

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER:

RECEPTION TO VERY REV. EDWARD J. PURBRICK, PROVINCIAL OF THE JESUIT ORDER.

The Ways of the City Council in regard to Old Landmarks. A Harvest of Wedding Feasts—Preparations for the Jubilee Festivities of the Archbishop—Easter Literature. In the World of Books.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PHILADELPHIA, April 5, 1897.—We have had a visit from the Very Rev. Edward J. Purbrick, S. J., the new provincial. Although he is an English Jesuit there are numbers of Americans who have met him on his "native heath" and they all like him exceedingly, remembering his courtesy to them in a strange land. Some of these are Philadelphia. The two Jesuit churches, St. Joseph's and the Gesu, made quite a little jubilee in his honor, which did not at all interfere with Lenten regulations, and the early church-goers at the Gesu had an opportunity to see him at the early Mass which he celebrated. The interest of those who are under the law, of the Jesuit Fathers, as members of their parish, is supplemented by that of others who have removed to other parishes, but retain a loving hold on the old home church. St. Joseph's is one of our oldest churches, and has sent forth its sons and daughters to the four quarters of the great city of rapid growth. Within fifteen years, Philadelphia has nearly doubled its length in 1880, and has covered square after square—they are "blocks" in other cities, but "squares" here—with beautiful little homes having "all the modern improvements." The young people, at least, make their nests in these bright spots, but they still cling to "down town" most tenderly. Just at this time, those wonderful "new brooms," the City Councils, have undertaken to sweep things marvelously clean, and have tampered with an old time

LANDMARK OF INTEREST TO CATHOLICS. It is well-known to every Catholic historian and every Philadelphia Catholic, whether here or abroad, that St. Joseph's quaint and simply beautiful old church is modestly hidden on Willing's Alley, where it is only seen by those who seek it. Willing's Alley is a very old, very narrow, very straight and rather shadowed thoroughfare, between Third and Fourth streets and Walnut and Spruce streets. It was named after one of the old and distinguished families of Philadelphia, and marked the vicinity of their now vanished homestead. No history of Philadelphia can be told without Willing's Alley coming into it somewhere, and the generations of the nineteenth century have all connected it with memories they "would not willingly let die." The City Councils have seen it to change the name. They have changed it, moreover, to one so insignificant, so without associations of any kind, that no one recalls it from hour to hour. The change is without rhyme or reason, and is but another proof of the vandalism which makes it so difficult, so almost impossible, to gather up the threads of historical events when they become the past.

NOTHING CLINGS LIKE A NAME heard in childhood, or connected with the interests and new emotions of early youth. To change the name of a place is to confuse boundaries and remove into the region of the mythical facts that may need proof in the future. There is general discontent as to this whisking into oblivion. Other old streets, dear to the people who are passing, and, for their sake, to every thoughtful and reliable citizen of the future near at hand, have also been tricked out in new, foolish and meaningless names. The nomenclature of the United States has always been and must always be since much of it cannot be changed—a subject for mirth and railery. It is too bad that we "grow no better fat," and take from our cities the softening drapery of age and association to replace it with bald and glaring finery. If there should be a

HARVEST OF WEDDING FEASTS after Lent, the outgrowth of seed sown in sermons on Christian marriage, in Mission teachings, and in many columns and paragraphs from various sources, it certainly would be a good thing. A great many wise, kind and truthful sayings have been devoted to the subject of late, and our people have seldom, if ever, been better instructed, or more clearly and sensibly advised. Even the redoubtable W. H. Thorne, of the Globe, has had his "say" in the last number of that periodical. "Marriage Vows and Others" is sharp (of course!) but it is decidedly to the point, and, for a wonder, needed. Mr. Thorne deals too harshly with the majority of the offences he scores, and with "the other side" of the cause he embraces. But every clarion call to rally around the old and heaven-taught doctrine of the sanctity, the importance, and the unchangeableness of marriage vows, between Catholics, at least, is a distinct gain now. Better than the scorching and the dagger-thrusts of the trenchant pen, however, are the calmer, gentler, but no less decided utterances of the faithful priest and missionary. The Lenten season in this year has been particularly rich in these last.

The near approach of the JUBILEE OF ITS ARCHBISHOP is kindling leisurely Philadelphia into action. Thought and care have been

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lavishly expended, and will bring their return of value. The part the children of the parochial schools are to take will be worth seeing and hearing, for there are numbers of them, and the time is spring—the children's season. The homage of children seems particularly appropriate to His Grace, for he is the kindest of fathers to them as well as to the "Children of a larger growth." Each and all of them can turn to him, sure of that kindly patience and interest which is only to be linked with the name "Father." By-the-way, what a weight the name of a bishop, an archbishop or a cardinal carries with the fold! In time of war, of revolt, of general defiance of law and order, temporal or eternal, there is sometimes danger even for a priest, but in the easy-going drift of quiet times, there is a sensation of awe comes over every man, woman or child, non-Catholic or Protestant, when called upon to face these dignitaries. It is far more marked with them than with Catholics. No doubt, it arises from the difficulty they have in separating the office from the man, and, also, from that unconscious acknowledgment of the claims of the ages on the present. There have been bishops, archbishops and cardinals for centuries, and men whom all men honor have honored them. Hence the feeling exists (except when deliberately set at defiance) that these are worthy of honor always. And, then there is the deeper truth: "Those whom the Lord delighteth to honor." All these considerations—though so seldom considered—have their silent, yet mighty power.

With the beginning of the month comes in THE ARM-LOAD OF MONTHLIES, and the Easter numbers too. The whole civilized world makes beautiful for Easter. Those lilies, those angels, that pure and gracious blending of white and silver, green and crystal everywhere, means much. What if a great deal of it is "mere form," and much of the remaining portion mere ignorant and thoughtless acquiescence in the truth suggested? While we have eyes to see, form shall speak to us, and with silent, measureless force. The beginning of instruction and thought must be acquiescence. Therefore we may build high hopes on the Easter keeping of the world around us. The Easter literature has a sameness, of course, but "there is nothing new under the sun," and since it belongs to Easter, and comes at no other time, it is welcome and a rest mentally. No one can be gloomy, cruel, tragical, sneaking, or "low," all the way through an Easter story. It is quite possible to be one, or the other, or even all of them, in the ordinary magazine fiction.

"All things come round," sang the poet, with a perfect understanding of his meaning. They assuredly do IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS. A few years ago, we searched old garrets and dusty closets for the novels and romances of our grandmothers' and great-grandmothers' day, so that we might laugh over their mysteries, and jeer at the machinery of their ghost stories, their apparitions, and their sleep-haunting terrors. Now, at the end of this most enlightened century, when art, and science, and common-sense, and athletic sports, and the bicycle, and ethics, and—everything, has done its very best to confuse and to set us free from every belief, from all decency, from all human kindness, we are coming into a new heritage of ghost stories, no better than the old, and not a whit more sensible, though different. Of late, we have been treated to some very curious developments as strictly Catholic publications. They have "doubles" in them, who take the place of the heroines, greatly to their undoing. They have hypnotists in them, who force their "subjects" to such revelations—in point of dignity, veracity, or interest—as the ignorant clairvoyant and "fortune-teller" makes (for fifty cents) to the housemaid or cook who frequents her dingy apartments. What can possess our writers to take up such a line? It is "harking back" on a blind path that leads to nowhere. It does not make a good story, it does not interest one intelligent reader, it is no outcome of fancy and has not the charm of originality. Georges Sand could bring her wonderful gifts to any plot, and work it out so as to excite amazement that was almost awe at times. The reader cared nothing for the story, believed nothing of it as a story, but it was worth reading for its display of genius, and for its eloquent, exquisite, marvellous "side lights" from other mental outlooks. But we do not expect—nor do we exactly desire—to repeat Georges Sand, far less to reproduce her. Nothing less than her genius can make such mysteries and improbabilities and impossibilities palatable.

SARA TRAINER SMITH. **A Wife Equal to a Gold Mine.** Will some of your readers give me a good recipe for making a cold starch? I am selling self-heating flatirons and iron a little at every house and have to use some starch every place and want to know how to make a good cold starch. My husband was in debt and I being anxious to help him thought I would sell self-heating flatirons and I am doing splendidly. A cent's worth of fuel will heat the iron for three hours, so you have a perfectly even heat. You can iron in half the time and no danger of scorching the clothes, as with the old iron, and you can get the most beautiful gloss. I make \$1.50 on each iron and have not sold less than ten any day I worked. My brother is doing well and I think anyone can make lots of money anywhere selling irons. J. F. CASEY & CO., St. Louis, Mo., will start anyone in the business, as they did me, if you will address them.

Mrs. A. RUSSELL. This is the fast age when men live twenty years in ten and are old at forty. Mark the number of "grey young" business men you meet every day. Nature however is always at hand to remedy the defects of a false civilization, and offers Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer to bring hair to its original color. Sold by all chemists. A Man of Mark—"There goes a man who is one in a thousand." "What gives him such distinction?" "He is a clerk in a department store."—Chicago Record.

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IRELAND'S TAXATION.

Some Starling Figures Regarding the Subject.

The Saturday Review, the leading Tory organ, is evidently bent on keeping the Irish financial question well before the British public. At the time the Act was passed, Mr. Foster, the last Speaker of the Irish Parliament, declared that Lord Castlereagh wanted the Union "in order to tax you and take your money." Again, the Irish Peers who protested against the financial arrangements contained in the Act of Union gave it as their opinion that—"It must end in the draining from Ireland of her last guinea; in totally annihilating her trade for want of capital; in rendering the taxes unproductive; and, finally, putting her in a state of bankruptcy."

Time has served to prove the truth of the above assertions. In fact, it is now generally admitted that for ninety years Ireland has been overtaxed to the tune of £3,000,000 per annum. We can grasp all the more readily what this means when we reflect that, taking £2,000,000 a year at three per cent. compound interest for ninety years we get a total of over £1,000,000,000. At the present moment the people of Ireland are paying per capita for their magnificent police service—over 6s. The joint cost per capita for police and military amounts to 16s. This seems all the more striking when we reflect that in the year 1794 the entire taxation per capita in Ireland was less than 9s. The condition of Ireland at the time of the Union and her condition to-day may best be gauged from the evidence given by Sir Robert Giffen before the Royal Commission. He said:

To put the matter shortly, Ireland in population has sunk from one-third to less than one-seventh; in gross income from two-sevenths to less than one-seventeenth; in capital from a proportion that was material to about one-twenty-fourth; in taxable resources from a proportion that was also material, being perhaps about one-tenth, to a proportion that is almost inappreciable—the proportion of only one to fifty. Nearly the whole taxable income of the Irish people is in fact absorbed by the State. The taxable income being about £15,000,000 only, the Imperial Government, as we have seen, takes nearly £7,000,000, and the local taxes are over £3,000,000. So large a proportion of taxation to taxable income would be a serious fact for

ONE GRAND IDEA PERMEATES

this Store these days, the showing of New Spring Things. In a hundred forms the awakening spring is central HERE—here by design—to repay your visits, to hint of the coming styles—in short, to make every section on every floor Yield You a Pleasure, and the thousands who daily now take a "first view" are amazed alike at the vast display as well as at prices unknown heretofore.

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We are showing an excellent assortment of Java Hats in several styles, including French Sailors, with the new raised edge; Walking and Dress Hats, etc.; prices very reasonable. Flowers and Foliage—Our superb display of the choicest French Flowers and Foliage includes every kind that will be wanted this spring for ladies', misses' and children's Hats, all at our usually low prices. See our window display.

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any country, and there can be little accumulation in Ireland under such conditions.

That Ireland has been taxed beyond all endurance will appear from the following table, drawn up by Sir E Hamilton, the Secretary of the Treasury:

| | Population. | Taxes. | Per capita. | Capital. |
|-------|-------------|--------------|-------------|-----------------|
| 1794. | 4,413,728. | £1,975,216. | 8s. 9d. | £563,600,000. |
| 1894. | 4,600,000. | £11,267,508. | 48s. | £1,700,000,000. |

It is evident from all this that the new Royal Commission is bound to be one of the most important of the century. The case of Ireland cannot be buried, and it must secure for her some measure of justice. If only a moiety of the plunder is restored to her, Ireland will enter on a new era of prosperity.—The London Universe.

IRISH NEWS.

SIX LIVES LOST.

The inhabitants of the little fishing village of Annagassen, near Dundalk, have been cast into deep gloom and mourning by the news of a terrible disaster in which the lives of six fishermen were lost, leaving their families in almost destitute circumstances. The facts of the sad occurrence are as follows: The fleet of Annagassen left for the fishing grounds near Carlingford Lough about one o'clock on the morning of March 22nd. Their lines had been set for the expected catch when a sudden squall came up and the men determined to start for home. One of the boats belonging to Patrick Mathews was the first to turn on the homeward course, but very soon it was noticed that the sails were not in order and the boat, which was manned by six men, two of whom were the sons of Mathews, was soon driven out of view by the mad fury of the storm. It was utterly impossible, on account of their own imminent danger, for the other craft to render any assistance to the disabled vessel, and until Wednesday morning, when news came of the wreckage of a vessel that was cast upon the shore at Carlingford Point, near the entrance to the Lough, where the boat was last seen, nothing was heard of it. No doubt is now entertained of the sad fate of the unfortunate men, who were James Coogan, James Byrne, Michael Mathews—all married and with large families—and Patrick Connolly, a relative of the two Mathews boys, who went down to death in their father's boat. None of the bodies have yet been recovered.

OBITUARY.

Death has been busy among the clergy and religious. At Cootehill, Father Brady, the pastor, who had been forty years a priest, and was well known as a clever writer, was called from his labors to his well-earned reward. His remains were interred under the high altar of Cootehill chapel. The people of Killavullen, in the County Cork, also lament the death of their parish priest, the Rev. Father Ahern, who died on the 15th of March, at the age of 65. While following his course of studies at Maynooth he displayed remarkable talents which earned for him a high reputation for learning. He was a most active and zealous clergyman and was prompt in promoting the prosperity and welfare of his parish and people. Death also visited the Christian Brothers of Limerick and robbed them of a member, Rev. Brother Joseph Kelly, of the Sexton street community, who had been ill for some time. He was a native of Ballyhale, Kilkenny County.

A MANUFACTURING ENTERPRISE.

Before long a new industry is to be established somewhere in our little island. The site has not yet been chosen, but current report fixes it in Dublin, and the prospects for its success are thought to be bright, as there are signs of a revival in business circles where for some time past there has been a general depression and stagnation. It is proposed to establish within a short period a large manufacturing factory for the construction of motor cars and cycles, and the company undertaking this welcome venture will be known as "The Irish Motor and Cycle Company, Ltd."

How I Made \$250 a Month.

I have been selling Dishwashers and Household Specialties for the past two years, but until I began selling the Mound City Dishwasher I only made a fair salary, and in the past three months I have made more money selling this washer which has all the latest improvements than I did in six months before selling the other dishwashers. If you only take two orders a day you make \$100 a month, but it is easy to average five or more daily. The business is exceedingly pleasant, and the work is light. Ladies can do as well as men. No experience is needed. Anybody can do it. Write to the Mound City Dishwasher Co., St. Louis, Mo., for particulars. C. A. L.

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In Changeable Colors Mohair Costume Cloth in pretty shades of Electric Gray, Green, Brown and Blue, 50c.

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New Costume Tweed, the latest Paris triumph. Reised Escorial Patterns on Shaded Wool Grounds, 65c.

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Ladies' Colored Cloth Capes, in all the new colorings, perforated and pinked with neck ruffling, 90c. Ladies' Box Cloth Capes in fawns, drabs and reseau, embroidered with narrow braids and slashed collar, \$4 25. Ladies' London and Paris Pattern Capes, in Velvet, Applique, Box Cloth, on silk foundations and Escorial Lace, lined with shot taffeta and trimmed with mouslin de soie ruchings, up to \$50.00.

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Spring Jackets

Ladies' Colored Cloth Jackets, in fawns, drabs, biscuits and reseau, lined with Fancy Colored Silks, \$500. Ladies' Box Cloth Jackets, in all the newest colorings, with lily collar inlaid with velvet and lined with silk, \$8 55. Ladies' Single Breasted Box Cloth Jackets, seams piped with satin, slashed collar, inlaid with velvet, ornamented with pearl buttons, \$10 30. Ladies' London and Paris Novelties in fawns, drabs and biscuits, lined with shot taffeta or fancy silks, up to \$35.00.

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New Washing Fabrics

Great activity prevails in this section of the Big Store. Salesmen's resources taxed to the utmost; enthusiastic and delighted customers make large purchases. Our Wash Fabrics are the hand-somest collection ever seen in this or any other Canadian city.

THE S. CARSLY CO., Ltd.

New Crepons

New Fancy Crepons, wide and narrow bright colored stripes, on white and colored grounds, with black floral designs, 12c.

French Novelty Crepons

The latest French Novelty in Crepons, brilliant colored grounds, with Dresden and Pompadour patterns, very beautiful effects, 14c.

Linetette Crepons

Natural Linen Colored Crepons, wide and narrow stripes, in the choicest of right colors, very stylish material for Bonnets, etc.

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SOME FAMOUS SMOKERS.

A book has recently been published in London by an anonymous writer, and its contents are "an amusing miscellany of fact and anecdotes relating to the great plant in all its forms and uses" it has been appropriately named "Tobacco Talk."

It gives the names of many great celebrities who found solace in the weed and mentions James I. as one of its earliest opponents.

Shakespeare abstained from its use because of his antipathy of his royal patron.

Swimburne is quoted as saying: "James I. was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar and a coward, but I love him because he removed Raleigh, who invented filthy smoking."

Ben Jonson loved his pipe. John Milton smoked each night before retiring.

Napoleon considered tobacco smoking a fit habit for sluggards, but Napoleon the conqueror was prostrated by his first cigar.

Guizot, the French historian, believed that smoking had prolonged his life ten years.

Charles Lamb smoked the strongest and coarsest tobacco and called it his "evening comfort" and "morning cure."

Mazzini always kept a cigar burning as he wrote, for inspiration. Talleyrand used snuff and his apology was that it afforded a diplomat a pretext for delaying a reply.

Other famous smokers mentioned are Bismarck, Lord Brougham, Spurgeon, Emerson, Carlyle, Tennyson, Gibbon, Charles Kingsley, Dickens and Thackeray. Another writer believes that tobacco has made more good husbands, good men, kind masters and indulgent fathers than any other blessed thing on earth.

A curious habit sometimes noticed is that of carrying a cigar in the mouth but never lighting it. This plan is sometimes resorted to by men who desire to give up smoking, but others have been known to indulge in the practice.

It is estimated that 1,000,000 tons of tobacco are consumed each year by the smokers of the world. Spain's bill for tobacco last year was \$31,000,000, an average of \$1.80 for each inhabitant.

The United States burns 25,000 tons and France 40,000 tons annually. The long pipes of the Germans put away 75,000 tons, for Germany is proverbially the land of pipes as the United States is the land of the cigar.

Holland, in proportion to its population, uses more tobacco than any other country in the world, 100 ounces being the average allowance of each inhabitant yearly.

MONTREAL CITY & DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at its office, St. James Street, on Tuesday, 4th May next, at One O'Clock P. M.

for the reception of the Annual Reports and Statements, and the election of Directors. By order of the Board.

HY. BARBEAU, Montreal, April 1st, 1897. Manager.

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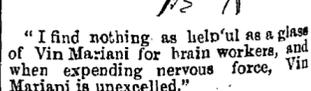
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