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PRICE FIVE CENTS.

HOW CARDINALS ELECT A POPE

CEREMONIES USED IN CHOOSING A HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

BY SECRET BALLOT—A MINUTE DESCRIPTION OF HOW THE OLDEST ELECTORAL ASSEMBLY IN THE WORLD CONDUCTS ITS DELIBERATIONS.

The constitution of the papacy may be expressed in one sentence. "The Pope elects the cardinals and the cardinals elect the Pope," that is to say, the Pope alone has the power of elevating persons to the rank and dignity of cardinals, and at the proper seasons they alone have the power of nominating a Pontiff to the vacant chair. This power they have enjoyed for so long a time that, as was once remarked in the Senate by Charles Sumner, they constitute the oldest electoral assembly in the world. In the first ages of the Christian Church the presiding Bishop of Rome was elected to that honorable position by the votes of the pastors of that city. The situation was full of peril, for the Church was often persecuted, and among the thousands of martyrs enrolled on the pages of Christian history appear the names of not a few of the early bishops.

The entire body of cardinals consists, when full, of 70 members, but very rarely has this number been complete, there being generally several reserved, that is to say, not publicly announced, and therefore not really cardinals, though their appointment at a fitting season may have been fully determined. The number is divided into three classes, Cardinal Bishops, Cardinal Priests and Cardinal Deacons. The first class, when full, consists of the bishops of Ostia, Porto, Albano, Tusculum, Sabina and Palestrina, the former states of the Church. The cardinal priests were originally the leading pastors of Rome, of whom, before the close of the fifth century, there were about 25.

WHEN A PONTIFF DIES.

There have been 263 Popes. Of the total number of reigns eight did not exceed a month; forty lasted about one year each; twenty-two about two years; fifty-four five years; fifty-one fifteen years; eighteen equalled twenty years, and nine exceeded that term.

Preparation for the election begins as soon as the Pontiff dies. When this event occurs the palace is at once taken in charge by the Papal Chamberlain, who assumes control of every part and takes an inventory of all the contents of the Papal apartments. This done he views the body, makes out a certificate of death, and directs the church bells of the city to be tolled.

The day after the death the body is embalmed and laid out in the Sistine Chapel, from which the following day it is removed to the Vatican Basilica, where it lies in state for three days, the feet exposed through a railing, that the faithful may kiss the embroidered slipper. The nine days of public funeral service now begin, during which the first six cardinals assemble daily in a chapel attached to the palace to hear Mass and attend to the necessary business that would have been transacted by the Pope himself were he alive. During the remaining three days public services of the most imposing character are held in the great cathedral, around the catafalque which has, in the meantime, been erected, and to which the body of the dead Pontiff has been transferred. On the ninth day the funeral services are held, the body of the Pontiff is placed in a coffin, which bears only the name, the years of his reign and the date of his death, and placed in a sarcophagus in St. Peter's, from which the remains of his predecessor have just been removed to their permanent tomb. There the body remains until the next Pontiff dies, when in turn it is removed to a permanent resting place, and is succeeded in its temporary quarters by the body of the next Pope.

SOLEMN OATHS OF SECRECY.

On the tenth day the bulls and Papal decretals relating to the conclave are read, sworn and subscribed to by the college, the seal and ring of the former Pope are broken, Masses are celebrated, a sermon on the election is preached by some ancient divine selected for the occasion, and the cardinals pass to their rooms in the Vatican where they are to remain in seclusion until an election has been attained.

They are not alone in the suite of apartments set apart for their use each one has one or more attendants; there are valets, chamberlains, barbers, waiters, physicians, for the majority of the college are men far advanced in life, but each and all admitted to the conclave are solemnly sworn to divulge nothing of what passes, and are not to discuss, even among themselves, the proceedings of the body. The procession having entered the apartments all the doors, with one exception, are walled up by the masons, that one being left for the admission of any belated cardinal, or for the exit of any one compelled to leave the conclave. It is locked on the inside and outside, and not opened. Formerly all the cardinals slept in a common dormitory, but at present a cell-like room is provided for each, those designed for cardinals created by the late Pope being draped in purple, all others in green.

The daily routine is the same. At 6 o'clock the master of ceremonies knocks on the door of each cell and notifies the inmates to proceed to the chapel, where, after Mass, a vote is taken. If no result has been attained the cardinals then retire to breakfast, after which they dis-

miss the situation among themselves until 2 p.m., when another ballot is cast; then, after dinner, they go to bed. The main point is that they remain in rigid seclusion from outside influence until an election has been held.

ALL CARDINALS MUST VOTE.

The balloting done by the cardinals is a premonition of the Australian system. Papers identical in size, shape, color and absolutely devoid of distinguishing marks of any kind are distributed among the members. These ballots are so folded that the name of the person voting cannot be seen, and the readers, who report the result, observe only the name of the person for whom the ballot is cast. After writing the name, each voter seals his ballot, stamps it with the seal of the conclave, advances to the altar, kneels, and after repeating the prescribed oath, deposits his ballot in a large chalice provided for that purpose. The votes of those who may be sick are taken in their cells with many precautions and formalities. Absent cardinals are not permitted to vote and no proxies are allowed.

A majority of two-thirds of the cardinals is required for a legal election, and all must vote, otherwise the ballot is illegal. All having voted, three cardinals take the papers, publicly announcing the name on each ballot and finally the complete vote. After every ballot the papers are burned, and the smoke ascending from a certain chimney in the Vatican is eagerly looked for by waiting thousands of the population of Rome, who thus learn that another unsuccessful ballot has been cast. When an election has been attained the cardinal chosen selects the name by which he wishes to be known and receives the homage of his associates. He is then clad in Pontifical vestments and is again honored by the assembled cardinals. The doors are then opened, the cardinals and the newly-elected Pope come forth in a procession, and a cardinal deacon, preceded by a cross-bearer, proceeds to a balcony of the Vatican, and there makes an announcement to the waiting crowd of the election and the name of the new Pope.—The Hibernian.

IS THE SOUL IMMORTAL?

The Many Proofs of the Life That is to Come.

[BY HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL GIBBONS.]

The New York Morning Advertiser has been holding a symposium on the Immortality of the Soul, and has had contributions from a number of persons of distinction. The following is that of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man is, but always to be blest; The soul, uneasy and confined from home, Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

The knowledge of one's self, the history of others who have passed away, and faith in God, compel the belief in the immortality of the soul. Within one hundred years, nearly all who now walk the earth will have bid farewell to the scenes of life, and their bodies will be a forgotten and insignificant portion of this earth which we tread. Though no fact is more evident than death, though nothing is more certain to the learned and unlearned alike, yet there is in all the millions who now inhabit the earth something that reaches beyond the grave, a something that peers through the portals of death, a something which says: I shall not, I must not die.

Besides the body, which will soon be consigned to the grave, there is a principle by which we move, and live, and have our being. This principle we call the soul. This soul has intellectual conceptions and operations of reason and judgment. Our minds grasp what the senses cannot reach. We think of God and of His attributes, we have thoughts of justice and of truth, we know the difference between good and evil. This consciousness is inexplicable on the basis of a solely material principle of being.

All nations, ancient and modern, whether possessing the true or a false religion, have believed in the immortality of the soul, how much soever they may have differed as to the nature of future rewards and punishments, or the mode of future existence. Such was the faith of ancient Greece and Rome, as we learn from the writings of Homer, Virgil and Ovid. Belief in the soul's immortality was held by the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans and Persians and other nations of Asia. Grotius testifies that faith in a future life likewise existed among the Germans, Gauls, Britons and other tribes of Europe. The Indians of North and South America looked forward to the happy hunting grounds, reserved in after life for the brave.

This belief in a future life was not confined to the uncultivated masses. It was taught by the most eminent writers and philosophers among the enlightened and polished nations of antiquity. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca and Plutarch, guided by the light of reason only, proclaimed their belief in the soul's immortality. "The belief which we hold," says Plutarch, "is so old that we cannot trace its author and its origin, and it dates back to the most remote antiquity." Even idolatry implied a recognition of the soul's immortality, for how could men pay honor to departed heroes if they believed death is the end of man's existence?

Belief in the soul's immortality follows necessarily from a belief in an all-wise God. God, who creates nothing without a purpose, has given us a desire to know, and a longing to be happy. Man's intellect is not confined to the narrow limits of the body. It reaches down to the unexplored depths of the sea; it wings its

flight to the heavenly orbs; it enters into most subtle substances, penetrates the matter that composes them and separates their elements; it dissects its own thoughts; while the carnal body can at least but serve as an unwieldy pivot, upon which this time-defying pivot depends. Yet when analysis and calculation have exhausted their powers, the intellect of man still finds itself balked by unsolvable problems. Can it be that this intellect, so superior to the body of man, will preach forever with its capacity for knowing still unsatisfied?

Why this unsatiable desire for happiness? Is it in vain? Yet ask any one of the millions who now live: Was there ever a time in your life when the cup of bliss was filled? Was there ever a moment when you had all you desired and feared not its loss? Not one could answer yes, for death would seal, with a hollow, mocking laugh: Thou fool, I come. Ask the miser who loves his wealth: Have you enough? His answer, accentuated by his thin, meagre form, will be: More, still more. Ask the ambitious man, who loves self: Are you satisfied? His answer will be: Higher, still higher. Ask the sensual man: Did you find happiness in the gratification of your appetites? "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Ask the affectionate father or husband as he stands at the grave of his beloved. He will answer: We shall meet again.

God has given us a desire for perfect felicity, which He intends one day to be fully gratified, and if this felicity cannot be found, as we have seen, in the present life, it must be reserved for the time to come. And as no intelligent being can be contented with any happiness that is finite in duration, we must conclude that it will be eternal, and that consequently the soul is immortal. Life that is not to be crowned with immortality is not worth living. "If a life of happiness," says Cicero, "is destined to end, it cannot be called a happy life."

It must be so. Plato, then reason's well, Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, This longing after immortality? Or whence this secret dread and inward horror Of falling into naught? Why strikes the soul Back on herself and starts at destruction? 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us; 'Tis Heaven itself that points to an hereafter And intimates eternity to man.

God is all good and all just. Yet, if death end all, how can we reconcile our experience of the world with our idea of God's goodness and justice? If death be the end of all, where would be the reward of virtue and the punishment of evil? Vice that ridicules and virtue that suffers, are they to have the same reward? The honest man and the thief, made equal by death? The innocent maiden, seduced and betrayed, to have the same identity as the selfish villain who laughs at her downfall? St. Vincent de Paul, who renounced the pleasures of domestic life to rescue the fatherless waifs of the street, and the vicious wretch who sent these innocent orphans of untitled fatherhood into a cheerless world, both to be treated alike by death? If death ends all, why restrain the vicious inclinations of our appetites? If the soul be not immortal, we should say with Cæsar: "Virtue, thou art but an empty word."

Society, with its laws, is only a tyrant, patriotism an insane sentiment, if the soul is annihilated by the hand of death. The soldier is ordered to a post of danger. If he leaves it he saves his life, but at the command of duty he remains and dies. Where is his reward? The honors that are paid to his memory? What benefit to him if his undaunted soul has ceased to exist? To sacrifice one's self for the public good is noble, generous and sublime; but if everything were to end with death, such a sacrifice of life would be insanity, for the soldier sacrifices, gratuitously throws away, a something, which if death end all is of incalculable benefit to him—his life. Destroy the belief in the soul's immortality, and there will no longer exist a sufficient motive for heroic patriotism.

Eradicate this belief and the world becomes the theater of anarchy and crime. Remember the result of the experiment when tried by Francis Figuler, the materialist, who hesitated not to say, "It was not petroleum but materialism that destroyed the monuments of France. Destroy this belief and duty becomes but a 'rope of sand.' Religion, virtue, civilization and liberty are parts of the same chain, linked together by a belief in the immortality of the soul. Break this necessary connection and the whole chain will go.

The immortality, 'tis that alone, Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness, The soul can comfort, elevate and fill.

MGR. EMARD.

Mgr. Emard is to go down to St. Anne de Beaupre on the 10th of August to attend the diocesan pilgrimage from his diocese. It is expected that there will be at least a thousand pilgrims at this pilgrimage. His Lordship and Rev. Abbe Mainville, of St. Regis, will preach the sermons.

THE NEW HOSPICE AUCLAIR.—The formal inauguration of the Hospice Auclair for the aged and infirm has been fixed for the early days in October. The building is now almost completed, and is a handsome cut-stone structure, built with modern improvements, and bears no wood in its construction. The walls are of stone, the partition of brick, and the floors of iron and cement. Its capacity will be one thousand beds. The brick buildings situated on Rachel and Sanguinet streets have been pulled down, thus giving an entrance both on Rachel and Sanguinet streets. The total cost of the building and furniture is estimated at about \$300,000. The building is situated at the corner of Rachel and Sanguinet streets.

IMPRESSIONS OF MAYNOOTH.

A Graphic Word-Picture of the Celebration by Rev. Dr. Barry, the Great Scholar.

Rev. William Barry, D.D., the great scholar, gives these "Impressions of Maynooth" in the Liverpool Catholic Times:

I went to Maynooth from Oxford, and on my way turned aside as a pilgrim to the Seven Churches of Glendalough. It was worth while. Nothing else, perhaps, could have brought out so vividly the story of the past, or lighted up the present by force of comparison. Oxford, a city of colleges, cloisters, gardens, resting in academic ease and leisure, beautiful to look upon, its ivied walls and gray stone buildings like a medieval picture, has no memories of trouble except during one or two brief periods, and its spires, though empty, are intact—I mean the lovely chapels, such as that of Magdalen, and the cathedral of Wolsey's splendid college. How different is Glendalough! The small Celtic churches, roofless, their stones disarrayed; neither inscriptions nor names to tell of its thousand cenobites, each alone amid numbers in the still green valley, by the two lakes, one sparkling with sunshine, the other, when I saw it, dark as mid-Atlantic, beneath frowning cliffs. An undated round tower; a cemetery where the abbots lie buried; a silence into which now and again some golden note of bird music was shot like an arrow; immense eternal peace all round; the Seven Churches sleeping enchanted. And with these ancient saints a church seemed to be falling into dreams no less deep than death. Most piercing, most subliming, was the air of tender desolation over Glendalough. Can the dead live again? The question was warm in one's heart as one moved unwillingly out of the solitude and heard, far off, those sounds which break upon our omens, of the engine and the railway.

Can the days of old return? At Maynooth, little as anyone spoke of Glendalough, Lismore, Clonmacnoise, that minor chord ran through our melodies. The resurrection of a church—and how venerable, romantic, enduring a church!—the oldest of those not actually founded by an apostle or some apostolic man! For it goes back nearly fifteen centuries—to the years when Augustine and Jerome had only just been taken to their reward; it is coeval with Leo I. and long precedes the age of Pope Gregory; it is older than Clovis and the Franks. Now, in many ways Maynooth is as great a contrast to Glendalough as Oxford itself. Situated in a level plain, will scenery like that of Lincolnshire about it, sluggish water, trees far from abundant, it has no landmark to fix the eye, and its quadrangles, designed by Pugin, keep a somewhat hard, modern look. It wants creepers on the walls, flowers at the windows. But we pass the ruins of the earlier Geraldine castle as we enter; and I do not know any college chapel, except King's at Cambridge, that makes a grander impression, for height, space and color; when age has toned these frescoes and darkened the wood work of the stalls, it will be more impressive still. But on that opening day, as the processions—for there were several, according to the rank and hierarchy of those assisting—came slowly up the centre, music sounding all the while, they and the glory of the stained glass, the figures looking down from above, and the long lines of pictures on either side, made a scene unforgettable. At length the white ranks were seated; the dull purple of the bishop's robes told in its own way against the panelling; and our two cardinals enthroned flung out their scarlet to heighten the varying tones which changed and mingled as each psalm was preluded in the vesper, or the "Magnificat" gave rise to a new grouping. So large an assembly, and the unusual array of dignified persons—the whole Irish church, one may call it—reminded others besides myself of solemn days in Rome. I remembered the Vatican council, and thought this gathering not unworthy to be named ecumenical. For Ireland had bidden her sons to come from the four winds, and so, they were here!

Touching also, as well as triumphant, was this renewal of memories, associations, friendships. I am not going to describe it in detail. Our sacred ceremonies, grave and picturesque, have a family likeness; they can be imagined if once seen, although this sanctness, lasting through centuries, makes them incomparably noble. And the more one knew of Irish names, places, achievements, the more did this antique ceremonial exact and inspire.

After speaking in succession of the various portions of the celebration, Dr. Barry concludes as follows:

Toast followed toast; many themes were touched upon; the archbishops of Edinburgh and San Francisco, both Celts, although not in the least alike, brought their tribute to Irish missionary enterprise; the assembly streamed out; illuminations, fireworks and a crowd of visitors in the grounds made that late hour still entertaining. I must break off and leave the rest of the century undescribed. Yet I may be permitted to draw from it these two conclusions: First, that the religious life of Ireland is probably the most intense, vivid and spiritual of any church in Christendom; and second, that if English Catholics desire to refresh and renew their own faith, to win confidence for their undertakings, and to make atonement for the past in which they also have been persecuted, but which they can do a great deal to atone for, they need only cross the Irish sea and see the great devotion, prayers to those

touching ruins where saints have left a memory never to be effaced, and to one or other of the great national centres in which religion is still a burning and a shining light. They will find the kindest welcome; they will come back deeply edified.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Constable Bernard Lennon died recently at Cork. He had been stationed at Blyane during the last four years.

At the Metropolitan Regatta on June 22, the Waterford crew defeated the Shandon Club for the Challenge Cup.

Richard Barry, a native of Donoughmore, died on June 30, from the effect of injuries received by being run over by a car.

Thomas O'Brien, County Lord Lieutenant, has given the Lincrick branch of the National Federation £50 towards election expenses.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed to the Commission of the Peace for County Antrim, John MacCombie, who has had over fifty years' connection with the press, some forty of which he has spent in Coleraine.

The death occurred on June 22, at Carnakelly, of Charles O'Rourke, father of the Revs. P. O'Rourke, of Barmacoola, County Leitrim, and Charles O'Rourke, Missionary Apostolic, of Oudshoorn, Cape Colony, South Africa, in his eighty-third year.

At the sitting of the Cork Corporation on the 5th inst., a motion authorizing the sending of a petition from the Council to Pope Leo XIII, praying that an Irish Franciscan father be appointed superior of St. Isidore's College, Rome, was passed by twenty votes to six.

Henry Thompson, a well-known merchant and magistrate of Belfast, met with a shocking death recently. He had taken a seat on the top of a tram car when he overbalanced and fell over the side, his head striking the granite sets. Life was extinct before the arrival of medical aid.

The portion of the Galway and Clifden railway which runs from Oughterard to Clifden was opened for traffic on July 1. A very large extent of country is opened up by this line, as well as some of the magnificent scenery of Connemara. It should prove a great benefit to the district through which it runs, and will, no doubt, be the means of largely increasing the tourist traffic.

On a recent Saturday evening an Orange drumming party passed through Greenacree, and behaved in a most insulting fashion. It appears that the party were bringing some drums from the city, and on passing through Greenacree an assault was committed by one of their number on a Catholic lad, whom they knocked down and otherwise assaulted.

At St. Patrick's College, Thurles, on the feast of Corpus Christi, the Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco, was pleased to confer the Order of Priesthood on the following students:—Revs. Edmund Taylor, Cashell; Wm. Condon, Cashell; John Halpin, Dubuque, Ia.; Michael O'Connor, Cashell; Denis O'Brien, Cashell; Stephen Butler, Dubuque, Ia.; John F. O'Doherty, Dubuque, Ia.; Jeremiah Tierney, Maitland.

Judge O'Brien opened the summer assizes for North Tipperary at Nenagh on July 1. He said that even the trifling amount of crime that appeared by the usual official returns to have happened in the division of North Tipperary for the past year was still further diminished upon the present occasion. The duties of the grand jury had become reduced to one half what they were at the last assizes, the cases of indictment being still fewer in number. He could hardly say that was an exception to the usual peaceful condition of the North Riding, which even during the evil times they had gone through had been found most singularly distinguished by its happy immunity from crime. It had always appeared to him that the natural disposition of the many and fine people of that division of Tipperary by some inherent instinct had been found to repel crime as entirely unworthy of them.

The Drogheda Assizes were opened on July 2, by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon. Addressing the jury, he said, that the Lord Chief Baron on the previous day at Meath was able to inform the Grand Jury of Meath that there was no business to go before them. It was almost by an accident that he had not the same gratifying announcement to make to them. There was only one bill to go before them. It was a case that had already been before the Quarter Sessions Court where a finding was not come to. But for that accident, as he might call it, there would be no business to go before them. That was in itself a gratifying circumstance, and was made more so by the constabulary returns, on which nothing appeared of a kind that one could regret in a city such as this. There was only one reported case since last assizes, a case of assault in which a woman was injured. That did not come before them. The bill to go before them was about a case of suspected stealing.

As long as a temptation is displeasing to you there is nothing to fear, for why does it displease you if not because you do not wish it. Moreover, these very importunate temptations come from the malice of the devil, but the trouble and suffering they cause us come from the mercy of God. He draws from the malice of his enemy the holy tribulation by which He refines the gold He desires to place in His treasury. Despite the temptations and embrace the tribulations.—St. Francis de Sales.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

This admirable Association will hold its annual Convention in New York City this week, commencing to-day, Wednesday, Aug. 7th. The Convention is announced to open in St. Patrick's Cathedral at 10 o'clock, when the Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Satoli, will celebrate Pontifical Mass for the assembled delegates. Archbishop Corrigan and the clerical delegates to the Convention will assist in the sanctuary, and a special sermon, suitable to the occasion, will be preached by Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. The temperance cause itself attracts much attention wherever it is advocated, but the Convention of this year will be doubly important, because the silver jubilee of its organization will be observed in a fitting manner, and the character of the delegates, and others taking part, will make it very representative of the Catholic Faith.

The temperance cause, as now organized, celebrates this year its silver jubilee. The Society appears to be in excellent shape, is animated with a good spirit, is under the guidance of the Bishops and local pastors wherever established, and promises to keep on indefinitely in its good work. One healthy sign of its prosperity is the return of the same earnest and healthy delegates to the yearly conventions, pledged to the cause and eager to push it along.

The prosperity of the present movement is found in the principles on which it is based. Many similar movements in favor of temperance were started before now, but they lasted for only a short time, because they lacked what gives energy and life to the present one, viz., the grace of the Sacraments, especially Holy Communion. There are many other conservative features in the movement that help to keep it successful, such as the benefits to the sick, funeral dues, etc.; but they would never keep a Catholic Temperance Society together for many years unless they were blessed and aided by the Sacraments of the Church.

Though the movement was organized at first principally for men it has extended its usefulness so much that now it has brought into its embrace boys of all ages; and not only boys, but girls' and women's societies have been established and are now in a flourishing condition in numerous parishes throughout the country. They all, however, are formed in the same mould, and are under local pastoral guidance and Catholic influence. In the report of last year's National Convention we saw a disposition to reach out and extend the hand of fellowship to societies outside the Church, the result of which was the presence of many fraternal delegates in the hall, and their speeches from the platform to the priests and Catholic gentlemen of the Convention. We question the prudence of this courtesy, leaving it that name. These "fraternal" delegates and the societies they represent may be very good in themselves, but we have nothing to learn and little to gain from these people; their ideas of temperance in many cases radically differ from ours; and it must be exceedingly unpleasant for a priest or Catholic layman to have to listen to some of these professional talkers getting off their little speech, telling how they were saved, perhaps by the Kewley Cure, or some such sentimental or sickly twaddle. A Catholic convention is scarcely a place for the exhibition of "terrible examples."

The coming convention promises to be a very strong one; strong in numbers and strong in ability. Priests, lawyers, doctors, and business men of more than ordinary talent are going to this convention to represent their respective societies. Able addresses are expected on the floor, and learned and prudent reports are expected from the committees. Nothing injures the temperance cause so much as intemperate abuse or the misstatement of Catholic doctrine.—Catholic Standard.

Ravages both Body and Soul.

Of all the evils that afflict mankind at the present day drunkenness is undoubtedly the greatest. Beside this all other evils sink into insignificance. War, famine, pestilence, are only shadows in comparison. These have their time and reasons, and like all things human, ultimately decay and perish; but drunkenness abides with us for ever. It is the eternal companion of humanity, a demon-spirit which defies exorcism. No human tongue or pen can adequately describe its powers and ravages. It is more like an exotic from hell than a natural growth of earth. In its universal destructiveness it ranks next to the grim, monster Death himself. With its mighty scythe it mows down battalions of the human race, and sweeps them into the whirlpool of destruction. Not content with ravaging the body it penetrates the immortal regions of the soul, and lays there the seeds of corruption and decay. There itself, the finest faculty of man, surrenders its power at the approach of this dread monster.—The Sacred Heart Review.

THE NEW PARISH.

The civil erection of the new Catholic parish of La Presentation, Jacques Cartier colony, is announced in the Quebec Gazette. It is formed of part of the parishes of Lachine, Notre Dame de Grace and Pointe Claire.

A HOMELY HEROINE

A Tale of Love and Sacrifice in the Cumberland Mountains.

By MARGARET E. O'BRIEN.

Mel's name was Imelda, after the storied little saint of old, but she was called "Mel" for the same reason that her brothers, Christopher Columbus and Alexander Hamilton, were known respectively as Lum and Elick.

Rosie was older than Mel, and, oh, so different. Her features were hard and unlovely, her hair a sandy mop, that she invariably screwed into a belligerent knot at the back of her head. She was awkward and hard, taking, by right of plainness, the control of the rude kitchen, being the slave of the two brothers and the bondswoman of Mel. There was only one person in the wide world who cared for Rosie—Ham Broden—and she was to marry him in three months.

I wonder if you know what marriage means in the mountains of Kentucky? To the class to which Rosie belongs it means a changing from one home to another, perhaps a ruder one. It means toil from morning till night—if one is a tidy housekeeper, or the living in poverty, most grinding and dirt most revolting if one is not. It means, too, the rearing of children that come so fast there is little hope of their great enlightenment on any subject.

Yes, Rosie was to be married in three months. There was only one bright streak across her sombre life—her love for Ham. He was a great, hulking fellow, a country gawk, perhaps, but Rosie asked nothing better than to be his wife.

Mel was as different from Rosie as night from day. Her face was flower-like in its delicacy, the blue veins showing fine and clear beneath the transparent skin, which hinted of some far-off trace of kinship to the gods. Her eyes were gray and large, jet-trimmed and white-lidded, and some kindly Midas had laid his hand upon her hair, turning its strands to dead and burnished gold. She was like a bit of dainty china, frail and beautiful; a thing made of smiles to be killed by a frown. She had had two years of school life, and it had taken her completely out of the humble way that must be Rosie's. It was during her absence that Rosie met and loved Ham—better for her that Mel had never come home.

It was nearing the wedding day, and Rosie's spare moments were spent in fashioning a white dress—poor enough, God knows, but a miracle of beauty in Rosie's eyes. She had never before had a white dress, and this one was to be trimmed with lace, and she was to have a ribbon for her waist. She sewed in some busy, womanly little thoughts, and once or twice she startled herself by humming a tune she had heard Mel sing. It was the close of a droning autumn day; across the stretch of rocky field the butterflies swung lazily over a few struggling weeds in flower. The Cumberland could be heard as its waves flapped fretfully the rocky banks, and just beyond the blue mountains rose, sleepy and silent, cased in a drowsy haze and well nigh yielding to the August sultriness. Rosie was in the kitchen getting ready for the homely supper. She was tired, for it had been a hard day and the sewing had gone wrong. She gave a sigh of half fretful weariness as she moved about, clanging the few pots and pans, and a little frown came upon her face as a shadow lay on the floor and Elick lounged in.

He was a great strapping fellow, strong as most Kentuckians are, with a sort of native grace that showed itself in the way he pulled off his immense straw "hat," barring his sunburned temples.

"Supper ready?" he interrogated. "Will be in a minute; what's Mel?" Elick shifted his quid of tobacco to the other side of his not unhandsome mouth and glanced at her uneasily.

"Ain't she here?" "No, nor she ain't been here since dinner; but she's all right, for Ham's with her—they left here about half after twelve."

Elick looked at her curiously. "Do you and Ham still low to marry on the first?" "Ef nuthin' comes ter keep us—en th' ain't nuthin' lakly ter happen, fer—with a short laugh—"th' ain't nobody bidden for me but Ham. What'd ye ax fur?"

"Lowed ye might a changed yer mind; that's all. Here's Lum."

Rosie looked up at the new comer. He was strangely like his brother, but cast in a ruder mold. He lounged lazily against the door post and amused himself by squirting tobacco juice through his teeth over some sickly plox that Rosie had planted. He did not speak to either of the occupants of the room, but waited silently for his supper. By and by Rosie turned to him.

"What's Mel?" she asked. "Out cross Bond's Gap settin' up ter Ham Broden," Lum answered, with a half malicious smile. "Luk out, ol' gal or she'll cut ye out."

Elick sent his brother a half appealing look, but he could not or would not see. Rosie turned upon him and for a moment her hard features were set and white. He laughed tantalizingly and she turned to her work.

"Th' ain't no call fur foolin', Lum," she said shortly. "I ain't afraid o' Ham, en if I wuz Mel wouldn't have him—he ain't her sort."

Lum laughed again and Elick scowled at him across the room. "Here's both of 'em now," Lum said meaningly; "ye kin ax 'em what they ben."

Mel came in blighly, swinging her hat from her arm. She was dressed in a simple print, not over new, but Mel's way of wearing it made it pleasing. Ham lounged clumsily after her, the very picture of a clobberer—a clown.

"Supper ready, Rosie?" Mel asked lightly, seating herself upon the hair trunk in the corner.

"We wuz only waiting fur you all; what'd ye go?" Ham came in an' stay ter supper.

"Cross Bond's Gap; it ain't fur when ye start, but when you air comin' back Mel sighed.

"No, thanky, Rosy." Ham said as he moved off; "reckon mother'll be lookin' for me home."

"I thought we could talk over the marryin' after supper—"

"Reckon I'd better go; I'm tired anyhow, ben for a long tramp. Mel'll tell ye good-bye."

A little silence followed his exit—a silence that was broken by a low, malicious laugh from Lum. Rosie's face was a trifle pale, but she merely turned from them.

"Come ter supper," she said briefly. They fell to eating in silence, but for an occasional remark from Mel. Rosie was unusually quiet. Mel's light laugh jarred upon her strangely—the whole world was out of tune. Then her brow cleared—was not Mel her sister? The thought took away the cloud that had drifted across her heart. Mel was but Mel, light and careless, through her no harm could come—and Rosie smiled.

She cleared away the supper things in silence that was not moody, because full of thoughts of "the marryin'." After the work was done and the boys gone, she sat down to her sewing, but somehow her fingers idled. She reached up and took a little worn Bible from the "spool shelf"—she opened it at random and spelt laboriously through the first sentence her eyes rested upon:

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Her face whitened. "Ef ain't said wimmins—only a man's," she whispered, and closed the book sharply. She was restless—too restless to sit alone, so she took up the tallow candle and went into the sleeping room. Mel had gone to bed just after supper, and Rosie could hear her soft breathing, rising and falling as she slept. She stirred uneasily under the flare of the candle, murmuring in her sleep. Involuntarily, Rosie bent down.

"Go back now, Rosie'll wait supper—"

A tender smile stole over Rosie's face, illuminating the plain features, making the hard face lovely through love.

"Hit wuz right not ter say wimmins," she said contentedly, and soon she, too, slept, and the house was in quiet.

It was evening, and Rosie sat in the kitchen doorway shelling peas. It was the last day of August, and to-morrow would be her wedding day. She was calmly content, with no misgivings for the future. True, she sometimes worried over Mel, but there was a sort of blind trust in her heart; she was unlearned, so she did not question the Lord, but sat there in silence, save for the whirring of the katydids, some thought came to her of the unequal division of things, but she did not complain. It was right that Mel should have the better part, for she was frail and fair and made for tender usage.

Suddenly Rosie dropped her hands in the lap and looked intently over the field. Mel and Ham were coming slowly through the tall golden-rod; they were talking earnestly—at least Ham was—Mel seemed listening.

Presently they stopped and Mel was speaking, shaking her head decidedly, and throwing out her hand with a little passionate gesture of denial that Rosie knew so well. The wind caught the words she was saying and whirled them along to Rosie's ears, taking the color from her face and the strength from her toll-marked hands.

"No—no—no, Ham!" she was saying. "It ain't be! Temorra ye'r to marry Rosie—I keer—yes, I keer, but—no, don't! Rosie'll see ye!"

"What of she do! Ain't I right ter—kiss me ergain, Mel—en say the word en I'll break 'ith Rosie!"

"Kiss him again—again!" Rosie's eyes blazed with agony; "again! That meant—" but Mel was speaking passionately.

"Aint I tol' ye I keer? But ye mus' marry Rosie. I do keer, but I won't—no, never!"

Rosie sat like a dead thing, watching Mel as she came on alone, swinging her hat by the strings and humming a gay little tune.

"Shellin' peas, Rosie?" she asked lightly, for want of something to say. The other only nodded, and Mel went carelessly into the "other" room, still singing.

Rosie's heart seemed bursting; her eyes felt as though burning away their own light, her hands were nerveless and cold. She tried to make things plain to herself, but it seemed as if the standing corn roared and thundered in the wind, deafening her, Mel and Ham loved each other—she, Rosie, was a bar to their happiness—she was in the way!

It was pitiful to see the strained look upon her face; the only beings in the world that she loved were being made unhappy by the very fact of her existence. Mel—her idol—her fair young sister!

Curiously enough, it never occurred to her that there was any other course than one—to efface herself that Mel might be made happy. She had always done so—she must do it now. She tried to call Mel to her, but her mouth twitched oddly, her tongue was dry and hard and refused to do her bidding. Presently Mel came from the inner room and threw herself petulantly upon the stack of trunks.

"Ye'll be tired fur ye weddin', Rosie, ef ye work that crey way ter temorra."

It was characteristic of her innate selfishness that she did not offer to assist even in these last hours. Rosie gave a short, hard cough and answered:

"They ain't goin' ter be no weddin' here temorra—ef me en Ham is ter do the marryin'." Mel looked at her in open-mouthed amazement. "Why, Rosie—" she began.

"I heered what ye said ter Ham, Mel, en what he said ter you. Ef ye feel ye do, th' ain't no call fur ye ter live unhappy—ye kin have him."

"But, Rosie—"

"Never ye mind me, Mel, never ye mind me! I kin get erlong, en ye know me en Elick promised maw ter sorter look out fur ye en Lum. I ain't got no claim on Ham—ye kin have 'im."

Mel's flower like face was turned in curious wonder upon the hard visage of her sister. To her, there was nothing pathetic in the convulsive working of those unlovely features. She only shrugged her shoulders and thought how hopelessly ugly Rosie was.

"Ye needen't worry fur me, Mel," Rosie went on monotonously. "It'll come

queer at fust, havin' Ham fur a brother instead of a—a—Mel, ye must be happy!"

The last was a cry of almost brute suffering. The pan of peas was unheeded, and Rosie clasped her hands convulsively.

"Hov ye lost yer senses, Rosie?" Mel said at last.

"I heered what ye said ter one en'ther out thair"—indicating.

A faint, ashamed gleam crept into Mel's eyes, as she answered slowly:

"Well, Rosie, hit wuzn't meant fur ye to hear, but ye must a knowed 'twas all fumin'."

"No, Mel, I don't want ye ter lie ter me. Didn't I hear ye tell Ham ye keered, but he mus' marry Rosie? Ye do keer, Mel, ye kin have him."

"But I don't want him," Mel said at last, petulantly. "Kain't I say things 'bout kickin' up er dust? What ud I want 'ith him?" She gave a low laugh of amused scorn. "He suits you, Rosie, keep him en marry him. I don't want him."

"But ye tol' him ye keered, Mel!" The other laughed disdainfully. "En ef I did, what? Hit ain't proved that hit's so, is it? Me keer fur him!" Immeasurable scorn was in her voice.

"When I keer fur anybody hits ter be a man as has white hands and does diff'unt fum our ways! What ud I want 'ith Ham? Seech ez him ain't fitten fur nothin' but ter grub en ter plow en ter chaw terbaecer—"

Rosie gave a hoarse cry—"Ye don't mean hit, Mel!"

"Why don't I mean hit? Jes 'cause I fooled 'ith Ham er little hit aint showed nuthin', hez hit? He wanted ter run after me en I let him, jes' ter see ef I could make him a fool bigger en he wuz. Hit was all I meant."

Rosie's face was drawn and white. The muscles were working spasmodically, and she clutched the chair blindly. Mel's cool, scornful laugh maddened her.

"Ye done that, Mel?" she said hoarsely. "Ye done that? Ye didn't want him yerself, but ye tuk him fum me? Ye don't mean hit, Mel, say ye don't mean hit; ye do keer!"

"I done said I do mean hit en I don't keer! En I wont hev ye ol' country gawk of a bean. Hit wuz all fum ter me! I'm goin' off, Rosie, tel ye git ye senses back. I'm a goin' ter the crossin' en git Jim Hopkin's ter let me ride home on the ingin. He's firin' this week. Hit ain't no use raisin' er fus—hit was all fur fun."

She spoke in petulant, heartless tones, and moved away swinging her hat over her curls.

Rosie did not speak. It seemed that all the world was trembling about her ears, crushing her heart—maddening her brain. Mel had done this thing—Mel, her little sister. She did not want the stupid country lout herself, but she took him from Rosie. Oh! God! dear God! Mel had done it—Mel! She could not realize it, and so she sat through the long hours with that awful pain at her heart.

It was more like brute suffering than human pain—poor Rosie!

The darkness came stealthily and enveloped the distant hills, the nearer fields—still she sat, her eyes fixed and glassy. She saw, without noting, two men pass by, talking in low tones—one was Lum. She watched them listlessly till they gained the railroad "trussle."

There they stooped and seemed to be working at something on the track. They threw some object over the depth, a half hundred feet below. Still Rosie sat benumbed. Then—

She heard the distant whistle of the only train—it was rounding the curve a mile away. God! a flash of comprehension came to her. Lum had been a flagman and lately had been discharged for neglect of duty. Once or twice he had sworn to make the railroad sorry—what had he done there on the "trussle?"

She gave a hoarse, inarticulate cry and sprang to her feet, Mel was on that train—she had said she would ride home from the crossing.

Only one thought was in Rosie's mind—Mel was on that train and Lum had been on the "trussle."

She seized the lantern and lighted it hurriedly, then sprang into the darkness, bearing the light on her arm, and made for the hillside. She must cross the trestle, for if they turn the curve they will be upon their death before the train can be stopped. Panting like a wild thing she gains the track and begins to pick her way across, tie by tie. Midway she stops still and raises her face to Heaven in wild, agonized appeal. The engine is turning the curve and she is but half way over. She lifts her lantern, swinging it high above her head, and screaming, heartrendingly. She does not think of her own danger till the iron giant is upon her. They have seen her signal and are slowing up, but the warning has come too late to save Rosie.

It seems that the heavens are closing in on her, shutting out the air. There she falls—down—down—down—God! how far! Unconsciousness comes and overshadows her, lying a pitiful heap below the trestle, and the iron giant is panting and snorting above.

"It was a loosened rail, Cap'n," she hears some one say. "Some of these mountain devils must er done it on the gal must er seen 'em."

She opens her eyes wearily. There are lights around her and strange faces, rough, but full of sympathy. She tries to raise herself, but falls back with a cry of agony—her back is broken. She looks anxiously around.

"No harm done ter—ter—the engine," one of the men says, his voice trembling as he looks on the bruised, disfigured frame lying there. "Hit wuz owin' ter you, too, fur we hed gone agin that thair rail—"

Rosie looks at him with fast glazing eyes. "What's Mel?" she gasps.

The question is answered in Heaven.—Age-Herald.

BOOK NOTICE.

A History of the University of Notre Dame—1842-95. Royal 8vo. Price, post-paid, \$1.15. Address the University, Notre Dame, Ind.

Like an echo of the Golden Jubilee that filled, a short month ago, the public eye, comes the "Jubilee History of the University of Notre Dame." It is what it purports to be, the story of the first fifty years in the life of the great Catholic college of the West, whose growth has been so marvellous, and whose influ-

ence is felt from ocean to ocean—and beyond the sea, for students flock to her from every land. Here are written down—and by a sympathetic pen, for Chief Justice Howard of the Supreme Court of Indiana, an Alumnus and, for many years, one of Notre Dame's faculty—the lives of Father Sorin, the founder of the University, of Fathers Granger and Coiteau, who were his earliest associates in his chosen life work, of Fathers Dillon and Lemonnier and Corby and Walsh, who nursed the infant college to maturity and saw it a great University. There are pictures, too, half-tones of the buildings and of the men who created them. Doubly interesting to everyone who has worn Notre Dame's Gold and Blue, it is hardly less so to every Catholic in the country, for the University's history is the history of the Church in America, one with it and inseparable from it. From the printer's point of view, the book is beautiful, for the broad margins and clear print are delightful to the eye, and the binding—blue cloth with gold stamping—is worthy of the book.

CATHOLIC SUNDAY DEFINED.

Father McMillan Shows That It Is Not the "Continental" Day.

The Rev. Father McMillan, C.S.P., preached in the Church of the Paulist Fathers, New York, last Sunday morning, taking as his subject "The Sunday Closing of the Saloons and Sabbath Observances Generally."

He strongly condemned not only the selling of liquor on Sunday, but the patronizing of saloons on that day by citizens, and supported his position by quoting from the pastoral letter and decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1854. Father McMillan said:

"I maintain that everybody or group of Christians must take into consideration the external observance of the Sunday, in order that the priests as individuals. This has always been among Catholics a recognized usage having the force of law."

"The so-called 'Continental' Sunday is a product of infidelity, and has been forced upon Catholics in Europe by the civil power. This applies especially to Paris, where the workmen are beginning to demand the privilege of giving up work on Sunday."

"After careful deliberation at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1854, the Bishops of the United States decided to remove all doubt concerning Catholic teaching regarding intemperance and the proper observance of the Sunday by the publication of a pastoral letter, from which these extracts are taken:

"There is one way of profaning the Lord's Day which is so prolific of evil results that we consider it our duty to utter against it a special condemnation. This is the practice of selling beer or other liquors on Sunday, or frequenting places where they are sold. This practice tends more than any other to turn the day of the Lord into a day of dissipation—to use it as an occasion for breeding intemperance. While we hope that Sunday laws on this point will not be relaxed, but even more rigidly enforced, we implore all Catholics, for the love of God and of country, never to take part in such Sunday traffic, nor to patronize or countenance it. And we not only direct the attention of all pastors to the repression of this abuse, but we also call upon them to induce all of their flocks that may be engaged in the sale of liquors to abandon as soon as they can the dangerous traffic, and to embrace a more becoming way of making a living."

"And here it behooves us to remind our workmen, the bone and sinew of the people, and the specially beloved children of the Church, that if they wish to observe Sunday as they ought they must keep away from drinking places on Saturday night. Carry your wages home to your families, where they rightfully belong. Turn a deaf ear, therefore, to every temptation, and then Sunday will be a bright day for all the family. How much better this than to make it a day of sin for yourselves and of gloom and wretchedness by a Saturday night's folly or debauch! No wonder that the prelates of the Second Plenary Council de-

clared that the most shocking scandals which we have to deplore spring from intemperance.

"A Christian should not only avoid what is positively evil, but what has even the appearance of evil, and more especially whatever commonly leads to it. Therefore Catholics should consciously renounce all recreations of kinds of business which may interfere with keeping holy the Lord's Day, or which are calculated to lead to the violation of the laws of God or of the State. The worst, without doubt, is the carrying on of business in bar rooms and saloons on Sunday, a traffic by means of which so many and such grievous injuries are done to religion and society."

Let pastors earnestly labor to root out this evil, let them admonish and entreat, let them even resort to threatenings and penalties, when it becomes necessary. They should do all that belongs to their office to efface this stain, now nearly the only blot remaining among us, obscuring the splendor of the day of the Lord."

"That is intended for the whole of the United States. For us the question is settled. This is our official teaching on the matter."

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

REGENT CONVERSIONS.

A Number Just Announced in a Single Week.

The Baroness Frida Ranzeau, a relative of Prince Bismarck's son-in-law, has just left Rome after embracing Catholicism in the Chapel of the German College. Her godmother was the wife of the Spanish Ambassador, who presented the Baroness Frida to the Pope.

Prince Frederick of Schoenburg-Waldenburg has, says the Lega Lombarda, become a convert to the Catholic Church. The event has caused a considerable sensation.

Two distinguished English ladies have, it is announced, been received into the Church, viz., the Countess of Cottenham, widow of the third Earl (who died in 1851), and her daughter, Lady Mary Pepps, sister of the present Earl, born in 1878. Both ladies were present at the ceremony in connection with the new Westminster Cathedral recently.

In the abbey church of the Benedictines, Ypres, Belgium, Mr. Charles E. Goppet, for many years an inhabitant of Hammersmith, was received into the Catholic Church on June 25th, by the Right Rev. Bishop of Lahore, India, assisted by Very Rev. Canon Deleyd, of the Cathedral, Bruges, and the President of the Diocesan College, Ypres. Mr. Goppet made at same time his first Communion and received the Sacrament of Confirmation. It is interesting to know that five of his children are Catholics.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

PILGRIMS TO LANORAIF.

The members of the St. Patrick's branch of the League of the Sacred Heart held their second annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the Sacred Heart at Lanoraie last Wednesday. There were over five hundred people on the steamer Three Rivers when it left its wharf at half-past nine o'clock. The pilgrimage was under the direction of the Rev. J. A. McCallen, of St. Patrick's. The pilgrims were met at the landing by the Rev. P. Kavanagh, the parish priest, and proceeded in procession to the parish church. The Rev. Father McCallen preached a sermon, taking for his text, "Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." It was four o'clock when the pilgrims left Lanoraie on their return to town.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

Author: Only one thing kept my last novel from making a sensation. Friend: What was that? Author: No one read it.

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"Ah, now I understand," said Johnnie, seeing an article headed "Errors of the Compass," "why it gets so much boxing."

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The silent watches of the night—Watches that have not been wound up.

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It's curious that ladies who don't fancy work usually do fancy work.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

AN AMUSING CRITICISM

On the Curiousities of the Advertisement.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS.

Sir—People, for the most part, are inclined to skip the advertising columns of their newspaper, thereby losing much instruction. It is really astonishing the amount of instruction and recreation one may get out of the too frequently neglected area of gorgeous headlines.

For instance—glancing over a progressive daily a day or two ago my attention was arrested by the following advertisement in large capitals: "Romanism Unmasked." "Ah," thought I, "here is something to give one a blessed shiver this hot weather," and thereupon proceeded to read what followed.

Letters describing Romanism in its Origin, Character and End, addressed to the Rev. E. C. Fabre, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Montreal, by Marcus. By Marcus—"only that and nothing more," which was tantalizing. Wherefore this modesty, Marcus? Beneath ran the legend: 8 vo. 240 p.p. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.

Usually an author's estimate of his own work does not appear in the newspaper advertisement of the same; but perhaps curtailment in one direction allows of expansiveness in another; however that may be, Marcus has the cover over to say what he thinks about his book and plunges into prophecy thus: "I shall have much to do in defending my position from infuriated people, who will, no doubt, stand surprised that any one should question what they and thousands of others have long taken for granted. But the Lord rules, and none ever trusted in Him and was confounded."

Marcus, Marcus, why didn't your confidence urge you to sign your name! Next to one's own recommendation of oneself it is good to have the recommendation of one's friends. Evidently Marcus has friends, for lower down I read: "The Rev. Dr. Withrow, an eminent Methodist divine and historian, says: 'It is the most tremendous indictment of Popery I ever read.'" Lower still: "E. W. Bunting, of Mail, Toronto, wrote: 'The author is entitled to much credit for the study, research and labor which the production of these excellent letters has entailed.'" Lastly: "Louis J. A. Papineau writes: 'If Catholics who blindly shut their minds and reason at the dictates of the priesthood would only read such works candidly, they would soon be converted from an idolatrous church to the primitive teachings of Jesus and His apostles.'"

The united authorities of an author, a journalist, a "divine and historian," and a "vert," are surely enough to give one some qualms when these authorities are ranged against one, and I was about to sally forth and expend fifty cents in an effort to find the straight and narrow path trodden by Marcus, when I glanced out the window at the sweltering streets and came to the conclusion that it was too hot; so I stayed at home and contented myself with conning the advertisement over again.

To review a book that one has not read, is a very unsafe proceeding; albeit it has been done with great success by many critics. But they were not ordinary mortals.

Against reviewing a title, however, there can surely be no objection; so let us review, by all means.

In the first place the author might have displayed a little more originality in the title. "Romanism Unmasked" bears with it a "very ancient and fish-like smell."

Something new, crisp, mysterious or delightful, might have caused a run on the "Paper 50c," but really, Marcus, you are much too ponderous, and quite wanting in fine de siècle novelty. With the best of intentions, Marcus, you have spoiled fully twenty-five per cent of possible sales and so kept goodness knows how many unfortunate idolaters like myself in the dark.

Have not the least doubt that your book is quite free from the unpleasant phrases that did so much towards spoiling the good work intended to be done by "Maria Monk," "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," and a few other classics of the same order; and that it is learned, dignified and choice of language—but the title, dear boy, the title! That alone is sufficient to make the blind shut their eyes tighter. If you want to capture the Romanist mind, Marcus, you really must be a little more cautious. You must let the light in more gradually, so to speak.

And then the address of the "Letters," "To the Rev. E. C. Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal." If Archbishop, why not "His Grace," instead of "Rev.?" A wrong address is liable to cause correspondence to go astray; think of the responsibility you are incurring in running the risk of your important letters not reaching their destination. If the benighted population of this province persevere in idolatry, you will be to blame, Marcus, for not putting a proper address on your letters. Allow me to suggest a little more care in future. Think, too, of the irreparable loss to a Roman Catholic Archbishop of a collection of letters setting forth the Origin, Character and End of the religion he professes to teach. Unkind Marcus! Why did you not send the result of your "study, research and labor" to Rome at once? Of what use is it to snatch the Canadian limb out of the fire if you leave the rest of the tree to be burnt? Take the friendly advice of a benighted Romanist—even folly can be wise at times—and direct your efforts to the root of the evil. Never mind that the roots go deeper into the earth than branches spread high in the air; put your little pick and shovel on your shoulder and take the next ship for Italy.

You express a conviction that you will have much to do to defend yourself against infuriated people who will stand surprised, etc., etc. Why anticipate danger from people who stand surprised, even if they are at the same time infuriated? Surprised people never do anyone any harm so long as they "stand," and we may humbly hope the fury will have evaporated before they think of putting themselves in motion.

REAL MERIT is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S.

In any case, you are safe, Marcus, for the cloak of invisibility was never a better safeguard than the non-de-plume of the discreet author. A man cannot be martyred for even a printed declaration of his principles, provided he does not put his name to it.

He is safe from the infuriated people, and from the "thousands of others." That is another little slip, Marcus. A wise general never underrates the enemy.

Surely, with such a backing as the Press, History and Primitive Teaching, you need not fear to face millions. Fight, Marcus! Armed with Samson's weapon you should not fear an army of Philistines. The more there are of them the greater will be your glory in wiping them out; but I am afraid you are not ingenious, Marcus, for why wear a visor if assured of invisible protection? Its all very well to trust in God and keep your powder dry in mundane warfare—but in heavenly!—Oh, Marcus, Marcus! Perhaps, after all, it is only bashfulness. If I have wronged you, let not the sun go down upon your wrath. How different from the rank and file is the modest general! Certainly the Reverend representative of History cannot be accused of displaying the better part of valor. Let us hear him again: "It is the most tremendous indictment of Popery I have ever read."

Now that is plump and plain, anyway. As a Romanist I should not mind acquainting myself with the Origin, Character and End of Romanism; but as a Papist I have decided objections to hearing indictments of Popery.

One convert lost, Marcus, through the indiscretion of the Reverend Doctor. Even the wisdom of the Press in praising the "excellence" of these remarkable letters cannot induce me now to avail myself of the "study, research and labor" entailed by their production.

If it were only one soul cast away, but it will not end with one. No, no! At the moment the ignorant, besotted Papist claps his short-sighted eyes on the Doctor's unlucky encomium, that moment will he drop the volume and flee in his "thousands." He will not even wait to become "infuriated."

Alas! through two unlucky expressions—"Romanism Unmasked," and "tremendous indictment of Popery," the "Primitive Teachings" are forever a sealed book to so many idolatrous Christians—if one can be idolatrous and a Christian at the same time.

On account of those two small details, the thirst of Marcus for the salvation of so many imperilled souls is doomed never to be satisfied, and he will be compelled to look on helplessly while they shut their minds and reason at the dictates of the priesthood. That baleful priesthood, whose influence is so insidious that one has to beat least twenty-five years removed from it before one can receive the "Primitive Teachings" of Christ and His apostles.

The picture is so hopeless that I could weep over it, were it not for a tiny little suspicion that will obtrude itself. Perhaps—after all—the letters were meant for a different destination; say the Hon. Clark Wallace or Mr. Dalton McCarthy. With the Manitoba school question yet unsettled, it may happen that these gentlemen run short of ammunition to carry on the fight, and so Marcus patriotically provides a whole magazine full of it. I have not read the book—yet; but I am sure if Messrs. Wallace and McCarthy would provide themselves with a half dozen copies apiece and pelt the French members with them—they can all read English, so there will be no waste of material—we should hear no more of separate schools. No man—no, not even an un-British Frenchman—could learn the origin, character and end of Romanism as intelligently set forth by Marcus—I know it must be intelligent with such credentials as it carries—and still desire modern instead of primitive teaching for his little ones.

Better take up a collection, Marcus, dear boy, and send the book to Ottawa. We, of Quebec, are unworthy of it.

AURELIUS.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND EVOLUTION.

Dr. Zahn Astonishes His Hearers.

(From the Dubuque Daily Telegraph.)

Rev. J. A. Zahn, professor of physical sciences at Notre Dame University, Indiana, has for several years been looked upon as being somewhat radical in his views upon matters of science in their relation to the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, but the stand he took in his lecture before the Columbian Roman Catholic Summer School at Madison, Wis., last week, was entirely unexpected. His subject was "The Simian Origin of Man." He held that there is nothing in Roman Catholic dogma which precludes the view that man is descended from the ape or some other animal. The statement, it is reported, was the cause of considerable discussion and no little excitement among the many prominent dignitaries of the church present at the lecture. In the course of his lecture Dr. Zahn said:

"Spontaneous generation was never a stumbling block either to the fathers or scholastics, because the creative act was always acknowledged and because God was ever recognized as the author, at least, through second agents, of the divers forms of life which were supposed to originate from inorganic matter. Whether, then, the germ of life was specially created for each individual creature, or whether matter was endowed with the power of evolving what we call life by the proper collocation of the atoms and molecules of which matter is constituted, was, from their point of view, immaterial so far as dogma was concerned. But suppose that some time or other it should be proved that spontaneous generation not only has taken place, but that it actually occurs, here and now? The fact that we have as yet no evidence that it has ever taken place, or that it does not occur now, does not prove that it is impossible. We may not be prepared to affirm with Huxley and Fiske that it must have taken place at some period in the past history, but may we admit the possibility of the occurrence? Should, when such a discovery be made, as is possible and conceivable, should some fortunate investigator some day detect in the great laboratory of nature the transition of inorganic into organic and

animated matter, or should he by some happy chance be able to transmute not living into living matter, would there be in such a discovery aught that would contravene revealed truth or militate against any of the received dogmas of the church? To this question we can at once and without hesitation return an emphatic negative.

"Was the body of the first man, the progenitor of our race, created directly and immediately by God, or was it created indirectly and through the operation of secondary causes? When the Bible tells us that 'the Lord God formed man from the slime of earth,' are we to interpret these words in a rigorously literal sense, and to believe that the Creator actually fashioned Adam from the slime of the earth, as a potter would fashion an object from clay, or as an artist would produce the model of a statue from wax or plaster. Or may we put a different interpretation on the text and regard man as indirectly created, as the last and highest term of a long series of evolutions which extend back to the first advent of life upon earth? In other words, is man, as to his body, the direct and special work of the Creator's hands, or is he the descendant of some animal, some ape or some 'missing link' of which naturalists have as yet discovered no trace?"

"We have already learned that as matter of fact no positive evidence has been adduced in support of the simian origin of man. Since the publication of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' naturalists have been exploring every portion of the globe for some trace of the missing link between man and the highest known mammal, a link which they said must exist somewhere if the hypothesis of the evolution of man be true. But, granting that the search for the link connecting man with the ape has so far been futile, admitting with Virchow, that 'the future discovery of this proanthropos is highly improbable,' may we not, nevertheless, believe, as a matter of theory, that there has been such a link, and that corporally man is genetically descended from some unknown species of ape or monkey? Analogy and scientific consistency would seem to require us to admit that man's bodily frame has been subject to the same law of evolution, if evolution there has been, as has obtained for the inferior animals. There is nothing in biological science that would necessarily exempt man's corporal structure from the action of this law. Is there, then, anything in dogma or sound metaphysics which would make it impossible for us to hold a view which has found such favor with the great majority of contemporary evolutionists?"

"Whatever may be the final verdict of science in respect of man's body, it cannot be at variance with Roman Catholic dogma. Granting that future researches shall demonstrate beyond doubt that man is genetically related to the inferior animals, there will not be, even in such an impossible event, the slightest ground for imagining that the conclusions of science are hopelessly at variance with the declarations of the sacred text or the authorized teachings of the Roman Catholic Church. We should be obliged to revise the interpretation that has usually been given to the words of Scripture, which refer to the formation of Adam's body, and read these words in the sense which evolution demands—a sense which, as we have seen, may be attributed to the words of the inspired record without either distorting the meaning of terms or in any way doing violence to the text."

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets 10 cents.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Another Most Successful Entertainment.

On last Thursday evening another of the regular weekly entertainments at the Catholic Sailors' Club was given. The week previous there was a splendid concert, a report of which was handed to us, and which in some unaccountable way entirely disappeared. We make this remark in case it might be supposed that there has been any interruption in the regular weekly concerts, on account of the omission in our last issue.

On Thursday evening Mr. Giroux occupied the chair and proved a most popular and efficient presiding officer. There was not a vacant seat in the hall, and the programme was equal to the best of the season. Miss M. A. Lawlor's skilful playing on the piano gave evidence of careful training, and was highly appreciated. The following gentlemen kindly took part and generously lent their talents to the good cause of the sailors: Messrs. Hall, Lawlor, Geo. Parks, Durth Brothers, W. Davies, Baird, McCarthy, R. B. Milloy, McKay, J. Welsh, M. Pichette, Parizeau, Carpenter, Read, Green and Burk.

We would again draw attention to the request made for literature for the club. Any person having Catholic magazines, publications, books, etc., that they can dispense with, would confer a great favor by informing the secretary of the fact and the club will gladly send for them.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

A NEW CONVENT.

The ladies of the congregation of Notre Dame have commenced the erection of a handsome convent in the parish of St. Louis de France, Montreal. The new institution is situated at the corner of Cadieux and Roy streets. The ground is one hundred and twenty feet by one hundred and ten. The foundations are of stone, while the remainder of the structure is of brick. It will be a two-storey high building, with mansard roof and

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E. ST. AMOUR, TEMPLE BUILDING, Montreal.

basement. All the partitions between the rooms will be of brick, thus reducing the chances of a conflagration spreading from one apartment into another. The portico will be a handsome one with stone steps. The building complete is expected to cost \$42,000.

DID YOU EVER THINK That you cannot be well unless you have pure rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

Little Dot: Folks say there is people on the planet Mars. Little Dick: There isn't. Little Dot: Why isn't there? Little Dick triumphantly: How could they get up there?

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

It is a slow baby that does not know which of its relatives is most easily imposed upon.

Why is sherry so good for a cold? Because it's a Spanish liquor.

Damp Days

often bring coughs and colds, while

PYNY-PECTORAL brings quick relief. Cures all inflammation of the bronchial tubes, throat or chest. No uncertainty. Relieves, soothes, heals promptly.

A Large Bottle for 25 Cents. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. MONTREAL.

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COTE DES NEIGES. This well known and popular institution will re-open on Monday, the 2nd day of 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.

BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P. Q.

(Near the Ottawa River.) Classical Course and English Commercial Course.

Banking and Practical Business Departments—best modern text-books are taught by non-resident professors. Short-hand, type-writing, telegraphy, music, etc. Diplomas awarded. Communications are convenient by rail or water. Board, Tuition, Bed and Washing \$120 per annum. Studies will be renewed on September 4th. For prospectus or information address to Rev. JOS. CHARLEBOIS, C.S.V., President.

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TEACHER WANTED.

Wanted, at St. Columban, County of Two Mountains, a young lady school-teacher. Salary \$150. Address, for particulars, J. A. C. ETHIER, Secretary-Treasurer, Ste. Scholastique, County of Two Mountains, P.Q.

Cups and Saucers given away with every pound of our 40c Tea.

There are many other presents given away on delivery of every second pound. THE ORIENTAL, 415 St. James street, opp. Little Craig. J. W. DONOHUE, Prop.

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Have you purchased your Summer Suit yet? If not, you can't do without it any longer. Old Sol is blazing his fiery rays upon us, and

Light-weight Clothing

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GIVE ME A CALL. MATT WILLOCK, Late of EDWARDS, DAVIDSON & Co., Glasgow, Scotland, MERCHANT TAILOR, No. 141a Bleury Street, (Opposite Jesuit Church).

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LACHINE CANAL.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Contract at Montreal," will be received at this office until noon on Monday, nineteenth day of August, 1895, for the construction of about 200 feet in length of embankment in connection with the canal enlargement.

Plans and specifications of the work can be seen at the offices of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals at Ottawa, and of the Superintending Engineer of the Lachine Canal, Montreal, where tenders can be obtained on and after 8th August, 1895.

In case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$200 must accompany the tender; this accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. JNO. H. BALDERSON, Secretary, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th July, 1895.

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WEDNESDAY.....AUGUST 7, 1895.

A FAULTY COMPARISON.

The Gazette has very often a very logical and temperate editorial, but just as often that worthy organ exposes itself to severe criticism on account of its peculiarly expressed opinion. It is generally when treating subjects of a specially Catholic nature that the Gazette—perhaps unintentionally—falls into error. There are times, likewise, when it gives evidence of a thorough lack of appreciation in matters relating to the Catholic Church. We are prepared to admit that the Gazette is anxious to conciliate, as much as possible, all parties; but, in its attempts to reach that end, it most frequently fails. Of course it is, first, and above all, a political organ, and, like all political advocates, seeks to secure as much support for its party as is practicable. It would like to please the Catholic without offending the Orangeman, and to satisfy the Orangeman without exciting the antagonism of the Catholic; in a word, if it could only get both parties to believe that their natural salvation depended upon those it supports, the country would be safe. In this the Gazette is no exception; every political organ has the same work cut out for it by the party to which it belongs.

We find no fault with a paper doing its utmost to spread abroad and uphold the principles and the men it is in duty bound to defend. We only deem it proper to express ourselves when, in fighting its battle, the secular organ enters the religious domain, and, intentionally or otherwise, makes unfair or faulty comparisons regarding the Catholic Church.

In its issue of July 24, the Gazette addressed its readers in an editorial entitled "The Orange View." The immediate cause of the article was the speech delivered by Hon. Mr. Wallace before the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, in which he dealt in a most peculiar manner with the Manitoba school question. As we intend criticizing that honorable gentleman's strange and inconsistent attitude upon the great issue, in another editorial, we will here simply confine our remarks to the words of the Gazette's short, but very significant paragraph.

"Theoretically," says the Gazette, "it is as little to be desired that such an institution as the Orange Order should appear as a factor in the decision of a political question as it is that a church body should come to the front as the promoter of a public law or mover in a political struggle. We have, however, the Catholic Church in Canada demanding action by the Government in behalf of the Manitoba Catholics, and so, on the other hand, the head of the Orangemen has his say in opposition thereto."

We need not quote any more, the foregoing suffices for our present contention. We take exception to the comparison instituted between the Catholic Church and the Orange Order, as represented in its Grand Master. The Gazette—"theoretically"—at least—places the two institutions upon an equal footing, and practically establishes a comparison between them both in a general sense and in regard to the present question. We will briefly, and as clearly as we know how, point out in what we differ from the Gazette:

Firstly—It is not a question of Catholic minority rights, but of MINORITY RIGHTS, be that minority Catholic or Protestant. The principle established must have the same application no matter in what section of the Dominion, and no matter what body of people is in the majority. It is, therefore, the Catholic minority, and not the Protestant majority, that is the subject of the present article.

that wish to secure the rights that the constitution guarantees to a minority; and the Orange element, which, because in this special case that minority happens to be Catholic, seeks to override the constitution for the purposes of satisfying an unjustifiable antagonism and of crushing a section of this Dominion's citizens to which it is inimical.

Secondly—The Catholic Church is a body universally recognized as the oldest and most important division of Christianity; one whose teachings are peace and concord; one whose practice is in accord with the Gospel that ordains even the love of our enemies. On the other hand, the Orange Order is a factious, disturbing and semi-political organization which has no *raison d'être* in a country governed by free laws such as we enjoy.

Thirdly—The Catholic Church has been the most loyal institution—as our history proves—that has ever existed in Canada, while the Orange Order has given, times out of mind, most positive evidence of its disloyalty to the constitution—particularly when the letter of that constitution did not agree with its sinister and peace-destroying principles.

Fourthly—The Orange Order, "as a factor in the decision of a political question," is certainly as undesirable as would be the presence of the Mafia, the Carbonari, or any other secret, sworn, and turbulent order in the same capacity. It would be a sad day when any such organization could wield sufficient political influence to dictate laws to the nine-tenths of the country. The Catholic Church, coming "to the front as the promoter of a public law," is a very different matter. An institution, or a public body, or a religious, or national, or political organization, if allowed a voice in the construction of a law or the creation of a political precedent, will naturally bring to bear the spirit which animates its own constitution. That which sways the Orange organization is pre-eminently intolerant, and consequently unjust. That which dominates the Catholic Church, whether considered as a religious institution or a great governing body, is in perfect harmony with the fundamental laws of Christianity. The teaching and practice of the Orange Order are at variance with those of the Catholic Church to such a degree, that the former may be classed black and the latter white. The Catholic principle is that every law, and all laws, no matter from what source, must be in harmony with the laws of God.

Finally, infuse the Orange spirit into the legislation of a country and the result must be disintegration and chaos; infuse the Catholic principle into the same legislation, and if justly carried into practice, the result must be a perfect harmony with the laws of God, of nature, and of the constitution. Moreover, a comparison between the Catholic Church and the Orange Order is like comparing the vast ocean to a whirlpool, the overarching canopy of heaven to a petty cloud; the British Empire to Juan Fernandez; or anything grand and universal to anything insignificant and mean.

THE MODERN PULPIT.

Sensationalism seems to predominate in the modern pulpit. Recently one of the leading Boston papers, the Transcript, called attention to the demoralizing effect of turning the Christian pulpit into a lecture platform or a political hustings. It gives the new methods and styles of preaching as the causes why so many people keep away from church on Sunday. We feel that the Transcript is not far astray when it says that the public object to the secularization of worship, and adds:—

"Having spent six days in perplexing cares and anxieties as to mundane affairs, they protest, and no one can blame them, against any disturbance of the restfulness of Sunday by the intrusion of weekday thoughts and themes upon its hallowed quiet. It cannot be helpful to a jaded and weary mind, and it certainly is not morally quickening and inspiring, to have some appalling crime retold with all its harrowing details, and condemned for the hundredth time, from the pulpit; to be compelled to listen to a homily on millionaire weddings or yacht races; to receive instruction on the physical and moral value of the bicycle or the aesthetic worth of the opera; to hear rebukes of some hoary old sinner of national note, or tirades against Robert Ingersoll, who gets more than his share of free advertising from the clergy. All this betrays the intellectual poverty and spiritual destitution of those who indulge in it, and also a grave misapprehension of what the average man and woman care to hear on Sunday, or what they need for their moral elevation."

To a certain extent all this does not concern us. The Transcript refers to the Protestant pulpits. It cannot include in the list the Catholic Church. There are two very good reasons why the above very just criticism may not apply to the Catholic Church: Firstly, because there is no sensationalism therein, and secondly, because the Catholic attends Church on Sunday as an obligation, not on account of the preaching, but on account of what is infinitely more important—what Protestantism has not—the sacrifice of the altar. In the Catholic Church the Gospel is preached with simplicity. Preach-

ers may be more or less eloquent; but the gifts of the preacher has nothing to do with the subject-matter of the sermon. All over the world, in every land and in every language, the same truths are explained, the same doctrines enunciated, the same faith expounded, the same appeals to repentance and exhortations to perseverance in virtue constitute the basis of the Catholic sermon. One priest may have a more attractive way of expressing himself than another; but that does not influence the Catholic world. The doctrines and morals taught from the pulpit of the grandest basilica are the same as those expounded in the humblest country chapel, or in the bark tent of the savage. Sensationalism is foreign to the spirit of the Church, hence the stability, the universality, the perpetuity of that glorious institution. She appeals to the reason illumined by the torch of faith; she does not depend upon any sudden emotions, wild or frantic outbursts of sentiment. Hers is not the rocket flare that shoots into the sky, dazzles, and then vanishes in darkness; rather is it the steady beacon-light upon the cliff, sending its guiding rays out over the bosom of the great deep, and never extinguished.

In the Protestant churches the pulpit is the grand and only attraction, consequently it is almost natural, it is surely human, that it should verge upon the sensational. It is, in our sphere, to the congregation, what the platform or stage, in another domain, is to the audience. Rob't of its sensationalism and you deprive it of its magnetism and influence. People do not care to go to the temple to sit and listen to uninteresting and unattractive sermons. It might be otherwise were there something else to draw them to the church; but when the preacher is the one and only great magnet, he must necessarily devise plans to sustain the interest. If he becomes monotonous, or his subjects are not novel, or he does not treat them in a manner calculated to create surprise and foster curiosity, he must expect that men and women will grow tired of him. He will soon hear the remark: "Oh, I heard him before, I don't want to go to church."

How different in the Catholic Church! If there were never a sermon, if the priest were the most prosaic of beings, if the sermons were devoid of every possible element of attraction, still the attendance of the faithful could not be affected. Why? Because the sermon is only secondary in the Catholic exercises of worship. Above all and before all is the great Sacrifice of the Mass. There is no adoration without a sacrifice; the Catholic alone adores. Others go to church to worship, to chant hymns, to invoke by prayer, to sing praises; the Catholic pays the same homage to the saints, but he alone adores God in the tremendous Sacrifice of the Altar. To God alone is adoration given. And in that Mass he has the Gospels, the Epistles, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and everything that the Bible gives us of sublime, or of inspiring in prayer. Moreover, the Catholic Church, commands her children, under pain of mortal sin, to attend church on Sunday. She needs no sensationalism to attract them. It is not necessary that the pulpit should be of a particular modern cast to draw the Catholic to the temple; the imperishable Altar is there as a load-stone far more potent to bring the faithful to the feet of the Saviour.

What sensationalism could man invent that could possibly equal in effect the mystery of the Sacrifice? The Catholic, who understands his religion, finds something even new in the never changing forms of the greatest act of adoration. Therefore, while we agree with our Boston contemporary, that the modern pulpit is becoming too sensational, we must claim, in all justice, that the Catholic pulpit does not belong to the category, nor is it under the influence of the secularizing age.

Spain is still a most Catholic country, and is likely to so continue, if the signs of the times are to be relied upon. The young king made his First Communion on the 3d of July, and was during the whole of the previous day engaged with his mother, the Queen regent, in exercises of devotion. Father Montagna is his confessor and it was he who administered the First Communion. When a people can look up to a sovereign whose example and piety are striking there is little danger of that people losing the Faith that is so cherished.

The Congregation of Rites has recently issued a decree that will be of great interest to all Catholics; particularly is it well that those connected with church decorations should be aware of its purport. According to that decree representations of persons who have died in the odor of sanctity and of their actions and works may be placed on the walls, or on stained glass in Catholic churches, provided there be no mark of worship or attribute of sanctity connected with them. Pictures only of persons beatified or canonized can be placed on the altars, or represented with the surplice. The reason of this decree is too obvious to require explanation.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Owing to the sudden and severe illness of Dr. Foran, our editorial columns may be somewhat meagre this week. We know, however, that our readers will not be exacting under the circumstances.

MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens) has become bankrupt. The money he made by the sale of his books—and he made a heap of it—has been all sunk in business enterprises. Mark is not the first author who has made a fortune; nor is the first who became a beggar by entering upon business speculations that he did not understand. It is one thing to be a successful writer and another to be a successful publisher. Every man to his calling.

HERE is a problem for the American Protective Association to solve. That body claims to have been established for the sole purpose of "protecting the Republican institutions of the United States." How, then, comes it that this same organization is endeavoring to form, in conjunction with the Protestant Protective Association of Canada, an International Association, the first meeting of which is to be held in Toronto next year? Either the A.P.A. is sailing under false colors or the P.P.A. is inimical to Canada.

NOT long ago a few seminarists, including a Father Przedziecki, of Jasnajora, Poland, ventured to send some assistance to a number of priests in Siberia. This act of corporal mercy was discovered and the result was that on Sunday morning, two weeks ago, a posse of Russian policemen appeared at the Paulist monastery to arrest the priest. He was hurried off like a common criminal and deported to Pensa in the interior of Russia. His mother was not even permitted to say farewell to her son. "Scratch a Russian and you will always find a Tartar."

ALTHOUGH Prussia is considered to be one of the great Protestant powers, we find that the Catholic Church holds its own in that country. In 1872 the kingdom contained 914 conventional establishments, with a membership of 8,795; in 1875, on account of the repressive legislation of the "May laws," a third of these institutions were dissolved. Despite these facts and the oppression that threatened to destroy all Catholic institutions in the land, we find, in 1883, that 1,215 establishments have sprung out of the ruins and that the monks and nuns numbered 14,044. Such the vitality of the Church.

A COLLECTION of editions of the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a Kempis, containing six manuscripts and 1,199 printed editions in thirty-seven languages and dialects, collected by the Rev. Mr. Waterton, was sold in London for \$720. The British Museum has just obtained the collection from the purchaser for the same price. The Museum had already five hundred editions of the book, so its collection must be the most complete in existence. Father De Backer calculates that there are about three thousand editions and translations of the "Imitation" in that collection. A wonderful collection, but a still more wonderful book.

DR. TOMASZEWSKI, a regimental surgeon, belonging to Landwehr, residing at Schmiegel, has been dismissed from the army on account of his refusal to fight a duel with an apothecary named Hamisch, belonging to the same town. A very peculiar army regulation we must confess. We would be curious to know what caused the trouble between a doctor and an apothecary bearing such queer names. Perhaps the doctor was wise in declining the invitation to fight; he may have had past experiences regarding the apothecary's methods of getting rid of enemies that justify him in preferring to keep out of the contest.

ON the last day of the centenary celebration of Maynooth College, in Ireland, a society of the alumni and friends of the institution was established. The intention is to have periodical meetings at which specially prepared papers will be read. The proceedings of such meetings will be subsequently published for the benefit of all the members who may not be able to attend. There is nothing better calculated to keep alive the spirit of an institution than an alumni association. It brings the scattered children of the *Alma Mater* back, from time to time, to the old home, and its proceedings serve as a stimulus to the younger generation.

THE President of the Republic of Venezuela is not evidently in accord with Hon. Mr. Wallace as far as the school question goes. That high official has proclaimed a decree obliging all teachers, under a heavy penalty, to teach the Catholic religion in the educational establishments of the republic. And not merely as a form, but in the most thorough and practical manner, in order that the children may become not only

clever professional men, but likewise high-minded and respectable citizens. It is evident that the President of Venezuela does not consider a religious training as antagonistic to good citizenship.

We desire to heartily congratulate Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, the author, poet and lecturer, on the signal mark of appreciation that has just been paid to his fine talents and splendid acquirements. Dr. Egan has of late years occupied the chair of English Literature at Notre Dame University, Indiana. This year he has been offered and has accepted a similar position at the Catholic University, Washington. Notre Dame's loss will be Washington's gain; but we trust that the change will in no way interfere with the literary work which has become a regular mental repast all over the continent. Dr. Egan is yet in his prime, and great things are expected of him. He occupies a foremost place in American literature of the day, and the Catholic cause owes him a deep debt of gratitude.

If we are to believe the President of the A.P.A., in his elaborate statement in the current number of the North American Review, upon "The Menace of Romanism," we would soon have to conclude that the Pope intended to smash up the nations of the civilized world and to overturn all the existing laws of the State. Yet facts speak more eloquently than theories. Mr. W. H. J. Traynor may be surprised to learn that His Holiness has prevented war between Bolivia and Peru. When the two nations were about to come into armed conflict the Papal Delegate stepped in and suggested that the difficulty be submitted to arbitration. Peru at once accepted the offer and Bolivia followed suit. The result was a splendid triumph of reason over brute force—and the Pope is the very person who brought about such a peaceful termination to a most dangerous difference.

It may be interesting to many of our readers to know the statistics of the various churches in the United States to-day, and to have an idea of the importance of the Catholic Church in that vast Protestant Republic. There are 143 distinct denominations, besides independent churches and miscellaneous congregations. The total of communicants of all denominations is 20,612,806, who belong to 165,177 organizations or congregations. The census report states:—"These congregations have 142,521 edifices, which have sittings for 43,564,863 persons. The value of all church property used exclusively for purposes of worship is \$679,630,139. There are 111,036 regular ministers, not including lay preachers. There are five bodies which have more than 1,000,000 communicants each, and ten more than 500,000. The leading denominations have these communicants, in round numbers: Catholic, 6,250,000; Methodist, 4,600,000; Baptist, 3,725,000; Presbyterian, 1,280,332; Lutheran, 1,230,000; Protestant Episcopal, 540,000."

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

Several changes in the Staff—The Jesuits' Festival.

A few important changes were made last Monday evening in the staff of St. Mary's College, Montreal. The following are the principal appointments: Rector, Rev. Father Hyacinthe Hudon, S.J. (remains in office); Minister, P. Cadotte, S.J.; Prefect of Discipline, M. Bellemare, S.J.; Prefect of Studies, Fathers Duguay, S.J., and Cotter, S.J.; Professors Mental Philosophy and Ethics, Fathers Ruhlman, S.J., and Poulquien, S.J.; Rhetoric, Fathers Chaput and Cotter, S.J.; Belles-Lettres, Fathers Bellevue and McCarthy; Versification, fathers Caron and Cox.

Media Grammatica—Fathers Guibeau and Gagnieur, S.J.; Syntax—Theop. Hudon, S.J.; J. Desjardins, S.J., and M. Malone, S.J.; Latin Elements—Fathers Lemire, H. Lalonde, and M. Doyle. Subdisciplinary—Fathers V. Hudon, S.J., Hazleton, S.J., D'Amour, S.J., Prince, S.J., Benoit, S.J., and Roy, S.J. Brother Lacoste is replaced as college porter by Bro. Bouchard, while Father Sigouin goes to the Sault an Recollet novitiate, while Fathers Brault, formerly minister, and F. Foran, will probably leave for the missions in the west.

Wednesday, 31st July, being the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuit Order, appropriate services were held at the Gesù Church. In the morning special Mass was sung by Father V. Hudon, S.J., and in the evening Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Ruhlman, S.J. The College reopens on the first Thursday in September, and over 400 students are expected. The following were among those present at the dinner given in honor of the day: Bishop Fabre, of Montreal; Bishop Gravelle, of Nicolet; Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo; Fathers Colin and Lavigne, of the Sulpicians; Rev. Father Goetz, of the Redemptorists; Rev. Father Leonardo, of the Italian colony; Rev. Father Leclaire, of St. Joseph; Doctors Merrill, Desjardins and Ducharme, and many others.

A Novel Method of Treating Drunkards.

The way that the authorities treat open drunkenness in Denmark seems to us in America somewhat unique, because in this country the burden of the expense and the odium is borne by the drunkard's poor wife and family. In Denmark, however, the police have invented a rather peculiar, but effective method of treating excessive habitual drunkards.

Any inebriate found in the streets is hustled into a cab, taken to the police station and locked up until he has grown sober. Then he is taken to his home in a cab by the police. Next a bill is made out for the repeated transportation of the tippler and presented to the saloon-keeper who sold the offending drunkard the last glass of beer, wine or liquor. This bill is sometimes quite considerable. Of course, all saloon-keepers are very careful in consequence of this responsibility, and will not sell their customers any more liquor than they know they can stand.

C. M. B. A. CELEBRATION.

Union Service to Be Held By the City Branches in St. Patrick's Church in September.

A largely attended meeting of the presidents of the various branches of the C. M. B. A. was held last week in the hall adjoining the Sacred Heart Church, corner Plessis and Ontario streets, High Deputy Brother Spedding, President of Branch No. 140, in the chair. The object of the meeting was explained by the chairman, who said in substance, that he had called a special meeting of the order, so as to test the feeling of the officers re the organization of an annual solemn demonstration of all the branches of the C. M. B. A. (Grand Council of Canada.) Every Roman Catholic organization of the city and suburbs had an annual demonstration of their own, why should the C. M. B. A., which was one of the strongest associations remain backward. He trusted that each and every one of the delegates present would express an opinion on the matter. The matter was then opened to discussion, and it was agreed to hold such an annual celebration.

The last Sunday in September in each year was then selected as being the best date for such a meeting. It was agreed that each branch should have its turn and should organize the demonstration; the sister branches assisting as a body and sharing in the expenses. Branch 26, St. Patrick's Section, which is the strongest branch of the Order in this city, will this year have the honor to organize the first public demonstration the Order has ever had as a body. The celebration will comprise a Pontifical High Mass in the morning, at which His Grace Archbishop Fabre, who is the Honorary President of the Association in the city, will be asked to officiate, while one of the many chaplains of the Order will be requested to deliver the sermon. After Mass there will be a short session at headquarters, followed by addresses by members of the House of Commons, City Council and Board of Trade. This will be followed by a lunch and other amusements. The various associations will muster at headquarters and march in a body to the church. It was then agreed to choose St. Patrick's Church for this year's celebration, and the committee appointed will report progress at a meeting to be called at an early date.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Enjoyable Outing at Otterburn Park.

The annual picnic of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society was held at Otterburn Park on Saturday. The following are the results of the various events on the programme of games:

- Boys' race—1 Gustave Cherrier, 2 J. Stevens, 3 Eugene Feeley. Girls' race—1 Agnes O'Hara, 2 Hattie Flanagan, 3 B. Milloy, 4 Mary Feeley. Members' sons race—1 J. Stevens, 2 J. Quinlan, 3 E. Feeley, 4 D. Kelly. Quarter mile, members of young men's societies—1 R. Doyle, 3 J. Gillespie. Members of the society, half mile—1 M. Durcan, 2 L. C. O'Brien, 3 John McCaffrey. Hop, step and jump—1 R. Doyle, 2 J. Gillespie. Three quick leaps—1 R. Doyle, 2 P. Hutchison. Half mile (members of benefit societies)—1 J. Hamilton, 2 R. Doyle. Cigar race—1 M. Durcan, 2 J. Gillespie. Quarter mile—1 J. Gillespie, 2 J. Smith.

220 yards (members of society of over ten years standing)—1 J. H. Kelly, 2 P. Connolly, 3 J. H. Feeley. Irish jig—1 G. Donaldson, 2 P. Murray. Clock guess—M. Durcan. Committee race—1 M. Durcan, 2 Thos. Martin, 3 L. C. O'Brien, 4 W. P. Doyle, 5 J. I. McCaffrey. In addition to the above there was a special programme of games for children, for which over a hundred prizes were distributed on the grounds, much to the delight of the youngsters. Ratto Bros. supplied the dancing music, and their services were much appreciated. Messrs. M. Sharkey and J. Reddy were the judges of the games.

PROPOSED NEW CHURCH.

For some time past the residents of St. Denis Ward, formerly Coteau St. Louis, have worshipped with the residents of St. Louis of Mile End. Owing to an increase in the population in St. Denis Ward, the parochial church at Mile End has become too small to accommodate the churchgoers. Accordingly, a petition has been forwarded to His Grace Archbishop Fabre, praying that, both municipalities be divided canonically. It is furthermore alleged that Father Lesage, P.P., of Mile End Church, has just decided to enlarge and embellish his church, and that it would be unjust for the residents of St. Denis Ward to be asked to co-operate in the maintenance of a church which is not theirs; further, that there are over two hundred Roman Catholic families within St. Denis Ward, and that it is urgent that they should be provided with a church of their own. They have no complaint to make against anyone, but they allege that the population is wealthy enough to maintain a church of its own. His Grace Archbishop Fabre is in receipt of the parishioners' request, and is now considering the matter seriously. The parish will undoubtedly in the near future be divided, and a new parochial church erected somewhere on St. Denis street, above Mount Royal avenue. It was currently stated to-day that one or two wealthy residents of St. Denis Ward were ready to give to His Grace Archbishop Fabre the necessary land needed for the erection of the projected church, while other sources collections would be taken up for the immediate

A NOTABLE EXPRESSION.

John Morley's Defeat.

From an Irish Nationalist point of view one of the most regrettable incidents of the elections in Great Britain is the defeat of Mr. John Morley in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

As in the contest at Newcastle Mr. Morley fought and spoke almost as if there was no other question at issue but the Irish question.

The man who spoke these words, and who for fifteen years has spoken and written many an eloquent word in support of the Irish National cause, has been defeated in Newcastle-on-Tyne, and what makes the defeat all the more painful to think about is the alleged fact that it has been brought about by the help of Irish votes.

These are the facts of the case. The Redmondites, we venture to say, are more responsible than is John Morley for the present situation with regard to the prisoners. What is far worse, they are responsible for the present situation with regard to a question of far greater importance, viz., the question of Home Rule.

THE EVILS OF FACTION.

We find the following strange advice to Irish electors in Great Britain in the columns of United Ireland: "The plain Irishman is no casuist. If he votes for the Liberals he will fraternize with them. There is the danger. A vote for the Tories is always a pure tactical vote; the discipline of Irish patriotism is never in danger of being relaxed by fraternization with them. The Liberal alliance has been an unholy thing for our people in Great Britain. It has corrupted the very blood of our body politic in this country. Is it not

vote of protest against Roseberyism? Is the word 'Liberal' a more blessed word to us than the word 'Tory'?

Here is a paper, which was started some years ago to fight coercion and coercionists in Ireland, advising Irishmen to vote for the party of coercion!

It is quite plain to anybody who reads the Irish papers that unless the demon of faction is laid to rest in Ireland the cause of Home Rule will be permanently wrecked.

DASHED TO DEATH.

Two Aeronauts Meet with a Fatal Accident in Michigan.

JACKSON, Mich., Aug. 5.—Two aeronauts were fatally injured in a balloon accident at Vandercreek's Lake last night.

MONUMENT TO BOYLE O'REILLY.

A Fine Memorial to be Erected in Boston Shortly.

The movement for the erection of a monument to John Boyle O'Reilly, since it has come under the conduct of Mr. French, has received his earnest attention, and the result is that the memorial, which will be placed in the Back Bay Fens, Boston, will be as marked an example of his genius as was the Milmore monument at Forest Hills.

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BRAVE PAT MURPHY.

The Governor-General Interested in Seeing a Medal for Him.

A correspondent in the Gazette gives the following interesting particulars: Though the fact is one of public notoriety here, it may not be so generally known outside of Quebec, that this old city is blessed with a life-saver of no ordinary ability in the person of Mr. Patrick Murphy.

On Mr. Murphy's part are current. A worse place than Quebec harbor for a man to dive into, with its many tidal currents and eddies, it would be difficult to imagine.

First—In 1888, a boy named Alexander Rankin fell in on the Queen's wharf, and sank; Murphy dived in and brought him up, saving his life.

Second—In the same year, Mary Jane Quinn fell into the river off the boom at the Government wharf; Murphy jumped in and saved her.

Third—The following year he saved the life of a little boy who was upset from a skiff at Point Levis; Murphy, who was working on board of a ship, saw the accident, jumped into the river and rescued the boy.

Fourth—In November, 1861, a German passenger girl per steamship Vancouver fell into the river from the gangway; a strong tide was running out, the steamer close to the wharf, and a gale of wind blowing at the time.

Fifth—During the same fall he jumped into the Louise basin to try and rescue a seaman named John Fleming who was upset while sculling his boat and fell into the water.

Sixth—In June last a girl named Mary McCausland fell into the river at night time from the market wharf; a strong ebb tide was running, and the steamer Rhoda was moored alongside the wharf; the girl was drawn under the steamer, and Murphy, at great risk, dived in and tried to rescue her.

Seventh—Since this he has dived into the river again, to save a boy named O. Lamontagne, who also fell into the river at the market wharf, but it being night time, and very dark, also a strong ebb tide, the boy was carried beyond reach, as it was too dark to see him.

C. M. B. A.

Sympathy From Branch I.

To E. P. RONAYNE, Esq.:

Dear Sir and Brother.—Indeed, sir, you may rest assured that it was with extreme regret we learned of the sudden and great trouble the Lord had been pleased to send you.

And again we pray that the Lord may bless you with that grace so requisite under the circumstances, to bow in submission to His holy will, that you may better bear with Christian fortitude the trying affliction He has seen fit to send you.

The above humble expression of sympathy is ordered to be published and a copy sent you, and in deep thought of pity, I respectfully sign, on behalf of Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A.

F. C. LAWLER, Sec.



Purified Blood

Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever."—F. ALEXANDER J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier. Proeminently in the public eye today.

ALL THROUGH AUGUST JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS

Will offer extraordinary inducements on all Summer Goods, Remnants, Odds and Ends, now in stock.

As we would like to clear out all Surplus Stock before removing to our new store now in construction on St. Catherine St., West. Everything in stock is greatly reduced.

ATTEND OUR

Great Removal Clearing Sale

Goods are Marked Regardless of Cost.

All this season's Mantles and Capes at half the usual price. A few old hats last season's Jackets and Blazers, suitable for knocking about, seaside or country use; we are clearing them at 25c, 75c, 98c and \$1.10 each.

All our New Summer Millinery at half price. All our Whitewear, Blouses, Shirt Waists, Fancy Shirt Fronts, Wrappers and Cotton Underwear, are greatly reduced.

All our Corsets are cheaper than ever. Ladies' Heptoneite Waterproof Cloth at half the usual price.

60 PAIRS

Boys' and Youths' Pants, in Fine Tweed and Serge, from \$1.25 to \$1.75, to clear at 60c and 75c each. The sizes are from 22 to 30.

Hand Made Irish Point Laces and Fine Oriental Laces.

In cream, White, Butter and Beige at less than half price. The art maker's ends. See them at once before they are all sold.

PILLOW COTTONS.

40 in. x 36 in. 10 1/2 doz. and 44 in. 11 1/2 doz. yard. Sheetings and Gray Cottons at mill prices.

Slightly Soiled Blankets at less than Mill Prices.

THOUSANDS OF REMNANTS.

Dress Goods, Prints, Etc., on each counter at less than half price.

Toilet Mats, 1c each. Linen Doilies, Round and Square, at 1c each.

TWEED REMNANTS.

A few left at less than half price.

Similar Bargains at Our Branch Store during our Great Removal Clearing Sale.

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS,

Family Linen Drapers and Linen Warehouse

203 to 209 St. Antoine Street, Phone 8225

144 to 150 Mountain Street.

BRANCH: St. Catherine street, corner Buckingham Avenue; Telephone 3335.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

Rev. Richard Henery, a graduate of Maynooth College, has just been appointed professor of Celtic at the Catholic University, Washington, D.C.

The Duke of Norfolk has given \$10,000 to the building fund of the new Westminster Cathedral, and twenty-seven "founders" have each given \$1000.

Right Rev. Francis Haas, who introduced the Capuchin Order in the United States, died at St. Agnes' Convent, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, on Sunday, June 23.

Among the forty-six doctors of philosophy recently graduated at the Johns Hopkins University were two Catholic priests, Rev. J. Griffin, of Boston, and Rev. T. E. Shields, of St. Paul.

Mother Mary Gonzaga, who is said to be the oldest Sister of Charity in the United States, celebrated the sixty-ninth anniversary of her initiation into the order at Philadelphia recently.

In the convalescence of the Sisters of Charity in various countries thanksgivings have been offered up for the introduction of the cause of the pious servant of God, Louise de Marillac, who, with St. Vincent de Paul, established the Sisters of Charity.

The solemn coronation of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor will take place at the Ursuline Convent, New Orleans, La., on November 10th. Archbishop Janssens will perform the act of coronation. In accordance with the desire of the Archbishop, the occasion will be one of unusual magnificence.

So many converts are coming into the Church in England that the contributor of "London Gossip" in the Birmingham Daily Post is able to write: "It is certain that the conversions to Catholicism, which have taken place of late, surpass both in number and importance those of any preceding epoch." The invitation of the Pope is being heeded.

SOLENN TRIDUUM.

His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the chapel of the Mother House of the Congregation de Notre Dame yesterday morning. The occasion was the opening of a Solemn Triduum, or three days devotion, in memory of the first Mass celebrated in the convent chapel on the 6th August, 1695—day following the ceremony of Miss Leber's seclusion to a little cell behind the altar wherein she dwelt for the remainder of her life—twenty years. The vestments worn by His Grace and assistants yesterday were embroidered by this celebrated recluse, and the sacred vessels were her gift. Both were used at the first Mass two hundred years ago.

NEW MAGAZINES.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The August, or mid-summer number, of The Canadian Magazine, is well illustrated, has a beautiful cover, and contains an excellent and abundant supply of fiction appropriate to the hot season. Two stories awarded prizes in the recent short-story competition are included amongst these. Amongst other entertaining contributions are: "School in an Air Castle," by Arthur Harvey, F.R.S.C.; "Ontario, Petroleum and its Products," by L. Clayton Campbell; "Woman Suffrage in Canada," (illustrated) by Edith M. Luke; "A Potlach Dance," (illustrated) by David Owen Lewis; "The New English Ministry," (illustrated) by Thos. E. Champion; "Through Okanagan," by Constance Lonsday; "Idle Days, the Lake, and a Little Music," (illustrated) by Bernard McEvoy; and "A Pioneer Marriage in Alabama," by Francis E. Harzies in Alabama, by Francis E. Harzies in Alabama, by Francis E. Harzies in Alabama.

DOMESTIC READING.

It is easy to find reasons why other people should be patient.

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Making music is a religious rite which can only be performed by one in perfect charity with all men.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

The memory of one good man is a light which sheds the brightest rays that fall on the lives of thousands.

A woman has her ideal as well as a man; she loves purity and truth, and loathes degradation and vice more than a man does.

The mistake from the beginning has been that women have practised self-sacrifice when they should have been teaching men self-control.

You can do nothing without enthusiasm. You cannot carry on a charitable relief society or a political club with cold-blooded men.

Love, when true, faithful, and well fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life; without it, the soul cannot reach its fullest height of holiness.

Little lies are seeds of great ones. Little treacheries are, like small holes in raiment, the beginnings of large ones.

Thou art not the more holy for being praised, nor the more worthless for being dispraised. What thou art thou art; neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God.—Thomas a Kempis.

We need to impress upon ourselves by frequent iteration the worth of the human soul, its infinite destiny, and the transcendent importance of preparation for the eternal life, we need to remind ourselves of the mighty value of that

C. W. LINDSAY,

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

To Readers of "THE TRUE WITNESS."

lent one entitled "The Abandoned Farm." The number is one of the very best of the mid-summer numbers, and Canadian journalism is proud of it. Published by the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, at \$2.50 per annum, or 25 cents per copy.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The August number of the Review may be fittingly characterized as a decidedly readable one, possessing as it does a wide and interesting range of subjects competently treated by authoritative writers. In his article on "The Menace of Romanism," Mr. W. J. H. Traynor, President of the American Protective Association, discusses from his point of view the diversity of the principles of American democracy and those of the Papacy, and contends that the latter is seeking to grow in the new world the power it has lost in the old. The article is an elaborate sample of sophistry. "Female Criminals" forms the theme of a paper by Major Arthur Griffiths, Her Majesty's Inspector of Prisons. In connection with the proposal for a Treaty of Arbitration between France and the United States, the unique contribution upon "The Solution of War," by the Rev. Dr. H. Pereira Mendes, merits more than passing attention. Dr. Mendes's plan for the solution of war involves the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. A pertinent and up-to-date essay is that on "Tendencies in Fiction," by Andrew Lang, the well-known English writer. The intense and universal interest taken in the practice of cycling has called forth from no less an authority than Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., a note of warning. In "What to Avoid in Cycling" are many judicious hints and suggestions, and the medical side of the subject receives particular attention. Worthington C. Ford, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in "The Turning of the Tide," deals with the important features of the foreign commerce of the country for the fiscal year just closed. Mr. Ford demonstrates that the tide has turned from commercial depression toward prosperity. "The New Administration in England," by the Right Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P., gives a succinct and graphic forecast of what may be expected in British politics from a Unionist ad-

ministration is that on "Leo XIII. and the Social Question," by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, Professor of Physics in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Father Zahm, while recently abroad, was granted a private audience with the Pope, and this special article was the subject of conversation between them, his Holiness saying: "You may tell the people of the United States, through the North American Review, that I shall always be ready to contribute to the fullest extent of my power towards their well-being and happiness, and especially towards the well-being and happiness of the wage-earners of their great republic." The eighth instalment of Albert D. Vandant's "Personal History of the Second Empire" deals with the "Prosperity and Social Splendor" of that Napoleonic epoch. Professor Goldwin Smith furnishes a timely contribution on "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," in which he discusses the recent works of works of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Drummond.

CHILDREN'S MUSLIN HATS AND CAPS to clear at 5c. ea.

Children's Print Dresses to clear at 50c ea.

Ladies' White Muslin Blouses to clear at 18c ea.

Ladies' Fern and Fancy Print Blouses, \$1.75 to \$2.50; to clear at 50c.

Ladies' Silk Blouses, \$8, \$9 and \$10; to clear at \$3 and \$3.50.

ALSO OTHER LINES AT HALF PRICE.

PARASOLS! PARASOLS!

Ladies' Parasols, to clear at 25c.

Ladies' Fancy Parasols, trimmed Lace, \$3; to clear at \$1.

Ladies' Silk Parasols, Rainbow Stripes, \$6; to clear at \$1.75.

Ladies' Shot Silk Parasols, \$11 and \$12; clearing price \$2.

ALL OTHER LINES OF LADIES' PARASOLS HALF PRICE.

EXAMPLES:

\$2.00 Parasols for \$1.00

\$3.00 Parasols for \$1.50

\$6.00 Parasols for \$3.00

\$9.00 Parasols for \$4.50

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Jackets suitable for Fall Wear.

50 Jackets to clear at \$2.50.

Original prices \$7.00 to \$9.00

85 Jackets to clear at \$3.50.

Original prices \$11.00 to \$17.50

GOLF CAPES, full sizes, only \$3.50.

During July and August our Store closed on Saturdays at 1 p.m.

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Contractors, ATTENTION.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned at his Office, No. 186 St. James Street, until THURSDAY, the 15th August next, up to 6 p.m., for the construction of a

BRICK DUST TRACK

At the new S.A.A.A. Grounds. Tenders to be endorsed, "Tenders for Track." Further particulars on application.

C. A. McDONNELL, SEC.-TREAS.

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USEFUL RECIPES.

PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.

Take ripe pineapple; pare, cut out the specks and grate on a coarse grater all but the core. Weigh and allow a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Cook from twenty minutes to half an hour.

SPICE CAKE.

One cup of sour cream, one and three-quarters cups of flour, one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of soda (even). This makes a thin batter, but baked in a quick oven is a very nice cake.

RASPBERRY FLOAT.

One quart of red raspberries, whites of four eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mash berries, add half a cup of sugar, let stand half an hour, pass through strainer. Beat whites to a stiff froth, add raspberry juice a little at a time. Serve in small glass dishes with cake.

KISSES.

Beat the whites of four eggs very stiff; add one half pound of pulverized sugar and flavor to taste. Beat them very light, then lay in heaps the sizes of an egg on paper. Place the paper on a piece of wood half an inch thick, and put in a hot oven. Make the surface shiny by passing over it a wet knife. Bake until they look yellowish.

HOW TO COOK CAULIFLOWER.

Cauliflower, with white sauce, is a dish fit to set before a king. To prepare it take off outside leaves; wash thoroughly. Put in bag and boil gently half an hour in salted water. Pour over melted butter with a spoonful of cream, or make this white sauce: Cook together one ounce of flour and two ounces of butter, add one pint of sweet cream or milk, simmer five minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

CLAM SOUP.

Take fifty clams, not too small, and let them come to a boil in their juice. Pour the liquor through a cheese cloth in a sieve; wash the clams; cut off the hard parts and chop the soft parts fine. Slice two potatoes and a small onion and cook them soft in the clam juice. Then add some parsley and the chopped clams. Heat one quart of milk separately and add one-eighth pound of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed together. Use pepper and very little salt. Stir all together and add the yolk of one egg last.

FASHION AND FANCY.

The late importations of millinery show the usual characteristics of mid-summer hats, with their wide-spreading brims and fantastic decoration. To assist in this annual climax of millinery art this season is the revival of the Marie Antoinette hat decked out with innumerable ostrich feathers, eight or nine being deftly arranged around the crown of one black chip hat, which has rosettes of black and white chiffon at the back. Wide-brimmed hats of any shape or style are worn well over the face, and there are usually rosettes of ribbon or bunches of flowers under the brim at the back to give it an extra tilt forward. A novel manner of arranging the feathers on one variety of the Louis XVI. shape is in the form of a fan across the middle of the crown, where they are fastened by a fancy ornament. Another hat of white pailleuse is trimmed with folds of black velvet ribbon knotted in front, while roses and leaves are gracefully arranged to droop over the hair at the back. White silk poppies spotted with black, and glorious red ones, large in size and brilliant in coloring, are a favorite trimming for these large hats. Roses, mignonette and white satin ribbon is another combination, and other Louis XVI. hats of leghorn straw are plentifully trimmed with white feathers, pink roses and black velvet bows.

AN OLD FASHIONED MAID.

She can peel and boil potatoes, make a salad of tomatoes, but she doesn't know a Latin noun from Greek; And so well she cooks a chicken that your appetite 'twould quicken, but she cannot tell what's modern from antique; She knows how to sit at table and make order out of babel, but she doesn't know Euripides from Kant; Once at making pies I caught her—Jove! an expert must have taught her—but she doesn't know true eloquence from rant; She has a firm conviction, one ought only to read fiction, and she doesn't care for science, not a bit; And the way she makes her bonnets, sure is worth a thousand sonnets, but she doesn't yearn for "culture," not a whit; She can make her wraps and dresses till a fellow fast confesses that there's not another maiden half as sweet; She's immersed in home completely, where she keeps all things so neatly, but from Browning not a line can she repeat; Well, in fact, she's just a woman, gentle, lovable, and human, and her faults she is quite willing to admit; 'Twere foolish to have tarried, so we went off and were married, and I tell you I am mighty glad of it.

HOME MATTERS.

The bedrooms of the properly constructed summer home should approach the condition of primitive simplicity as far as possible, exempting, perhaps, the guests' chambers. A visitor frequently wishes to use her sleeping room as a sitting room also, and therefore does not enjoy a Spartan severity of style in furnishings.

The floors should be bare, except for a rug before the bed and before the washstand. They should be painted a dark brown and waxed. A brown wood floor shows dust with startling rapidity, and dust is particularly unwholesome in a sleeping room, the sooner it is seen and cleaned off the better. The walls are cleaner if left rough-plastered. The ceiling white finish is not desirable, be-

ing more glaring and not so picturesque as the softer tone of unfinished plaster. Pictures should be very few and should be favorites. Nothing is more maddening than to be in bed and gaze upon a multitude of trifling things. Two or three photographs of pictures of acknowledged merit are enough in the line of mural decoration.

The bedstead should be of iron, painted white. The washstand may also be of white iron, and may be concealed behind a screen in green and white. This screen will also serve to keep off draughts. The dressing table may be a home-made box affair with white muslin frills and a glass above, or an elaborate purchased article. That will depend upon the homemaker's purse. A long, deep box for dresses, covered with cretonne so as to form a seat; a chest of drawers, a steamer chair for lounging, and a straight-backed chair for use before the toilet table, complete the list of necessary furnishings.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

BOY HEROES.

There have been young heroes in great number.

The young Hollander who, when he discovered a tiny leak in the dike, which he knew would quickly increase and inundate the town, thrust his finger into the aperture and stayed there from early evening until long after dawn before help finally came, shows us what boys can do.

Then, do you not remember the German peasant boy who asked his father what he should do if a wolf came while his parents were away?

"Thrust your arm down his throat and choke him to death," replied the father in jest.

One night the boy was left alone in the hut, and a wolf did come. The gaunt creature was about to spring upon the sleeping baby, when the boy sprang between them. With one fierce growl the wolf threw itself at the boy, with open jaws, and he without a thought of fear, thrust his hand into the gaping mouth and held it there till the brute fell back breathless and dead.

And the drummer boy of France? He was scarcely 12 years old. The Royalists had won the day, and on a little elevation, surrounded by the dead bodies of his comrades, the valiant lad stood alone facing a score of rifles.

"Cry 'Vive le roi' or die!" commanded the soldiers.

"Vive la republique!" cried the boy, waving his drumsticks proudly, and fell, pierced by a dozen bullets.

And that incident of Ratisbon. How stirring Browning has given it to us in verse! It was the simple account of a young ensign, not more than a boy in years, who rode up to Napoleon, and springing lightly from the saddle reported the capture of the town.

"You're wounded, boy!" cried Bonaparte, seeing that the lad kept his lips pressed tightly, while vainly trying to keep the blood back.

"Nay," said the boy, his pride touched to the quick, "I'm killed, sire!" And with a happy smile still lingering on his lips the young hero fell dead at his emperor's feet.—Home and Country.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

THE MOMENTOUS CRAMP.

The Important Part It Played in Deciding the Battle of Leipzig.

Suddenly, in the midst of an order to Gen. Vandamme, who was to head off the retreat near Kulm, some miles to the north, the Emperor gave a sharp cry, clapped a hand over his lower waistcoat buttons and doubled up completely, unable to think or act.

Napoleon had the stomach-ache. You laugh at this; but let me tell you there is nothing so demoralizing as pain. Headache and indigestion have wrecked more than one great cause. Men who can withstand armies have surrendered to the toothache.

Napoleon was never victorious on the sea because he was always too sea sick to command in person. Napoleon could not endure pain, and lost his crown through a stomach-ache. For the cramp that caught him that day at Pirna kept him from pursuing his routed foes, and with that failure to act began the conqueror's downfall.

At all events he gave up his plan of conducting the pursuit in person. He returned to Dresden. Disaster fell upon his generals whenever they fought without him. Oudinot was beaten at Grossbeeren; Macdonald was overthrown at Katzbach; Vandamme was captured at Kulm; Ney was routed at Dennewitz. The Allies turned back. With fresh troops swelling their recovering ranks, they drew about the man they had sworn to destroy.

His vassals forsook him; his tribulations deserted him. France was left alone, and yielding to the advice of his marshals rather than following his own wise judgment, Napoleon gave up his plan of marching on Berlin. His enemies drew about him; they inclosed him in a ring of steel; and on Oct. 16, 1813, the Emperor and his men stood at bay under the walls of quaint old Leipzig—a hand-ful against a host.

That bloodiest battle of modern times has been called the Battle of the Nations. It was France against all Europe. For three days it raged. Ninety-four thousand men were killed or wounded. Then the Saxons in the ranks of France went over in a body to the enemy. Retreat was a necessity. Napoleon was beaten.—Catholic Universe.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

The best sort of free-hand drawing—Drawing your pay.

What is the right age for a piano? Forte, of course.

IS PARALYSIS CURABLE?

MR. GEORGE LITTLE, OF ESSEX COUNTY, SAYS IT IS.

HE GIVES HIS OWN TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE TO PROVE THE TRUTH OF HIS ASSERTION—SUFFERED FOR OVER TWO YEARS—BOTH HIMSELF AND FAMILY THOUGHT THAT ONLY DEATH COULD END HIS SUFFERINGS—AGAIN ENJOYING THE BLESSING OF SOUND HEALTH.

From the Essex Free Press.

Life is truly a burden to those not blessed with a full measure of health and strength, but when a strong man is brought to the verge of almost utter helplessness, when doctors fail, and there is apparently nothing left to do but wait the dread summons that comes but once to all, the case assumes an aspect of extreme sadness. In such a condition as this did Mr. George Little, of the township of Colchester North, find himself, and recently the Free Press hearing incidentally that he had recovered health and strength, a reporter was sent to investigate. When seen, Mr. Little expressed a willingness to state the nature of his case, and his story is as follows:—



"Had to sit with feet in a hot oven."

Some four years ago Mr. Little suffered from a severe attack of la grippe which left his lower limbs partially paralyzed. He called in one of the best known physicians of Essex county, who appeared to do all that lay in his power for the relief of Mr. Little, but to no avail. For two and a half years he suffered the most intense pain and was confined to his bed for the greater part of the time. The doctor was puzzled with his case and as he seemed to obtain no relief, he changed doctors for a period. The second doctor did no better than the other, and Mr. Little returned to the one he had first called in. Finally, despairing of ever obtaining relief, he told the physician that he did not see any further use of taking his medicines, and believed he should die if he did not obtain relief in a short time. He had wasted away to little more than a mere skeleton, and an object of pity to his neighbors, and felt himself a burden to his family. His wife and family had given up hope, and his neighbors all thought it was merely a question of time when Mr. Little's death would relieve his sufferings. While his limbs were partially paralyzed he could use them sufficient to hobble about the house and door yard, but if he undertook to walk to the stable he would be confined to his bed for a week after. His limbs grew numb and cold. During the hottest summer days he was obliged to sit with his feet and legs in a hot oven, wrapped in flannels and hot cloths until the skin would come off in scales. Mr. Little believed that his physician was doing all that could be done, and has nothing but kindly feelings for the treatment he received at his hands, but he is certain that the doctor had no hope of his recovery. He had tried an advertised mineral water, taking in all seven gallons of it, but failed to obtain relief. After suffering for two and a half years, Mr. Little, in the summer of 1893, read of a case similar to his own, that had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Grasping at this last hope, he sent for a few boxes and began taking them. Before the second box was all used, Mr. Little was satisfied that he had found a remedy that would cure him of his exceedingly painful and mysterious ailment. Mr. Little continued the use of the Pink Pills for several months and was able to get out and do light work about his farm, which he had not been able to do for over two years. He continued taking Pink Pills a while longer, when he was fully recovered and was able to do any of the hardest work on his farm, and in the winter time worked almost steadily at saw-logging and wood-chopping. During the past fall, he says, he was frequently caught out in heavy rain storms when away from home, but he had so far recovered that his exposures have not brought any bad results. During the very cold weather of the present winter he was hauling wood to Windsor, a distance of fifteen miles. He looks at present as if he had hardly seen a sick day in his life time.

Mr. Little feels deeply grateful to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and claims that his complete recovery is entirely due to the use of the pills. He gives his testimony for the benefit of others who may be similarly afflicted. Mr. Little's wife, who was present at the interview, corroborated Mr. Little's testimony and believes he owes his entire recovery to the use of Pink Pills. The entire family look upon the husband and father as one rescued from the grave by the timely use of Pink Pills.

On inquiry among Mr. Little's neighbors, we find that he is a man of undoubted veracity. He has lived in Essex county all his lifetime, and on his present farm in Colchester North, about four years. He is the superintendent of the Edgar Mills Sunday School, and his case is too well known in that district to be disputed. His neighbors looked upon his cure as a most miraculous one, his death having been expected among them for many months before he began the use of Pink Pills.

There are times in a man's life when the whole sky seems rose-colored, and this old, dull world a paradise. One of these is when he has discovered a sovereign in the lining of his last summer's waistcoat.

You cannot be well unless your blood is pure. Therefore purify your blood with the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

What is the right age for a piano? Forte, of course.

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Absolutely Pure, and Safe to use for Infants, Invalids, and all Weak Persons generally.

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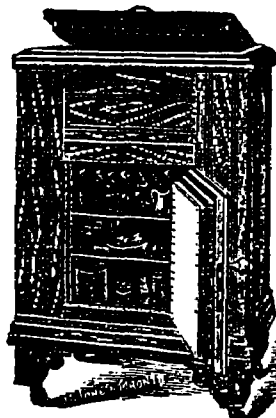
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It is the only safeguard against the many dreadful diseases that so often are propagated by ordinary milk.

Write, or call for sample.



Here's a Refrigerator -

That is built to keep things cool. It's no dry goods box, but a genuine Refrigerator that keeps ice, as well as meats and vegetables. It has the lowest Dry Air temperature, a positive circulation of air; the bottoms flush with door sill; sides of ice chamber removable, making easy to clean. All Ash, beautifully made and polished; all sizes. Cheap. Talking of Refrigerators reminds us of Gas Stoves. The coolest Stove in use. Come and see our stock.

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QUALITY, VALUE AND FIT.

Repairing of all description done while customer waits, with least possible delay. To give idea of prices, we quote:

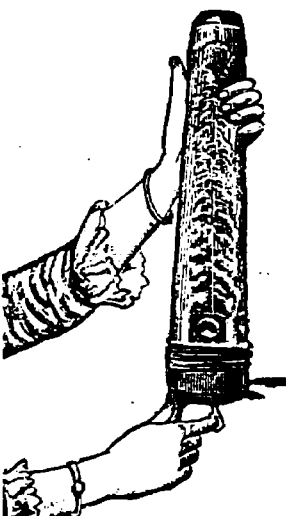
Men's Boots.		Ladies' and Boys' Boots.	
Soled	40c.	Soled	35c.
Heeled	20c.	Heeled	15c.

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"Of all Table Waters the most delicious!"
Bottled at the Springs—Radnor in the Laurentides, Canada.

Empires of Radnor Natural Table Waters.

To be had of all leading Hotels, Grocers, Restaurants and Clubs, or from Radnor Water Company, New York Life Building, Montreal.



The Durand Fire Extinguisher,

Manufactured by THE CANADIAN FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO., Limited,

Is pre-eminently the MOST EFFICIENT FIRE EXTINGUISHER ever placed before the public. It will immediately arrest the progress of a severe fire. It is easy to handle and operate; a child can use it as well as a grown-up person, and they should be in every household. The great value of the Durand Fire Extinguisher for Manufacturers, public and religious buildings, is already well appreciated, and many such buildings are provided with a number of them.

The Durand Fire Extinguisher

has already demonstrated its efficiency on many occasions when used in an emergency. Among others may be cited the following, where prompt use of DURAND EXTINGUISHERS prevented large conflagrations, and saved much valuable property:—

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- J. A. Rousseau, furniture manufacturer, Ste Anne de la Perade.
- Toussaint Lariviere, Sault au Recollet.
- Ladies' Benevolent Institution, 31 Berthelet Street, Montreal.
- Rev. G. M. Le Pailleur, curate Maison-Neuve.
- Mme. G. Cyr, 447 St. Andre Street.
- C. Dubois, Sub-Chief, Fire Station, No. 4.
- C. & N. Vallee, proprietors, St. James Hotel, of Bonaventure Depot.
- Ferdinand Mailhot, St. Jean Deschaillons.

All of whom gave certificates of their excellent working. By providing your premises with a sufficient number of Durand's Fire Extinguishers you may lower the cost of your insurances. The Company also manufactures Extinguishers of larger sizes, 2 and 5 gallons, especially for the use of Fire Departments of cities, villages and municipalities, to take the place of Babcocks or other apparatus of that kind. The Montreal Fire Department have already purchased 12 of the 5 gallons size.

Prices of Hand Fire Extinguisher, \$24.00 per dozen. Prices for larger sizes on application.

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

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

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

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

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted. Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER" Compound Mother Sex. This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhoea, and the PAIN to which every woman is liable PERIODICALLY, subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent, and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

NORTHERN ITALY.

THE CONTINUATION OF AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

FLORENCE AND ITS ATTRACTIONS—PISA, ITS LEANING TOWER AND CHURCHES—GENOA "THE SUPERB" AND ITS HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS—CONCLUSION OF THE NORTHERN TOUR.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS, BY JOSEPH W. HECKMAN, C. E.

(CONCLUDED.)

Florence lies on both banks of the Arno, which is crossed by many bridges. On both sides of its banks are broad and handsome quays, the lungarno, where, at certain hours of the day, are seen crowds of people promenading and viewing the showy shops along its course. The Galleria degli Uffizi, near the Piazza Signoria, was given a day with the Pitti palace on the other side of the Arno, connected by the Ponte Vecchio. The numerous paintings found here of the many notable artists are from collections of the different European schools, which are displayed in successive galleries, among which, in the Italian collection, are those of Raphael, Michael Angelo and many others. Besides the pictures, there are statues and other interesting collections of art, such as the cabinet of gems, &c. The Pitti palace, the regal residence, contains a collection of paintings, which it is a known fact, cannot be excelled in all Italy for the array of masterpieces, as are seen entirely throughout. As to churches, Florence has many, and I will now try briefly to describe some of its principal ones seen. That of St. Lorenzo, founded in 390, is one of the most ancient churches in Italy. Here is some work done by Michael Angelo. The chapel of the prince, adjacent hereto, is indeed a gorgeous sight, done in costly marble, and having many valuable mosaics. Here are the tombs of the Medici family. This beautiful chapel is richly finished, having only a part of the pavement yet to complete, which is of great beauty. The new sacristy, built by Michael Angelo for Pope Clement VII. The sculptures of this artist found here are a sight never to be forgotten. The beautiful church of Santissimo Annunziata was greatly admired, the portico and courtyard a special feature. The interior is very fine, both as regards its construction and finish. The chapel to the left of the entrance, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin by the Medici, whose altar and adornments, most exquisitely wrought with pure silver, is simply gorgeous. Crowds are continually worshipping before it and costly lamps are ever burning around it. The church of St. Croce was of great interest, containing as it does some of the most beautiful frescoes of Giotto, besides many other points of rare beauty, such as its marble pulpit. This church contains some beautiful monuments over the tombs of illustrious men like Michael Angelo, Dante and Galileo, whose remains lie buried here. The basilica of the Holy Spirit, containing numerous chapels, was one of the most attractive of the Florentine churches. Near this one again is that of St. Maria del Carmine, another interesting one, containing some beautiful paintings. Visited many others, such as St. Marco, St. Maria Maddalena, St. Maria Novella. The latter is of the Tuscan Gothic style of architecture and was very noticeable, being of large dimensions and having some fine specimens of Florentine art, which gives this church much fame. The National Museum was given a lengthy visit, containing as it does innumerable objects of interesting study, illustrating the medieval and modern history of Italian culture and art. The Academy of fine Arts ranks high in the attention of the visitor here, containing many fine paintings and statues of the noted artists such as "David," by Michael Angelo. The fine old cloister of the Recoletos is an elegant court of the early Renaissance style, whose frescoes, illustrating the history of St. John the Baptist, were viewed with much pleasure. A fine view of Florence was obtained from the piazza of Michael Angelo, from which point the whole city and its suburbs can advantageously be seen. The suburbs of Florence were visited also, as Fiesole containing a cathedral and the excavated ruins of an ancient theatre. Here resides the Superior-General of the Society of Jesus, Certosa, where I was shown through an old Carthusian monastery by one of the monks (a native of Dublin) whose church is of beautiful finish, with its magnificent monuments and fine carved halls. From the terrace here some very fine picturesque views were had, especially the valley running towards the Apennines. The monk told me Her Majesty Queen Victoria greatly admired this sight while on a visit to this monastery a couple of years ago. Other interesting features of my Florentine visit I could describe, but will stop here and continue my trip.

Leaving Florence early one morning for Genoa, I made a stop over for some four or five hours at Pisa, in order to view the piazza del Duomo with its three fine buildings, namely, the Leaning Tower, Cathedral and Baptistery, which I photographed. The Leaning Tower, at the east end of the Cathedral, took some seventy-five years to complete, consisting of eight stories, surrounded with half columns. The height is 179 feet with an inclination of 13 feet outside of the perpendicular. The general opinion, as now exists, is that this incline occurred during its construction, and subsequently, the upper stories were added in a curved-line and strengthened. Galileo, it is said, used this tower to experiment for the theory of the laws of gravitation. Seven bells are placed upon its top. The Cathedral is some eight centuries old and built entirely of white marble. Its facade is particularly fine, while its well proportioned interior, with its elaborate decoration of inestimable cost, is indeed beautiful, especially those of the sanctuary, with its fine altar and carved halls and mosaics of rare beauty. The Baptistery,

another building of marble at the west end of the Cathedral, is also a fine sight; it was begun in the 12th century. Its plan is circular, having a diameter of 100 feet and encircled with columns. The Campo Santo, or burial ground, is another of the Pisan sights. Pesa seemed to me a quiet city, though its population is some 27,000. The river Arno, which divides Florence, divides this city also. The view from the Ponte Solferino is very pretty, up and down the river. Near it is the famous little church of S. Maria della Spina, built in the French Gothic style, erected for the mariners in the early part of the 13th century. After seeing these mentioned sights I boarded the train for Genoa. The view from it, outside of the eighty tunnels, is very fine, as we rush along the shores of the Mediterranean. The large City of Spezia is passed whose situation upon a bold promontory, is strongly fortified, and where, as a naval station, many war ships were seen. Genoa was reached after five hours from Pesa, and as this city was the one from which I was to embark for Gibraltar, I will try to briefly describe it.

Genoa was taken as the centre of my tour while in Northern Italy, coming to it from Naples, Cannes and Pesa. This city is the great shipping port of Italy, in whose fine harbor are numerous slips from all parts of the world, a fine view of which was seen from the lighthouse at its western extremity. Genoa, though an old city, is gradually being modernized in a way, for here the electric power is used for lighting the streets and as the motor for the suburban train cars. With regard to the churches, it has many very fine ones, the prominent among which visited were the following: The Cathedral of S. Lorenzo, erected in 1100, with a fine interior finish, containing many chapels, having statues and paintings of several of the Genoese and other masters. The sacristy, containing many relics, was of deep interest. Near this church is that of S. Ambrogio, an old one, built by the Jesuits, is profusely decorated and has some beautiful paintings over its many altars. S. Maria, in Carignano, after the style of St. Peter's in Rome, has a fine location, from which a splendid view of the city can be had. SS. Annunziata is perfectly magnificent, which I oftentimes visited. The interior has fine proportions, being built with various colored marbles, especially noticeable is its twelve marble columns of great splendor. That of S. Siro is also of grand beauty. The small Gothic church of S. Mateo claimed also my attention, having, besides its fine interior, many memorials of the Doria family, whose palaces lie opposite this church, having marble fronts of rare beauty. The palaces found in Genoa are many and beautiful, one of which, the Rosso, I visited. This one was presented to the city some twenty years ago, and is noted for its valuable contents in way of its library, paintings, etc. The statue of Columbus, near the railway station, is one of the many fine monuments Genoa is proud of. I noticed the city has applied the name of this discoverer to many of its public buildings, etc., as Genoa claims his birth-place. The Campa Santo or burial place is also one of Genoa's main sights. Here are seen innumerable monuments in various designs, peculiar to Italy, of most costly workmanship. The circular mortuary chapel is finely finished, especially the massive columns of dark marble supporting its dome, under which is the High Altar.

In conclusion, I may here say, in the hurried description of this tour I have tried to make, I feel I have not done justice thereto, for I have embraced eight cities, and, as your readers are well aware, they are large ones, and contain hundreds of fine sights I have not alluded to. Again, I would like to say, any of your readers anticipating an Italian tour, would, I am sure, be perfectly satisfied with it. Now-a-days the mode of travelling is so comfortable and cheap, any one having some spare time should make this tour. Many people think Italy, being so far away, is outside the question! Not so, from Montreal to Naples via New York and Gibraltar can be done now in twelve days in palatial steamers with cheap rates, besides good living in Italy can be had at most reasonable rates to suit the taste. Again, there is the sea-voyage, which is a fine accessory to an individual's health; these items, with the numerous Italian sights, should be well considered, before any one makes a European tour elsewhere.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets 10 cents.

She'd Go Farther.—Miss Young— "The regents of the state university have abolished the degree of bachelor of letters." Miss Olden—"I am so pleased to hear it; if I had my way I would abolish bachelors entirely."—Detroit Free Press.

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Tommy Figg—"My sister's sweetheart kicked my dog yesterday, but I got even with him, you bet." Johnny Briggs—"How?" Tommy Figg—"I mixed quinine with her face powder. Won't she taste bitter?"—Frank Harrison's Magazine.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

More Sociology.—The woman who objects to her husband's smoking usually keeps quiet about it until she has one.

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Love cannot live when memory is dead. That is why the Christian is so urgently exhorted to keep himself in the presence of God.

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THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

The Duty of Maintaining the High Standard Does Not Devolve on Editors Alone.

It is impossible to overrate the influence of the press. After the church no other agent has played so important a part in the development of modern civilization. The newspaper is the people's literature, and whatever the people read, whether light or profound, learned or unlearned, must, sooner or later, have its effect. If the press in general has contributed so largely to the world's advancement, what must be the influence of that portion of it conducted by Catholic editors along the lines marked out by Catholic principles.

One of the main functions of the newspaper is, of course, to give the news, to tell what is happening throughout the world. Modern scientific discovery has so changed the relations of time and space that the morning paper has been called the world's daily history.

The Catholic journalist, however, has a higher duty than to merely relate facts. His vocation bears with it a grave responsibility. It is his duty to present these facts in the light of Catholic truth which will show their relation to the eternal destiny of man. He must seek to elevate the taste of the people by supplying them with sound, wholesome reading. He must vindicate Catholic doctrines and defend the Church from the insidious attacks of her enemies. One of the most encouraging signs of the times is that Catholics can get a hearing. Presented to people willing to examine it, Catholic truth must prevail. Nine-tenths of the prejudice against the Church is the offspring of ignorance; and were Catholic aims and Catholic doctrines put clearly before the people, this prejudice would quickly disappear.

From the days of the venerable William Caxton the father of the English press, down to the present time, Catholics have ever made use of this powerful lever for the advancement of the people. For the last forty years, since which time journalism has become a real profession, Catholic newspapers have kept pace with their non-Catholic contemporaries. In Europe and in America Catholic editors and contributors to magazines occupy the foremost places in the ranks of the profession.

But not on the editors alone devolves the duty of maintaining the high standard of the Catholic press. Since the usefulness and excellence of the press is so evident, it is manifestly the duty of every Catholic to accord to it his generous support. Every man is, to a certain extent, his brother's keeper, and he must look to it that so powerful a means of spreading truth is assisted in every possible way. His duty does not consist merely in paying his subscription, and as frequently happens, in permitting his paper to remain for days unopened. It is incumbent on him to avail himself of the good therein afforded, and by fitting himself to appreciate good Catholic literature, to lend his influence towards the maintenance of a sound and elevated Catholic press.—Pittsburgh Catholic.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN ITALY

From a purely political point of view we doubt very much if the political situation in Italy has not assumed a gravity in which a directorship pure and simple, acted upon and proclaimed, would not be preferable to the anarchy to which the country seems to be drifting. If the Parliamentary tension which now exists is not relieved by some force which does not seem to be of organic root in the Constitution, a portentous period is imminent. Signor Crispi has made Parliamentary government a mockery. The burden of the army changes is leaving the people of Italy in a condition the most deplorable of any on the face of the earth. Signor Crispi's shady dealings with the Banca Romano we shall not examine. We think that a man of his years has had some other object to serve than mere personal gain. However, such allegations are made every day, and unfortunately for Crispi and King Humbert, there has been no unequivocal repudiation of them. A country whose chief minister is accused of the most flagrant abuse of power, and who takes no effective steps to meet the charges of his accusers, may continue to hold the reins of power, but he can scarcely fail to lose the respect of the people.

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Patience is a virtue for which there is no substitute. There is often no other way out of a difficulty than the way of patience. But this really is a most gracious way when the sufferer finds it. Nor is it a way which anyone need be ashamed to take, for our Lord recommends it: In your patience ye shall win your souls. He knows that there is nothing left to us but this one thing—patience. We must use it: we must win our souls, our very lives, by it.

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No one sins against the being he truly loves, and the surest way to keep one's love alive, and deep and true, is to realize what the beloved one is to us.

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L. J. V. CLAIROUX, M. D. Montreal, March 27th 1889.

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

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

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

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that the Grand Trunk Railway is now running through Parlor Cars on their fast day trains between Montreal, Portland and Old Orchard Beach? Trains leave Montreal at 7:50 a.m., 8:40 p.m., and 11:30 p.m. daily, except Sunday. Train leaving at 11:30 a.m. on Saturday nights runs only as far as Island Pond.
"DO YOU KNOW"
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"DO YOU KNOW"
that the Grand Trunk Railway, to accommodate business men and others desiring to spend Saturday and Sunday at Canada, Little Metis and other intermediate points, is now running a weekly Sea-side Express from Montreal every Friday at 8:40 p.m., reaching Canada at 7:20 Saturday and Little Metis 11:00 a.m.; returning the train leaves Canada every Sunday at 9:00 p.m.; Metis 11:55 a.m., and reaches Montreal at 8 Monday morning.
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AN ERRATIC IRISH GENIUS.

Particulars of the Career of James Clarence Mangan, "the Irish Edgar Allan Poe."

The name of that singular and most original child of genius and sorrow, James Clarence Mangan, is the synonym for all that is "most musical, most melancholy," writes Thomas B. Finn, S. J., in the Cork Examiner. Gavan Duffy says of him: "He was as truly born to sing deathless songs as Keats or Shelley; but he lived and died in a provincialized city and his voice was drowned for a time in the roar of popular clamor."

Whenever he passed through the streets, which he seldom did, and then wrapped in deep thought, he arrested the attention of all that met him by his odd appearance. He was of medium height, somewhat stooped, thin and wasted. Winter and summer he wore an old faded blue coat, buttoned tightly around him. Under a high-crowned hat of broad brim, his large, finely-shaped head was seen, and deep blue eyes, expressive, soulful, lighting up a sad face of death-like paleness, and golden hair, fine and silky, hanging down in careless tangles.

Mangan was the Irish Edgar Poe. In many respects, in a weird, haunting melody, in a grace and aptness of expression, in a tone of sadness so deep, so piercing, that it startles us like a cry from the depths, the cry of a lost soul, in a waywardness of conduct, a weakness of will, manifested especially in a passion for strong drink—in these and other points, poor Clarence Mangan strongly calls to mind the unhappy genius and blighted life of the author of "The Raven" and "The Bells."

John Mitchell said that he never met a cultivated Irishman or Irishwoman, of genuine Irish nature, who did not prize Clarence Mangan above all the poets that their island of song ever nursed. Why, then, is this rare genius so seldom spoken of, so little known, except among his own countrymen? An easy question to answer, gentle reader. "Mangan," to use Mitchell's incisive words, "was not only an Irishman, not only an Irish Papist, not only an Irish Papist rebel, but throughout his own literary life of twenty years he never deigned to attain to English criticism, never published a line in any English periodical, or through any English bookseller, never seemed to be aware that there was a British public to please. He was a rebel politically, and a rebel intellectually and spiritually—a rebel with his own heart and soul against the British spirit of the age. The consequence was sure and not unexpected."—Boston Republic.

THE CHINESE HORROR.

Particulars of the Massacre of the Foreign Missionaries.

London, Aug. 5.—At the Chinese Legation here it is stated that no information has been received regarding the massacre of missionaries near Ku Cheng beyond the meagre statement that five persons have been killed or wounded at Wua Sang.

London, Aug. 6.—The correspondent of the Times at Shanghai says that the missionaries killed at Ku Cheng were murdered by an organized band of eighty of the Vegetarians. The correspondent says: "The ladies begged for their lives, promising to yield their property and valuables, but the leader of the band shouted out the order to kill them outright. A corrected list of the victims is as follows:

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. Miss Nellie Baunders and Miss Lena Irish, burnt in the house. Miss Stettie Newcombe was spared and thrown down a precipice. Miss Marshall had her throat cut. Miss Gordon, spared in the head. Miss Topsy Saunders, spared in the brain. Master Herbert Stewart, skull fractured and brain exposed. Lena Stewart died from shock. The correspondent concludes: "Four other Stewart children and Miss Codrington were seriously wounded."

A DASTARDLY ATTEMPT

Made by an Anarchist to Murder a French Mine Director.

PARIS, August 4.—News has been received here of a dastardly attempt to murder M. Vuillemin, the managing director of the coal mines at Aniche, eight miles from Douai, in the department of the Nord. A monster banquet had been prepared for the celebration to-day of the completion of the 50th year of M. Vuillemin's connection with the mines. After Mass had been celebrated this morning M. Vuillemin, surrounded by a party of engineers and shareholders in the mines, was standing under the church porch when an anarchist miner named Camille Decoux, who had been dismissed from the service of the company after the strike of 1889, approached and fired five shots from a revolver at him. Three of the bullets took effect, one striking M. Vuillemin in the cheek, another in the hand and another in the back, inflicting serious but not dangerous wounds. After emptying his revolver Decoux was preparing to throw a bomb which he had concealed about his person when by some means the infernal machine exploded prematurely, dismembering the would-be murderer and hurling his mangled body a distance of 11 feet from where he was standing. Ten by-

standers were slightly injured by the explosion. Decoux was carried to the Mayrality house, but he died immediately after his arrival there. The attempt upon M. Vuillemin's life has created the most intense excitement throughout the district.

After the bomb exploded Decoux's father, who was among those gathered about the church, became greatly excited and rushed to the spot where his son lay and began to kick him, all the time screaming "Canaille assassin." The combined efforts of several witnesses of the assault were necessary to restrain him. The force of the explosion threw down several of the bystanders, but only four persons were injured. All the windows of an inn in the vicinity were shattered. Decoux, who was 26 years of age and unmarried, had recently been working at Wasiers, a short distance from Aniche. M. Vuillemin was removed to his home in a carriage immediately after his wounds had been dressed and is now making favorable progress towards recovery.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR.—We quote:—Spring Patent \$4.60 to \$4.75. Winter Patent \$4.50 to \$4.60. Straight Roller \$4.05 to \$4.20. City Strong Bakers \$4.35 to \$4.50. Manitoba Bakers \$4.25 to \$4.35. Ontario bags—extra \$1.90 to \$2.00. Straight Roller, bags \$2.05 to \$2.10. ROLLED MEAL.—Rolled and granulated \$4.05 to \$4.10; standard \$4.00 to \$4.05. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$1.95 to \$2.00, and standard at \$1.90 to \$1.95. Pot barley \$4.25 in bbls. and \$2.00 in bags, and split peas \$3.50.

BRAN, ETC.—Bran, which is scarce, is quoted at \$17.00 to \$18.00. Shorts are firm at \$19.50 to \$21.00 as to quality, and Moullie at \$21.50 to \$23.00 as to grade.

WHEAT.—In the West red and white winter are quoted at 75c to 78c, and Manitoba No. 1 hard spring at 98c.

CORN.—The market rules quiet at 51c to 52c in bond, and 59c to 60c duty paid.

PEAS.—Peas are dull both here and in the West, the last sale reported here being at 73c per 60 lbs. afloat, and in the Stratford district they have dropped to 56c and 57c per 60 lbs. f.o.b.

OATS.—Sales of No. 2 white are reported at 40c to 41c. Regarding Manitoba mixed, the sale of a lot is reported as low as 35c.

BARLEY.—Prices are nominally quoted at 50c to 58c for malting and 53c to 54c for feed.

BUCKWHEAT.—Prices quoted at 50c to 52c.

RYE.—Prices remain nominal at 60c to 61c.

MALT.—Market quiet at 70c to 80c as to quality and quantity.

PROVISIONS.

PORK, LARD, &c.—Canada short cut pork, per bbl., \$16.50 to \$17.50; Canada thin mess, per bbl., \$15.00 to \$15.50; Mess pork, American, new, per bbl., \$16 to \$16.50; Hams, per lb., 10c to 11c; Lard, pure, in pails, per lb., 9c to 9 1/2c; Lard, compound, in pails, per lb., 6 1/2c to 7c; Bacon, per lb., 10c to 11c; Shoulders, per lb., 8 1/2c.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

BUTTER.—17 1/2c is the highest price that has been paid during the week by shippers; but local dealers have paid 17c likewise. Creamery, finest July, per lb., 17 1/2c to 18c; creamery, fair to good, 16 1/2c to 17c; Townships, 14c to 16c; Morrisburg, 13c to 15c; Western, 13c to 14c. CHEESE.—We quote: Finest Ontario, 8c to 8 1/2c; Eastern Townships, 7 1/2c; French, 7c to 7 1/2c; undergrades, 7c to 7 1/2c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

EGGS.—Most of the sales indicate a good demand, with business reported at 1 1/2c to 1 3/4c for candled stock.

TALLOW.—Prices nominally quoted at 5c to 6c.

HONS.—Market quiet at 5c to 8 1/2c as to quality. The crop promises well.

HONEY.—Old extracted 5c to 6c per lb. New 7c to 9c per lb. in tins as to quality, Comb honey 10c to 12c.

MAPLE PRODUCTS.—Sugar is quoted at 6 1/2c to 7c, and old 5c to 6c. Syrup at 4 1/2c to 5c per lb. in wood and at 50c to 60c in tins.

BEANS.—Market steady at \$1.65 to \$1.75 for good mediums. Choice hand-picked pea beans \$1.85 to \$2.00. Poorer kinds \$1.25 to \$1.50.

BALED HAY.—No. 2 shipping hay \$10. No. 1 straight Timothy at \$11.50. At country points, \$9.00 to \$9.50 is quoted for No. 2.

FRUITS.

APPLES.—Dried, 5 1/2c to 6c per lb.; Evaporated, 6c to 6 1/2c per lb.; Evaporated fancy, 7c to 8c per lb.; Medium, \$2.25 to \$3.00 per barrel; Fine, \$3.00 to \$3.50, 25c to 35c per basket.

ORANGES.—Messins, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per box; Valencia, 420s, 65.50 per case; Rudi, \$3 to \$4 per box.

LEMONS.—\$4.00 to \$5.00 per box.

BANANAS.—75c to \$1.75 per bunch.

CALIFORNIA PEACHES.—\$1.00 to \$1.20 per box; Plums, \$1.50 to \$2.00 per carrier; Pears, \$2.00 to \$2.50.

DATES.—3 1/2c to 4 1/2c per lb.

COCONUTS.—Fancy, firsts, \$3.50 to \$3.75 per hundred; seconds, \$3 per hundred.

RASPBERRIES.—7c to 9c per box; 65c to 75c per pail.

POTATOES.—New, 50c to 60c per bag; do, \$1.00 to \$1.25 per barrel.

ONIONS.—Bermuda, \$2.00 per crate.

FISH AND OILS.

FRESH FISH.—Market quiet; cod and haddock 3 1/2c to 4c per lb.

SALT FISH.—Dry cod \$4 to \$4.50, and green cod No. 1 \$4 to \$4.50. Labrador herring \$3.75 to \$4, and shore \$3.00 to \$3.50. Salmon \$10 to \$11 for No. 1 small, in bbls, and \$12.50 to \$13.50 for No. 1 large. British Columbia salmon \$10. Sea trout \$7 to \$7.50.

CANNED FISH.—Lobsters \$6.00 to \$6.25, and Mackerel \$3.85 to \$4.00 per case.

OILS.—Seal oil to arrive is quoted at 33c net cash, and on spot 35c. Newfoundland cod oil at 35c to 36c; with business light. Cod liver oil 65c to 70c for ordinary and \$1.10 to \$1.20 for Norway.

Responsibility must be shouldered. You cannot carry it under your arm.

Carsley's Column.

Mail Orders Carefully and Promptly Attended To.

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Ladies and Gentlemen are reminded that a very suitable place of appointment To Meet Friends

when down town is at S. Carsley's Waiting Gallery, where one may pass a pleasant quarter of an hour in reading the popular journals of the day.

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PRINTS.

Pretty Challies, 25 inches wide, only 4 cents.

Beautiful Prints, 32 inches wide, worth 12 cents, selling at 84 cents.

Excellent line of High Class French Lawns, regular price from 23 to 29 cents, now only 16 cents, and all other prints equally as cheap.

S. CARSELEY.

Skirts and Wrappers.

Ladies' Fancy Print Wrappers, 60c ea Ladies' Flannelette Wrappers, 68c ea Ladies' Colored Lawn Wrappers, \$1.80 ea Fancy Challie Wrappers, \$2.65 ea Ladies' Summer Skirts, 63c ea Ladies' Colored Lustr Skirts, \$1.71 ea Ladies' Summer Silk Skirts, \$2.70 ea

Final Corset Sale.

Ladies' Summer Corsets, 45c pr Ladies' Strong Corsets, 40c pr Extra Quality Summer Corsets, 68c pr Ladies' Extra Long Waist Corsets, 75c pr Ladies' French Wove Corsets, 50c pr New S. C. Long Waist Corsets, \$1.10 pr Children's Corsets Waists, 28c pr

S. CARSELEY.

Black Dress Goods.

Black All Wool Cashmeres, 22c yd Black Wool Dress Serges, 28c yd Black All Wool Crepons, 35c yd Black Wool Nun's-Veiling, 24c yd Black Wool Estamene Serge, 35c yd Black All Wool Merino, 30c yd Black Dress Lustre, 12c yd

Summer Silks.

Colored China Silks, art shades, 21c yd Summer Blouse Dress Silks, 32c yd Black Taffeta Dress Silks, 45c yd Black Moire Silks, 45c yd Colored Shot Silks, 32c yd Shanghai Silk Dress Lengths, \$2.40 ea Figured Shot Silks, 86c yd

S. CARSELEY.

Final Sunshade Sale.

Ladies' Sateen Sunshades, 64c ea Ladies' Frilled Sunshades 90c ea Ladies' Plain Silk Sunshades, \$2 ea Ladies' Fancy Silk Sunshades, \$2.40 ea Children's Sateen Sunshades, 36c ea Children's Fancy Sunshades, 38c ea Children's Silk Sunshades, 80c ea

Sale of Hats and Caps.

Boys' Varsity Caps, 5c ea Boys' Straw Sailor Hats, 45c ea Men's Straw Boater Hats, 45c ea Boys' P. & O. Caps, 28c ea Boys' Knockabout Cloth Caps, 81c ea Men's Hard Felt Hats, 90c ea

S. CARSELEY.

Final Suiting Sale.

Fancy Tweed Suitings, 25c yd Fancy Tweed Trousers, 30c yd Fancy Halifax Tweed Suitings, 32c yd 54-inch Navy Serge Suitings, 35c yd Scotch Tweed Suitings, 79c yd Scotch Tweed Trousers, 79c yd Black Worsted Suitings, \$1.18 yd

Final Boot Sale.

Ladies' Laced Oxford Shoes, 95c pr Ladies' Button Boots, \$1.30 pr Ladies' Tan Boots. Men's Laced Boots, \$1.40 pr Men's Laced Shoes, \$1.25 pr Boys' Laced Boots, \$1.1 pr Girls' Button Boots, 90c pr

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Of our prices of all descriptions of Men's and Boys' Clothing, and our friends are invited to help themselves. We will be glad to wrap up the goods, furnish twice and clerical work, but

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