

A TIMELY ARTICLE.

Our Rights as Catholics.

Our Holy Father, Leo XIII, is an admirer of our American institutions. There is fair play for genius and virtue in this land. Here we see the realization of the poet's dream of freedom. Our blessed Lord declared that it is the "truth that will make us free." Truth in the end prevails. It may for a time be obscure, but like the clouded sun, it will shine out again, and no man can look straight at it and be not overcome by its effulgence. The Catholic Church in this country has long been under a cloud. The time was when the prevailing idea of it was that which was associated with the typical Irish immigrant or railroad builder of forty years ago. He came here the victim of a robber and tyrannical government, without book or business education, and despoiled of the goods of this world with which God had so lavishly blessed his native land possessed by the stranger and the enemy. Yet he carried with one gift, and, being a supernatural one, it has conquered. It was the gift of Patrick's faith. It has in this country led the Irish to eminence in every avocation that is honorable. When fierce strife, the result of an ardent nature nursed in a land where individual bravery held sway, stirred up Irish blood to revive, amid the upbuilding of the railroads of the country, the spirit of the faction fight—the relic of the cunning diplomacy of the Saxon enemy—it was the supernatural reverence for God's priest that restrained and controlled the ardent nature and helped to direct it to subserve the interests of the country. When, again, internal discord threatened to disrupt the Union, which is the bulwark of this country's greatness, the Irishman was foremost in the van "of danger's wild career." The supernatural element of his character was made manifest when, before the battle, he knelt to the priest chaplain to confess his sins, and arose prepared to meet the great Judge Savior, who had come to call the sinners not the just to repentance. The record of that soldier on the battlefield has effectually preached the supernatural to an all but pagan people. It has with the Sister of Charity, helped to conquer this country to the truth of Catholicism, until to-day the Catholic Church stands prominently before the thinking portion of the American people as the only positive religious bulwark against the waves of pagan infidelity and barbarian morals. The storm of conflict is on the horizon. The church has warned the nation. The rising youth hold in their hand the destinies of the future. It depends on their education. If it be godless, pagan, without recognizing God in his place, shaping the thoughts, words and actions of the age, it will lead to ruin. Our Holy Father has sounded the alarm. It is time for all hands to unite to prevent the threatened catastrophe. The country demands public education. It is not yet prepared to accept the Catholic idea on the matter. The work should not be stopped by the discussing minor points. Catholics help, as other citizens do, to educate the public. The public system of education is not good enough for Catholics. It is deficient and dangerous. We have, however, a right to reap the benefit of the taxes we pay. This right must be made felt. We are in favor of public schools. We pay for them, but we demand the recognition of our right to impart—without expense to the State if so desired—more knowledge to pupils than the curriculum of the present public school system affords. Our Catholic schools, and grand corps of teachers, are prepared to teach everything the State desires, and to make the Catholic schools public schools in this respect. We have a right to demand of the State recognition as public educators. The justice of our claim will yet be recognized. Catholics desire to help the State to educate. They are prepared, at their own expense, to furnish to the pupils, and parents so desiring it, an extra education, outcome of the public school curriculum, in these matters which pertain to the doctrine, faith and morals deemed most desirable, from a Catholic standpoint, for good citizenship and for the maintenance of the blessings of Christian civilization.—*From Facts.*

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT OLIFTON, 5 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London S. E., England. 80-G

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S

—CELEBRATED—

ALES - AND - PORTERS

Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE."

INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled.
XXX PALE ALE.

SAND PORTER.
STOUT PORTER

If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery. Telephone 1168. THE MONTREAL BREWING CO., Brewers and Maltsters, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.



It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.

It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.

It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils its purpose to perfection.

SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

148

St. CROIX Soap Mfg. Co.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

THE MOUNT-ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore the Province of Quebec Lottery. (Authorized by the Legislature.)
BIG PRIZES PAID BY THE LOTTERY.

DATES.	NAMES.	ADDRESSES.	AMOUNTS.
18 August 1890	D. A. Layton	Folly Village, N. S.	\$ 5,000 00
12 September	John Godie	Montreal	1,250 00
8 October	J. Harris & Son	"	250 00
12 November	Leon Trudeau	"	250 00
10 December	J. P. McGill	Ottawa	250 00
18	Dame Leon Gareau	"	1,250 00
1891			
16 January	E. Lusher	Montreal	500 00
14 February	Hon. A. Turcotte	"	1,250 00
11 March	L. A. Claffy	Penetanguishene, Ont.	250 00
18 May	A. D. Cameron	Lancaster	250 00
13	Anonymous	Montreal	5,000 00
15 July	Wm. Boag	"	5,000 00
5 August	Justinien Benoit	Weedon, P. Q.	15,000 00
5	Alfred Myette	Montreal	250 00
19	N. D. McCallum	Carlton Place, Ont.	15,000 00
21	N. J. McCallum	Montreal	500 00
18 September	Bank of Montreal	"	250 00
18	Simon Lesage	"	5,000 00
25	Ludwig Yura	Allan Park, Ont.	500 00
7 October	Nicholas Kearney	Montreal	250 00
4 November	E. W. Hillman	Ottawa	500 00
5	False address given	"	500 00
16	R. P. Eaton	Boston, Mass.	500 00
2 December	Honore Brodeur	Montreal	15,000 00
2	L. V. Beaudry	Valcourty Ely, P. Q.	250 00
1892			
3 February	Vital Rapasle	Montreal	250 00
17	F. X. James	Trenton, Ont.	250 00
17	Jno. Malcolmson	Toronto	2,500 00
2 March	Fourth National Bank	Louisville, Ky.	500 00
10	Nap. Cormier	Contrecoeur	500 00
18	Molson's Bank	Ridgetown, Ont.	2,500 00
4 May	Mary Donovan	Montreal	15,000 00
18	Anonymous	"	250 00
1 June	Charles Cyr	Republic, Mich.	250 00
1	Louis Roy	Montreal	125 00
15	Geo. Cann	Toronto	125 00
6 July	T. J. Winship	Montreal	250 00
8	Jos. Ducloux	"	3,750 00
8 August	Nap. D'Amour	"	125 00
3	Jno. P. Wilkes	Portland, Maine	250 00
3	Miss G. Lebeau	Montreal	625 00
3	Dr. N. C. Cattanach	Dalhousie Mills, Ont.	15,000 00
17	R. A. Bruce	Toronto	312 50
17	T. Beaugrand	Montreal	500 00
21 September	Alex. Newlands	"	312.50
21	Dame Cyrille Lafortune	"	500 00
5 October	T. Murray	Paris, Ont.	625 00
19	J. B. Wood	Buckingham, P. Q.	2,500 00
19	Isaie Dase	Montreal	1,250 00
2 November	Ph. Routhier	Point St. Charles	625 00
2	R. J. Noller	Newmarket, Ont.	125 00
18	T. Martel	Montreal	125 00
7 December	Dame V. Duguet	"	250 00
7	Anonymous	"	3,750 00
24	Garand, Terroux & Co.	"	625 00
24	Dan, J. McQuaig	Ottawa	3,750 00

Drawings on first and third Wednesday of every month. S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager. Offices, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

TOOTHACHE Positively Cured in two minutes, by

The Wonderful Remedy, **"NERVOL."**

ONE APPLICATION ON THE CHEEK OUTSIDE IS SUFFICIENT.

CURES ALSO HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

John T. Lyons, Corner Craig and Bleury Streets, Montreal.

SEND BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

HASTY WORDS.

A moment's impatience; a yielding to angry impulse, and the result may be a life-long sorrow and regret. The following pathetic anecdote teaches its own sad lesson:

She was the wife of a laboring man, a good woman who struggled hard to keep her house neat and her children well-dressed, but she had a violent temper. It was Saturday, and the two children, Johnnie and Mamie, were already for an excursion. Johnnie wore a white suit, which his mamma had made for him with much pains and labor. While dressing the little fellow she cautioned him several times to be careful about soiling the pretty white suit, and Johnnie made eager answer, as he glanced admiringly at himself, "Oh, yes, mamma, I'll be careful."

But just as Johnnie was leaving home an unsightly spot was discovered on the white suit. Johnnie had been to the shed hunting for his ball.

"What's that?" the mother asked, sharply

"Only a dease spot, mamma—'twill come out; 'tis only a dease spot," said the little man coaxingly, trying to propitiate the coming cloud on his mother's face.

"I'll make a grease spot out of you!" she exclaimed angrily, trying to strike him.

Little Johnnie dodged, but ran his head against the sharp edge of the bureau. When his penitent mother picked him up the little lad was unconscious.

A physician was summoned. For long hours Johnnie lay white and unconscious, then roused only to delirium. The physician pronounced the case one of brain fever. It was quick in its work, and the small, boyish form was soon still in death.

In a darkened room sat the mother by the side of the little coffin. Mamie stole in quietly and tugged at her dress.

"Mamma, darling, is Johnnie a dease spot now?"

Sobs, choking sobs, only answered her.

HOW THEY SAID GOOD-BY.

AND THE FUNNIEST PART IS THAT ONLY ONE OF THEM WAS A WOMAN.

Presumably the woman who leaned lightly against the steamer rail was the wife of the man on the dock with whom she conversed. They talked in an easy, familiar vein.

"Guess the boat is going to start," she observed, glancing at some deck hands who were tugging at a rope.

"Yes, I guess its going all right enough," the man on the dock rejoined

"Well, good-by."

"Well, good-by."

"Write every day."

"Yes, I'll write every day."

"Don't forget."

"No, I won't forget."

"By."

"By."

The deck hands abandoned the rope.

"Guess the boat ain't going after all."

"No, I guess it ain't going just yet."

They conversed upon general topics until the captain was seen to be moving toward the pilot-house.

"The boat's going," announced the woman confidently.

"Yes, it's going," acquiesced the man.

"Well, good-by."

"Well, good-by."

"Write every day."

"Yes, I'll write every day."

"Don't forget."

"No, I won't forget."

"By."

"By."

The captain returned from the pilot-house and threw himself into a chair on the lower deck.

Guess it ain't going."

"No, it doesn't seem to be going."

And when the boat finally did depart half an hour later the woman who leaned lightly on the rail and the man on the deck who was presumed her husband had said good-by forty-seven times each, according to the actual count of the colored cook who chanced to be near.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

TEACHER to class: In this stanza what it meant by the line, "The shades of night were falling fast?" Bright scholar: The people were pulling down the blinds.