, and the large white tears that hung from the eye-lids blended with the larger red beads of blood and flowed in profusion down the cheeks and the matted hair. The expression of intense pain upon the face seemed to combine, in one wonderful blending, all the sufferings, physical and mental, that human nature can conceive. In fact, so realistic was the picture, it sent a shudder through the one taking a hurried glance at it. What surprised us the most was the artist’s idea of presenting the features of Christ in such a mutilated form. Generally we are accustomed to see the Saviour represented with a crown of thorns and with the five wounds—the side, hands and feet—but rarely do we see the Holy Face gashed in the manner shown upon this picture.

On closer examination we found that around the face, and as if it were shooting in toward the wounds, were several tiny inscriptions; and each of these, in turn, represented an arrow aimed at the features before us. It then became apparent that these were the instruments that so gashed the sublime face of the Redeemer. Even after the great work of salvation was over, humanity has gone on wounding Our Lord, and apparently the wounds are more wicked than those inflicted by the executioners on Calvary. There are eight of these arrows; they are called: Ingratitude, Scandal, Abandonment, Indifference, Forgetfulness, Contempt, Blasphemy and Apostasy. These require no explanation, and the picture at once becomes a glorious text for a most solemn sermon.

No wonder that the artist presented a most horridly disfigured face, for surely

the shaft of Ingratitude alone would suffice to wound unto death a Love that was not Divine. And when the others come in rapid succession, we can well imagine the pains inflicted on the One who came to relieve all pain and do away with all misery. Did we but know the one whose pencil gave to the world such an image of the Christ suffering, we would ask him to take up his brush again, to seek fresh inspiration, and to paint a companion picture for his wonderful Holy Face. We would have the crown of thorns replaced by a glittering corona of eternal light, the gashes turned to spots of Divine radiance, the tears changed to ineffable smiles, the blood-drops to a shower of celestial dew—each bead a special grace for humanity—and the whole image of the Master to become glorious as in the hour of transfiguration on the mountain. Instead of arrows—bearing the inscription of human error—let there be beams of splendor radiating out on all sides and lighting up humanity with the scintillations of their promise. There would be a ray for every arrow, and inscription for inscription. On those beams, in characters of wondrous brilliancy, interwoven as it were into a scarf of glory by a shuttle of eternal light, the eight words: Prayer, Praise, Thanksgiving, Adoration, Love, Zeal, Reparation and Communion. When this grand work would be completed we would ask the artist to place it beside his first picture, and there the world would behold the Holy Face, as it is under the action of human wickedness, and under the effects of human virtues. Doubly immortalized would be the one who could perform such a miracle in the realm of art. But human pencil can trace the sufferings of Christ, because they are of His human nature; but no mortal artist can paint the glories of Christ, because they belong to His Divine nature. We have the picture of the suffering Holy Face; we can only strive to imagine the other one, and to work for the realization one day of our vision.

IN A RECENT issue of the Toronto Empire, a special correspondent of that journal, “Faith Fenton,” gives a somewhat lengthy and graphic account of a trip to Three Rivers. The clever lady seems to have seen Three Rivers through the colored glasses of a long-existing prejudice. She is admirably qualified to laugh at what most people respect, to belittle that which appeals to the higher sentiments of the generality of travellers, and to see only the funny side of a picture that also presents its historically interesting and religiously sublime aspect. We have followed close on to the steps of Faith Fenton, and we have discovered that she has given evidence not only of a lack of Faith but also an absence of true appreciation. It is our intention in some early issues of THE TRUE WITNESS to unfold a story of national historical, and religious interest, the facts of which cluster around that unique spot, where the statue of Lavolette looks down upon the confluence of the St. Maurice and the St. Lawrence. In the Ursuline monastery alone there exists a mine, rich in the treasures of our country’s past. We have been delving into that mine, and will soon have the pure ore prepared for the crucible of the press.

It is not safe to be high up in Chinese Government circles. The Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, to whom we referred in an editorial as having expressed some solid opinions upon European affairs, has been “disgraced” by the Emperor of China, because the Japanese won the first victories of this war. It is hard upon Li Hung Chang. Viceroyalty is not a very safe job in the East.

# LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

## CHAPTER LXXII.—(Continued.)

Atlee bowed low and resignedly over that gloved hand, which he felt he was touching for the last time, and turned away with a rush of thoughts through his brain, in which certainly the pleasantest were not the predominating one.

He did not dine that day at Bruton street, and only returned about ten o'clock, when he knew he should find Lord Danesbury in his study.

"I have determined, my lord," said he, with somewhat of decision in his tone that savored of a challenge, "to go over to Ireland by the morning mail."

Too much engrossed by his own thoughts to notice the other's manner, Lord Danesbury merely turned from the papers before him to say: "Ah, indeed! it would be very well done. We were talking about that, were we not, yesterday? What was it?"

"The Greek—Kostalergi's daughter, my lord!"

"To be sure. You are incredulous about her, ain't you?"

"On the contrary, my lord, I opine that the fellow has told the truth. I believe he has a daughter, and destines this money to be her dowry."

"With all my heart; I do not see how it should concern me. If I am to pay the money, it matters very little to me whether he invests it in a Greek husband or the Double Zero—speculations, I take it, pretty much alike. Have you sent a telegram?"

"I have, my lord. I have engaged your lordship's word that you are willing to treat."

"Just so; it is exactly what I am! Willing to treat, willing to hear argument, and reply with my own, why I should give more for anything than it is worth."

"We need not discuss further what we can only regard from one point of view, and that our own."

Lord Danesbury started. The altered tone and manner struck him now for the first time, and he threw his spectacles on the table and stared at the speaker with astonishment.

"There is another point, my lord," continued Atlee, with unbroken calm, "that I should like to ask your lordship's judgment upon, as I shall in a few hours be in Ireland, where the question will present itself. There was some time ago in Ireland a case brought under your lordship's notice of a very gallant resistance made by a family against an armed party who attacked a house, and your lordship was graciously pleased to say that some recognition should be offered to one of the sons—something to show the government regarded and approved his spirited conduct."

"I know, I know; but I am no longer the viceroy."

"I am aware of that, my lord, nor is your successor appointed; but any suggestion or wish of your lordship's would be accepted by the lords justices with great deference, all the more in payment of a debt. If, then, your lordship would recommend this young man for the first vacancy in the constabulary, or some place in the customs, it would satisfy a most natural expectation, and, at the same time, evidence your lordship's interest for the country you so lately ruled over."

"There is nothing more pernicious than forestalling other people's patronage, Atlee. Not but if this thing was to be done for yourself—"

"Pardon me, my lord, I do not desire anything for myself."

"Well, be it so. Take this to the chancellor or the commander-in-chief—and he scribbled a few hasty lines as he talked—and say what you can in support of it. If they give you something good, I shall be heartily glad of it, and I wish you years to enjoy it."

Atlee only smiled at the warmth of interest for him which was linked with such a shortness of memory, but was too much wounded in his pride to reply.

And now, as he saw that his lordship had replaced his glasses and resumed his work, he walked noiselessly to the door and withdrew.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### A DARKENED ROOM.

The "comatose" state, to use the language of the doctors, into which Gorman O'Shea had fallen had continued so long as to excite the greatest apprehensions of his friends; for although not amounting to complete insensibility, it left him so apathetic and indifferent to everything and every one that the girls, Kate and Nina, in pure despair, had given up reading or talking to him, and passed their hours of "watching" in perfect silence in the half-darkened room.

The stern immobility of his pale features, the glassy and meaningless stare of his large blue eyes, the unvarying rhythm of a long-drawn respiration, were signs that at length became more painful to contemplate than evidences of actual suffering; and as day by day went on, and interest grew more and more eager about the trial, which was fixed for the coming Assize, it was pitiable to see him, whose fate was so deeply pledged on the issue, unconscious of all that went on around him, and not caring to know any of those details the very least of which might determine his future lot.

The instructions drawn up for the defense were sadly in need of the sort of information which the sick man alone could supply; and Nina and Kate had both been entreated to watch for the first favorable moment that should present itself, and ask certain questions, the answers to which would be of the last importance.

Though Gill's affidavit gave many evidences of unscrupulous falsehood, there was no counter-evidence to set against it, and O'Shea's counsel complained strongly of the meagre instructions which were briefed to him in the case, and his utter inability to construct a defense upon them.

"He said he would tell me something this evening, Kate," said Nina; "so, if you will let me, I will go in your place and remind him of his promise."

This hopeful sign of returning intelligence was so gratifying to Kate that she readily consented to the proposition of her cousin taking "her place," and, if possible, learning something of his wishes.

"He said it," continued Nina, "like one talking to himself, and it was not easy to follow him. The words, as well as I could make out, were, 'I will say it to-day—this evening, if I can. When it is said—here he muttered something, but I cannot say whether the words were, 'My mind will be at rest,' or 'I shall be at rest forever more.'"

Kate did not utter a word, but her eyes swam, and two large tears stole slowly down her face.

"His own conviction is that he is dying," said Nina; but Kate never spoke.

"The doctors persist," continued Nina, "in declaring that this depression is only a well-known symptom of the attack, and that all affections of the brain are marked by a certain tone of despondency. They even say more, and that the cases where this symptom predominates are more frequently followed by recovery. Are you listening to me, child?"

"No; I was following some thoughts of my own."

"I was merely telling you why I think he is getting better."

Kate leaned her head on her cousin's shoulder, and she did not speak. The heaving motion of her shoulders and her chest betrayed the agitation she could not subdue.

"I wish his aunt were here; I see how her absence frets him. Is she too ill for the journey?" asked Nina.

"She says so, and she seems in some way to be coerced by others; but a telegram this morning announces she would try and reach Kilgobbin this evening."

"What could coercion mean? Surely this is mere fancy?"

"I am not so certain of that. The convent has great hopes of inheriting her fortune. She is rich, and she is a devout Catholic; and we have heard of cases where zeal for the Church has pushed discretion very far."

"What a worldly creature it is!" cried Nina; "and who would have suspected it?"

"I do not see the worldliness of my believing that people will do much to



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serve the cause they follow. When chemists tells us that there is no finding such a thing as a glass of pure water, where are we to go for pure motives?"

"To one's heart, of course," said Nina; but the curl of her perfectly out upper lip as she said it scarcely vouched for the sincerity.

On that same evening, just as the last flickerings of twilight were dying away, Nina stole into the sick-room and took her place noiselessly beside the bed.

Slowly moving his arm without turning his head, or by any gesture whatever acknowledging her presence, he took her hand and pressed it to his burning lips, and then laid it upon his cheek. She made no effort to withdraw her hand, and sat perfectly still and motionless.

"Are we alone?" whispered he, in a voice hardly audible.

"Yes, quite alone."

"If I should say what—displease you," faltered he, his agitation making speech more difficult; "how shall I tell?" And once more he pressed her hand to his lips.

"No, no; have no fears of displeasing me. Say what you would like to tell me."

"It is this, then," said he, with an effort. "I am dying with my secret in my heart. I am dying, to carry away with me the love I am not to tell—my love for you, Kate."

"I am not Kate," was almost on her lips, but her struggle to keep silent was aided by that desire, so strong in her nature, to follow out a situation of difficulty to the end. She did not love him, nor did she desire his love; but a strange sense of injury at hearing his profession of love for another shot a pang of intense suffering through her heart, and she lay back in her chair with a cold feeling of sickness like fainting. The overpowering passion of her nature was jealousy, and to share even the admiration of a salon, the "passing homage," as such deference is called, with another, was a something no effort of her generosity could compass.

Though she did not speak, she suffered her hand to remain unresistingly within his own. After a short pause he went on:

"I thought yesterday that I was dying, and in my rambling intellect I thought I took leave of you; and do you know my last words—my last words, Kate?"

"No; what were they?"

"My last words were these, 'Beware of the Greek; have no friendship with the Greek.'"

"And why that warning?" said she, in a low, faint voice.

"She is not of us, Kate; none of her ways or thoughts are ours, nor would they suit us. She is subtle and clever and sly, and these only mislead those who live simple lives."

"May it not be that you wrong her?"

"I have tried to learn her nature."

"Not to love it?"

"I believe I was beginning to love her—just when you were cold to me. You remember when?"

"I do; and it was this coldness was the cause. Was it the only cause?"

"No, no. She has wiles and ways which, with her beauty, make her high irresistible."

"And now you are cured of this passion? There is no trace of it in your breast?"

"Not a vestige. But why speak of her?"

"Perhaps I am jealous."

Once more he pressed his lips to her hand and kissed it rapturously.

"No, Kate," cried he, "none but you have the place in my heart. Whenever I have tried a treason it has turned against me. Is there light enough in the room to find a small portfolio of red-brown leather? It is on that table yonder."

Had the darkness been not alm at

complete, Nina would scarcely have ventured to rise and cross the room, so fearful was she of being recognized.

"It is locked," said she, as she laid it beside him on the bed; but touching a secret spring, he opened it, and passed his fingers hurriedly through the papers within.

"I believe it must be this," said he. "I think I know the feel of the paper: It is a telegram from my aunt; the doctor gave it to me last night. We read it over together four or five times. This is it, and these are the words: 'If Kate will be your wife, the estate of O'Shea's Barn is your own forever.'"

"Is she to have no time to think over this offer?" asked she.

"Would you like candles, miss?" asked a maid-servant, of whose presence there neither of the others had been aware.

"No, nor are you wanted," said Nina, haughtily, as she arose, while it was not without some difficulty she withdrew her hand from the sick man's grasp.

"I know," said he, falteringly, "you would not leave if you had not left hope to keep me company in your absence. Is not that so, Kate?"

"By-by," said she, softly, and stole away.

## CHAPTER LXXIV.

### AN ANGRY COLLOQUY.

It was with passionate eagerness Nina set off in search of Kate. Why she should have felt herself wronged, outraged, insulted even, is not so easy to say, nor shall I attempt any analysis of the complex web of sentiments which, so to say, spread itself over her faculties. The man who had so wounded her self-love had been at her feet, he had followed her in her walks, hung over the piano as she sang—shown by a thousand signs that sort of devotion by which men intimate that their lives have but one solace, one ecstasy, one joy. By what treachery had he been moved to all this, if he really loved another? That he was simply amusing himself with the sort of flirtation she herself could take up as a mere pastime was not to be believed. That the worshiper should be insincere in his worship was too dreadful to think of. And yet it was to this very man she had once turned to avenge herself on Walpole's treatment of her; she had even said, "Could you not make a quarrel with him?" Now no woman of foreign breeding puts such a question without the perfect consciousness that in accepting a man's championship, she has virtually admitted his devotion. Her own levity of character, the thoughtless indifference with which she would sport with any man's affections, so far from inducing her to palliate such caprices, made her more severe and unforgiving. "How shall I punish him for this? How shall I make him remember whom it is he has insulted?" repeated she over and over to herself as she went.

The servants passed her on the stairs with trunks and luggage of various kinds; but she was too much engrossed with her own thoughts to notice them. Suddenly the words, "Mr. Walpole's room," caught her ear, and she asked, "Has any one come?"

"Yes; two gentlemen had just arrived. A third was to come that night, and Miss O'Shea might be expected at any moment."

"Where was Miss Kate?" she inquired.

"In her own room at the top of the house."

Thither she hastened at once.

(To be Continued.)

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**WORK FOR LAYMEN.**

A Most Timely Editorial From the Philadelphia Catholic Standard.

There has never been a time or a country where the Catholic cause has needed the co-operation of the laity more than now in the United States. Religion here is free from government patronage and interference, and is consequently dependent upon itself, upon those who believe in it. There is with us a fair field and no favor. All Catholics are agreed that the spread of Catholicity among the American people would be an immense advantage to the republic, not only in the supernatural order, for the salvation of souls through an increase of grace, but in the natural order also, through the improvement of morals that would ensue, thereby giving greater development and stability to the good features of our political and social system. So far, it must be admitted, Catholicity has not taken hold upon the great mass of our American citizens to the extent that is to be desired. The work of conversion has gone on from the beginning, but it has been comparatively slow work. It is doubtful if the accessions from among non-Catholics have more than equalled the defections from the faith of those who once called themselves Catholics.

The great mass of the American people are indifferent to Catholicity, but it is a passive indifference that is easily enough stirred into interest. Even the rustic bigots who are so easily recruited by anti-Catholic organizations, such as the A. P. A., could just as easily perhaps be influenced towards the side of the truth if only that side could be presented to them in a way to attract. The average American is a fair-minded man, and reasonable according to his lights. He is neither subtle nor enthusiastic, but eminently practical. He is apt, for instance, to form his judgment of the Catholic religion by what he observes of the conduct of such Catholics as come within his range. Most of them, in the cities at least, seldom enter a church, and few comparatively have ever been inside a Catholic church. The Catholic clergy are personally unknown to them; it is the Catholic laity that are for them the exponents of Catholicity. So that we have a right to say that in the United States the Catholic laity are under a responsibility such as probably does not exist elsewhere. Protestantism is recognized generally as a matter of individual opinion, so that the shortcomings of a Protestant church member are credited to himself without much detriment to the esteem in which his particular denomination may be held. But if a Catholic falls short of the moral standard, discredit comes to the Catholic religion because he is popularly supposed to be governed by a code of morals common to all Catholics.

Every Catholic American is in fact a possible missionary of Catholic truth. It is not meant that a Catholic layman should go about with his religion pinned to his sleeve or with a button indicative of his belief set in the lapel of his coat. He need not, and ought not, to make his faith obtrusive. Religious controversy is very seldom effective of good unless it is carried on in a gentle way by one who has competent knowledge of the subject, and who is himself in his own mode of life an exemplar of the beauty of Catholic truth. But it certainly is the duty of every Catholic to profess his faith on every proper occasion. This is particularly true of Catholics who have gained prominence in any way. These Catholics, by the very reason of their prominence, have it in their power to do a great deal of good. A Catholic layman who has gained a distinguished position in society, the professions, politics, or business, has a very great opportunity, and a corresponding responsibility. He is not called on to teach Catholic truth *ex professo* to the world. That is an office that belongs to the bishops and priests of the Church. But he can teach indirectly and most effectively by not disguising for any reason the fact that he is a Catholic, and by making his life in all things conform to the doctrine and practice of the Catholic religion. One of the most striking modes of impressing on our non-Catholic fellow-citizens the beauty of our religion would be a loyal obedience to the laws of the land.

It should be the ambition of every layman to identify himself in some way, according to the circumstances, with the active work of the Church. It

is an age of organization and almost every man has some peculiar gift of his own, or some means, to forward the good works. Every layman ought, according to his opportunities, to connect himself with the societies of his parish and his diocese. If he has talent, or skill, or wealth, some of these he is bound to devote to the cause of religion, and no better way could be found than through the channels of parish and diocesan organizations. Zealous Protestants have found in the Young Men's Christian Association, the Christian Endeavor, and similar organizations, opportunities for work according to their views; much of it is good, no doubt. Catholic laymen ought to be able on similar lines to do a great deal more, though, in fact, we Catholics have hardly yet made a beginning of what there is for us to do. See, for instance, the thousands of the poor in the crowded quarters of our cities whom our clergy, too few for their work and already overburdened, do not reach. Such organizations as the St. Vincent de Paul Society, founded in France under different circumstances from our own, might do needed work in such directions if only their membership were strong enough. But that is only one phase, though a very important one, of the work that ought to be done by our laymen, but is not done, or is only slightly done.

There is not a Bishop in the United States nor priest in charge of a parish that would not hail with delight the co-operation of the laity in the good work of religion. Of course it must be really co-operation, and not an attempt to usurp the functions of the hierarchy and the clergy. Perhaps one practical means of ensuring this active co-operation of the laity in future would be to secure, if possible, the assistance of the teachers in our Catholic colleges, convents, academies, parochial schools and Sunday-schools. If these teachers, taking into account the conditions under which we live in the United States, would urge upon their pupils the duty of identifying themselves with Catholic organizations and with active Catholic work generally, the next generation, if not our own, would see an end to the apathy that now sits with so little grace on the great body of our Catholic laymen.

**THE ISLAND OF GUERNSEY.**

Centenary of the Re-Establishment of Catholicity.

This was one of the centenaries of last year, of which no notice seems to have been published on this side of the Atlantic. Yet it was an event of unique interest and a striking example of the old truth that persecution is a most efficient propagator of our holy faith. The event was full of strange circumstances too. The *dramatis personae* were a poor French priest, exiled from France by the fierce persecution of the Revolution, and some Irish soldiers cooped up in barracks. The scene is laid on English soil under British domination, the laws of Bloody Bess still in vigor and still enforced, but without their bloody penalties.

The following account is borrowed from a Parisian daily paper, *La Croix*, exclusively Catholic, with about 700,000 subscribers to its various editions and in excellent standing with the highest Catholic Authorities:

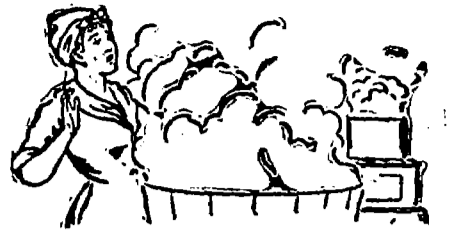
In August, 1893, the centenary of the restoration of Catholicity in the Norman Isles was celebrated with great pomp. Here is the true story of the event. Almost a hundred years ago, in these islands, even right of domicile was granted to a stranger or to a Catholic only with great caution. The French were kept under special surveillance.

During 1793 the parish priest of Coutances, because of his refusal to take the oath prescribed by the French revolutionary law, had become an object of suspicion to the Jacobins. He was finally forced to fly for his life, and he sought a refuge in Guernsey. From his arrival in that island dates the re-establishment of its Catholicity, though it was with no little difficulty that he once more reared the Cross there where it had been overthrown with such fanatical violence.

He had hardly landed when he was placed under strict watch by the authorities. He was immediately questioned concerning his occupation, and to save himself from prompt expulsion he was compelled to announce himself as a

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horse-trader, a business which he actually followed during the first year of his sojourn in the island.

At that time the only Catholics known to be there were a few Irish soldiers stationed in the barracks. These soon began to seek the ministrations of the exiled priest. He could not refuse them the spiritual help they sought, though he knew that he was thereby subjecting himself to the harsh penalties of the cruel Elizabethian laws still enforced. But his priestly zeal and his trust in God made him strong and fearless, and it came to pass that the time when the fierce Revolutionary contest was raging in France was the moment chosen by Providence for the re-establishment in the little archipelago of the British channel of the Catholic worship after its suppression for more than two centuries and a half.

Soon a few Catholics began to show themselves. They met to hear Mass secretly in a private room in some secluded spot; they were joined by the Irish soldiers who were very loyal to their faith. Father Navet soon became an object of great suspicion to the civil authorities of the island, and before long he received a summons to go before the Bailiff. After a hearing he was ordered "on account of his papistical opinions" to leave the island within twenty days. This delay was granted lest too much harshness should arouse the military authorities, which were known to favor the priest because of the excellent effect produced upon the soldiers by his presence among them.

Father Navet resolved to appeal to General Doyle, then Governor and also Commander of the military force in the island of Guernsey and its dependencies. The General wrote immediately to the Minister of War to obtain for Father Navet a commission as Catholic Chaplain to the troops, insisting upon the importance and even the necessity of the appointment for the benefit of discipline among the soldiers, who lost much of their efficacy when deprived of the chaplain's ministrations. General Doyle's request was received favorably and the answer to it came in the shape of a royal commission.

At the end of the twenty days the French priest was visited by two constables who had come to expedite his departure. As an answer to their order to leave he produced his commission with the royal seal attached to it. There was no help for it, and the civil authorities had to bow to the royal will.

It is needless to add that Father Navet, on receiving his commission, immediately gave up his occupation as horse-trader, and from that time forth he received from all the respect due to his rank as Chaplain. The next year a chapel was built by means of the alms furnished by the faithful, chiefly by the Irish soldiers. In 1850 this chapel had become much too small, and the building of a very fine church, under the invocation of St. Joseph, was begun. It was completed in 1852 and was solemnly blessed by Cardinal Wiseman. On the same occasion the remains of Father Navet were transferred to a crypt beneath the High Altar.

The Catholic religion, thus freed, spread rapidly in Guernsey. Now there are three churches in different parts of the island, with flourishing schools for boys

and girls. There are moreover two religious communities, and there is every hope that Catholicity will spread its saving influence with steady increase, as it does wherever it has a fair field and civil enactments do not interfere with its freedom. It is not, then, without grave reason that the Holy Father recommends to us, as an object of much and fervent prayer, "the liberty of the Church," for the Church is infallibly certain of succeeding in her great mission, which is the establishment of the Kingdom of Christ in the whole world, if only she is allowed to go about her work of sanctification and civilization quietly and peacefully. In the end she will triumph, for she has divine promises of victory; but many more souls might be saved if she were free.—*The Pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs.*

**THE CHURCH AND THE PLAGUE.**

The following tribute from an unusual source is quoted by the Ave Maria, whose comment is also given here.

Of all the literary journals in the language, the Athenæum, of London, is incomparably the most interesting and scholarly. Its prejudice against Catholicism, however, is so deep-seated, its slurs so frequent, that any article showing sympathy with Catholic views is especially noticeable. The most satisfactory review that we have met with of Dom Gasquet's new book on the great pestilence in England (A. D. 1348-49) appears in a late number of our literary favorite; and it is pleasant to note that the writer, while giving deserved praise to Father Gasquet for his proficiency in "the art and mystery of historical research," has a good word to say of the clergy, who, in such appalling numbers, laid down their lives while ministering to the afflicted population during the prevalence of the black death, as the pestilence was commonly known. The reviewer says:—

"The mortality among the clergy was far in excess of that among any other class; and this can be attributed only to their noble self-sacrifice in the discharge of their ministerial duties among their parishioners. Breathing day and night the pestilential air, working heroically among the people in every stage of the disease, comforting the dying, and burying the dead in the huge pits that were dug to contain the putrid corpses,—the priests dropped by thousands into the same graves in which they had helped to lay their people; and before the year was out the supply of clergy had begun to fall short very seriously over all the land."

It might have been added that the same praise is due to the clergy of France and Germany. Good shepherds everywhere willingly gave their lives for the flocks committed to their charge. In presence of pestilence and death, shepherds and hirelings are easily distinguishable. S. H.

Of course the bright girl ought to have a spark of humor.

Bargains in Furniture going on this month, at F. Lapointe's, 1551 St. Catherine Street. Open every Evening. Tell your friends about it.



# A MIGHTY WORK

Families Made Happy.

HOMES ARE CHEERED AND BRIGHTENED.

Paine's Celery Compound Carries Blessings to Old and Young.

A Wonderful Cure in Coldbrook, N. S.

A Case That Was Pronounced Incurable.

DEATH WAS EXPECTED.

The Sufferer Saved From the Dark Grave.

THE CURED MAN PRAISES PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND EVERY DAY.

Father and mother, sisters and brothers, should all feel an interest in making home happy, bright and joyous.

Home cannot be a bright and happy spot while some loved one is laid low with disease and suffering.

There always prevails much anxiety, doubt and fear, for the safety of the sufferer. The trusted family physician may be doing his utmost to banish pain and disease, but his efforts are too often vain and fruitless.

Into all afflicted homes Paine's Celery Compound comes like a bright angel of mercy. As soon as the great healing medicine is used, hope is revived, faith strengthened, faces look brighter, and everyone interested feels that heaven has sent an angel of life that cannot fail.

No living mortal can estimate the blessings that Paine's Celery Compound has bestowed upon Canadian homes. The work of life-saving wrought by the great medicine is marvellous and astounding; the record of cures will endure forever.

Every day bright and telling testimony is sent in from all sections of our Dominion declaring that Paine's Celery Compound saved and cured, after other means had utterly failed.

One of the very latest cures reported is that of Mr. John A. Church, of Coldbrook, N.S.

Here we have an array of solid facts that speak in thunder tones of warning, and at the same time they are calculated to inspire every despairing heart with true hope and comfort.

Here we have a man who suffered in pain and agony for long months, spent all his money for medicines that could not cure, and who was given up to die.

Mr. Church accidentally heard of Paine's Celery Compound, and made use of it; the medicine restored and renewed his life.

Mr. Church tells his story as follows:— "It is with pleasure that I give testimony in favor of your marvellous medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. In the spring of 1892, I had an attack of La Grippe, which put me into such a condition that I could not sleep or eat. I was completely run-down, had extreme nervous prostration, and lay for days in a half stupefied state.

"After spending all my money for medicine which did little good, I gave up to die, when one day a paper on Paine's Celery Compound was brought to me. I

at once procured the medicine, and derived great relief from the first bottle. I slept better, ate better, and digestion improved. After using nine bottles I feel like a new man. I can truly say that Paine's Celery Compound snatched me from the grave, and gave me a new lease of life.

"I earnestly urge all sufferers to use Paine's Celery Compound, feeling sure it will cure them. Do not spend your money for medicines that cannot cure you."

### FARM NOTES.

#### POINTS OF USEFUL INFORMATION.

Feed and labor are the chief matters of cost in the dairy.

Dampness is one of the greatest causes of disease and disorders in the poultry yard.

There is no doubt about the value of bone meal for promoting the growth of chicks

A good appetite, good powers of digestion and ability to assimilate food are the basis for a good feeder.

Young animals and very old animals—if for any reason a very old animal is kept—should be fed on very easily digested foods.

The Holstein-Freisan is as near being a general purpose cow as we have, except, perhaps, the milking families of the shorthorns.

The American standard cheese is a rich, full cream cheese about the same as the Cheddar, an English cheese having the name of a town noted for its manufacture for 200 years.

It is a bad practice to overload any team, especially of young horses. If there are any heavy loads to be hauled put in more horses, or let those over six years do the pulling. Until that age the bone and muscle are not fitted for the hardest work.

Every farmer ought to secure a few hives of bees and increase it as much as possible is an advice given by a contemporary. They are laborers for which no wages are required, and they board themselves with occasional assistance from their owner when he has drawn too freely from their stores.

### "STOP MY PAPER."

"Every man has a right to take a paper or stop it, for any reason or for no reason at all. It's a free country—in that respect. But at the same time there is a certain responsibility attaching to all actions, even to so trivial a one as stopping a paper because the editor says something one doesn't agree with. There is a complaint that newspaper editors lack fearlessness and honesty; that newspapers are too generally mere partisan organs that disregard the claims of truth and justice when political interests are at stake.

There is too much truth in the charge; but let us ask how it is possible for a fearless, honest, outspoken journal to live if every man is to cry "Stop my paper," whenever he reads something that does not accord with his views? The men who insist that the paper they read shall never say anything contrary to their views are the ones who are in large measure responsible for the craven cowardliness and the weathercock propensities of modern journalism. One of two things is absolutely necessary. Either a paper must be a namby-pamby sheet that has no opinions whatever about important events, or else its readers must make up their minds that a difference of opinion is not sufficient reason for stopping the paper.

If all the readers insist on it that everything said must accord with their views, then the editor must say nothing except on the subject on which they all agree, and the public must be left for light on current events to bitter partisan papers. In a community composed entirely of the "stop my paper" people true independent journalism would be an impossibility. When you are convinced that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When convinced that it is unclean, stop it. When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news, stop it. When some other paper gives you more of value, stop it. But don't stop a paper that you believe to be honest, courageous, enterprising and clean, simply because its editor has written his own sincere views instead of yours or somebody else's; for if you do, you are putting a premium

on insincere journalism and serving notice on an editor that the way to succeed is to write what he thinks will best please his readers instead of what he honestly believes to be the truth.—*The Voice.*



### FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—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.....2.15 @ 2.35 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.—Rolled and granulated \$4.40 to \$4.50. Standard \$4.30 to \$4.50. 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 split peas \$3.50 to \$3.60. Bran, etc.—There continues a fair enquiry for bran and sales are reported at \$15 to \$15.50. Shorts are scarce at \$18 to \$19.50, and mouille at \$20 to \$21. Wheat.—There is an improved feeling in Manitoba wheat, the sale being reported of a lot of No. 1 at equal to about 60c here. New Ontario wheat has sold in the West at 53c to 56c and old winter at 55c to 56c; spring being quoted at 58c. Corn.—Market quiet at 63c to 65c duty paid, and 60c to 61c in bond. Peas.—There is some demand for export, and holders ask 74c per 66 lbs in store, and we quote 73c, to 74c, and new peas 70c. Barley.—The market is quiet but firm at 45c to 47c for feed, and 50c to 55c for malting. Holders are asking more money. Rye.—Quotations are nominal at 52c to 53c. A lot was sold for export at about 52c. Buckwheat.—The market is unchanged at 47c to 48c. Malt.—Quiet at 72c to 75c. 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 \$8 to \$7 as to quality. Oats.—The market is easier, No. 1 being quoted at 39c, No. 2 at 38c and No. 3 and rejected at 36c, and probably might be bought for

less. New No. 2 mixed are offered on spot at 34c per 34 lbs. Quite a number of lots of new oats are being offered.

### PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—The market for hog products is steady all round, and pork is especially firm, owing to limited supplies of Canada short cut, choice heavy brands selling at \$19.50 to \$20, and light kinds at \$17.50 to \$18.50, according to size of lot. To meet the necessities of the occasion, last year pork had to be barreled out of the regular season, and consequently a milder cured article was turned out, which seems to have been preferred by customers, so that now the trade calls for the less salted article. Lard has also been in fair demand with sales of compound at \$1.42 per pall of 20 lbs up to \$1.50 as to size of lots. In smoked meats there is a fair seasonable business reported, both for local and export account. Hams are still in good request. We quote:— Canadashort cut pork per bbl.....\$18.00 @ 20.00 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.....12.25 @ 12.50 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.....9 1/2 @ 7 1/2 Bacon, per lb.....10 @ 11c Shoulders, per lb.....8 1/2 @ 9c

### DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—There has been a little more enquiry for creamery butter this week, and for choice late made buyers would pay 18 1/2c for round lots. Some holders, however, want more money, and one lot is reported sold at the factory at 18 1/2c. In Eastern townships dairy there is also a little more business noted, sales of which have been made at 16 1/2c to 17c for choice goods. As regards Western, buyers still complain of poor quality; and we hear of sales at 14c to 16c, the latter for choice selections. We quote prices as follows:— per lb. Creamery, fresh.....18c to 18 1/2c 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 fully 1/2c higher than a week ago, the French cheese selling at the boat and by rail at the beginning of the week at 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c, the ruling price being 9 3/4c. Cables have been received from English houses asking for firm offers on August and September contracts; but factory men do not seem disposed to put their future make under offer at any reasonable figure. In waiting for still better prices, however, the farmers may miss a good chance. There has been a fair business in undergrades at 8 1/2c to 9 1/2c. We quote:—

Finest Western, colored.....9 1/2c to 9 3/4c " white.....9 1/2c to 9 3/4c Quebec, colored.....9 1/2c " white.....9 1/2c Under grades.....8 1/2c to 9 1/2c Cables.....45c

### FRUITS, Etc

Apples.—Owing to the abundance of California fruit that is coming in apples are having very poor show, although the demand improved throughout the week. Astricans, ordinary, are quoted at \$1.10 per barrel, fancy \$1.50 to \$2, and new \$1.25 to \$1.75.

Oranges.—A few more boxes of Rodi Oranges have arrived, and are meeting with a fair demand at \$5 per box.

Lemons.—Lemons are moving at a moderate rate, sales having been made at \$3.50 to \$4.25 per box.

Bananas.—So much California fruit arriving has caused a very limited demand for Bananas at 75c to \$1.50 per bunch.

Peaches.—The receipts of California peaches have been very heavy during the week, sales having been made at \$1.25 to \$1.50 per box for sound stock, and 75c to \$1 for wasty fruit. Canadian peaches are arriving in very limited quantities, but they are meeting with very little demand when California peaches are so cheap and plentiful. Prices quoted at 40c to 60c per basket.

Pears.—There is a very good demand for California pears at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per box for sound shipping stock and \$1 to \$1.25 for ripe stock. Bartlett pears \$2 to \$2.25 per keg, Canadian Bell pears \$3 per barrel, other brands in basket 40c to 45c.

Plums.—California plums are also meeting with very good success at \$1.75 to \$2.20 per box. Canadian 70c to \$1 per basket.

Watermelons.—There are a few watermelons in the market, but the demand is limited at 1 1/2 to 20c each.

Grapes.—California grapes are coming in now, and are selling well at \$3.75 Tokay and \$2.50 for Muskat. Southern grapes, small basket 75c.

Potatoes.—Owing to the farmer being kept busy with the harvest, the receipts during the week have not been very heavy, and prices have taken a slight jump from 85c to \$1.25 per barrel, several hundred barrels being booked for Gaspe. The crop of potatoes in the country is believed to be very heavy this year.

### COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—The market remains quiet with very little changes in values. There has been a big shipment of about 200 large cases on through bill from the West for Glasgow. The sale was also made of a round lot for English shipment at over 6s. f. o. b. here. In this market there have been sales of round lots at 9c to 9 1/2c and 9 1/2c for good to choice fresh candied stock, and at 10c to 11c, for single cases.

Baled Hay.—The market is about as last quoted, with sales reported of No. 2 at \$7 to \$7.50 alongside vessel here. In the country sales are mentioned at \$5 to \$6 as to quality.

Hops.—The market is dull and stocks are difficult to sell. Quotations are nominal at 10c to 12c for good to choice, 8c to 7c for old. The first samples of new hops have been received which are very choice.

### FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—Gaspe dry cod have sold at \$4.50 to \$4.75 per quintal of 112 lbs. July Cape Breton herring is quoted at \$4.50 to \$5.

Oils.—Steam refined seal oil is 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.

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**House and Household.**  
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**USEFUL RECIPES.**

**BANANA DESERT**

Bananas, sliced down and sugared and eaten with cream, make an excellent and inexpensive dessert, which a dash of lemon juice redeems from insipidity. Do not use too much lemon or it will turn the cream.

**TWO NEW SANDWICHES.**

Two new sandwiches for teas and receptions have more than novelty to recommend them. One is made from thin slices of brown bread spread with a very little butter, then spread with a layer of chopped English walnuts and almonds. The other is made from white bread spread with chopped and stoned olives mixed with mayonnaise.

**A SOUP FOR WARM WEATHER.**

Wash half a cup of rice and a small cupful each of carrots, turnips, and celery stalks cut in dice, and put them in a kettle with two quarts of cold water, a tablespoonful of pepper, a sprig of thyme, another of marjoram, and three bay leaves. Bring slowly to a boil, simmer two hours, season to taste, and sprinkle to taste in a teaspoonful of minced parsley; boil for five minutes and serve. This may be changed in flavor somewhat by first frying in an ounce of butter, until yellow, the rice and vegetables.

**SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.**

In more than a few families breakfast consists of coffee and rolls with rich cream and sweet butter. This is good for the hired girl, good for business and brain work and good for the stomach. For the lunch a hot dish of delicate meat or meaty fish and something is prime. There is no desert like melon. Teacup cantelopes are mouth-watering. These fruits are at their best served full of shaved ice, in halves and eaten with a spoon. It is a culinary crime to slice a musk melon and let it bleed to death. Some palate ticklers skewer the fruit and squirt a little fine wine into the opening to give it flavor; liqueurs and almond extracts are often used. Small melons filled with ice cream are a refreshing kind of dinner dessert.

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**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. 53

**Mount St. Louis Institute, 444 SHERBROOKE ST., MONTREAL.**

This Institution will re-open Tuesday, September 5th.  
 Boarders of last year and new applicants 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 Departments. Best modern text-books are taught by competent professors. Short-hand, type-writing, 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 September 5th. For prospectus or information address to REV. JOS. CHARLEBOIS, C.S.V., President. 51-3


**WANTED.**

A Female Teacher. (Elementary Diploma) at St. Columban, County of Two Mountains, P.Q. For particulars address M. V. PHELAN, St. Columban, P.Q. 51

**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. 52

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Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely 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; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.  
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**LACHINE CANAL.**

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, 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 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 residence 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 entering 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 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. } 4-3

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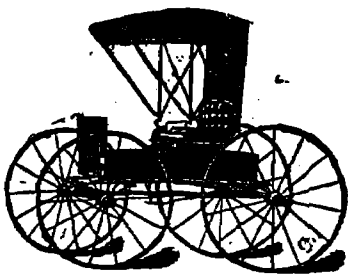
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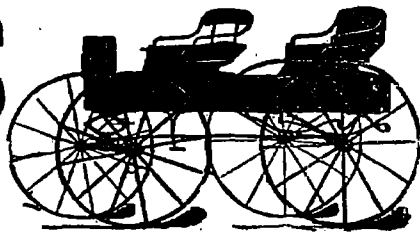
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