AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"Where is the liver now?"

"In the cellar, gallant warriors; I was just returning from putting it away."

The two Zouaves looked convinced; but the policeman who had good reason to suspect the Jew merely said:

"Open the hatches; I must see this cellar."

"Not to-night; not in the dark; it is damp and mouldy. Come to-morrow when the bright sun is shining; old Ezra will give you good welcome."

Without making any answer the policeman advanced and raised the trap; peering down, the truth flashed on him.

"Why, you dog of a Jew, you have been harboring revolutionists, and have sent them off by the water."

In vain the old man protested his innocence; an ill-closed door in the wall was opened, and several Orsini bombs, muskets, and cartridges were found. Denial was useless.

"To-morrow morning martial law will be proclaimed," said the policeman, "and it will go hard with you. We have had your name on our list for a long time."

The old man was taken prisoner. The light of the policeman's lamp flashed on the Zouaves and revealed the faces of Morgan and Lorenzo. At the sight of the latter the old man started, and clutching him by the arm said:

"Are you Lorenzo Aldini, son of Giovanni?"

"I am. What of it?"

"*Only this: save my life and I will tell* you something you would give the wealth of Rome to know."

"What can you tell me? What do you know of me?"

"Much, very much. Giovanni Aldini knows me, I helped him once in a matter which concerns you. Get your comrades to set me free, and I will tell all."

Lorenzo looked troubled. His father's mysterious words about some injury done him came vividly to his remembrance. Was there then any secret connected with his history? The policeman, who looked upon the old Jew as a most cunning villain, thought his words only tended to some deception, and calmly telling him that "probably he would be shot on the morrow," prepared to depart. The poor wretch clasped his bony fingers and murmured:

"Let me go and I will give you money. It was Capadiavolo who forced me into this. Spare my life and I will tell you all, and I will tell this young man where to find his mother. I can tell him—"

A crackling of musketry was heard without; the three soldiers turned towards the door. Quick as thought the old Jew, who had not been handcuffed, disappeared by the open trapdoor. A slight plashing in the water first drew the attention of the patrol to the fact of his disappearance. They gazed down into the yellow stream, *but all was silent* save the subdued purring sound of the water as it gently lived a jutting bank. He was gone; but whether the Tiber had closed over him forever or had only borne him on its bosom to a place of safety, they could not determine.

"The Witch of Endor could not have conjured up more cleverly," said the policeman.

It may here be remarked for the benefit of those who talk about the "ignorance" of the Italians, that the facts of Bible history are as familiar to them as household words.

Fastening the trap and locking the doors they hurried forth. The firing had been heard in the direction of one of the gates of the city; the guard had fired at some spies who quickly retreated.

The old Jew's words troubled Lorenzo. Was his mother alive? Morgan laughed and said it was a trick of the old man's to gain time; but Lorenzo could not dismiss the subject so lightly. The stirring events of the following days left him no time for reflection.

CHAPTER XIV.

MENTANA.

MOUNTED patrols clatter through the streets of Rome; soldiers with fixed bayonets hurry hither and thither; great wain loads of bags filled with sand tumble heavily towards the gates of the city. Troops of military unload them, and raise up a fortification at each side of the entrance. Few civilians are abroad, and those that are pass quickly on their way; the cloud of dread and apprehension has grown darker and more oppressive. Military law has been proclaimed, and the gendarmes have lessened the crowd of suspicious-looking individuals who wore the peculiarly indented hat, seen on Mars and Cupid in the demon the Aventine. In the house of Ajani, already mentioned in these pages, a short but bloody encounter had taken place. Over fifty revolutionists were assembled to plot against the government; they had arms and bombs in abundance. The military made a descent on them, when a sharp engagement took place; the doors were soon forced, the stairs taken by assault, and the Pontifical soldiers were masters of the place. But there was no knowing how many such arsenals might be in the city; there was no telling what deeds of villany might be perpetrated by those who had already blown up part of a barracks. *Hence the undefinable dread* which seemed rather to lurk in the air than to be confined to a particular spot. To retire to bed with the thought that perhaps you may awake hurtling through the air with the fragments of your dwelling, is not, it may be presumed, a sleep inviting frame of mind; to rise with the thought that perhaps ere night an unbridled mob may be rioting through the city, is not for a certainty, a refreshing cordial. Yet such was, for many, life in Rome during the last days of October, 1867.

Day by day the bands increased in the Provinces. Monte-Rodonto was besieged on the 23d. It is a city built, as its name denotes, on a round mountain, about fifteen miles from Rome, and can be reached from the latter city by the Nomentana and Salara Ways. It had only a small garrison of about one hundred and eighty men with one piece of old cannon. It was assaulted by over two thousand Garibaldians, amongst whom Garibaldi himself appeared. For nearly two days the heroic little band of Pontifical soldiers sustained the unequal combat; the old cannon was hauled rapidly from point to point, and so cleverly used that the enemy imagined there was a whole park of artillery. Assault after assault was made and repulsed; the brave *sons of France—for many of the defenders* belonged to the "French Legion"—performed acts of valor worthy of the descendants of the knights who fought under St. Louis. Their national courage joined to the love of St. Peter's Chair made them heroes to a man. Worn out after thirty-six hours of incessant fighting, their old cannon at lenght became useless, and the enemy ever *increasing* in numbers as fresh bands arrived, their case indeed seemed desperate. A dense mass is seen moving up the road to the gate; it is fired upon but without effect; it steadily advances. By the light of flickering torches they see that it is great car-loads of faggots pushed from behind. It is useless to waste powder; they can only await the development. The cars are pushed up to the gate, piled around it, and set on fire. Now the flames roar and crackle as the dry wood sends up great tongues of lurid red; now the Garibaldians shout as the great gate swels and cracks; higher yet, and ever higher, rise the flames, rearing as if in triumph. A demon figure leaps wildly around the cars piling on fresh faggots; his evil eyes, lighted as with a glow from hell, reveal Capodiavolo. Fifty muskets are aimed at him, but with a hoarse shout he still leaps round the glowing flames. Well might a soldier mutter: "He must be the devil himself," as he saw the savage glare of the dancing demons in his eyes.

The gate totters on its hinges, and drops in a hundred glowing fragments; a wild yell bursts from the infuriated hordes as Garibaldi cries, "Rome or Death! On to the assault!" A rush, a loud shout, and the burned gate is reached. Capodiavolo leaps over it, followed by several others. A volley from the Pontifical troops causes several to fall in the fire and to suffer, by anticipation, some of the pains of hell. But others press on ere the defenders can reload, and soon the place swarms with the Garibaldians. Step by step the ground is contested; the soldiers gradually retiring to the fort. The town is in the hands of the Garibaldians, but the soldiers hold the fort. Summoned to surrender, they indignantly refuse. Yet what can valor now avail? They are doomed; they know it; but can they lower the Papal flag before this revolutionary horde? Their noble hearts revolt at the thought. They are now reduced in number, spent by fatigue, short of ammunition, and surrounded by bands exasperated by their fearful loss—for truly fearful it was.

From behind, the enemy undermined the castle or fort, and placing powder beneath it called on them to lay down their arms or they would be blown up. The commanding officer states the case to the men and asks their opinion. "Let them blow it up," is the unanimous reply; "we will make a sortie and die sword in hand." But now a venerable priest comes into the apartment; he is the minister of a God of Peace. They have proved themselves heroes; they have done all mortal man could do; further resistance is useless; lives are not to be needlessly thrown away. In all honor they can now lay down their arms and live to fight for the Pope instead of rushing on to a foolish butchery. True courage is a reasonable act not a blind impulse.

With such words as these the generous souls of that gallant little garrison were moved, and consented to surrender; but they first broke their swords and rendered useless their rifles. When they defiled out on the square Garibaldi looked puzzled; he gazed first on them, then turned his eyes toward the castle as if looking for the appearance of others, seeing no more advancing he said:

"Where is the rest of the garrison?"

Being told that the whole garrison was present, he was astonished. He and his followers could scarcely believe that it was this handful of men, with one old cannon, that had kept his thousands at bay for nearly two days. However, he had sense enough to compliment highly the bravery of the soldiers. Even Capodiavolo exhibited a faint set satisfaction of respect for the worn and tarnished prisoners. Sincerely did he wish that his bands were of equal bravery.

This *unlooked-for check* in taking Monte Rotondo frustrated the schemes of the raiders. They should have been under the walls of Rome twenty-four hours previously, to cooperate with their friends inside. Now they were disorganized after their heavy losses, and felt that it would be madness to go forward for several days at least. They must recruit *more bands, fortify their position*, and obtain fresh supplies of ammunition and guns. The heroic resistance of Monte Rotondo had taught them what they might expect under the walls of Rome; the bombastic cry of "Rome or Death" was easily uttered; but it would not conquer Christian heroes. A delay of several days was necessary before they could march; that delay, under God, saved Rome from many horrors. The revolutionists within the city, disappointed at the non-arrival of their allies within at were disheartened; and the active measures of the military authorities, after the proclamation of martial law, effectually quelled the turbulent.

But these things were unknown at the time; *the providence of God* was working out the safety of the Capital, but mortals could not comprehend its plans. They only knew that Monte Rotondo had fallen, that new bands were pouring in, and there was a rumor of a threatened invasion of regular troops. In this state of affairs, General Kanzler, prominister of War, advised the Pope to withdraw the soldiers from the Provinces and to concentrate them on Rome. It was a grave measure but a prudent one. Each small garrison could do no more than offer an heroic resistance, and be finally overpowered. By concentrating all the troops on Rome it could be held against irregular bands. The recall was affected on the 27th of October, and served to increase the general feeling of uneasiness. During these dreary days of anxiety the conduct of the troops was admirable; they worked incessantly; they remained out overnight and suffered many privations, but cheerfully bore them all. The Volunteers under Prince Lancellotti rendered excellent service; so did the Civic Guard. The citizens were anxious, it is true; still they had confidence in the heroism of the little army. They were trying days, those last ones of October, and few, if any failed in duty.

Meanwhile the outside world was busy with the state of the Eternal City. The news of the sacrilegious invasion of the States of the Church spread over the Peninsula and Europe, exciting everywhere the indignation of Catholics. It bounded across the broad Atlantic and moved the generous hearts of Canada's noble sons. The descendants of the sons of France who quit their country before the mad revolution of 1789, were aroused to action in defence of Holy Church. So, too, were Catholics in other parts; but they would arrive too late. One human hope alone remained for Rome; it was France, eldest daughter of the Church; and then, as ever, France was true to her trust. The heart and pulse of that glorious nation beat, and still beats, in unison with Rome. At times its government has deflected from the course prescribed by Clodoveus, Charlemagne, and St. Louis, but the instincts of the nation pointed aright. A wild upheaving of the social elements startled the world in the last century; it was a typhoon engendered in hell and sent forth to blast the fair aspect of France. *It passed away, and the heart and pulse* of the nation resumed their normal action. Great when following her Catholic instincts, and humbled only when disregarding them, her history proves her to be the chosen arm of God's Church.

The news of the sad state of the Roman Provinces, the knowledge of the cowarly blowing-up of the barracks, roused the French people and clergy to vigorous action. Foremost in the ranks stood the eloquent Bishop of Orleans, Monseigneur Dupanloup. History will encircle his name with a halo of glory for his defence of Rome. Napoleon at length sent the order to the transport ships, already prepared at Toulon, to set sail. Swiftly they ploughed the blue waters of the Mediterranean, but not swift enough to satisfy the longing desires of the French nation. They disembarked at Civita Veccia, and under the command of General Count of Failly they arrived in Rome during the last days of October. The well-remembered rat-tat of the French drums, the unforgotten sound of their trumpets fell joyfully on the ears of the citizens on the morning of October 31. The glad sight of their martial ranks arrayed in red trousers, white buskins, and blue jackets, brought a sense of security to every heart, and dispelled the gloomy cloud of undefinable dread.

. . . . . .

Rat-tat-tat! Drums are beating, horses prancing, bugles resounding, and columns of troops tramping heavily along the streets. Rat-tat-tat! How they cleave the still air and startle the rooks from many a mouldered tower. Behind them comes a rumbling, thundering sound which shakes the sleepers in their beds; it is the passing of heavy pieces of artillery. Rat-tat-tat! The air seems filled with the endless sound which breaks loudly on the ear just at the moment in which one thinks that it is dying away. It is not yet four o'clock on the morning of November 31, yet all this noise and bustle is rendering the cold atmosphere. It is the prelude to a glorious victory; it is the ushering in of a day which will crown the Pontifical army with the laurels of a victory bravely won, and which will strike terror into the revolutionists of Europe, and make them curse this day and endeavor in prose and verse, in English, French, and Italian to distort its history: it is the morning of the battle of Mentana.

The brilliancy of a victory is not to be sought for in the numbers engaged, but in the difficulties overcome: the bravery of a soldier is not to be guaged by the absolute number killed, but by the dangers boldly confronted. There is much greater room for personal bravery in a fight between one hundred on each side than in a battle between hundreds of thousands. The defence of the pass of Thermopylæ is not celebrated for the *number of its defenders, but for their* heroic resistance. In this way, Mentana can claim a place with Austerlitz, Waterloo, or Gravelotte.

Monte-Rotondo had now been nine days under the Garibaldian raiders; they had entrenched themselves in favorable positions on the neighboring hills, especially at Mentana, *a small village on the slope towards* Rome. Their numbers, as was subsequently learned from the number of rifles taken, and also from the prisoners, wounded and dead, must have been over ten thousand. Garibaldi himself was there to utter his frenzied cry of "Rome or death"; so, too, was his son Menotti as well as all the leading spirits of the revolution. Well provided with arms, well encamped, and thoroughly rested and recruited, they had good reason to hope to make a formidable resistance.

(*To be continued.*)

[This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Halifax, N.S.]

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BEWITCHED COWS.

A Queer Ceremonial for the Exorcising of Witches.

"The papers had a story the other day about some superstitious German farmers of Bucks county, who believed in witches," said a wholesale milk dealer in the Philadelphia Record, "and I had a rather amusing experience with one of them early in the winter. For about a year I had been shipping me all the milk from his farm, and at the time I speak of the quantity decreased so much that I wrote to inquire the reason. He sent back word that his cows were bewitched, as were those of several of his neighbors, but that they were going to drive the evil spirits away on the following Saturday night.

"Curiosity took me out to his farm to see how he proposed to banish the witches, and I found a group of twenty or thirty men, women and children gathered outside of his large shed. Various cabalistic writings had been nailed to the door of the shed and in a large iron pot there was boiling about two gallons of milk, in which had been mixed a quantity of paris green. The fumes of the boiling liquid were to poison the spirits that had been hovering around the cattle.

"Finally, two large lumps of dough, roughly modeled to resemble hideous toads, and which were filled with gunpowder, were exploded with fuses, and the farmers and their wives and children shouted some queer prayers and incantations. It was ludicrous but somewhat weird as well, and the ceremony was repeated at several other farms. It was some time, however, before the cows recovered, and a few died."

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

WOMAN AT WHIST.

Well, can it be I took that trick?
Perhaps you've heard that Jamie's sick
For three days past; he's had the mumps.
I never knew that hearts were trumps.
Now, Major Dow, what did you say?
But wait—third hand? 'tis then my play.
You'll pardon me, I wish to ask
Of major where he bought that flask—
How cheap it was—indeed a chance.
The doctor says I cannot dance
This year—perhaps—your card? Well, there
I'll play my queen, that trick is square.
I counted right, I know I did.
Yes, chanols' wore much more than kid.
Oh! did you see the morning's Press,
The fashion notes about that dress?
But don't let's talk, I will lose my head.
And noisy whist I simply dread.
Yet while I think about that lace—
Partner, did you play the ace?
I have the patterns, nice and fine—
Would you believe that trick is mine!
Another game? Well we're in luck.
I read that joke last week in Puck.
We'd better stop before we lose—
I'm sure that if I were to choose
Between the two, I'd take Jim.
But then, of course, 'tis Anna's whim.
Well, good-night, I just love whist,
And trust, next time, I'm on your list.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Home Hints.

Hemorrhages of the lungs or stomach are promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

When the taste of the cook has become vitiated by the tasting of many dishes, a swallow of milk will restore the delicacy of the palate, so says an old authority on the cuisine.

Common sulphur will kill or drive away the little fish-shaped, silvery pest which infests our pantry. Sprinkle the sulphur freely about, and the place will soon be cleared of the vermin.

To remove freshly spilled ink from carpets, first take up as much as possible of the ink with a *teaspoon. Then pour* cold, sweet milk upon the spot and take up as before, pouring on milk until at last it becomes only slightly tinged with black; then wash with cold water, and absorb with a cloth without too much rubbing.

"This man has a helpful wife," once remarked a well-known economist who had *incidentally* partaken of the hospitality of a simple household. "Why do you say that?" queried an unobservant fellow-guest. "I saw a darn in her exquisitely white table-cloth, and it was finer and more ornamental in my eyes than the most delicate embroidery."

Freshly cut flowers may be preserved alive for a long time by placing them in a glass or vase with fresh water in which a charcoal has been steeped, or a small piece of camphor dissolved. The vase should be set upon a plate or dish and covered with a bell glass, around the edges of which, when it comes in contact with the plate, a little water should be poured to exclude the air.

For Saleswomen.

We find these rules in the *Pittsburg Catholic* and think that they may be useful to some girls some day:

1. Remember that all the time spent in the store belongs to the employer.

2. That courtesy behind the counter wins even the most captious customer.

3. That *gossip about young men, or* with them, is unbusinesslike, and, under the circumstances, rude.

4. Never attempt to instruct a customer, while you may suggest, or politely question the desirability or fitness of a trial.

5. Don't say "Here, Sade, hand me your pencil," to your neighbor.

6. Never say, "No, we haven't got it," *in a short, crisp tone; far better a polite* "I am sorry to say we do not have it in stock."

7. Do not thrust a package at a customer, as you would a pistol in the face of a highwayman.

8. Do not throw down goods with an air which seems to say, "I don't care whether you buy it or not."

9. Remember that the purchaser often sees more in the seller than she thinks and that refined young women have made valuable friends for life, by their courtesy to a customer.

10. Always remember that duty to your employer demands your best service.

11. Seek to be a model saleswoman and some one will soon recognize your merit.

12. Dress modestly and avoid cheap, tawdy jewelry. The best ornaments are promptness, politeness, a well modulated voice, and a strict attention to duty.

13. Have your hair neatly combed, your teeth well brushed, and your finger nails tidy. Customers are often repelled by an untidy clerk of either sex.

14. Remember always that you are superior to circumstances only when you make yourself so. The most selfish, exacting employer will gladly recognize the merits of an efficient clerk.

15. Frown down with womanly scorn the nonsensical title of "sales-lady." It is a good thing to be a woman. If you are a true and good woman, a good saleswoman is infinitely more respectable than a so called "sales-lady," and the term is a ring which is wholly un-American.

16. Be the same to one and all your customers, rich or poor, whether their purchase is one cent or a dollar.

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BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

Every family, school and office should have a dictionary. Care should be taken to get the best. The International, new from cover to cover, successor to the "Unabridged," is the one to buy. Ten years were spent revising; one hundred editors were employed; and $300,000 expended. All book-sellers sell it. The publishers are G. & C. Merriam, Co., Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL AND HOME MAGAZINE.

The Catholic School and Home Magazine for June has a very choice table of contents. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney contributes a Sonnet on "A Last View of Oxford University." Major John Byrne continues his Talks to Catholic Young Men. Rev. M. M. Sheedy has a paper on patriotism in History, and the Sketch of Mother Julia as one of the Founders of Religious Institutes is concluded. In the Anniversaries occurs a sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly, by the Editor, Rev. Dr. Conaty, and one of Father Faber by F. A new story by W. D. Kelly begins in this number. The always interesting Gleanings for the children by Cousin Ruth, and the Sunday-School Department have their usual pages. The Frontispiece is a beautiful "Sacred Heart," and the Editor has a page on The Roses of the Sacred Heart. This Magazine is fifty cents a year. Address *Catholic School and Home Magazine*, Worcester, Mass.

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The twenty-seventh volume of the Magazine American History closes with the June issue, bringing its customary elaborate index for the benefit of scholars. Edward F. de Lancey writes one of the best articles in the current number, entitled "King George's personal policy in England, which forced his subjects in America, against their wishes, into a successful revolution." The illustrated article which opens this handsome June number, "Historical Reminiscences of our New Parks," very cleverly written by Fordham Morris, will interest readers in all parts of the country. "America must be called Columbia" comes with a sharp point from Edward A. Oldham, of Washington. "The history of United States in paragraphs" is continued, by Colonel Charles Ledyard Norton; The departments are well filled, and the index illustrates the remarkable success of the magazine in its choice of precious *material for* permanent preservation Subscription price, $5.00 a year. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The California Illustrated Magazine of San Francisco, for June, illustrates the fact that a magazine of the first class can be produced and successfully published on the Pacific coast. The issue of June is a remarkable one in a *typographical, literary and pictorial* sense. Among the ten or more illustrated papers is a striking one by Mrs. Gregory-Flesher on Art in Japanese Swords—showing some of the gems of American collections, the work of masters of the art. Mr. Waugh writes entertainly on Thorwaldsen—showing many of his works. Charles Frederick Holder, Editor of The Californian, gives his experience in taking the great Black Sea Bass. A timely paper is the article on Lake Tahoe by Mrs. Murphy. The article is illustrated by full page cuts of the Hubbard, Muir, Auk and other Alaska glaciers. The poor people of Florence, Italy, are described by Mrs. Barbour, the well-known author. Mr. J. C. Cantwell takes up the discussion of the Seal Question and shows some not generally known points. This is illustrated by maps showing how much the United States has lost by seal pirates. Among the political papers is one by C. T. Hopkins on "Shall we Educate our Politicians?" while Ex-Governor Sheldon gives a valuable paper on "Political Strategy." The issue is strong in fiction There are poems by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, Pauline Bryan, *Frank B. Norris and others. Published* in San Francisco, $3 per year.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

The New England Magazine for June shows again how this popular periodical is broadening out, to meet the demands of readers in every section of the country. It opens with a clever and comprehensive article on "Art in Chicago" by Lucy B. Monroe, a well-known Chicago critic. "The Government of Cities" is an interesting review of this vexed question by Moorfield Storey Edward G. Porter writes an entertaining account of the discovery of the Oregon, which has just been celebrated in Portland, by the Boston ship "Columbia." "The Outlook and the Opportunity" deals with the possible future of the society and the work Walter Blackburn Harte contributes an essay on Cathodicity in Literature" in which he makes a plea for a consideration of the essential and human instead of the merely local and accidental in all literatures. Mary L. Adams has a story, "A poor Millionaire." Edward D. Mead writes the Editor's Table as usual. The Omnibus Department contains some bright humorous verse by Zitella Cocke, James G. Burnett, and T. H. Farnham. Edward Everett Hale writes on "The People in Church and State."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

While thanking Donahoe's admirable publication for having honored THE TRUE WITNESS by the reproduction of one of its editorials in their May issue, we desire to call special attention to their June number. It is brim full of good things. The serious articles, the studies, sketches, criticisms, poems, reviews and miscellaneous attractions are all short, numerous, pithy and clever. One can take up Donahoe's for a few minutes read or else for an hour. It is one of the most accommodating magazines upon the continent, on that score, and it has few superiors in any other way.

ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The May number of St. Vincent's College Journal was very good, and we expect that the June one will be even more interesting, as it is the last month of the scholastic year. As a College journal makes a big push for the commencement. It is a happy idea that of having institutions of education publish small magazines; it is a species of instruction, a training and an incentive to work for the students. Of all the college publications that we receive, St. Vincent's is certainly one of the liveliest.

THE AVE MARIA.

The May volume, comprising the four weekly publications of the *Ave Maria*, has come to hand. Needless to comment upon it. The wide-spread circulation of the *Ave Maria*, the literary renown of its contributors, the numberless papers that seek matter of interest in its pages, the well-known tone of its articles, all unite to make any criticism, on our part, totally superfluous. However, we may be pardoned for thanking the *Ave Maria* for many a column of most instructive matter which we reproduced from its pages, and for wishing it every imaginable success.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Last week's Scholastic has come to hand. Its pages contain always something new and instructive. Notre Dame, Indiana, must be a place favorable to intellectual development and highly calculated to foster literary ability, because more good things, in the line of *publications and of high educational literature*, come out of it's centre than from any other one spot, that we know of in America. The Scholastic is a well-edited and a very spicy little publication; it deserves good encouragement

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART.

June, the month consecrated to the Sacred Heart, is the one in which the Messenger is expected to shine; and certainly it does come out with a splendid number. The illustrations are very good. The frontispiece is the "Sacred Heart of Jesus," from the design of Muller; the article, "The Good Shepherd and the Sacred Heart," is illustrated with engravings from the famous works of Plockhorst, Overbeck, Fuhrich, Murillo and Stolzle. There are several other fine illustrations. The articles are very good, and the general religious news is most interesting. Mr. A. E. M. Ray contributes a little gem of five lines upon June. It runs thus:—

"Ah! Fanned by the perfumed breath of spring,
Within our midst thou art;
Standing with meek thy crumbled ring,
Dewdrops and buds and bird-song your bring,
Month of the Sacred Heart!"

SUNNY HOURS.

Naturally enough, when the days are longest and when June flings its splendors on all sides, that sunny hours are to be expected. But there is another kind of Sunny Hours,—we mean the beautiful little publication of that name,—and no matter how bright the weather, without Sunny Hours it is dull.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The North American Review for June covers a wide field of the thought and the activities of the day; while the list of distinguished writers gives assurance of the interesting and profitable character of the articles. "The Harrison Administration" by Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, and Senator Dolph, of Oregon, and, on the other hand, by Senator Colquitt, of Georgia. Karl Blind gives article on "Modern Revolutions and Their Results." Mr. Murat Halstead offers a solution of the silver question. The Hon. Dorman B. Eaton considers in its fullest extent a political danger to our institutions in "The Perils of Reelecting Presidents." Prof. R. L. Garner describes the methods that he will use in the forests of Africa, where he will seek to discover the language of the anthropoid apes. Oulda writes with her accustomed dash and freedom of expression on "The Penalties of a Well-Known Name." The shorter articles are all timely.

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Watches, Jewellery,
Clocks, Electroplate,
Art Pottery, Cutlery,
Tableware, etc.,
Have much pleasure in informing their friends and customers that their new store,
1791 Notre Dame Street,
Corner St. Peter Street,
Is now open for business. The goods are entirely new, all purchased for cash in the best markets. It will be their constant endeavor to supply their patrons with reliable articles at the lowest possible prices.
Articles for Wedding Presents
—*A SPECIALTY.*—
Inspection solicited.
WATCH REPAIRING done on premises by a first-class workman.
JEWELLERY made to order.
ELECTROPLATING in all its branches.

HAGYARD'S
YELLOW OIL
CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S
WORM POWDERS
Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

World's Columbian Exposition,
Chicago. 1893.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has accepted the invitation of the Government of the United States to take part in the World's Columbian Exposition to be held in Chicago from 1st May to 31st October, 1893. As it is important that a very full display of Canadian products be made on this occasion, a general invitation is extended to Canadian producers and manufacturers in agriculture, horticulture, products of forests, fisheries, *minerals, machinery, manufactures, arts, &c.*, to assist in bringing together such a display of the natural resources and industrial products of Canada as will be a credit to the country.

An Executive Commissioner for Canada has been appointed, who will have the general charge of the exhibit and the allotment of space, and the several Provincial Governments have been invited to cooperate with the view of making the exhibition as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The Dominion Government will pay the transport of exhibits, going and returning, and for the placing of articles sent.

Entries must be made not later than 31st July. The reception of articles at the Exposition buildings will commence 1st November, 1892, and all exhibits, excepting Live Stock, must be in place by 1st April, 1893.

Forms of applications for space and general information can be obtained on applying by letter post free, to the undersigned,

WM. SAUNDERS,
Executive Commissioner for Canada.

Department of Agriculture,
Ottawa, 6th April, 1892. 43 tf

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

1892 — SEASON — 1892.

The following steamers will run as under and call at the usual intermediate ports.

To QUEBEC — Commencing about 25th April, the Steamers QUEBEC and MONTREAL will leave Montreal daily [Sundays excepted] at 7 p.m.

To TORONTO—Commencing Wednesday, 1st June, leave daily [Sundays excepted], at 2 p.m., from Lachine at 12.30 p.m., from Cote au Landing at 6.30 p.m.

To the SAGUENAY—About 3rd May will leave Quebec every Tuesday and Friday at 7.30 a.m., and from 23rd June to 15th September four times a week—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

To CORNWALL—When canal ready, Str. BOHEMIAN will leave every Tuesday and Friday at noon.

To THREE RIVERS—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m.

To CHAMBLY—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m.

To BOUCHERVILLE, VARENNES, VERCHERES and BOUT DE L'ISLE—Daily [Sundays excepted], per Steamer TERREBONNE at 3.30 p.m. Saturdays at 2.30 p.m.

LONGUEUIL FERRY—From Longueuil 5 a.m. and every subsequent hour. From Montreal commencing at 5.30 a.m. Last trip 8.30 p.m. See time table.

To LAPRAIRIE—From Laprairie—From 18th April to 2nd May, 7 and 10 a.m. From Montreal—8 a.m. and 4 p.m.

EXCURSIONS—*Commencing Sunday, May 1st*, by Steamer Terrebonne every Saturday at 2.30 p.m. for Vercheres, and Sundays at 7 a.m. for Contrecœur, returning same evening at about 8 p.m.

For all information apply at Company's Ticket Offices, Richelieu Pier, Windsor Hotel, Balmoral Hotel.

ALEX. MILLOY, Traffic Manager. JULIEN CHABOT, General Manager.