

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.
IN MAY.

In May the white anemone grows
And the fragrance of the swamp,
And blushing red rhodora blows,
While kalmia glides the morass damp.

In May the blood-root's starry flowers,
Like purest pearls, adorn the verge
Of streams, and there are fairy bowers
Where gold-thread hides its gleaming serge.

In May the rose-breast robin sings
His sweetest song: the world, in May,
In joyous resurrection, flings
Chill winter's death and gloom away.

In May there comes a time of grace,
A spring of the soul's life;
A Queen is throned, and from her face
Rays of life-giving virtue roll.

And hearts long chilled by sin and woe,
Kneel at her feet and feel a balm
Of healing consolation flow
On aching wounds, life's storms grow calm.

Violets and snowdrops white and sweet
Bud forth and bloom along the way
Blest by the blessing of the priest,
O Mary, Queen of gracious May.

E. C. M.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

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

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I stand on the brink of Eternity; a few moments more and I close my eyes on all the vanities and allurements of life. Viewing life by the pale light of death, I see more clearly than ever the greath truth. 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he lose his own soul?' Ah! my son, keep the words well in mind; a struggle awaits you ere you reach the truth; but be true to God's graces. Pray, pray, pray, and let your prayer be for light and grace. If you do, the precious gift of Faith will be given you, and your soul will enjoy peace."

Asking then to receive the last Sacraments of the Church, all knelt and prayed. When he had thus been fortified by those spiritual aids, he remained a few moments wrapped in silent prayer. Then he said, "I believe in One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, the only Church of Christ." He ceased; a smile sweeter and more pure than a sunbeam on Avoca's beautiful waters lit up his countenance, and ere his light and beauty had died out the great soul of Louis Altieri was in the bosom of his God. Calmly fell the sunlight on the still features of the true Bishop; he had given his life for his sheep. Who hath greater charity than this?

Around his bed and over his tomb let no tear of regret be shed; let not affection's rain defile the ashes of the martyr, nor water the soil that covers his dust. Let only the voice of praise, the "Te Deum" of thanksgiving, be heard round his bier. He knew how to live, and how to die: this is a knowledge worth more than all other sciences, for it is the only one which leads to the source of all Wisdom—God our Creator.

Reverently they bore the body of the martyr to its last resting-place: it sleeps in the midst of those to whom he ministered. His place is truly with his flock; he made it so in life, and it is now so in death. Like a captain walking proudly at the head of his company, when summoned by his sovereign, will Altieri come forth from the sepulchre leading his well-loved flock when the dread notes of the Angel's trumpet shall resound through the hollow regions of the tomb. The cemetery in which the victims of the cholera were interred has been closed and surrounded by a high wall. It is not a spot of terror, for the story of the Cardinal Bishop's glorious end casts a halo around its precincts.

The Zouaves only lost one man by the cholera; the other divisions of the military suffered very slightly also. Pope was most constant in his ministrations to the sick; his natural buoyancy of temper helped him wonderfully. Lorenzo and Morgan were present everywhere, but this is a praise which is due to all the military. The Pope had a gold medal struck and presented to the heroes of the cholera days. It was worn more proudly and received from intelligent men more homage than all the medals ever conferred for bravery on the field of battle.

The words of the dying Cardinal made a deep impression on George Maribank; his last smile was ever beaming on him. He had seen a true priest working and dying; he felt that only a Divinely revealed religion could have such a minister. He ceased to be a Protestant, but as yet he was not a Catholic; the gift of Faith had not been received. The foretold struggle was upon him, and he prayed—for light and grace.

CHAPTER XIV.
GATHERING STORMS.

The glowing month of October had again come round; the grapes were a most ready to be plucked on the slopes of Lake Albano; the rich clusters of figs were being culled, and on every side might be heard the glad voices of vine-dressers as they gathered their luscious harvest. From neighboring hill-tops the busy workmen sang alternately the "Ave Maria Stella" or the more solemn strains of the "Kyrie Eleison," and files of laden donkeys slowly wended their way from the fields to the little villages which crowned the higher hills. The horror of the days of cholera was almost forgotten in and around Albano; sadness has no enduring home in the hearts of the Italians. A glorious sunshine from day to day puts to flight the dark humors which curdle around the heart in colder climes, and a firm faith cheers the spirit with thoughts of future bliss. Only the noble devotion of the dead Cardinal, and of the others who had done their duty, was spoken of in connection with the cholera. Sad memories were buried in the graves of the loved dead; only the beauty and heroism of soul exhibited by the brave lived and glowed in the glad sunlight. This is as it should be; this is the characteristic of a people in whom Catholic traditions are strong. The mere animal man may bemoan without hope his losses; he mourns without hope consequently his grief is unsoftened; but the true Christian never looks upon the dead as lost to him; they are enshrined in his memory and embalm in the hope of a happy reunion in a near hereafter. Thus tranquillity reigned around Albano's peaceful lake.

But in the North the low growling of a gathering storm was faintly heard. It

was not the disturbed forces of nature which were in agitation, but the restless minds of impious plotters. The Revolutionists had vainly hoped that after the departure of the French troops from Rome the people would rise up in revolt. They little knew the loyalty of the Pope's subjects, or their thankfulness for the blessings of his wise and progressive government. That there were some unquiet spirits among his people whose minds had been poisoned by the specious words of the plotters, and some whose shiftless habits had made them see only one chance of worldly advancement, viz., a social upheaving, and consequently, who would join in a cry against the government, was true enough; but they formed only an infinitesimal proportion of the people. In every State there are some worthless citizens; Rome was no exception, but few indeed joined the ranks of the Revolutionists. Disappointed in their hopes of a popular uprising, the plotters were obliged to concert measures for invading the States of the Church. The Piedmontese government was bound by treaty with France to respect, and to cause to be respected, the territory of the Pope. Openly it could not help them, but it could shut its eyes to their movements. Unless France were to demand a faithful observance of the Convention of 1864, bands of armed adventurers could be recruited in every part of the Peninsula; they could cross the frontiers of the Pontifical territory at various points, and converge on Rome. The Pope's army was only small; the sympathy of the Radicals throughout Europe was with the plotters, and to their undying shame be it recorded, many Protestants of England and America, in their narrow bigotry of mind and hatred of the Church, were ready to applaud such a piratical expedition.

Not far from the "Pass of Corese," a point of passage between the dominions then actually governed by the Pope, and the rest of Italy, there rises a low chain of hills, well-wooded and enclosing rich valleys. Great herds of cattle feed on the sweet grass in these vales, and droves of swine fatten on the acorns and chestnuts on the wood-covered heights. In one of these beautiful but silent valleys, on an afternoon in the first of October, 1867, a man sat, or rather lurked suspiciously. Close by him perched a little brook which ran on, with proud alacrity, to mingle its waters with those of the sources of the Tiber; long-horned oxen grazed placidly near; the tearing sound they made at each bite claimed with the babbling of the brook and the sawing noise of the restless wind. Dancing beams of sunlight peered gleefully down from the crest of the hill which the sun was now almost touching; a subtle and mellow glow filled the valley, and harmonized with the tranquillity of the scene. But here, as in Eden, the perverse will of man mars the beauty of creation. The solitary individual lurking in this quiet spot is not admiring its loveliness, nor praising the Creator for His works; the soothing calm of the place brings no quiet to his soul, nor does the innocence of nature abash his guilty heart. He looks impatiently toward the declining sun, as if cursing its tardy course; he gives a malignant glance at a sleek ox which had come unconsciously near; the animal quickly retreats, although the man stirs not. A drove of swine had been drinking at the brook, and passed near him on their way up to the hills; one large, black fellow stood opposite him, as if curious to learn something of his history. It gave a grunt by way of friendly recognition, and advanced a step or two; but the man caught its eye, and transfixed it with a scowl, black as its own quivering bristles. There seemed to be a power of terrifying in the man's eyes; the brute backed a few paces, and with a loud snort, more of alarm than of triumph, darted quickly after its fellows.

As the sun sank behind the hills a shrill whistle resounded far up among the stately oaks; the lurking figure arose and answered it with a similar sound. A crash, a tramp, a hurried stamping succeeded, and several persons emerged from the woods; they were dressed in various costumes, but had one article in common—a red shirt. This was the badge of the Garibaldians; the emblem of Revolution. Our more mature female readers may remember that the "Garibaldi jacket" was in 1860, a fashionable article of ladies' wear. It is a question if ever a fashion had a more disgraceful origin; an unclean, impious revolutionist like Garibaldi donned a red shirt, and "fashionable ladies," who, no doubt, thought themselves respectable and Christians, aped the adventurer. Once that the human mind has been cut adrift from the True Faith, there is no end to its development of absurd phases.

The troop of red-shirted miscreants, the offscourings of large cities, were armed with rifles, and some were dragging a few pieces of artillery. As they advanced the firm military tread of some of the leaders plainly showed that they had been drilled in a regular army. Already the shades of evening were darkening the depths of the valley as the new-comers drew up, in a half-military fashion, around the one whom we have already noticed. Two dancing demons glared from the eyes of this man as he surveyed the rude bands of armed ruffians. They were not, however, all ruffians; some had been misled by false statements, and some had been too weak to withdraw from a society into which they had been inveigled. But scornful was too plainly written on the brow of many of them. Evidently, however, they all felt themselves in the presence of a superior; even the boldest winced under the scowling glance of the two demon-lighted eyes of Capodiavolo. Yes; he it was who had been lurking in the still valley, frightening oxen and quelling a fierce hog by the magnetic influence of his evil eyes. There is a pre-eminence of wickedness which subdues less wicked natures, just as great moral excellence renders the good docile to its commands. The cruel break of Capodiavolo's hawk nose almost caught his twitching upper lip (this was a symptom of being well pleased), as he eyed the armed bands; turning to their leader he said:

"This is a brave beginning, Mars! your men look well, and are fairly armed; how many can you muster?"

"There are," answered Mars, "three hundred here; within an hour three hundred more will arrive; and four hun-

dred are to cross the frontier lower down. I have thus got one thousand men partly drilled, and well provided with rifles and cannon. The bands under Cairoli and Menotti Garibaldi are each stronger than mine; other bands are in course of formation and will be ready in a few days."

"Well done, well done, my bold Mars; you have not been idle; this looks like work in earnest. In a short time we will swoop down on Rome, drive out the Zouaves with the butts of our guns, make the streets of Rome red with the blood of its priests and monks, and proclaim from the Capitol the Universal Republic. I long to see the swords flashing, and the foreign rabble flying before our victorious banners. But where is Garibaldi himself?"

"For the present he remains quiet; his son Menotti leads, as I said, a large band; so soon as we have all crossed the frontier and massed our forces, Garibaldi will arrive and assume the ostensible command. This was, you know, your own suggestion, and all the lodges have accepted it."

"I should think they have! In the name of ten thousand devils, do you suppose any of them would dare oppose the suggestion of Capodiavolo? I cannot drill a squadron, but I can move the secret societies at my pleasure; they are my chessmen; Europe is my board; I place them where I please."

This was no idle boast; the members of secret societies are the veriest slaves in existence. By means of a relentless system of terror thousands of men are moved, like puppets, by some master hand which is invisible. One man of fierce, malignant will like Capodiavolo, or two or three others in some cases, shape the whole policy of the secret societies. And yet the poor human figureheads, who dance as the wire is pulled, prate about liberty and boast of their freedom! We have some of these mental slaves in our own Dominion.

"Well," continued Capodiavolo, "cross the frontier as soon as the others arrive; attack the garrisons in the various villages as you move on toward Monte Rotondo; try to stir up the inhabitants to a revolt. There are only a few Papal soldiers in each place. We will scatter small bands of our men all over the country, and thus draw off the enemy from Rome. We have men and arms there, and while the Papal troops are pursuing our scattered bands, our main body, which will mass at Monte Rotondo, will march on to the capital, and our brothers within will rise in revolt and open the gates to us. This is our plan of operations; but we must be quick in action. If we do not reach Rome soon the French troops may be sent back. That a blighting curse might rest on the heads of those French people who will, I well know, clamor against us! But we will reach the goal first, and if the French troops should follow us we will surrender them nothing but the cinders of the churches and the ashes of the priests."

"Do we cross to-night?"

"Yes; two hours hence. We must be in Rome by the 25th."

This conversation between Capodiavolo and his friend Mars gives a fair idea of the origin of the Garibaldian raids of 1867. Men and arms were transported across the borders of the Pope's territory; they swarmed on all sides, but converged towards Rome. Knowing that the Pontifical army numbered but nine or ten thousand men all told, the Revolutionists hoped to draw the major part of them off from the city in pursuit of scattered bands; then the main body of marauders would hurry down from the heights of Monte Rotondo, which they expected to capture and make their headquarters, and advance on Rome by the Montemaria and Salara Ways. In the meantime the few soldiers within were to be kept busy in quelling outbreaks fomented by the secret societies; thus the bands hoped to encounter but little resistance when they should arrive beneath the walls of the Eternal City.

The plot was well laid; they could easily bring more men into the field than the Pontifical army numbered; a few restless spirits, well paid and stimulated by the hope of future promotion, would be found to stir up internal disorder. The government of Victor Emmanuel would not take any very effective measures to prevent them from passing the frontiers with men and arms; many an English dupe would supply gold. Hell indeed seemed, humanly speaking, about to triumph.

Around the Chair of Peter the gathering storms were howling; day by day the dark clouds grew more dense, and soon encircled the City of the Popes. The long-approaching danger was at hand; but there were brave hearts and arms that unsheathed the sword in defence of religion and justice, and it would go hard with them if they did not conquer.

(To be continued.)

(This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Kewie's book store, Halifax, N.S.)

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and wins the confidence of the people.

"Hello, Jones! Got a new suit of clothes, eh?" "Yes." "Good stuff, isn't it?" he added, feeling of them. "Of course; I'm in."

OFFENSIVE SORE CURED.

DEAR SIR,—I take pleasure in testifying to the great healing qualities of your medicine. I had the misfortune to injure my leg, and through cold and neglect it broke out in a running sore, my leg became inflamed and very painful, and the discharge was very offensive. Various remedies failed to help me when I had the good fortune to try your B.B.B. and Birkbeck's Healing Ointment. Before long the discharge had stopped, and in two weeks more my leg was as well as ever. I feel justified in recommending it to the public as a cure if only given a fair trial.

GEO. LAUREN, Portage la Prairie, Man.

A contest between two dentists as to which of the two could take out most teeth in a given time resulted, as was expected, in a draw.

Not one in twenty are from some little ailment caused by friction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

A correspondent tells "How to make a poultice." How to wear one and look stylish is the greatest conundrum.

Can hair which has become gray be restored to its original color and beauty? Yes, by a few applications of Carter's Little Liver Pills. It is a most pleasant toilet dressing for ladies, keeping the head cool and free from dandruff. Try it and you will appreciate it. Can be had at all chemists. In large bottles only 50 cents.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S

—CELEBRATED—

ALES - AND - PORTERS

Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULL'S EYE"

INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER.
XXX PALE ALE. STOUT PORTER.

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

THE SPENCE

"DAISY" HOT WATER BOILER

Has the least number of Joints,
Is not Overrated,
Is still without an Equal.

WARDEN KING & SON,

637 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL.

BRANCH, 32 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO.

When getting ready for PICNICS
and EXCURSIONS
Make SANDWICHES with
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

Spread on thin slices of
Bread and Butter.

**Delicious! Economical!
Nutritious!**

MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO.

St. Lawrence Paper Mills,
588 Craig Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Book, Toned and News, Prints, Colored Posters,
Bleached and Unbleached Manillas,
Brown and White Wrapping Paper,
White and Tinted Flat Writings,
Bill Heads, Note and Memo. Forms,
and General Printers' Supplies.

SAMPLES AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION.

TELEPHONE, 2690. P. O. Box, 1133

NOTICE.

A private bill will be submitted to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session, to authorize John Paris and Marie Louise Paris to take the name of John Lee and Marie Louise Lee.

Montreal 31st March 1892. 40-D

NOTICE.

The Professors of the Law Faculty of Laval University, in Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for a private act constituting them a body corporate for the purpose of teaching law, under the name of "La Faculté de Droit de l'Université Laval, à Montréal."

EUGENE LAFONTAINE,
Secretary of the Law Faculty of the
Laval University in Montreal.
Montreal, 12th April, 1892. 40-5

HARDWARE

HOUSE FURNISHING and BUILDING Hardware
Plated Ware, Cutlery, &c. Prices very low at
L. A. SURVEYOR'S, 9 St. Lawrence St.

PISO'S CURE FOR
THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.
GOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
CONSUMPTION.

HOTEL BALMORAL, MONTREAL—NOW
under an entire change of management,
is unrivalled by any hotel in Canada. The
equipment is most complete, the cuisine is un-
excelled and every consideration is given to
the comfort of guests. It is in the heart of the
city and within a few minutes walk of the R.
C. depots and steamboat landings. Terms \$2
to \$5 per day. JAMES SMITH, Proprietor. 22-C

COVERNTON'S
Nipple Oil,

FOR CRACKED OR SORE NIPPLES.

Will be found superior to all other preparations. To hasten the Nipples, commence using three months before confinement.
Price 25 cents. For sale by all the leading Druggists of the city.
Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO.,
corner of Bleury and Dorchester Streets,
Telephone 1277

WHITE PORT!

Pure Juice from White Grapes of
Oporto, Spain.

The best WINE known for Invalids.

TO BE HAD AT
DECARY FRERES,
Family Grocers and Wine Merchants,
520 St. Lawrence Street,
Corner of Prince Arthur Street.

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 10 a.m. from Montreal at 12:30 p.m., from Colgate Landing at 4:30 p.m.

TO THE SAGUENAY—About 3rd May will leave Quebec every Tuesday and Friday at 7:30 a.m., and from 25th June to 15th September four times a week—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays.

TO CHESAPEAKE—When annual ready, Str. BOHEMIAN will leave every Tuesday and Friday at noon.

TO FORT RIVER—Every Tuesday and Friday at 1 p.m.

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

TO ROCHESTERVILLE, VAARENES, VERCHERES and ROUTE DE L'EST—Daily (Sundays excepted), per Steamer TERREBONNE at 3:30 p.m., Saturdays at 2:30 p.m., LOUGHEVILLE, PERLEY—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 LAFRANCOISE—From Laperle—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 Contrecoeur, returning same evening at about 8 p.m.

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

TEACHER

Wanted, an Elementary Female School Teacher, holding a first-class diploma for French and English. School to commence on the Fifteenth of August next. For particulars apply to the undersigned,
WM. HARTY, Sec.-Treas.
Laclac, P.Q., April 30th, 1892. 41-5

Piano
AND **ORGAN**

Purchasers are invited to the
Warerooms of
WILLIS & CO.

1824 Notre Dame St.
(Near McGill St.)
MONTREAL.

To examine their Great Stock of
Pianos and Organs,
KNABE, BELL, WILLIAMS PIANOS
—AND—
BELL ORGANS.

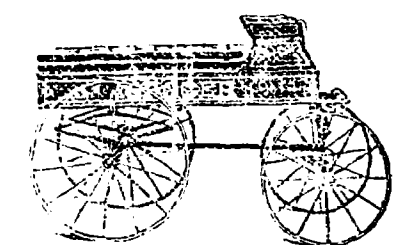
Old Pianos and Organs taken as
part Payment and full value allowed.

RUSSELL'S - -
EMERALD ISLE
- - - TOURS

The most realistic representation of the objects of great interest and pleasure for romantic beauty, historic associations, or traditional legends ever shown in America. For Terms and Dates, Address:
1804 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S
Self-Raising Flour

as THE BEST and THE ONLY GENUINE
article. Housekeepers should ask for it and
see that they get it: all others are imitations.



When you want to buy anything
to run on wheels, and get the
best value and lowest prices,
give us a call.

**R. J. LATIMER, 66 College St.,
Montreal.**

**LATIMER & LEGARE, Quebec.
LATIMER & BEAN, - Sherbrooke.**

Special discounts and freights
allowed to all customers within
fifty miles.

CATALOGUES FREE.



I CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have the discovery of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed it is no reason for not now testing a cure. Send at once for a Brochure and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPOSURE and POST OFFICE
H. G. RIGOT, M.C., 108 ADELAIDE ST.
WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

CARROLL BROS.,
PRACTICAL SANITARIANS,
PLUMBERS.

Gas and Steam Fitters,
TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKERS.

Heating by Hot Water a Specialty.

795 CRAIG STREET.
Bell Telephone 1834. Federal 1805.
Orders given prompt attention.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine
ranks amongst the leading
necessaries of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly, on the SPINAL MACHINERY, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, driving toxic, morose and vengeful to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incident to females of all ages and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment.

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of
Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Sores, Ulcers, Rheumatism, Gout, Rheumatism

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