

AN EASY HEAD! CLEAR BRAINS! With a Sound Body Are Bestowed Upon All Who Use Paine's Celery Compound.

Sweet, gentle spring is with us, presaging leaves, buds and flowers, and of course, happier times. Thousands will welcome the balmy air and zephyr breezes, while a multitude, hovering between life and death, are unable to enjoy or even appreciate the blessings of a kind Providence.

A host of men and women and young people are laid low owing to diseases contracted during the winter season. Impurities of the blood cause it to flow sluggishly, and the results are, continual headaches, heavy and clouded brains, neuralgia, rheumatism, and a host of other symptoms that endanger life.

For all these troubles, Paine's Celery Compound is the great and unfailing cure; it acts like a charm on the nervous system, producing pure blood, a cool and easy head, clear brains and a sound body.

Paine's Celery Compound is as superior to the ordinary nervines, bitters, sarsaparilla and pills as strength is better than weakness. The use of one bottle will soon convince the ailing that Paine's Celery Compound has virtues unknown to any other medicine.

THE HERMITS OF CORDOBA.

A community more austere than those of La Trappe.

Many of the vast army of readers, scattered over Christendom, who weekly peruse, with pleasure and with profit, the pages of the truly Catholic Pilot, particularly those so graphically, so interestingly, and so eloquently occupied by the pen of its respected Roman correspondent, may not think it out of place that this letter may endeavor to supply what perhaps he had not the opportunity of giving in his letter of January 14, for if it had no other pen could give the subject the same justice, that is, the description of the hermitages of the Sierra Morena, lately and for the first time visited by an Irish Cardinal Prince and his reverend suite of ecclesiastics.

In no other country of the world is the life of the ancient churches of the wilderness so closely copied; in no other is that of the Ieronymos and Anthonys of the Desert so faithfully carried out; no where else is ever the temporal debt due for sin so clearly, as in a glass, presented to one's view, as on these solitary craggy heights of Sierra Morena. Not among the austerities of Trappists, nor the vigils and silences and fastings of the Cistercians can be witnessed the human mortifications so extreme as are here to be seen by those who will struggle to climb, amidst the labyrinth of orchards, of roses laden with the richest perfume, and groves of oranges, weighed down by loads of most succulent of Spanish fruits, the rugged heights of the Cordobian Sierra, and there inspect the rude structures, which these anchorites of the nineteenth century have here established since the days of Bishop Hosius, who carried rule from Egypt. Since this time in Spanish Catholicity, a brotherhood of penances has here existed with unbroken succession, attracting, as they do to-day, the visits and approbation of all who know how to appreciate the good, the holy and the heroic.

Not from the gorgeous cathedral, nor the matchless architecture of the Alhambra, nor from the peerless columns and pillars of the dismantled mosques, nor from the hundreds of royalty in the Escorial, will you carry with you so salutary a lesson, so impressive a text, such abundance of materials for meditation as is here to be gathered, to be learned and pondered on—over from no pulpit will eloquence with such convincing arguments flow for the sinner, equal to the silent appeals made by those standing memorials and living instances of the temporal punishment due to sin, and here so vividly stretched out before your gaze for your careful inspection on the solitary summit of those Andalusian ridges.

Somewhat over two miles from the city of Cordoba, the cradle of the purest of Spanish nobility, and in view of its promontories filled with the elite of Andalusia—the creme of the grandees of the Peninsula—are to be seen the rugged heights of the Sierra Morena, whose craggy plateau is one vast rock. On this there is a vast circus, constructed of coarse rough stone and mortar, forming a circumference of nigh a furlong. In the midst of this is the little church dedicated to our Immaculate Mother, under the title of Our Lady of Bethlehem—patroness of the congregation of hermits. Within the boundary walls of this circus are also hermitages distributed in various places to the number of fifteen, with the names of the twelve Apostles, as also those of St. Paul, St. Peter Alcantara, and Santa Maria Magdalena, each sufficiently distinct from the other, and each having a coarse stone wall surrounding it. In this there is a small opening—a mere aperture to receive the dinner without being able to know, much less chat with him who carries it. These hermitages or tombs of the living are still further subdivided into compartments, little more than two yards each. The outer one is for manual labor; the interior for sleep and prayer. It has, besides, a little tower with a bell, which sounds whenever is sounded the larger one in the public chapel, and also for any extraordinary necessity. In this manner they preserve amongst themselves perfect communication and understanding, at least for all that is necessary for them. There are also in this desert, brother postulants, who live in community under

the direction of the brother president during their time of proof—which lasts until the death of some of the fifteen, who already occupy the hermitage, for the community is thus limited to fifteen. The vacancies which death occasions are given to such of the postulants as the brother "mayor" thinks worthy, after having completed his years of novitiate. This class of life is therefore one of great patience, of self-sacrifice and hard penance, for at the sound of the iron tongue of the bell of the little church which calls them daily, all the bells of the hermitages gave forth their plaintive music of reply in concert. Then, each of the hermits at this intimation, arises from his hard couch on the solid rock, and at all seasons, and in all weathers at 2 o'clock a.m., and all commence to recite the Matins and Lauds until 6 o'clock, when they hear Mass in the church, in union with the postulants. After giving thanks to Almighty God for the immense benefits He has dispensed to them in their loved solitude, they have spiritual reading which is followed by a public confession of their sins, each saying in particular the faults he has committed to the brother "mayor." After this, the latter exhorts them all to fervor and a strict observance of their rule, then all return to their cells, occupying themselves for some hours in such manual labor as obedience may have imposed on them. This goes on until half past one o'clock, when they suspend their work and commence again to recite "Sexta and Nona," and other prayers of the Ritual. At half past eleven o'clock the sole and frugal dinner is served by a brother, on whom obedience has imposed this duty. He proceeds to each hermitage, and on approaching it, salutes the occupant with an "Ave Maria Purissima," and then places in the little window or opening in the wall the dinner, without speaking one word more, and then retires himself. The dinner is a potage with oil, in this form:—Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays garbanzos, that is, dried peas boiled, and oil poured over them; Mondays and Fridays beans; Wednesdays and Saturdays, lentils; no meat of any class, or at any time, nor butter, milk or eggs, while wine and tobacco are strictly prohibited, although both are rarely absent from a Spaniard's bill of fare. At 2 o'clock they repeat vespers and comply at 5 o'clock mental prayer, a spiritual book is read containing the subject of meditation until past six o'clock, when, at the sound of the bell of the church, the bells of the hermitage reply with Gabriel's message—the welcome "Angelus" to the Immaculate Queen of Carmel; afterwards they recite the "Salve Regina" and the Act of Faith, Hope and Charity, and other prayers, until half-past nine o'clock, in the early hours of the night, when again the sound of the bell of the church notifies them that the hour for rest has arrived. But before stretching themselves to rest in their living tombs, these holy recluses of the Sierra Morena recite the "Miserere Mei" and the "De Profundis," giving thanks to Almighty God again for the blessings of that day, and thus elevating their minds to His Divine Majesty in the midst of the sublime solitude that encompasses them. During all of this the bells of the church do not cease to give slow measured peal-like the mournful sighs carried by the tempest across the bleak wilderness of this rugged plateau, of which they are the solitary occupants, appealing to heaven for mercy for the exiled sons of Adam.—Pilot.

A MEMBER OF THE ONTARIO BOARD OF HEALTH SAYS:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results."—H. P. YEOMANS, A. B., M. D.

REV. FATHER MACCORMAC.

OBITUARY OF A MUCH LOVED PRIEST OF THE DIOCESE OF OTTAWA.

Through the death of Rev. Father MacCormac, which sad and untimely event occurred on Thursday, the 18th March, at Ottawa, a good man and a zealous priest has gone to his reward. He was parish priest of Brudenell. Although ailing for some time, it was yet hoped that his natural robust constitution would withstand the ravages of illness, but it was not to be; a greater one had ordained otherwise.

Father MacCormac was born on the 4th of October, 1843, at Ballinvara, Co. Limerick, Ireland. His collegiate and theological studies were made in his native country, and after his ordination to the priesthood, in 1867, he came to Ottawa and became connected with the Ottawa diocese, first ministering at Mount St. Patrick. He was there only a short time, when he was removed to Brudenell as parish priest, a charge he held to the time of his death. A quarter of a century ago the hardship and care which a priest, situated as Father MacCormac was, had to endure, are such that it is difficult to conceive them; and there is not a doubt that his demise was the result of the arduous and constant toil which he underwent during the early years of his pastorate. There was one thing which the late priest had done most effectually, and that was to plant deep and well the seeds of mutual esteem between Catholics and Protestants. To his breadth of view and genial nature are largely due the tolerance and liberality which so happily prevail, at the present time, in that part of the County of Renfrew in which he served.

His brother, Mr. M. C. MacCormac, was present with deceased during a great part of the last fatal illness, and to him, and to his estimable family, the sympathy of many friends will go out in this the hour of their sad bereavement.—Canadian Freeman.

Out of weakness comes strength when the blood has been purified, enriched and vitalized by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Doctor: I must forbid all brain work. Poet: But may I not write some verses for the magazine? Doctor: Oh, certainly: I spoke of brain work only.

He: My dear, here's some one with the green groceries. She: Those are not vegetables. That's my new bonnet.

Best for Wash Day For quick and easy work For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes Surprise is best

USE SURPRISE SOAP Best for Every Day For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

THE LAND OF EVANGELINE. ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC SPOTS IN CANADA.

BUT IT IS NO MORE FREE FROM THE ILLS TO WHICH FLESH IS HEIR THAN LESS FAVORED LOCALITIES—AN ACCOUNT OF A STRANGE MALADY FROM WHICH A GASPÉREUX FARMER SUFFERED.

From the Acadian, Wolfville, N. S.

Perhaps there is no more beautiful or picturesque spot in Nova Scotia than the valley of Gaspereaux, in the "Land of Evangeline." Winding its way through the centre of the valley is a beautiful little river, while nestled at the foot of the mountains which rise on either side to the height of hundreds of feet, is the romantic looking little village of Gaspereaux. About two and a half miles from the village resides Mr. Fred. J. Fielding, one of the most thrifty farmers in this section of the country. Your correspondent called upon him and found a very genial, intelligent and apparently a very healthy looking man. In reply to our question, Mr. Fielding said, "Yes, I was near to death's door at one time, but thank God I am a new man to-day. You see, he went on that pump in the kitchen, beneath is a well about 20 feet deep, which was the cause, I think, of all my illness. I went down last fall (1894) in it to clean it out and was only a short time at the bottom, when I took with a severe pain at the back of my head and a burning sensation in my throat and lungs, such as caused by the inhalation of brimstone. A sort of stupor also was gradually coming over me, when by a huge effort I succeeded in regaining the kitchen once more. A lighted lamp let down became extinguished, thus showing that the accumulation of gas had caused the trouble. The pain at the back of my head continued to trouble me, and one day while working in a back field I suddenly lost the use of my left eye, right arm and left leg. At times I could not speak, but towards evening I began slowly to grow better. The next day at about the same time I was seized again in the same manner. I now called in our family physician, who told me that a blood vessel had burst in the back of my head. He left me medicine. The pain in the back of my head never left me and I continued to feel miserable. About two months after this second attack while sitting in the post office of the village I was suddenly seized again, and getting out my horses and wagon started for home. I had not gone far when the lines dropped out of my right hand and I again found myself blind in my left eye and the right arm and left leg paralyzed. The horses now carried me home but passed the house in the direction of the barn. My wife thinking I had gone on to the barn paid no attention on perhaps 15 minutes, when she sent one of the children to see what was keeping me. At this time I was unable to speak and had to be assisted into the house. Before bed time I began to recover somewhat and felt fairly well the next morning, but was again seized during the day in the same manner and the report reached the village that I was dead. Neighbors came flocking out expecting that it was true. As the medicine I had tried seemed to do me no good, I now thought I would try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and by the time I had used six boxes the pain had left my head and I felt as good as new. I now ceased using them for about a month when I thought I felt a recurrence of the pain at the back of my head. I sent again and got three more boxes and used them. It is now five months since I used the last pill, and I have never had a recurrence of the attack, besides I feel myself a new man. I am now 39 years of age, and have always worked on a farm and never enjoyed work better than last summer and autumn and am positive Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me. I now always keep them in my house and when my wife or children have any sickness our resort is to this medicine and always with the very best effect.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and when given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

The most attentive man to business we ever knew was he who wrote on his shop door: "Gone to get married; back in half-an-hour."

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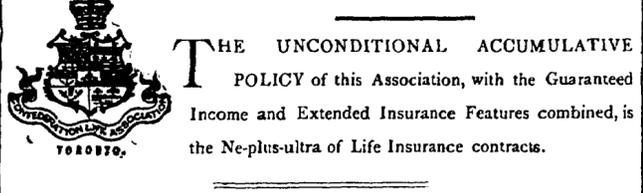
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TARIFES - ON - DOMINION GOVERNMENT TELEGRAPH LINES.

Table with columns: LOCATION OF LINES, DISTANCE IN MILES, Rate for a Message of Ten words and each extra word. Rows include NOVA SCOTIA, NEW BRUNSWICK, QUEBEC, ONTARIO, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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THEY WILL AMUSE THE CHILDREN.

Handsome Dolls With Change of Dresses.

We have secured a new and very taking novelty known as the "Diamond Dye Doll." These dolls are clothed in bright and handsome dresses and will prove a great attraction for the little ones.

A set of Six Dolls with Six Extra Dresses will be mailed to any address on receipt of four cents in stamps. Thousands are going to all parts of the Dominion, giving universal satisfaction to all who receive them.

Users of Diamond Dyes will please bear in mind that it will be to their advantage to examine each package of dye that they buy, as worthless imitations are now being sold. See that the name "Diamond" is on each package. Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

IRISH NEWS ITEMS.

Patrick Carmon was evicted recently from the O'Beirne estate in Polton, and his house and out-offices were levelled to the ground.

A young girl named McDonald, living at Passage, fell overboard at Monkstown on Feb. 22. She was rescued by a young man named Daniel Hayes, of Castlefarm, Monkstown.

J. B. McLaughlin, manager of the New Ross Branch of the National Bank, died on Feb. 19. He had been ailing for the past eight or nine months. He was manager of the New Ross Branch for five or six years.

A beautiful stained glass window from Munich has been erected in St. John's Church, Kilkenny, by Miss Anne Callanan in memory of her husband, John Callanan, who died in 1875, and the deceased members of his family. The design is the "Holy Family."

The death occurred on February 24 of Mr. Patrick Mehan, ex-acting inspector to the Dublin Metropolitan police. Deceased, who retired from the service some years ago, was previous to his retirement, court officer for many years in the divisional magistrates' office.

A caretaker named Murray, in the employ of Lord Waterford, of KilmacThomas, left home accompanied by his dog on Feb. 20, to look after some cattle, but he never returned, and a search was instituted. Constable Drought discovered the lifeless form about a mile and a half up the mountain on Feb. 22. In the opinion of Dr. Walsh he died from heart disease.

Five tenants were evicted from their holdings for non-payment of rent on the Loughmashan estate of Samuel Alexander, of Killybeg Abbey, Armagh, County Dublin, on February 22. The victims were James Harrington, sr., against whom a decree of five years' rent and costs had been obtained. Martin Walsh, who had been decreed for three years' rent, arrears and costs. John Duffy, who had been decreed for four and a half years' rent and costs; John Rigney, against whom a decree had been obtained for six years' rent and costs, and Michael Corry.

Among the Irishmen who were members of Dr. Jameson's force, and who arrived in Dublin recently, was E. J. Farrell, of Naas. He was a C Troop man, and had several other Irishmen in his company. Mr. Farrell joined Dr. Jameson's force early in November. Three days afterward the troops were on the march, and when the forces were about seven miles from Johannesburg they encountered the Boers. During the encounter Mr. Farrell narrowly escaped death. It appears he was close to a caravan at a spot where the firing of the Boers was rather thick, when the mule attached was killed.

A lecture was delivered in Croagh Orange Hall on Feb. 28 by Wm. Workman, a farmer, on "Liberalism, Unity, Live and Let Live," but his chief object in convening the meeting was to expound his views on the land question. The hall was packed with Unionist farmers, laborers and corner boys. The lecturer, who declared himself an Orangeman, denounced the tactics of the landlords. During the lecture the uproar in the hall baffled description, and Mr. Workman was unable to proceed owing to the din and confusion. The chairman appealed for order, but the rowdy element threw dirt in the speaker's face, and ultimately several of them leaped on the platform and threw him down off it, and afterwards kicked and otherwise maltreated him. He defended himself, assisted by the chairman, as well as he could, but the numbers were too great to contend with. Subsequently he was forced out of the hall.

STENOGRAPHY, OR SHORTHAND BY THE TYPEWRITER, by Rev. J. A. Quinn. This invention seems worthy of most general acceptance, as it brings to a minimum the complexities and ambiguities of the stenographic methods in vogue. It permits greater speed than other systems, and is legible to anyone—a manifest improvement over the frequent inability of stenographers to read their own writing, and their unwillingness to attempt anyone else's. Stenography can be learned in a few hours, and must supersede phonography wherever a typewriter is available. Second improved edition. Cloth, \$1.50. American Book Exchange, Providence, R.I.

Newrich to picture dealer: I think, on the whole, I won't take the picture. I prefer spending my money on statues rather than on pictures, because you can see more than one side of a statue and get your money's worth better.

There is a little branch railway in Ireland on which the running of the trains is very capricious, and a local wit is circulating a petition to have it suppressed on the ground that its trains are games of chance.

"Why, Tommy, you're at the jam again and only whipped for it an hour ago." "Yes, mamma; I heard you tell auntie you thought you had whipped me too hard, and I thought I'd make it even."