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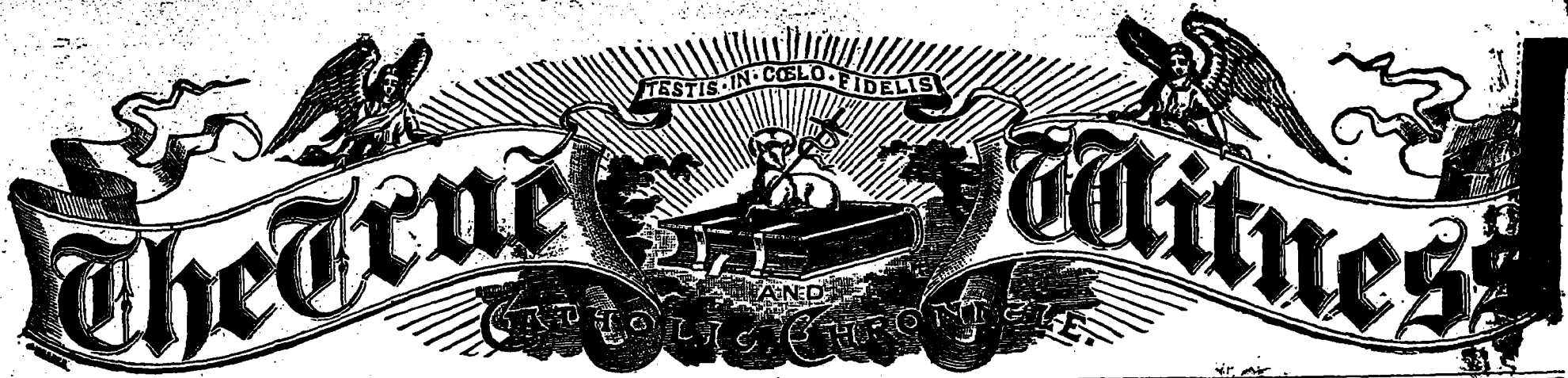
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE war between China and Japan, over the Korean territory, seems to be kept up with considerable spirit on both sides. To judge from the rather vague reports that come in a very roundabout way, and generally to be contradicted or corrected by subsequent despatches, we must say that Japan seems to be having the best of it. Numerically, China is by far the stronger; in every other sense Japan seems to be the more advanced of the two. Not having had the experience of some of our enterprising conferees of the press in matters oriental, and not enjoying the privilege of a special correspondent at the seat of war, we do not feel competent to give any opinion upon the probable outcome of the struggle, nor are we able to tell what are likely to be the results, as far as civilization in general, or international equilibrium, is concerned. All we know about the matter is that there is a war going on in the far East, and that quite a number of people are being killed. Whether the majority of the slain consists of Chinese or of Japanese does not—we think—affect our readers to such an extent as to induce sleeplessness. So far it has not affected the price of the winter's coal in Canada, nor has it had any marked effect upon the many political meetings taking place throughout the country. It may seem strange, but it is none the less true, that the breaking of a saucer by a Chinese laundryman, in our Police Court, has created more interest than the breaking of a thousand Chinese skulls, by Japanese arms, on the confines of Corea. Such is life; the world is very large.

REV. C. F. ROUTLEDGE, Canon of Canterbury Cathedral in England, an inspector of schools in that country, the editor of the *Archæologica Cantica*, the discoverer of the foundations of the old church of St. Martin's in Canterbury, and a Doctor of Divinity, took it in his head to spend his summer vacation studying the systems of Education in Canada. He crossed the Atlantic, went out to Manitoba, spent three weeks in and around the Carberry district, returned east by rapid stages, landed in Montreal, registered at the Windsor, took a return ticket to England, and has come to the very lucid conclusion that Canada is behind in education and that our schools are not what they should be. It is easy to surmise how much this learned gentleman was able to learn about our schools and our educational system during a month of vacation time—when all schools are closed—and that spent in the agricultural regions of the North-West. Probably the next thing we will hear of is a book, by the Rev. Mr. Routledge, on the Canadian Educational system. Unless this archæologist be an inspired person, we fail to see upon what he has been able to base his opinions. Perhaps, however, he read Canadian tracts, of the P. P. A. class, while rushing over the rails of the O. P. R. Just

imagine a Canadian school inspector going to England to study up the conditions of the schools in that country, taking the vacation time for his trip, landing in Liverpool, rushing up to London, and immediately taking train for the Highlands, spending three weeks amongst the Lakes of Scotland, coming back to Liverpool, setting sail for Canada and pronouncing the schools of England totally unfit for the purposes of education.

ONE of our evening contemporaries reports in a very sarcastic vein the interesting ceremony of the inauguration of the Irish Industries depot in Montreal. By sneer and insinuation it shows clearly that even the slightest success of anything Irish goes against its grain. When Lady Aberdeen was assured that the press—irrespective of "creed, nationality or political hue," was heart and soul with her in her efforts to ameliorate the condition of the Irish peasantry, it was not deemed necessary to tell her that there existed here a particularly constructed organ that belongs to no special creed, that gives evidence of no distinct nationality, and that is such a political acrobat that no party could rely five minutes upon its stability. There are heavenly bodies that twinkle with a dim uncertainty; it is only when darkness is abroad that they can be discerned by aid of a powerful telescope. At the very first approach of daylight they disappear entirely in the realms of space. They do exist—for their own benefit, and that is about all.

IN the cemetery of Priscilla, outside the Porta Salaria, in Rome, the work of exploring the Catacombs is carried on with great success. Numerous marble inscriptions have been unearthed. Some very ancient symbols, in red, have been defined, such as the anchor, the dove, the Good Shepherd, and the monogrammatic Cross. The last mentioned is rarely found on monuments anterior to the peace of Constantine. Tracings of fifth and sixth century paintings are found; also what is supposed to have been the sepulchral chamber of Saints Proto and Giacinto, martyred under Valerian. It seems to us that these Catacombs will yet give up every evidence required by the Church to confound her increasing enemies.

IF A NOVICE finds that the religious life is not her vocation and leaves the convent, she is styled, by the secular and anti-Catholic press, "an escaped nun." If a religious, for one reason or another, departs from an order—and there are many legitimate reasons that render it advisable for such a step to be taken—it is at once heralded abroad that another "escaped nun" is on record. One would imagine that every time a member of or an aspirant to a religious society has found it better to withdraw, it were the same as if a criminal had "escaped" from some place of punishment. It would be just as sensible to say that Mr.

So-and-So, who became a Catholic, was an "escaped Methodist;" or Mrs. Such-a-Person, who left Canada to reside in Quebec, was an "escaped Montrealer." In fact, our papers should not announce that Lord Aberdeen has left for the West, they should say that he has "escaped" to the West. It would sound just as sensible to style an ex civil servant an "escaped civil servant," or to say that an ex-Minister was an "escaped member of the Government." The "escaped nun" correspondent seldom reflects that his meaningless and unjustifiable expressions indicate more the "escaped lunatic" than the honest writer.

EVIDENTLY some of our anti-Roman critics are beginning to grasp the exact meaning of Papal Infallibility. The moment they understand it they find it can no longer be used as a weapon against Catholicity; consequently they turn to "Papal Impeccability," and seek to make the credulous believe that it is taught by the Church of Rome. The author of the *Contemporary's* article, "The Policy of the Pope," stated that he had placed in the hands of the editor a list of Catholic clergymen who are prepared to prove that "Papal Impeccability" is a doctrine openly taught by the Church. Mr. Thomas Baines, of Gracechurch street, London, applied to the editor for the names, but he could not comply with the request. He said he would not be a party to any such arrangement. The fact is that the author of "The Policy of the Pope" has learned how feeble his own arguments are, and has gone about inventing lies in order to bolster up his poor attempt to confound Infallibility with Impeccability. Wonderful are the ways of Satan; he suggests queer methods.

AT MONTE GENERASO, in Italy, in the visitors' book of the Albergo Chericotti, the following lines were written: "Santo Casario of Monta Visconti, Province of Milan, 5-4, 1898. Evviva l'Anarchia, Morte al Papa-Re." Death of the Pope-King wrote this poor anarchist. He went abroad to carry out the mission of murder that ended at Lyons in the death of Carnot. This blaspheming wretch ended his own inglorious career far sooner than he probably anticipated, and in a manner that he evidently did not relish. He was not the first to cry out "Death to the Pope," nor will he likely be the last—for the spirit of evil is abroad; but where are they all who conceived or expressed such a thought? If you wish to know, the task is difficult; you must take up the torch of perseverance and grope around in the Catacombs of Oblivion—perchance you may stumble upon some stray skull that once belonged to an enemy of the Pope; and even that will be silent.

WE have often spoken of the unreliability of the Roman news that comes to the secular press; but even the Roman papers—except the official organs—are sometimes the most ignor-

ant of what is taking place in the religious world. The *Carriere della Sera*, a Roman publication, recently informed the world that Father Anderledy, the General of the Jesuits, was expected to visit the Vatican. Of course this means that some very important step is to be taken by the Pope and that the dreaded Jesuits are to have a finger in the pie. The visit of a Jesuit General to the Vatican must necessarily cause considerable consternation in the world. In the present case, seeing that Father Anderledy has been over two years dead, we feel confident that his arrival at the Vatican would cause no small amount of commotion. In fact it would create considerable surprise even amongst the Jesuit Fathers themselves. Just think of so-called well-informed journals giving out such stuff to the world. What would our Canadian people say were one of our live papers—the *Star* for example—to announce that it had it from its "own correspondent," or to state as "special to itself", that Sir John A. Macdonald would run for Kingston at the next general election? One case is not more preposterous than the other. And still people believe in every bit of news that refers to the Vatican.

HERE is something worth reading. It is the Rev. George W. Pepper, the eloquent Methodist clergyman, who, in an address recently delivered at Cleveland, Ohio, thus defines Home Rule for Ireland. His remarks require no comment:

"What is Home Rule? It is giving the Irish people the privilege of managing their own affairs. Why, as it is now, an Irish county can't build a railroad as long as this platform without going to the English Parliament about it. If Cork, or Belfast, or Dublin wanted to put electric lights in their streets they'd have to get a bill through Parliament. Home Rule covers these local affairs. Is there anything unjust in that? New Zealand has home rule. Australia has home rule. Ohio has home rule. And they are prosperous. The government, you understand, has the supreme power. Gladstone's bill gives that power to England. What objection, then, can there be to home rule? A man said to me: 'Ireland is too small to govern herself.' I wasn't under the impression that when God measured out justice from the throne above, He noticed whether a country was 1,000,000 miles long or 1,000,000 miles broad. The great nations are passed away, Persia, Macedonia and Syria. All our wisdom comes from the small countries. Ireland can't govern herself? What are the elements of self-government? Love of liberty is the first essential. And don't the Irish love liberty? Haven't they poured out their life-blood for these stars and stripes? And the objector says 'give us evidence that Ireland can govern herself.' Well, aren't Dublin and Belfast as well governed as New York and Cleveland? Why, when I returned to Cleveland they told me I would have to carry a policeman's whistle. I never heard of such a thing as that in Ireland. Take the railways of Ireland. In fifty years 125 people have been killed. How many thousands in the United States? Take the banks of Ireland. Not a failure but one in seventy-five years. We've had a few more than that in this country. I'm not depreciating this country. I love it. But I am trying to convince you of Ireland's right, her right to Home Rule."

IRISH INDUSTRIES.

ADDRESS TO LADY ABERDEEN AND REPLY:

Vice-Regal Visit to John Murphy and Co., the Canadian Agents—Lady Aberdeen's Graphic Story of the Work—A Most Interesting Ceremony—An Address by the Editor of "The True Witness."

The greater portion of the following report of the opening of the Irish Industries depot in Montreal, is from the Herald of last Friday.

In the handsome new store which John Murphy & Co. have just moved into is a department specially for Irish laces, linens and tweeds. These goods are the work of the Irish peasantry, and are disposed of for them by the Irish Industries Association, of which the Countess of Aberdeen is president. This association is doing an immense amount of practical good for the people of Ireland, seeking as it does to revive the lace-making industry, which once had a world-wide repute, and to introduce the newest and best patterns and methods of manufacture in this and the other native industries, while at the same time, by its depots in Dublin, Belfast, London, New York, Chicago, and such large centres, it has promoted the sale of these much-prized wares. Mr. John Murphy was induced by Lady Aberdeen to take up the Canadian agency some time ago, and yesterday afternoon Her Excellency opened the new department.

Whilst waiting the large attendance of ladies had an opportunity of examining the goods which were tastefully displayed in show cases. Green ribbons added a dash of color to the pure whiteness of the laces, and a portrait of the Countess smiled out of their folds as if rejoicing over the gratification of her wish to have the manufactures of her beloved Irish peasantry introduced to and appreciated by the people of Canada. Every piece of material shown is of the finest workmanship, and elicited warm praise from the ladies. There are dainty bits of lace and crochet-work, lengths of lace which look like a gossamer web, handkerchiefs edged with lace of the most exquisite patterns, and Irish Cambric linen of finest texture and most immaculate whiteness. There is, too, an assortment of homespun tweeds in fashionable patterns, all well woven.

Shortly after three o'clock Her Excellency arrived, accompanied by Mr. Erskine, civil aide-de-camp. She was met by Mr. Murphy, and the following gentlemen of the Local Committee of the Irish Industries Association: Hon. Ed. Murphy, James O'Brien, and B. J. Coghlin. There were also present J. K. Foran, Jit. D., Mrs. J. Murphy, Mrs. Peter White, Dublin, who had charge of the Irish village at Chicago; T. E. Guerin, Chicago, one of the committee, and Rev. Mr. Jones, Maine.

Mr. B. J. Coghlin, in a most graceful manner, read the following address:

Montreal, Sept. 20, '94.

To Her Excellency, the Countess of Aberdeen:

May it please your Excellency. The committee organized at your Excellency's suggestion in Montreal to arrange for the sale of goods manufactured by the Irish peasantry, take pleasure in meeting your Excellency in this your first visit to the agency in Montreal. They trust that your Excellency will have the satisfaction of seeing your generous efforts to help our deserving country women furthered by the result of this venture and that it may in its permanent usefulness add another to the many claims which the Canadian people so gratefully acknowledge are due your Excellency for your efforts on behalf of deserving people for the amelioration of the position, social and economical of those among whom you reside.

Trusting that you may be long spared to continue your great kindness and usefulness, we are with respect,

Your Excellency's most obedient servants.

B. J. COGLIN,

On behalf of the following committee. Dr. Hingston, James O'Brien, A. F. Gault, Hon. Edward Murphy, and B. J. Coghlin.

LADY ABERDEEN'S ADDRESS.

Lady Aberdeen made quite a lengthy reply. She thanked the gentlemen of the committee for the good advice they

had given her last year as to approaching Mr. Murphy to take up this agency. On behalf of herself and the poor Irish work-people she thanked Mr. Murphy for the very real and practical help which he was giving to the Irish industries Association, and asked his help in one particular direction this winter. The Association wished the public everywhere to know that they aimed at being business people, and that they were trying to work on business lines. They did not want charity, but simply to help the industrious workers of Ireland to help themselves. (Hear, hear). She appealed to all who are interested in Ireland to support this effort to bring Irish manufactures before the public, and assured them that the prices would not be found excessive. There was no fear of injuring any Canadian industry, for she was certain that the goods could not be made here. Her Excellency drew a vivid picture of the workers as they sat in their homes on the bleak hillsides of Donegal, or walked ten, fifteen, perhaps twenty miles into the nearest market town to dispose of their goods. She described the old-fashioned hand-loom which many of the people use, and the efforts being made by the Association to supply them with the latest style of hand looms on easy terms. "And," added Her Excellency, "they show themselves as strictly honest as the Irish peasantry always are in such matters, in repaying the instalments." (Applause).

At this point His Excellency Lord Aberdeen was discovered listening smilingly behind an adjacent counter. He came to the front to assure Mr. Murphy that if he should enter such a store with any amount of money in his pocket he would leave a great deal of it behind him. Her Excellency laughingly suggested that Mr. Murphy should employ her as a saleswoman for the rest of the afternoon.

Hon. Senator Murphy, in a few well chosen and happily expressed remarks, thanked Lady Aberdeen for all she had done and was still doing for the good of the Irish people. In fact the Hon. Senator gave voice to the feelings and views of every Irishman in Canada when he said that Lady Aberdeen's exertions on behalf of the peasantry and the Irish industries, would never be forgotten by the people whom she has so materially benefited.

Mr. Guerin, of Chicago, the representative of the branch depot in the Windy City, said that the greatest movement for the benefit of the Irish people was this, which made a market for their goods, and benefited them no matter what the Government of the country was. There had been \$100,000 sent over from the Irish village to be divided among the workers, the first instalment of a new American fund which would inspire the people with new hope. He testified to the constant earnestness of Lady Aberdeen.

DR. J. K. FORAN'S ADDRESS.

His Excellency then requested Dr. J. K. Foran, editor of the TRUE WITNESS, to address the assembly. Dr. Foran said that after the amiable, eloquent and most highly instructive address from Lady Aberdeen, and the lucid explanations by Mr. Guerin, anything that he could say on the question of Irish Industries would be superfluous. But as a member of the press, he would venture a few words:

"The press to-day," he said, "is a mighty power; it is a giant arm extending over the world and grasping, moulding and fashioning the opinions of men; it is a channel through which the ideas and conceptions of our age find expression. I don't think I exaggerate in saying that the press of this city—in fact that of Canada in general—irrespective of creed, nationality or political hue, is unanimous in supporting the splendid efforts that Lady Aberdeen is making to create a market for the hitherto latent Irish industries and to bring plenty and prosperity to a large section of the people beyond the Atlantic. 'No matter how men may differ in opinions regarding the question of Irish Home Rule, one thing is certain, that we in Canada possess that blessing in its plenitude. And under the safeguards of our matchless constitution, the head of which is represented in the universally popular Governor of to-day, it behooves our people to aid in the grand work of ameliorating the condition of the people in the old land. And one of the most practical and effective means of attaining that end is the one adopted by Lady Aberdeen.'

This is not, as Her Excellency expressed it, a work of mere charity; it is

based upon commercial and business lines, and as such it must necessarily be a success. The members of the Irish Industries Association deserve the highest praise for the manner in which they have taken up this work, and Mr. Murphy has earned undying gratitude by his enterprising efforts to realize the objects of the Association. I trust his success in this branch will be proportionate to his merit.

Some years ago I read a poetic account of the great distress in that particular section of Ireland where to-day is the home of the Irish Industries. The poet, however, predicted that a day would come when a prophesied prosperity would arise, and with magic wand knock at the cabin doors, go from hillside to valley, from hamlet to hamlet, and leave with each family the secret of a great success in life. Then came a picture of the transformed country. I can only recall one stanza; but Lady Aberdeen will recognize the scene:

"Brightly the summer sunbeams fall,
Along the hills of Donegal;
Softly the harvest moonbeams play
Upon the shores of Inver Bay;
Grand and fair Lough Erake expands
To Rossaplanna's silvery sands—
And PLENTY reigns o'er all thy fields,
Clandalagh of the Golden Shields."

It seems to me that the poet's vision has been realized in the person of Lady Aberdeen, who has arisen as a prophesied of good omen, and, while with the shuttle of her encouragement she weaves together the warp of industry and the woof of happiness to form a web of prosperity for the people of Ireland, she moves about the world opening up avenues for the trade of the peasants, and creating markets for the products of their labor.

"Let each one aid, in as far as his means will permit, in the carrying on of this noble work, and when the bell of Lady Aberdeen's triumph shall ring out, all who have had a share in the fostering, the expanding, or the improvement of the Irish Industries will hear in it a note of approbation and a voice of gratitude for a deed of high merit performed and a work of true patriotism accomplished."

At the close of this address, which was warmly applauded, Her Excellency proceeded behind a lace counter, took off her gloves and literally came down to business in fine style, reaching down the goods, displaying them, explaining their good qualities and effecting sales with all the vim of a smart saleswoman, while His Excellency stood by with a beaming smile and paid when necessary. To be sure, Her Excellency made slight mistakes but they were soon remedied; amid considerable hilarity. The Vice-regal party were afterwards conducted over the store, expressed much satisfaction with all they saw and complimented Mr. Murphy and his associates heartily.

Thus was inaugurated at once the Canadian depot for Irish products and the magnificent new store of our enterprising merchants, Messrs. John Murphy and Co.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Board of Roman Catholic School Commissioners, grateful for a reduction of nearly one-third of the price of the ground on which the Montcalm school is built, has awarded the title of benefactress of said school to the late Mrs. Thomas Tiffin. At the last meeting of the Board it was agreed that a solemn service for the repose of her soul would be chanted, at the Cathedral, on Wednesday, 28th inst., at 8 o'clock. Relatives, friends and the many persons who have benefited by this charitable lady's generosity, are invited to be present.

POEMS AND LYRICS.

BY J. K. FORAN, LIT. D., LL.B.

Numerous friends have asked us when that volume of poems and lyrics, by Dr. J. K. Foran, would appear. We can only repeat what we stated in our announcement of last June, that the volume is ready for the press and will appear the very moment that sufficient orders to guarantee the expense of publication are sent to Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier, Notre Dame street, Montreal. Last June a number of Catholic institutions expressed a regret that they had not the book for their distribution of prizes; but they never, for a moment, thought of sending in orders for next year. If they were to do so they would insure the publication at once of the volume, and would secure the prize-books they so

much desire. The manuscript is ready for the press, but the author is not able to advance the amount required for the publication. He does not seek any gain by the volume, and is content to keep the poems in their collected form, for his own use. But if the public desire to have them, all is asked is to send in orders for the same—no pay will be asked until the volume is delivered. So that if the admirers of those poems are sincere they will secure the publication by immediately sending their orders to the above mentioned firm. The price is fifty cents per volume.

DEATH OF A YOUNG PRIEST.

About thirty priests from the city went to Sorel on Wednesday last to attend the obsequies of the Rev. Father Charles Lippe, a young priest of the archdiocese, who died there the previous Saturday. Father Lippe was only 26 years of age and was the first priest ordained in St. James cathedral. He was educated in the College of Joliette and has many relatives in Montreal. The cause of death was a tumor near the heart.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

Monseigneur Fabre was out of town all last week visiting the various churches in the archdiocese. Sunday morning he was at St. Jerome to administer confirmation and on Monday he formally dedicated the new church at St. Canute. Wednesday His Grace was at St. Scholastique blessing the new convent of the Sisters of the Cross recently erected there.

WILL STUDY IN ROME.

P. M. Benoit, vicar of the cathedral, at St. Hyacinthe, leaves next week for the Canadian college at Rome, where he will take a two year course of study in that institution. He will be accompanied by a young cleric, Oliver Peloquin, who goes to study theology in the College of the Propaganda.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

The names of the gentlemen elected by the pew holders, as an advisory committee to assist in the selection of the designs for decoration of St. Patrick's Church, were read out at Grand Mass on Sunday, by the Rev. Father Quinlivan. They were: Hon. E. Murphy, Dr. Hingston, O. McGarvey, James O'Brien, Hon. J. J. Curran, E. Doran and ex-Ald. Cunningham.

The Bishop of Urgel claims that he is the sole ruler of Andorra, and that he will no longer submit to the suzerainty of France. Andorra is a republic dating back to 790.

Emperor William has sanctioned Count von Eulenberg's bill to repress anarchy by restricting the right of public assemblage and also restricting the rights of the Prussian press.

Doctor: Your husband's pulse is going at a terrific rate, madam. I don't know how to account for it. Mrs. Springer: I know. I told him you might bring your bill with you.—*Detroit Free Press.*

SEND TO-DAY.

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

R. RYAN,

21 SHELDON STREET, Ottawa, Ont.

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

RINGING RESOLUTIONS.

PROPOSED BY MGR. SCHROEDER, D.D., OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY,

And Adopted by the State Convention of the Catholic Union of Philadelphia—Devotion to the Holy See—Liberty and Independence of the Pope—The School Question and the Catholic Press.

In reproducing the following resolutions we call particular attention to the spirit that dictates them. For want of space we are obliged to leave out the lengthy resolutions on the Social Question, on Catholic Societies and on State Conventions; but we give those which must affect the Catholic world in general and our people in Canada in particular. There is not a Catholic society or convention in the world that should not re-echo the sentiments herein expressed.

I.—DEVOTION TO THE HOLY SEE.

Penetrated with the conviction, which is based upon our faith, that "Where the successor of Peter, there also is the Church of Christ," we gladly avail ourselves of this occasion to offer to the Vicar of Christ and visible head of the Church, the expression of our most profound veneration, filial obedience and unalterable devotion. United with the Roman Church, "the Mother and Teacher of all Churches," we embody our profession of faith in the following sentence of St. Jerome: *He is our man, who is united with the chair of Peter.* And mindful of the words of Holy Writ: "The Father's blessing establishes the houses of the children" (Eccl. 3, 11), we offer our sincerest thanks to our Holy Father, Leo XIII., of glorious reign, for the paternal blessing which he so lovingly imparted to us; and we see therein a precious guarantee for the success of the work undertaken to day.

II.—LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE OF THE HOLY SEE.

In the name of that liberty bestowed upon His Church by God Himself, the first condition of which consists in the entire independence of the head of the Church from every earthly power, we declare the spoliation of St. Peter's Patrimony, consummated in 1870, contrary to natural as well as public and international rights, to be a crime perpetrated against the Church of God, her property and her liberty, and consequently an insult to the Catholics of the whole world; a wrong, therefore, which can never be legitimated by prescription. The only solution of the Roman question acceptable to us Catholics must imply the territorial independence of the Holy See, the terms for which to be stipulated by the Holy Father himself.

VI.—SCHOOL QUESTION.

1. As free American citizens we claim for parents the right to choose the schools and teachers, to whom they want to entrust the instruction and education of their children.

2. As Catholics we therefore claim the right to establish and to govern our parochial schools—in accordance with our ecclesiastical superiors—to enhance their growth and development by all available means.

3. Furthermore we claim the free exercise of this right in view of the fact that the so-called public or state schools in their capacity of neutral schools, i.e., schools without any creed—even if it were possible for them to be neutral—neglect and endanger religious faith, the most important and vital element of popular education, the only solid foundation of the morals of a people. To promote the moral development of children by religious education is of so much greater importance, since at that age the hearts and minds are so very susceptible of evil impressions, and therefore stand continuously in need of all available good influence, such as is so effectively and lastingly furnished by religion. Consequently our denominational or parochial schools are, as the Council of Baltimore says, "the only means" to secure a thorough Catholic education to our children.

4. Denominational schools, such as meet the requirements of a Catholic education, are those schools, and those only, in which religious instruction occupies the first rank among all branches

of teaching, and which even in the exterior appearance of the class rooms and in the method of instruction are entirely penetrated with a religious atmosphere, entirely imbued with a Catholic spirit.

5. Although the sacrifices we make in founding and supporting our parochial schools are great and heavy, we nevertheless expressly declare that we do not ask for our school work any state subvention; that we assume most willingly those sacrifices in order to secure the eternal and the true temporal welfare of our children.

6. But the greater our sacrifices, the more we repudiate as unjustified any interference of the state in our school affairs, any inspection or control of our schools by the state.

7. We are firmly convinced, and plain facts fully justify our conviction, that also in this matter the word of our Divine Saviour is applicable: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." Only a few days ago Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, one of the most eminent scholars of the United States, an American by birth and with an American tradition of more than 200 years, an ornament of his Church and of his country, could make, without fear of contradiction, the following public statement regarding the Catholic school exhibition in Chicago: "Not to know our educational work, or system and methods, is henceforth inexcusable. No one now, who respects himself, will affirm that our parish schools are inferior to the public schools, or that our teachers, in appealing to the heart, the conscience and the imagination, lose sight of the importance of quickening and training the mental faculties." (Letter of July 19, 1894, in which the Bishop, as President of the Catholic Educational Exhibit, acknowledges Brother Maurelian's report.)

8. The very fact that we claim for ourselves the same liberty, which our constitution guarantees to all citizens of this republic, of whatever creed, to believers and unbelievers, clearly demonstrates that thus we acknowledge the necessity of so called unsectarian schools for Agnostics in our country. Were we to deny to such schools the constitutional right of existence in our republic, we would contradict ourselves. Most assuredly, it is a matter of conscience for us Catholics to keep aloof from the public schools; but how can this fact be construed into a design to abolish and destroy them? How can a neighbor, whose house I have my very good reasons to avoid, charge me with intent to set it on fire?

9. If it be true that man's patriotism does not consist in having the word "fatherland" always on his lips and trumpeting it on every occasion from the house top; if on the contrary true love of country finds its best expression in the profession of religion and in the spirit of sacrifice, so our school system, the same Bishop says, as "a work of conscience, which involves a very large expenditure of money and labor, may be held to be, from a moral standpoint, the most important fact in our national life. For various reasons it is worthy the attention of enlightened and patriotic minds. It is the only elementary education in the United States which holds to the traditional belief that the morals of a people can be rightly nourished and sustained only by religious faith."

10. Finally, the fact, that in the parochial schools of our German American parishes our youths are learning the mother tongue along with the language of the country, will certainly not diminish their aptitude for business in after life; no more than the love for their American home is lessened by their ability to sing its praise and glory in two languages.

VII.—THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Since the influence now-a-days exercised upon society by the press is so great, and the fact so apparent, that nearly all daily papers are fostering the spirit of religious indifference, it becomes the special duty of Catholics to support with all their might the Catholic press. German-American Catholics: we herewith gladly state that there are several German dailies, which do represent in an able and worthy manner the cause of the holy religion; that the Catholic weeklies not only manfully advocate the German language and German customs, but also defend in a very effective way our Catholic interests. The special support therefore, which we as German-American Catholics owe to that press, must not confine itself to a mere Pla-

tonic recognition of its importance or praise of its merits, but must also show itself by facts! It is by thus supporting the well-deserving defenders of our good cause that we enable them to compete successfully with the frivolous and sensational press throughout the country.

Let, therefore, the following be our password as to this our duty: *Subscribe to, write for and advertise in our Catholic papers—Reported in Catholic Universe.*

SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.

Some Pointed Comments by a Great Daily.

Mr. Smith Ely, Jr., in speaking of the many civil marriages performed by him while he was Mayor, referred to the indisposition of Mayor Grant and Mayor Gilroy to officiate at such ceremonies and explained it by saying that as Roman Catholics they "take a higher view of the sanctity and indissolubility of marriage than Protestants do." Mayor Ely himself is a Presbyterian of the old school.

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

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

The circle of society in New York which is made up of people of fashion more peculiarly consists in chief part of members of the Episcopal Church, the Protestant Church which is most exacting in its canonical requirement that no divorce shall be treated as ecclesiastically valid which is obtained for any other cause than conjugal infidelity. Under that law persons who marry again after having been divorced for any cause are adulterers; their union is sinful; they live in concubinage and not in holy matrimony. But such marriages of divorced people not only occur, but are frequent in that society. Moreover, they are sanctioned and solemnized by Protestant ministers of other churches than the Episcopal. The society of which we have spoken does not debar those who enter into them, but grants its continued favor to people whom its Church denounces by its law as living in adultery. Neither have we heard of any instance where the Church itself has visited upon them any penalties. Practically, it recognizes as sufficient any marriage which will stand the test of the civil law. The society does not assume to interfere with its members in their divorces and marriages so long as they keep within the legal bounds. If a mated pair find that their temperaments are incompatible, and that they cannot live together without unhappiness and bickering, they are not reprobated because they go East or go West to get a divorce, and, having obtained it, proceed to wed other mates with whom they think they will be more congenial. They cast off old wives and husbands and are welcomed back to society with new wives and husbands.

Of course, when people make up their minds to be married they are not likely to be directly influenced by the possibility of their getting divorced; but when they see such toleration of divorce all around them, among those whose opinion is of the most consequence to them socially, they are not likely to be impressed by the feeling that marriage has any other

sanctity than the love of the pair imparts to it. Their sentiment regarding it is romantic rather than religious. They get the sanction of the Church for it as a conventional matter, not as an essential requisite, and hence if the marriage prove a disappointment to them, they pay heed to their inclinations rather than render obedience to the Church in deciding the question of a divorce.

With a Roman Catholic the marriage ceremony is not a merely perfunctory concession to a custom of society, but an obligatory religious sacrament. The sentimentalists might not admit that this is "a higher view of the sanctity of marriage," as Mayor Ely says, for they might reply that love alone gives marriage its highest sanctity, but that, undoubtedly, is not the religious view, though it seems to prevail among people of religious associations.—*New York Sun.*

BREVITIES.

The Crown Prince of Sweden is said to be dying of consumption.

The Republicans carried Maine by 37,000 majority, the largest ever known.

This country consumes nearly all of the sugar and molasses product of Cuba.

The Chinese claim to have lured 500 Japanese over a mine and blown them up.

A nugget of gold, valued at \$30,000, has been found in the Australian diggings.

The Norwegian radical party has included in its platform a demand for universal suffrage.

The Legislature of New South Wales has agreed to make eight hours a day's work for mines.

News has reached Washington of a treaty which will make Japan and Corea partners against China.

A new company has been organized for the completion of the Panama Canal, with a capital of \$65,000,000.

New Jersey has commenced proceedings to annul the charter of the American Tobacco Co. because it is a trust.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery is well illustrated by the fact that **RUPTURE** or **Breach** is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

TUMORS Ovarian, Fibroid (Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the perils of cutting operations.

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

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

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS FOR SALE CHEAP.

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

J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

CHURCH PEWS FOR SALE.

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

J. QUINLIVAN, Pastor.

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

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT WILL be remembered that a long-standing difference existed between the Holy See and the Italian Government regarding the exercise of the Royal prerogative in regard to the appointment of Bishops. This question reached its most acute stage in the case of the Patriarchate of Venice. It has been finally settled by the promulgation of a Royal Decree, dated the 5th September, confirming Cardinal Sarlo to the vacant archdiocese.

IT IS NOW REPORTED that Emile Zola purposes visiting Rome, and that he will seek an interview with the Pope. It is highly probable that the honor will be refused him, as His Holiness has not a very exalted idea of Mr. Zola nor a very deep admiration for his works. Moreover, as in the case of Lourdes, the filthy-minded scoffer might make use of his privilege to treat both the Pope and the Church as he has seen fit to treat the sacred subjects that the shrine of Lourdes most naturally suggests. Zola has had about sufficient notoriety at the expense of religion and morality.

THE Rev. Father Goeth, a Franciscan Missionary in China, writes from the province of Shensi. The "Sacred Heart Review," that splendid missionary organ, quotes thus from the letter:

"Not far from the great Chinese Wall is a massive monument, erected in the seventh century. On it is inscribed the whole history of the creation and the story of Christ. A good deal of the inscription yet remains. Six hundred and twenty years after Christ there were missionaries where I have been laboring."

In order to show the difficulties through which Catholic missionaries—even in the seventh century—had to pass in order to reach the heathen, Father Goeth tells of how he travelled to this almost inaccessible region:

"To get there," he says, "I went by steamer 700 miles from Shanghai to Hankow, up the Yang-tse-Kiang; then on a Chinese boat for 50 days on the Han River; then we took mules and rode eight days over what are called the Southern Mountains, when we finally arrived at Singanfou, the old imperial city of China."

ELSEWHERE we publish Rev. Father McMillan's opinions upon the educational committee of the constitutional convention recently held in Albany. Amongst other of his remarks it seems to us that the following finds application in thousands of cases throughout the world to-day: "The Pharisees are not an extinct species. Such, indeed, is their pernicious activity that it is an open question which is worse, the Pharisee, or one who is an open antagonist of all religion. The modern Pharisee presents the truths of religion in a manner repugnant to reason. Under the guise of a Christian professor he is insidiously undermining religious authority." In other realms than that of professorships we find the truth of this remark exemplified to-day. In journalism, in general literature, on the lecture platform and at the religious convention—in fact, on all sides—do we find the quasi-infidel, under the cloak of Christianity, sapping the very strength of religion and opening out an avenue for atheism.

IN REGARD to the School Question—or State Education—we find the following quotation from Doctor Norman Fox's address at the Constitutional Conventions, and the very able comment of the New York Catholic Review on the same:

He said: "Now, when a man is a candidate for the office of county clerk or brigadier-general, the State has no right to enquire whether he does not belong to

such a Church, or does not teach such and such Church tenets. And so when a school applies for a State grant, the State has no right to raise any question as to its religious teaching or relationship. As the State could not properly make a grant to a school because it taught certain Church tenets, so it could not properly refuse a grant on such grounds. The State should make or refuse grants to a school solely with reference to its civil and secular character and work." If the State pays for the education of any children it should pay for the education of all. Let it support a secular system for the children of those parents who prefer that, and let other parents select private or denominational schools for their own offspring. Then let the State fix its standard of studies, agreeing to pay for the tuition of every pupil who reaches that degree of proficiency. Everybody would be satisfied. The school question would be solved.

THE BAZAAR SEASON.

The season when the different bazaars for churches, public institutions and benevolent purposes are held is fast approaching. As yet we have learned of two or three of these interesting and life-inspiring events that are to take place. In October—we have not yet secured the exact dates—a grand bazaar will be held in the Monument Nationale, on St. Lawrence street, for the purpose of securing funds to pay off the debt of that splendid institution. In the month of November another bazaar will be held in the same building, but for a totally different object. The latter will be for the purpose of securing the basis of a fund to be applied to the grand and deserving work of rebuilding the novitiate for the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Needless to call the sad day, that will long remain fixed in the memory of Montrealers, when the magnificent buildings on the slope of the mountain were reduced to ashes. We feel no hesitation or delicacy in stating that, as the Congregation of Notre Dame is the very opposite of a mendicant order, and as its means are far more limited than the public imagines, in consideration of the mighty work performed—from the days of Marguerite Bourgoys down to the present—by these indefatigable and noble ladies, common gratitude as well as self-interest should stimulate our citizens in a grand effort to make that second bazaar an unprecedented success.

THE CONCERT AT THE SAILORS' CLUB.

There was another good concert in the Catholic Sailors' club room on Thursday evening. The concert was opened by a pretty piano solo played by Miss Coughlan. Among the principal singers were Messrs. A. Read, T. McCarthy and one of the sailors, Mr. Wright. A recitation by Miss B. Milloy was very much appreciated, as was also a tragic recitation by Miss May Milloy. By special request later in the evening Miss May Milloy gave what from an artistic point of view was the *piece de resistance* of the evening. This was a delineation of Whitcomb Riley's charmingly tender "Story of the Gobbins" as told by a child. The concert was brought to a close by a few choice and very interesting remarks by the Rev. Father O'Donnell, of St. Mary's. The Rev. Father spoke of the good work of the Catholic Truth Society, particularly in reference to the Sailors' Club, which has become an almost indispensable pleasure to Catholic sailors visiting this port. The Rev. Fr. O'Donnell possesses the extremely rare faculty of delivering an address that is both interesting and short. The following names were on the programme:—Misses Lawlor, Coughlan, Delaney, May Milloy, B. Singleton, and Messrs. Grenwald, Wright, Read, McCarthy and others.

OCTOBER DEVOTIONS.

The devotions of the Holy Rosary will be given every evening during the month of October at St. Mary's church. St. Mary's catechism classes opened on Sunday afternoon last. There was a large attendance of children.

TRUTH SOCIETY CONCERT.

At the meeting of the committee of the Catholic Truth Society on Wednesday in the Sailors' club room, the secretary reported that the society had ob-

tained permission from the Jesuit Fathers to hold their second annual concert in the hall underneath the Jesuit church. After general matters in reference to the management of the coming concert had been discussed the meeting was adjourned until next Wednesday night at 8 o'clock. The concert will take place on the 29th October, and a splendid programme of the best artistes in the city will be presented.

ST. MARY'S FANCY FAIR.

INTERESTING CAKE AND CANDY COMPETITION

The Fancy Fair, under the management of the Ladies of St. Mary's Sewing Circle, will be held in St. Mary's Hall, on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23rd and 24th of October. A bazaar journal will be issued and sold for five cents a copy. The journal will contain choice selections, interesting sketches, true incidents bearing on the shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel, photo engravings of past and present pastors, the church, presbytery, convent and school, as well as other interesting pictures.

One of the chief features in the bazaar for many ladies will be the cake and candy competition, the rules governing which are as follows:—

All candy and cakes to be sold for the benefit of the Fair.

Each competitor must send in at least one pound of either cake or candy, guaranteed home-made.

Each specimen of cake or candy must be left at the refreshment room in the hall by 5 p.m. of the 23rd inst.

A prominent city confectioner has promised to act as judge, so the ladies may rely on a competent and impartial decision.

A lady's handsome silver watch, the gift of Father O'Donnell, will be the first prize, and a silver cake basket, the gift of Father Shea, the second.

Mrs. T. Jones, the lady president, and her assistants, are working energetically to make the Fair a success, and there is little doubt but their efforts will be as well rewarded as they deserve to be.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society will meet in St. Mary's hall on Friday evening next. The young men are desirous of establishing a reading and debating circle, and the best means of accomplishing this will be discussed and decided upon. St. Mary's Young Men are quite alive to the demand of the times and are resolved that they will not be behind the other Catholic Young Men's Societies of the city in giving their members opportunities for mental improvement as well as relaxation.

ECCLESIASTICAL APPOINTMENTS

The Archbishop of Montreal has conferred the following orders in the church of St. Therese:—

Tonsure—A. Ethier, H. Latour, A. Benoit, S. Gascon, J. Forget, R. Cadieux, J. Verschelden, J. Valiquet, A. David, S. Lonergan, J. Roussil, E. Lefebvre, Montreal; E. Charlebois, Ottawa.

Subdiacon—A. Papineau, Montreal; A. Guindon, Valleyfield.

Timothy Kavanagh has been nominated cure of Lanoraie; Alex. Louis Dubuc, chaplain of the mother house of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, Hoche-laga; Amedee Godin, chaplain of Mount Lasalle; Zeph. Delinelle, chaplain of the Sacred Heart, Sault au Recollet; Octave Chabillon, chaplain to the Bon Pasteur, Sherbrooke street.

The Archbishop of St. Hyacinthe has made the following appointments in his diocese:—O. N. Leduc, appointed vicar of the cathedral; P. N. Belanger, vicar of Sorel; M. Beauregard, vicar of the cathedral; P. Daroche, vicar of Waterloo.

CELEBRATION OF THE FEAST OF ST. FRANCIS.

The feast of St. Francis de Assisi will be celebrated with great solemnity at the Church of the Franciscan Fathers, beginning on October 3rd. The following will be the exercises: Wednesday, Vespers will be sung at two o'clock p.m. Thursday, at nine in the morning, there will be Mass celebrated by five of the Dominican Fathers of St. Hyacinthe, followed at two o'clock by Vespers, sermon by the Rev. Father Bancart, O.S.S.B., professions and clothing of mem-

bers of the Third Order, and last, solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. At seven in the evening there will be a solemn commemoration of the death of St. Francis. The ceremony will be especially for those members of the Third Order who are employed during the day and cannot therefore attend the earlier services. In the evening also there will be a second clothing and profession of Tertiaries. The faithful visiting the Franciscan Church on the above days of celebration and complying with the ordinary conditions—the recitation of three Our Fathers, three Hail Marys and three Glorias, will receive a plenary indulgence.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

MR. CARSELEY'S SERIOUS ADVENTURE IN THE ALPS.

News reached the city this week of the narrow escape of Mr. Samuel Carseley from a death which too often awaits the tourists in the Alps.

Mr. Carseley has been enjoying a holiday in Switzerland, and of course while at Chamounix he made the ascent of Mont Blanc, accompanied by his son, Mr. John Carseley, and an experienced guide. Crossing one of the glaciers at the foot of the mountain Mr. Carseley slipped on the edge of a crevasse, and hung in a terribly perilous position. Thanks to the exertion of his son and the guide, and to his own coolness, he was released from the impending danger.

In his letters home Mr. Carseley gives the bare details of the occurrence. His many friends will rejoice to hear of his safety.

We desire to extend our congratulations to Mr. Carseley on his escape, and to express the hope that he may be long spared to climb in safety—not only Mont Blanc—but also the Alpine heights of commercial success.

MORE CATHOLIC IMMIGRANTS.

On Sunday a large consignment of nearly 60 immigrant Catholic Orphans, 28 girls and about the same number of boys, were landed in Montreal by the SS. Numidian. The children were in charge of Miss Yates, of England, and were destined for the Catholic Protection Home, on St. Thomas street. By Monday morning nearly all the girls were disposed of and Miss Brennan, the superintendent of the home, was unable to supply half the demand. The children are a bright sturdy lot of youngsters, and the dozen or so of boys Miss Brennan has still in charge should be disposed of easily to Catholics in the country. The children range from 7 to 13 or 14 years of age.

THE ARNOLD READING CIRCLE.

The Arnold Reading Circle held its first meeting, since the vacation, on Sunday afternoon last, T. P. Donnelly in the chair. The programme consisted of a review of English History from the Invasion of Breton by the Romans under Caesar to the time of the Norman conquest. This was followed by a debate in which the boys displayed much spirit and intelligence. The following members too part:—T. Gleeson, J. Slattery, G. Gummarsell, C. Lennon, A. O'Leary, Robt. Hart, C. Foran and J. Manning.

BLESSING OF A CHURCH.

The blessing of the new Roman Catholic Church of Saint Paul d'Aylmer, near Ottawa, will take place on October 11th. Archbishop Duhamel, Archbishop Fabre and Bishops Lorrain and Emard will be present. The special sermon of the occasion will be preached by the Rev. Father Devlin.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S RETREAT AT ST. PATRICK'S.

The retreat for the school children of St. Patrick's parish opened at 8 o'clock on Monday morning. The services were; Mass and instruction at 8 o'clock, instruction at 11 in the morning, and sermon in the afternoon. The retreat will close tomorrow morning with Mass and Holy Communion of the children. The retreat was preached by the Rev. Father McCallen, and the attendance of children was very large.

Miss Ida Phelan has left for Chicago, where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. A. G. Easton.

HON. MR. MERCIER DYING.

The Papal Benediction Sent to the Ex-Premier.

Some weeks ago we expressed our deep regret at the serious condition of Hon. Mr. Mercier's health, and the hope that he would be spared to enjoy some years more of life and happiness. As we write that eminent figure in the political history of Canada is rapidly disappearing from the stage of life. In presence of Death's Angel, which now hovers in ever narrowing circles over the home of the ex-Premier, all political or other petty differences vanish, and alone do we contemplate with admiration and edification the last hours of one who is even greater in death than in his checkered and remarkable public career. On Monday, the Rev. Father Garceau, S.J., who is Mr. Mercier's spiritual director, at the request of the dying statesman sent the following cable despatch to Rome:

"Cardinal RAMPOLLA, Roma:
"Ex-Premier Mercier, rite munitus in extremis, Papalem Benedictionem sollicitat."

(TRANSLATION.)

"To Cardinal RAMPOLLA, Rome:

"Ex-Premier Mercier, having received the last rites of the Church, begs for the Papal Benediction."

On Monday evening the following reply was received:

"GARCEAU, Gesuite, Montreal:

"S. Padre concede di cuore Apostolica Benedizione al Conte Mercier infirmo."

(TRANSLATION.)

"To Father GARCEAU, Jesuit, Montreal:
"The Holy Father heartily grants the Apostolic Benediction to Count Mercier, now ill."

There is something grand in such a closing to a troubled and billowy life. After the clouds and tempests through which Mr. Mercier passed, in the many vicissitudes of his exceptional public career, it is consoling to know that a sunset so mild, calm and promising should have followed. After all, it is only in the bosom of the Church and amidst her glorious consolations that man can go forth in peace and with hope, to tread the paths of the great unknown and endless region beyond the threshold of life. The past is of little account, except in so far as its actions and works may tend to secure the future. The fluctuations of political successes and reverses, the triumphs of an hour that always end in disappointments, may well suggest the words of the one who wrote the inimitable Imitation: *Vanitas vanitatum et omnia est vanitas, propter amare Deum et illi soli servire.* Perchance, before these lines are read by the public ex-Premier Mercier will be no more. While expressing our sincere sympathy with his sorrowing family and friends, we feel that the example of his edifying death will yet produce more beneficial effects upon the people he loved than all the glowing periods that his old-time eloquence created. Truly, in presence of this closing of a varied and exceptional life, can we repeat the mighty truth expressed by Bossuet in one of his immortal funeral orations: "*Dieu seul est grand, mes freres!*"

EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

THE THIRD ORDER OF FRANCISCANS.

AN ENGLISH BRANCH TO BE ESTABLISHED IN MONTREAL.

The Tertiaries of the Third Order of St. Francis are increasing in numbers so rapidly in the city that it has been thought advisable to establish two meeting places for them, one is at the church of the Franciscans and the other at Notre Dame des Anges. At the church of the Franciscans the meetings will take place as heretofore on the first Sunday of the month for the Sisters and the last of the month for the Brothers. The Fraternity at Notre Dames des Anges will be directed by the Fathers of St. Sulpice, but will continue under the control of the Franciscan Fathers. Meetings will be held on the second Sunday of the month for Brothers and third Sunday for Sisters.

Those who are already professed Tertiaries have six months in which to decide which place they will attend for meetings. A large number of the Tertiaries, speaking the English language, have manifested a desire to have an

English branch of the Tertiaries established, and before long it is just possible that their desire will be gratified.

NEW COLLEGE AT ST. LIN.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE PRESENT AT THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

Mgr. Fabre arrived on Monday from St. Lin, whither he had gone on Saturday evening to be present at the ceremonies in connection with the opening of the new commercial and agricultural college. His Grace was accompanied by Rev. Abbe Proulx, Nantel, Cousineau and Pilon. On Sunday morning His Grace officiated pontifically, assisted by Rev. Abbe Pauze, Superior of L'Assomption College, Pilon and Cousineau.

In the afternoon a procession was formed and the clergy and laity went to the College, where his Grace blessed the building. The Archbishop and Rev. Abbe Proulx, vice-rector of Laval, delivered addresses on Education. The new College is under the direction of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart from Arthabaskaville. An address was read to the Archbishop by a young nephew of Hon. W. Laurier, and at the Convent by Miss Belanger.

FIVE NEW CHURCHES.

Yesterday the new church at Chambly was consecrated by His Grace Archbishop Fabre. Next week His Grace has

two other new churches to consecrate, one at Ste. Martine, the other at St. Dorothie; while the following week he will perform similar ceremonies at St. Thomas and St. Ambrose. The new church at Chambly replaces one of the oldest churches in Canada, which was destroyed by fire.

ANOTHER GREAT LACROSSE MATCH.

The Shamrocks Have Won the Last Great Match.

Throughout the year the grey and red, the red and grey, and every other hue and combination that ventured in the field, was vanquished by the prowess of the wearers of the white-winged foot on the coat of green.

And there has been chalked up in the schedule of the enthusiast's memory an unbroken series of victories that shall make posterity look upon the present wearers of the victorious green as the greatest lacrosse men who ever mouted a cheer for a losing opponent.

On October the 6th, the sturdiest opponent of the Shamrocks will again put in appearance at the Shamrock grounds for the final struggle of the year.

The game will be for a trophy of 250 dollars value. The Shamrocks have shown their true generosity in granting this concession to the Capitals. For after the years' games they might well be anxious to rest on their laurels.

PHARISEES AT ALBANY.

FATHER M'MILLAN'S VIEWS OF THE EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE'S WORK.

Father T. McMillan, of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York, has been in attendance during the past week at the debates of the Constitutional Convention on the educational amendment. It has been announced at all Masses in the church last week that he would discuss the question in his sermon last Sunday. In consequence the big church of the Paulist Fathers was filled to overflowing at the last Mass, at 11 o'clock, and the audience was deeply impressed by the priest's words. He took his text from that part of the Gospel which tells of the Pharisees tempting Christ, and spoke, in part, as follows:

"The Pharisees are not an extinct species. Such, indeed, is their pernicious activity that it is an open question which is worse, the Pharisee or one who is an open antagonist of all religion. The modern Pharisee presents the truths of religion in a manner repugnant to reason. Under the guise of a Christian professor he is insidiously undermining religious authority.

"The sentiment that inspires the modern Pharisee has found expression in the Constitutional Convention. From the work that has been done and the spirit in which it is prosecuted, one would think that an organized conspiracy existed to poison the public mind by the statement of half truths, and the suppression of facts necessary to a full statement of the Catholic position. The official statement of the Committee of Charities makes it sure that though public money has been given to support charitable institutions, yet not one cent of public money has been given for services rendered. The work done in support of homeless waifs, according to this same testimony, has been better done under the fostering care of religion than in politically cared for institutions.

"Would that the Educational Committee had acted with the same prudence as the Committee on Charities! Instead of investigating the educational work that is done in the State, they have completely ignored, though pretending to represent the people of the State, one-third of its population, and the amendment introduced proscribing all religious teaching is an insult to every one who has any religious affiliaions. It favors the agnostic and the nullifidian and ignores one-third of the people. It places the State of New York in the position of a grand inquisitor. It requires it to go to the door of every educational institution and ask the question: 'Do you teach religion here? If so, what religion?' It makes the State a judge of religious matters.

"This committee, if it would accredit itself to the population of the State aright, would have been far more prudent to take testimony from the various educators, or at least to have taken into its councils the oft-repeated policy of a large body of the people. In doing the same work, our English cousins might well be a model to us. The great School Commission of 1886, after due deliberation, enunciated the platform that religious instruction is absolutely necessary in primary institutions.

"After all, the religious force is one of the controlling elements of civilization. A generation that grows up with no greater fear of wrongdoing than dread of the policeman's club will never be a law-abiding generation.

"This Educational Committee puts itself in the category of those of whom St. Paul, in Romans, i., 28, says: 'And as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind.'—*Catholic Standard.*

PILGRIMS RETURN.

Among the passengers to arrive in Montreal on Sunday morning, by the Vancouver, were about thirty Canadian pilgrims, on their return journey from Lourdes. The pilgrims had a very pleasant voyage across the ocean and had an opportunity of spending several days in London before they reached Paris, where they stayed for a week and then proceeded to Lourdes, where they participated in the celebration of the feast of the Assumption; upwards of 20,000 people joined in the procession.

At the conclusion of the special ceremonies about thirty of the Canadian pilgrims went to Rome, where His Holiness the Pope graciously granted them an audience.

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S

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To "the Celtic touch," as one of the greatest critics of the century, Matthew Arnold, pointed out, English literature owes a grace and a charm which can be felt and perceived, but which is not definable in words.

This fine effluence of the spirit of a race is not confined alone, however, to the domain of poetry and the kindred arts. In the industry of Irish Lace-making it at one time cast the magic of its spell over Europe. But dark days ensued, and the craft became almost a lost art, until recently resuscitated and endowed with new life by the gracious and fostering influence of the lady of our present Governor-General, the Countess of Aberdeen. At Her Ladyship's instigation, the Irish Industries' Association was formed, one of its chief objects being the establishment of Lace Depots throughout Ireland, and as president of this organization she has appointed our firm, by letter, sole agents for the introduction of the wares into the cities of Montreal and Ottawa.

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In confirmation of this statement, we invite inspection of the specimens we are now showing in the section of our new store set apart for the purpose. The collection embraces:

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STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

THE CANADIAN SHRINE OF MIRACLES.

The Trip Down the St. Lawrence—The Approach to Ste. Anne's—The Village, Convent, and Inhabitants—The Basilica—Scenes at the Shrine—The Pilgrimages—Evidences of Faith.

NUMBERLESS articles have been written about the famous shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and countless accounts of the well authenticated miracles have been given. In our own columns, on more than one occasion, have we told the story of particular pilgrimages to that wonderful spot; but, as a rule, the descriptions have been in the form of lay sermons, telling of the virtues of the great saint, who was the mother of Our Blessed Lady, as well as the many manifestations of her power and goodness. This week we purpose departing from the ordinary line and speaking of the many other attractions, apart from those of a religious nature, that draw thousands yearly to yonder beautiful and picturesque village along the St. Lawrence. It may seem strange that, as a Catholic journal, we should prefer, at first, to dwell upon what seems the least religious of the wonders that surround that locality; but we feel that the Almighty, in permitting that good Ste. Anne should make manifest her interest in humanity, at that particular shrine, has seen fit to adorn the highway that leads thither with all the natural attractions calculated to draw the pilgrims from all ends of the earth to the sanctified place where the Mother of Christ's Mother makes known her protection over the land that has chosen her as its patroness. His Omnipotent hand has carved out a pathway for the most majestic river in the New World; it has rolled up the blue Laurentians in all the variegated grandeur of mountain miracle; it has flung over the picture a canopy of the purest blue, radiant with the warmest and most glorious of sunlight; it has smoothed out the fertile valleys that verdantly undulate on the south shore of the giant flood; it has left them there to smile at the purple hills beyond the river, that in turn, from their older and more northern site, frown ungratefully back at the love-inspiring, wood-clad, cottage besprinkled, uplands; it has guided pioneer and missionary, colonist and explorer, in early days, and directed them to open paths for civilization; it has furnished this generation with every imaginable means of speedy and comfortable locomotion; in a word, it has planted in the hearts of the people a mighty faith, and has lit a star—like that which appeared in the desert of old to guide the Magi to the Crib wherein reposed Divinity—a star of Trust that conducts countless believers—followed by many an unbeliever—down to the hamlet which miracle has sanctified, and where the evidences of a great and mysterious power are constantly displayed to the world. In other words: God, in His Omniscience, beheld the deluge of infidelity that would rise over the mountain peaks of this century, and He prepared, through long ages, an ark wherein the Faith would be conserved intact for His own greater glory and the salvation of men.

It is, therefore, that we leave aside the countless evidences of the miracles performed, the numberless proofs of the increasing piety of heaven-inspired pilgrims, the material testimonies to the cures obtained, the statistics of the shrine, and the history of its greatness, in order to turn to the path which ends there, and to point out to the incredulous that, apart from faith-confirmed wonders, there are other attractions sufficient to lead the traveller to the far-renowned village of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

It is evening—an evening that Florence might envy—as the "Quebec" or "Montreal," (those magnificent palace steamboats of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company) moves out from the Montreal wharf, and heads down

stream. There is life on the quay, there is life on the vessel; the waving of handkerchiefs and the bows of *adieux* last for a few moments. The figures on shore gradually disappear or blend in confusion; the passengers turn around to get a glimpse at each other: the great engine labors and puffs; the paddle-wheels revolve; the orchestra—constantly in attendance—strikes up a harmony; and amidst the confusion of noises and melodies the dinner-bell rings loud upon the ear. But the dinner can wait—for it is always good and always ready on the steamboat—while the vessel herself will not tarry. You want to catch a parting view of the great commercial metropolis. Yonder the Victoria bridge, spanning the St. Lawrence for two miles, gradually disappears behind St. Helen's Island. Like some huge monster of fable-haunted ages, with its score of gigantic adamantine legs, it seems to rest its diminishing tail upon the far off shore, and to belch forth a puffing train from its mammoth mouth. A few minutes and the "eighth wonder of the world" is lost from vision. Roof and cupola, spire and chimney, blend in a picturesque confusion over the spot where de Maisonneuve once fought and conquered. The sun sinks apace, and as his golden chariot rolls over the purple and misty rim of Mount Royal he shoots a beam of light—a Parthian arrow of glory—at the dome of St. James' Cathedral, and the twin spires of Notre Dame grow crimson in the flush of a dying day. Loud, solemn and grand—like the boom of a "minute gun at sea," or like the roll of distant thunder heard in the caverns of the north—come the great vibrations of the Big Bourdon, that rival of Moscow's bell. Over the waters the majestic reverberations float; and while you listen, and gaze, the city has almost vanished. Alone, above the confusion of houses, tower the steeples of Notre Dame; the sun has gone over the summit of Mount Royal, and has concentrated all its parting glory to illumine the monuments and cold stones in the silent city on the northern slope of Cote des Neiges. Huger grows the mountain; dimmer and blacker does it appear in the gathering twilight. Here and there an electric spark gleams out along the quays, and soon a dozen, and a hundred brilliant lights flash an artificial beauty upon the picture. It is Venice by twilight—but Venice plus the frowning majesty of Mount Royal, and the indescribable grandeur of the great St. Lawrence. An hour passes on; "darkness falls from the wing of night," Montreal's last lights have vanished, and the traveller turns in to enjoy a grand repast in the comfortable dining room of the onward rushing steamboat.

LAKE ST. PETER BY MOONLIGHT.

The early hours of the night fly past; promenading on deck, or listening to the music, or conversing in the *salon*, the passengers enjoy that time between the evening meal and the hour to retire. As the night approaches its noon, and as the round moon rolls zenithward, the breeze freshens, the steamer glides majestically onward, the shores separate and become dimmer in the distance. Out on the broad expanse of Lake St. Peter the head-light flashes and the prow furrows the bosom of that grand; but treacherous, sheet of water. It is enchanting to stand upon the deck at that hour. The red meteor of a distant light-house is reflected deep down in the waters; and as you pass it the streak of fire that seems to shoot over the lake is broken by the waves from the paddle-wheels. At last the huge monster of flame, a sea-serpent of fire, seems to twist, turn, leap, wriggle and toss in the waters. It is a strangely suggestive picture, that soon vanishes, for the light-house is left behind and its great tail of flame is gradually drawn in to its burning head and finally disappears. Mean-

while, over the miles of darkness and undulating indigo the glorious silver sheen of the moon is flung. Into its light the steamer plunges, and on both sides a very sea of diamonds is ploughed up; the scintillating jewels are scattered to left and to right; they vanish for a moment; but only to reappear in the wake of the onward moving vessel. Immensity over head, immensity beneath, immensity around you; the solemn stillness broken only by the regular noise of the great wheels and the puffing of the laboring engine.

Out of the blackness that enshrouds the far east appears a fiery pillar—like that which arose in the desert of old to guide the wandering steps of Israel. It looms proudly against the horizon; it shifts its position; it steadily approaches. It is the column of sparks from the smoke-stack of an inward-bound ocean steamer. Even while you gaze, and before there seems time to take in the situation, the black leviathan is within a few fathoms of you. Her lights become distinct, and the movements upon her deck are visible. But onward rolls the river, onward plows your steamboat, onward—and in the opposite direction—surges the heavily freighted envoy of the Old World. Midway on the lake; the great vessel has disappeared in the west, another light-house appears on a distant rock, and over all the moon sheds a shower of silver light. Placidly she cleaves her celestial path to the zenith; placidly she smiles on the mountains afar and the flood below; while mortals, standing upon that deck, are swept along over the mighty waters. An hour, and Lake St. Peter is passed. The air is chilly, although the night is glorious. It is time to retire, for before the sun one must be up on the morrow to catch a sight of old Quebec as the steamboat rounds, at six o'clock, the historic cape, with its citadel diadem of stone.

There is nothing more difficult—especially if one is not of a very decided cast of mind—than to leave the deck, on such a night, and to seek the seclusion of a cabin. You hesitate more than once; and more than once do you turn again "just for a last walk," to the prow and back. Still you know that you have a day of comparative fatigue ahead, and sights innumerable that await you; the rest of a few hours is absolutely necessary. Therefore, you resign yourself to the circumstances, and as you fall off into a fitful slumber, rocked to rest by the motion of the vessel, you wonder how "time flies" on the St. Lawrence. The panoramic changes are so rapid and varied that you merely have commenced to enjoy a particular novelty when it is succeeded by another one. To your cabin then, sleep for five hours; but don't fail to be on deck at day-break.

DAY BREAK AT QUEBEC.

The morning star is still abroad; a few grey streaks of light line the eastern horizon; to the right the church of St. Romuald appears spectre-like upon the shore, and under the frowning cliffs to the left, that of Sillery may be faintly described. Day is approaching, and the rocks that tell of old Quebec's presence draw surely and gradually nearer. At last over the fortified heights of Levis a few rays of brilliancy shoot heavenward and before many minutes the red sun of summer rolls up from beneath the rim of the orient. The steamboat continues its even course, past coves where the ghosts of the lumbering days still hover, past vessels—few compared to other times—riding calmly at anchor, past barges, and ferry-boats, market-boats and police-boats, all moving in a regular confusion, each bent on its own mission, past the little Scandinavian Church, at the foot of the rock, once climbed by General Wolfe and his army, past the grey walls and dark turrets of the prison that frowns upon the Plains of Abraham, past places rendered sacred by historic memories; finally, around the projecting shadow of Cape Diamond, into the harbor of Quebec.

By this time it is full day; the sun has arisen over the church spire of Levis and has flung a glory upon the stern and sphinx-like face of the great upheaval beyond. Midway up that frowning height is a placard—somewhat battered by the hammer of time—that tells where Montgomery fell in attempting to scale the rock fortress. The quays and floating pontoons are lined with vessels of every imaginable size and design; along the narrow street, between the base of the cliff and the river edge, the singular caleches dart to and fro, as if the salvation of the country depended upon each

particular one of the fiery drivers. The Findlay market is crowded, and a hundred hackmen and draymen jostle each other upon the wharf, each anxious for his load—either of travelling humanity or shipped merchandize. Before the steamboat can reach the landing place—for the tide is running out—she must make a detour below the Custom House, and almost to the mouth of the St. Charles river. As she turns her right side to Quebec, you look up from the deck, and behold the spires of Laval University rising three hundred and some odd feet above the river, glittering in the sunlight, and sending reflections of the rays that tip them unto the dazzling cupola of the old historic Basilica. A confusion of narrow, winding, ascending streets lined with antiquated houses, projecting gables and quaint roofs, at once tells you that you are in presence of Quebec.

Scattered, as it were, without order or any regard to perpendicularity or safety, the front of the city seems flung against the side of the hill, and high over it is the magnificent Dufferin Terrace—the finest promenade in the world—with the grand Chateau de Frontenac looking down upon it. Higher still, and you behold the old grey walls of the citadel, with the canon peeping out in a menacing manner from every breach in the rampart, with the gentle slope of the glacis proping it up, and the King's Bastion, like a diadem of stone, surmounting the whole picture. It is Quebec—the Quebec of to-day—with its modern improvements and its thousand and one medieval looking relics. But we are not going to visit Quebec this week, we are on our way to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. So we must immediately take our departure by the little boat that comes alongside of the Richelieu company's floating palace. It only takes a few moments, and before you have time to reflect upon the picture before you, already it is vanishing in the wake of the pilgrim boat.

FROM QUEBEC TO STE. ANNE.

Behind us the frowning heights of old Stadacona disappear; to the right the verdant Island of Orleans, with its picturesque villages and their lofty spires, rise out of the bluish-green of the St. Lawrence. To the left, tumbling down the adamantine precipice, the lofty sheet of Montmorency's great falls comes furiously and headlong. One might well paraphrase the words of Williams:

"Down yonder mountain crack'd,
And sundered by volcanic fire,
Sings Montmorency's calaract,
Fit chord for such a granite lyre."

Past Chateau Richer, with its historic memories of the old *Intendants*, past the great mountain declivities of the north, and the sunny slopes of the wooded island to the south, we soon see the blue summit of St. Ann's high hills rising before us. What a wonderful picture! Scene well calculated for extraordinary events! The eagle circles away to his eyrie in the rocks, and as he majestically sweeps upward, his eye takes in the cottages that nestle in the shade of the mountain, and the grand temple that flings a shadow upon their thatched or shingled roofs. In a few moments the long wharf is reached, the boat is moored, and the travellers step out on the gangway. It is a long walk from the shore to the edge of the village. How many infirm pilgrims, seeking relief at the miracle-blessed shrine, have not been carried over the planks of that wharf! How many weary eyes have not gazed with deep expectancy upon the portal of yonder Basilica, as they looked forward to a scene in which their miseries would disappear under the spell of the supernatural! It is fully a quarter of an hour before the town is reached. And such a quaint, wonderful, unique town it is!

There is something peculiarly Norman about the place. One feels transported suddenly into other ages and other lands. Of the modern buildings the magnificent and hospitable convent, on the slope of the hill, is the most attractive—ever excepting the church. The hotels, or inns, are just as they were many years ago, just as you would find them in some village of La Basse Bretagne. The wooden shoes are still worn by the women, and the inhabitants—despite the thousands of strangers who yearly visit their hamlet—still conserve the olden costumes, manners and speech of the primitive times. There is an atmosphere of faith about the place that is at once inspiring and reassuring. You feel, as you walk the little street leading up to the grotto—or fountain—that you are treading

soil sanctified by the presence of God and of His saints. A small distance beyond the new church, on the left side of the narrow thoroughfare, is the fountain, whose waters are taken away by pilgrims to be used in cases of severe affliction, the fountain consecrated by the apparition of St. Ann, and which has been proven to possess miraculous qualities. At this little shrine—there is a statue of the Saint over the fountain—dozens may be seen standing, or kneeling; some are invoking the Saint's aid, others are washing afflicted limbs in the waters, again others are looking on with ill-disguised curiosity—while on all sides are the poor and the maimed asking or awaiting the alms that the charity of the pilgrims may bestow.

Let us turn for a moment from that sacred spot and enter the magnificent temple that faith has built to the honor of St. Ann, and that is under the care of the Redemptorist Fathers. Some other day we will come with the story of that Basilica and an account of some of the wonders wrought at its communion rails. On entering the great doorway the attention is at once drawn to the two immense stacks of crutches, sticks and other emblems of suffering that the persons whose prayers had been heard, and whose "faith had made them whole," left there as evidences of their permanent cures.

This is Ste. Anne de Beaupre! We have at last reached the far-famed Mecca of Canadian and American pilgrimage. It is time to pause, and to contemplate in silence the scenes through which we have passed. To speak of the shrine, of its history, of the miracles performed, of the graces spiritual and favors temporal received by hundreds, of the thousands that flock there every year, and of the wonderful debt of gratitude that Canadians owe to the patroness—the Mother of Christ's Mother—who has elected to watch over their country, of the countless attractions that draw the Catholic and the non-Catholic alike to that center of faith, would demand many articles, and a pen far more gifted than ours to do them justice. But some other day we will come with the story of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, a story that now forms one of the most glowing pages of Canadian history. Long may that glorious saint be honored in the land, and long may her shrine be the assembly place of faith-inspired pilgrims.

EDITOR TRUE WITNESS.

PROFESSOR STOCKLEY'S LECTURE

AT THE MEETING OF THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of the Catholic Truth Society was held in the hall under the Gesu on Friday last. The meeting was opened by a reading of the minutes of last meeting, after which Mr. Codd, secretary of the society, read for ten minutes or so from a book on Catholic doctrine now out of print. The selection was as interesting as it was instructive. At the close of the reading, Mr. Feely, president of the society, rose and introduced Professor Stockley, who at the request of a deputation of the members had consented to deliver a discourse on literature.

The professor prefaced his lecture by an apology, which he said he would make beforehand, and if he should during the course of his remarks seem to assume towards them the attitude of the pedagogue, they were to forgive him, as it was very easy for one accustomed to teach to do this, although under the conditions which he then spoke he had the least reason to lecture them, for as a convert he should be a learner and not a teacher.

Do not be deceived, said the lecturer, by any exclamations against the checks and restraints of reading as if the expression "out of harmony with the teaching of the Church" meant only opposition to some intellectual propositions hardly apprehended by any one, and certainly of no real influence in life and conduct.

I can assure you that the principles of Protestant education, such as I have known them, would lead a man, if he were logical, not only to have no checks and restraints as regards anti-Catholic reading, but as regards anti-Christian reading in every sense. After speaking eloquently of the value of the Church's jurisdiction in the matter of reading, the professor said:—"There is no more sense in letting people indiscriminately read without guidance than there would be in letting them indis-

criminately drink in a druggist's shop. But once having served your apprenticeship you may make use of the drugs. It is of course fit for some to read more widely than others. Still for everyone let him go to read with plan and principle; with soul and mind fortified and therefore with body also fortified against temptation. I would rather not teach a man to read at all unless I knew what use he was going to make of his power of reading, Mr. Ruskin said with so much truth:—Read books for what is in them not for what is out of them. The speaker then proceeded to point out the merits and a few of the beauties of Chaucer and the later poets.

In Milton's work, said the professor, the Protestantism was so very Protestant that it cannot do us any harm, and if I may make a transition to the ridiculous, it will do as a bogey for the A.P.A. babies to play with, but for more serious consideration is entirely out of the question. How noble much of Milton's prose is; the greatest in a way of all English prose. And his poetry the loveliest; we think of him as sour or brutal or grand perhaps, but how gentle and exquisite is his verse.

Next let us consider Shakespeare and his greatness; there is no doubt in him about right and wrong, about the recognition of moral law and the degradation in its violation even in this life. Directly speaking Shakespeare stops short with this life; and perhaps he is all the better artist and all the better theologian; he seems to recognize the limits of his own work and not to question the order that has been introduced into disorder; he does not pretend that this disordered world, which is his subject, is anything but disorderly.

The speaker, after urging the claims of other poets and writers to the consideration of Catholics, then closed his lecture.

The Rev. Father Jones then rose and proposed a vote of thanks, which Father O'Donnell seconded, and was unanimously carried by the audience.

After Father Jones had said a few words expository of Professor Stockley's eloquent lecture, a vote of condolence with the vice-president of the society, Mr. Wurtele, in the sad bereavement he has sustained by the loss of his father, was moved by Mr. Singleton and seconded by Mr. Milloy.

The meeting was then brought to a close with prayer.

BRITISH POLITICS.

IRELAND IS THE REAL KEY TO THE POSITION IN THE NEXT SESSION.

Says the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian:

I do not believe that there is the least intention of a surprise session or of a surprise dissolution against the Lords. Rumors have been flying about, as was inevitable after the destruction of the evicted tenants' bill, that the campaign against the Lords was in some way to be precipitated by a pronouncement in the highest quarters. Some people have rashly assumed that there might be something in these very natural and excusable surmises and shakings of the political kaleidoscope. But as a matter of fact the situation remains unaltered by the action of the Lords, and the conclusion of this latest scene of the constitutional drama has, if possible, strengthened the decision of those who are in a position to guide Liberal policy and parliamentary tactics.

I believe things stand as they did before; that we shall see Parliament called together about the third week of January next and launched then on a full programme of a full session's work. Anyhow, the absolute refusal to entertain the policy of carrying over even when passed by colleagues proves that Sir William Harcourt really contemplates what his breezy speech at the Hotel Metropole foreshadowed, and that we are likely to have another full session on normal lines next year, and not unlikely to enter even into a fourth session of this Parliament in 1896.

The real key to the position is in Ireland. The new Irish Land Act will solve, and promptly solve, many problems which the Irish members are as anxious to see solved as Home Rule itself. Mr. Morley is now in a position to do for them, as regards the failure of the land legislation, what it was hoped last year Mr. Gladstone would have initiated as soon as the Irish Parliament was started. Land was to have been excluded from the purview of the Irish Parliament for three years, and it is obvious that a new

Irish land bill would have been one of the first duties of the imperial Parliament, to prepare the way for handing over this question to the Irish Legislature.

The Irish now naturally wish to secure Mr. Morley's bill without loss of time, and without interposing the turmoil and the uncertainties of a general election. Then, too, the new bill will do more than merely secure the tenant from being rented on his improvements. It is practically certain to lay the basis for a reconstruction of the land purchase act of 1891; and it will, without doubt, include clauses to reinstate the evicted tenants. —Boston Republic.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The death is announced of Rev. P. Casey, V.G., of Dungarven, County Waterford, Ireland.

The cause of the beatification of Christopher Columbus will again be brought before the Congregation of Rites in October.

In France there are about 300 Catholic workmen's clubs. Delegates recently held a congress in Paris, and a special committee was formed, with the famous Catholic leader, Count de Mun, as president.

The Pope has an egg which he received from an English lady one Easter. The shell is made of ivory, its lining is of white satin, and the yolk is a golden case containing a large ruby set in diamonds, the whole being worth upwards of \$10,000.

There are in England 5,250 Tertiaries under Capuchin jurisdiction. So say the statistical papers just issued from the offices of the Father General, Rome. In Bavaria there are 80,000 Tertiaries, in Paris 8,200, in Ireland 1,600, in the North Tyrol 65,200, in Umbria 2,750, and in Trent 20,010.

Mgr. Nugent of Liverpool, has recently been so ill that his life was despaired of. The Liverpool Catholic Times of August 24 says: We are happy to be able to state that the condition of the Right Rev. Mgr. Nugent, who remains at Harrogate, has rapidly improved during the past week, his progress being all that could be desired. On Saturday he was visited by Cardinal Vaughan, who remained with him a couple of hours.

The question of creating a Catholic bishopric in Protestant Berlin is reported to have been satisfactorily settled. After a long negotiation between the Vatican and the Prussian government, and understanding has been arrived at on the following basis: The bishop to be created at Berlin is to be a suffragan of the See of Breslaw, and the new prelate is to be the archpriest of St. Hedwige.

In speaking at the laying of the corner stone of a new home of the Little Sisters of the Poor at Chicago the other day, Rev. T. P. Hadnet, pastor of St. Malachy's Church, that city, gave some interesting statistics about these nuns. Their order, he says, has 238 houses in the old and new world, with 50,000 occupants. It has 38 houses in the United States in which are domiciled nearly 7,000 aged people; and the doors of these shelters are thrown wide open without discrimination, so that Catholics or Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, white or colored are welcomed, race, creed or previous servitude not being in any way considered whenever an application is made for admission.

The ancient Irish See of Clogher evidently has a warm welcome for its new incumbent, Right Rev. Dr. Owens, whose consecration is soon to take place. The new bishop has been for some years past a member of the faculty of Maynooth but he belongs to the Clogher diocese over which he is placed as ordinary. His episcopate takes in portions of five counties, Monaghan, Fermanagh, Tyrone, Donegal and Louth; it has 37 parish priests, 6 administrators, 60 curates, 87 churches, a college, 5 academies, and a number of religious institutions of various kinds. Within its limits is situated the celebrated sanctuary of Lough Derg, a place of pilgrimage to which many people resort each summer from all sections of Ireland.

Munich, in Bavaria, will be the seat of the forty-second German Catholic Congress.

ROMAN NEWS.

[Gleaned from the London Universe.]

Father George Schober, of the Redemptorists, has been named among the Consultants of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Fede e Patrio (Faith and Fatherland), the anti-Masonic organ in Italy, is progressing marvellously well. It is a most interesting periodical.

The Catholic building committee at Basilea in Switzerland has acquired an immense plot of ground occupied by a brewery for conversion into the third Catholic church.

Sixteen missionaries embarked at Marseilles on Monday. Two are going to Corea, where Father Jozeau was recently massacred. The others will be distributed in various parts of the extreme East.

The Federal Government at Washington has placed at the disposal of the Vatican one of its largest war-ships for the conveyance back of the valuable articles contributed to the Chicago Exhibition.

The Holy Father is quite charmed with an autograph letter sent to him by the baby King of Spain, Alfonso XIII., on his nameday. It is to be trusted the youthful monarch may grow up in wisdom, grace and fidelity to Rome.

Cardinal Ledochowski, Prefect of the Propaganda, has returned from Switzerland to Rome in excellent health. His Eminence was murdered by the newspapers a few weeks ago. Long may he enjoy a robust constitution and the best of spirits.

The Congregation of Charity of Saluzzo, having lately pocketed 120,000 lire belonging to the Confraternity of Misericordia, had a sudden thought of giving some sign of its merciful disposition, and ordered that the poor, who are in the way of recovery at the Hospital called the Incurables, should be provided with a cap inscribed "R. O. Incurabili." It is not enough, says the Italia Reale, to be marked by nature, but they must be also labelled by this extraordinary "charity" with the gracious epithet of Incurable.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26 1894.

A PECULIAR TESTIMONY.

The Boston Congregationalist, one of the leading non-Catholic publications of America, has, in a recent issue, a very striking article under the heading, "Does Christianity depend upon a Book?" Of course the whole article is written from a Protestant point of view, but it is wonderful how powerfully it substantiates the stand taken by Catholics and by the Church upon the question of faith based solely upon the Scriptures. We style it a peculiar testimony; and so it is—for we little expected to meet with it in that quarter. In reply to its own question, "Does Christianity depend upon a Book?" the Congregationalist emphatically says "certainly not." It claims that Christianity "may exist in all genuineness quite apart from any book." It says that "there were thousands of true Christians before the New Testament had been written, and in the nature of the case the Old Testament, although capable of being of great value to them as to us, cannot have meant to them what the New Testament later came to mean. The belief, which often has been expressed, that Christianity depends upon the Bible, is an error."

No Catholic could be more explicit; but were a Catholic to make the same statements, and to leave them without comment or explanation, at once he would awaken a regular "hue and cry" amongst those who do not enjoy the blessings of our Faith. Anyone who has carefully read and earnestly pondered over the magnificent encyclical of the present Pope, on the question of the Holy Scriptures, will find that he does not go one step farther than does this Congregationalist organ, that is so opposed to Catholicity in every form. The Catholic Church holds that the Bible is an inspired book, and teaches that it contains the truth. But the Church does not consider it to be the sole basis of religion, rather is it the history of religion. Again do we find the Catholic theory expressed most clearly by this non-Catholic publication. It says:

"To say this, however, is not to depreciate the Bible or to underestimate its immense value to everyone. It is the principal source of trustworthy information about Christ and His disciples, about the early churches and the experiences of those who composed them, and about the doctrinal and practical truths which are embodied in the Christian religion. The loss of the Bible would be the most terrible loss which the world could suffer except the blotting out of the knowledge of Jesus Christ Himself." Mark well that it is stated that the Bible is the principal source of information;

This in no way denies the numerous other sources that the Church affords us; history itself, tradition, the works of the Father and all the means whereby the different ages of Christianity are linked together. This stand seems very peculiar on the part of any sect, or section of a sect, outside the Catholic Church. In fact it suggests at once a strange contradiction between the teachings and the practice of persons who seem to base their whole faith upon the individual interpretation of Scriptural texts. But wonderful as these remarks may seem, when found in the columns of a professedly non-Catholic paper, still more astonishing are the following:

The Congregationalist continues thus: "The fact of the independence of Christianity of any book, even the Bible, should not suggest and cannot excuse neglect of the holy book." Exactly the views of the Holy Father; the very ideas that he expresses in the encyclical referred to already. "The testimony of history has been uniform," says our friend the Congregationalist, "to the effect that reverence for and affectionate, prayerful study of it (the Bible) have been rich in blessing, and, that, apart from them, there is seldom, if ever, true spiritual prosperity for those who possess the Bible." (We expect that this is an error of the printer; evidently it is intended to read, "for those who do not possess the Bible.") Here comes the strongest assertion of all: "Yet not even the Bible can safely be allowed to come between us and Our Lord. It is usually thoughtlessness rather than deliberate intent which thus mistakenly exaggerates the importance of the Bible, and the evil often carries its own remedy. But none the less it is an evil."

We do not think that very much comment is necessary in this case. The words of the Congregationalist paper carry such weight with them that we may well confine ourselves to pointing out the fact, that it has struck the keynote of the Catholic teaching and that it is in accord with the expressions, now so world-widely familiar, of the Sovereign Pontiff. We would be glad were the writer of that article to advance a few steps more, to look into the true principles laid down by our Church regarding the Scriptures; we are confident that not many months would pass by before he would acknowledge in a practical manner the wisdom, the justice, and the infallibility of that Church's doctrines. It is simply because men are too proud to acknowledge an infallible guide, and too puffed up to admit that their own puny intellects are not able to grasp and interpret truly the works of revelation, that they remain outside the fold. And the Bible has to bear the blame; they fly to it as a sole authority; they hold it up against every comer; too often forgetting that behind the Bible is Jesus Christ, and that He has established an unerring Church.

Who is responsible for the posters that disgrace the city walls at present? The companies whom they announce of course send them on; bill-posters put them up; but who is it that has been charged with the authority to prevent indecent pictures from being set before the eyes of the innocent? We were under the impression that the law was very strict upon this subject, and that certain officials were sworn to carry out that law. The Black Crook placards are abominable enough, but the Cleopatra scenes are still worse. We have no doubt that an actress's name is sufficient to draw certain spectators—we don't call it an audience—to her exhibitions; but that in no way excuses the flaunting of

such posters in the face of the public. It is high time that the Police Committee would call attention to this matter and take some action therein.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

We learn that the famous James Anthony Froude, the anti-Irish historian (?) is very ill in London. We sympathize individually with Mr. Froude, in the supreme moment of his illness; but we cannot help joining the Irish American in its expression of gratitude to the man—especially for all he has done for the good of the Irish cause. There are certain men, who are so carried away by their prejudices and so blinded by their bigotry, that when they attempt to injure a cause they so far overstep the mark that they only benefit that which they would gladly destroy. Mr. Froude is one of these. In his all-absorbing desire to destroy every chance of Ireland ever receiving justice at the hands of the present rulers, or even of posterity, he went so far as to rehash every species of oft-refuted calumny and to add thereto such a mass of false evidence that it became self-convicting.

Previous to publishing that work which he called "The English in Ireland in the eighteenth century," he saw fit to preface it by a series of lectures to be delivered in the United States on "The Irish Question." In so doing he rendered a grand service to Ireland. His lectures awakened the student mind of the country and called forth a series of replies and refutations, from the highest and best authorities in the land. Not only this; but he was the direct cause of the appearance of the great Dominican, Father Tom Burke, upon the American lecture platform. So crushing were the replies of Father Burke, that Froude never dared to take them up, nor did he, in any way, attempt to refute the mighty historian and preacher. Were it only for the fact of having been instrumental in bringing out Father Burke, and in adding to the Catholic and Irish literature of the world those grand contributions of the Dominican prelate, we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Froude. At this serious moment we can well forgive him all the evil he tried to do on account of all the good that his career, unwillingly but positively, produced. We could not do better than reproduce a few of the very pertinent remarks of the Irish American upon the subject. It is thus it terminates a striking article:—

"Froude 'buidled better than he knew.' In the name of England, he made the American people the jury in the case of the Irish claim to nationality, deeming that, as of old, the victim would be unrepresented, and that the decision would be in favor of England, by default of defence. He forgot that the Civil War had opened the eyes of the American people as to the regard in which England held them; and also as to the value of the Irish element in the United States. With the full approval of the English political element, Mr. Froude challenged the American people to declare, as a jury that the Irish were unfit for self-government. The unanimous verdict of the jury he had selected (and, as he thought, had securely "packed,") was against him; and Froude at once vanished from the arena of public affairs, whether as a falsifier of history, or an apology for one of the worst monsters that humanity has produced since the days of Attila. Like Balaam of old—who went out to curse the chosen people of God—his maledictions were turned to blessings; and, for the first time, the plea of the Irish people was set before the world, and declared to be good. Froude (though he did not contemplate it), was the instrument of Providence in the case; and hence we cannot help wishing him all aid of the good he unwittingly was the instrument of doing to the 'Old Cause.'"

In the same spirit do we sympathize with Mr. Froude, and we trust we will

have the same to say of every other prominent defamer of the Irish cause, when the time comes that all the harm he could have wished to do is turned to the benefit of the people he opposed, and that he is beyond the limits of ever doing any more harm in his mortal career.

OUR HOLY LAKE.

As a sample of how the Catholics of this city are misrepresented abroad, a friend handed us a copy of "Art series No. 7 of John L. Stoddard's Portfolio of Photographs of Famous Cities, Scenes and Paintings." This copy was purchased in Liverpool, England, and the gentleman who bought it had already seen numbers of the same portfolio for sale in Dublin. It will be remembered that our enterprising contemporary—The Star—recently gave out the series by means of the coupon system. We quote exactly the description of Montreal given in the number referred to.

"MONTREAL AND MOUNT ROYAL, CANADA.—Montreal, the commercial metropolis of Canada, is a very attractive city, located on the best situation which the St. Lawrence river offers after Quebec. Its population is about 141,000, of whom 78,000 are of French descent. (Whoever gave these figures must know a great deal about Montreal and its population.) Of course the French language is very extensively used here. (No wonder it is when the two-thirds of the population are French Canadians.) More than one-half of the population of Montreal are Roman Catholics. (Splendid statistics again!) The city is built on a series of terraces which indicate beyond a doubt the former levels of the river. Its buildings are massive and frequently imposing, and its streets are finely paved. It was not until 1760 (sic) that the French power in Canada was finally destroyed by the surrender of Montreal. Since then, though its history has been comparatively uneventful, it has made great material progress in all directions. Still it is not by any means a monotonous and purely commercial town; for the variety here of different races, languages and religions gives to the place a certain rivalry of thought and interest which imparts zest and excitement to otherwise unimportant events. One of the principal features of Montreal is a long wooded ridge behind the city, 750 feet high and covering 430 acres. It is Mount Royal, and was purchased by the Municipal Government for a park in 1874. The view from this precipitous and shaded bluff is beautiful and very extensive, embracing in one direction level, cultivated plains and the distant Adirondack mountains, and in the other the city itself and the lovely valley of the St. Lawrence. The visitor may drive to the summit of Mount Royal, or if inclined to test his muscles, he can walk either up long flights of steps which have been built to the very top, or long paths of easy grade. (This was probably written before the elevator was built. But here comes the beautifully exact and charmingly suggestive tail to this string of inaccuracies.) One singular feature of the mountain is a lake of wonderful clearness (probably the reservoir which supplies holy water for the city's Catholic churches."

In the portfolios distributed in Canada by the Star this last sentence is omitted, and very wisely; but it is carefully preserved in all the copies sold on the other side of the Atlantic. It would be childish to attempt any refutation of the ignorant lie contained in that one phrase. We use the words advisedly; ignorant lie. It must be a very dense ignorance that could suggest such a thought; and it requires very little knowledge of Montreal or of Catholicity to stamp the seal of falsehood upon it. We will make no further comment. We leave this splendid specimen of ultra bigotry to the judgment of our readers. Still we cannot but commend the wisdom of the persons who cut the offensive sentence out of the edition used in Canada. What surprises us the most is that people are to be found who could believe such rank nonsense. It is thus that by innuendo,

insinuation, masked lies and ignorant expressions that our religion is defamed by poor creatures who know no better, or if they do know better are the more contemptible for their knowledge.

GALILEO.

In our last issue we replied to Mr. Noah Adams on the question of religious persecution, and we think our statement was quite comprehensive. We distinguished between the fact and the principle. As an example we showed that while the Church forbids immorality, murder and robbery, and while she teaches morality and the observance of all the commandments, there have been individual Catholics guilty of immorality, of murder and of robbery. The fact of a Catholic—for purposes of his own—practising the contrary of what the Church teaches in no way reflects upon the principles of the Church. Under the pressure of political ambitions, Catholic rulers have, at times, performed acts that are repugnant to the doctrines of the Church, and have often deceived the hierarchy of the Church as to their motives or the aims of such acts. We cannot see by what process of reasoning the Catholic Church could be held answerable for the infidelity of professed members of her communion. A simple illustration may not be out of place.

We will suppose a man wishes to perpetrate the sacrilege of receiving Holy Communion, without the previous necessary conditions being fulfilled. It is very easy for him to enter a church any morning of the week, arrive in time for Mass, and when the Communion takes place, to go to the altar rails and receive, at the hands of the priest, the Blessed Eucharist. He commits one of the most terrible of crimes; and the priest—if you will argue it so— aids him in his abominable act: for, if the priest did not give him the Sacred Host, he could not commit the sin of receiving it unworthily. But, will any sane person contend that the priest should have questioned the man, found out whether he had been to confession or not, whether his sins were absolved or retained? The fact of the priest being deceived only augments the guilt of the communicant, by entirely exonerating both the priest and the church from any participation in the wrong. It would be otherwise had the priest known or suspected the condition of that man. Then the priest would be equally guilty of sacrilege in giving him the Sacred Host. And even were the priest guilty of such a crime, the Church could in no way be blamed, for he would be violating the most positive rules of that Church.

So was it in many instances of persecution or cruelty performed by individual Catholics for personal purposes, and for which the non-Catholic world seeks to hold the Church responsible. These individuals acted in direct opposition to the teachings of the Church; and if by sanction, or by apparent agreement, or supposed co-operation, the Church may seem to have participated in any such deeds, it has been proven—in every case—that the perpetrators deceived the ecclesiastical authorities, even as the sacrilegious communicant deceived the priest. There are two or three principal historical events that are always cast up by the non-Catholic writers and which have been proven, times out of mind, to be baseless accusations; but as often as they are refuted do they come up in some new form. They are the sole arms of attack that certain people possess, and no matter how antiquated, rusty or faulty they may have become, still—being their only arms—they strive to make desperate use of them. One of

these is the accusation that the Church persecuted the famed astronomer Galileo for having discovered and taught the Copernican theory. In this accusation there are three historical errors. Firstly, Galileo never discovered the Copernican system; it was due to Rome if the theory was ever taught. Secondly, Galileo was not persecuted by the Church, nor was he imprisoned and tortured. Thirdly, Galileo was checked by Rome—not for any astronomical theories he may have taught, but on account of the irreverent manner in which he treated the Holy Scriptures, which, by his method of expression, he was bringing into ridicule. Surely our Protestant friends, who base their entire faith upon the Bible, should be the last to support a man whose works tended to belittle the Scriptures and to annul their influence. But, as we said, it is one of the only arms they possess; and like the old cannons of the last century that on certain anniversaries are paraded for show, whenever a special anti-Catholic demonstration is on the tapis, these dilapidated instruments are taken down and oiled and polished for the occasion.

We could not better condense the whole question than in the words of Mr. A. F. Marshall, the Oxford scholar, who treats ably of "Religious Persecution" in the July number of the American Catholic Quarterly Review." He thus speaks of this particular case: "Copernicus himself delivered lectures in Rome by command of Pope Leo X.; he held there a professional chair; he published a treatise on the heliocentric hypothesis by command of and with the aid of Pope Paul III., and his work was printed and was sent forth to the world bearing the written sanction of the Pope. In the days of Galileo, the Copernican theory was taught in the Pope's own university. But now comes the cause of the 'persecution.' Galileo would persist in scandalizing the 'common people' by irreverent remarks about the Scriptures. He was warned in a friendly way not to do so. He promised to desist, but broke his promise, and that, too, in a most insolent manner. Meanwhile, even Galileo, though behaving so unthankfully, received a pension for his scientific labors, and was placed in honorable position as a professor."

Surely this light changes somewhat the aspect of the question. The fact is that Galileo was more a "spoiled-child" than a persecuted man. But while Rome honored him for his great scientific acquirements, she could not allow the Scriptures to suffer at his hands, nor the people to lose faith in Holy Writ, simply because a great professor found pleasure in scoffing at the sacred volume. We will again quote Mr. Marshall: "Nor was Galileo 'imprisoned' in the sense popularly accepted by Protestants. He was simply sent to reside for four months in the palace of his own particular friend, who happened to be a Tuscan ambassador. 'I have for a prison,' wrote Galileo, in a letter still extant, 'the delightful palace of Trinita di Monte.' And a little later he wrote: 'Afterwards they sent me to my best friend, the Archbishop of Vienna, and I have always enjoyed the utmost tranquility.'"

Reduced to simple historical facts, what becomes of this accusation? "Firstly: The science of Galileo was approved by the Pontiffs—approved, that is in the sense of being permissible—for of course, no Pope could decree its truth or its error, no Pope being infallible upon astronomy. Secondly, Galileo was censured and was sent into retreat, for his persistence in bringing the Scriptures into contempt, and not for his astronomical theories. Thirdly, Galileo was not 'persecuted' by any Pope any more than

any penitent would be said to be 'persecuted' who should be ordered to give his mind to contemplation, after causing grievous scandal by his impiety. Thus 'religious persecution' in the case of Galileo, resolves itself into the profoundest reverence for the Scriptures, and the tenderest treatment of the offender who made light of them."

In another issue we will upset a couple of other equally false accusations against the Church. It is time to destroy those old fire-arms—lock, stock and barrel.

JUSTICE POSTPONED.

At times we meet with an expression in the midst of a mass of writing, that strikes home and sounds long and loud in the ears of the attentive world. Such expressions often contain great truths; consequently, they become proverbial in their future application. There is scarcely a great poet or a great author who has not left some remarkable phrase, a monumental saying that will perpetuate his name even when the bulk of his writings are forgotten. Recently Hon. Mr. Gladstone made use of one of those graphic and truth-telling remarks that constitutes a splendid text for a volume. "Justice Postponed is Justice Denied," says Gladstone. There is no doubt of it; and we have examples of this in almost every sphere of life, and in none more than in the religious and political domains.

The Liverpool Catholic Times, commenting upon this phrase and applying it to the actual state of affairs in Ireland, says:

"Mr. Gladstone never coined a truer saying than when he declared that justice postponed is justice denied. Justice is still denied, however plausible and even friendly the language in which the refusal is couched. Hence we have had in Parliament the perennial complaints of the humiliation of the Irish people by the administrative remnants of Protestant ascendancy. Attention was drawn to the small proportion of officers, and especially staff officers, of the Royal Irish Constabulary who are Catholics as compared with the overwhelming majority of the Irish population. In Dublin Castle the Inspector-General and three assistants are Protestants. At the depot the commandant, adjutant, riding-master, medical officer, apothecary, and the four company officers are of the same favored creed; so are four Divisional Commissioners and seven of the eight officers attending them. Others found time amidst the ecstatic contemplation of the beauties of the reformed religion to slip comfortably into thirty-two out of the thirty-six county inspectorships, and 180 out of the 224 inspectorships. The same, or nearly the same, proportion applies to all the offices about Dublin Castle and to the very clerks in the constabulary department. Now, the loyalty and efficiency and soldierly qualities of the "Royal Irish" have been extolled by Tories and Liberals alike. They are mainly composed of Catholics, and while praise is lavishly bestowed on them the plums go to the Protestant policemen. In this case the want of loyalty to the British connection or the lack of property qualification—as is lamely urged when the disproportionate magisterial appointments are under consideration—cannot be put forward as an excuse or extenuation. The injustice is presented to the world in all its nakedness. It is the curse of ascendancy still working its evil course, a menace and a detriment to the peace and happiness of this great empire. It is but very poor amends to the Irish policeman for the bitter disappointment of a lifetime, for the wreck of his legitimate and well-worked for ambition, to be told that Pope-Hennessy was once Governor of Hong-Kong or that Lord Russell is the Chief Justice of England. The fatuity of this system is now manifest to all men except to its interested upholders."

What the Liverpool organ so justly points out as an example of justice postponed and apparently unlikely to come, we can consider as only one of the thousand cases in which the principle laid down applies. Take for example the

treatment to which the Vicar of Christ has been subjected for over the half of a century. Times numberless has the robber power, that despoiled him and the Church of those Estates, which belong to the Holy See by ever right of ownership, prescription, and possession, taken steps that would lead the world to believe that justice was soon to be done,—but the constant postponement has amounted to an absolute denial of the same, and to-day no reasoning observer places any faith in the most plausible overtures of that government. Coming down from the grander political and religious questions, we find in every day life the same idea holding good.

In this country our Irish Catholics have experienced the sad truth that "justice postponed is justice denied." There is an old country saying that conveys pretty clearly the same idea: "Live cow and you'll get grass." The promises of politicians are proverbial and the fact of their scarcely ever being fulfilled is equally notorious. There are times when it is not a mere question of privilege, or right, in a certain sense, but actually one of simple justice; and too often do we find that in these cases promise is heaped upon promise, and each new promise is a mere postponement of the action which justice demands. How small must be the consciences of men, who, shielding themselves behind their official positions, keeps many a deserving person for weeks, for months and for years in expectancy, waiting for positions promised, living in the meantime upon the charity of the benevolent, and finally granting the boon when it has lost all its benefits and has become a load instead of an assistance. One promise is given by a government, and the one to whom the promise is made relies upon it, builds up future hopes thereon, takes the word for a bond, and exists in a cruel suspense, until the day of the fulfilment of that promise has passed. Immediately, like a renewed promissory note, another promise is made. It now takes the phase of an act of justice. It is purely justice to the individual that his expectations should be realized. And every postponement of that justice is a denial of the same, a refusal thereof. And every denial of justice or refusal thereof is a crime on the part of a government, or of an individual. We will not cite any other examples to illustrate the truth of Gladstone's saying; but we trust that our last remarks will be taken to heart by those for whom they are intended.

Perchance it was the recognition of the principle laid down by himself that awakened Gladstone to the action he has taken, in his old age, regarding Ireland. He must have felt that the constant postponing of that legislative justice which England owed to Ireland, was tantamount to an open denial of the same. We are confident that it was the study of this idea and its development that stimulated the Grand Old Man in his magnificent efforts to secure for Ireland that legislative autonomy which he knew to be her just right. The words should be written in letters of gold upon every legislative hall of the world. They embody a glorious principle, and if they were but properly understood and carefully carried into practice, much of the misery and disappointment—both public and private—of this world would be obviated. Above all do we call the attention of our public men and our politicians to the maxim, and for the sake of many a deserving person, many an ill-treated claimant, many a cruelly disappointed and over-confiding citizen, do we ask them to put into practice the words of Gladstone. If they intend to deny justice to any one, let them do so openly and boldly; but don't deny it by constantly postponing it, by keeping back the gift until the recipient is either no longer in need of it, or that he has so far suffered that it can never compensate for his loss.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER LXXVIII.—CONTINUED.

"And what can you and your brothers in wigs do against that? Will all your little beguiling ways and insinuating tricks turn the Pike and the Irish Cry from what sells their papers? Here it is now, Mr. Holmes, and I can't put it shorter. Every man that lives in Ireland knows in his heart he must live in hot water; but somehow, though he may not like it, he gets used to it, and he finds it does him no harm in the end. There was an uncle of my own was in a passion for forty years, and he died at eighty-six."

"I wish I could only secure your attention, my lord, for ten minutes."

"And what would you do, counsellor, if you had it?"

"You see, my lord, there are some very grave questions here. First of all, you and your brother magistrates had no right to accept bail. The injury was too grave: Gill's life, as the doctor's certificate will prove, was in danger. It was for a judge in Chambers to decide whether bail could be taken. They will move, therefore, in the Queen's Bench, for a mandamus—"

"May I never, if you won't drive me mad!" cried Kearney, passionately: "and I'd rather be picking oakum this minute than listening to all the possible misfortunes, briefs and lawyers could bring on me."

"Just listen to Holmes, father," whispered Dick. "He thinks that Gill might be got over—that if done by you with three or four hundred pounds, he'd either make his evidence so light, or he'd contradict himself, or, better than all, he'd not make an appearance at the trial—"

"Compounding a felony! Catch me at it!" cried the old man, with a yell.

"Well, Joe, the man will be here to-night," continued Dick. "He's a clever fellow at all rogueries. Will you let him see if it can't be arranged?"

"I don't care who does it, so it isn't Maurice Kearney," said he, angrily, for his patience could endure no more. "If you won't leave me alone now, I'll go out and sit on the bog, and upon my conscience I won't say that I'll not throw myself into a bog-hole!" There was a tone of such perfect sincerity in his speech that, without another word, Dick took the lawyer's arm and led him from the room.

A third voice was heard outside as they issued forth, and Kearney could just make out that it was Major Lockwood, who was asking Dick if he might have a few minutes' conversation with his father. "I don't suspect you'll find my father much disposed for conversation just now. I think, if you would not mind making your visit to him at another time—"

"Just so!" broke in the old man; "if you're not coming with a strait-waistcoat, or a coil of rope to hold me down, I'd say it's better to leave me to myself."

Whether it was that the major was undeterred by these forbidding evidences, or that what he deemed the importance of his communication warranted some risk, certain it is he lingered at the door, and stood there where Dick and the lawyer had gone and left him.

A faint tap at the door at last apprised Kearney that some one was without, and he hastily, half angrily cried: "Come in!" Old Kearney almost started with surprise as the major walked in. "I'm not going to make any apology for intruding on you," cried he. "What I want to say shall be said in three words, and I cannot endure the suspense of not having them said and answered. I've had a whole night of feverish anxiety, and a worse morning, thinking and turning over the thing in my mind, and settled it must be at once, one way or other, for my head will not stand it."

"My own is tried pretty hard, and I can feel for you," said Kearney, with a grim humor.

"I've come to ask if you'll give me your daughter?" and his face became blood-red with the effort the words had cost him.

"Give you my daughter?" cried Kearney.

"I want to make her my wife, and as I know little about courtship, and have nobody here that could settle this affair for me—for Walpole is thinking of his own concerns—I've thought the best way, as it was the shortest, was to come at once to yourself; I have got a few documents here that will show you I have enough to live on, and to make a tidy settlement, and do all that ought to be done."

"I'm sure you are an excellent fellow, and I like you myself; but you see, major, a man doesn't dispose of his daughter like his horse, and I'd like to hear what she would say to the bargain."

"I suppose you could ask her?"

"Well, indeed, that's true, I could ask her; but on the whole, major, don't you think the question would come better from yourself?"

"That means courtship."

"Yes, I admit it is liable to that objection, but somehow it's the usual course."

"No, no," said the other slowly, "I could not manage that. I'm sick of bachelor life, and I'm ready to send in my papers and have done with it, but I don't know how to go about the other. Not to say, Kearney," added he, more boldly, "that I think there is something confoundedly mean in that daily pursuit of a woman, till by dint of importunity, and one thing or another, you get her to like you. What can she know of her own mind after three or four months of what these snobs call attentions? How is she to say how much is mere habit, how much is gratified vanity of having a fellow dangling after her, how much the necessity of showing the world she is not compromised by the cad's solicitations? Take my word for it, Kearney, my way is the best. Be able to go up like a man and tell the girl, 'I's all arranged. I've shown the old cove that I can take care of you; he has seen that I've no debts or mortgages? I'm ready to behave handsomely; what do you say yourself?'"

"She might say, 'I know nothing about you. I may possibly not see much to dislike, but how do I know I should like you?'"

"And I'd say, 'I'm one of those fellows that are the same all through, to-day as I was yesterday, to-morrow the same. When I'm in a bad temper I go out on the moors and walk it off, and I'm not hard to live with.'"

"There's many a bad fellow a woman might like better."

"All the luckier for me, then, that I don't get her."

"I might say too," said Kearney, with a smile, "how much do you know of my daughter—of her temper, her tastes, her habits, and her likings? What assurance have you that you would suit each other, and that you are not as wide apart in character as in country?"

"I'll answer for that. She's always good-tempered, cheerful, and light-hearted. She's always nicely dressed and polite to every one. She manages this old house and these stupid bog-trotters, till one fancies it a fine establishment and a first-rate household. She rides like a lion, and I'd rather hear her laugh than I'd listen to Patti."

"I call all that mighty like being in love."

"Do if you like—but answer me my question."

"That is more than I'm able; but I'll consult my daughter. I'll tell her pretty much in your own words all you have said to me, and she shall herself give the answer."

"All right; and how soon?"

"Well, in the course of the day. Should she say that she does not understand being wooed in this manner, that she would like more time to learn something about yourself, that, in fact, there is something too peremptory in this mode of proceeding, I would not say she was wrong."

"But if she says yes frankly, you'll let me know at once?"

"I will—on the spot."

CHAPTER LXXIX.

PLEASANT CONGRATULATIONS.

The news of Nina's engagement to Walpole soon spread through the castle at Kilgobbin, and gave great satisfaction; even the humbler members of the household were delighted to think there would be a wedding and all its appropriate festivity.

When the tidings at length arrived at Miss O'Shea's room, so reviving were the effects upon her spirits that the old lady insisted she should be dressed and car-

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169a.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.



There is an easier and cleaner way.

A TEA KETTLE

will give all the hot water required when

Surprise Soap

is used according to the

ried down to the drawing-room, that the bridegroom might be presented to her in all form.

Though Nina herself chafed at such a proceeding, and called it a most "insufferable pretension," she was perhaps not sorry secretly at the opportunity afforded herself to let the tiresome old woman guess how she regarded her, and what might be their future relations toward each other. "Not, indeed," added she, "that we are likely ever to meet again, or that I should recognize her beyond a bow if we should."

As for Kearney, the announcement that Miss Betty was about to appear in public filled him with unmixed terror, and he muttered drearily as he went: "There'll be wigs on the green for this." Nor was Walpole himself pleased at the arrangement. Like most men in his position, he could not be brought to see the delicacy or the propriety of being paraded as an object of public inspection, nor did he perceive the fitness of that display of trinkets, which he had brought with him as presents, and the sight of which had become a sort of public necessity.

Not the least strange part of the whole procedure was that no one could tell where or how or with whom it originated. It was like one of those movements which are occasionally seen in political life, where without the direct intervention of any precise agent a sort of diffused atmosphere of public opinion suffices to produce results and effect changes that all are ready to disavow but accept of.

The mere fact of the pleasure the prospect afforded to Miss Betty prevented Kate from offering opposition to what she felt to be both bad in taste and ridiculous.

"That old lady imagines, I believe, that I am to come down like a *pretendu* in a French vaudeville—dressed in a tail-coat, with a white tie and white gloves, and perhaps receive her benediction. She mistakes herself, she mistakes us. If there was a casket of uncouth old diamonds or some marvelous old point lace to grace the occasion, we might play our parts with a certain decorous hypocrisy; but to be stared at through a double eye-glass by a snuffy old woman in black mittens is more than one is called on to endure—eh, Lockwood?"

"I don't know. I think I'd go through it all gladly to have the occasion."

"Have a little patience, old fellow; it will all come right. My worthy relatives—for I suppose I can call them so now—are too shrewd people to refuse the offer of such a fellow as you. They have that native pride that demands a certain amount of etiquette and deference. They must not seem to rise too eagerly to the fly—but only give them time, give them time, Lockwood."

"Ay, but the waiting in this uncertainty is terrible to me."

"Let it be certainty, then, and for very little I'll insure you! Bear this in mind, my dear fellow, and you'll see how little need there is for apprehension. You and the men like you—snug fellows with comfortable estates and no mortgages, unhampered by ties and uninfluenced by connections—are a species of plant that is rare everywhere, but actually never grew at all in Ireland, where everyone spent double his income, and seldom

dared to move a step without a committee of relations. Old Kearney has gone through that fat volume of the gentry and squirearchy of England last night, and from Sir Simon de Lokewood, who was killed at Crecy, down to a certain major in the carbiniers, he knows you all."

"I'll bet you a thousand they say No."

"I've not got a thousand to pay if I should lose; but I'll lay a pony—two if you like—that you are an accepted man this day—ay, before dinner."

"If I only thought so."

"Confound it—you don't pretend you are in love."

"I don't know whether I am or not, but I do know how I should like to bring that nice girl back to Hampshire, and install her at the Dingle. I've a tidy stable, some nice shooting, a good trout stream, and then I should have the prettiest wife in the county."

"Happy dog! Yours is the real philosophy of life. The fellows who are realistic enough to reckon up the material elements of their happiness—who have little to speculate on and less to unbelieve—they are right."

"If you mean that I'll never break my heart because I don't get in for the county, that's true—I don't deny it. But come, tell me is it all settled about your business? Has the uncle been asked?—has he spoken?"

"He has been asked and given his consent. My distinguished father-in-law, the prince, has been telegraphed to this morning, and his reply may be here to-night or to-morrow. At all events, we are determined that even should he prove adverse, we shall not be deterred from our wishes by the caprice of a person who has abandoned us."

"It's what people would call a love-match?"

"I sincerely trust it is. If her affections were not inextricably engaged, it is not possible that such a girl could pledge her future to a man as humble as myself."

"That is, she is very much in love with you?"

"I hope the astonishment of your question does not arise from its seeming difficulty of belief?"

"No, not so much that; but I thought there might have been a little heroics, or whatever it is, on your side."

"Most dull dragon, do you not know that so long as a man spoons he can talk of his affection for a woman; but that once she is about to be his wife, or is actually his wife, he limits his avowals to her love for him?"

"I never heard that before. I say, what a swell you are this morning! The cock-pheasants will mistake you for one of them."

(To be continued)

WANTED.

By a middle aged lady, position as house-keeper, or a place of confidence in a clergyman or doctor's house. Best of reference. Apply "B" this office. 9-2

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Registered; a delightfully refreshing PREPARATION for the Hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 123 St. Lawrence street, Montreal.

A LEGEND OF LOUGH LAWNE.

I know where a lake in a valley lies sleeping,
On whose bosom the winds never play,
And the mists of the dark, looming mountain
Come creeping
Like a monster, by night and by day.

No fish in its deep rolling waters are gliding,
No birds o'er its surface e'er skim;
In its depths are the serpents of ocean abiding
'Mid its caverns all dreary and grim.

When the evening declines and the shadows
Are falling,
First folds of the mantle of night,
When the snipe and the plover and lapwing
Are calling,
And day leans on the shoulders of night,—

As the legends have told, a great castle arising,
Its walls are of silver and gold,—
With tracings of grandest and finest devising,
Designs that no mortal could mold.

The floors are of marble and granite combin-
ing,
The ceilings of ivory white
Set in pearls and in rubies all sparkling and
shining
Like the stars in a calm frosty night.

A pilgrim who heard of this vision entrancing,
All weary of life, went in quest.
How gaily his boat o'er the waters went danc-
ing
To that castle of light and of rest.

But murmur arose on that lake, like the
breathing
Of spirits that suffer from pain;
Its waters lashed wildly, all white in their
seething,
He strove to return, but in vain.

'Tis thus with the many who sail in the morn-
ing
Of life to the castle of dreams,
The winds and the maddening billows but
scorning,
To sink in the sight of its beams.

Walter Lecky in Boston Pilot.

THE MISSION HELPERS.

Who is the Mission Helper?

From "The Flight."

She is a religious, who serves her Di-
vine Spouse in poverty, chastity and
obedience, in an institute which has but
one rank of sisters. Her habit is plain
and simple, happily selected to mark her
out as dedicated to God and thoroughly
adapted to her daily labors in her apos-
tolic field.

Daily, assembled with her fellow-sis-
ters in choir before the Most Holy, she
says in her own tongue the praises of the
Blessed Mother of God in the Little
Office, for the love of whom she never
fails to say the Rosary, as well as the
Seven Dolor Beads.

Twice daily, in holy meditation, the
Mission Helper, in the prophet's words,
"sets her heart to consider her ways and
to let her thoughts be upon the precepts
of God and to meditate upon His com-
mandments." In these times of quiet
prayer she studies the life of her Divine
Spouse, as set forth in the Gospel, or
simplified in the Imitation of Christ or
other devout book.

In morning Mass or Holy Communion
she drinks in the knowledge and love of
her Divine Spouse, who thus abideth in
her and she in him.

Happy the Mission Helper whose joy
it is to walk in the courts of the Lord!

THE MISSION HELPER IS AN APOSTOLIC WOMAN.

No one can ignore the important part
taken by women in the cause of Holy
Church. The Apostles, separated apart
in preparation for Pentecost were "per-
severing with one mind in prayer with
the women and Mary, the Mother of
Jesus."

The field of labor for the Mission
Helpers is co-extensive with the Negro
race.

Earnestness of purpose, cheerfulness,
self-sacrifice and capacity for work is
the Mission Helper's privilege, as it is
also her consolation. She loves to spend
herself and be spent for the love of Jesus
Christ her Spouse.

The ever growing spheres of industry
upon which colored women are entering
call for great ability on the part of the
Mission Helper.

Here it is to make a race; for if the
women of the Afro-Americans were
what Church and country wish them to
be, the hopes of their race would be
planted on the everlasting foundation of
justice and truth.

In industrial work will be the main
strength of the Mission Helpers, who,
however, must never lose sight of those
under their charge whom they may find
adapted for work towards their race's
betterment.

Busy is her life whether appointed to
the night school at St. Joseph's Guild or
sent to some one of the public institu-
tions, viz. to the jail, penitentiary, house
of correction, alms house, colored re-
formatory, or one of the nine hospitals.

Not less so will she find it in the nine
sewing schools, which are scattered in
various parts of the city and country, or
of visiting the homes of our poor colored
people in order to impart to them some
domestic training.

Above all, true to her Apostolate, the
Mission Helper will plant the seed of
Christianity. She will teach her black
sisters of God, His rights, and their
duties, whence will flow into the homes
of the South those domestic virtues that
conspire to make the family the source
of joy, progress and virtue.

THE MISSION HELPER IS A CHILD OF PROVIDENCE.

The black race are children of provid-
ence. Everything has come to them
without much effort on their part, of
weal and woe is this true. Slavery was
enforced upon the Africans; their lives
during it were not their own.

Africa, their ancestral land, is a land of
providence. Hidden away for ages, it
now looms up and in a great measure be-
comes enlarged Europe. It all is provid-
ential. The Divine Ægis has ever been
over the forgotten sons of Ham. The
Mission Helper soon learns how calmly
the Negroes regard all things; care, fret
or worry linger not at their doors. A
cheerful bending to and acceptance of
providence is their characteristic. This
spirit impresses the Mission Helper, who
also cultivates a perfect reliance on di-
vine providence.

In her motive she is led by the example
of Jesus, who relied absolutely on Joseph
and Mary during the flight and sojourn
in Africa. She knows that her work is
God's. Like the Apostle, when sent
without purse or script or shoes, she
never wants anything. Her people and
herself are of much more value than
the sparrows, whose fall on the ground
her heavenly Father knows.

THE SUPPORT OF THE MISSION HELPER

is providential. She quests from door to
door and begs her food in the public
markets. Kind friends from all over the
country supply her with money, cloth-
ing, books and magazines for her poor
colored proteges.

It is this very spirit of entire depend-
ence on divine providence which rules
the Institute of the Mission Helpers and
has led to their magazine, The Flight.
Through its means a knowledge of their
work will reach generous souls, who will
not fail to come forward to aid in the
evangelization of our Negro women.

Think of 4,000,000 of women, children
of a race whose ancestral land shielded
the Woman of all women, with Her pre-
cious Child, during the enforced exile.

THE CREDENTIALS OF THE MISSION HELPERS.

In 1892, the most Holy Father, Leo
XIII, blest their work and all who co-
operated with them in it.

Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Balti-
more, has given his blessing and sanction
to them.

In the first issue of The Flight is print-
ed his hearty approval of the magazine,
together with cheerful words to encour-
age them. The Institute of the Mission
Helpers is, therefore, a lawfully consti-
tuted body of religious women, serving
the Lord in holy poverty, chastity and
obedience, and likewise serving Him in
the lowliest and most forgotten of the
children of men, on whose foreheads has
been burned with the hot hand of per-
secution, suffering, prejudice and cal-
umny the ominous I C H A B O D; that
is, their glory has gone.

THE RANK OF THE MISSION HELPERS.

On entering the Institute, the new
comer is known as a "minim." She
must be little in her own eyes, and, from
her spirit of humility, learn how humble
and lowly will be her vocation among
the Negroes. Again and again will she
hear how useless her life's consecration
is; prejudice will announce it to her;
poverty will make its presence felt;
trials and contradictions will emphasize
it. But if in heart she be a true "minim,"
she will with apostolic energy rejoice
that she is found worthy to suffer for
Christ.

Upon receiving the habit the "minim"
gets a saint's name, and is known as an
aspirant. She thenceforward longs for
the apostolate; hence, the part of the
convent set aside for her training is
called the "cenacle." Instinctively will
she think of the Apostles with the
women and Mary the Mother of Jesus
preparing for Pentecost. During these
years of retirement the aspirant will live
in union with that apostolic retreat.

Faith, obedience and prayer, the great
apostolic virtues, will be deeply engrained
in her.

The next step is her profession, when
she is in every sense of the word a "sister."
She has embraced the apostolate. For
some time she will renew her vows annu-
ally, consecrating herself afresh in the
great vows of religion, adding thereto
that she is the mother and slave of the
Negro. To be such is the aspiration of
the Mission Helper. Their profession
should bring them the loving kindness of
a mother and the devotion of the servant
to that unhappy race, who knows hardly
anything of the former save the natural
birth and nothing whatsoever of the
latter.

In the last place, the Mission Helpers
are governed by the superior, who is
known as The Mother. She is to them
what Mary was in the cenacle and to the
primitive Church.

May the Blessed Mother of God, Whose
voice She is, impart Her spirit to the
mother of the Mission Helpers.

WHY SHOULD ONE BECOME A MISSION HELPER?

Their work is apostolic; their induce-
ments are the cross, the lot of Jesus,
Mary and Joseph in Egypt, i. e., ostracism,
forgottenness. Their work is difficult.
It is pioneer work; everything is to be
done. The Negro women must be Chris-
tianized and civilized. They must learn
what home is and home life. The
womanly virtues must be imparted to
those poor creatures.

Who should become a Mission Helper?
Women who are not afraid of the cross,
like Melchisedec, who have neither father
nor mother nor genealogy; i. e., thor-
oughly dead to family or friends.
Women who can sympathize with a
down-trodden race; who can go down to
them in order to raise them.

Women, finally, who take their lot
with Jesus, Mary and Joseph in far-off
Egypt-land, away from the Jerusalem
and Nazareth of our Catholic homes and
surroundings.

All applications made to Mother M.
Joseph, St. Joseph's Guild, 412, 414, 418,
420 W. Biddle street.

RULE OF THE MISSION HELPERS.

We are often asked about our rule. As
we cannot print it, we will give a few of
its most important parts in different
editions of The Flight.

We all make the "heroic act" in be-
half of the suffering souls, renewing and
making it on each successive feast of the
Sacred Heart. This act strips us of even
our Spiritual property, as our Negro vow
strips us of home ties and practically ex-
patriates us in the midst of our own.

A Mission Helper must need
be brave indeed and full of the
missionary spirit of the Holy Ghost to
undertake this, but the hundred-fold
promised even in this world is ours
already, in the happiness and consolation
we receive in seeing many an erring soul
of a poor colored person brought to
know the loveliness of Jesus—the most
beautiful of the sons of men. The souls
of our own colored people must be very
desolate in Purgatory, so our heroic act
enables us to labor to the full extent of
our Negro Vow on earth and in Pur-
gatory.

We beg of our readers to say prayers
and offer mortifications for those for-
gotten ones, who can have no one to
pray for them. Thousands and thousands
have died since the blacks were brought
to America, and who can dare to set
bounds to Almighty God's generosity to
these poor souls.

BEQUEST.

The legal title of our work is Institute
of Mission Helpers for the Negro Mission
of Baltimore, Md.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I hereby give, devise and bequeath
unto the Institute of Mission Helpers for
the Negro Missions of Baltimore, Md., a
corporation created and existing under
the laws of the State of Maryland:

State amount of }
money, or, if real }
estate, describe the }
property and its lo- }
cation. }

To have and to hold unto said Institute
of Mission Helpers for the Negro Mission
of Baltimore, Md., for the purposes for
which it was incorporated.

OUR HOLY FATHER'S BLESSING.

Most Holy Father: Mother Joseph,
prostrate at the feet of your Holiness,
humbly begs the Apostolic Blessing for

herself and for all who are engaged with
her in working for the salvation of the
Negro race.

At an audience granted October 10,
1891, His Holiness: Leo XIII. graciously
vouchsafed to grant the blessing above
requested.

Given at the Propaganda, Rome, on
the same day and date as above.

A. ZAMBRINA

For the Most Rev. Secretary.

THAT OPEN LETTER.

The particulars of a remarkable cure
of consumption, after the patient had
reached the last stages, related in the
article published in the TRUE WITNESS
last week under the heading "An Open
Letter from a Prominent Physician,"
has caused much comment. It is well
known that physicians, as a rule, are
averse to speaking words of praise for an
advertised medicine, however meritori-
ous it may be, and when one of them
casts this prejudice aside and gives in
plain unvarnished language the particu-
lars of a case that must take rank among
the most remarkable in the practice of
medicine, it is not only a noteworthy
triumph for the medicine in question,
but also reflects credit on the physician
who has cast aside his professional preju-
dice and gives the result of his use of the
medicine for the benefit of suffering
humanity. In the articles published
from time to time, vouched for by re-
liable newspapers, the public have had
the strongest evidence that Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills for Pale People is a medicine
of remarkable merit, and now to these is
added on the authority of a well known
physician, over his signature, the particu-
lars of a cure of consumption through
the timely use of Dr. Williams' famous
Pink Pills. It cannot be too widely
known that a remedy has been found
that will cure this hitherto deadly and
unconquered disease, and if any of our
readers have not read the article to
which we refer we would advise them to
look up last week's issue and give it a
careful perusal. The facts related may
prove of valuable assistance in a time of
need.

Prof. Heinrich Kayl Furgsch, the dis-
tinguished philologist and Egyptologist,
is dead at Berlin, aged sixty-eight years.

During the past week there were 215
business failures throughout the United
States, against 323 the corresponding
week last year.

\$3 a Day Sure.
Send me your address and I will
show you how to make \$3 a day; absolute-
ly sure; I furnish the work and teach
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every day's work; absolutely sure; don't
fail to write to-day.
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TELEPHONE 8168.

Constrained to Speak

CONSIDERS IT A DUTY

The Glad Intelligence May Save Many Lives

Paine's Celery Compound Delivers Mrs. McKillop from the Terrors and Pains of Rheumatism.

The Disease Caused Terrible Agony.

Cords in the Palms of the Hands Drawn Up in Knots.

Sufferings and Tortures Ended After the Great Medicine was Used.

In the past, thousands have publicly declared that Paine's Celery Compound delivered them from the terrors and pains of rheumatism and terrible sciatica.

The same work is being done to-day on a vastly more extended scale. Martyrs to rheumatism are throwing aside the deceptive and worthless medicines that have no merit, honesty or solid standing, and are demanding Paine's Celery Compound from their druggists and dealers.

They see the wonderful results that have come from the use of Paine's Celery Compound to friends, neighbors and relatives; they also are aware of the fact, that every cure published for the encouragement of the sick and suffering comes from some responsible resident of Canada, who can be interviewed or written to.

To-day we give another strong and mighty proof of the never failing power of Paine's Celery Compound. The letter comes from Mrs. Mary McKillop, of Campbellford, Ont.; she says:—

"After using your Paine's Celery Compound, I am of opinion that I should say something in its favor for the benefit of all who have not given it a trial.

"I was a sufferer from rheumatism for a long time, and endured great pain. The cords in the palms of my hands were drawn up in knots, and I despaired of getting relief. However, after using Paine's Celery Compound, I have banished all my pains and troubles, and find myself strengthened in every way.

"I think Paine's Celery Compound is the best medicine in the world for rheumatism and all nervous complaints, and I will always recommend it strongly. I particularly recommend your medicine to all weak and delicate women."

POLICE ENQUIRY.

THE GRAND JURY'S VIEWS.

The following appeared in the presentment which the Grand Jury made last week:—

Your Honor,—We, the Grand Jury, thank you for the kindness you have extended to us during this term. In the first place we have to thank you for your vigorous utterances on behalf of morality, and the high and righteous stand you have taken for the welfare of our city deserves the support of every true citizen.

The shocking abuses to which children have been subjected of late cannot be too severely condemned, and we entirely concur in your Honor's denunciation of

the inactivity of the police for their wanton negligence in not prosecuting such crimes, as, from the evidence produced, it shows that they were cognizant of the facts. We would respectfully suggest that the Attorney-General take prompt steps such as will immediately bring up the whole subject relative to the police force, by bringing a bill of indictment against the police authorities for gross criminal negligence, or against parties who have taken the responsibility of making use of the public press for such serious charges an essential branch of the administration of justice, for libel. We, the Grand Jury, would only be too glad to return to consider such bills whenever the court may think fit to so order.

Our city has now grown to be one of the foremost cities on this Continent, and it naturally follows crime must increase in proportion to population, hence the necessity for more vigorous measures being taken to suppress crime.

We, the Grand Jury, feel and recommend, your Honor, that there must be a reorganization of our police and detective departments; something must be radically wrong with these departments, or the many shameful disclosures brought to light during the past few weeks could not have occurred; and we would urge your Honor to use your powerful influence to gain the end in view.

The Government should take prompt measures to demand an unbiased verdict, which can only be obtained by having

A ROYAL COMMISSION.

We, the Grand Jury, have also to thank both the French and English press for the high stand they have taken in the matter and feel assured that in their editorials, they have expressed the sentiments of all good citizens.

We, the Grand Jury, would also urge your Honor in regard to the necessity of more discrimination being used in issuing hotel licenses. Many of these places are simply dens of vice. As you will notice some of the most flagrant cases have come to light during the past few days; we also urge you to take prompt measures to close Sunday drinking places.

We also wish to draw your attention to all kinds of shops being open all day on Sundays, which is against the municipal laws. What are the authorities doing in the matter?

In regard to the two children, we would recommend that they be sent to some reformatory, as their guardian is not fit to be trusted.

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

COMMITTEE OF LADIES MEET.

The Rev. Father Strubbe in his sermon on Sunday evening made a very touching appeal to the ladies of the parish for help for the forthcoming bazaar. The result was that at Monday's meeting there was a very large attendance. The business discussed was principally in reference to the Fair Journal, which will be edited by Miss K. O'Brien, and will contain all bazaar news and many interesting articles from the pen of the charming editress. Another very attractive item will be the progressive euchre party to be given on Tuesday evening, October 23. A preliminary meeting for the arrangement of tableaux, etc., was called for Friday evening in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall.

School Books.

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Book Title	Doz.	Retail.
Dominion Catholic Reading Charts Introductory to the Dominion Catholic Series, and to accompany the Dominion Catholic First Reader, Part I. Twenty-seven Charts mounted on Fourteen Boards, Illustrated, size 23 1/2 x 32 1/2 inches. Per set.....	\$9 00	
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Dominion Catholic Fourth Reader.....	5 40	50
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Child's Catechism of Sacred History, Part II.....	1 00	10
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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

"EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING."

Mrs. Roland had been a widow for a number of years. Of five children God had spared but one, a little girl, and she lived with this child in a small apartment. If her husband was living they would be in very comfortable circumstances; since his death it had been a continual struggle. Her daughter Agnes had grown up and secured a position with very good wages, which contributed largely to their support. Things seemed to be brightening for them, and the mother was happy, but alas! her happiness was short-lived.

The winter had been an unusually severe one, and Agnes contracted a cold. This did not worry her, and she worked on, so anxious was she to make her mother happy. Besides, she often thought of the great struggle her dear parent had had when she, Agnes, was a mere child. She was not a very strong girl, and when her cough had lasted for two weeks her mother was greatly worried. When another week passed and the cough had grown worse, Mrs. Roland insisted upon Agnes remaining at home.

Finally, with much coaxing, Agnes was persuaded to remain at home. She grew worse instead of better, and the anxious mother sent for a physician, who said the girl was in the first stages of consumption. Her poor mother was nearly wild with grief. She was obliged to remain home from work very often and attend to the wants of her sick daughter. Times were becoming hard, and after a short time she was unable to obtain work. Mother and daughter were soon reduced to want, and in vain the poor widow endeavored to obtain the necessary food for her daughter. In her trouble she never gave up hope and would frequently say: "God is good; He will not abandon us." And our Heavenly Father was pleased with the faith of the poor woman and rewarded her for it.

Chancing to take up one of the daily papers to see if there was any place for which she could apply, her eyes fell upon the following advertisement:

"Marie Dorothy Roland, formerly of Elmville, Vt., when last heard of was living in New York; anyone knowing her whereabouts will please communicate with her brother, Richard Dover, Box 35."

"Can it be true—my brother Dick alive! I have thought him dead for many years; but it must be Dick. I shall at least answer the advertisement!"

A few days later, Mr. Roland was greatly surprised to receive a visit from an elderly gentleman. At first she did not recognize him, but when he had spoken to her and she had closely examined his countenance, she knew that he was her long-lost brother Dick.

When quite a boy Richard Dover had left home, and when nothing had been heard of him in many years, his family had come to the conclusion that he was dead. He, on his part, endeavored to find the whereabouts of his sister Marie. The meeting between brother and sister was most affectionate. When he saw how destitute his beloved sister was of all earthly comforts, he proposed to take a house, and said that she must come and live with him. The poor widow was very happy. She thanked God for His great goodness, and before another month had passed she was safely established in her new home. Agnes had regular treatment, and she managed to regain her former health. She was not in the first stages of consumption as the physician had stated; it was but a very heavy cold. And now Mrs. Roland thinks that "Every cloud has a silver lining."

Under good care Agnes slowly but surely recovered her health, and in her uncle found a companion for his daily tramps over the country roads which led in every direction from their cozy home.

She never tired of listening to his adventures on land and sea, and he was made a better man from her innocent companionship. Every Sunday, rain or shine, she accompanied him to the eleven o'clock mass, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to hear her speak of her love for our Blessed Mother.

And so we leave them, at peace with themselves and God.—In Catholic Universe.

QUAINT IRISH STORIES.

INTERESTING RECOLLECTIONS OF AUBREY DE VERE.

A Clever Toast to Bloody Castlereagh—A Captain of Five Years of Age who was "Disbanded" by a Hard-hearted British General—How a Stroke of Wit Saved a Human Life.

Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet, has written a series of recollections, which will be published in two parts in the Century. The first portion, dealing with his childhood and boyhood, is printed in the September number, and is full of quaint stories of the olden days in Ireland. Mr. de Vere says:

"My earliest recollections are of our Irish home, Curragh Chase, and I always see it bathed in summer sunshine. It was not once however as it is now. At the bottom of the lawn there now spreads a lake but at that time it was rich meadow-land, divided by a slender stream, with fair green hills beyond. The pleasure ground now blends insensibly with the lawns and woods, but it had then a wall around it, which, as my father's old friend and schoolfellow, Sir Thomas Acland, said on visiting us, when both had left youth behind, gave it a look of monastic seclusion. It was then divided into four grassy spaces, as smooth as velvet, and bright with many a flower-bed. I can still see the deer park and the deer bounding from break to break of low spreading oak and birch; the gathering of the poor on Sunday evenings at the gates of the long ash avenue for their rural dance; and the gay, though half bashful confidence with which some rosy, pretty peasant girl would advance, and drop a graceful curtsy before one of our party, or some visitor at the "big house," that courtesy being an invitation to dance. There was also a little opening in the woods in which the neighbours danced; nor have I yet forgotten the vexation with which I found myself once snatched up and carried home to bed by one of those "merry maids whose tresses tossed in light," and who lost little time in returning to the revel.

THE OLD GRANDMOTHER.

It was a time at which opposites of all sorts oddly combined. The country gentlemen were then looked up to as so many little princes, and the poor would have gladly adopted them as chiefs, like those of old, had they cared to accept that position; yet there was a great familiarity in the intercourse of classes, it was all strangely mixed with simplicity of life. My grandmother drove about the park with her four grays and an outrider, while my father, with whom she lived, had his four blacks and an outrider; yet dinner, which was at 5 o'clock, would have been far from satisfactory to a diner-out of the present day. What a stranger would have thought ostentation was often a necessity, for the roads were generally carried over high hills. I well remember my grandmother's beautiful, but melancholy black eyes: her ways at once authoritative and affectionate, and the reverence with which she was regarded by all. Nor have I forgotten her goodnight to us children: "God bless you child, and make a good man of you;" nor the loud laugh once when the youngest of us, not to be out-done in civility, responded; "God bless you grandmother, and make a good woman of you."

My grandfather had no taste for duels. At a great public dinner amongst the "healths" proposed was that of Lord Castlereagh, to whom my grandfather, then a member of the Irish Parliament, was known to have a special aversion. All looked toward his seat wondering how he would meet the dilemma, for the refusal to drink to a toast could then be expiated only by a duel. The glasses filled he was the first to rise; he lifted his own, and said: "Here's to the health of my Lord Castlereagh!" adding with a significant expression of face, "the Lord be troublesome to him!"

A GOOD SPECULATION.

My grandfather always gave the sagest advice to a friend, but generally acted himself from whim. Once, when walking in a London street, he passed a room in which an auction was going on, and, attracted by the noise, he entered it.

The property set up for auction was the island of Lundy in the Bristol Channel. He knew nothing whatever about it, but when the auctioneer proclaimed that it had never paid either tax or tithe, that acknowledged neither king nor parliament, nor law civil or ecclesiastical, and that its proprietor was pope and emperor at once in his own scanty domain, he made a bid, and the island was knocked down to him.

It turned out a good speculation. It paid its cost by the sale of rabbits; and whenever its purchaser chanced to pick a quarrel with England and Ireland at the same time, it was a hermitage to which he could always retire and meditate. He planted there a small Irish colony, and drew up for them a very compendious code, including a quaint law of divorce in case of matrimonial disputes. In money matters he was adventurous and unlucky. He lost about £15,000 by cards and then renounced them. He is said to have lost about half the family property through some trivial offense given to his father. During the war he raised two regiments consisting of the sons of farmers, his own tenants, and those of his neighbors, and bestowed a captain's commission on his only son, then a boy of five.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN.

I remember my father describing the pride with which he strutted about in his scarlet uniform when the general rode out to review these regiments. "But where is the captain?" exclaimed the veteran. "Here I am," shouted the child. "But, my little man, you are too young to fight!" "Not at all," was the answer, "let the French land, and"—waving his sword in the air—"I will cut off their heads!" Alas! the hardhearted Englishman "disbanded the captain," as the poor people described his act, and the youthful warrior lost forever the opportunity of humbling that "Corsican adventurer" who had called England a "nation of shopkeepers," and affirmed that the lions on her standards were only leopards.

My grandfather was the most popular of our country gentlemen, because he had a great love for the poor, and always helped them at a pinch. A very old tenant once told me many stories illustrating this side of his character. Here is one of them. A young man was tried for murder, having killed a member of a rival faction in a fight. The judge, reluctant to sentence him to death on account of his youth, turned to him and said: "Is there anyone in court who could speak as to your character?" The youth looked around the court, and then said sadly: "There is no man here, my lord, that I know." At that my grandfather chanced to walk into the grand jury gallery. He saw at once how matters stood. He called out: "You are a queer boy that don't know a friend when you see one!" The boy was quick witted; he answered: "Oh, then, 'tis myself that was proud to see your honor here this day!" "Well," said the judge, "Sir

Vere, since you know that boy, will you tell us what you know about him?" "I will, my lord," said my grandfather; "and what I can tell you is this—that the very first day that ever I saw him to this minute, I never knew anything of him that was not very good." The old old tenant ended his tale by striking his hands together and exclaiming: "And he never to have clapped his eye upon the boy until that minute!" The boy escaped being hanged. Such traits made a man popular in Ireland; and it is said that at his funeral the keening (funeral wail) for many a mile was such as has rarely been heard. Not long ago I came upon a letter from an English minister of the day, informing him that the patent for his peerage, an English one, was ready. It seems, however, that at the last moment he changed his mind and declined it. Possibly there was some one to whom "he would not give so much satisfaction" as that of seeing him take a peerage.—*Catholic Universe.*



"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

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House and Household.

Useful Recipes.

TO MAKE MUSTARD.

Four heaping teaspoonfuls of mustard, one teaspoonful of powdered sugar and a half a teaspoonful of salt. Mix these ingredients together thoroughly and then add boiling water, a little at a time, till it is smooth and thick. Then add one scant teaspoonful of vinegar.

EVERYDAY SAUCE.

A pint of boiling water, a heaping teacup of sugar, a tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in cold water. Boil half an hour, season with nutmeg, or flavor with a tablespoonful of currant jelly liquified in a tablespoonful of hot water.

SQUASH CAKES.

One pint of smooth squash, about the thickness of apple sauce, two ounces of butter, one teaspoonful of seasoning and flour enough to roll. Cut with a biscuit-cutter and fry like potato-cakes. Apple-cakes, made in the same way, with green or dried fruit, are prime. Fritters are copper chips by comparison.

RAISIN PUFFS.

One-half teacup of sugar, one-half teacup of milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt. Flour enough so that the batter will drop from the spoon. Stir in a cup of seeded and chopped raisins. Fill buttered teacups half full. Steam one hour. This will make six or seven cupfuls. Eat hot with whipped cream and sugar, or any kind of rich sauce.

DELMONICO'S FAVORITE SAUCE AS HE GAVE IT.

Take an ounce of ham or bacon, cut it up in small pieces, and fry in hot fat. Add an onion and carrot cut up, thicken with flour, then add a pint or quart of broth, according to the quantity desired, season with pepper and salt, and any spice or herb that is relished (better, though, without the spice), and let simmer for an hour, skim carefully and strain. Cold roast or broiled beef or mutton may be cut into small squares, fried brown in butter, and then gently stewed in the sauce above described.

ONION AND HAM OMELET.

Mince finely four ounces of white onions, new ones if in season; fry them slowly in butter or oil, stirring until they become tender and lightly colored; then add two ounces of cooked lean ham, cut in one-eighth inch squares; drain off the whole. Break eight eggs in a bowl, season with salt, pepper and a little sugar; beat them well and run through a colander; then add the onion, the ham and some chopped parsley. Heat a little butter in a pan, pour the eggs in and make the omelet over a hot fire without ceasing to stir, keeping it mellow; fold over and turn it with one stroke on a long dish; decorate with strings of tomato sauce, put on with a brush.

BROWN BETTY.

This pudding is a prime favorite with the younger members of the family. To each cupful of finely chopped sour apples add a cupful of fine bread crumbs; two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little cinnamon, grated lemon rind or nutmeg and a tablespoonful of butter. Spread the apples upon the bottom of a buttered pudding dish, then a little sugar and flavoring and a few bits of butter; then bread crumbs, then apples again, and so on until all is used, crumbs being placed on top. If the apples are not juicy, add three tablespoonfuls of water. Cover the dish, and bake three-quarters of an hour; then uncover and bake fifteen minutes longer and send to table in the same dish. This is also called "scaloped apple."

SHE DROPPED HER BEADS.

HOW A TEACHER WAS MIRACULOUSLY SAVED FROM A SUDDEN DEATH.

We take pleasure in publishing the following account sent to us by a worthy correspondent: "Some years ago a teacher in a public school of a country town was accosted, in order to obtain dryer walking, to go back and forth on a railroad track. Having a distance of about two

miles each way to travel, her rosary beads was her daily companion.

"The track was a double one; one track leading to the city of S., the other to the city of B.

"It was her custom to take the track leading to S. till the train leading to B. had passed her, then to cross the track leading to B. for the remainder of the distance.

"One morning, having started as usual, walking upon the iron rail, she was somewhat startled at the unusually loud shrieks of the engine whistle and clangor of the bell, but feeling secure, she did not turn about.

"Suddenly the beads dropped from her fingers, and trying to regain them she lost her balance and fell to one side. Judge of her horror and amazement, to see the train dash by on the same track upon which she but a moment before was standing. A change in the running order had been made. It was some moments before she could realize that she was uninjured or regain power to move, but with that knowledge came, too, the understanding that to our blessed Mother and her beads she owed her life.

"Since that day these beads have been her most treasured possession. They will probably so continue till her death."

WIT AND HUMOR.

Note of admiration—A love-letter.

A silent traveling companion—Thought.

When is a class like instruction? When it is in formation (information).

The difference between "meddling" and "investigation" is that you always investigate, while it is the other person who "meddles."

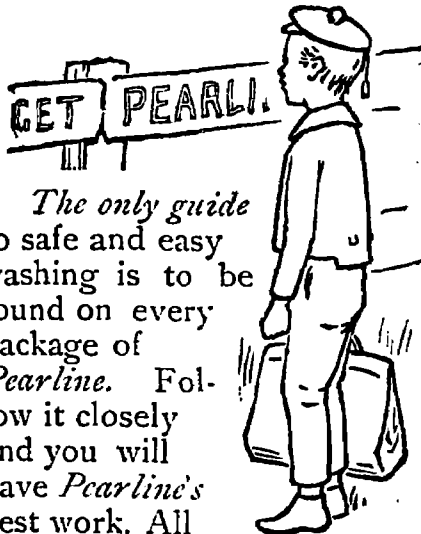
A man, on being asked what kind of wine he preferred, said, "Other people's."

Plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty. Even a tall hat looks worn when it loses its nap.

A man ever ready to scrape an acquaintance—The barber.

Alice: Tell me what is the difference between a ready-made tie and one you tie yourself? Robert: About half-an-hour.

Young Doctor: Just think—six of my patients recovered this week. Old Doctor: It's all your own fault, my boy. You spend too much time at the club.



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TRADE AND COMMERCE.

FLOUR, GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—We quote prices nominal as follows:—

Table listing flour prices: Patent Spring, Ontario Patent, Straight Roller, Extra, Superfine, City Strong Bakers, Manitoba Bakers, Ontario bags—extra, Straight Rollers.

Oatmeal.—We quote as follows:—Rolled and granulated, \$4.00 to \$4.25; Standard, \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.90 to \$2.00, and standard at \$1.80 to \$1.90. Fancy brands of both granulated and rolled are quoted at higher prices. Pot barley is quoted at \$3.75 in bbls. and \$1.75 in bags, and split peas \$3.40 to \$3.60.

Bran, etc.—We quote \$15.50 to \$16.00. Shorts are also scarce, with business reported at \$17.00 to \$19.00 as to grade. Mouille is unchanged at \$20 to \$21.

Wheat.—No. 1 hard Manitoba 64c to 65c, No. 2 Upper Canada red and white winter, 59c to 60c.

Corn.—Market quiet at 66c to 67c duty paid, and 59c in bond.

Peas.—A holder who sold a lot at 72c per 66 lbs. in store last week, stated that all he could get now was 71c to 71c. Some buggy peas were received from the Belleville district. Sales have been made in the Stratford district at 54c to 55c per 66 lbs. f.o.b.

Oats.—Sales of No. 2 have been made at 34c for the local demand. No. 3 have sold at 33c to 33c per 34 lbs.

Barley.—Feed barley is firm at 46c to 47c, and malting grades at 50c to 55c.

Rye.—Quotations remain nominal at 52c to 53c. The sale of a few cars reported at 51c.

Buckwheat.—The market is quiet at 47c to 48c.

Malt.—Steady at 72c to 80c. Seeds.—We quote Canadian timothy \$2.25 to \$2.50, and Western timothy \$1.90 to \$2.10. Alsike \$7.00 to \$7.50 for good to fancy. Red clover quiet at \$6 to \$7 as to quality.

PROVISIONS.

Table listing various provisions: Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote:—Canada short cut pork per bbl., Chicago short cut mess, per bbl., Mess pork, American, new, per bbl., Extra mess beef, per bbl., Plate beef, per bbl., Hams, per lb., Lard, pure in pails, per lb., Lard, com. in pails, per lb., Bacon, per lb., Shoulders, per lb.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Table listing dairy products: Butter.—We quote prices as follows:—Creamery, fresh, Eastern Townships dairy, Western, Under grades, Cable. Cheese.—We quote:—Finest Western, colored, white, Quebec, colored, white, Under grades, Cable.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales of round lots reported at 12c and single cases of choice candled stock at 12c. Beans.—The demand is slow at \$1.20 to \$1.45 per bushel for fair to choice stock. Honey.—A few sales of extracted took place at 7c to 8c, choice bright stock in single tins bringing 8c. New comb 11c to 14c per lb as to quality. Baled Hay.—No. 2 is quoted in the country at \$5.50 to \$6.50 f.o.b. as to quality and position. Alongside ship sales are reported at \$7.25 to \$7.50 for No. 2. No. 1 hay at \$8.50 to \$9.50. Hops.—Sales of new early varieties are reported at 11c to 12c; but to arrive 10c is said to be all that can be got, and some brewers will not pay 10c. Yearlings are quoted at 6c to 8c.

FRUITS, ETC.

Apples.—\$1.75 to \$2.50 per barrel, according to quality. Oranges.—Oranges are selling rather slowly at \$6 per barrel for Jamaica and \$4.50 to \$5.50 per box for Rodi. Lemons.—Lemons are moving along briskly at \$2 to \$3 per box for choice and \$3 to \$3.50 for fancy. Bananas.—Bananas are again in better demand at 50c to \$1 per bunch according to size and quality. Peaches.—The light receipts of peaches and a good demand have caused a big jump in prices, namely, 75c to \$1.10 per basket for Canada and \$2.00 to \$2.25 for California.

FISH OILS.

Salt Fish.—Newfoundland shore herring have sold to arrive at \$4.50 to \$4.75 per bbl. Cape Breton herring are quoted at \$5.50 to \$5.75 per bbl. Salmon is quoted at \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small in bbls, and at \$14.50 to \$15.00 for No. 1 large. British Columbia is quoted at \$9 to \$10. Dry cod \$4.50. Canned Fish.—Lobsters are scarce and quoted at \$8.50 to \$7 case. Sales of mackerel are reported at \$3.00 per case. Oils.—Jobbing lots of steam refined seal oil have sold at 85c to 86c, at which prices the market is steady. Cod oil is quoted at 34c to 35c for Newfoundland and 31c to 33c for Halifax and Gaspe. Newfoundland cod liver oil 65c to 75c.

IF YOU WANT

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

Educational.

MISS CRONIN'S ACADEMY WILL RE-OPEN ON SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1894 At 257 St. Antoine Street. 65

Notre Dame College, COTE DES NEIGES.

This well known and popular institution will re-open on MONDAY, the 3rd SEPTEMBER next. The Electric cars from Bleury street, by way of Outremont, run out to the College every half hour. The parents are requested to send the pupils as early as possible. 5-13

MONTREAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Established 1864, CORNER Victoria Square and Craig Street, Is one of the Largest, Best Equipped and Patronized Commercial Educational Institutions in America.

DAVIS & BUIE, Business College, Montreal. All Commercial Subjects taught by Specialists. Shorthand and Typewriting by practical and experienced teachers. SEPARATE APARTMENTS FOR LADIES. DAY AND EVENING CLASSES. Write, Call or Telephone (2890) for Prospectus. Address: DAVIS & BUIE, Business College, Montreal.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, In the SUPERIOR COURT, No. 781 Dame Marie Anne Brien dit Ducher, of the city and district of Montreal, wife of Jean Baptiste Malepart, of the same place, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 23rd August, 1894. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL & LORANGER, Attorneys for Plaintiff. 6-5

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA. 1666 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. Next Distribution of Paintings Wednesday, 26th September. PRICE OF SCRIPS 25 Cents.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour Is THE BEST and the ONLY GENUINE article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

AMONG THE CHINESE.

Education is not Neglected by the Almond-Eyed Celestials.

In no country is education more highly esteemed than in China, says the Nineteenth Century. The child of the workingman, as a rule, cannot hope to get more than a mere smattering. But scattered through the country are numberless families, the members of which for generation after generation are always students, and from whom, as a rule, the officials come.

They have no knowledge of any business or trade. They correspond very closely to what are, or used to be, called gentlemen in England, and preserve their position with great tenacity, even when hard pressed by poverty.

Rich parvenues as a matter of course engage tutors for their children; and in the humblest ranks of life occasionally parents will stint themselves to give an opportunity to some son who has shown marked intelligence at the village school. But neither of these classes compete on an equality with those to whom learning is an hereditary profession.

The cultivation and intellectual discipline in such families give their members a marked advantage over those who get no help of the kind at home, and who must, therefore, depend entirely on what they learn from their paid teachers.

The orthodox scheme of education is entirely concerned with the ancient literature of China. The original works which occupy the student's attention were for the most part written before the literature of either Greece or Rome had reached its prime. But there are commentators belonging to later periods who must also be perused with diligence.

China has not seen an influx of new races, such as have overrun Europe, since the days of our classical authors; but still, from mere lapse of time, the language of the country has greatly changed, and the child beginning his studies cannot without explanation understand a single sentence, even if he has learned to read the words of the lesson which he has before him. The student makes himself acquainted as thoroughly as possible with these classical works.

He must get to know the different readings and different interpretations of disputed passages, and, finally, he practices himself in prose and verse composition. In prose he carefully preserves the ancient phraseology, never admitting modern words, though there are certain technicalities of style which will prevent his productions from being an exact imitation of the ancient literature. His verses must be in close imitation of the old-time poets. They must follow elaborate rules as to rhythm, and the words must rhyme according to the classical sounds, which are very different from those of to-day.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 18.—At a meeting of the Irish National Federation of America to-night a report on the coming of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., to this city was made by Chairman John F. Walsh. Mr. Blake will come to this city on October 17. He will speak at Lenox Lyceum, under the auspices of the Federation. From this city he will go to Georgia and then to Philadelphia. He will sail for Europe on Oct. 27, and it is possible he will speak in Brooklyn on Oct. 26.

IN SELF-DEFENCE

you ought to keep your flesh up. Disease will follow, if you let it get below a healthy standard. No matter how this comes, what you need is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the greatest flesh-builder known to medical science, far surpassing filthy Cod liver oil and all its nasty compounds. It's suited to the most delicate stomachs. It makes the morbidly thin, plump and rosy, with health and strength.

The "Discovery" is sold on trial. In every thing that's claimed for it, as a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-maker, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Rupture or breach, permanently cured without the knife. Address for pamphlet and references. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nervous old lady to deck-hand on steamboat: Mr. Steamboat, is there any fear of danger? Deck-hand carelessly: Plenty of fear, ma'am, but no danger.



To Nursing Mothers!

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

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT

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

It is largely prescribed

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

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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

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WHAT IS



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

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

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

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D. Lavaltrie, December 29th, 1885.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D. St-Felix de Valois, January, 18th 1886.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

Job Printing of every description, and at reasonable rates, done at The True Witness Office, 761 Craig street.

Veterinary Surgeons.

M. KANNON, Veterinary: Surgeon,

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Special attention to Boarding.

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No. 5 HERMINE ST., Montreal.

All horses personally attended to. Interfering, Lamé and Trotting Horses made a specialty. 2-52

Medical.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

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

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,

and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at

538 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

Purchasers should look to the Labels of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not on Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. District of Montreal. In the Superior Court. No. 237. Dame Corine Leblanc, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Isidore Boileau, clerk, of the same place, Plaintiff; vs. the said Isidore Boileau, Defendant. The Plaintiff hereby gives notice that on the 9th August, 1894, she has sued, for separation as to property, her husband, the said Isidore Boileau. Montreal, 22nd August, 1894.

SAINT PIERRE & PELISSIER, Attorneys for Plaintiff

6-5

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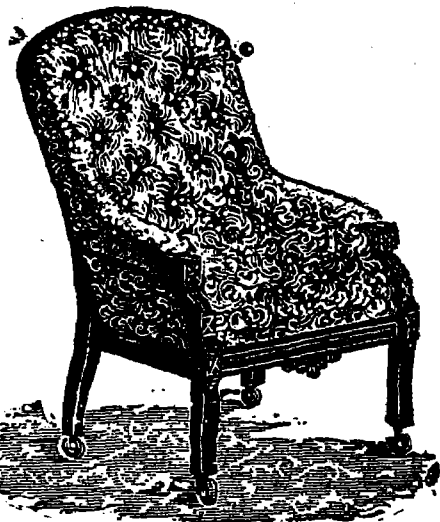
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A GLOWING TRIBUTE

BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER

To the Memory of Colonel Haggarty, Killed at the Battle of Bull's Run, 21st July, 1861.

Through the kindness of a good friend of THE TRUE WITNESS, and one whose appreciation of Irish literature is worthy the highest praise, we have been enabled to give our readers one of those rare expressions of Meagher's wonderfully magic eloquence. The scene, the occasion, the circumstances, all combine to add to the picture, and to furnish the gifted soldier, patriot and orator, with a theme well calculated to stir up the ever smouldering embers of his matchless eloquence. It was thus Meagher—brief and soldier-like—pronounced the funeral oration of his gallant companion in arms:—

"On the silent fields which these noble mountains overlook and these deep graves shadow, I see many a strong and gallant soldier of the Sixty-Ninth whom I knew and loved; and they lie there in the rich sunshine, discolored and cold in death. All of them were from Ireland; and as the tide of life rushed out the last thought that left their hearts was for the liberty of Ireland. Prominent among them, strikingly noticeable by reason of his large iron frame and boldly chiselled features, on which the impress of great strength of will and intellect was softened by a constant play of humor and the goodness and grand simplicity of his heart—wrapped in his rough old overcoat, with his sword crossed on his breast, his brow boldly uplifted as though he were still in command, and the consciousness of having done his duty sternly to the last animating the Roman face—there lies James Haggarty—a braver soldier than whom the land of Sarafeld and Shields has not produced, and whose name, worked in gold upon the colors of the Sixty-Ninth, should be henceforth guarded with all the jealousy and pride which inspires a regiment whenever its honor is at stake and its standard in peril."

A HEARTY RECEPTION

TENDERED FATHERS WALKER AND STEPHENS.

Letterkenny Turns Out in Good Style to Welcome Back the Donegal Priests From America.

We read in the Derry Journal a glowing account of the reception tendered, by the priests and people of Donegal, to Rev. James Walker and Rev. Daniel Stephens, on their return from America. The reception took place at Letterkenny.

The Rev. Fathers Walker and Stephens had spent three years travelling in America, soliciting subscriptions toward the building of the new Cathedral of St. Adam's. They had been highly successful in their work and spoke enthusiastically of the reception they received from their Irish American brothers in the great Republic. Though a great trade depression was being felt in America, the priests and people, especially those from Donegal, received them most hospitably and contributed liberally.

Fathers Walker and Stephen arrived at their native place at one o'clock in the morning, but the parishioners were

awake to welcome them, and the ovation that greeted their appearance was such as is never experienced out of Ireland. The next day the people of Letterkenny, not satisfied with what they had done, illuminated all their houses, had brass bands parading the streets and presented to the Reverend travellers no less than three illuminated addresses. His Lordship, Bishop O'Donnell, delivered a speech of welcome. This was followed by other speeches and then the returned travellers spoke in answer to the congratulations that were showered upon them. The reception broke up late at night, and the town, illuminated with Chinese lanterns, fairy lamps, transparencies, etc., presented an appearance of festivity that was never surpassed in Letterkenny.

COTE ST. PAUL BAZAAR.

At the bazaar held at Cote St. Paul, which closed last week, the sum realized was \$1,300. The money will be devoted to the improvement of the church and schools. The bazaar was the most successful ever held at Cote St. Paul, and the excellent results are due in a great measure to the number of city people who were attracted by the entertainments in the evenings.

Benefactor: How is your husband this winter, my dear woman? Poor Woman: I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room. Benefactor: Could I see him? Poor Woman: Possibly, sir, if you applied to the county prison.

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Hand-Sewn \$4, \$4 50, \$5, to Order.
Repairing Neatly and Cheaply Done.
748 Dorchester Street

JUDICIAL NOTICE TO ANN DOYLE.

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

Dated 22nd September 1894.
W. M. MATHESON,
Local Master at Ottawa, Ontario.**S. CARSLY'S COLUMN**

Grand Exhibition

Of all the latest European Novelties in

LADIES' AUTUMN

Jackets, Capes & Cloaks

In all desirable materials, of all weights and colors, for Fall and Winter wear.

S. CARSLY,

Notre Dame street.

More New Capes,

JUST PUT INTO STOCK.

Five more cases of Novelties, in Ladies' Autumn Capes, trimmed with fashionable furs.

COLORED CLOTH CAPES,
FANCY TWEED CAPES,
BLACK CLOTH CAPES,
FANCY CHEVIOT CAPES.

GOLF CAPES.

More choice styles in Ladies' Golf Capes, just received.

Ladies' Capes in all lengths.

Ladies' Capes in all colors.

S. CARSLY,

Notre Dame street.

Fur-Trimmed Coats.

JUST RECEIVED.

Some very choice novelties in Ladies' Coats in all fashionable lengths and trimmed with fur.

Coats trimmed with Alaska Sable.

Coats trimmed with Beaver.

Coats trimmed with Persian Lamb.

Coats trimmed with Bear.

Coats trimmed with Mink.

3 AND FULL LENGTH COATS.

In new shades of Tweed and Cloth.

S. CARSLY,

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New Dress Goods

In all the newest and most stylish effects for the season.

Fancy Effects in Dress Goods.

Figured Effects in Dress Goods.

Striped Effects in Dress Goods.

Plaid Effects in Dress Goods.

And all newest colors in Fall and Winter Dress Goods.

COSTUME LENGTHS.

In the best of High Class Dress Fabrics and in the Richest Effects and Coloring for the season.

S. CARSLY,

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S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

FALL SERGES.

In all effects and new colors.

New Aberfeldy Serges.

New Natta Serges.

New Cambodia Serges.

New Storm Serges.

FALL DRESS TWEEDS.

New Kilmalcom Tweeds.

New Dalmeny Tweeds.

New Malvern Tweeds.

New Alsace Tweeds.

FALL SUITINGS.

In all the richest and most effective textures and new colors.

S. CARSLY,

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RIGBY! RIGBY!

Next time you buy a Tweed Waterproof Ulster or Cloak be sure and purchase a Rigby at S. Carsley's. See that the name is on it, and take none but Rigby. They are good wherever you find them.

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