LESSONS FOR YOUNG

livered the following able address be- breath only to recoil defeated to its fore the Young Men's Institute of St. own destruction. Other men have Francisco, recently. We take the re- striven unselfishly in the cause of port from the Monitor:-

chair close to the border between day paid the price. You know what it and dark, too dim to work by day- has cost him; his health, his strength, light, too early for lamp, I amuse my his tranquility of mind, the final sous fancy with some quaint philosophy, said Father MacCorry. Perhaps, the notion was suggested by the "Lift- go on. You know the story more so. Why should they deceive me? Am ers and Leaners" that Miss Wilcox tells us in verse-perhaps otherwise, at any rate once it was twilight, and I caught myself dividing off this world into two great classes- the "ruts" and the "anti-ruts" of life.

When the thought first came to me. I never meant to speak of it to any one, but just treasure it up with two or three other little thoughts that I always keep for my own edification: but when Council 35 pressed me into service for this lecture here to-night. I thought that nothing was too good for them-the very best that is in me, even if that very best is poor indeed.

With the ruts of life I classed in my fancy all those who plod along in just the way that all preceding vehicles have passed. They want every one to move along in the same old grooves; to have the same old ideas; to think the same old thoughts; to battle for the same old convictions. generous, whole-souled mistake upon They are the ultra conservatives -- are the world. Why, the very mistakes the ruts. Anything out of the commonplace affrights them. "Gracious!" they say. Thow perfectly dreadful, gress. There are men who see no Who ever heard of such a thing as more value in a good, sound, conscithat? My father or grandfather or entious error than the Indian sees great grandfather or great great grandfather surely never did."

And against the ruts the anti-ruts rebel. They would rather keep clear upon the world is in itself a of the grooves. To be sure they must feel certain that they are on the right road, but they avoid the ruts. They look to the terminus rather than to the way of reaching it. They have rough riding. I know, because the ruts in which other vehicles have passed are really very smooth. carriage of the anti-rut sometimes bounces fearfully. Then, too, the ruts are sometimes positively malicious. They are apt to throw obstacles in the way. That means jolting for the anti-ruts; but never mind, is not jolting good for indigestion? Besides that some times keeping out of the ruts even if the road is very rough has its advantages. You are not so apt to get drowsy. A rough road will keep you wide awake and observant of the scenery.

The only thing I do not like about the whole affair is the names. "Ruts" and "anti-ruts" is very prosy. I am afraid the world will not take them as they stand. But never mind - we may find prettier names for those two classes in time. Ruts and anti-ruts will do very well with which to start.

Now, I need not tell you on which side I stand. My prayers and my sympathies are with the anti-ruts of life for ever and ever, Amen.

So let me start, then, by sounding a bugle blast of warning to all those who have not as yet espoused the cause of either party. Avoid the ruts! Start in a rut at eighteen and the chances are you will be in a rut at eighty. Once in a regular groove you cannot get out without breaking the shaft or wrenching the tire from the wheel. Sometimes you see a teamster get his wagon wedged in the grooves of a car track, and oh, the struggle to get the wagon out. Start in a rut at eighteen and you will be there at eighty-that is the keynote to all I have to say to-night.

But in all this be not deceived. It means to suffer, to be maligned, to be traduced, to be misinterpreted, to be attributed with sordid motives, to be called fanatic. Let a man once step upward from the ranks of the common-place and into the open clearing of conviction wherehe stands alone, and he makes himself the target of devils and of men. Wise saws are then repeated and knowing nods and prophetic winks. The whisperer projects his venom, the slandermonger his forked tongue. Ah, yes, be not deceived; it means to suffer, you and I, plain citizens that we are. know that. Have you not seen it so? Ah, that our memories so soon should | Roosevelt in New York, who serves fail! Has there not stood one where I stand now; need I speak his name? Who when others prated of "masterful retreats" and "triumphant retrogressions," and "vicinactivities," stood out and fought the battle of God's Church from this platform, single handed and alone? You know clamor of the godless for the how fierce was the fray, how desper- cause of his country's weal-the first ate the struggle, how terriffic the Governor in the history of the Emdeath grapple. Ah, that our memories so soon should fail. Society offer- | er without pledge or oath to party | of the Judges are engaged in a coned her retainers. You know how he or to friend. Ah, yes, we need the spiracy of the worst kind. Stated despised them. Politics fawned her strong vitality of such men as that briefly, M. Beaurepaire's allegation bribes about his feet. You know how in the backbone of the American is that M. Mazeau, First President of he scorned them. Bigotry besmirched Government to-day. Perhaps not the Court of Cassation, M. Leow, the

Rev. Father MacCorry, C. S. P., de- his name with the foulness of her truth, but he labored with an energy said so much were it not that our memories are so apt to fail.

> Grant for the argument of some he made mistakes. Grant for the contention of others he was not always quite judicious. What will they tell us then? Will one error blind us to a million truths? Will one drop of ink obscure the sun? There are some I know who never make mistakes. The dumb, dull sheep that plods hindermost in the flock can never be accused of indiscretion, but the one who, with eyes alert and keen, pioneers to measure pastures, it is he who must bear the judgment if mistake be made.

Oh yes; there are those who never

make mistakes, I know. But let

them not be glorified by the distinction. There are pin-headed creatures with two legs who have not brains enough to bestow even a helpful, of honest men have been triumphant stepping stones in the world's proin the gold mine beneath his wigwam. I tell you to confer a mistake candidly, good-naturedly, sincerely , notable performance. All that for the sake of the arguments without conceding the facts. But , what I am maintaining is that be a man and it means to suffer. Permit me to drive you that conclusion home. Are there not those who under God owe the triumph of their faith on this sunset coast to the power of the lips and the might of the pen of Father Yorke and who now, that immensities of waters defy retort, have projected the slanderous venom and the fang of calumny and the traitor's sting? Ah, that our memories so should

But though every tongue were to revile and sully and besmirch the fairness of his fair name, yet would every board of theseold walls shout out his praise triumphant; would rebound the slanderous infamy and drive it back to the reptile teeth from which it hissed, would abash, and cover them with shame?

Ah, yes, be not deceived. It means to die. For Joseph a pit, for Daniel a wild beast's den, for David dethronement and exile, for John the Baptist a wilder nessand the executiopen's ax, for Peter crucifixion, for Paul the Ehilippian dungeon, for Christ the cross, for the sons and daughters of the King since the world was made, fire and persecution and the sword.

Let me practically apply this thought of individuality now, and I am done. Such men as I have described to-night are required first of all in politics by our country. In public life we need to-day, perhaps more than we ever needed, men who will think for themselves, be above reproach. The science of government has been bedraggled until it reeks with moral turpitude—bribery glides through the council chambers of the nations as softly as a slippered page -its lecherous hands plunged deep in its well filled sack. The machinery of American politics to-day is constructed of a thousand wheels, and the cogs of these thousand wheels play in the cogs of a greater wheel, and the greater center wheel has for its tire a railroad track, and when it moves it sets in motion the other thousand smaller wheels which go to constitute our political mech-

Ah. I tell you, our country needs to-day about a dozen men who first and last and all the time hold the cause of country dearer than the cause of life-men like Theodore his country loyally, disinterestedly, heroically -alike in private life, in public office or in the field of blooda man who in every phase of his eventful career has ever dured to do the clamor of the godless for the right, standing out bravely grandly, defiant, against rhe pire State to ascend the chair of pow-

here- how could I know? I am but a stranger within your gates. They do say that here the cause of justice never wavers; that its sun blazes full orb ever in the sky. They do say that here a public office is ever regarded piously as a public trust. They assure me that the palm of the officeholder here is ever restful-impervious to persuasive consideration or stimulating pelf. They do say and "Sometimes seated in my study -body, soul, eternity and time. He | protest much, that the law here in favor of public morality and public weal is religiously and strenuously enforced. "Brutus was an honorable in the pockets of his garments that man; so are they all-all honorable were never over stocked. I need not men." They tell me this-it must be thoroughly than I. I need not have I I not but a trusting stranger within their gates?

But yet I would fain set me grand and lofty ideals for the young men whom I address to-night. In such an hour as you know not the enemy may plant his tares among the wheat. The clouds of political turpitude may one day dispel the halos that now hover so lovingly above the heads of those in public trust. Then in those dark days would I have the young men of this city and association blaze out like stars amid the night-patriots, soldiers, heroes all; honest men in a world of dishonesty; upright citizens in a world of frivolous pretention.

CATHOLIC UNITY IN BELFAST.

At a meeting held in Belfast, Ireland recently, in connection with the municipal elections, Rev. Father O'Boyle, Adm., in referring to the obnects of the Catholic Association,

Ninety thousand Catholics in Belfast were practically solid with the Catholic Association. They saw its worth and were determined to support it while seemed that those that opposed it first would not alone not give it any serious opposition in the future, but would assist the association in uniting all the Catholics together in the midst of the enemy for the maintenance of their own interests, and for the advancement of their cause. The association did not intend to be aggressive or unjust to non-Catholics, although they knew that in the past the majority of non-Catholics tramped upon the Catholics and denied them right and justice. When the Catholics could not get equal terms they banded themselves together in the association, determined to stand up in deience of their rights. The association, as was hinted some time ago, was not domineered or hossed by either bishop or priests. The priests were not going to be bosses-he was not going to be one-but they were links of union for the Catholic people. They were at their service to bind them together and to circle round them. The priests were in the association not to advance the interests of the priests, because the Catholic people did that, but they were in the association to advance the interests of the Catholic people, high and low. As priests they were not the masters of the people, but their servants, always ready to be at the people's call, to assist them to unite them together and if called upon to lead them to victory. It was said sometime ago that the Catholic Association, would destroy nationality, but he thought that idea had been exploded. The association was not established to destroy Nationality, nor would be (Father O'Royle) join any association by which Nationality was either secretly or openly to be destroyed, and he never intended to be in any society in which Nationality would be endangered. While the association would maintain and defend and advance Catholic rights, its membership could be of any political shade of opinion they wished, and neither would the association circumscribe or define what Ircland's rights might be as the occasion arose. In conclusion, he said that the Catholic Association would not in the least degree diminish the National sentiment, but would, on the contrary, encourage and nourish and strengthen it.

(From the Dublin Nation.)

The Dreyfus case has produced many remarkable manifestations and develorments but not one more extraordinary than that created by the sudden resignation of the President of the Civil Chamber of the Court of Cassation on Sunday afternoon. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire has laid down his judicial office because he asserts that he has reason to believe that his colleagues on the Beach of the Court of which he was lately one

President of the Uniminal Chamber of the same Court, and M. Lebret, the Minister of Justice, are engaged in a conspiracy to bring about the release of Captain Dreyfus by the promulgation of a dishonest judgment regarding his guilt in the name of the Court of Cassation. We are, unfortunately, compelled to recognize that twentyeight years of atheistic and revolutionary government in France appears to have rendered nearly any scandal amongst its civil and military officials possible. We cannot however, refrain from saying that we feel extreme difficulty in accepting the statement made by M. Beaurepaire, although we recognize that rejection of his charge as unworthy of belief is tantamount to branding him as a dangerous criminal defamer of late colleagues in the administration of justice. On the other hand no words could be too strong with which to brand the infamy which must attach to other judges if M. Beaurepaire's statement is accepted.

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In trying to ascertain which way the balance of probability lies as regards the credibility of M. Beaurepaire, it must be borne in mind that while he is ready to assert that the government of the Republic has tampered in the basest manner with the integrity of the Judges, he is himself accused of having acted as he has done in the interests of those who desire to witness the inauguration of a subversive movement on the part of the army against the Republic. It is abundantly evident that the more clearly M. Beaurepaire proveshis case against his colleagues, the more certain will be their condemnation by honest men everywhere, while, if he fails to substantiate his charges, he will deservedly rank as one of the basest of mankind. What, however, can be said for a system of government and politics which appears to have given to France in the chief offices of the army, the law, and the State, a number of men whose depravity can scarcely be sufficiently condemned? We say this without for an instant seeking to decide who amongst the various sets of soldiers. lawyers, and politicians who are engaged in malignant encounter are guilty of the crimes which they allege against each other. All that is absolutely clear and incontestable is that one or the other have been responsible for acts that stamp them 'as wholly unworthy of the confidence or respect of the people of France.

In an address which M. Beaurepaire has issued in explanation of his resignation, we find some words which set out some sound truths, no matter what they may be or views as to the purpose for which they ' were written. He says: "When a country is sinking in the mire, it must be, at all costs, dragged out. When it is dying of the corrupt state of public morals, it should be saved by high examples, by great acts of courage, and of justice." M. Beaurepaire alleges that all these sound and just principles have been basely set at naught by the judges of the Court of Cassation.

Rarely, if ever, has a more fierce indictment been launched at any group of public functionaries than that which M. Beaurepaire levels at his late colleagues. He declares that he has seen in the Dreyfus affair the same tricks and yielding to pressure as in the Panama, the same cowardice springing from selfishness." He adds-"I am so tired of tortuous

In olden times a leper was stoned modern times a sick man is stoned of out of all his hustling men who have no place and no use for him. A man and tired feelings and frequent "off days" might as well go out These things are bad enough in the self-disgust and wretchedness they involve if they do not go any further. But you never know

what is going to develop in a halfnourished, bile-poisoned constitution, If a man as soon as he feels that he is not get-ting the forceful strength and energy out of his food that he ought to, will begin tak-ing Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will soon put himself in the position where he can do a man's work easily and cheerfully

His appetite will be sharpened; his liver invigorated; his digestion strengthened; an edge put on his whole nutritive organism. Those subtle poisons which debilitate the entire organism and invite consumption and a host of other diseases, will be driven out of the system; and he will gain plenty of pure nourishing red blood, musclever and nerve-force. In short he will

be a man among men. There are hundreds of delusive temporary There are hundreds of detusive temporary stimulants, "mail extracts," sursaparillas and compounds, which are more or less "boomed" by merely profit-seeking druggists: but an honest druggist will give you the "Golden Medical Discovery" when you ask for it. If well-informed, he knows that its sales have steadily increased for thirty years and that it is the invention of an educated, authorized physician who has devoted a lifetime of active practice and profound study to chronic diseases. USE ONLY

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. . IT IS THE BEST.

hammer, of being held back when I want to do my duty, of being disgraced for doing it, I can no longer of others. My pride revolted and I had to go, but not without the deepable now to write without constraint the history of my time. The world shall know at least by my unsparing revelations the secrets of that famous Panama affair which cost me so dear. I shall give each his due after having always been loyal and above reproach, always a victim and a sacrifice. Public opinion needs enlightenment. I shall have it. To-morrow I shall explain what has been called the Bard incident. I shall show the inaccuracy and improbability of the official note of the 6th. All will come out whatever happens. I shall defend the cause of the righteous. I shall blight beforehand the judgment they are preparing. I shall avenge our army and its officers for their silent sufferings. As in 1870, I shall remember the country is in danger." There is somewhat too much of bombast in these words to impress sensible people seriously, but it is abundantly evident that the action of M. Beaurepaire has produced—or exposed-one of the gravest of the many grave scandals which have disgraced the French Republic within recent

SOMETHING ABOUT AMBASSADOR CHO.ATE.

Mr. Joseph H. Choate of New York is to be our next Ambassador to Great Britain. He is the man who said at the dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, on the evening of March 17, 1893. But, gentlemen, now that you have

done so much for America-now that you have made it all your ownwhat do you propose to do for Ireland? How long do you prpose to let her he the political football of England? Poor, downtroddeni oppressed Ireland! "Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not, who would he free themselves must strike the blow?"

You have learned how to govern b making all the soil of other countries your own. Have you not learned how to govern at home; how to make Ireland a land of Home Rule?

There is a cure for Ireland's woes and feebleness to-day. It is a strong measure that I advocate. I propose that you shall all, with your wives and your children and your children's children, with the spoils you have taken from America in your hands, set your faces homeward, land there, and strike the blow!

Think what it would mean for both countries if all the Irishmen of Americal from the Atlantic to the Pacific should shoulder their muskets and march to the relief of their native land! Then, indeed, would Ireland be blood and so makes solid, healthy for Irishmen and America for the Am-

As you landed, the Grand Old Man would come down to receive you with paeans of assured victory. As you departed, the Republicans would go down to see you off and bid you a joyful farewell. Think of the song you could raise-"We are coming Father Gladstone, 15,000,000 strong!'

How the British lion would hide his diminished head! For such an array would not only rule Ireland, but all other sections of the British empire. What could stand before you?

It would be a terrific blow to us. It would take us a great while to recover. Feebly, imperfectly, we should look about us and learn for the first time in the seventy-five years how 'to govern New York without you. But there would be a bond of brotherhood between the two nations. Up from the whole soil of Ireland. Up from the whole soil of America, would rise one paean — Erin go bragh!"

If that courteously expressed wish of Mr. Choate had been gratified, William McKinley, as one of the unwelcome Irish in America, would have been sent home to the land of his ancestors and would not have been able to reward Mr. Choate with the distinguished honor now being bestowed on him.

Mr. Choate is a very successful lawyer and a very clever speaker, with an unfortunate penchant for insulting his hosts; but the latter is a failing which he will doubtless byercome

paths, of staying between anvil and | under the soothing influences of British adulation. When really great men like Mr. Lowell, ordinary men like Mr. Phelps, and extraordinary men resign myself to cover the misdeeds like Mr. Bayard, have succumbed to the subtle beguilement of the divinity which doth hedge a king, or queen. est sorrow do I quit the court." M. it is not probable that the New York Beaurepaire, however, has still more lawyer will prove an exception to a to add. He proceeds: "I shall te rule almost general. We call Mr. Bayard extraordinary, for he was the first minister in all history who spoke of his own people, to a foreign audience, as being turbulent and needing a strong hand to govern

We do not know, except from his own words, that Mr. Choate lates his fellow citizens of Irish birth or blood. Possibly his expressions of contempt were reserved for them only in his character of an invited guest at one of their most cherished festivals. But we should advise an Irish-American contemplating a visit to the British Isles during his term of office as Ambassador to secure protection papers as a British subject if he has any claim thereto. We fancy that his rights will be safer under such an aegis than under the flag of his adopted country while Mr. Choate represents it. Windsor Castle will be opened to

our new ambassador. He will be given a degree by this or that university before he has time almost to open his mouth. The British press will hail him with fervor as the archangel of Anglo-American Alliance. He will declare ovacularly within one month that "blood is thicker than water," and, if necessary, that water is thicker than wind, even though the Alliance is largely based upon wind. He will faithfully fulfil every demand of his ornamental position and the English Foreign Office will snicker and say privately, "Another Yaukee gudgeon hooked!" In the fullness of the time he will come home to find that, like all un-American representatives abroad, he has become a "back number:" for it has ever been the way of our level-headed nation to reward only such Americans as have been patriotic in a high place abroad

with higher political honors. Mr. Choate is elated at his appointment, because he does not recognize with all his clearness that, like the young bears, his troubles are all before him. When they come to be behind him he may feel that, as Artemas Ward said of Jeff Davis, "It would have been five dollars in his pocket if he had never been born."- Boston Pilot.

Cupid breaks his bow at the sight of a face full of pimples. Hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, and a sallow complexion will defy his best inten-Beauty is more than skin deep. The skin is merely the surface on which is written in plain characters the condition of the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery 18 good for the complexion because it makes the whole body healthy- - because it clears and purifies the blood, makes the digestion strong and clears out impurities of all kinds. By increasing the ability to assimilate nutritious food, and by the infusion of its own ingredients it enriches the fiesh. It cures diseases of the lungs liver, stomach, bowels, 'skin and scalp, simply because all these diseases spring from the same cause-a disordered digestion and consequent impure blood.



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