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THE TRUE AND FAITHFUL WITNESS

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XLI., NO. 42.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 11, 1892.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

THE SACRAMENT OF LOVE.

FATHERS OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST IN MONTREAL.

Sermon by the Very Rev. Dr. Tesniere, Superior of the Order.

The vast church of Notre Dame, in this city, was crowded to hear the sermon which the Very Rev. Father Tesniere, Superior of the Congregation of the Fathers of the Most Holy Sacrament, was announced to preach. Especial interest attached to the event on account of the fact that the new church of the Holy Sacrament, Mount Royal avenue, which will be in charge of these zealous Fathers, is to be dedicated on Sunday next.

Father Tesniere began his eloquent sermon by alluding to the feast of the day—that of the Holy Family. All Catholics, he said, were obliged to honor and love the Holy Family; but the Catholics of Montreal were under a special obligation to do so, on account of their almost supernatural origin. He went on to give a summary of the history of the foundation of the French colony of Canada, dwelling particularly on the consecration of the island of Montreal to the Holy Family by the venerable Father Olier, in the church of Notre Dame, Paris, before even the first colonists had arrived here to take possession. To the fervent and ancient devotion of the French-Canadians to the Holy Family he attributed the reputation which they universally enjoyed as the people of the earth who had the largest families and the most Catholic families. Having contemplated in the Holy Family of Nazareth the sacred type of the Christian family, the Rev. Father asked: how was the Christian home to be founded, how was the Christian family to be developed and perpetuated? The reply consisted of one word: by the Eucharist. Why? Because the Eucharist is the sacrament of the Christian family. This proposition he proved by luminous arguments, based principally upon the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, who had laid it down positively that marriage was the sign and figure of the union of Christ with His Church. Christ loved His Church: For her sake He came down from heaven, He took on our flesh, He labored, He suffered, He died in excruciating agony. For her sake, and at the price of a thousand sacrifices, He continues to inhabit this sad world; for her sake, every morning He immolates Himself anew upon our altars; and through the Eucharist He espouses each soul in a special manner. Here is the model proposed to Christian fathers and mothers. But how can they imitate, even faintly, His devotedness and fidelity? Alas, man's heart is frail and inconstant! How, then, can a young man and a young woman, whose affections are so liable to change, dare to take—how can they keep—the solemn promise which they make to one another to love each other for ever in life and death? It is through the Sacrament of Love that this miracle is accomplished. But there is another element which completes the Christian family, and that is the child, who is the life, the hope, the joy of the family. How does the Eucharist act as to his moral formation, as to the education which should afterwards reflect honor upon his parents, and which is to make him the devoted servant of religion and fatherland. The influence of the Eucharist in education is immense, because before everything, education is founded upon obedience. It is a fact of experience that parents infuse their faith and their virtues into the souls of their children in the proportion in which these are subject to them; and on the contrary, from the moment they see their children resist authority they may expect deplorable trials and tribulations. It is only the Eucharist which can develop in children's souls the spirit of obedience. At the blessed time of First Communion the parents themselves avow that they do with their children as they wish, and may demand sacrifices from them. After First Communion, Our Lord continues to descend frequently into the young heart and maintains and develops there more and more that divine virtue which is the virtue of his choice: *subtilis illis obediunt usque ad mortem*. The Eucharist is therefore the sacrament of the Christian family. It consoles and succors the family through life and even at the hour of death. And the victory of death is but apparent; in reality, Christ is the conqueror. For on the occasion of each death, although a body is lowered into the grave a soul takes its flight to heaven borne on the wings of the Holy Viaticum, and as the Christian family seemed to be dismembered here below it is reconstituted above in the splendor of God's glory. In concluding, Father Tesniere spoke about the arrival of the Fathers of the Most Holy Sacrament in Montreal. These priests, he said, do not believe themselves to be charged with any extraordinary mission in Montreal. They do not come to preach a new doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist, and do not pretend to do better in any way than other priests. They come simply, like the laborers at the last hour, to help to further the good work so happily begun and

so admirably continued by the sons of the Venerable Olier. Moreover, the field is vast and the harvest abundant, and the laborers are not so numerous as to give rise to the fear that they may be in one another's way. And the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, in causing to be more and more known and loved the sacrament which contributes most to the welfare of Catholic families by offering up night and day adoration, reparations and prayers in the name of the city and the archdiocese of Montreal, cannot fail to draw down new blessing upon the whole country.

AN ANCIENT STATUE

Of Our Lady of Liesse, at the Church of the Gesu, Montreal.

The Church of the Gesu in our own city, contains one of the most ancient and venerated statues of the Blessed Virgin, in America, that of Our Lady of Liesse; a beautiful tradition, approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, is attached to it. Some six hundred years and more ago, three young cavaliers, of a noble French family, and who were also knights of the famous Order of St. John of Jerusalem, went to Palestine to fight in the Holy Wars. Taken prisoner, their faith was assailed by threats and persuasion on the part of the Sultan. He even, sent his daughter, to the dungeon in which they were confined, that her feminine subtility might conquer the firmness, which his own efforts had failed to overcome. But the knights, on the contrary, spoke to her so touchingly, of the mysteries of religion, that the beautiful princess began to think of nothing but God and Heaven, but Christ, the Redeemer and Mary, his Mother. She expressed to the prisoners so lively a desire to behold an image of the Blessed Virgin, that they set themselves to pray with all possible fervor, that her wish might be gratified. In reward for their faith, and constancy, a miraculous statue was brought to them from heaven. At sight of it, the princess was converted, and she, with the knights, was miraculously transported into France.

On the spot, whither, they were transported, hard by a fountain, on the very domains of the knights, at Laon, a church was built, and the heavenly image placed therein. Thenceforth, the place became the resort of pilgrims and pilgrimages, thronging thither in eager multitudes. Cures, the most marvellous were wrought, spiritual favors were granted abundantly, whilst the fame of miracle after miracle went forth through Europe. Ex-votos, the most costly, appeared at the shrine, kings and nobles brought their jewels thither.

Each succeeding Pope conferred new privileges upon the Sanctuary. It was enriched with numerous indulgences. As early as the year, 1333, the Bishop of Laon, was obliged to appoint two extra priests to assist the chaplain that pilgrims might not be deprived of spiritual ministrations. In 1384, a new church, still to be seen, was consecrated, on this sacred spot. The Confraternity of Our Lady of Liesse was established, and we read, that one of the Roman Pontiffs, Clement X, sent two chains of gold, to be hung round the neck of the statue, to one was attached a golden medal, to the other a rose, wrought in diamonds.

In 1857, the statue was solemnly crowned, by order of the Pope, under the invocation of Mother of Grace. But the shrine in the course of centuries had met with various vicissitudes. In 1568, the Huguenots profaned the sanctuary and rifled it of its sacred vessels, and ornaments. The statue, however, had been carefully secreted. It escaped their impious rage.

At the terrible epoch of the French Revolution, the image was less fortunate. The church being invaded by a sacrilegious horde, the Statue of Our Lady of Liesse was cast into the flames. The head, a few fragments and some of the ashes were saved, and put into a place of security. The head was mounted upon wood, and a frame of cardboard arranged around it, giving it something like the form of the original statue. In the interior, were deposited the fragments and ashes. Pilgrimages were resumed, new miracles were wrought, and the shrine of Liesse, still kept its hold upon the faith and piety of France.

At last, in our own day, the Pope desired that the statue should be crowned anew. It was now deemed expedient to cause the construction of a new image, containing some of the ashes of the old. The Jesuits, who had been for many years in charge of the pilgrimage church, were presented with the ancient statue, and resolved to bestow it upon one of their missions, which extend over almost every part of the civilized world.

Two Canadian Jesuits were at that time in France. Both were to return to their country before long. One of these was the late lamented Father Cazena, so widely known and so much beloved at St. Mary's College, until his death, in 1884. These two Canadians cast longing eyes at the precious relic, the destination of which was being made the subject of anxious prayer, and thought. One morning, after Mass, the Father Superior, called these two Canadians to him. "The Statue," he said, "is to go to Canada, and you are to take it there."

Thus was brought into the City of Mary, that ancient statue, the head being that of the original, and some of the ashes being contained within it. Favors have been procured at its shrine in the Gesu, as ex-votos attest. Cures have been wrought, and spiritual and temporal favors granted. But, no doubt, if this devotion to Our Lady of Liesse were more widely diffused, if the knowledge of this Statue and its history became familiar to the people of Canada and Montreal, the favors of Mary, under this beautiful title, would be multiplied.

May time should give a new impetus to the piety of the faithful in this regard. They should learn to come with confidence to the feet of Our Lady of Liesse, and, who can say but that new and striking manifestations of her power would be given as in olden France. Every year there are pilgrimages to this hallowed shrine, but their number should be greatly increased, even, if they could not approach, that grand total of thirty-six in a day, which was reached in France.

A taper, a lamp, a visit to the shrine, or a simple prayer, are within the reach of all, and will, no doubt be acceptable to the Mother of Grace, as were the crowns and coronets, the jewels of great price, which the great of the earth, were wont to lavish on Our Lady of Liesse. Her Statue stands in the heart of the city, accessible to all. May Montreal realize during this month of the Blessed Virgin the priceless treasure it possesses, and may the threads of that olden tradition, so potent for good in France, be woven, again, into the life of Canada, into the annals of Montreal. A. T. S.

THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Buffalo Bill has arrived in London, Eng., with his Wild West show.

Embro village, Oxford county, has voted to have a \$3,500 town hall.

A movement is on foot at Father Point to secure a deep water pier.

Mr. Lowell's majority in the Welland by-election is officially stated at 277.

The Winning Grain Exchange a new building is being erected at 277.

Twenty more men have been discharged from the G. T. R. car shops in London.

Patrick O'Sullivan, one of the Cronin assassins, died at Joliet prison. He made no confession.

John Anderson, a Dane, who is alleged to have married twenty women, is on trial in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Spanish Cabinet has decided in favor of a law providing for the trial of dynamiters without a jury.

A cross-petition has been filed against John Brown, who was the Liberal candidate in the Monck election.

The Czar and Czarina will leave St. Petersburg for Berlin on May 21 to pay a visit to Emperor William.

It is rumored in Britain that Prince Bismarck will shortly be appointed to an important official position.

The name of Senator Sherman is mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for the presidency.

The head of the Hammerstein banking house of Berlin committed suicide by shooting himself with a revolver.

The Italian Cabinet crisis has excited the politicians of all Europe. It is said Italy will break off the triple alliance.

The Chamber of Commerce of Manchester, Eng., has by a vote of 164 to 156 declared itself in favor of bimetallism.

Messrs. Deo, of New Suram, Elgin county, sheared 28 pounds of wool from a thoroughbred merino lamb the other day.

President Adams, of Cornell University, has resigned owing to differences of opinion with the board of the institution.

The largest horse in the world, standing 22 hands high and weighing 2,200 pounds, owned by T. E. Ridgeway, of Fort Worth, Texas, is dead.

A Quebec despatch says Hon. Charles Langelier's fine house on St. Louis road at Quebec is to be sold by sheriff's sale on June 6.

Drening, the condemned wife murderer, says his mother's spirit is now urging him to kill Miss Rounsvell, to whom he was engaged at the time of his arrest.

A delegation of New England farmers who have been looking over Manitoba, have returned east for their families, being delighted with the western country.

A Model Representative.

It is always with pleasure we read or hear a well-merited tribute to any Irish Catholic representative. We look not at the man's politics, but at his standing as a co-religionist and fellow-countryman. In the report of the House of Commons proceedings, of last Monday, we read the following, in a contemporary:

"Few members of the House give their constituents more reason to be thankful that they have an able and eloquent representative than does Mr. Curran, M.P. for Montreal Centre. Whatever Mr. Curran takes hold of he does with all his heart and his heart is a big and strong one. This afternoon he moved for copies of papers in connection with the case of P. D. Dods, who lost some splendid diamonds he had inherited, and he urged his case so well that Hon. Mr. Bowen said the duty paid would be refunded, and although Mr. Bowen did not intimate that the case, which had amounted to some \$500, would be refunded, it is to be hoped that the Minister of Justice will see his way to having this done."

KIND WORDS.

By the banks of the river I wondered alone,
And into the pure depths I dropped a small stone;
It sank from my sight ere I went on my way,
As the eddying circles were faded away.

I passed by that spot in a day or two more,
And the waters flowed on as I saw them before;
But no ripple came over the surface so clear,
To tell that the pebble was still lying there.

So the harsh word from lips, perhaps unheeding,
And sink to some gay heart, tho' tender withal;
And the pain of that heart seems to pass in a sigh—
Yet the pang will remain, tho' 't is unseen it may lie.

There is many a rose that is fair to the view,
And many a flower that retains its bright hue;
But one drop of care to its core has found way,
So slowly and sadly it sinks to decay.

Ah! there's many a heart which is withering away,
And many a silent tear falls day by day;
And the spouse is sought not of friends who console,
Tho' the dark pang of sorrow still sweeps o'er the soul.

Oh! pluck not one petal from out a gay flower,
To leave it to wither and die in an hour;
Destroy not the bloom you can never restore,
But cherish it fondly, by day more and more.

Rather speak the kind word, to the sigh broken-hearted,
Shed light on the soul from which joy has departed;
Let the beam of sweet speech on the stricken heart fall,
Speak kindly to each one, or speak not at all.

RELIGIOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The Dutch Catholic papers record many conversions to the Catholic church in Holland.

Representatives of the Catholic Press Association of the United States will meet on May 4, in Washington, D. C.

Cardinal Gibbons makes it a practice to give the total abstinence pledge to children making their first communion.

The Venerable Bishop of Goebriand, of Burlington, Vermont, has petitioned for a condjutor with the right of succession.

Cardinal Goossens has just ordained twelve priests for the Congo mission. They were educated at the Congo Seminary, Louvain.

The Baltimore Catholic Mirror states that last year out of the 9,000 baptisms in the archdiocese of Baltimore no less than 665 were those of converts from Protestantism.

The March quarterly of Hoffman's Director has been received. It shows the following changes since the preceding number was issued: Deaths 61, removals 353, additions 66, other changes 41.

Rev. Father Fickel, of Silverton, Col., who, it was reported, perished in a storm week before last, succeeded in finding his way in the mountains and arrived home safely after a terrible experience.

The total population of the Hawaiian Islands is over 100,000. The Catholics number about 30,000. There are 35 churches in the vicariate apostolic, 59 chapels and 16 schools which are attended by 1500 children.

The Catholics of Victoria B. C., have just reason to be proud of their new cathedral, now ready for consecration. It is undoubtedly the handsomest church edifice north of California, and has few superiors in the West.

The Chapter of St. Peter's at Rome has decided to send a crown of gold to the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady of Kevelaar, in the diocese of Cologne, to which many thousand pilgrims betake themselves every year.

The Revista Catolica of Lima has published a protest directed by the Apostolic Delegate to the Peruvian Republic against the suppression of the Convent of St. Augustine and the confiscation of its property. Our South American contemporary is written with much spirit.

The former church of the Jesuits at Bonn, which had been handed over to the so-called "Old Catholics" at the epoch of the Kulturkampf, has been restored to the Catholic community. May this tardy but proper act of restitution be but the precursor of others equally just and necessary.

Mgr. Kcalowski, the newly-appointed Primate of the Catholics of Russia, was formally installed a few days ago in the Catholic Church at St. Petersburg. The Archbishop took the oath of Fidelity to the Emperor in Russian. It is to be hoped that this will be at last the beginning of brighter days of peace for the Catholics of the Russian Empire.

Among recent Pontifical appointments are those of Father Brunetti, of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, Richard Tabarelli, of the priests of the Stemmate of Verona, and Fiediana, of the Barnabites, to be Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. Mgr. Guidi has been named auditor of the Apostolic Internunciature at Brazil.

Cardinal Taschereau of Quebec, whose health is not robust and who has just had a condjutor named, has passed his 72d birthday, having been born Feb. 16, 1820. He has been a priest 45 years, a prelate 21 and a cardinal five years the coming June. Though his diocese is now materially smaller than formerly, its administration requires an enormous amount of attention and work, so many different matters are there that demand

personal supervision on the part of the ordinary. It is to be hoped that the eminent Canadian prelate will regain his strength, for his retirement from the position he has so long and so worthily filled would be deeply deplored by his devoted priests and people.

We record with regret the death of the Abbe Hias, parish priest of Eichenheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, who was one of the most hard-working members of the Baden Centrum, or Catholic party, and in the days of Bismark's persecution mania compiled the Beobachter, the Catholic sheet of Karlsruhe. To him was due the re-acquisition by the Catholics of their influence in the Landtag. R. L. P.

That Archbishop Corrigan is destined to receive a Cardinal's hat is the impression of many. His course since the excommunication of Dr. McGlynn has received the warm approval of Pope Leo XIII. and the College of Cardinals at Rome. The recent elevation of his secretary, Dr. McDonnell, to one of the most important sees in the United States, simply on recommendation of Archbishop Corrigan, is a proof of that prelate's standing in Rome.

Father Von Robiano, Prior of the Dominicans of the Moabit quarter of Berlin, has celebrated the golden anniversary of his espousal to religion. This venerable ecclesiastic belongs to a family branch of which are settled in France, in Belgium, and in the Rhineland. His youngest sister is a nun in the Convent of the Poor Infant Jesus at Aix-la-Chapelle. By his mother he is grandson of the celebrated convert, Count Leopold von Stolberg.

His Eminence Francis Battaglini, Cardinal Archbishop of Bologna, is in a delicate and dangerous condition of health. For a month he has been suffering from bronchitis and pneumonia—serious maladies for a man of his age, sixty-nine. The Viaticum was solemnly administered to him lately in presence of numerous members of his flock. Dr. Monari subsequently performed the operation of perforation over the right lung with great skill and a happy result.

Fr. W. H. I. Reaney's appointment as chaplain of the navy has been confirmed by the Senate. Father Reaney is the second Catholic priest to be appointed to a naval chaplaincy, the first being Father Parks, of the cruiser Philadelphia. The duties of a chaplain are very responsible, having charge of a congregation numbering from 1,000 to 2,000 men. The Rev. William H. I. Reaney is now twenty-eight years old; he is an alumnus of Detroit College of the Jesuits.

Dr. Gabriels will be succeeded, so it has been announced, in the presidency of St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., by Dr. P. A. Puissant, who has acted in the past as professor of moral theology and canon law, in addition to discharging the duties of treasurer. Dr. Puissant is now the only one left at Troy of the original faculty with which St. Joseph's Seminary started. When that institution opened its doors, in 1864, the faculty, who came from Belgium, consisted of Revs. L. J. Vandenhende, C. Roelants, Henry Gabriels and P. A. Puissant. The last two names are the only ones that appear in the list of the faculty as that is given in this year's directory; and now Dr. Gabriels is about to leave the seminary for Ogdensburg.

The Holy Father is in the enjoyment of good health and tolerable spirits. Among recent visitors to the Vatican were their Highnesses Prince Herman of Saxe-Weimar and his consort, the Princess Royal of Wurtemberg, and their daughter Olga, and the Hereditary Prince of Reuss and his wife, born Princess of Hohenzollern. These illustrious callers were received with the honors due to their rank. The Grand Duchess of Tuscany has also been received in private audience, and had the marks of dignity which are the privilege of royalty rendered to her. His Holiness in a lengthened conversation with the pious lady complained bitterly of the anarchical outrages in various Continental churches. Regret is felt that the Duke of Fife, who has been to Rome, left the Eternal City without paying a visit to the Vatican, where he would have met a most friendly greeting.

A Bishop's Consecration.

Thirty bishops, and archbishops and five hundred clergy assisted last-week at the consecration of Bishop Gabriels, who succeeds the late Bishop Wadhams, of the Ogdensburg Diocese. The ceremony took place in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, which was beautifully adorned with flowers. Every available inch of room was taken in the vast edifice and hundreds were unable to gain admittance. The sermon was preached by Bishop McQuade, Bishops and High Notables, besides those already mentioned were present from Kingston, Ont., Ottawa, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Three Rivers, Que.; and Pembroke, Ont. At the close of the ceremony an elaborate banquet was served to the clergy in Union Hall. The presents received by the new prelate were costly and beautiful.

Six Jews and Jewesses were convicted in St. Petersburg last week of murdering babies entrusted to their care. The prisoners had gained the name of "angel makers."

A SACRED RELIC

DESTINED FOR THE SHRINE OF ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

A Miracle Already Performed in New York, Where the Relic is Being Venerated.

In a gold-lined casket on the altar of the quaint little French church of St. Anne de Beaupre, 159 E. 67th street, New-York despatch, has lain since Monday from 6.30 until 10.30 the most sacred relic, in Catholic eyes, which ever reached America. It is a large fragment of the arm of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary mother of Jesus. Many centuries it has been guarded more jealously than were ever guarded royal jewels or kingly crowns, by the Benedictine monks, at Rome, in the Great Basilica of St. Paul's, outside the wall. Now by special request of His Holiness the Pope, a portion of it is sent to increase the faith and devotion of all members of the Church in the United States and Canada. This relic, which will be regarded by Catholics every where with the deepest feeling of piety and joy, is to be kept at the Church of St. Anne de Beaupre, on the St. Lawrence River. Another piece of the arm is on the way, and will be enshrined in the church where the fragment above referred to is exposed.

St. Anne de Beaupre is the most famous shrine in Canada. It is on the shores of the St. Lawrence, twenty miles below Quebec. It is in charge of Redemptorist Fathers, and for years it has attracted attention because of reported cures of the lame, the blind and the halt that have been effected there. Mgr. Marquis took to Rome with him photographs of the interior and exterior of the basilica. The interior views showed piles of crutches that had been left in the church by patients who had come on them and gone away without them.

The Pope received Mgr. Marquis and listened with interest to his stories of the miracles wrought at St. Anne de Beaupre. Among the relics in the Basilica of St. Paul, outside the walls, in Rome, is what is said to be an arm of St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary. The basilica is in charge of Benedictine monks. St. Anne de Beaupre's in Canada had already a small fragment from the finger. Thousands of pilgrims visit the shrine every year, and Cardinal Taschereau, and the fathers in charge of it, believed that they ought to procure a larger relic. When Mgr. Marquis had explained this to the Pope, the Pope instructed his private chaplain to write to Father Leopold Zelli Jacobuzzi, abbot of St. Paul's, and ask him to grant the wish of the Canadian prelate, if possible.

Armed with the Pope's letter, Mgr. Marquis visited the Benedictine abbot. The Monsignor, who is in his seventy-first year, narrated to the abbot the story of St. Anne de Beaupre. He says that the abbot at once agreed to give him a piece of the arm. On April 18 Mgr. Marquis left Rome with the relic. When he arrived in New York he determined to spend a few days with the Rev. Frederick Tetreau, pastor of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste. He has been the French priest's guest at 1,381 Lexington avenue. Father Tetreau prevailed on Mgr. Marquis to expose the relic in the church in Seventh-sixth street. On Sunday morning the relic was first exposed, and every day since crowds have assembled in the little church to venerate it.

Mgr. Marquis said yesterday that the arm of St. Anne has been in Rome for many centuries, and the Popes have refused to consent to the removal of any part of it. The arm, he said, was in a good state of preservation when he saw it. Mgr. Marquis went with the Prior of St. Paul's to the place where the relic is kept. The saw broke, and Mgr. Marquis had to use a saw he himself had brought. The fragment he secured is one-half of the wrist, about three inches long, and to it the skin and flesh, darkened and shriveled by time, still adhere. This was put into a casket of bronze, lined with gold. The casket is about six inches long. It has a glass cover, through which the relic can be seen. Around the relic is a slip of paper on which is printed: "Ex brachio S. Annæ, M. B. M. V., which means, 'From the arm of St. Anne mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary.' The Abbot of St. Paul's put a seal on the casket, and it is still unbroken.

Father Tetreau announced to his congregation on Sunday that the relic would be exposed every morning from 6.30 to 10 o'clock until Mgr. Marquis's departure. Every morning since Sunday his little church has been crowded. The relic is placed on a small table inside the sanctuary rail. A priest stands by it. The people come up to the rail and kiss the glass covering.

(Continued on 4th page.)

An English-speaking Reformer has been saying in Montreal that both Hon. Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright are to be deposed from the Opposition leadership, and that Hon. L. H. Davies and Mr. D. C. Fraser will lead the reform hope.

THE OLD GRAVEYARD.

Down where the lapling's cry
Startles the hushed night air,
And where the gray old stones are lit
By the moonbeams pale and fair,

On this quiet spot intrude,
Nor stream of so sweet music,
E'er breaks on the solitude;

Many a weari'd spirit
Death has at last consoled,

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

FANCY WORK.

Some New Kinds of Easily-Made House
Decorations.

A FLOOR MAT.

There are numberless kinds of floor
mats or rugs, but not all are quite satis-

Make as many strips as will be needed
to give the proportionate width for the
rug, and sew the strips together and line

It is very pretty, too, for a baby's car-
riage in winter. Before beginning to knit

IMITATION BAMBOO CURTAINS.
In the spring, when the wood is young
and tender, gather branches of either elm,

Useful Receipts.

A delicious omelette may be made by
this receipt:—Into a quarter of a pound

This receipt for blackberry cordial is
excellent:—To one gallon of blackberry
juice add four pounds of granulated

A most appetizing salad is made by
shaving cabbage about as fine as it is
possible to shave it, sprinkle white must-

THE FORTY HOURS' DEVO-
TION.

The Origin and Progress of this Most
Beautiful Devotion.

The irreverences and sins committed
during the days of the carnival pre-
ceding Ash Wednesday afflicted pious

first Sunday of every month. The Arch-
confraternity of Our Lady of Prayer took
it up in 1601. Pius IV formally approved

Pope Clement directed the Forty
Hours to be observed in one church
after another, so that the Blessed Sacram-

Other Popes renewed the approval and
order, and granted the same indulgences.

In this country the Forty Hours' devo-
tion was first performed by a French
priest at Natchez in early colonial days,

The time should be given to prayer. It
is not intended to have sermons and in-

"I Am So Tired"

Is a common exclamation at this season. There
is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is

CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE.

Father Eager Explains the Catholic
Theory on This Important Subject.

Rev. Father Eager, O. S. B., in the
second of a special series of sermons deliv-

from time to time made temporary res-
trictive laws with regard to the popular
use in the vulgar tongue, not by way of

TURN THE RASCALS OUT.

We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad
blood, biliousness, constipation, headache,

SCANDAL.

We once had tony gray hens
And once had pretty brown,
And those as black as midnight

And there was one white pullet,
For purity and grace,
The pride of all the hen house,

One morning as this beauty
Was drinking with the rest,
One pearly drop of water

It sparkled there one moment,
Then blushing as it found
Its equal quite in pureness,

An old gray hen had seen it,
And said to number two,
"The white hen wet her feathers

The two made haste and carried
This news to number three;
"The white hen wet her feathers

Three peddled out the scandal,
As quickly as they could;
"The white hen's wet all over

The old black hen that heard it,
Then cackled with delight:
"The white hen's mud all over,

Another and another
With feathers black as sin,
Then came and joined the rabble,

They clucked and squawked and prated
And cackled in their glee;
"The haughty old white pullet

But when the master came there
To see them all at night,
She stood before his presence,

The prattling of the black hens,
Had been entirely vain,
On "That white robe" their scandal

AN ENTERPRISING HOTEL MAN.

It is stated that a hotel man in Toronto has
posted up a notice stating that all diners at his

A BARE POEM.

It was Written by a Poet Who Has
Since Won Fame.

In the house of a gentleman in this
city, says the Kokomo, Ind. Dispatch,

The owner of the book said that he did
not know who was the author of the poem.

What was the last they saw of him,
When they went next morning to call
him to breakfast, he had gone but had

Leonie—Angels named her
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars, and framed her

In a solemn night of summer,
When my heart of gloom
Blossomed by the corner

Then God smiled, and it was morning,
Matchless and supreme,
Heaven's glory seemed adorning

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness
and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing

A man of marked character—The lat-
ticed South Sea Islander.

They make one feel as though life was worth
living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills

An investment—Confinement in a
strait-waist-coat.

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with
Wild Cherry and Hypophosphites is the surest

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

On the 22d day of July A. D. 1376, ac-
cording to the old legend by Richard
Verstegan, a terrible calamity befell the

There came into Hamelin town one day
a man, who from the fantastic coat of

At that time Hamelin was overrun
with rats, at which the honest burgh-

The Pied Piper offered for a certain
sum of money (one authority gives the

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;

Then the Piper went back to the Town
Hall to demand his reward. The people

But the Piper was demanding his pay with a
— "A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;

A hot argument followed. The Mayor
would not pay the promised sum; treat-

And folks who put me in a passion
May find the pipe to another fashion,

The Mayor little knew what he was
about, or he would have paid the Piper

"Once more he stepped into the street;
And to his lips again

And here he blew three notes such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning

Of merry crowds justling at pitching and
jousting,

On and on he went, and on and on the
children followed, laughing and dancing

Was he going to drown the children in
the Weser as he had done the rats? thought

And when all were in to the very last,
The day in the mountains was shut fast.

And in after years he was used to say,
"Let me tell you, one was lame,

Some people believe that those child-
ren are the beautiful "hill-bills" who

That is why I have told it to the dear boy
and girl friends of the Scrap Bag,—

Childish Fancies.
"WHAT does 'Good Friday' mean?"

A Lass of four summers is blessed with
parents of diverse theological views, and

A MINISTER who is not always so care-
ful as he ought to be in making his pre-

THE custom has prevailed with a cer-
tain Episcopal Church in a Californian

SEVEN YEARS' SUFFERING.
GENTLEMEN: I had suffered very much

Never kick a man when he is down.
He may get up again.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness,
constipation or torpid liver without distur-

The Proper Diet for Spring.

Spinach has a direct effect upon the
kidneys. The common dandelion, used

Men may come, and men may go, but
for coming and going the servant girl has

Some Reasonable Advice.

This changeable Spring weather is just
the weather for catching cold. Either

IN A DAY.
LAWRENCE, KANS., U. S. A., Aug. 9, 1888.
George Patterson fell from a second-story
window, striking a fence. I found him using
ST. JACOBS OIL.
He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw
him next morning at work. All the blue spots
rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain,
scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

INVALIDS, DYSPEPTICS AND THE DEBILITATED
WILL GAIN
Strength - Nourishment - Stimulus
BY TAKING
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF
The Great Strength-giver.
An easily-digested food.
A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR.

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.

NO PRIZES FOR STUPID PEOPLE.
who the without T.
If you are one of the bright ones and can read the above rebus you may receive a reward
LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY, (23) TORONTO, CANADA.

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FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.

NIGHT ON MOUNT ROYAL.

BY D. McK. MACARTHUR.

Before the black and silent city sleeping, As some faint monster in its pole's breath, While through its entrails throng, in eager rivalry, Great spirits who subsist within this atmosphere of Death.

BONNIE SCOTLAND. THROUGH "THE LAND OF CAKES."

The Lochs and the Trosachs—The Gray Metropolis—Scenes Peopled by the Pen of Sir Walter.

A brief ride by rail from Glasgow brings one to the shore of Loch Lomond, the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes." The train runs unto Balloch Pier, abreast of the jaunty little steamer that plies up and down the lake among a hundred islands, touching here and there at small hamlets, that grow suddenly gay during the short summer season, and then as suddenly relapse into their long winter sleep.

Loch Lomond! Dear old Loch Lomond! Dear old Loch Lomond! Dear old Loch Lomond! Indeed it is a Mediterranean sea, and these are not a Scot of them all but adores the classic tourist must admit. Thirty miles in length and ten in breadth, though it nutrows to a single mile in some parts of it, sprinkled with islands of every conceivable description; surrounded by grand and gloomy mountains, grander for their gloom,—Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, and others of that large family, some of them three thousand feet in height; its shores presenting every variety of romantic and savage beauty; its beauty heightened by cloud-effects that are forever changing; its fame associated with the adventures of Rob Roy and Robert Bruce; the theme of many a ballad by Scott and Wordsworth and a choir of nameless poets,—ah! Loch Lomond, with all that pertains to it, possesses an irresistible charm that no one can escape.

Cruising over the lake, which was anciently famed for three local phenomena—"waves without wind, fish without fin, and a floating island."—one naturally inquires for these celebrities. The waves without wind prove to be the ripples that follow the current down the lake and play along the lower shores; the fish without fin are thought to be the vipers that sometimes swim across from one shore to the other. As for the floating island, it was long ago drowned by the increase of the water in the lake; if it ever really floated, it must have sprung a leak. There are ruins of houses still visible beneath the water, a hundred yards from shore, in Camstradden Bay; and there are other evidences of a gradual and permanent rise in the tide.

The steamer almost grazes some of the delightful islands, sending long rollers tumbling up among the rocks and awaking echoes that mock the plash of our paddle wheels. At Inch-Caillach (the Island of Women) there was once a nunery, but the nuns have all withdrawn to their dark cells under the soil; there is nothing but the graveyard left to tell the tale,—a graveyard choked with weeds and ivy, the burial-ground of the MacGregors. Inch-Tavanach (the Monks' Isle) has fared no better.

There is one island sadder than all the others—Inch-Lonaig. (You know Inch is the Gaelic for island; but as for Lonaig, I give it up,—it isn't down in my pocket-dictionary.) Until 1820 this island was used as a retreat for drunken wives. Their husbands—who were of course sober at the time—were wont to land them on the island, with a loaf of bread and a pitcher of cold water, for mercy's sake; and there they were held captive until each forgiving lord chose to take pity on his repentant spouse. Many of the islands were found convenient for the detention of troublesome relatives; and not one of them all but might tell a startling tale, if only we could interpret the tongues of the trees that burden every zephyr with mysterious messages. At Inch-Cruin there was an asylum for the insane; Christopher North called it the Island of the Afflicted.

The times have changed of late. All these fairly haunts are now used as deer parks or picnic grounds. A fellow fees like singing as he marks the glitter of the filled aquatic can, and the shell of the lite hand-boiled egg; and thinks of all the old days when monks and nuns and all the companies of gentle recluses paced each their several isle, secret and secure. I trust—for people didn't seem to know how to swim in those days, and there were no ferries to speak of. At Inversnaid there is a waterfall, with the customary hotel attachment. Steep mountains tower over the roof of the latter. A million gnats swarm out of the currant bushes by the garden wall, and cast a shadow on the Arcadian scene. Across the water other mountains pose handsomely, and change color in the lovely twilight. It becomes necessary to eat and sleep somewhere, why not at Inversnaid? One naturally drops off as soon as his interest begins to flag; and then, the waterfall is a considerable attraction, inasmuch as Wordsworth has sung its praises. I asked for the "sweet Highland girl" of the poem; but find she married after W. W. has established her reputation, and left the waterfall to carry on the business alone.

Small boats steam up and down the lake. A coach comes rattling down the mountain road laden with professional tourists. Two or three dusty pedestrians, in knickerbockers and with knapsacks on their shoulders, join us. The twilight deepens, so do the gnats. We lounge about in the rustic ravine above the waterfall, and surprise one another in various stages of sentimental imbecility. We smoke, and beat the air wildly to make room for the smoke to escape. It is eleven p.m., and not yet dark. How long the twilight lingers in the Northland! I see pairs of people among

the currant bushes; does one gather berries at this hour, I wonder?—or do two, for that matter? Somebody, inspired by the beauty of the hour, attempts to sing; but gets stopped up with midgets. We begin to yawn audibly, careless of what the world may think of us; then, one after another, we rise and retire without saying "good-night" to anybody, quite as if the general sleepiness were a profound secret. But, oh, how that little waterfall sings of a summer night at Inversnaid!

Lochs are lakes, and lakes are very much alike. If there is anything prettier than Loch Lomond it is Loch Katrine,—smaller, daintier, even more picturesque; and, moreover, every ripple that falls upon its dreamy shore seems to rhyme with some couplet of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The approach is like a prelude. You come from Loch Lomond by a road that winds over the rugged highlands, past Loch Arktel alone in its rocky bed, and so down through the meadows, purple with heather, to the wooded shores of Loch Katrine.

Now here we are in the very midst of that delightful poem. We gather on the narrow deck, studying out every rock and tree, the living illustration of the truth of Scott's graphic pictures. The lake grows as we voyage; it is like a winding river, along whose banks the brilliant and variegated foliage trails its boughs in the placid stream. Water-fowl dart out before us, and wing their way across our prow; half-swimming and half-flying, they leave a long wake upon the glassy tide.

We all greet E-len's Isle with speechless rapture. Probably there is not one of us but tries to picture the heroic Ellen as she, followed by the faithful hounds, bears the Knight of Snowdon to those delicious shores.

The landing at the Trosachs is a sensation such as one seldom receives in this practical age. You pass under a thatched roof, along a rustic bridge that is hidden away under a rocky ledge. On one hand a tapestry of ferns is dripping with spring water; on the other spreads the translucent lake, now narrowed to a mere rivulet; above you is a tropical roof of rushes, supported by light beams of wood that have not yet been stripped of their moss-covered bark.

We are at the mouth of the Trosachs. There are but two living beings to receive us,—two old Highlanders, who help to make the Rob Roy fast to the trees, and then assist in getting us well bestowed in three coaches that are to bear us on our way. Those old Highlanders talk to one another in Gaelic; they speak to us in Scotch so broad that we are lost in it.

The top of Loch Katrine is like a scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." You drift into it and out of it as if you were an involuntary actor in a pantomime. When daylight is so seductive, what may not moonlight be! It was from this point Scott wandered away into the realm of poetry, the secrets of which even the poet cannot make wholly intelligible to the world. Let the charmer charm never so wisely, it is but the faint echo that he interprets to us,—the faintest echo of the song that is in his soul.

The United Kingdom rings with the fame of the Trosachs—a ravine, a wilderness of rocks and foliage, "totally unexplored, it is supposed, in the world," saith the guide-book. It is but a mile through the Trosachs; and a single mile of tragic scenery—he it never so tragic—can hardly hope to escape rivalry in some part of the globe. Had the British poet not struck their harps with such confidence and almost exhausted their vocabularies in praise of this one glen, I believe many a traveller would tread it without special wonder. It was here the Demids and the Clan Alpin met in fierce combat. Out of this wilderness of birch, hawthorn, and oak tower the abrupt cliffs, and beyond their frowning brows the mountains lift their hoary heads crowned with sunlight. It is all very beautiful and very impressive while it lasts; but before we have fairly begun to realize it, our coaches wheel out into the open country,—and one of the great sensations of Scotland, and indeed of the United Kingdom, is at an end.

Highlanders are here, lost in admiration of the Trosachs, and looking very much as if they were a part of the landscape. Local worshippers at the shrine of Nature challenge the enthusiasm of the foreigner, who is usually too considerate to make odious comparisons. If the Trosachs may not be called an anticlimax, there is certainly nothing after it worth special mention,—nothing that appeals to us in any shape all the way down to Edinburgh.

As for myself, I begin to feel a little uncomfortable, and to wish that the crisis had not come so soon. To be sure we see the "Brig o' Turk," where the Knight of Snowdon outstripped his attendants; and a lake or two haunted of fairies—by the shore of one of them the hermit monk foretold the doom of Roderick Duin,—and these are pretty enough, as all Scotch lakes are sure to be. Then come the heathery moors and meadows, the lawns and streams; cottages, herds of sheep with shepherds in their plaids—the land and the outlook growing more and more commonplace until we reach Callander, which is the acme of stupidity. But there is consolation even here; for we get a bit of luncheon that serves to fill the aching void one is sure to feel after a season of emotion; and, moreover, we take train for Callander—always a pleasant feature in an unsettled life.

For some hours fellow tourists have been hobnobbing with us amicably; we have encouraged one another in all sorts of extravagances. Together we braved the lakes; together swarmed on the tops of the high couches, basking in the effluence of pompous drivers clad in radiant seraiet, and wearing white hats with a broad band of gold. There was a degree of style in all this that kept us in a lively humor so long as it lasted; but at Callander we quietly and cautiously dropped one another's acquaintance, sought the first, second or third class "carriages," according to our preferences, and scattered in a dozen different directions, just as if there had been a social explosion in our midst.

These are daily, almost hourly, experiences; yet somehow they never cease to divert me; and wherever I meet a familiar face nowadays, I always feel like taking it by the chin and saying, "Where have I met you, old fellow?"

But I don't do it; I merely out the owner of that face, and go my way, chuckling under my breath as if it were a capital joke.

Do you know that you can leave Glasgow or Edinburgh in the morning, go through the whole round of experiences hinted at in this letter, and return to either city on the evening of the selfsame day? That is, you can do it if you want to; but it is much better to tarry a night or two by the wayside. For so sure as you rush it, you will feel that you are getting altogether too much for the money.

THE GRAY METROPOLIS.

A week in the "Gray Metropolis of the North," and I have not yet begun to exhaust its catalogue of historical and literary associations; nor have I yet grown used to the marvellous picturesque-ness of this handsome and haughty city. The town is made up of hills and dales, crags and castles; of parks and terraces, where monuments are raised to the memory of the illustrious dead; of broad new streets and narrow old ones,—some of them so old and so narrow that they are completely buried away under rows of high houses, and are accessible only to such of the citizens as have learned to burrow like rabbits, and are not in the least afraid of dark and dusty corners.

In Edinburgh the scenic changes are very sudden and very striking. One drops from the stately Castle on the cliff, where Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., into the plebeian precinct known as the Grass Market. From the verdant slopes of the Princess Street Gardens, once upon a time the shore of a lake, one descends abruptly into the dry bed of that lake, now ribbed with railways, where billows of steam break noiselessly among the trees at the foot of the gardens; and there fifty locomotives rush to and fro like monsters sporting in their native element. Across this lake of vapor there are high bridges, that carry the streets on a dead level from the elegant and spacious square of the new town into the broken and irregular blocks of old Edinburgh. Two centuries meet and shake hands above the keystones of the bridges that span the vapory lake.

On the heights of Calton Hill the eye takes in at a glance the ponderous and inelegant Nelson memorial; also the chaste fragment of the National Monument, which, by the way, is a reproduction in part of the Athenian Parthenon; it must ever remain a strikingly classical feature in a landscape that is almost unrivalled for stately beauty.

This morning, while the city was enveloped in a fog so dense that I could only guess at the nature of objects on the other side of the street, I went up to the Castle, three hundred and eighty-five feet above sea level. A fort stood here anterior to the Christian era; in the fifth century it was in possession of the Caledonian chiefs. Edwin, one of the Northumbrian Kings, rebuilt it in A. D. 626. Here the Scottish Kings sought shelter—Alexander I., David I., Malcolm IV., Alexander II., William the Lion, Alexander III., and others. In 1296 Edwin I. "pelted it night and day for a week" with three engines of war, and at last took it. For seventeen years it was in the hands of the English; then Randolph, Earl of Murray, retook it. Robert the Bruce dismantled it. Edward Balliol ceded it to the English. In 1337 it was refortified by Edward III.; and in 1341 was again recovered for the Scotch by Sir William Douglas, the "Black Knight of Liddesdale." Here James II. spent his minority, and here he was crowned. James III. was imprisoned within its walls; James IV. revelled in it. In 1566 James VI. was borne here; and 1650, after a short siege, the Castle surrendered to Oliver Cromwell. All this might easily be turned into an alphabetical nursery rhyme, and it would seem quite as real to me then as it now does—history reads so like a fable, even when you are tracking her heroes step by step, from chamber to chamber, on to their bloody deaths.

St. Margaret's Chapel, atop of the highest ground within the walls, is more than eight hundred years old. Here St. Margaret, Queen of Malcolm III., the successor of Macbeth, was wont to hear Mass. Malcolm, poor fellow! her loving but illiterate husband, who could not read a syllable of any tongue, had her missals gorgeously bound, and used to kiss them frequently to show his reverence for religion. St. Margaret's life, a sorrowful romance, abounds in thrilling incidents; and a little pamphlet, sold for a trifle in the chamber that was once her chapel, reads like a fairy tale. The late, elderly woman who sat at the door of the chapel, as I entered it said to me, plaintively: "I am old and short o' wind. If you would know the history of the Chapel of St. Margaret, you had best get it for a penny, and save me the trouble o' telling it."

In front of the chapel door lies the great gun called "Mons Meg," a relic of the fifteenth century. It is thirteen feet in length, seven and one half in circumference, and has a calibre of twenty inches. Some of the big stone balls once discharged by it now lie quietly at its side,—they were found three miles away, and are supposed to have been fired that distance. Mons Meg is constructed on almost the same principle as the modern Armstrong gun. This old war-dog had a voice in the siege of Norham Castle in 1497. After he had reposed in the Tower of London for seventy-six years, he was restored to the Castle through Sir Walter Scott's influence with King George. Escorted by the 73d Regiment and three troops of cavalry, with pipers tapping jigs, and the whole populace wildly with enthusiasm, old Mons Meg finally came home to his last rest, with a hole in his breast big enough to put your head in.

Everywhere one is reminded how thoroughly Sir Walter has grafted his memory upon the history of his native land. On the accession of James VI. to the crown of England, the insignia of royalty disappeared. The jewels were kept in the dark for more than a century,—at first purposely, for the Government feared to arouse the national feel-

ing after the treaty with England; subsequently their hiding-place was actually forgotten. Now, Walter Scott was one of a committee that searched for the royal symbols. In 1817 an old chest in the Castle was forced by the King's smith, and there, covered with linen cloths, were the treasures that had been so mysteriously concealed for one hundred and ten years. One sees them now under glass, where they appear to be as gaudy and unreal as stage ornaments; crown-jewels, we must remember, are very apt to look like so much glass and tinsel.

There is a little chamber on the ground-floor of the ancient palace within the Castle walls. It is a very little chamber, its greatest length being not more than eight feet. It is irregular in shape, and has a small window looking down upon the old city three hundred feet below; there was a flourishing village on that very site as early as A. D. 854. Now the chamber is dark and dingy; people crowd into it, and stare about at the antique wainscot panelling, and up at the ancient ceiling, where the initials J. R. and M. R., surmounted by the royal crown, are wrought in alternate panels. Photographs and guide-books are on sale in the small chamber; and on one wall is a quaint inscription recording in three couplets the birth of James VI., with the date—19th of June, 1566. In Lord Herries' Memoirs is recorded the following scene, which was enacted in this closet-like room:

"The young prince was ushered into the world between nine and ten o'clock in the morning. Darnley came at two in the afternoon to see his royal spouse and his child. My Lord," said Mary, "God has given us a son." Partially uncovering the infant's face, she added a protest that it was his and no other man's son. Then, turning to an English gentleman present, she said: "This is the son who, I hope, shall first unite the two kingdoms of Scotland and England." Sir William Stanley said: "Why, madame, should he succeed before your Majesty and his father?" "Alas!" answered Mary, "his father has broken to me,"—alluding to his joining the murderous conspiracy against Rizzio. "Sweet madame," said Darnley, "is this the promise that you made, that you would forget and forgive all?"—"I have forgiven all," cried the Queen; "but I will never forget. What if Fawcotes's pistol [he was one of the conspirators] had shot [she had felt the cold steel on her bosom] what would have become of both him and me?"—"Madame," cried Darnley, "these things are past."—"Then," said the Queen, "let them go." And so ended this singular conversation."

The sun was high when I went out upon the battlements, trying to "forgive and forget" half that I had seen. If a man were to remember only a small portion of all he sees and hears in these historical latitudes, his brains would still be stuffed as full of horrors as is the Newgate Calendar. I stood upon the battlements. The mists had dissolved; and out of the thin, flowing fragments that were drifting slowly off to sea rose the splendid heights of the city. It seemed to bristle with turrets and towers; and, bathed in the rich morning light, it was as dazzling as an Eastern dream. Calton Hill was like a hanging garden, with its pale Greek temple rising naked above the groves. Near at hand the pleasure-grounds, where Sir Scott's elaborate monument is erected, sent up to us the summer song of birds and the perfume of a wilderness of flowers. Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, still cloud-capped, watched over the city, as if it had been a child left in the keeping of these giant guardians. Away off in the horizon sparkled the Frith of Forth, with the Fife coast stretched like a thread in the distance; and Bass Rock seemed like a hard knot in that thread. It was an inspiration—the mere sight of it all—and one never to be forgotten.

Standing upon the Castle wall, and looking over its roofs to Arthur's Seat, on the left are the highlands of the new town, with its grassy lake-bed and its billows of steam lying between us. At the further end of the highlands, toward Arthur's Seat, but separated from it by the vale of Holyrood, rises Calton Hill. On the right, at our feet, is the valley of the Grass Market, the site of the ancient and original village that grew up under the Castle cliff. This portion of the town spreads over a rolling country, and reaches even beyond the hem of Salisbury Crags, where there are villas and villages hiding themselves among the hills. Between the lowlands on the right and the lake-valley on the left there is a ridge sloping to the plains under Salisbury Crags. It has often been compared to a wedge. Along the top of this wedge runs High Street, the chief thoroughfare of the old town; it extends from the Castle to Holyrood—and to Holyrood let us hasten; for there is a casket in that palace which has something to do with the chamber in the Castle. Indeed, Holyrood and Edinburgh Castle are companion pictures, that, for poor Queen Mary's sake, should never be separated.

There is a chamber in Holyrood, and there one sees the couch of the unhappy Queen, her portraits, and bits of dainty embroidery done by her one fair hands. At two corners of the room there are closets; one of them is known as the dressing-room, the other was a private sleeping-room. One night when the Queen and that handsome Italian with the operatic cast of countenance who is usually painted with a mandolin in hand,—one night when Rizzio was supping with the Queen, innocently enough no doubt, a small door in the corner of the closet was pushed open and Darnley entered. He threw his arm fondly about the Queen as she seated herself at her side; then armed men entered, until the supper-room was filled with them. All this was ominous, Rizzio, finding it impossible to escape, clung to the Queen's skirts for protection. Then and there the first dagger smote him; and how these murderers fell upon him as the sight of blood increased their frenzy! The wretched man was dragged through the bed chamber and the audience-chamber, and dropped like a dog at the top of the stairway up which we came just now. To this hour there is a dark stain on the oaken floor, where he lay all that hideous night, with five and forty gaping wounds in his soft flesh.

What a scene was this to be enacted

within walls that were once monastic! In an obscure corner of the ruined abbey adjoining, Rizzio lies buried.—Charles Warren Stoddard, in the Ave Maria.

If you feel weak, tired, and all run down, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what you need to build up strength and purify your blood.

A well-known Boston wit, driving out through the suburbs at a time when the Queen Anne cottages were very much in vogue, came across one whose grotesque many-angled roof nearly touched the ground. "What a singular home!" he exclaimed.

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WEDNESDAY,.....MAY 11, 1892.

THE TRIBUNAL OF PENANCE.

A recent issue of the English edition of the "War Cry," the organ of the Salvation Army, urges the duty of confession in general terms. It asks: "Is confession necessary in every case?" And it makes reply: "Tell your sins to your captain, or find out some officer or friend in whose heart or judgment you can confide, and tell it in the ear of that brother or sister; but it may be necessary for you to confess in some form."

So even the Salvationists, members of the last and most extraordinary form of Protestantism, deem it necessary to confess a sin to some person or in some form. Yet there is no assurance that the captain, brother or sister to whom the confession is made, has the power to forgive the sin. It would seem, by this testimony and by the evidence of human history, that erring man often feels unable to bear all alone the heavy burden of his iniquity; that he feels his own weakness and a desire to divide, with some one, with some sympathizing soul, the load that weighs heavily upon his conscience. Not only is it true in the case of our sins, but even in that of our daily troubles, annoyances and sorrows. To feel oneself alone in the world, without a consoling friend in whom to confide, is the saddest and most lonely state conceivable. Every human creature has at some time or other in life felt the great need of outpouring his thoughts, and has looked upon the trusted friend, who would listen to his sorrows, as a heaven-sent benefactor. For some people this communion of spirit is a safety valve; without it the whole machinery of the mind is likely to get out of gear and run riot. And yet in all this there is no hope of forgiveness from the one to whom the story is told; the most expected is that the burden will be rendered easier to bear after the fermented and out-bursting exuberance has found an exit, and that some one else consents to lift a portion of the weight, to divide the load. This is all natural; it is human nature over and over again.

It is this human consolation that the Salvationists desire and believe so necessary; that is very natural and cannot be gainsaid. But if they could add to that boon of sympathy, which they require, the assurance of an absolution for the sin committed, a wiping out of the debt contracted, what a glorious thing confession would be for them! If they felt as certain that the captain, friend, brother or sister had the power to efface that fault as they are that he or she can relieve them of a portion of their burden by listening to the statement of it, how proudly, how gladly, how frequently, would they not go to confession?

This is simple reasoning from facts and from human nature. Still these same people, and thousands of others less extreme than the Salvationists, ridicule the Church of Rome for the glorious tribunal of penance that she holds. Even were the priest unable to grant an absolution for the sin committed, still is he not a Captain—a leader and commander in the army of the Church Militant?—is he not a brother—bound to his parishioner by the bonds of Christian love and fraternity in Christ?—is he not a friend—one whose days and nights are consecrated to the noble work of aiding the weak, lifting the fallen, consoling the afflicted, strengthening the wavering, and saving the erring? And were he never endowed with sacerdotal powers, does he not stand forth from the vast concourse of busy men, the safest and truest one in whose "heart or judgment" man can have confidence?

But when we add to all these qualities the Catholic's knowledge that his Confessor represents Christ Himself and has been delegated especially, by the Redeemer of man, to forgive the sins of those who, following the Lord's instruction, "go to the priests and show" themselves, it requires no great intellectual powers to conceive the beauty, the consolation, the benefit of the divine Sacrament of Penance. When the Confessor was ordained, Episcopal hands were placed upon him, and the words "thou art a priest unto all eternity" were pronounced. He then and there received that power which Christ gave to his Apostles, when he told them; "Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." He told his followers, His regularly delegated and ordained ministers, that whatsoever they should loose on earth would be loosened in heaven; and whatsoever they should bind on earth would also be bound in

heaven. And the Apostles of Christ transmitted their powers, by means of the sacrament of Holy Orders, to their successors; and those successors ordained their priests; and those priests have today, according to the words of the Saviour, the power to forgive sins. Knowing and feeling this, what wonder that the Catholic hastens to the tribunal of Penance and lays down his sins at the feet of the Crucified? How can reasoning men, who admit and feel the necessity of some sort of confession, when their lives are over-burdened with sins too heavy to carry, attempt to scoff at the Catholic confessional? Surely the institution of the Sacrament of Penance will not be denied; just as surely there is no man insane enough to ignore that yearning in every human breast for consolation. That consolation, and that absolution are both afforded the sincere Catholic in the confessional. Leaving aside all higher and all deeper arguments, the very men who condemn the confessional are obliged to admit the necessity of it. So is with every other Catholic institution if properly viewed, if studied without prejudice and from a reasonable standpoint. Who could ever have known the human heart better than Christ? And certainly He knew exactly what was required for man's happiness; He gave the human race the means of salvation; and one of those means is the Sacrament of Penance.

MISS CUSACK AND THE JESUIT.

Miss Cusack has been celebrating Easter by a series of Anti-Popery addresses. Of course the unfortunate Jesuit always comes in for an overdose of abuse upon such occasions. This lady, who was once such an apparently fervent and devoted Catholic, has taken the downward course with a vengeance, and in her descent she would fain—like Lucifer—drag all the human race with her. As it would be like the play of Hamlet minus the ghost to have a No-Popery meeting without some anti-Jesuitical declamation, the pervert nun thought proper to tell all she knew about the Order—for she poses as an authority upon Jesuitism as well as upon all other questions pertaining to the Church of Rome.

To begin with, this female No-Popery lecturer spent the greater part of her life in a convent; at least from the age at which a person would be able to learn something of the ways of the religious world or the external world, up to the last few years; nearly all that period of religious life was spent in Kenmare. Her opportunities of learning aught about the Jesuits must have been very slim. We are positive that there is not, nor has there been a Jesuit within fifty miles of Kenmare; and most assuredly no Jesuit institution was ever inspected by the ex-nun-of-Kenmare; and the teachings of Jesuit philosophy or ethics were never made the subject of study for the sisters in that or any other convent. So that lady knows no more about the Order of which she speaks than she knows or is likely to ever know—if she does not change her life by a miracle of grace—about the movements of the saints and angels in the mansions of Heaven.

To give our readers an idea of the absurdity of the statements made by preachers like Miss Cusack, Mr. Chiniquy and *hoc genus omne*, we will give one sample of that lady's audacity and falsehood. At Folkestone, on Holy Saturday, she told her audience that while she was lecturing in America, a Jesuit Father came to her saying: "We know you are pretty hard up," and producing a roll of dollar notes, he continued: "if you will promise to give up lecturing and writing we will give you all the money you want." Then she heroically said: "There is the door!" The priest went out confounded. This is a sample of that woman's veracity. It should give any reasonable and self-respecting Protestant an idea of how much reliance is to be placed upon the ex-nun and ex-priest stamp of street-preachers. America is a pretty broad stretch of country, and it would be somewhat interesting to know when and where this wonderful scene occurred. Does anyone imagine that such an extraordinary event could have taken place on this continent—with our steam and telegraphic communication facilities, with our press and the ubiquitous reporter—without that every town and village would have heard of how the Jesuit Father was met by Miss Cusack? Moreover it would be interesting to know who the eccentric, the madcap Jesuit was, that would have gone into a public assembly, or even in private, and have offered an ex-nun a roll of bills in order to have her cease abusing his Order. He would be a curiosity far surpassing any freak of nature that Barnum—in his palmy days—ever exhibited. In fact the most reasonable and less bigoted Protestants generally look upon the Jesuit as a most cunning being, one whose shrewdness is proverbial, and one who is never to be caught in any trap, no matter how cutely it is set for him. The Jesuit Order is almost universally looked upon by Protestants as a monster, like the

creature of Ezekiel's vision "wheel within wheel and glistening with eyes." But if a Jesuit were found to do what Miss Cusack states a Father in America did, then it is evident that the Society of Jesus has been misjudged, for no man in his senses, would so act, and no Order—unless composed of fools—would allow one of its members to make such an exhibition of himself.

We refer to Miss Cusack in sorrow for herself and her admirers and not in anger against them; but we thought it well to point out the utter absurdity of this unfortunate woman's preachings, in order to draw the attention of the reasonable class of our separated brethren to the complete unreliability of those religious tramps who go about playing upon the credulity of some and the fanaticism of others, by proclaiming themselves "converts from the errors of Romanism." Just contrast the lives of these ex-nuns and ex-priests and their inevitable endings, with those of the converts to Catholicity and you have a sermon the most eloquent you could possibly conceive. The Mannings, Newmans and Brownsons: but, it is a desecration to mention such names in the same page with that of Miss Cusack—so we will say no more, but let our Protestant friends read and ponder.

ANGLICAN BISHOPS DISAGREE.

As a sample of the divisions that exist, on every imaginable point, between our separated brethren, the Catholic Times of Liverpool tells of how the Anglican Bishops disagree upon the question of fasting. If on such a matter the Bishops of the same church cannot come to an understanding, what are we to expect from the general clergy of the Established Church? In fact, what are we to think of different sects, and ministers of different denominations, pretending to unity? The following is the article which we find in our trans-Atlantic contemporary:

"The Anglican Bishops differ one from the other not only in matters of doctrine, ritual and practice, but they do not even agree as to the elementary principles of common sense. That is to say, they do not agree as to the serious solid fact exemplified by a recent letter of Dr. Perowne, Bishop of Worcester. Seeing that the Bishops of Ely, Exeter and Lincoln had granted dispensation to a clergyman in his diocese, too conscientious to "dispense" himself, or perhaps anxious to draw Dr. Perowne out, wrote asking his Lordship for the necessary, or rather, for the desired or suggested permission. He was at least respectful to his bishop and to the others ignored his authority completely and preferred to follow their own sweet will on the ancient natural plan of eating when hungry and drinking when thirsty. Instead, however, of dispensing, or recognizing the plea or appropriateness of such a request, the bishop bluntly answered that he was not aware of the law, much less laid down any rules for its observance. Moreover, he thinks that common sense should lead those who are asked to take such food as they require. There are now three Bishops against Dr. Perowne, and how many more Bishops are sitting complacently on a fence no man knows, in respect to a Archbishop of Canterbury—will he, can he, set them right?"

It is unnecessary to add anything to the foregoing; it suffices to reflect a moment upon their disagreements and to contemplate the endless tangle of Protestant theories, principles and professions. Where, in the name of reason, is their union—consequently their truth? Take the whole exorcism called the Reformed Religion and, from its origin till the present, its diverse factions have been hurrying further and further apart, have been rushing headlong in the opposite direction to truth. And even each one of these sects is sub-divided into as many fragments as there are individuals belonging to it; and these individuals do not even agree with themselves, for they are constantly contradicting their own professions. And yet they claim to be the possessors of the indivisible truth that must exist in the Church of Christ. Quibble as much as they like, argue as wildly as they please, quote Scripture as exactly as they can, yet they cannot help bearing the irrefutable testimony, in their very teachings, of their own weakness, and of the Unity, Catholicity and Divine origin of the Church of Rome.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

There are not a few envious or prejudiced persons who have almost exhausted their vocabulary, not exactly of invective, but of spitefulness, against the name, character and motives of one of the most distinguished princes of the Catholic Church, Archbishop Ireland. They sought to make him notorious and they have only established his fame. And these are not professed enemies of the Church: they are Catholics, Catholic journalists, Catholic speakers, Catholic politicians and even members of the Catholic clergy. They accused the great prelate without understanding his motives nor grasping his ideas: they even went so far as to predict his downfall, under the anger of Rome. To the Eternal City Archbishop Ireland went, and having laid his case before the Sovereign Pontiff, the voice of the Vicar of Christ pronounced in his favor. Then the Vatican official organ—Le Moniteur—produced an article, not inspired, but reviewed and corrected by Leo XIII., himself, defending the position taken by the Archbishop of St. Paul. Then his opponents denied that the Pope dictated that article,—they were proven to be wrong. Then they tried to establish that Le Moniteur was not an official organ; their error was soon made manifest.

Despite all this, they still unrelentingly pursued the noble Archbishop, Rome's advocate, Leo's bosom friend, and one of the Church's most powerful pillars in America, with their vengeance—a vengeance intensified by defeat, an apparent opposition redoubled in strength by the knowledge that their cause was lost. At last comes from Rome, on the 3rd May, a despatch stating: "The Pope has confirmed the decision of the Propaganda in favor of the plan advocated by Archbishop Ireland, of allowing American Catholic schools to be taught by State teachers, religious instructions being given after school hours, the object being to relieve Roman Catholics of the burden of the expense of separate schools."

The broad mind of Leo XIII., grasped at once the ideas that Archbishop Ireland desired to propagate. Two grand intellects—that of the prelate and that of the Pontiff—are in harmony, for they understand each other, they revolve in a sphere away beyond the reach of the narrower minds of those persistent opponents of that *homme d'élite*. Leo XIII. has a giant intellect, and his recent acts of statesmanship, his encyclicals on the great social and political problems of the age, have raised him to the foremost rank of the rulers and legislators of the nineteenth century. He understands the situation and the wants of the Catholic Church in the United States as well as in any European country or in Italy itself. When a Pontiff of such wonderful ability, administrative as well as legislative, seizes the views of a prelate and declares himself to be in harmony with that prelate's ideas and designs, the Catholic world—and for that matter the whole Christian world—may rest assured that the prelate is wise and right. In a most signal manner has the Pope shown his admiration for and faith in Archbishop Ireland. The much calumniated and over-criticized Archbishop will return in triumph to America, fresh from the household of the Sovereign Pontiff, (at whose table he was a guest during his stay in Rome), and the people of this continent will learn that the many false accusations brought against him, and every obstacle cast in his way, has become a stone in the triumphal arch of his greatness.

LEO TAXIL.

The London Universe, speaking of the authors whose books are now prohibited by the Roman Congregation of the Index, says:—"We refrain from translating in full the last catalogue of prohibited books for the simple reason that none of them are in England, and few are likely ever to come under the notice of our readers. We may mention that the authors interdicted are Count Luigi Piacini, Emile Ferriere, J. Jesupret fils, and Ruggero Bonghi, Domenico Penzo and the Canon Virginia Marese, and Felix Gimaldi, also pit under the ban, have sensibly made their submission, and joined in reprobation of their own works."

This reminds us of the extraordinary infidel career, the miraculous conversion and the subsequent repudiation of his former works by the once infamous and now famous "Leo Taxil." Under that *nom de plume*, G. J. Pages, the infidel author of the scarlet pamphlets, the God-hater, the man-deceiver, the speaking-trumpet of French Freemasonry, the second edition of Voltaire, scattered over Europe the most virulent books that, perhaps, ever were written against the Church of Rome and against the whole system of Christianity. He was dreaded, because he was a clever, a cunning, an insinuating, as well as a bold and blasphemous writer. His works, had they never been officially prohibited by the Congregation of the Index, would have come under the general rule of condemnation, that marks out for censure all essentially immoral and infidel literature. When he was in full flush of his triumph, in the swift current of his terrible career, in the wildest moment of his Atheistic intoxication, in the delirium of his unbridled impiety, "Leo Taxil" suddenly paused, breathless and dizzy, from the whirlpool of passion and ungovernable hatred that swept him in its vortex, and dropping from his nervous hand the pen of villany, still wet with the ink of vituperation, he shuddered at a simple thought of himself, he trembled under the fearful consciousness of a Divine Avenger, and he bowed down before the outraged Christ and cried out "Mercy!"

What must have been the feelings of that man, the yearnings of that being, the palpitations of that heart, when the light of supernatural grace flashed, electric-like, across the blackness of his mind, and revealed instantaneously, and in all its hideousness, the leprosy of sin, the putrid scales of moral degradation that clothed, like a coat-of-mail, the image of his Creator, his immortal soul! With what pulsations of dread and repentance must his seared and flint-like heart have beaten, when for the first time, in all its intensity of heat the heaven-born ray of a Redeemer's Mercy fell upon it and made it soft as wax! Back through the long vista of years he looked, and the seemingly endless procession of his evil works, like a phantom

funeral cortege bearing his soul to a grave of eternal death, passed before his eyes. Sorrow, repentance, anguish, torture, self-reproach, determination to sin no more were all there; but "Leo Taxil" was no ordinary sinner; for him the fearful duty of reparation remained; a reparation almost impossible, yet completely necessary before the wrongs he had done could be forgiven! He might never be able to save the souls he had helped to damn; he might never reach, with the antidote, the hearts he had so fearfully poisoned; but he could do his best! In the twinkling of an eye God has performed the greatest of miracles: He said "let there be light and there was light": He looked on the penitent Pages and willed that he should have light, and he received that light instantaneously. So had Saul, on his road to Damascus been struck by the flash of Celestial brilliancy, and the prostrate pagan persecutor Saul arose the Christian hero and future martyr Paul. On his way to persecute the church of Christ the infidel author was suddenly stunned by a ray from God and the prostrate atheist "Leo Taxil," arose the converted Catholic, G. J. Pages.

With the fervor of an all-powerful enthusiasm, and with iconoclastic zeal the converted infidel shattered the idols of his pagan worship, and over the debris he raised the immortal cross. Animated with a determination to rebuild what he had destroyed, to purify what he had soiled, he seized anew his pen, and, like a knight of old with lance at rest, he darted after the impure children of his own creation. At first he intended to refute the scarlet pamphlets of "Leo Taxil" by means of a series of essays under his own name, G. J. Pages; but upon reflection he thought that a condemnation of his former errors would come more efficaciously with the name by which his readers knew him. Therefore did "Leo Taxil" spring into the attitude of a gladiator of Faith, and at once began to wrestle in the open arena with the demon of his former self. So heroically did he undertake his giant task and so enthusiastically, yet systematically, did he go about its execution, that one by one his earlier works sunk into oblivion, mutilated, dismembered, shattered, and in their places appeared volume after volume, filled with the most beautiful truths, the most exquisite ideas, the most delicious sentiments. From the same Rome and by the same Pope that anathemas were hurled at his head, to-day blessings and messages of encouragement and peace are sent to him. The conversion of that man was a miracle as wonderful, a prodigy of Divine grace as manifest, as any supernatural cure at the shrines of our Faith.

True, indeed, the poet's words:—"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends. Rough-hew them as we will."

Might we not ask ourselves the very pertinent question, by what means was such a conversion wrought? As far as "Leo Taxil" was concerned, God knows he had no merits perceptible, at least, to ordinary humanity. Who knows? May be in the depths of that sin-saturated soul there yet remained some undestroyed germ of virtue—a veneration for some attribute of God, or an attachment to the memory of some sacred person or thing; may be had he gone on in his evil course, that his works would have caused the spiritual death of some chosen soul that God had intended for great things; may be the Almighty allowed him to exhaust his store of wickedness in order to force him to defeat Satan by the very instrument he had wielded in the cause of hell; may be the thousands of prayers that incessantly go up from pure hearts in the cloisters of the world, the prayers for the conversion of great sinners, the Masses of reparation to the Heart of Jesus, arrested the lightnings of God's anger and transformed them into beams of mercy. No one can tell; the secret is God's and it is impenetrable! Suffice it to know that over the greatest sinner there is a Judge of Justice, but one of infinite Goodness, and that no matter how crimson with sin the soul may be there is yet virtue enough in Calvary's Blood to make it white as the mountain snow.

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

We commence next week the publication of a brief series of short essays upon the subject of "Antiquarian Researches." The author, whose humility will not permit him to sign other than the simple letter "K.", is an old resident of this city, a man of varied and deep research, and a writer whose facile pen casts a glow of originality about every subject that he touches. We are confident that many of our readers will thank us for the production of these admirable pieces of composition.

A papal brief appointing Mgr. Labrecque bishop of Chicoutimi, was received with the European mail on the 3d May. The new bishop will be solemnly consecrated in the Basilica of Quebec, on the 22nd inst.

There is talk of an election in July for the Prince Edward Island Legislature.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD'S CONCEPT.

The "Church Progress and Catholic World" has a hard slap at the much vaunted knight—Sir Edwin Arnold—on the occasion of that vainglorious critic's attacks upon Christianity. That organ quotes a passage from the much-travelled, self-puffing atheist's recent article upon the Lick Observatory. We take the liberty of reproducing the quotation and of adding a few of our own comments. It may seem audacious on our part to attack such a great man, one who deems himself above the criticism of his contemporaries, who arrogates to himself the sole privilege of having undisputed theories, who feels himself superior to all the rest of men, and independent of God. But we read, in those Scriptures that Arnold so much derides, of a certain shepherd boy who, with a sling and pebble, slew a giant! We are no David, it is true; but it requires no very cunning hand to fling the pebble of Truth, from the sling of Faith at the head of that doomed Goliath of Infidelity. Here is some of Sir Edwin's rank nonsense:

"Modern astronomy owes, it must be confessed a heavy debt to the vanity—or more say the self-respect—of man. The general mind, perhaps, has not realized, even at this day what a tremendous blow, as to human self-conceit and to the Ptolemaean regions, founded to suit it by the discovery of Galileo. Well might the priests of the old orthodoxes stand aghast and even go god-dial fully far as to burn the gentle and wise Giordano Bruno! At a stroke the Florentine astronomer's ejaculation "E pur si muove" swept away all the theology of Dante and his sect-dial doctors, made the cosmology of the "Divine Comedy" impossible and grotesque, and dethroned the race and the planet which it inhabited from its imagined pre-eminence to an obscure and insignificant position."

If this is not nonsense we would like to know what it is? If these are the ideas that Sir Edwin picked up in Japan, the facts that the "Light of Asia" flashed across the mind, the arguments that his "vast and unfathomed" experience in the world has supplied, then we think that he is too oriental for his new continent and too antiquated for modern civilization; he should return to the trans-Pacific lands, and some place, high up in the "Mountains of the Moon," build himself a hermitage and adore his pagan Joss for the remainder of his days.

What, under heaven, has the Ptolemaean theories to do with Christianity? In what are they similar? It would require an imagination far more elastic and far more fertile than that even of the author of the "Light of Asia," to conceive any resemblance between the two systems. Yet this innocently superficial or criminally deep phenomenon in our literary world, makes use of the term in order to stab the Church with the long since broken siletto of "Galileo's discovery." He is innocently shallow if he really thinks that Christianity has aught in common with the Ptolemaean religion; he is criminally learned, if knowing the truth, he strives to enjoin his readers into anti-Christian prejudices by such word-jugglery. He is deplorably ignorant if he does not know the facts that surround the history of Galileo's so-called discovery; he is wilfully misleading, if knowing them, he repeats the calumnies that numberless enemies of the Church have sought vainly to perpetuate. Galileo did not discover the heliocentric system,—it was Copernicus, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, who was the real discoverer of a system to which his name has clung, and which existed in the universities, as an astronomical teaching, years before the great Florentine was ever heard of as an exponent of scientific theories.

The Church has been accused of having sought to keep the world in darkness and ignorance; it has been accused of having subjected Galileo to the ordeal of the "Inquisition," because he had discovered and had proclaimed that "the earth moved" and the sun stood still. Here we are in face of one out of a thousand false accusations based upon the portion of a fact. Partly true, partly false—the statement is made, and from the truth of one part these reasons conclude, while totally ignoring the untruthfulness of the other part. Galileo, as we said before, did not declare that the world moved; but Copernicus did. Galileo was tried before the tribunal of the "Inquisition," but not for having made a discovery, much less for having proclaimed it. He was subjected to an ecclesiastical *enquête* and reprimanded for having put a false interpretation upon certain passages of Scripture. He imagined that he had discovered in the Copernican system the refutation of the Bible: he erroneously promulgated his false ideas and wrongful interpretation of the Holy Scriptures. There is a vast difference between that, and what the calumniators of Catholicity pretend: Galileo was never a martyr of science, he was simply a Catholic, reprimanded and checked when he sought to discredit the Word of God by means of the Copernican theories. And yet these champions of the Scriptures have the hardihood to accuse the Church of Rome of not wishing to preserve the Bible.

Does this remark not come refreshingly, from the pen of the Oriental poet Arnold—"the gentle and wise Giordano Bruno"? The unfringed monk, the debauched priest, the teacher of gross immorality and the practiser of the same, in its most repulsive forms, the adventurer, the liar, the preacher of corruption, Giordano

FOR THE TRUE WITNESS. THE EVENING STAR. A war knight matted in gleaming gold...

FARMERS' COLUMN. ALL ABOUT SHEEP. How to Have the Beautiful and the Useful Go Together.

Below will be found the substance of a paper written by Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky...

When not interrupted by flies, sheep feed in lines like an army ready for action...

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, &c. Flour.—The market for straight rollers is very quiet...

Wheat.—Sales of No. 3 frosted or regular hard winter wheat...

Corn.—The market is steady at 50c to 51c in bond...

Beans.—Prices are nominally quoted 70c to 75c per bushel...

Butter.—Sales were made of about 70,000 bushels of butter...

Meat.—Prices remaining steady at 70c to 75c per bushel...

PROVISIONS. Work, Lard, &c.—Sales of choice heavy Canada short cut mess pork...

Butter.—Sales of Eastern Township reported at 20c to 22c...

CHEESE.—Sales in the country have been reported at 10c to 12c...

COUNTRY PRODUCE. Eggs.—Prices have been obtained with free sales at 11c to 12c...

cases. In the West, buyers are paying 6c in the interior...

FRUITS, &c. Evaporated Apples.—Prices range from 6c to 10c per lb...

Maple Products.—Sales have taken place of syrup in wood at 50c to 60c per lb...

FISH AND OILS. Oils.—The further sale of a round lot of Newfoundland cod oil...

ARR YOU DEAF. Or do you suffer from noises in the head...

WONDER IN WELLAND! A Representative Farmer Speaks.

MR. C. C. HAUN. The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct...

Dear Sirs.—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of...

In this connection the following letter from T. Cummins, Esq., a leading druggist of Welland, Ont., speaks for itself.

Mr. C. C. Haun, P.O. Welland, Ont. The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B., the length of time it has been before the people...

Yours truly, THOMAS CUMMINS, Welland, Ont.

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LA BANQUE DU PEUPLE HAS OPENED A BRANCH Corner Notre Dame and Aqueduct Streets.

Deposits will be taken from One Dollar and interest paid at the rate of FOUR per cent per annum.

BANQUE VILLE MARIE Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent...

LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER DIVIDEND No. 53. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three and one-half per cent...

COVERNTON'S Nipple Oil, FOR CRACKED OR SORE NIPPLES. Will be found superior to all other preparations...

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. THROUGH TOURIST CARS MAY AND JUNE FOR THE Pacific - Coast FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER

FROM MONTREAL TO ST. PAUL Leaving Windsor Street Station 11.45 a.m. Every Saturday

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. SUBURBAN SERVICE. Daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise designated...

RICHIELEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO. 1892 - SEASON - 1892. The following steamers will run as under and call at the usual intermediate ports...

P. NY. C. PIANO Co. This Company still leads in fine American PIANOS and ORGANS.

Weber, Decker, Vose and Hale PIANOS. Fine specimens of which can be seen in the store.

No. 228 ST. JAMES STREET. It is a fact not generally known to our readers that this Company sells beautiful new Upright Pianos at \$225...

THE GREAT Worm Remedy. DAWSON'S CHOCOLATE CREAMS. For Sale by all Druggists 25c. a box.

ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS. Offices: 710 Craig Street and 1872 St. Catherine Street. Works: Corner Shaw and Logan Streets, Montreal.

JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor. Ladies' Dresses, Gents' Suits, Cloth and other Jackets Dyed or Cleaned without being taken apart...

MAN WANTED. To take charge of Local Agency. Good opening for right man, on salary or commission...

Painting. J. GRACE, 51 University street, House and Sign Painter and Paper-hanger. All orders promptly attended to...

TEACHER. Wanted, an Elementary Female School Teacher, holding a first-class diploma for French and English...

NOTICE. A private bill will be submitted to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at the next session...

NOTICE. The Professors of the Law Faculty of Laval University, in Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec...

Castor Fluid. Registered. A delightful refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY. DRAWINGS IN MAY, 1892;—May 4 and 18. 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00.

CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00. Ticket, - - - \$1.00 One-Fourth Ticket - - - 25c.

W. H. D. YOUNG, L.D.S., D.D.S., Surgeon-Dentist, 1694 Notre Dame Street.

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The Montreal Lottery Company. The Montreal Lottery Company pays Three Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty-four Prizes...

No Dollar Tickets! No Fifty Cent Tickets! All Twenty-Five Cents.

DON'T FORGET You Can Draw \$3,000 For Twenty-Five Cents.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Next Drawing, MAY 25, 1892.

Consumption. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS.

BAILEY'S Compound Light-spreading Reflectors. A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Schools, etc.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO. Sole makers of the "Brimstone" Church Bell, School Bell, and Fire Alarm Bell.

MEXICAN LOTTERY OF THE Beneficencia Publica (PUBLIC CHARITY) ESTABLISHED IN 1878 IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

The Next Monthly Drawing. Moresque Pavilion in the City of Mexico THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1892.

THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING \$60,000.00. By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme...

Further, the company is required to distribute fifty six per cent of the value of all the tickets in prizes, a larger portion than is given by any other lottery.

PROFITS. He that will not be saved needs no preacher. He that will not be consoled cannot be helped.

He who would thrive must rise at five, he that has thriven may he till seven. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

He who is hasty, fishes in an empty pond. He who knows himself best esteems himself least.

He who lies long in bed his estate feels it. He who marrieth for wealth doth sell his liberty.

He who rises late never does a good day's work. He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot. He who spends all he gets is on the highroad to beggary.

He who swims in sin will sink in sorrow. He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.

He who would reap well must sow well. Hiders are good finders. His bread is buttered on both sides.

His eye is bigger than his belly. His tongue's no slander. Gems of Thought. Difficulties, by bracing the mind to overcome them, assist cheerfulness...

Wisdom is not found with those who dwell at their ease; rather Nature, who she adds brain, adds difficulty.—R. W. Emerson.

The more powerful the obstacle, the more glory we have in overcoming it; and the difficulties with which we are met are the marks of honor which set off virtue.—Moliere.

There is no merit where there is no trial; and, till experience stamps the mark of strength, cowardice may pass for heroism, faith for falsehood.—A. Hill.

Difficulties strengthen the mind (as well as labor does the body).—Seneca. Our energy is in proportion to the resistance it meets. We can attempt nothing great but from a sense of the difficulties we have to encounter; we can persevere in nothing great but from a pride in overcoming them.—W. Hazlitt.

Holloway's Pills.—Hale Constitutions.—When the human frame has become debilitated from the effects of exposure, excessive exertion, or neglect, these Pills will repair the mischief...

Subscriber—"Why is my paper so late every issue?" Editor—"Because there is no such due to it."

ALL PILLS STOPPED FREE BY DR. KING'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No Pills after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to all who send to Dr. King, 101 Arch St., Phila., Pa.



Cuticura Soap For Bad Complexions, Red Rough Hands and Baby Humors. A marvelous beautifier of world wide repute...

IRISH NEWS.

Mr. J. H. O'NEILL, deputy vice chairman of the Poor Law Guardians of Dunmurry, died on April 11.

SISTER MARY OF MERCY died at the Convent of Mercy, Nias, on April 15. She was in the sixty-first year of her age...

DEATH OF FATHER JOHN HENNESSY, P. D., OF LEAP.—Father John Hennessy, P. D., of Leap, died suddenly on April 10...

Among the subscriptions added to the National Fund is one of £153 16s. 2d. from Michael Davitt.

Miss MARY ROSE DENNE eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Denne, of Ederney, King's County, Ire., and sister of Sister De Pazzi...

ON THE 17TH ULT., Michael McCarthy, St. James's parish, with his assistant, evicted James Wolfe and Thomas Roycroft of St. Luke, about a mile from Ballydun...

A GENEROUS LANDLORD.—Mr. John Reilly, the merchant of St. James's, who lately became owner of the Ramsey estate near Letterkenny, found the tenants in arrears...

A GENERAL AVE.—Mrs. Martin, of London, who owns property in Cloghan, Ire., hearing that her tenants experienced difficulty in providing seed this year...

HANDSOME PROVISIONS.—These Nun made their solemn professions at Mr. St. Michael's Convent of Mercy, Claremorris, on April 11...

THE BOOK OF KELLS.—What is known as "The Book of Kells," preserved in the library at Dublin, is about to be reproduced in facsimile.

SEVEN FAMILIES EVICTED AT SHERWOOD.—The sub-sheriff, assisted by a gang of Emergency-men and backed up by a little army of constabulary...

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—The quarterly meeting of the Council for the Preservation of the Irish Language was held in Cork on April 15...

in our Cheskian (Bohemian) language, with special regard to the history of your Celtic race, because the history of your people and our own nation show a truly striking parallelism...

A TRIUMPH OVER BIGOTRY.—We congratulate Mr. Joseph Mooney on his triumph over bigotry and intolerance rampant amid the majority on the Board of the South Dublin Union...

ULSTER ORANGEMEN AND THE HOME RULE QUESTION.—Over 300 delegates, representative of the nine counties in Ulster, assembled in Belfast on April 15...

A WEDDED LANDLORD HONORED BY FINANCIAL.—A novel incident occurred in Tintern Abbey, Wexford, recently, when a number of tenants presented an address...

DECLARATION OF CAPT. R. BRAGG AND OTHERS respecting the loss of the S.S. "Lion," in 1852. NEWSPAPERS, LONDON, ST. JOHN'S, 1892.

DECLARATION OF CAPT. R. BRAGG AND OTHERS respecting the loss of the S.S. "Lion," in 1852. We, Robert Bragg, of Greenspond, master of the sailing steamer Ranger...

The Cardinals and Italian Law.—The interesting case is now before the Roman courts, which has attracted considerable public attention...

ever took part, direct or indirect, in the disgraceful hunt. No, he had always esteemed it an honor, which he prized dearly, to have the friendship of the Catholic priest all his lifetime...

LOSS OF THE S.S. "LION."

A Declaration of the Captains of the "Ranger," and Others.

[We received a marked copy of the Newfoundland Colonist of the 26th April, in which the following paragraph appears:—

We publish in another column the sworn statement of Captain Bragg and others of the steamer Ranger, and call the attention of the publisher of the True Witness, Montreal, to it, to which he will no doubt give place in his column, as it was the letter signed "Alpha" first appeared.

With pleasure we publish the aforementioned declaration. Our columns are ever open to all correspondents who desire to seek THE TRUE WITNESS as a medium of communication with the public. In the present case the subject seems to have raised quite a dust with our neighbors down by the sea...

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The Cardinals and Italian Law.—The interesting case is now before the Roman courts, which has attracted considerable public attention...

are exempt from the necessity of giving evidence in courts of justice. Cardinals, it was urged, must therefore enjoy the same privileges, and were entitled to make their depositions in their own houses...

CURE SICK HEADACHE



CURE SICK HEADACHE. Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system...

ACHE. Aché tner would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint...

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VICTORIA, B.C., CATHEDRAL.

The placing of fine Memorial Windows in the Sacred Edifice.

The memorial windows are being placed in the new Roman Catholic cathedral. That to Bishop Demers is finished; it occupies one of the spaces at the back of the chancel...

LADIES.—We secured three first prizes and diplomas at Montreal, Ottawa and Sherbrooke, 1891, for the extra quality of our manufacture of Silver-Ware...

THE CANADA PLATING COY., 763 Craig St.

By an indulgence of Pius VII., the second Sunday after Easter, the day on which the translation first occurred in 1830 was set aside for the celebration of this feast...

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF NIAGARA UNIVERSITY held its annual Commencement at the Star Theatre, Buffalo, on the 24th inst.

OSYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.—I have had a cough for 10 years, but by using your pills...

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Carsley's Column.

MAY MOVING!

Many people seem to dislike moving time, but we like it very much! In fact the more the moving there be, the more the pleasure, don't you see?

S. CARSLY'S MAY SALE. May has always been one of our most satisfactory business months in the year.

ARTICLES OBTAINABLE FREE

Tea and Coffee Free every Saturday this month. Useful English or French Dictionary given free with each Five Dollars purchase...

MANTLES

A special line of Ladies' Cloth Peleries, at \$1.90 each. All Styles in Peleries. All Shades in Peleries.

JACKETS. Special line of Ladies' Cloth Jackets, extra value, \$5.00. Special line of Ladies' Cloth Jackets, extra value, \$5.00.

DRESS GOODS. Scotch Cheviot and English Costume Tweeds in all weights and in the newest designs.

MUSLIN DE LAINES. The largest and most complete stock in the Dominion to select from and at the lowest prices.

BLACK DRESS GOODS. Every kind of Black Dress Fabric now in stock, suitable for Spring and Summer wear.

NEW SILKS. Colored Figured Bengallines in all New Designs. Printed China Silks, Light Colored Grounds.

SPECIAL LINE. Of Faille Française in all the leading shades, \$1.00 yard. Special value in Black Gros Grains.

THE RIGBY SUITS. It is already pretty well proven that the Rigby Waterproof Garments suit the Canadian Climate, and give satisfaction in every particular.

RIGBY CLOTHING. is becoming more and more popular as it becomes known throughout the Dominion.

S. CARSLY. 765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779. Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

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S. CARSLY. 765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779. Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You! THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR ALL THE MOST PAINFUL AND OBSTINATE CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF BRONCHITIS, AFTER THEY HAVE TRIED SCOTT'S EMULSION.

SCOTT'S EMULSION. Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES—Of Lime and Soda.—IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLAVOR PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations and adulterations. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

CARPETS!!

This Spring opening pronounced by connoisseurs to be the finest ever shown in this Market. Carpets for the most cultivated tastes in art. Carpets for the thrifty and humble household.

Thomas Ligget, 1884 NOTRE DAME ST. GLENORA BUILDING.

FOR SALE. Dry Blocks..... \$1.50. Dry Kinding..... 2.00. Cut Maple..... 2.50.

J. C. MACDIARMID & CO., 830 St. James Street. Telephone, 810.