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EDITORIAL NOTES.

REV. FATHER ST. JOHN, of London, England, arrived in Montreal last week with forty-five boys. These young lads have been snatched from degradation and misery to be provided with homes in this new country. On his arrival here he succeeded in placing about the third of the number in good and reliable situations. The remainder he was obliged to shelter at the Brewery Mission on Craig street. This incident is somewhat significant. Is it not a pity and a shame that in this vast Catholic city we have not a place wherein to receive and give temporary protection or shelter to these little waifs? The recent movement, set on foot by the Catholic Truth Society, in the interest of the Catholic Sailors, is a step in the right direction. We know that countless obstacles will have to be overcome and great patience and perseverance exercised before success will crown the noble efforts being made. Were the Sailors' Institute once established on a firm basis it would be but another move—and an easy one—to find room for the orphans, those little birds of passage who only require a few hours of shelter as they step from the vessel into their future homes. We hope sincerely that some encouragement will be given to this good enterprise, it is a duty that the Catholics of this city owe to their co-religionists.

WE NOTICE that a Ministerial delegation has approached the Police Committee on the subject of immoral resorts. Needless to say, after all the efforts in this direction that we made last year, that we wish the reverend gentlemen all manner of success. But, without wishing to throw cold water on their laudable purpose, we fear very much for the ultimate success of their project. Unless they possess some special talismanic power to move the city authorities into activity upon this question we fail to see what they are going to accomplish. However, we wish them every imaginable success; and may some good finally come to society from their movement.

LAST WEEK we called attention to the meeting of the St. Patrick's Society which took place on the evening of the 24th April last, when a further sum of \$500 was added to the Home Rule Fund. It was then moved that a mass meeting be called for Tuesday the 16th inst., in St Ann's School House, for the object of raising fresh funds for the Irish Parliamentary Party. The motion was carried unanimously. The president and committee were empowered to secure the best orators in the Dominion to address the meeting. We hope that no further notice will be required; the hall should be thronged to its utmost capacity on that occasion. Doubtless some very able speakers will be present and some brilliant addresses will be delivered; but not the speakers nor their orations should constitute the real attraction. What is required is an audience of truly sympathetic and fervently patriotic

Irishmen—men who will go there attracted by the urgent need of help for the heroic strugglers in the cause of Ireland's legislative autonomy. They should go with whatever their means will permit to further the interests of the people's soldiers in the arena of the British House. They should go to hear the speeches, but especially prepared to swell the Fund that is so rapidly being drained during this critical period. We trust that next week the TRUE WITNESS will be enabled to announce a goodly addition to that Fund, and that the news may be flashed across the wires to Hon. Edward Blake.

"A FRAUD UNMASKED," is the title of a most interesting pamphlet, compiled by Rev. Father Brady of Woodstock, Ont., and for sale at our office. It is most amusing as well as instructive. The work deals with the life and career of the now notorious Mrs. Shepherd, who has been pestering the towns of Ontario with her inordinate zeal against the Church of Rome. By numberless testimonials, from Protestant ministers, police agents, magistrates, guardians of prisons, and from her own confessions she turns out to be an "ex-Nun," to the extent of having spent some time under the care of the good sisters in a refuge for fallen women in England; an "ex-Romanist," who never belonged to any creed known to Christianity; a bigamist, as proven beyond all power of contradiction; and a person (according to her own statements), who has been guilty of every crime known to human or divine laws, save the crimes of murder and petty theft. The former of these crimes she considered too cruel and the latter too mean; but all the others suited her inclinations and she regulated her elastic conscience to suit them. It is well to know who such people as Mrs. Shepherd really are. As the Liverpool Catholic Times says: "the trade of Protestant lecturer appears to be a paying one; at all events, it has received of fresh recruit in the person of Miss Ellen Golding." The imitators of Maria Monk, Miss Cusack and others of their kind seem to prosper for a time—until exposure comes; then they sink back into the slums out of which they arose. Miss Golding is "The Rescued Nun"—and her "rescue" matches the "escape" of Edith O'Gorman. Thus does our Liverpool contemporary speak of this last imposition upon the credulity of the public.

"The fact was that Miss Golding was about to travel from France to England in conventual dress with a person of the opposite sex for her companion, and that the Sisters tried to restrain her from doing so. Hence the 'rescue.' Miss Golding has been delivering lectures in Edinburgh and Glasgow in which 'her sad and thrilling tales of woe'—to quote a sympathetic reporter—were unfolded. Slow poisoning, and the detention of sane people in madhouses—as if there were no lunacy laws in France!—seem to be, according to this lady, branches of conventual discipline. One thing seems rather odd: If the convent is the hell upon earth which she represents it to be, why did she, being in free communica-

tion with her friends all that time, wait five-and-twenty years before she was 'rescued'?"

SECRET organizations generally fear the light of day. Above all do they seek to keep the public in darkness. As long as the press is with them they cry out loudly about the liberty of the press; but the moment the press is opposed to their evil plans, and especially if it dares to unmask them, at once they resort to every conceivable means—fair or foul—to muzzle the mouth-piece of the public. We have recently had a striking example of these tactics in the conduct of the famous A. P. A. in Colorado. It appears that a certain school election was to take place in Denver on the first Monday in April. As the Colorado Catholic, one of the brightest and most ably edited papers in that section of the Union, would appear on the preceding Saturday, it was determined upon to frustrate the issuing of that week's edition. The Colorado Catholic is a union office and depended upon Typographical Union No. 49 to furnish journeymen to do its work. On April 27, the foreman of that office wrote to the chairman of the Executive Committee, stating that he had no men, all had left without reason, and that the paper could not be issued unless he were at once supplied with journeymen. The fact of the matter was that the A. P. A. element in the Typographical Union, aided by a set of irresponsible creatures, some of whom were dismissed from different printing offices in Denver for drunkenness, and worse crimes, have succeeded in inducing the journeymen of the city not to work upon the paper in order to delay its appearance if possible until after the day of the election. "There are some men," says the Catholic "in Typographical Union No. 49 who are among the best citizens of the community;" but there is another element capable of doing anything. The Catholic was forced to secure non-union men, in order to get out its issue; and it expects that the A. P. A. element will appeal to the Trades Assembly and ask that body to boycott the office. Here is a fine sample of the "liberty loving," "free speech," "liberty-of-the-press" style of secret society. We would suggest to the proprietors of the Colorado Catholic the propriety of bringing the matter to the notice of the International Typographical Union at its coming session in Chicago, and demand redress for any loss they may have sustained by the unwise and unmanly action of union No. 49.

A FRIEND wrote to us last week in regard to our article upon "Christian Marriage," in which we scored the "Mail" somewhat severely, on account of its false statements and false reasoning in its comments upon the Pichette-Desjardins case. Our correspondent draws our attention to a point that, in the hurry of our editorial writing, we omitted to touch upon. The "Mail" stated that "the ecclesiastical powers maintain the right to separate people who, according to the

law of the land, are blameless, &c." Such, in principle, is the case when the law of the land clashes with the Canon law, upon a question as important as that of the validity of a sacrament. But this principle does not apply in the case cited by the Mail, that is to say in the case of Pichette-Desjardins. In this instance the law of the land does not conflict with the ecclesiastical law; they are in harmony; the one sanctions the other. Judge Loranger, in giving the judgment he gave, went according to the Civil Code of Lower Canada and to the Canon law—for both agree. In Articles 124, 125 and 126, the Civil Code enumerates certain specific impediments to marriage, and Article 127 states: "The other impediments recognized according to the different religious persuasions, as resulting from relationship, or affinity, or from other causes, remain subject to the rules hitherto followed in the different churches and religious communities. The right, likewise, of granting dispensations from such impediments appertains, as heretofore, to those who have hitherto enjoyed it." The italics are our own. Hence it is easy to conclude that in the eyes of our civil law as well as of our ecclesiastical law the marriage of two Catholics contracted in spite of a direct impediment, from which no dispensation has been procured, is null and void; and it cannot be said, as does the "Mail," that such marriage, "so far as the State is concerned, has been duly licensed and is perfectly lawful." The contrary is the truth. Thanks to our correspondent for drawing our attention to this point.

ELSEWHERE we speak editorially of the last contribution to the anti-clerical literature of this city; in the current number of their abominable publication we find the following, which we reproduce simply for the purpose of justifying our warning to the Catholic Editors of Canada and the United States:—

"Our ruin was decided upon. Mandements and letters, visits and confessionals were used to destroy our work, the 'Canada Revue,' the first paper that had the courage to print what every intelligent Canadian repeats every day. We considered that such attempts called for vengeance; that we lived in a country where every citizen has a right to the full share of liberty granted him by the constitution, and that, after all, a dog may very well look at a Bishop."

There is no doubt of the exactness of the latter expression. A dog may not only laugh at the Bishop, but he may bark at him, and snarl at him, and bite at him; but the Bishop's coachman generally drives off any pup that runs after his carriage, and with a cut from his whip he sends the cur away with his tail between his legs. It is the first time we ever knew of a writer, with any pretension to refinement, comparing himself to a dog, but of course each person is supposed to know his own characteristics.

THE BOSTON PILOT says that Mr. Balfour was inaccurate, as usual, in stating that during his government of Ireland he had succeeded in "stamping out the foot and mouth disease." Because, as a matter of fact, no case of that kind has occurred in Ireland for over six years past, "barring when Mr. Balfour open his own sagacious mouth to put his foot in it."

A HASTY WORD.

AN INDIAN EPISODE.

B. Company of the Royal Meath Rangers, then stationed at Lucknow, was out cholera-dodging. That is to say, the dreaded Asiatic scourge had broken out in this particular company and they had been obliged to leave the cantonments and go out under canvas ten or twelve miles away, lest they should spread the disease among the rest of the regiment. The two unfortunates who had first been stricken were removed to a temporary hospital several miles away from both camp and cantonments, and then the rest of the company awaited developments. In such cases it was usual to remain under canvas for ten days; if no new cases developed themselves during that time, the disease was regarded as stamped out, and the company returned to the cantonments; if, on the contrary, there were fresh cases, the patients were sent back to the hospital and the camp was moved ten or twelve miles in a different direction, the object being to get outside the circuit in which the cholera was travelling. Hence the expression, cholera-dodging.

B. Company seemed particularly unfortunate this time. They had been out nearly two months, and during that time had moved around the country six or seven times and had been upon the point of returning to barracks more than once, when fresh cases of cholera had broken out among them and they had been obliged to move to a new camping ground.

A spirit of discouragement had fallen upon the company, for it seemed as though the dread disease had marked them for its own. Most of the women and some of the men prayed. The rest either fell into a dull despondency or became wildly reckless, and drank and swore with the abandonment that seems characteristic of Godless natures when threatened with imminent peril. Christmas was near at hand, but that season of hope and joy brought very little comfort in its train to the death-threatened camp, and the festivity which it usually awakens among soldiers was utterly wanting that year. It was hard to be merry when every day or two saw the disappearance of life-long comrades and friends, some of them spirited away in the dead of night, leaving no trace behind but the mournful message, "taken to the cholera hospital."

Every day the doctors made the round of the camp to see that each family had a supply of chlorodyne and brandy on hand to be taken at the first symptoms of cramp or cold; and to insist upon the wearing of warm under clothing and woollen socks or stockings, the great object being to prevent chills and colds, for it is easier to avoid taking cholera than to cure it after it is taken.

In the midst of so much sadness and danger, it might naturally be expected that the ties that bound families together would be strengthened, and that all bickering and quarrelling would be laid aside. But human nature will assert itself under the most unfavorable circumstances, and so it happened one day that a certain Sergeant Connors and his wife had a few hot words before he set out upon his daily duties.

The quarrel arose over some trifling matter, and had one or the other been blessed with self-control it would have blown over harmlessly; but Jim Connors was quick tempered and so was his wife, added to which, they had been kept awake nearly all night by their sick child and were tired as well as cross. One word led to another and at last Mrs. Connors flashed out with, "I hope I'll never see your face again," and turned away to attend to the baby which had begun to cry. She was one of those numerous women who are continually saying things in anger that they do not mean, and her heart smote her at the reproachful "Nora!" that fell from her husband's lips. All the anger had died out of his face and he only looked shocked and pained. But, though Mrs. Connors regretted her hasty speech almost as soon as it was uttered, she was still too irritated to acknowledge it and resolutely avoided meeting his gaze. Sergeant Connors sighed and left the tent, fastening on his waistbelt as he went; and his wife took up her daily duties, with a leaden weight on her usually light heart. She had been married only three years, but already she and her husband had had several quarrels, but none so bad as this, for

they had never before parted in anger; and the tone of his voice, as he had uttered her name, kept ringing in her ears all morning.

A couple of hours later a sergeant named Nolan, went into his wife's tent, and said, sadly: "Poor Connors has got the cholera, and they've taken him away to the hospital. I wish you'd go and break the news to his wife. I can't do it."

Mrs. Nolan looked up at him with a startled face. "When did he take it?" she asked.

"About an hour ago," replied her husband. "He was going around with the officer of the day when he was taken ill. They put him in a dhoolie and sent him away to the hospital at once."

"Poor soul!" murmured good Mrs. Nolan, thinking of the poor wife to whom she would have to carry the bad news, as she hurried on her bonnet and shawl.

Mrs. Connors was rocking her child to sleep in her arms when Mrs. Nolan entered, and a look of disappointment passed across her face when she saw who it was. A feverish longing to see her husband and ask his forgiveness for her rash words had taken possession of her, and when she had heard the approaching footsteps, she had looked up eagerly, thinking it was he who was coming. Mrs. Nolan saw the look and interpreted it aright, and a pity for the young wife rose in her breast. "How is the baby to-day, Mrs. Connors?" she asked, taking it gently from the mother's arms, for she feared the effect of her news.

"He is a little better, I think, but very cross," was the listless reply. "I don't know what is keeping Jim," she went on uneasily, "he should have been back here an hour ago."

"God help you, poor soul," said Mrs. Nolan, under her breath, then aloud, "I have bad news for you, Mrs. Connors, dear, your husband is sick. I am afraid he has the cholera."

Mrs. Connors put up her hands to her head in a dazed sort of way that brought the tears to good natured Mrs. Nolan's eyes. "The cholera! my Jim!" she exclaimed stupidly. "Mother of mercy; you are not speaking of my Jim, Mrs. Nolan?"

"Try and bear up, there's a good soul," said Mrs. Nolan the tears meantime streaming down her own cheeks. "Please God he will be better and come back to you again."

"Come back to me," echoed Mrs. Connors, "have they taken him away without giving me one chance to see him or speak to him? But I will follow him," she cried wildly, springing to her feet. "He is my husband and my place is beside him." She would have rushed from the tent but Mrs. Nolan barred the way with the baby in her arms. "You can't go after him, my dear," she said gently but firmly. "He is miles away by this time, and even if you did make your way to the hospital you would not be allowed to see him."

"Must I sit here then with folded hands while he is dying," demanded the young passionately. "Can I do nothing for him?"

"Yes, my dear child, you can pray for him, and that will do him more good now than anything else."

"Pray for him?" repeated Mrs. Connors, wringing her hands and looking at the elder woman with dry tearless eyes that were now pitiful than any outburst of grief would have been. "I dare not pray. Do you know what I said to him before he went out this morning? I told him that I hoped I would never see his face again, and heaven has taken me at my word."

"Don't think of that now, child," urged Mrs. Nolan. "You didn't mean it I'm sure. Come now, have courage; you have your baby to look after, you know. See, it is going to cry again." She laid the child in the mother's arms, and at the touch of the soft little form her unnatural calmness gave way and she began to cry softly.

"That is better," soliloquized the experienced Mrs. Nolan. "I will run over to my tent for a few things," she continued, "and then I'll come back and stay with you for an hour or two, perhaps all night."

She bustled away and found her husband awaiting her coming. "How did he take it?" he asked. "Dreadfully bad at first. She frightened me. It seems she and Connors had a few words this morning, and she's breaking her heart about it now. I'm going back to stay awhile with her."

"That's right, Mary," said Sergeant

Nolan, "but don't forget we've got to be on the march again before daylight."

Long before daylight the news arrived that Sergeant Connors was dead, and when his wife was told she nearly went out of her mind with grief and remorse.

God-hearted Mrs. Nolan did all she could to comfort her, but was of no avail. Hour after hour the young widow paced up and down the tent wringing her hands and crying aloud, "If I had not said that; if I had not said that." She had forgotten everything but the few angry words that had escaped her lips the last time she had looked upon the face of her husband, and nothing could persuade her that his death was not heaven's punishment for her rashness.

The camp was struck at daybreak, and a few hours later saw it set up again fourteen miles away from the place where poor Jim Connors had been seized.

It seemed as though his death had broken the spell, for there were no more fresh cases of cholera, and a fortnight after the company returned to the cantonments, having been out nearly three months. For a time it seemed as though Mrs. Connors were about to follow her husband into the next world. She grew thin and pale, and a settled melancholy took possession of her. When the first numbing shock consequent upon his sudden death had passed away, and she began to go over in imagination the circumstances surrounding it, a new cause of grief presented itself.

It was probable that he had died without receiving the ministrations of a priest, and anxiety about the welfare of his soul was added to her other troubles. She spoke of this to Mrs. Nolan one day, and that kind soul tried to comfort her by saying that Father Jerome visited the cholera hospital constantly. But this did not satisfy her, though it gave her a ray of hope. "If I could only be sure that he had received the rites of the Church and that he had forgiven me, I could try to be resigned," she wailed. "But he was taken away so suddenly; so suddenly."

A day or two after this conversation, a number of convalescent cholera patients returned to barracks, amongst whom was an Englishman who had been in the hospital when Sergeant Connors died. This man immediately took his way to the widow's quarters and asked to see her.

The average British soldier is not given to sentiment, and Private Wilson felt decidedly awkward in entering upon a mission that would probably be provocative of a trying scene.

He stood up awkwardly enough when Mrs. Connors entered the room and began abruptly. "If you please mam, I was in the next bed to the sergeant when 'e was dying and 'e asked me to come and see you, if I got better, and tell you that 'e saw Father Jerome—that furrin chap from the Carth'lic chapel you know, man—and to tell you halso not to fret about *hanythink* whatsoever, and you was to kiss the baby for 'im and bring it hup to be a good man."

Having delivered himself of his message thus concisely Private Wilson relapsed into silence and embarrassment.

At first Mrs. Connors scarcely understood the purport of his words, but when their meaning dawned upon her, she forgot the presence of the soldier and everything else except that her husband had not passed unprepared into eternity and

LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT. Consumption comes. A slight cold, with your system in the scrofulous condition that's caused by impure blood, is enough to fasten it upon you. That is the time when neglect and delay are full of danger. Consumption is Lung-Scrofula. You can prevent it, and you can cure it, if you haven't waited too long, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That is the most potent blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. For every disease that has to be reached through the blood, like Consumption, for Scrofula in all its forms, Weak Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it is the only guaranteed remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy know that their medicine perfectly and permanently cures Catarrh. To prove it to you, they make this offer: If they can't cure your Catarrh, no matter what your case is, they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

Job Printing done at this Office. Rates reasonable. Prompt fulfillment of orders.

that he had forgiven her before he died; and she fell on her knees and cried aloud, "Oh, thank God, thank God, he did not die unprepared," and then burst into a passion of tears; whereupon Private Wilson fled to the sanctuary of his barrack-room where he might shortly afterwards have been heard expressing to a particular friend his opinion that "them there Irish is a rum blooming lot, for the sergeant's missus was as pleased when she 'eard the furriner from the Carth'lic chapel had been to see 'er 'usband as if 'ed a been the Prince of Wales 'isself." Not but what, he added reflectively, "e was good enough, not minding the cholera no more'n if it had a been the prickly 'eat."

Time and the consolation of religion, brought peace if not happiness to the widow, and her one object in life now is to obey her husband's last wishes by bringing her son up to be a good man.

EMMA C. STREET.

Experience has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use health and vigor could be fully restored. 41-2

Montreal, November 1891. I was suffering for three months from an obstinate cough, pricking in my throat, night sweats and a general debility, which caused me to fear consumption of the throat. I am now perfectly well, and owe my cure to Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took four small bottles of 25 cents each. FELIX SAUVAGEAU, General Contractor, No. 179 1/2 St. Antoine Street.

MONTREAL, 20th February, 1892.—J. G. Lavolette, Esq., M.D., No. 217 Commissioners street Sir,—I suffered for 27 years from a severe bronchitis and oppression which I had caught during the Franco-Prussian war. I made use in France and Canada of many important remedies, but unavailingly. I am now completely cured after having used 4 bottles of your Syrup of Turpentine. I am happy to give you this testimonial, and hope, for the good of humanity, your syrup may become known everywhere. AUGUSTE BOUVENEL, Advertising Agent for "Le National."

MONTREAL, 13th December, 1890. I, the undersigned, do certify that Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, which I am using for some time, is the only remedy that has given me a notable relief from "Asthma," a disease from which I have been a sufferer for many years, and which had become so very serious as to require my dispensation from occupation of any kind. I have been treated by several physicians abroad, but without the slightest result; and do here state that the progressive improvement which is daily taking place in my health by the use of this Syrup gives me entire confidence in a radical cure. SISTER OCTAVIEN, Sister of Charity of the Providence, corner of Fullum and St. Catherine Sts.

PROVIDENCE ASYLUM, corner St. Habert and St. Catherine Streets. I consider it my duty to certify that, being a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis since over 22 years, the use of Doctor Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine has given me a great relief. The cough has diminished and sleep has returned gradually. SISTER THOMAS CORSIKI, Sister of Charity of the Providence.

MONTREAL, December, 1891.—I was suffering, for more than a year, from an obstinate cough, an abundant expectoration of a very bad appearance, night sweats, pain in the chest, debility and a progressive wasting, which caused me to dread consumption. I took several remedies unavailingly. I am now perfectly well, to the great surprise of my friends, and have been cured by Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I took 5 bottles of 50 cts. each. I can recommend this precious syrup to those who are coughing and think themselves in consumption. W. DASTOUS, No. 90 St. Antoine Street.

SOREL, 11th February, 1892.—I, the undersigned, have used Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine for bronchitis, from which I was suffering for over one year. This syrup not only cured me of bronchitis but also of gravel and calculus in my kidneys, which had caused me intense sufferings for over 3 years and from which I was very near dying 2 years ago. I am now in perfect health; all symptoms of those diseases having completely disappeared for over three months. J. B. ROUILLARD, Inspector-General of Mines for the Province of Quebec.

MONTREAL, 18th February, 1892.—I, the undersigned, certify to my little boy, seven years old, having been cured by Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. Had caught "la grippe" last winter, took several remedies unavailingly. Cough most violent and very painful for us to hear. Towards month of July last, when cough was at its worst, made use of this marvelous syrup and was completely cured by two bottles. Never coughed since, and consider his lungs much strengthened by that wonderful remedy. J. A. DESROSIERS, No. 111 St. Christophe Street, (Agent of Estate-Skelly), 1598 Notre Dame Street.

A SIMPLE WAY TO HELP POOR CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey, U. S. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanations a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions. 34-g

BRIBERY and corruption—"Buy" elections.

A BEAUTIFUL SERMON

ON THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Preached by the Rev. Father McGARRY, C.S.C., of St. Laurent College, in St. Mary's Parish Church on Sunday, 30th April.

"An angel was sent by God to a city of Galilee called Nazareth, to Mary, a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph. And having entered the house, the angel said to her: Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women."

Here is an extraordinary picture presented to our minds. An humble virgin in the attitude of prayer in an humble dwelling, and yet, the eyes of Heaven were fixed upon her. The brightness of an angel of God lit up her presence and the voice of the angel fell upon her ear, and what he said really astonished her, for the gospel narrative adds that she was disturbed at that extraordinary salutation: "Hail, full of Grace."

But, my brethren, we cannot doubt the truth of these words, because they are from the lips of God and were put on the tongue of the angel. They were dictated by God Himself to be spoken by His messenger to this favored creature. Why this extraordinary embassy? Why these extraordinary words, said to a person that seems to be anything but extraordinary, an humble maiden in her sixteenth year, unknown to the world, almost unheard of, who had passed her life in the temple; the world knew her not. Oh! my brethren, those whom the world know much of are not so much thought of as those who hide themselves in order that they may walk continually in the presence of God.

But the angel brought to this humble virgin an extraordinary message. He told her she was about to become the mother of the Messiah, that she had found favor with God, and that the Son of the Most High would be born of her, and she would be his mother. This is the whole explanation. It is the mission to which God had destined Mary. It is the office for which he had chosen her from all eternity.

We read in the Holy Scripture, that when Almighty God gave the tables of the law to his servant Moses, he caused a tabernacle to be built, in which those tables of the law were to be kept. He Himself designed the architecture, and chose the material with which it was to be built. It was made of the most precious wood and lined with the most pure gold. It was kept and guarded with the most sacred reverence, and so great was God's sanction of that reverence, that when the people of Israel were going from one place to another, a man fearing that the tabernacle would fall, put out his hand to sustain it. His hand was not a consecrated hand, and so did God sanction the reverence of the tabernacle, that the man was stricken dead on the spot, because, with an unconsecrated hand he had dared to touch it. This tabernacle only contained the tables of the law. And when God destined that this tabernacle should find a resting place, because it was carried from place to place and sometimes when the people of God were defeated it was captured by their enemies; the time coming when God destined the tabernacle to rest, he raised up a man and infused into the soul of that man a wisdom that surpassed the wisdom of all men before him, and all who came after, a man who was to build a resting place for that tabernacle, a man that was to build a temple, a sacred spot where that tabernacle was to be kept—that man was Solomon, whom God raised to such wisdom and power, that no other king equalled him.

But here, my brethren, there is not a question of building a temple for the tables of the law. There is a question of building a tabernacle for the Law-giver Himself, and Maker of Life; of building a tabernacle for God, in which the Divinity will reside really and truly united to our humanity, and that tabernacle is the soul and body of Mary. God himself built that tabernacle, by his own power he built it, and the holiness and reverence in which the first tabernacle was kept, and its riches simply figured the Mother of God, as all the figures of the Old Testament have their reality in the new.

How great then must have been the sanctity of Mary! God himself was her

constructor. Her sanctity was outlined, perfected, completed and crowned by the hand of the Creator, in order that she would become a living tabernacle, worthy of containing her very Creator.

No wonder the angel of God thought how the sanctity to which this privileged creature was raised. He stood before her with awe, and saluted her as a wonder even to his angelic eyes. He saw in her transcendent beauty, which nobody could equal. He saw the transcendent beauty of angels as they were formed into hierarchies, and hierarchies into choirs. He saw their transcendent beauty, he knew they were creatures, he saw in the words of St. John, "Towns we ourselves will one day view." Participating in the nature of God himself, the glory of the soul of Mary was for him an object of awe. It transcended the sanctity of angels, and the archangel bowing lowly before her, said: "Hail, full of Grace."

Yes, my brethren, she was full of grace. She was full of grace and for good reasons. Because she came in contact with the very fountain of grace. Just as we see the crystal waters of a fountain, the nearer the waters are to the source, the more bright and pure the waters are, and the less they have of corruption and alloy with them. And Mary is the very fountain head of creation, in all its transcendent beauty.

The author, the very throne of grace is Jesus Christ himself as God; the very instrument of grace is Jesus Christ himself as man.

But, my brethren, in Jesus Christ there was human nature and divine nature, united by the most perfect union, that even the creative power of Himself could devise or execute. The grandeur of nature may strike us a something extraordinary. The different creatures in nature may strike us by their extraordinary power and qualities. The grandeur of the orbs that roll over our heads, strike us with majesty and awe, and even the grandeur of man, whom philosophers call a little world in himself, is something extraordinary. But the world and man, whom God made the high priest of nature, these are not the master-piece of his creation. Even choirs of angels, with glorious privileges and prerogatives, they are not the master-piece of creation. Even Mary, whose sanctity and greatness we have tried in vain to fathom, she is not God's master-piece. The master-piece of creation, my brethren, is the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ. But God in the production of this master-piece, associated with Himself the Blessed Mother of Jesus Christ, and as truly as God is the Father according to His Divinity, so is Mary truly His mother according to His humanity. Both together then, God and Mary, produced the man Jesus Christ, the master-piece of God's creation. Yes, my brethren, as when God created the earth, it was sterile, dark, and surrounded by water, at His command, the waters rolled back, and darkness disappeared. And God told the earth to produce trees, and plants, and flowers, and herbs, and the earth produced them so, my brethren, by the mysterious power of the Holy Ghost, Mary gave birth to the Son, to Jesus Christ made man, the Second Person of the adorable Trinity, and the most perfect soul the creative power could ever produce animated the body of Jesus Christ, and the most perfect body that ever became the clothing of a soul, became that of Jesus Christ, because that body was lighted up by His Divinity and almost rendered divine though it still remained human. And in this great work Mary was the helper of Almighty God. Almighty God descended to lift her up to do his own work with Him. No wonder the angel sees in her what he never saw in any other creature.

Now then, my brethren, the beauty and grandeur of Mary's soul, we know that it must have been something extraordinary since God destined her for such an extraordinary mission, and God Himself prepared her for that extraordinary mission. We would say, if we might speak thus, that it was God's duty to prepare a worthy mother for His son. We must think that she was great, or, as an old theologian puts it: "It was becoming that God would prepare for Himself a mother who would surpass all mothers. He was able to do what became Him to do, therefore God did what He should do." And St. Thomas says there are three things we cannot conceive anything greater God could do. God could not give the blessed in heaven

a greater happiness than He gives them, because He gives them Himself. He could not create a greater work than the Sacred Humanity of Jesus Christ; and He could not create a greater mother for His Divine Son than He did, because God does all things with great wisdom, and the wisdom of God demanded that for His own Divine Son a tabernacle of that divinity, he would make a tabernacle surpassing all tabernacles that ever were or ever could be.

When we consider Mary's soul, not even the soul of Eve can be compared to it. Eve was to be the mother of sorrow, and Mary the mother of joy, therefore was Mary created above Eve; not only free from original sin, but transcendentally above Eve, even in her primitive innocence. Now then, my brethren, we consider the soul and the graces poured into that soul, sanctifying grace of baptism, and again, the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost in confirmation, and the extraordinary holiness in Holy Communion, and many other graces conferred upon creatures. But Mary received all these at once, and in their fullness, and this is why the Archangel saluted her "Full of Grace." The three theological virtues, Faith, Hope and Charity, ever existed in her soul in an extraordinary degree. Her soul was ornamented by the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and fear of the Lord; the four cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, temperance and fortitude, also were ornaments of her soul, by which she was ever governed. She was the mirror of all virtues. Of her humility, St. Bernard even places it above her virginity, and he says it was not so much her virginity, her immaculate purity, that drew down the Son of God, as much as her unfathomable humility. Every virtue that could adorn a creature, we find in Mary, and find them in her in a transcendent way.

Is it not a consoling thought to us, that when God was preparing a mother for His Divine Son He was also preparing a mother for us, and that the last will and testament of Our Blessed Lord dying upon the cross was to bequeath His mother to us as our mother? And to-day, when we have been trying to understand the transcendent virtues of Mary, we also try to sound the praises of our own mother. As she loved her Divine Son with tender love, whom she brought forth without sorrow, she loves us because she brought us forth in the pangs of sorrow at the foot of the cross. She brought us forth by a spiritual birth, and we became her spiritual children.

Let us then lift up our souls to her this day of her festival, with confidence, and ask her to lift up those innocent, virginal, pure, humble, immaculate and maternal hands in which she held her Divine Son, "who holds the world in the hollow of His hand," to obtain for us fidelity in the service of Jesus Christ. On this feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, ask her to whisper the good counsel into our souls, as counsel is one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, and by this gift we are able to discern and select the surest path to reach heaven and surest means to continue in that path. Look at the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel. Her Divine Child whispers the counsels to be given to her children. Let us have confidence, then, not only to-day on her feast, but every day of our lives let us invoke her. God has given her as a protectress for this parish, and every person in the parish should invoke her every day of their lives, in all undertakings, whether spiritual or temporal, that they may may turn out for the glory of God, the salvation of their own souls, and the honor of Our Lady of Good Counsel.

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BISHOP NULTY'S DEFENCE.

We have received, from Most Rev. Doctor Nulty, Bishop of Meath, two pamphlets published by him, in which he makes an able statement and an unanswerable defence of the action which he and the clergy had taken in relation to the Meath Parliamentary election. The question is one of vital importance and has been treated in a masterly style, consequently we will consecrate some space to the treating of the matter. We could not do better than reproduce the able analysis of the Irish World.

"It will be remembered that the Bishop's pastoral letter, issued shortly before the elections, was made the principal ground of the Parnellite petition to the Courts against the return of the Nationalist candidates, Messrs. Davitt and Fulham, and of Judge O'Brien's decree declaring the election null and void. That there was anything in the pastoral of the intimidatory character charged by the petitioners and affirmed and emphasized by the anti-Irish Judge no unprejudiced person who read the pastoral believed then or believes now. Nevertheless, Bishop Nulty has deemed it his duty to give to the public a full explanation of his object and motive in writing that pastoral as well as of the object and motive of his opposition to Parnellism as manifested by its avowed policy and proceedings in connection with the elections. The Bishop tells us that had he been permitted at the election petition trials to appear in court and defend himself, or had the judge in giving his decision confined himself to the merely legal aspects of the case, there would have been no need of the defence now offered. As to the deliverance of the judge Bishop Nulty explains as follows how and why that pronouncement imposed upon him the task of speaking as he does in the pamphlets just published:—

"When a judge ceases to remain within the sphere of his own official duties; when he passes far away over and beyond his own legal functions; when he employs the far-reaching influence of his exalted position to depreciate and decry the character and reputation of the bishop and priesthood of a diocese; when he exhibits his my priests and myself to the whole British Empire as a band of ignorant, blustering, and intolerant spiritual bullies, who ride rough-shod over the rights, the liberties, and the feelings of our people, and who inspire them with a superstitious terror which intimidates them and restricts their liberty in the exercise of the franchise; then it becomes not only my right but my bounden duty to reply to his charges and to prove them by fair argument to be erroneous, unjust, and mischievous."

That Bishop Nulty does this, that by fair argument he disproves all the charges made against himself and his priests every person, not a Parnellite or a Tory, who reads the pamphlet will admit. And every one of the charges is taken up and fully dealt with, and, upon evidence that would convince any impartial jury, shown to be utterly groundless.

But far the most important and widely interesting passages in the pamphlets under consideration are those in which Bishop Nulty discusses the question of the moral issues that may be involved in Parliamentary elections and the right in such cases of the pastors of the Church to point out and urge upon their people their moral duties in relation thereto. In his judgment in the South Meath petition Judge O'Brien laid down the extraordinary doctrine that there are no moral obligations in the business of electing Members of Parliament, and that the voter can by no sort of action in the matter violate any moral law. Here are the Judge's words:—

"I cannot understand in any case the election of a member of Parliament could be held to be a question of moral obligation, or that the conduct of a voter in respect of it could be a sin. * * * Moral responsibility may attach to a member of Parliament himself; but we have no evidence of theological opinion that the person who committed authority to him by his vote would be guilty of a sin."

It seems incredible that a Superior Court Judge in any Christian or civilized land should enunciate from the bench of justice such doctrine as this. Of course it is not only not Christian doctrine but it is diametrically opposed to Christian doctrine. Bishop Nulty points out that there is abundant theological opinion on the subject. "Why," says he, "not only

the great standard works on theology, but the very catechisms, the manuals, the abridgements of Catholic doctrine furnish abundant evidence not only of 'theological opinion' but of 'Catholic teaching' that an elector who committed authority by his vote to a notoriously wicked and mischievous representative in Parliament would be guilty of sin."

And Bishop Nulty also points out how votes at elections may bring about results closely affecting the highest interests of religion and country, and therefore closely associating the voter and his vote with high legislature may defeat or may carry a most mischievous proposal—a proposal or measure perhaps directed against the dearest and most sacred spiritual or temporal rights of the people. Will any man contend that the creating of such vote, having such power for good or evil, is not an act inseparably connected with moral duty? On these principles Bishop Nulty declares that it is the "bounden duty of every Christian to cast his vote, in a contested election, under a deep sense of his responsibility to his Creator, and to regard the exercise of the franchise as a grave moral duty," and "no human law can release a man from an obligation that has been created and impressed on his conscience by a law of God."

The moral obligation involved in the exercise of the franchise being thus established the right and the duty of the pastor are so self-evident as to need no proof. What those rights and duties are was specified some years ago from the judicial seat in Ireland by an eminent judge, and a judge who had no sympathy whatever with the side in Irish politics which the Irish Catholic bishops and clergy have always staunchly supported. The judge referred to was the late Lord Justice Fitzgerald, who, in delivering judgment in an election petition trial in Longford, spoke as follows as to the rights of the clergy in elections:—

"The Catholic priest has, and he ought to have, great influence. His position, his sacred character, and the identity of his interests with those of his flock, ensure it to him, and that influence receives ten-fold force from the conviction of his people that it is generally exercised for their benefit. In the proper exercise of that influence on electors, the priest may counsel, advise, recommend, entreat, and point out the true line of moral duty, and explain why one candidate should be preferred to another—and may, if he thinks fit, throw the whole weight of his character into the scale; but he may not appeal to the fears, or terrors, or superstition of those he addresses."

Bishop Nulty quotes this pronouncement, and he accepts it as covering the ground of the priests' right in the matter of influence in political contests. The right to "counsel, advise, and point out the true line of moral duty" in politics is the extent of the right claimed by Bishop Nulty as belonging to the pastors of the Catholic people of Ireland. And Bishop Nulty asserts that in his pastoral to his people before the elections last year he did not go beyond the limits of such right. He did not do more than point out moral duty and counsel and advise. The pastoral, he assures us, did "not contain the vestige of a threat of spiritual or temporal evil." This statement the readers of the Irish World who read the pastoral as printed in the Irish World shortly after its first publication are in a position to confirm. There was not a word or threat or intimidation in it from beginning to end. There was not a sentence in it which would be condemned or objected to by any sensible man in America if under similar circumstances a like pastoral were addressed to his own flock by a Catholic Bishop or a Protestant Bishop in America."

Referring to the same subject the New York Catholic Review has the following comments. While a fair idea can be gleaned from the above of the scope of argument in these pamphlets the next few paragraphs give an appreciation of the style. The Catholic Review says:—

It is characterized by the vigorous style for which the Bishop's writings have always been remarkable. His Lordship's silence during the interval that has elapsed since the celebrated judgment was delivered he explains as follows: "Owing to the abnormal and exceptional nature of the law, as laid down authoritatively in these election petition inquiries, I felt that if I opened my mouth at all on this judgment it might be alleged that I had furnished fresh grounds to these election petition

tribunals for annulling the new elections in South and North Meath, as they did the two former. While, therefore, I was vilified, calumniated, and mercifully traduced by the Parnellite and Tory Press in England, as well as in Ireland, I was forced to keep silent, when I could have so easily replied to them, and when, in fact, I had ready in my hand a reply that would have effectively refuted and discredited their slanders."

Dealing with the charge of spiritual intimidation, Dr. Nulty says: "The evidence on both sides of this controversy does not prove its presence anywhere, but it proves its absence everywhere. Nobody saw it, heard of it, felt it, or complained of it. The Parnellite witnesses, to a man scoffed at the idea of being influenced by spiritual intimidation to cast their votes for any one but the candidate of their own free choice. The anti-Parnellites did exactly the same. It was clearly proved that it did not influence the electors, even in one single instance; not a vote was cast for it. But it may be said, if it was not there, it might be there. But an intimidation that ought to be there, but, as a matter of fact, was not there, did not and could not affect or interfere with the free choice of the electors, and consequently, did not furnish just or rational grounds for cancelling an election over which it did not exercise the slightest influence."

It will be remembered that the petitioners produced several witnesses who gave evidence as to what occurred in the confessional, and that the evidence was admitted by Mr. Justice O'Brien. Referring to this, the Bishop says:—"Two parties only were cognizant of the facts that occurred in the confessional. The one, of course, would not reveal his own misstatement or error. The other could not do it either; his lips were hermetically sealed on the occurrences. Again, to convict a man of a crime, and perhaps punish him for it too, on the uncorroborated testimony of a single witness, the truth of falsehood of whose evidence could not be tried, sifted, or proved by any of the other great practical tests, which are employed in all the public courts of the whole world, would be the height of injustice; especially when the accused cannot utter one word in his own defence, even when that one word would prove his innocence to a certainty. If this Meath Election Petition had been tried by an intelligent and a conscientious jury—Catholic or Protestant, or composed of both—it would be the judge's duty to point out to the jurors the unreliability and injustice of this species of evidence, and if he did, we may fairly assume that they would not admit the evidence at all, or, if they did, they would reject it as worthless."

Mr. Justice O'Brien, in the course of his judgment, said "that moral responsibility may attach to a member of Parliament himself; but we have no evidence of theological opinion that the person who committed authority to him, by his vote, would be guilty of a sin." "Why," says Dr. Nulty, "not only the great works on theology, but the very catechisms, the manuals, the abridgment of Catholic doctrine furnish abundant evidence, not only of 'theological opinion,' but of 'Catholic teaching,' that an elector who committed authority by his vote to a notoriously wicked and mischievous representative in Parliament would be guilty of sin. As long as Mr. Justice O'Brien teaches us law, we will listen with respect and attention; but the flippancy and reckless audacity with he presumes to teach us false and immoral theology are simply sickening."

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GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

THE ENORMOUS DIFFICULTIES OF ITS CONSTRUCTION.

Incredible Stories Told of the Work—Skilled and Unskilled Workmen Employed—An Engineer's Wonder Increases as He Studies It—Interesting Statistics.

The Chinese say that one-third of the whole population was forced to work on the wall, but that means, of course, the population adjacent to the wall, says a writer in the Engineering Magazine. Another story—that it was completed in ten years—is incredible, though it has been carelessly accepted by some historians. When we regard the character of the work we see as usual two classes of laborers employed—the skilled and unskilled. The carrying of materials was probably done entirely by men and women, and an immense amount of this crude labor was needed for making brick, mixing mortar and tamping. Achievements like this are not wonderful in China, which was a thickly populated country twenty centuries ago. History says that an army of 300,000 or 400,000 men were sent to drive the northern barbarians back and was retained in the country for the purpose of building the wall. No doubt the available local population was also pressed into the work.

Such dispositions explain the provision of crude labor, but since my experience in China I have always wondered where the skilled workmen came from. Aside from four square feet of rock surfacing for the foundation there would be from thirty to forty square feet of squaring and facing on granite for each foot of the wall. I have had this work done in China. My engine foundations were of granite got out of river boulders, as the wall blocks undoubtedly were, and after an experience of the tedious slowness of Chinese workmen I look at the wall with great respect. It must have been a tremendous task to collect men enough to do this work. China is distinctly a country of mud and brick habitations. Stonework in dressed materials is by no means common, and I should say that at the present day there are not stonecutters enough in China to make a visible impression upon 250 miles of new wall in ten years.

In brick making my wonder took another direction. The large bricks used in the wall, containing nearly one and two-thirds cubic feet each, required not only the best skill, but the best clay. The labor could be obtained, but my experience in the country of the great wall taught me that supplies of proper clay were few and far between. Several months passed before we could find any available clay nearer than thirty miles from the mine and the supply obtained there was too poor for making large brick. The makers of the wall must have been hard pushed to find what they wanted and it is probable that the whole great bulk of the brickwork was transported overland, principally by human carriers, for distances of at least thirty miles, besides its distribution along the wall.

The quantities of material used in the wall are not remarkable when compared with modern railroad building, but the expenditure of labor probably surpassed anything we know. We have almost eliminated labor from transportation, brickmaking and lifting to the top of the growing wall. With the Chinese every one of these tasks called for an army of men. The provision of say 20,000,000 yards of earth filling was probably the least part of the task. Nowadays no engineer would hesitate to contract for 500 miles of railway embankment in China, and he would lay it up with the basket and hoe just as the wall builders did. Lime-burning and mixing, laying up the wall, and tramping the filling were by comparison the minor divisions of the work, though they, too, would call for an immense number of men.

The provisioning of all these non-producers was a task for a general. The quantity of food consumed by a vegetarian is immense, and the neighborhood of the wall is not a fertile region. With only 1,000 men to provide for I had to send 100 miles for grain, and I doubt extremely if 500,000 men, in addition to the ordinary population, could be maintained to-day along the line of the wall on supplies obtained within 100 miles of both sides.

Erasmus Wiman executed a deed of trust on the 29th ult. conveying 400 acres of land on Staten Island to David Bennett King; both Mr. Wiman and Mr. King denied that the transfer was in any sense an assignment.

A TALE OF TREMENDOUS TIPS.

Is It True?—Decorations and Back-Sheesh Banditti of Foreign Society.

The practice of receiving tips is not confined to the lower classes, as royal personages know to their cost. Thus, whenever people belonging to reigning families pay visits to neighboring courts, they have to submit to an enormous drain upon their purses, amounting often to as much as \$20,000 for a fortnight's stay. The tips in these cases are not all presented in the shape of money, but take the form of jeweled snuff-boxes, valuable rings, scarfpins, bracelets, watches, etc., which are presented to lords-in-waiting, officers-in-attendance, chamberlains, ladies-in-waiting, etc. The servants themselves receive their gratuities in the shape of money, and when the late King of Holland spent ten days at Buckingham Palace in London at the time of the Duke of Albany's wedding, he was called upon to pay \$10,000 in cash to the palace servants alone. Under the circumstances, it is easy to understand why so many of the royal personages who visit England prefer to stay at hotels instead of at one or another of the Queen's palaces. Continental sovereigns visiting continental courts, of course, are able to do things more cheaply by presenting decorations and orders in lieu of either money or jewelry, and at each of the royal and imperial courts on the Continent the cooks and servants will be found with their breasts covered with decorations conferred upon them in lieu of "backsheesh" by thrifty sovereigns. In connection herewith I especially remember an amusing discussion which took place between the late Emperor Frederick and the Prince of Wales when they were both staying at Vienna during the '70s as guests of the Emperor of Austria, the most hospitable and thoughtful of men. The Prince, although most free-handed, was grumbling at the heavy drain upon his none too plenteous purse, necessitated by the number of presents in jewelry and money which he was required to give to the members of his host's household. He, however, found nothing but mock sympathy from his brother-in-law, Emperor Frederick, who seemed to take a certain malicious pleasure in calling his attention to the fact that whereas the Prince of Wales had been obliged to pay a tip amounting to some 100 or 200 guineas to the chef assigned to his service during his stay at the palace of Prince Eugene, he, Emperor Frederick, was let off with the gift of the Order of the Prussian Crown of the fifth class to the cook assigned to his service at the Palace of Luxemburg, where he was staying.—New York Tribune.

HYGIENIC AND SCIENTIFIC.

Valuable Information—Important Health Matters—Cleaning Doekin Gloves.

A physician, who is a specialist in nervous diseases, says that women should sleep at least nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime. Perhaps you say it is quite impossible for you to sleep, even though you lie down in daylight. Possibly you will not the first few times you try it, but keep up the practice and soon your eyes will close every day at a certain time and you will be drawing in great draughts of nature's own invigorator—sleep.

Doekin gloves may be cleaned with dry fuller's earth and alum. To carry this out effectually you should have a wooden hand, but it can be done by stretching the gloves flat. The mixture should be finely powdered, and is removed with a brush. Then dry bran and whitening should be sprinkled over it, subsequently brushed off with a soft brush. Great care must be taken to dry them by degrees and then let them be well smoothed, rubbed and drawn into shape.

Potash as a sanitary means is unrivaled. Take about one tablespoonful of the clear potash to two quarts of warm water, and pour it into the pipes of the bath room and closets, taking care that it does not come in contact with tin or zinc. A cleansing like this three times a week will prevent any complaint traceable to ordinary bacteria and microbes. Scrub thoroughly the unpainted floors, unpainted steps, board walks, etc., with water made sharp with the potash, and no animal or vegetable germ will flourish after the application.

A discovery which has peculiar interest just now, when cholera threatens an invasion, seems to have been made by Dr. Ohlmüller, of the Imperial Board of Health in Berlin. This scientist has discovered, it is reported, that ozone is not only a powerful disinfectant generally, but that it is, when properly applied, a virtual exterminator of the bacilli of typhus, cholera and other diseases. With it it is said that Dr. Ohlmüller succeeded in killing typhus bacilli in two minutes and cholera bacilli in five minutes. This discovery if it is genuine, becomes more important in view of the fact that ozone is merely ordinary oxygen in an active condition and that the supply of it in the universe is practically unlimited as that of electricity.

AGAINST POORHOUSES.

F. E. Titus, of Toronto, on Labor for the Unemployed.

How can we best care for that large and evergrowing body of citizens who cannot find continuous employment? It is useless to shut our eyes and say they do not exist. It is criminal to sit idly by and see them through despair driven each year into further degradation. In a land which boasts of a Christianity whose underlying basis is the brotherhood of man, it is a strange anomaly that our system of government, which should be and is the ideal of the majority, should make no provision whatever to afford our unfortunate brothers and sisters the means of earning a subsistence.

In Toronto, one in every twenty of the inhabitants applies for charity. In the smaller cities and towns the same thing is true on a smaller scale. Toronto donates to the House of Industry each year from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and this is supplemented by private charity. On the whole it would not be an extravagant estimate to say that \$50,000 is given annually in charity in that city, and with what result?

The recipient is degraded. His manhood is debased. His independence is weakened. His habits of industry are destroyed, and he is thus rendered comparatively useless to the community. The next winter the same process is repeated. Is it any wonder that the army of unemployed is each year augmented?

The amount expended annually in Toronto would, if capitalized, furnish a fund sufficient to furnish honest and remunerative employment to those who need it. Every man's labor, if properly directed, will produce more than sufficient to support him, and yet honest workmen, anxious to find employment, walk the streets in vain.

Let us remember that, whether idle or employed, every one is and must be furnished with the means of existence by the whole community, and as a fact they are, or they die of hunger. Then, since the community must support the idle, whether they will or not, ordinary business habits of thought would suggest that it would be cheaper for every city and other municipality to provide employment of a kind which would reimburse the municipality and its outlay. In other words, furnish the means which will enable the idle to support themselves.

When we consider that there are some from every trade and occupation in the ranks of the unemployed and that in the community as a whole each trade and occupation serves to support and be supported by the others, is not apparent that all that is necessary to do in order to solve the problem of the unemployed is for the community to direct the efforts and place the materials of labor in the hands of those who are idle? Furnish factories and farms under proper management; then say to any one who seeks assistance: "There is your opportunity; if you are willing to labor, you need not suffer." "And he who will not labor, neither shall he eat."

Anyone in private life would adopt this method of providing for those for whom he was compelled to provide; yet so far is our Government from a business basis that not only is this not done, but municipalities are actually debarred from having industries of this kind.—F. E. Titus, Toronto.

TO WARD OFF CHOLERA.

It seems that we can successfully fight cholera with oranges and lemons. The imperial health office of Berlin has issued an announcement to the effect that oranges and lemons are both fatal to the cholera bacillus. Placed in contact with the cut surface of the fruit, the bacteria survive but a few hours. They remain active for some time longer on the uninjured rind of the fruit, but even then they die within twenty-four hours. The destructive property as regards the cholera bacteria is supposed to be due to the large amount of acid contained in those fruits. In consequence of this quality, the health officer considers it unnecessary to place any restrictions on the transit and sale of these fruits, even if it should be ascertained that they come from places where cholera is prevalent at the time. Not a single instance was noted in which cholera was disseminated by either oranges or lemons.

Ventilation of Sleeping Rooms.

The proper arrangement of draughts or the ventilation of sleeping-rooms has perplexed all. One thing, however, is certain. It has been proved by actual experiment that a layer of air lies against the wall, which is subject to

very little movement, even when there is a strong circulation in the middle of the room. It is therefore important that a bed should not be placed close to the wall. If kept there during the daytime, it should be moved at least several inches out into the room at night. Alcoves and curtains should be avoided. In an alcove inclosed on three sides, a lake of air forms, which may be compared to the stagnant pools often observed along the margins of rivers. A few yards away a rushing tide may be moving swiftly along, but these placid pools are unruffled by the current. While placing the bed, especially the head of it, let it be where it will be shielded from the air.

HOME RULE IN COMMITTEE.

The Fight Wax's Warm in the House of Commons.

LONDON, May 8.—In the House of Commons to-day Prime Minister Gladstone stated in reply to Joseph Chamberlain that he would propose that the ninth clause of the Irish Home Rule bill should be retained without alteration. This clause provides for the retention of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament.

The Speaker ruled that the instructions to the committee of the Home Rule bill offered by Lord Randolph Churchill and others with a view of defeating the bill were out of order.

The House then went into committee on the Home Rule bill.

Joseph Chamberlain moved to postpone clause one of the bill, which simply provides that on and after the appointed day there shall be a legislature in Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain said it was his intention to move the postponement of every clause up to clause nine, in order to begin the discussion of the bill with the most important proposals. The House, he said, had a right to know whether the Government meant to adhere to the main points of the bill, otherwise the House might at any time find a new bill sprung upon them.

Mr. Gladstone replied that he declined to allow Mr. Chamberlain to reserve to himself the privilege to challenge clauses out of their order. The bill was before the House in a particular form and the Government alone had a right to indicate variations from that form.

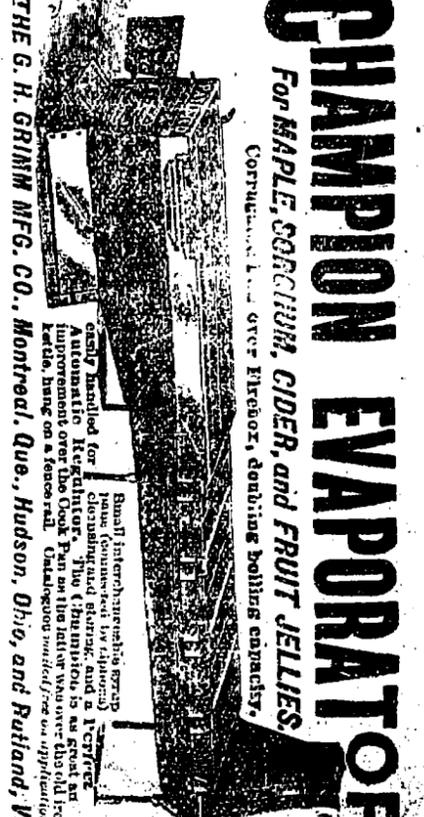
Mr. A. J. Balfour charged Mr. Gladstone with concealing how he designed to arrange the representation of Irish members until he should find the time more propitious for revealing it.

Mr. J. W. Lowther and other Unionists continued to talk in a strain similar to that of their leaders, while the Irish Nationalists cried "Divide!" Mr. Lowther, who is relative of Lord Salisbury, and represents Middle Cumberland, accused Mr. Timothy Healy of leading organized disorder.

Mr. Healy replied that the statement was untrue; the disorder was on the other side.

Chairman Mellow put an end to the squabble by calling the disputants to order and Mr. Chamberlain's amendment was rejected—270 to 213.

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AT THE CATHEDRAL.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE HONORED BY HIS FLOCK.

A Spontaneous Tribute to the Head of the Archdiocese of Montreal.—List of those present.—Addresses and Replies; Speeches of Messrs. Curran, Taillon and Others.

It may seem late to furnish our readers with an account of the important event which marked the opening of May in Montreal; but the event took place at a time that prevented us from doing justice to it last week, so we reserved for this issue the account. It was the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Mgr. Fabre.

Catholics all over the diocese had been invited to make the day an occasion for a demonstration of their loyalty to their chief pastor. The last issue of La Semaine Religieuse contained the following notice:

On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration, His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal will celebrate pontifical high mass at 10 a.m. Not only respect, affection and gratitude, but moreover the remembrance of the late difficulties and the need of closing the ranks in the trying days through which we are moving, bring a large number of priests around the venerated person of our chief pastor."

In answer to this invitation about one hundred and fifty priests gathered in the sanctuary of the Cathedral on Monday morning. Among them were Rev. Father Nantel, superior of the Seminary of Ste. Therese de Plainville; Rev. Father Lesage, Chambly; Rev. Father Piche, Lachine; Very Rev. Vicar-General Sautoire, administrator of the diocese of Valleyfield; Rev. Father Choquette, St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Abbe Proulx, vice-rector, Laval University; Rev. Father Lussier, Beauharnois; Rev. Father Savarier, chaplain of La St. Isidore, Longue Pointe; Rev. Father Beaudry, superior of the College of Joliette, and the Rev. Father Geoffron, assistant provincial of the League of the Holy Cross. Mgr. Gravel, of Nicolet, was in the chair, attended by his vicar-general, the Very Rev. Mr. Thibaudier. The Jesuit, Franciscan, Redemptorist and Oblat orders were also well represented.

His Grace the Archbishop officiated assisted by Grand Vicar Bourgeault with the Rev. Canons Leblanc and Archambault as honorary deacons; Rev. Father Herbert, Notre Dame church, and Rev. Father O. Lachapelle, Point St. Charles.

After mass the "Te Deum" was sung and an address was presented on behalf of the clergy of the ecclesiastical province of Montreal by Rev. Father Jodoin, superior of the Oblats in Montreal. His Grace briefly thanked the singers of the address, assuring them that he was most grateful for this timely assurance of their united support. The visiting clergy afterwards dined at the Archbishop's palace.

A FETE AT THE CATHEDRAL.

In the evening there was a great demonstration in St. Peter's cathedral by the lay Catholic population. At least two thousand men from all parts of the city, and many of them of high standing in public life or in the business world, pressed under the majestic dome of that grand temple. Two small platforms had been erected and at eight o'clock His Grace the Archbishop ascended one of them, escorted by Mgr. Gravel, bishop of Nicolet, and the Hon. L. O. Taillon, while on the other appeared Mayor Desjardins, wearing the insignia of office, Hon. J. J. Curran, Hon. G. A. Nantel, Hon. Horace Archambault, Ald. Jeannotte, M.P., Mr. Decarie, M.L.A.; Dr. Hingston and Mr. Philippe Demers, president of L'Union Catholique.

Archbishop Fabre's appearance was saluted with a long and loud round of applause.

The musicians were stationed in the gallery, immediately over the main entrance.

Mayor Desjardins then read the following address:

To His Grace Monseigneur Edouard Charles Fabre, Archbishop of Montreal:

MONSEIGNEUR.—To-day, twenty years ago, the holy oil was poured upon your sacerdotal brow, and you were imparted the sacred character of the successors of the Apostles.

Your science and your virtues, your indefatigable zeal for the salvation of souls, your tender solicitude for the spiritual welfare of young

men, a particular interest, manifested on all occasions, for the moral, as well as the material welfare of the working classes, had long since pointed you out for the episcopal throne.

Your election was deemed a happy event for all the Catholics of this diocese.

On this day, after having seen you at work during these twenty years of episcopacy, we the Catholics of Montreal, who have more specially benefited by your work, say to your Lordship, with a heart full of gratitude, "that you have well justified all our hopes."

Yes, Monseigneur, to you whom Providence reserved, among other beautiful and noble missions, the task, as difficult as it was glorious, of carrying on the works commenced by a great Bishop, we can render this testimony that your illustrious predecessor would himself render you if it were given him to see with moral eyes this magnificent cathedral, the plans of which he had conceived, and the foundations of which he had laid, and in which he asked that his tomb be placed, his temple which it is now given to you to see ready to be opened for the worship of God, this monument erected to His glory by the faith of the Catholics of this archdiocese as manifesting their attachment to the See of St. Peter.

And how much more progress during these last twenty years, so well filled: educational establishments to answer the ever increasing demands, asylums for the indigent, monastic institutions, the erection of numerous parishes rendered necessary by the constant increase of the population in your archiepiscopal city, or destined to secure the conquests of colonization on our new lands open to cultivation, reform of ecclesiastical discipline in many matters; all works having received their summation by the fortunate transformation of this diocese into an archiepiscopal see, which raises our city to the dignity of the metropolitan city of an important ecclesiastical province.

And, Monseigneur, all this development of religious interest of our city, these new institutions, that great impulse given to Catholic works, an expansion, a prosperity, which astonish the stranger and reveal a well-being in our population which it has never enjoyed to an equal degree before.

So, it is only in vain that certain so-called economists have been trying to induce it to believe that the prosperity of our religious institutions is for us a cause of poverty and delay in the path of material progress. It knows better than this, and prefers to keep its gratitude and give you its confidence, Monseigneur, who keep up by your encouragements, and cause to prosper by your zeal all these works which are the honor and the good of our nationality, as they are the testimony of the generosity and great religious spirit which animates it.

But, Monseigneur, this work accomplished in less than a quarter of a century could not be done without resistance and struggle. Your zeal has never moderated, by the sorrows of resistance; and tempered by faith and an entire devotion to the interests of the Church, you have never ceased to work for their triumph.

We are traversing a period when constituted authority seems to have become an object of special hostility and attack, and it is with profound regret that we are compelled to admit that it is no longer possible for us to say that Canada has escaped from this spirit of disorder. By a bitter attack of the acts of religious and civil authority some have undertaken for some time past to destroy its prestige and strength. By sarcasm, ridicule and the dissemination of a scandal caused by individual weaknesses, they have undertaken to sow defiance and contempt on the natural leaders of our society.

They have gone further, Monseigneur, and it is for that purpose that, with ranks closed around your person, the Catholic population of your city comes to assure you of its devotion, its respect and submission to you, its spiritual leader, and to denounce with you the unfortunate tendencies that is sought to introduce into the minds of the people, and to affirm, as worthy of respect, as our fathers have always what they have taught us at the cost of so many sacrifices to love and preserve.

In this hour of trial, Monseigneur, at the first signal of attack, no matter where it came from the ranks of natural enemies, or that it be caused by the ingratitude or blindness of people on whom your paternal hand would only spread blessings, you will always find us around you as children around their father, ready to espouse your cause, decided to compensate by increased devotion and affection the denial of your authority and the forgetfulness of the good accomplished by you.

We rely with confidence on Providence to turn away from the Church of Montreal, the trials which now assail it and its beloved Pastor, as well as the pain which it is sought to inflict upon his paternal heart; and on the occasion of his twentieth anniversary we pray Providence to preserve him for many long years to come for the good of the diocese and the happiness of those confided to his spiritual care.

Dr. Hingston then read the following address in English:—

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE.—This province has hitherto had chief and ordinary pastors of zeal, piety, and learning, and no part of the province has been more favored in this respect than has been the diocese of Montreal.

In the selection of Your Grace for the Episcopate the exhortation of Paul was not disregarded: *Nec quicumque sumit sibi honorem sed qui vocatur a deo inquam Aaron.* (Heb. v.-iv.)

As a priest your patience, zeal and kind heartedness secured the gratitude and affection of those to whom you were called to minister and the respect and esteem of those who, like yourself, were engaged in working for the salvation of souls. By these you were indicated as the successor to that great and good man whose memory is still green in our midst. By the highest authority you were chosen to fill the exalted position in the superior order of pastors in the Christian church.

Twenty years ago there was placed upon your shoulders the spiritual government of all ordinary pastors in this diocese, and, at a later period, you were elevated to be a higher dignitary of the first class in the government of the church—a bishop of bishops.

It could not be otherwise than that a position which gave authority in questions of faith, morals and discipline, should bring it pleasure sometimes, pain sometimes, and, too generally, perhaps, anxiety. We it as easy to do, as to know what were good to do, charity would find every support in Your Grace, without seeming, at any time to suffer as towards some, while being just to the many whose spiritual interests you safe guard, and are compelled, by virtue of your office, to safe guard. Should the performance of imperative duty involve you, at any time, in what is painful, your pain is shared by those to whom you have a right to look for sympathy and condolence, and do whom you do not look in vain.

In your watchfulness over the spiritual interests of those entrusted to your care you have brought hitherto many orders of men and women who devote themselves to work of charity, religion and education.

The financial difficulties—excuse the allusion to them—which existed at the beginning of your episcopate, and which demanded such rigid economy in your household as to preclude hospitalities, even, which are usual have happily in great measure passed away; yet while these self-denials were being exercised there advanced steadily towards completion the magnificent edifice in which we are this evening assembled, which is an important and imposing addition to this city's beauty, and bears evidence of the piety of her citizens.

At the time of your consecration the prayer *Ad Multos Annos* was invoked in your regard; and now, after twenty years, *Ad Multos Annos* is still the fervent supplication of Your Grace's devoted and attached diocesans.

Both addresses were received with repeated applause.

HIS GRACE'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

When Mgr. Fabre rose to reply it was the signal for another enthusiastic demonstration. His Grace expressed his deep appreciation of the many agreeable expressions which both addresses contained. He praised his predecessor and his clergy, whose labor had made his own task easy. The honors which had been conferred upon him were intended rather as a recognition of Montreal's growing importance as a Catholic centre. They all might be well satisfied with the progress accomplished. But happiness was not the permanent condition of human existence. Tribulations were inevitable, and it was with no little pain that he had found in this diocese Catholics who so far forgot their duty as to contest the right of the church to direct its children and to teach them how to avoid moral dangers. But it was a consolation to think that such attacks were always the occasion of proving the devotion and faith of the mass of Catholics. As had been the case in France, the people would rally closer around the church to defend her.

Speaking in English, His Grace said that if he had found good French people in the diocese, he had also found good English-speaking people. The harmony existing between the two had ever been undisturbed. They had all been one family, believing in one church and one pastor.

AN IRISH MINISTER'S TRIBUTE.

Hon. Solicitor-General Curran, on coming forward, was greeted enthusiastically. He said: After the carefully prepared and beautiful addresses that had been presented to His Grace, the committee of management had thought that few impromptu speeches coming direct from the heart would not be inappropriate. He had been petitioned to say a few words on behalf of thirty-five thousand Irish Catholics (loud applause), the children of His Grace in the parishes of St. Patrick and St. Ann, St. Mary, St. Gabriel and St. Anthony. Happily the *entente cordiale* was so marked at present in our good city, the harmony amongst all creeds and classes was so perfect, that he felt he would be justified if he stated that he could offer to His Grace on the twentieth anniversary of his episcopate, not only the congratulations of his own flock, but of the whole English speaking population of Montreal. (Applause.) Our every day life and its strain was relieved by the feast of the family, by the church festival, by the public holiday fixed by the state, the celebration of that evening might well be said to partake of the characteristics of all three. His Grace was enjoying, he hoped, a family feast, he was surrounded by his affectionate and devoted children. (Applause.) This was a feast of the church because they were honoring one of its most distinguished prelates, and the state could well afford to join in the festivities for it owed a great deal to His Grace and his colleagues. In days not very distant he and they had rendered signal service to the country. When a pernicious blast was about to sweep over our province the timely warning of His Grace had saved the situation and prevented consequences that threatened to prove most disastrous to the well-being of our community. (Loud Applause.) Canada's greatest statesman, Sir John Macdonald, in the last speech delivered by him in England, had stated that the Catholic clergy of the province of Quebec were the best moral police in the world. His Grace had given evidence that his great moral influence was always on the side of law and order and his role had been that of a peace maker. (Applause.) Twenty years ago an eloquent Oblate, Father Trudeau, had pronounced the panegyric at the consecration of His Grace. Dealing with his career as a priest he had referred to his

great work amongst the young men of Canada who were his special care and solicitude add hundreds of whom he won to the path of virtue. That discourse was one peering into the future. He had pointed out, and with reason, the difficulties that beset the path of the new dignitary as the successor of so eminent a prelate as Mgr. Bourget, a map of distinguished piety, iron will and indomitable zeal, who impressed his personality on his diocese. This was an occasion of joyful retrospect. The bright anticipations had been realized and His Grace, too, had made the imprint of his paternal tenderness on the diocese committed to his charge. The great Bishop Dupanloup once said: "There is in every man a dominant trait, which resumes his whole character, which impresses all the qualities of his mind, his soul and his heart, and controls the work of his life." And Mgr. Freppel, speaking of a bishop, says: "His office embraces the majesty of the Pontiff, the learning of the doctor, the authority of the judge, the vigilance of the pastor, the kindness of the father." May it not be said with Mgr. Dupanloup that in His Grace Archbishop Fabre the kindness and tenderness of the father absorbs the other qualities, its genial effulgence outshines them all. (Loud applause.) Speaking on behalf of the Irish Canadian Catholics of the city he might say they owed him a debt of gratitude. He had given them in St. Mary's, St. Gabriel and St. Anthony's zealous friars, eloquent and devoted secular priest whose ministrations were blessed with the best fruits. To St. Ann's he had sent the Redemptorist fathers. They had come as strangers from a strange land, but they had won the warm hearts of their parishioners. They had embellished their church, they had improved their schools, they had brought young and old into societies and fraternities that had developed the most marvelous results. At St. Patrick's, where His Grace had found that noble patriot, most excellent priest, that intellectual giant who was beloved by the Irish people of Montreal and revered by their race throughout the continent of America, Father Dowd. (Prolonged applause.) His Grace had continued him in his charge and had blessed him in his great works; building asylums for the orphans, refuges for the distressed, schools for the children, homes for the aged and destitute, and when that great priest had been called away, amidst the tears of his people His Grace had sanctioned the appointment of his successor, who would carry out the projects and great conceptions of his predecessor, and His Grace, aiding, would see that our institutions were fortified, not impaired, and that the great work of a great mind and generous heart was not frustrated. (Great applause.) Allusion had been made to certain trials and tribulations that His Grace was being subjected to. He could say that the Irish Catholic people were in blissful ignorance as to what that wretched trouble was about. (Loud applause.) He would venture even in that sacred place to state what had occurred a day or two ago in that connection. One of his fellow-countrymen enquired what was the cause of His Grace's anxiety, and having been told of the attack made upon him he replied: "Well, we poor Irish are had enough, God knows!—(laughter)—but there are some people who, if they could, would not only repeat the 10 commandments, but set up the seven deadly sins in their place." (Prolonged laughter and applause.) He wished to say how deeply they all sympathized with His Grace—how sincerely the congratulated him on the twentieth anniversary of his consecration and how ardently they prayed that it might please a benign Providence to enable him to celebrate his golden wedding on the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. (Great applause.)

A FRENCH MINISTER SPEAKS.

Hon. Mr. Nantel said that Mgr. Fabre had placed the hope of his administration in kindness, and it was certainly not without great sorrow that this kind father had been compelled to strike a few rebellious children. How such a pastor could ever have become the object of civil prosecution was the secret of persons who need temporal assistance as badly as spiritual help. The Archbishop had acted within the limits of his authority and so much the worse for those who had hoped to raise a storm, if they found themselves in danger of perishing on the breakers. The clergy had always followed the course of pacification. They had devoted themselves to building insti-

tutions which had perpetuated the French race on the continent. They had been the apostles of colonization, of agriculture and of railways. The respect of authority was the foundation of the Catholic Church, and it was their impetuous duty to defend the hierarchy when it was attacked. The Bishop should be free to direct his flock. They knew where the clergy had led them, and they might presume where the sophists, who wished to run the Church, would lead them from the results which their doctrines had produced in Europe—anarchy and social ruin.

The Hon. Horace Archambault was the next speaker. During twenty years of work for the sanctification of his flock His Grace had gained their respect; he had gained all their affection and that to-day they paid him public and solemn homage. He must have seen that among his children there were some who wished to dispense with his paternal protection; but their triumph would be short lived. Thank God, they lived under a free constitution, under which all liberties were protected, and above all religious liberty. They were citizens, but the greatest attribute of their citizenship was their faith. They grieved when they saw one of their fellow-citizens seek from the lay tribunals remedies which should be sought elsewhere; but the case will soon be placed before those who knew the law and respected the constitution, and the speaker did not doubt but that the principle would be recognized that a Catholic pastor had a right to preserve the faith among his flock. If the speaker was not mistaken, this was the first occasion whereon His Grace's hand, for twenty years accustomed to bestow benedictions, had been raised in anger to hurl the lightning-bolt of the Church. No doubt His Grace had only taken the step after much deliberation, and had only been driven to it by the necessity of protecting his flock.

"Monseigneur," continued the speaker, "I hope we shall all meet again here thirty years hence, for another grand celebration. If history so repeats itself, you will not only see the devoted children you see around you this evening; but also you will see the prodigal sons who will have returned to their father's roof. We Catholics know that the Catholic Church has always met with persecutors; but, like the fruit trees, which drop their bad fruit and raise once more their branches aloft, so the Catholic Church shall triumph over her enemies and come out of the struggle more vigorous than ever."

Mr. Philippe Demers then delivered a brief address, covering the same ground as the previous speakers.

M. Decarries, M. P. P., then tendered to His Grace the homage and respect of the parishioners of Lachine.

MGR. FABRE AGAIN SPEAKS.

After Mr. Decarries had concluded, His Grace the Archbishop said: "You have fulfilled a duty in the name of your parish. You have proved that a bishop is not only the episcopal father in the town in which he resides, but also in every town of his diocese. I said now that the events of to-day would have the effect of awakening in the population and the people a zeal which will compare with that which has been displayed in Europe. A member of the Federal Ministry, a member of the Provincial Cabinet, a Legislative Councillor, yourself a member of the Legislative Assembly, and an advocate, a member of the Bar, in a word, representatives of the different classes of society have spoken this evening, and have spoken with energy, eloquence, and above all with an admirable faith. Thanks for considering me a friend of the Irish people. Friends of my youth, I thank you for having spoken from the heart and for having all expressed religious sentiments."

MGR. GRAVEL, OF NICOLET.

In response to repeated calls, Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet, came forward and said: "I did not come to Montreal to address you, but to hear what was to be said and to perform by my attendance here an act of adhesion to the sentiments expressed, an act of adhesion in my own name and in the name of those whose spiritual interests have been confided to me. Yesterday I met the people of Nicolet and addressed them on the subject of the trials which the Archbishop of Montreal was being forced to undergo, and those to whom I spoke charged me to come in their name, as in my own, and place the assurances of their zeal at



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145 READ the directions on the wrapper

the feet of Monseigneur the Archbishop of Montreal. I accomplished my task, and I have carried out my mission. Since you wish me to address you this evening I will take the opportunity of making a public act of adhesion—an act of adhesion to the protestations against the illegitimate and disloyal attacks which have been made upon His Grace."

When Mgr. Gravel had concluded there were loud cries for Tailon. The Hon. Prentier, who had remained very quiet during the evening, seated on His Grace's left, did not appear anxious to comply with the demand made on him. But those present would take no refusal, and he submitted with his usual good grace.

THE PREMIER OF QUEBEC.

Hon. L. O. Tailon said: "I did not expect to be called upon to speak here tonight. It had been agreed, I do not say with whom, but if you respect authority you will also respect the convention. Monseigneur, you have just asked me to speak for you before another tribunal, and on the day fixed I shall be there. I shall be there with another advocate, an advocate who is an honor to the Bar of Montreal, and who has promised to give us his eminent services on this occasion. Monseigneur, religious life is not what one can call a position or career. It is a vocation, and to you, Monseigneur, the vocation was irresistible. You commenced under Mr. Limoges, a child of the parish of Terrebonne. But that was not enough. You must soon put yourself at the head of the parish. Not satisfied yet, you came here to Montreal and became the apostle of the youth of Montreal and of the whole province. Even that was not enough for your apostolic zeal, and finally you are called to the episcopate, first as coadjutor to one of the most illustrious French Canadian bishops, then you were chosen as his successor. Since that time the city has prospered and grown and developed in a manner which astonishes all who visit it, and at this day you appear no smaller than you then seemed. You have grown with Montreal. As the population increased, institutions have been raised to give to that population all the succor it required. It was raised to the dignity of

AN ARCHIEPISCOPAL SEE.

In the political world they say it is not far from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock. In the ecclesiastical world it might be said that it was but a step from the Throne to the Cross. You have had different little tribulations, but greater ones were reserved for you. Those who have spoken this evening have protested against the cause of these tribulations. Let me join my protestations with theirs. There is a man who finds that we are the slaves of the clergy. It is very kind of him to take so much interest in us. We all know that of all societies the best organized is the Catholic religion. We are of opinion that of all institutions the most desirable is the Catholic religion. We believe, in spite of the occurrences of past years, that of all royalties that which cannot perish is the royalty of the Pope. And, why, then, attempt to seduce us from our allegiance to that royalty. Do they forget how the intervention of ecclesiastical authority has been beneficial in the past; how the intervention of Monseigneur Plessis in 1812 helped to preserve to England this, the finest and most beautiful of all Britain's colonies. Monseigneur, we are satisfied

with our position in spite of the charitable efforts of men who, without being invited, have been good enough to busy themselves with our affairs. Well, Monseigneur, I hope you will still have many years of episcopal reign. It is not that you have not earned repose, but we feel that we still need your care, your fraternal devotion. We hope that you will have many long years of episcopacy, and that, in the end, *bonum certamen, certavi.*

"I Am So Tired"

Is a common exclamation at this season. There is a certain bracing effect in a cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to the help to be derived from a good medicine at this season. Possessing just those purifying, building-up qualities which the body craves, Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes that tired feeling, restores the appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, imparts vigorous health. Its thousands of friends as with one voice declare "It Makes the Weak Strong."

"How are you getting along?" asked a travelling man of an acquaintance who had gone on the stage. "Oh, I have met with a share of success. I played Hamlet for the first time." "Did you get through all right?" "Yes, except that I happened to stumble and fall into Ophelia's grave." "That must have been very embarrassing." "It was; but I wouldn't have minded it if the audience hadn't seemed so disappointed when I got out."

A PROMPT CURE.

GENTLEMEN.—Having suffered over two years with constipation, and the doctors not having helped me, I concluded to try B. B. B., and before I used one bottle I was cured. I can also recommend it for sick headache. ETHEL D. HAINES, Lakeview, Ont.

REALISTIC.—The Professor of Painting has just entered the class-room, where smoking is strictly prohibited. Here he finds an art-student holding in his hand a newly-filled cherry pipe. Professor ironically: What a queer paint-brush you have got there; what are you going to do with it? Student: Oh, I am going to make the clouds with it.

BEST EVER MADE.

DEAR SIRS.—I can highly recommend Hagar's Pectoral Balsam as the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. I am never without it in my house. HARRY PALMER, Lorneville Ont.

'Arry was at a hotel of the cheap order and saw the following notice posted on the walls: "Breakfast 9 a.m." He said to the waiter: "Breakfast and some 'am." To which the waiter responded: "We've no 'am." "No 'am," exclaimed 'Arry, pointing to the notice—"no 'am! What's that?"

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A floating debt—An unpaid-for yacht. —Judy.

SMILES.

PROFESSOR: What is a commercial bill? Pupil: I don't know, sir. Professor pensively: Lucky fellow!

SHE HAD HER THERE.—Maggie, scornfully: Doesn't he look important? Bessie: So he ought, dear; I've just accepted him.

A RECENT advertisement in a country paper reads thus: "For sale.—A bull-terrier dog, two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."

EMPLOYER: William, Mrs. Spriggans complains that she received only one of all the bundles she had put up her last night. William: That's funny, sir. I wrote "Mrs. Spriggans" on one bundle and put "ditto" on each of the others.

"Brace Up"

Is a tantalizing admonition to those who at this season feel all tired out, weak, without appetite and discouraged. But the way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the tired frame and gives a good appetite, is really wonderful. So we say, "Take Hood's and it will brace you up."

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend HOOD'S PILLS.

BIRTH.

LEACY—At Chapeau Village, on 22nd April, the wife of Wm. Leacy of a son.

DIED.

SMITH—At Hamilton, on the 3rd inst., Bernard Smith, of Montreal. Interment at Hamilton. May his soul rest in peace.

DOUGHERTY—In Sherbrooke, Que., on 26th April, John Dougherty, aged 59 years and 10 months.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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WEDNESDAY.....MAY 10, 1893

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTIONS must be paid strictly in advance in future, otherwise we shall have to stop paper when time expires. We would request our subscribers to bear this in mind and remit the amount before expiration of time subscription is paid to.

CATHOLIC EDITORS! LISTEN!

To you, the Catholic Editors, in Canada, and above all in the United States of America, we address ourselves. We beg of you to read what we have to say, for the subject is of importance and the warning we are about to give is, we think, most timely! There are times to be silent, and times to speak. As long as the subject upon which we are about to touch was confined to our Provinces and to the French language we gave it the benefit of our silence; but now that a plague is about to be sent forth in English, and scattered over the neighboring Republic, we think it is our duty to warn our co-religionists, and to beg of Catholic Editors to warn all their readers against this worse than moral cholera.

In another column we publish extracts from La Semaine Religieuse of Montreal, the official organ of His Grace Archbishop Fabre, which tell the opinion of the ecclesiastical authorities upon the fearfully audacious attack made, through means of the Civil Courts, by certain parties upon the venerable Ordinary of this Archdiocese. The story, in a few words, is as follows: a sad event—an evidence of human weakness—took place last year; a number of Liberal-Catholics, off-shoots of French socialism and political adventurers, took advantage thereof, to fling insult after insult at the clergy and hierarchy through the medium of a so-called Catholic organ. From the clergy they proceeded to attack the Sacraments, and finally the authority of the Church itself. The united Bishops of the Province warned the faithful against those poisonous publications; the warning only added fuel to the fire. They proceeded, then, to repeat their foul accusations and to pour out volumes of abuse upon the consecrated heads of the Church. At last, after repeated warnings and paternal advice, the venerable head of this archdiocese was forced to raise the hand of ecclesiastical authority and condemn the publication. In revenge the authors of such infidel articles sued the Archbishop, before the Civil Courts, for \$50,000 damages. This last act is the one upon which La Se-

maine Religieuse comments. Our purpose is not to enter into the merits or demerits of this case, nor into any refutations of the vile writings of the men in question. We simply tell this much in order to come to the subject upon which we desire to say a few emphatic words.

One of the authors in question wrote a volume in which he sought to consummate his work by heaping calumny upon calumny, by adding insult to insult, by piling sacrilege upon sacrilege—and he entitled his book "Les Ruines Clericales." As we stated at the opening, as long as this work remained untranslated we made no reference to it; but, now, that it has been translated into English and that thousands of copies are already out, and that it is the intention of the publishers to scatter them broad cast over the United States, we would be wanting in our duty were we to remain silent. This book, in English, is called "Clerical Ruins." It is a small volume, but just sufficiently large to contain an amount of moral poison capable of destroying hundreds of thousands of souls. Who is the author of this work? It is of course anonymous; but it is known that the author is one Aristide Filiatreault, the managing director of the "Canada Revue." Probably he was assisted by a certain Marc Sauvalle, the editor-in-chief of the same condemned organ. To the general reader these are only names and they convey no idea of the aforesaid writers. Who is Aristide Filiatreault? He is a native of Ste. Therese, in the county of Terrebonne, near Montreal. He was an orphan at the age of thirteen—a number that played an omenous part in the history of his impious publication. He spent three years in the College of Ste. Therese where he picked up some scattered rudiments—just sufficient to illustrate the saying that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." He took a six month's trip through the United States and on his return to Montreal went into the offices of the old Liberal organ the "Pays." For about five years he went off and rambled, like a wandering Jew, from 1870 to 1875, all over Canada and portions of the United States. He became a regular newspaper tramp, going from one office to another, until he landed back in Montreal. Here he edited the "Canada," and the "Album Musical." From 1884 to 1889 he worked in Toronto on the "Mail" and the "Globe." Whatever religious training he received during his three years in College he seemed to have lost it in the Queen City.

It was then, we are told, that he sang in Protestant churches in order to keep in with the anti-Catholic organs—the bitter Mail and bigotted Globe. It was then that he performed the feat of railing on the World of that city. From there he returned to Montreal, which seems to be the place of his predilection, and here he met with a somewhat congenial and, if possible, more anti-clerical companion, in the person of Marc Sauvalle; between them they started the Canada Revue, and to justify the attacks made by that organ on the Church and to cast a cloak over their condemnation that its blasphemies incurred, they concocted this work "Clerical Ruins."

Perchance you will ask: who is Marc Sauvalle? We will try to tell you. He is a Catholic who gets his children baptized by a Methodist minister and brings them up in the tenets of that sect. He is a French Catholic, of the school of Ferry or Zola. He was born at Havre, thirty-four years ago. He attended the military school of St. Cyr, and the cavalry college of Saumur. He is, therefore, a soldier, both foot and horse. He loves battle and evidently has a taste for knight-errantry. He set out from France, probably for France's good, and like

many other political adventurers, to earn a living as best fortune would permit. He travelled into Louisiana, and probably the country became distasteful to him and was not wild enough for his chivalric spirit. Consequently he pulled up his stakes and set out for Texas. After knocking about the "Lone Star" State for a time, and not finding that pistols and bowie-knives suited his purpose, he left for the home of the Montezumas. Why he suddenly crossed the borders of so many States is shrouded in mystery; why the climate of Mexico did not agree with him is very well known. As the Witness mildly puts it; "at the end of the presidency of General Gonzales he was implicated in a 'pronunciamento' and was summarily arrested and expelled from the country."

Then he drifted into Canada and like an Arab, set up his tent in Montreal. He joined the staff of the Liberal organ La Patrie, where he sought to turn Catholic-Liberalism into Liberal-Catholicism. Finally, finding that on an old established French Canadian paper he could not ventilate, to his entire satisfaction, his spleen against the clergy, nor sow sufficiently broad cast the seeds of Socialism or rather Liberal Catholicism, which he had picked up in France and carried about America, he went into the Canada Revue enterprise. We know the fate of that organ and the career that it ran.

These then are the two gentlemen who were forced, through the exposures originating last summer in THE TRUE WITNESS, to acknowledge themselves responsible for the articles that appeared upon the pages of that notoriously anti-clerical organ. The volume, now about to be given to the reading public in English, is the continuation of that publication, a propagation of its ideas and principles. Whether it be Mr. Filiatreault or Mr. Sauvalle who penned the words, it matters not; one of them wrote, the other inspired. Let us come to the book itself, "Les Ruines," (The Ruins) of Volney possesses at least the merit of being ingenious and apparently profound. That infidel sought to prove by the monuments of ages and the debris of the mighty structures that cover the East, the superiority of Paganism over Christianity. The author of "Clerical Ruins" merely seeks to undermine all Catholic Faith by striving to hold the Church—and therefore Christ—responsible for any act of sinfulness performed by a member of the clergy. The object of the book is to poison the mind against the teachings and above all the authority of the Church. A priest has erred, therefore the Church is false; consequently the confessional is a moral danger, the sacraments so many traps whereby the credulous are caught; and so on runs the argument. We have no intention of analyzing the book; our sole object is to beg of our confreres of the Catholic press to be on the look out for it and to warn, if they deem necessary, their readers against the plague. We will here repeat a comparison we used last summer, when combatting, and successfully, the odious attacks made by these men upon the Church and her clergy.

There was once a beautiful orchard filled with numberless trees upon which the ripe apples hung in abundance. A few rotten ones had fallen to the ground, for a worm had got into their cores, and sapped their strength and life. A herd of swine came along and the old mother invited her young to eat the putrid fruit. They ate and they enjoyed; and she told them that these were what men called apples and this was an orchard. They went away rejoicing in their rotten meal, never dreaming of the sound fruit that hung in thousands away above their heads

and beyond their reach. So with the author of "Clerical Ruins." He leads his innocent readers into the enclosure of the Church; he finds a few fallen priests, and, holding them up to the gaze of his dupes, he cries out, "these are the priests; this is the clergy; here is the Church." And they go away with their putrid ideas, without even having glance above their heads and contemplated the millions of noble, grand, pure and devoted souls that constitute the real hierarchy and clergy of the Church.

MAY.

"I am weary, weary waiting,
Waiting for the May."

Denis Florance McCarthy sings of the longings and throbbings and sighings for the May. Throughout the long and dreary winter we look forward with hope and joyous expectation to the dawning of the spring, to the coming of May. It is the month when rejuvenated nature arises, and flinging aside the white mantle of childness, in which she slumbered all winter, goes forth over mountain and valley, scattering life, joy, light and happiness upon her path. With warm wand she unchains the streamlets and leads them dancing down the hill slopes; with soft breath she breathes upon the fields and behold the flowers appear in all their variegated perfection of perfume and beauty. She waves her magic hand and the birds come back from southern climes and make melody once more in our skies. She bids them chant and they raise their harmony of praise in the vast aisles of the forest temple. It is the season of life and of promise. To every lover of nature May is beautiful; to every lover of God and admirer of His works, May is glorious; to every Catholic soul May has a double significance—for it is also the month of Mary, the Queen of Angels, the Mother of God.

The Church has fittingly consecrated the month of May in an especial manner to the Blessed Virgin Mary, and she calls upon all the faithful to come to the shrine of her devotion and there adore the Son in honoring the Mother who gave Him birth. The month of Mary is one of flowers and light, of prayer and gladness. Her altars are covered with the choicest products of the garden and field; and hearts innocent and hearts weary beat in union of devotion before the image of the one whom all "generations shall call Blessed." Hymns of praise ascend and canticles of joy resound—for it is the month of freshness and spring for the heart of the faithful child of the Immaculate Mother. All during the month of May, in every Catholic temple—from the lordly Basilica to the humble chapel—evening services are held, lights flicker on the altar of the Mother, the beads are told, and instructions are given. The glories of the Blessed Virgin are repeated in every key and in every tone, from the loud swell of the accompanying organ to the deep minors of silent invocations that rumble in the recesses of throbbing hearts.

Long before the dawn of Christianity, back in the ages of prophecy, she was pictured as coming forth glorious as the morning, brilliant as the sun and terrible as an army set in array. She was the aurora of that morning when the Orb of Redemption flashed upon the darkness of sin and the rays of Its glory tipped the hills of time. Even from the fall of Adam had she been chosen by the Almighty to become the Mother of the Redeemer. In that glorious Canticle the Magnificat she is made to express exactly what took place in herself. When the Angel announced to her the great mission she was called upon to perform, she

acknowledged herself to be the humble hand-maid of the Lord, and she gave expression to those mighty and significant words: "Deposuit potentia de sede et exaltavit humiles." "He will put down the powerful from their places and raise up the humble." She was humble, in her little home at Nazareth, in her long trip up to the City of David, in her sad experience when jostled by the crowd in the little Khan outside the gates of Bethlehem, in the birth of her Child in the lowly manger, in the hurried flight into Egypt, in the weary sojourn in the land of the stranger. She was humbled by men, and in the eyes of men, during all those thirty years of calm and holy existence, with her husband the carpenter and her Son the God. She was still more humble when she sought Him through the city streets, when she found Him in the temple, when He told her whose work He was doing. She was humble when she saw Him followed by the multitude as He scattered miracles of benediction on all sides. She was humble when she beheld Him a prisoner, judged, condemned, beaten, loaded with ignominy, carrying his cross, ascending Golgotha and dying for the human race. She was humble when His sacred body reposed in the tomb and His eternal spirit was away to burst the gates of Limbo. She was humbler still in the hour of Easter's triumph. But it had been said: *et exaltavit humiles.*

The humble must be raised up; and she was translated into heaven on the day of her glorious assumption. Angels and Archangels carried her aloft on their wings, and amidst the hosannas of the celestial choirs she was wafted to a throne next to that of Her Son, and she was crowned with the eternal diadem of her own Immaculate glory. She was placed upon her seat as Queen of the Angels, and she, the humbled and oft humiliated, looked down upon the myriads at her feet. But her glances of love shot beyond the circle of the saints in heaven, beyond the Powers and the Thrones, the Dominations and the Seraphim, and piercing the infinity of space, fell upon the human souls still "fighting the good fight" on the field of mortal existence. She saw the cross of her Son triumph over the world, she beheld the glories of His Church in all ends of the earth, she witnessed the expiring martyrs and the toil-worn missionaries; she contemplated the multitude of good souls that would rejoice in the title of Children of Mary, and for these she reserved her choicest gifts and her sweetest smiles as well as her most powerful intercessions.

This is the month of May, the month of Mary. Let all true Catholics, young and old, flock to her shrine and remember that never was she invoked in vain, especially by a fond, believing and faithful heart. To properly enjoy the glories of May, the light and heat and life that nature bestows, we must combine therewith the spiritual devotion to the Queen of May, and she will send us a celestial light, a heavenly heat, a promise of an eternal life that will be great and happy in proportion to our imitation of her humility; for, of each of us, as of her, is it said—*et exaltavit humiles!*

Card of Thanks.

At a special meeting of the St. Bridget's Irish Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society, held in St. Mary's hall, parish of St. Mary, after Grand Mass on Sunday, 7th inst., it was unanimously resolved: That the secretary be instructed to convey, through the Press, the thanks of this association to all those who so generously aided, through donations or otherwise, in making the concert of the 24th of April, in aid of the poor and destitute, a numerical and financial success.

"LA SEMAINE RELIGIEUSE."

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ARCH-BISHOP.

Touche Upon Some of the Phases of the Law Suit Now Going on Between the "Canada-Review" and His Grace and Defines the Powers of Bishops.

The article says: "Our venerable Archbishop, he whom the Spirit of God has selected to watch over the Holy Church of Montreal, is sued before the Civil Courts for having exercised one of the most undeniable rights and accomplished one of the most sacred duties of his pastoral charge. It is the blind answer of some children rebellious to the voice of a father who struck only to heal and save. It is an obstinate refusal to submit to religious authority in matters of discipline; it is, in fine, a sacrilegious appeal to the secular power to deal with a case exclusively of the ecclesiastical domain. This sad event has left us, priests and faithful, less under the feeling of legitimate indignation than of profound sorrow. Some only see in this the consequences of weakness, ignorance or passion; others seem to fear, and not without reason, a calmly prepared revolt, and now irrevocably consummated. Some see in the act of only a small number of Catholics without conviction and without fixed religious principles; others, on the contrary, see in what has occurred during the last few months the certain indication of a latent evil and the loud manifestation of pernicious tendencies, which threaten to spread more and more in our country. Whatever may be the real cause of the scandal, not only the spirit of the faith, the laws of the Church and the voice of conscience, but common sense and the personal interest of those who have acted, demanded that it should be avoided. The suit of the Compagnie de Publication du Canada-Review against Monseigneur the Archbishop of Montreal, is in fact, unjust and false in all its allegations, irregular in its mode of procedure, inadmissible in the consequences which will logically follow, vain and fruitless in the aim it has in view, dire in the pains and penalties which it brings upon the unfortunate misguided people who have taken it out. It would be a grave error to believe that the bishops can only condemn a book or journal in matters of doctrine and morals; they can do so in matters of discipline and when public order requires that they should do so. A grave injury to

CIVIL OR RELIGIOUS AUTHORITY

a grave cause of dissension and trouble, a grave contempt of discipline, a grave detriment to the good of souls or of a diocese, are all sufficient motives to prohibit the reading of any periodical sheet which causes one or another of these scandals. It may happen, therefore, that a book or journal may be tolerated in a diocese and prohibited in another. Cases of this kind are not without precedent, and it should not be concluded therefrom to an abuse, nor to an excessive use of authority on the one hand, no more than to a weakness or guilty tolerance on the other. This divergence is because the same reading does not produce the same effects, and that somewhat different in itself, it may be dangerous in some places, according to the circumstances and dispositions of the readers." The Index is then quoted to show that in such matters Bishops have full discretionary powers in this matter. Having thus laid down the canon law the Semaine proceeds to declare that the Archbishop was justified in what he did and that the allegations of the Canada-Review are irregular and contrary to canon law. The duty of Catholics when they feel that they have been unjustly treated by an Archbishop, is to appeal to Rome. "It is to this tribunal, and this tribunal alone, that one must appeal in spiritual and even temporal cases, when one feels that he has been denied his rights by the first pastor of a diocese. To act otherwise and to bring up the bishops before the Civil Courts is to deny the inviolability of their persons, to practically deny the authority of the Church and its jurisdiction over souls, to refuse to admit its divine constitution, to expose one's self even to leave its bosom by schism, apostasy or at least to be out from among its members by excommunication. Supposing even that Monseigneur

the Archbishop of Montreal and his colleagues in the Episcopacy had abused their jurisdiction in condemning the Canada-Review, and unjustly and arbitrarily applied their rights, they have no account to render neither to the faithful, nor to the civil authorities; they were not even obliged in pronouncing this condemnation to give the motives which served as a basis for their judgement." The only course, it is held, was for the Review to submit or to appeal to Rome. If the Archbishop is to be held responsible in the eyes of the law, the Bishops have no longer any right to look after the welfare of their flocks. It further says: "It follows that a bishop in the eyes of the law, cannot prohibit his faithful from going to any particular theatre, gambling or bawdy houses, nor condemn any disorder because of the evitable damages which would follow such condemnations, he would always see himself exposed to a judicial suit. The Bishop could no more condemn any society, as dangerous or bad, place the faithful on their guard against the doctrines or actions of such fanatical sectarian, such and such apostate, because here temporal damages again follow, and, as a result, the civil courts are to be resorted to." If this view of the law was to prevail what would become of the rights of the Bishops? is asked. The article concludes with quoting from the "Apostolica Sedis" of Pious IX. to show that those who prevent directly the exercise of ecclesiastical authority by appealing for this purpose, are *ipso facto* excommunicated.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

Reception Into the Ladies' Section of the Holy Family Society.

Seldom has St. Ann's Church been the scene of a more imposing spectacle than that witnessed last Sunday evening, the occasion being the reception of new members in the Young Ladies' section of the Society of the Holy Family. After prayer, a short sermon was delivered by Rev. Father Girard, portraying some of the more prominent virtues of the Blessed Virgin, and at its conclusion, a number of new members were received. Then, as if moved by one mind, the hundreds of young ladies in the body of the church produced lighted tapers; the altar, under the hands of the sacristans, became a blaze of light, and the ladies, forming ranks, walked in procession through the aisles of the church. Acolytes, one of whom bore a crucifix, led the way, and in the rear, eight white-veiled ladies carried a beautifully-ornamented picture of the Mother of God, and were followed by the officiating priest with deacon and sub-deacon.

The procession was arrayed in such a manner, that when fully lined out it formed the initial letter of the Blessed Virgin's name, which seemed as a signal for the organ to peal forth, while the choir chanted that beautiful anthem, the "Magnificat."

The myriad of moving lights and the Children of Mary who carried them, formed a sight pleasing to the eye, while strains of the music and the words of the hymn, combined to awaken in the hearts of the hearers a feeling of renewed devotion to that glorious being in whose honor they were heard: to the Queen of Queens, the Queen of Heaven, the Mother of the Son of God.

The decorations of the altar and sanctuary were superb, and reflected great credit on the ladies who arranged them, and it may be said, en passant, that none but ladies could produce such an artistic effect.

After the procession came the Benediction, which closed a ceremony that shall be long remembered by those who witnessed it, and which shall always appear as a bright and pleasing event in the annals of St. Ann's Parish.

STRUCK A SISTER OF CHARITY.

A Hasty Blow That Brought More Pain to the Giver Than the Recipient.

"I struck a sister of charity not long ago," said a gentleman to an Indianapolis Journal reporter. "Struck one of them with my hand in anger." He paused for an instant as if meditating. I was completely dumfounded. I had known him for 20 years, and a more royal hearted, kindly disposed fellow, doesn't exist.

"Come, old fellow," said I, "surely you were either very ill or in your sleep." "No, sir," he said. "I will tell you about it, but please don't repeat it. I

have suffered enough all ready. It happened this way," he went on. "Business had been awful dull. Everything I tried turned out a failure. It was either a case of the wife won't sign the deeds or there was some blanket mortgage or something else that bobbed up at the last moment to spoil every trade I had on hand for two weeks or more, and I was blue and worried. On that particular afternoon I had just come into my office and found on my desk a note from a client that a certain trade I felt sure of making must fall through, as the wife in the case had concluded she would rather have a divorce with alimony than take her chances on getting a share of the proceeds from the sale of the property. I was almost furious. Just then two sisters came into the office. I saw them enter, but paid no further attention to them, turning to my desk to my work. In a moment a mild, clear voice over my shoulder said something about my giving for charity, or something like that. I impetuously threw out my hands with a sudden, impulsive movement, half in anger, by way of emphasis, declaring at the same time that I had nothing for myself. My hand, as I threw it up, came in contact with the outstretched white hand of the nun with a resounding whack. I had struck her hand a severe blow. I was on my feet in a moment to offer an apology. Never to my dying day will I forget my feelings at the moment I turned and faced the sister. She was standing, holding out her delicate white hand, while the great big tears stood in her eyes—yes, that seemed too expressively beautiful for this world. With the saddest smile in her pale face she said in a low, sweet, tone of voice, 'That blow was intended for me, sir; now what have you got for the poor?'

"What a terrible wretch I felt myself to be! I know the dear, kind woman saw my emotion; I know she understood it all, yet the thought that I had so far forgotten myself as to strike that little hand that was stretched out in humble appeal for the poor almost bereft me of my senses. I only had \$10 in my pocket. I laid that gently—aye, reverently—in her hand, adding as I did so that I wished it was a thousand."

THE C. M. B. A.

Branch 26 of the Grand Council of Canada Meets Last Monday Night.

The regular meeting of Branch 26, C.M.B.A. of the Grand Council of Canada, was held at Glenora Hall on Monday evening. The meeting was very largely attended. Mr. John H. Feeley, president, occupied the chair, and amongst those present were J.E.H. Howison, assistant grand secretary; Deputy Daudelin, Brother Ward, of Smith's Falls, Ont., and Brothers P. Reynolds, A. Brogan, N.P., Edward Jackson, J. Ryan, J. Coughlin, Wm. Palmer, Thomas F. Flynn, David Smith, Robert Warren, B. J. Doyle, J.J. Costigan, J. H. Sullivan, Owen Tansey, Daniel Dineen, Frank Collins, T. J. Finn, James Millow, J. McIntyre, James Manning, James Millway, B. Campbell, A.H. Hardy, A. Menzies, H. J. Ward and about twenty-five others.

There were several applications for admission to membership and one new member was initiated. President Feeley and First Vice-President Reynolds were elected the official representatives of the Branch to the Advisory Council. The report of the Advisory Council was read and approved. Grand Deputy Finn made a brief address on the present standing of the Association. A communication was read relative to the standing of Branch No. 117, of Joliette, P.Q. This Branch had at the beginning of the recent troubles in the association decided to await the decision of His Grace the Archbishop before taking any action as to which council it would attach itself.

His Grace having decided in favor of the Grand Council of Canada the branch has finally decided to conform to the view of His Grace, and will remain a part of the said council.

A. Brogan, N.P., was unanimously elected second vice-president of the branch, vice Brother T. J. Lyons, resigned.

Assistant Grand Secretary Howison made a brief address, as did Brother Ward, of Smith's Falls, Ont. The reports presented showed the branch to be in a most flourishing condition, and will shortly retain its old position as the banner branch.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

THE NONSENCE OF WOMEN'S OVERPLUS OF RAIMENT.

Lady Jeune is of the opinion that if women would but determine to discard the ornaments, the garnitures, the trimmings, and the stuffs of French manufacture, and return to the simplicity and plainness of dress which satisfied their mothers and grandmothers, they would give a stimulus to home production; and if they insisted on a certain standard of excellence in the material they purchased, they would soon find their example followed by women of all classes. As it is, she can only groan, in the pages of the National Review, over what she calls "the craze among women to overdress themselves and multiply their gowns." It is no uncommon thing, as she says, for people to wear four or five gowns a day. Gowns must be changed; morning, walking, afternoon, evening, each has its separate apparel; and the tea gown, which is an invention of the last few years, is perhaps the most gorgeous and extravagant article in the list. It used to be said that women dressed to please men. If so, says Lady Jeune, those days are passed. Now they dress to outvie one another.—*London Daily News.*

A WOMAN AT THE POST OFFICE.

"How many stamps do you sell for a quarter?" she said to the stamp clerk at the post office.

"Twenty-five one-cent ones or twelve two-cent ones, ma'am."

"Don't you give back the odd cent change?"

"Certainly."

"Are they the Columbian stamps or the old kind?"

"I can give you either."

"Don't the old style ones come a little cheaper now?"

"No ma'am."

"I thought they would. They're out of style, you know."

"The Government receives them the same as the new ones in payment of postage, and many people prefer them."

"But their red color doesn't match some styles of envelopes."

"I can't help that."

"Couldn't you sell me a dozen of the old two-cent ones for fifteen cents?"

"No, ma'am."

"Couldn't you on Friday?"

"No ma'am."

"But that's bargain day in the stores."

"Possibly, but not at the post office."

"When is your bargain day?"

"We don't have any."

"Not have any bargain day! Well, I never! And my husband told me the post office was run on business principles. Why, you don't know the first principles of business."

DO YOU? HOW?

Do you answer your letters?

"Of course we do," comes from an overwhelming chorus of voices that spurn the notion that the hastily scribbled notes are not answers to the epistles sent them by their numerous friends, yet hardly one woman in ten—yes, in twenty—really answers her letters.

Have we not all been to the verge of desperation by the anxiously awaited communication that is to set all our minds at rest on many points, arriving, and with apparently studied rudeness, the writer has skipped over every detail and question that prompted our own effusion, and indulging in hit or miss comment on ordinary happenings with a nonchalant disregard for our questions that was simply maddening.

Do not, in your anxiety to relate the social happenings or domestic troubles of your own circle, forget to be polite, for you are talking by mail, and though your questioner may be a hundred of miles away, he or she expects an answer, or they would not have asked you what may seem utterly trivial and unimportant to you, yet which interests them far more than the two or three pages of your own doings, criss-crossed until hieroglyphics would be clear in comparison.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

When the system is overloaded with impurity, the circulation sluggish, and the stomach out of order, as is often the case in spring time, there is no remedy so efficacious as Burdock Blood Bitters to remove every trace of impure matter and restore perfect health.

Hot Springs, U.S.A., has a paper called the *Thomas Cat*. Probably it is an evening print issuing midnight extras.



Thoroughly Sooted.

The woman who has once tried *Pearline* is suited. It suits millions of women who are using it; and millions more are following suit. It washes easily, to save your clothes and your strength; it cleans thoroughly, to save your time and your temper. Do you know that with *Pearline* there is little or no rubbing? It is the rub, rub, rubbing that wears out your clothes and wears off your paint. You will like *Pearline*, because it is sure; there is nothing like it, because it is safe.

Beware of imitations. 230 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Point du Chene Breakwater," will be received until Friday, the 8th day of June next, inclusively, for the reconstruction of the Breakwater at Point du Chene, Westmorland County, New Brunswick, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the Intercolonial Railway Station Agent's Office, Point du Chene, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

E. F. E. ROY,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 27th April, 1893. 41-2

Castor Fluid. Registered. A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth; a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cts. per bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 122 Mt. Lawrence street, Montreal.

When day is done, and sunshine's glow
Is fading into night,
'Tis comforting to all to know
That EDDY gives us light.

BUY only

EDDY'S
MATCHES.

THE BEST.

MAMMOTH WORKS:
HULL, CANADA.

FLOOR PAINT.

The Best in the World, Dry in 8 Hours and Harden the Floor as Marble.

"ISLAND CITY" PURE, READY-MIXED PAINT, in thirty different shades for inside and outside painting. "ISLAND CITY," the model factory of PAINTS and VARNISHES in the Dominion.

P. D. DODS & CO., Proprietors,

188 and 190 McGill Street, - - - - - Montreal.

THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS.

THE SPIRIT THAT ANIMATES IT.

The Following Article is Taken from
"The Franciscan Tertiary," the
Official Organ of the Order.

No institute can prosper if its members are not in earnest, if they do not take a whole-souled part in its work, if they have not an enthusiastic interest in its object.

What is the end and object of the Third Order? Grasp this once and you will know what should be in the mind of a true Tertiary.

St. Francis' mission, as revealed to him in the Church of St. Damian, was to restore the Church of God. What church think you, was meant? The Church of God and of St. Peter, infallible, indestructible, enduring to the end of time? No, it was the Church of God in the hearts of men. It was the renewal of their obedience to God, of their docility to their Pastors, of their loving friendliness to one another. This was his mission: and it was not sufficiently grand? It was a necessary one, too; the unlicensed passions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, throwing society into profound and appalling disorder, had almost entirely quenched the life by which they should live who shared in the redemption of Christ. To revive the supernatural life in men's hearts was the object of all St. Francis said and did. He had this end more particularly in view when instituting the Third Order.

The supernatural life depends upon obedience to God, upon the observance of His law, which was a law of love. "I promise," says the Tertiary, "I promise the Almighty God, the Virgin Immaculate, Father Saint Francis and all the Saints, all the course of my life, to observe the Divine Commandments as laid down in the Rule of the Brothers of Penance."

This is the fundamental precept of the Rule of the Third Order: the observance of the law of God. The first and greatest Commandment of the law is to love the Lord God above all things, with all one's heart and mind. The second Commandment, in every way like to the first and inseparable from it is, to love one's neighbor as one's self. The whole spirit, the whole intention of the Third Order, is the love of our God and the love of our neighbor.

To effect this most excellent end every part of the Rule is directed. The love of God cannot be in our hearts if they are not practised in Christian virtue. Therefore they who belong to the Third Order must live a humble life, for humility is the foundation of Christian perfection. The humility is not to be of the heart or mind alone, but must be practical by the avoidance of all parade and show, and of everything savoring of pride, and by being content with one's station in life. To

the beautiful virtue of humility the Tertiary is to join the virtue of mortification, one every way worthy of the followers of a crucified master. He will be willing as far as he is able, to fast and abstain not only when obliged by the law of the Church, but even at other times during the year. He will avoid what is sensual and whatever entertainments are unbecoming the presence of a Christian. As a remembrance of the kind of life he has promised, each Tertiary carries around his waist a cord, in symbol of mortification and penance. From the virtues of humility and mortification obedience and respect due to those in authority may not be separated. Unlimited reverence to the Church of Christ is therefore enjoined. Married women, in proof of their dependence on their husbands, are not admitted without the consent of the latter. All who belong to the Order are bound to be subject to those who are elected superiors. And since men can do nothing without the aid of heaven, the Tertiary has daily recourse to prayer. He recites the Office imposed upon him by his Rule, he is careful to assist at daily mass and to frequent the Sacraments of Penance and of the Eucharist, from which he may not be absent longer than a month. And besides all this he will be jealous of his personal sanctification and exercise himself in every Christian virtue which his condition in life permits.

The space available will not permit consideration of the manner in which the Third Order tends to make its members observant of the commandment to love one's neighbor. This point however requires little explanation.

Tertiaries of St. Francis should not rest satisfied with having their names entered as members, or with the dry recital of a few prayers. They should think often and long of the spirit of the Order, they should strive daily to make it their own, and so doing would grow constantly in love of God and of their neighbor, they would fulfil a title to all they had promised in their profession, and prove themselves true children of St. Francis, and active members of the Church of God upon earth.

Just full of improvements—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. To begin with they're the smallest, and the easiest to take. They're tiny, sugar-coated antibilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Every child is ready for them.

Then, after they're taken, instead of disturbing and shocking the system, they act in a mild, easy, and natural way. There's no chance for any reaction afterward. Their help lasts. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're put up in glass vials, which keep them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in wooden or pasteboard boxes.

And they're the cheapest pills you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the good you get.

DAN MCCARTHY'S SONGS.

As Sung by Him in the "Rambler from Clare"

Do Not Weep, Dear Mother.
Rosie Dwyer—Molly Malone.
The Birth Place of Blarney.
Dear O' Friends. Mr. McCarthy and Miss St. George Hussey's big hit.
The Boat that First Brought Me Over.
Everybody's Favorite Song Sweet Nellie Bawn.
Dying in a British Soldier's Grave.
Mary Jane Casey from the County Mayo.
Dreaming as She Sleeps, and fifty other popular songs, can be had in Kelly's Songster No. 50 Price 10 cents. P. KELLY, Song Publisher, Box #20, Montreal, Can.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our Breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame.—*Civil Service Gazette.*"

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.
10-18c0w-91

AN ANCASTER MIRACLE.

RESTORED TO HEALTH AFTER BEING GIVEN UP BY FOUR DOCTORS.

The Remarkable Case of a Copetown Lady—Afflicted With Paralysis, Suffering Intense Agony and Pronounced Incurable—She is Again Restored to Health and Vigor—She Tells Her Story for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

Dundas Star.

During the past two years many of our most reputable exchanges have given accounts of wonderful cures occurring in the localities in which they were published. These cures were all effected by a remedy that has made for itself the most remarkable reputation of any medicine ever brought before the notice of the public; so remarkable indeed that it is a constant theme of conversation, and the name among the most familiar household words. We refer to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Many of the cases published told the story of people given up by the doctors, and who were on the very threshold of the other world when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to their notice. The cases reported were in most instances distant from Dundas, and for this reason might not be considered of more than passing interest. For the past month, however, the report was current in town of a wonderful cure accomplished by these same pills in the township of Ancaster. It was stated that Mrs. D. S. Horning, wife of a prominent farmer, residing about a mile west of the village of Copetown and seven miles from Dundas, had been given up by the doctors and that she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. So great was the interest taken in the case that The Star decided to investigate it, and a few days ago a representative went up to the Horning homestead for that purpose. In passing through Copetown he learned that very little else was talked of but the remarkable recovery of Mrs. Horning. Possibly the fact that both Mrs. Horning and her husband were born in the immediate neighborhood, and are presumably known to everybody in the country around, increases the interest in the case. The Star man on arriving at the Horning residence was admitted by Mrs. Horning herself. She looked the picture of health, and it was hard to believe that she was the same woman who was at death's door four months ago. In answer to the question as to whether she had any objection to giving a history of her case for publication, Mrs. Horning replied that she had not. "I consider that my recovery was simply miraculous; I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills all the credit, and I am willing that everybody should know about it." Mrs. Horning then gave the following history of her remarkable recovery:—

"A year ago I was taken ill with what the doctor called spinal affection, which finally resulted in partial paralysis, my legs from the knees down being completely dead. My tongue was also paralyzed. On the first of July last I took to my bed, where I laid for four months. No tongue can tell what I suffered. I was sensible all the time and knew everything that was going on, but I could not sleep for the intense pain in my head. Our family doctor said I could not live, and three other doctors called in consultation agreed with him. I felt myself that it would be only a short time until death would relieve me of my sufferings. Neighbors came in; 25 or 30 every day, and every time they went away expecting that it was the last time they would see me alive. I quit taking doctor's medicine and gave up all hope. About four months ago a friend came in and read an account in the Toronto Weekly News of the miraculous recovery of an old soldier named E. P. Hawley, an inmate of the Michigan Soldier's Home, at Grand Rapids. The story he told exactly tallied with my condition, and it was on that account that I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. When I began taking Pink Pills I was so ill that I could only take half a pill at a time for the first few days. Then I was able to take a whole one after each meal, and have continued taking them. After I had taken over a box I began to experience strange tingling sensation all over my body, and from that out I began to improve. In a month I could walk with a cane or by using a chair, from one room to another. My general health also im-

proved. In fact my experience was like that of the old soldier, whose case had induced me to give the pills a trial. While taking the pills at the outset I had my legs bathed with vinegar and salt and rubbed briskly. It is now four months since I began taking the Pink Pills, and from a living skeleton, racked incessantly with pain, I have as you see been transformed into a comparatively well woman. I am doing my own housework this week and am free from all pain and sleep well. When my neighbors came to see me they are amazed, and I can tell you there is great faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in this section, and many are using them. When I began taking Pink Pills I made up my mind that if I got better I would have the case published for the benefit of others and I am glad you called as I am sure I would now be dead if it had not been for Pink Pills."

Mrs. Horning stated that she purchased the Pink Pills at Mr. Comport's drug store in Dundas, and Mr. Comport informed us that his sales of Pink Pills are large and constantly increasing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark (printed in red ink) and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, for by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

FOR SEVERE COLDS.

GENTLEMEN,—I had a severe cold, for which I took Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I find it an excellent remedy, giving prompt relief and pleasant to take. J. PAYNTER, Huntsville, Ont.

(TO THE TRADE.)
Porter, Teskey & Co.,
 454 & 456 St. James St.,
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 HAVE FURNISHED 35,000 BELLS
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The finest quality of Bells for Churches, Churches, Schools, etc. Fully warranted. Write for Catalogue and Price List.
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 A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Halls, Schools, etc. Superior for guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free.
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 Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S Syrup of Wild Cherry.
 For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.

COVERNTON'S Pile Ointment.
 Will be found superior to all others for all kinds of Piles. Price 25 cents.
 Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 111 Henry street, corner of Dorchester street.

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YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.
 THE DOLL'S SERMON.
 A story of a speaking doll is told by a friend of Edison's in New York, which points out that these new toys may act as moral teacher to the young. Edison's friend had a little daughter four years old, who, in spite of scoldings, and punishment, could not be cured of a habit of telling stories. The father brought home a specially charged doll as a present for the little girl. The child played with the doll for a day without noticing anything different in it from her other dolls. On the morning of the second day, however, the doll made its voice heard. The little girl gave her mother an untruthful answer to a question that was put to her; whereupon the doll, which was in her arms at that moment, said solemnly: "Little girl never tell lies; never, never, tell lies." The child stared at the doll, and laid it down on the carpet. Since that time she cannot be persuaded to touch her plaything; but the timely warning has cured her more effectually of her bad habit than any whipping or scolding could do.

THEIEVING CROW.
 "The crow is the brainiest thing that wears feathers," asserted P. C. Flower, addressing the Mendacity Club at the Laclede. "What he doesn't know is hardly worth finding out. You can fool any other bird with a scarecrow, but this black pirate of the air can tell a bundle of old clothes from a real live man as readily as a skilled naturalist can distinguish between a dude and a dodo. Some years ago I was conducting a dry-goods and notion store at Nashville. I had a pet crow that was always hopping around the store. I was continually missing articles from the notion counter, and I was not familiar with the utter depravity of the crow tribe. I attributed the petty thefts to shoplifters. One day a one hundred dollar bill disappeared from the cash desk, and I then hired a detective to watch the store. He was not long in spotting the thief. "Mr. Crow flew away with a skein of silk thread, and he was followed. He deposited it in a hollow oak tree in the rear of the building, and came back for another haul. We cut down the tree and found it to contain more than a bushel of notions of all kinds, and among the lot was my one hundred dollar bill. He was the most successful shoplifter I ever knew. We empanelled a mock court, tried the offender, and passed sentence, or simply realized that his occupation was gone, I do not know, but with a loud croak he flew away, and we never saw him again."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOW TO DO GOOD.
 Dr. Johnson wisely said: "He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything." Life is made up of little things. It is but once in an age that an occasion is offered for doing a great deed. True greatness consists in being great in little things. How are railroads built? By one shovel of dirt after another; one shovel at a time. Thus, drops make the ocean. Hence, we should all be willing to do a little good at a time, and never "wait to do a great deal of good at once." If we would do much good in the world, we must be satisfied to do good in little things, little acts, one after another, speaking a word here and setting a good example all the time; we must do the first thing we can and the next, and then the next, and then the next, so keep on doing good. This is the way to accomplish anything. Thus only shall we do all the good in our power.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla.

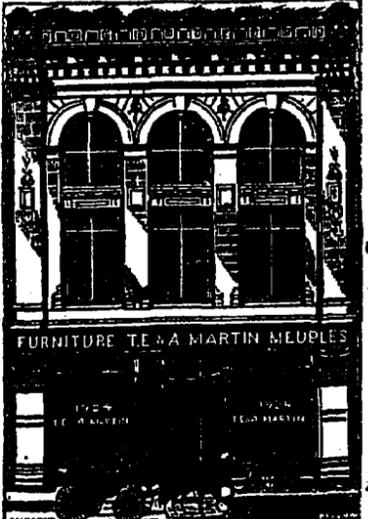
VISITOR: Don't you think it possible that a pardon may be procured for the poor man? His offence was not great, and further confinement will kill him. **WARDEN:** I'm afraid it is impossible. The crime he committed was not sufficiently atrocious to interest the public in his case.

THE BEST REMEDY.
 DEAR SIRS,—I was greatly troubled with weakness, loss of appetite, restlessness and sleeplessness, and found B. E. B., the most strengthening and beneficial medicine I have taken. Miss HASKILL, 84 Huxley St., Toronto, Ont.

T. E. & A. MARTIN,

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 A FEW DOORS WEST OF BALMORAL HOTEL

T. E. & A. MARTIN,

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "Harry Lorrequer," "Jack Hinton the Guardsman," "Charles O'Malley the Irish Dragoon," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"Was it pleasant? Was it jolly? Were the girls looking lovely? Was the Champagne-cup well iced? Was every body charming? Tell me all about it. Let me have second-hand pleasure, since I can't afford the new article."

"It was pretty much like every other small ball here, where the garrison get all the prettiest girls for partners, and take the mammas down to supper after."

"Cunning dogs, who secure flirtation above stairs and food below! What are the gayeties in prospect? Are any of my old flames about to get married?"

"I didn't know you had any."

"Have I not! I believe half the parish of St. Peter's might proceed against me for breach of promise; and if the law allowed me as many wives as Brigham Young, I'd be still disappointing a large and interesting section of society in the suburbs."

"They have made a seizure on the office of the Pike, and carried off the press and the whole issue, and are in eager pursuit after Madden, the editor."

"What for? What is it all about?"

"A new ballad he has published; but which, for the matter of that, they were singing at every corner as I came along."

"Was it good? Did you buy a copy?"

"Buy a copy? I should think not!"

"Couldn't your patriotism stand the test of a penny?"

"It might, if I wanted the production, which I certainly did not; besides there is a run upon this, and they are selling it at sixpence."

"Hurrah! There's hope for Ireland, after all! Shall I sing it for you, old fellow? Not that you deserve it. English corruption has damped the little Irish ardor that old rebellion once kindled in your heart; and if you could get rid of your brogue, you're ready to be loyal, you shall hear it, however, all the same." And taking up a very damaged looking guitar, he struck a few bold chords, and begun:

Is there anything more we can fight or can hate for?
The 'drop' and the famine have made our ranks thin,
In the name of endurance, then, what do we wait for?
Will nobody give us the word to begin?

Some brothers have left us in sadness and sorrow,
In despair of the cause they had sworn to win;
They own'd they were sick of that cry of "to-morrow,"
Not a man would believe that we meant to begin.

We've been ready for months—is there one can deny it?
Is there any one here thinks rebellion a sin?
We counted the cost—and we did not deary it,
And asked for no more than the word to begin.

At Vinegar Hill, when our fathers were fighters,
With numbers against them, they cared not a pin,
They needed no orders from newspaper writers
To tell them the day it was time to begin.

To sit down here in sadness and silence to hear it,
Is harder to face than the battle's loud din,
'Tis the same that will kill me—I vow it,
I swear it!
Nor or never's the time, if we mean to begin."

There was a wild rapture in the way he struck the last chords, that, if it did not evince ecstasy, seemed to counterfeit enthusiasm.

"Very poor doggerel, with all your bravura," said Kearney, sneeringly.

"What would you have? I only got three-and-six for it."

"You! Is that thing yours?"

"Yes, sir; that thing is mine. And the Castle people think somewhat more gravely about it than you do."

"At which you are pleased, doubtless?"

"Not pleased, but proud, Master Dick, let me tell you. It is a very stimulating reflection to the man who dines on an onion, that he can spoil the digestion of another fellow who has been eating turtle."

"But you may have to go to prison for this."

"Not if you don't peach on me, for you are the only one knows the authorship. You see, Dick, these things are done cautiously. They are dropped into

a letter-box with an initial letter, and a clerk hands the payment to some of those itinerant hags that sing the melody, and who can be trusted with the secret as implicitly as the briber at a borough election."

"I wish you had a better livelihood, Joe."

"So do I, or that my present one paid better. The fact is, Dick, patriotism never was worth much as a career till one got to the top of the profession. But if you mean to sleep at all, old fellow, 'it's time to begin,' and he chanted out the last words in a clear and ringing tone as he banged the door behind him.

CHAPTER IV.

AT "TRINITY."

It was while the two young men were seated at breakfast that the post arrived, bringing a number of country newspapers, for which, in one shape or other, Joe Atlee wrote something. Indeed, he was an "own correspondent," dating from London, or Paris, or occasionally from Rome, with an easy freshness and a local color that vouched for authenticity. These journals were of every political tint, from emerald-green to the deepest orange; and, indeed, between two of them—the Tipperary Pike, and the Boyne Water, hailing from Carrickfergus—there was a controversy of such violence and intemperance of language that it was a curiosity to see the two papers on the same table: the fact being capable of explanation, that they were both written by Joe Atlee—a secret, however, that he had not confided even to his friend Kearney.

"Will that fellow that signs himself Terry O'Toole in the Pike stand this?" cried Kearney, reading aloud from the Boyne Water:

"We know the man who corresponds with you under the signature of Terry O'Toole, and it is but one of the aliases under which he has lived since he came out of the Richmond Bridewell, filcher, forger, and false witness. There is yet one thing he has never tried, which is to behave with a little courage. If he should, however, be able to persuade himself, by the aid of his accustomed stimulants, to accept the responsibility of what he has written, we bind ourselves to pay his expenses to any part of France or Belgium, where he will meet us; and we shall also bind ourselves to give him what his life entitles him to, a Christian burial afterward.

NO SURRENDER."

"I am just reading the answer," said Joe. "It is very brief: here it is:

"If 'No Surrender'—who has been a news vendor in your establishment since you yourself rose from that employ to the editor's chair—will call at this office any morning after distributing his eight copies of your daily issue, we promise to give him such a kicking as he has never experienced during his literary career."

"TERRY O'TOOLE."

"And these are the amenities of journalism!" cried Kearney.

"For the matter of that, you might exclaim at the quack doctor of a fair, and ask, 'Is this the dignity of medicine?'" said Joe. "There's a head and a tail to every walk in life; even the law has a chief-justice at one end and Jack Ketch at the other."

"Well, I sincerely wish that those blackguards would first kick and then shoot each other."

"They'll do nothing of the kind! It's just as likely that they wrote the whole correspondence at the same table, and with the same jug of punch between them."

"If so, I don't envy you your career or your comrades."

"It's a lottery with big prizes in the wheel all the same! I could tell you the names of great swells, Master Dick, who have made very proud places for themselves in England by what you call 'journalism.' In France it is the one road to eminence. Cannot you imagine, besides, what capital fun it is to be able to talk to scores of people you were never introduced to—to tell them an infinity of things on public matters, or now and then about themselves; and in so many moods as you have tempers, to warn them, scold, compassionate, correct, console, or abuse them—to tell them not to be over-confident, or bumptious, or purple-proud."

"And who are you, may I ask, who presume to do all this?"

"That's as it may be. We are occasionally Guizot, Thiers, Prevot-Paardol, Lytton, Disraeli, or Joe Atlee."

"Modest, at all events."

"And why not say what I feel—not what I have done, but what is in me to do? Can't you understand that it would never occur to me that I could vault over a five-bar gate if I had been born a cripple; but the conscious possession of a little pliant muscularity might well tempt me to try it."

"And get a cropper for your pains."

"Be it so. Better the cropper than pass one's life looking over the top rail and envying the fellow that had cleared it. But what's this? Here's a letter here: it got in among the newspapers. I say, Dick, do you stand this sort of thing?" said he, as he read the address.

"Stand what sort of thing?" asked the other, half angrily.

"Why, to be addressed in this fashion? The Honorable Richard Kearney, Trinity College, Dublin."

"It is from my sister," said Kearney, as he took the letter impatiently from his hand; "and I can only tell you, if she had addressed me otherwise, I'd not have opened her letter."

"But come now, old fellow, don't lose temper about it. You have a right to this designation, or you have not—"

"I'll spare all your eloquence by simply saying that I do not look on you as a Committee of Privilege, and I'm not going to plead before you. Besides," added he, "it's only a few minutes ago you asked me to credit you for something you had not yet shown yourself to be, but that you intended and felt that the world should see you were one of these days."

"So then you really mean to bring your claim before the Lords?"

Kearney, if he heard, did not heed this question, but went on to read his letter. "Here's a surprise!" cried he. "I was telling you the other day about a certain cousin of mine we were expecting from Italy."

"The daughter of that swindler, the mock prince?"

"The man's character I'll not stand up for, but his rank and title are alike indisputable," said Kearney, haughtily.

"With all my heart. We have soared into a high atmosphere all this day, and I hope my respiration will get used to it in time. Read away."

It was not till after a considerable interval that Kearney had recovered composure enough to read, and, when he did so, it was with a brow furrowed with irritation:

"KILGOBBIN."

"MY DEAR DICK—We had just sat down to tea last night, and papa was fidgeting about the length of time his letter to Italy had remained unacknowledged, when a sharp ring at the house-door started us. We had been hearing a good deal of searches for arms lately in the neighborhood, and we looked very blankly at each other for a moment. We neither of us said so, but I feel sure our thoughts were on the same track, and that we believed Captain Rock, or the head centre, or whatever be his latest title, had honored us with a call. Old Matthew seemed of the same mind too, for he appeared at the door with that venerable blunderbuss we have so often played with, and which, if it had any evil thoughts in its head, I must have been tried for a murder years ago, for I know it was loaded since I was a child, but that the lock has for the same space of time not been on speaking terms with the barrel. While, then, thus confirmed in our suspicions of mischief by Mat's warlike aspect, we both rose from the table, the door opened, and a young girl rushed in, and fell—actually threw herself—in on papa's arms. It was Nina herself, who had come all the way from Rome alone, that is, without any one she knew, and made her way to us here, without any other guidance than her own good wits.

"I cannot tell you how delighted we are with her. She is the loveliest girl I ever saw, so gentle, so nicely mannered, so soft-voiced, and so winning—I feel myself like a peasant beside her. The least thing she says—her laugh, her slightest gesture, the way she moves about the room, with a sort of swinging grace, which I thought affected at first, but now I see is quite natural—is only another of her many fascinations.

"I fancied for a while that her features were almost too beautifully regular for expression, and that even when she smiled and showed her lovely teeth, her eyes got no increase of brightness; but, as I talked more with her, and learned to know her better, I saw that those eyes have meanings of softness and depth in

them of wonderful power, and stranger than all, an archness that shows she has plenty of humor.

"Her English is charming, but slightly foreign; and when she is at a loss for a word, there is just that much of difficulty in finding it which gives a beautifully calm face, and makes it lovely. You may see how she has fascinated me, for I could go on raving about her for hours.

"She is very anxious to see you, and asks me over and over again: Shall you like her? I was almost candid enough to say 'too well.' I mean that you could not help falling in love with her, my dear Dick; and she is so much above us in style, in habit, and doubtless in ambition, that such would be only madness. When she saw your photo she smiled, and said: 'Is he not superb—I meant proud?' I owned you were, and then she added: 'I hope he will like me.' I am not, perhaps, discreet if I tell you she does not like the portrait of your chum, Atlee. She says 'he is very good-looking, very clever, very witty, but isn't he false?' and this she says over and over again. I told her I believed not; that I had never seen him myself, but that I knew you liked him greatly, and felt to him as a brother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

His Application for the Chiltern Hundreds.

A London despatch published in last night's Star says: Michael Davitt, anti-Parnellite member for North Cork, has applied for the Chiltern Hundreds.

This means the resignation of his seat in parliament. Although the Bankruptcy act allows a man six months' grace after he has been declared a bankrupt, Mr. Davitt prefers retiring at once. He said to-day that his conscience would not allow him to remain in Parliament on sufferance. Mr. Davitt's financial troubles were caused by the costs attendant upon the North Meath election contest.

A later despatch says that Mr. Redmond, Mr. Harrington and other prominent Parnellites condemn Mr. Mahoney's action in pressing for costs, and thus driving Mr. Davitt into bankruptcy.

Mr. Davitt has steadily refused many offers of money subscribed to pay his costs, and, as his bankruptcy is a pure misfortune, he could easily obtain from the courts a first class certificate, enabling him to retain his seat in Parliament, which he now resigns.

From the Hamilton Herald of May 5, 1883.

AT REST IN HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Remains of the late Bernard Smith Buried To-day.

The body of the late Bernard Smith was laid to rest this morning in Holy Sepulchre cemetery, a large number of friends being present. Branche 37 and 56 of the C. M. B. A. of this city were represented in the procession, besides Branch 84, Montreal, of which the deceased had been president. The Montreal delegates were F. H. Murphy and James Lowe, and the chief representatives of the local branches were J. B. Latremouille, president of 37, and A. F. Filgiano, president of 56. Rev. Father Hinchey said High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, and Rev. Father Hiley read the services at the grave. The pallbearers were: John Ronan, John Brick, J. B. Latremouille, Frank Bardett, J. M. Brown, N. Gaudet. The deceased, who was a moulder, was a resident of this city a good many years ago, but had since lived in Montreal until a few weeks ago, when he removed to this city.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

No. 1482.

SUPERIOR COURT.

DANIE ODILE MORAND, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of CLEOPHAS CHENETTE, trader, of the same place, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against her said husband.

Montreal, May 5th, 1883.

DUPUIS & LOUSSIER,

42-5

Attorneys for Plaintiff.

PERSONAL—LEGITIMATE DETECTIVE WORK in connection with burglaries, forgeries, blackmailing schemes, mysterious disappearances, and all detective work in criminal and civil business promptly attended to by the Canadian Secret Service. Offices, Temple Building, Montreal. Office Telephone: 181. Private Telephones: 4658 and 6049. JOHN A. GROSE, Supt. Commercial Work; SILLAS E. CARPENTER, Supt. Criminal Work.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FROM NEW YORK TABLET.

Governor Flower has denied the application for clemency to Carlyle W. Harris.

The fleet of warships in the harbor was visited by thousands of people during the week.

Governor Flower signed a number of bills relating to New York City, among them the Bryant Park bill.

The clothing firm of A. H. King & Co. has failed. Liabilities, about \$250,000 nominal assets, same amount.

The police again closed up Pete Cooper's glue factory Tuesday, as a nuisance, and arrested Supt. Frank F. Williams.

A tribe of seventy men and women from the Congo Free State and Dahomy started on their way to the World's Fair from Ellis Island Tuesday.

Internal Revenue Collector Nathan has appointed ex-Assemblyman Charles A. Conroddy to be his chief deputy, to succeed the late Allen P. Nichols.

Two cases of typhus fever were discovered on board the White Star steamship *Nomadic* after she reached her pier Monday; the vessel was quarantined for eight days.

Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt will expend \$30,000 towards enlarging the home of the Railroad Men's Club, at Forty-fifth street and Madison avenue, for which plans have been completed.

Commissioner Daly, Dr. Cyrus Edson and others raided nuisances in the Croton watershed district from Pawling to Mount Kisco on Saturday, 29th ult., and ordered many buildings removed.

T. P. O'CONNOR.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE STATESMAN AND JOURNALIST.

The remarkable man who, having founded the *Star* and then the *Sunday Sun*, has now founded the *Weekly Sun*, and promises in a few brief months to illuminate the metropolitan firmaments with an *Evening Sun*, has for some years now been quite an institution in English public life, says the *London Speaker*.

As politician and journalist, orator and picturesque descriptive writer, Irish obstructionist and Radical agitator, biographer, translator, critic, we have had to consider him in many aspects, and have done so from time to time with somewhat puzzled feelings.

Not always, let it be avowed, have Englishmen been willing to suffer "Tay Pay" gladly. There were those who were heard to resent the notion of this expansive Irishman coming over, like a Goth to old Rome, and making London his toy. Some criticised his taste, and didn't like it; others, as if it were an exception among politicians, said he was egotistical. But all that was before. T. P. was understood as well as he is now, or rather, to put it better, it was before he conquered us.

In the House he is now as popular with his opponents as he is with his friends; and his friends inside and outside of Parliament have become legion. Even Mr. Punch, who was not too kindly minded when he first immortalized him as "Tay Pay," has taken him to his bosom. It would be as hard now to imagine our House of Commons and our press without their "Tay Pay," as it would be to conceive them without their Labby.

Mr. O'Connor has, in fact, grown upon us. We have found that there is more in him both as politician and journalist, than at first we were, perhaps, inclined to believe. Mr. O'Connor passes in the common opinion as par excellence the facile journalist; a man who can reel you off yards of brilliant diction on almost any subject, at a moment's notice, without thinking or pausing; and that, no doubt, he is. But it would be a great mistake to deduce a notion of superficiality from the copious eloquence of T. P. As a matter of fact he is both a vigorous thinker in politics and literature, a critic of lucid judgment and a man of ripe and wide culture, grounded upon a sound education.

It is amusing to see the advice he sometimes gives in his paper—apparently in all sincerity—to aspiring journalists. He warns them against imitating "those unhappy creatures who are so afraid of not being exactly correct in every syllable as to stand shivering on

the brink of a sentence. Write whenever and wherever your can," says T. P., "and always write in a hurry."

It is as a parliamentary chronicler that T. P. is pre-eminent. It has been well remarked that the difference between him and other describers of parliamentary scenes is that he seems to describe from within, while the others write simply from the outside. Mr. O'Connor transfers to his page not merely the varying aspects, but the varying moods and passions of the House; the undercurrent of tragedy which so often runs through its proceedings throbs again in his eloquent sentences. He is himself of its life.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Bishop McCluskey, of Louisville, Ky., will celebrate his episcopal jubilee on May 24.

Mgr. Nemesche, rector of the Catholic University of Louvain, is dead. He was connected with the institution for forty years.

Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J., has an able article on "Free Masonry in the United States" in the current issue of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*.

Rev. J. J. Russell, pastor of St. Peter's church, Columbia, Pa., died at 3 o'clock Friday morning at the rectory, of catarrhal pneumonia, after an illness of week, aged 61 years.

Archbishop Elder, the venerable metropolitan of Cincinnati, complete his 74th year last week but is still hale, hearty and active, and attends to all the calls of his extensive archdiocese.

Archbishop Feehan, who has been removing his cathedral in order that it may appear better in the eyes of the countless visitors who will go to Chicago this year, expects to have the renovations complete by the date of the opening of the World's fair. Chicago has some handsome Catholic churches.

Cardinal Giordani, whose death was announced the other day, was created in the private consistory which Leo XIII. held March 14, 1888, and in which he also created the elder Cardinal Vannucelli and Cardinals Aloisi Gasella, Di Biase and Rampolla del Tindaro; the latter now Papal secretary of state.

During May the following prelates will observe anniversaries of their consecration: Archbishop Elder, Janssens and Corrigan, Bishops Moore, Kain, Ryan of Meon, Spalding, McCluskey, Cnatard, Meraz, Gabriels, Ludden, and Bourgade. The last Sunday of the month will be the first anniversary of the death of Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield, for whom suitable services will be held at St. Michael's Cathedral in that city.

Archbishop Katzer is improving the interior of the cathedral, and the renovations, when complete, promise to render the church one of the handsomest Catholic edifices in the West. Congregational singing has recently been introduced in the parish by the rector, Rev. Father Keogh, and the Sunday evening services, at which such singing takes place, are said to be successful and more than heretofore attractive.

Two mysterious fires occurred last week in Catholic churches at Milwaukee, and their character and the circumstances attending them point to the belief that they were both of incendiary origin, and the work either of an insane freak or an anti-Catholic bigot. Should the A.P.A. go into this sort of business, its down fall will come all the sooner than if it dies of the disgrace to which it is certainly doomed in this country.

It would be characteristic of Leo XIII. to give Scotland a cardinal at the next consistory. The Holy Father has had very affectionate regard for the Scottish church since it fell to his lot, in the first year of his pontificate, to carry out the uncompleted designs of his predecessor by restoring the Scotch hierarchy. Of course, if such a cardinal be named, the red hat will go to the recently preconized archbishop of Edinburg, Monseigneur Macdonald.

Rev. Francis M. Craft, the Indian missionary, who has aboriginal blood in his own veins, has established a community of Indian sisters at the Sacred Heart Mission at Fort Berthold, Garfield county, N. D., of which he has the care. All the sisters of this community are of Indian or mixed parentage, and the process is of pure aboriginal descent. This mission is located in the diocese of Jamestown, of which Bishop Shanley is the ordinary.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS ON LITERARY SUBJECTS.

Rosetti's Love Story—Some Common Blunders—Novellists and Their Characters—The Element of Mystery—Short Notes About Authors.

When Gabriel Dante Rosetti was a boy he was deeply in love with a young girl; and having a poet's gift he sang a love in numerous sonnets and verses to her. She died young, and by her wish the manuscripts of these poems were placed in a casket and laid under her head so that even in the last sleep they should be as they always had been—kept beneath her pillow. Years passed by, and Rosetti's fame grew until every line of his composition became precious, and some of those who prized his writing most asked him for copies of the songs that had been buried. He had kept no copies, or they had been lost. At all events he could furnish none, and when they asked him to rewrite the verses he declared that he was utterly unable to do so. At last his friends importuned him for permission to have the original manuscripts exhumed. He consented after some hesitation, and, all the necessary preliminaries having been complied with, the grave, which had been sealed for many years, was opened in the presence of a wondering few. Then a strange thing was found. The casket containing the poems had proven to be of perishable material and its cover had crumbled away. The long tresses of the girl had grown after death and had twined and intertwined among the leaves of the poet's paper, coiling around the written words of love in a loving embrace long after death had sealed the lips and dimmed the eyes that had made response to that love.

"Literary Blunders."

This is the title of a book just published by Professor Wheatley. It gives the story of many interesting blunders, perpetuated on account of the impossibility of calling in a whole edition after it has once been scattered. It also gives some of the common blunders of ignorance, like "bumping against Scylla and Charybdis." "It has generally been supposed," says the author, naively, "that Scylla only was a rock." This fine satire will probably be lost upon an average reader, who may think that the learned professor did not know himself.

One interesting perpetuated blunder, into which most of us have probably fallen without taking the trouble to look about us, is the use of the word "animalculum" in the plural. There is no such plural, as any Latin scholar knows at once if he stops to think. *Animalcula* is the plural of *animalculum*, and yet one fancies that it would require some courage to use "animalculi" in the plural in a mixed assembly without explaining, so strongly has this particular error taken root. The best word to use is, of course, the English plural *animalcules*, but most people cling to the incorrect Latin with great pertinacity.

Verifying Novellists' Characters.

In the new English edition of the Bronte novels, it is said, "the places and persons of the books will be carefully verified." We have little belief in careful verifications of this kind. We doubt if any novelist ever made an actual portrait of any one person; and for an editor and annotator to impale real people as the originals of certain characters is often to do a foolish and cruel wrong. The reader must inevitably ascribe to the person named the characteristics set forth in the book—often, if not generally, a wholly unjust proceeding. It is a pity that there should so often be connected with standard edition of well-known works this element of what is little more than petty village gossip.

Where is My Dog.

This is the title of a book by the Rev. Charles Joseph Adams, of Roundout, N. Y. The subject provides the opportunity to bring out a fund of anecdote relating to dogs and other animals, which is rich and enjoyable. The manner of the writer is very fascinating. One of his purposes, Mr. Adams tells his readers, is "to call attention to the fact that man possesses the physical faculties in common with the beast. . . . To attempt to show that in a degree the lower animal has the intellectual, moral and spiritual faculties in common with man." The many incidents of intelligence and tender sentiment that are given should incline the reader of the book to consider animals, especially those of the domestic sort, more kindly, even if he be not convinced of their possessing all the faculties delineated by Mr. Adams.

Cardinal Manning's Essays.

The late Cardinal Manning's only contribution to secular literature—a collection of essays, mostly on abstract subjects—will shortly be published in London.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR GRAIN, ETC.

Flour.—Prices are quoted as follows:—

Patent Spring	\$4.15 @ \$4.25
Patent Winter	4.10 @ 4.20
Straight Roller	3.85 @ 3.90
Extra	3.00 @ 3.25
Superfine	2.60 @ 2.80
Fine	2.35 @ 2.50
City Strong Bakers	4.00 @ 4.15
Manitoba Bakers	3.50 @ 4.05
Ontario bags—extra	1.40 @ 1.50
Straight Rollers	1.70 @ 1.80
Superfine	1.30 @ 1.45
Fine	1.10 @ 1.20

Outmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.05 to \$4.20, standard \$3.90 to \$4.00. In bags, granulated and rolled \$2.00 to \$2.10, and standard \$1.90 to \$2.00.

Mill Feed.—Bran is quoted at \$14 to \$14.50. Sales at points west of Toronto have been made at \$12 f.o.b. Shorts are quoted here at \$16, and moultrie at \$19 to \$21.

Wheat—No. 2 hard Manitoba wheat about Montreal, on p.t., but it is believed that prices were in the vicinity of 83c; No. 2 hard 1, offered at 74c Fort William, with a 7c freight to Montreal.

Corn.—Prices continue nominal at 61c to 63c duty paid.

Peas.—Peas are quiet but not without enquiry, sales of 5,000 bushels being reported at 73c in store and a lot of 3,000 bushels at 74c " 60 lbs. A float there have been sales at 74c to 75c.

Wheat.—We quote 36c to 37c in store and 38c about per 40 lbs.

Barley.—Here the market is very quiet at 40c to 42c for feed and 50c to 52c for milling grades.

Malt.—We quote 65c to 75c as to quantity and quality.

Rye.—Sales of car lots are reported at 53c to 54c in store.

Buckwheat.—Sales of a few cars at 55c and 56c.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard &c.—We quote:—

Canada short cut pork per bbl.	\$21.00 @ \$23.00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.	20.00 @ 20.50
Chicago short cut mess, per bbl.	00.00 @ 00.00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.	22.50 @
India mess beef, per tierce	00.00 @ 00.00
Extra mess beef, per bbl.	14.00 @ 15.00
Hams, city cured, per lb.	12 @ 13 1/2
Lard, pure in pairs, per lb.	12 @ 00
Lard, com. in pairs, per lb.	10 @ 10 1/2
Bacon, per lb.	11 1/2 @ 12 1/2
Shoulders, per lb.	10 1/2 @ 11c

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—We quote:—
NEW.
Creamery 22c to 24c.
Eastern Township 21c to 22c.

OLD.
Creamery 19c to 21c.
Dairy 18c to 20c.

Roll Butter.—New Western rolls have sold at 20c to 21c.

Cheese.—At Belleville on Tuesday, 1,260 boxes white and 505 boxes colored were offered, and sales reported of 1,120 boxes of white, balance of April, at 9c; 70 boxes colored 9 1/2c; 380 boxes 9c. At Ingersoll, on Tuesday, 685 boxes were offered, and there were sold 214 boxes at 9c, 70 do at 9 1/2c, and 200 boxes at 9c. At Woodstock on Wednesday, 580 boxes were offered and 140 boxes sold at 9c and 111 at 9 1/2c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Eggs.—Sales are reported at 11c to 11 1/2c as to quantity. Buyers are paying 9c west of Toronto and 8c to 10c east of Toronto.

Beans.—The market is quiet at \$1.60 to \$1.65 for Western hand picked and \$1.25 to \$1.50 for ordinary to good. Inferior sells at \$1.00 to \$1.10.

Honey.—Business dull, and we quote 6c to 7c for extracted.

Hops.—We quote good to choice 17c to 18c. Poorer qualities range from 14c to 15c. Old hops 8c to 9c.

Maple Products.—Syrup in wood 5c to 6c per lb., and in tins 5c to 6c. Sugar 6c to 7c.

Baled Hay, &c.—No. 2 is quoted at \$9.00 to \$9.25, and at \$8.00 to \$8.25 country points.

FRUITS, ETC.

Oranges.—California \$2.75 to \$3.50, Messina \$2.75 to 3.75, Valencia \$5.00 to \$5.50, Blood oranges \$2.25 to \$2.50 for half boxes, large \$4 to \$4.50.

Pine Apples.—We quote 15c to 25c apiece as to quality, ripe pines meeting with ready sale.

Lemons.—We quote—Fancy \$3.00 to \$3.50, common to good \$2.00 to \$2.50.

Strawberries.—We quote 20c to 25c per box in crates.

Bananas.—Between 18 to 20 cars having arrived, and selling at \$1 to \$3 per bunch as to quality of fruit.

Dried Fruit.—Dried apples 5c to 6c, Evaporated 8c to 9c; peaches and apricots 18c to 21c.

Cocoanuts.—Are selling freely in lots of 100 at from \$4 to \$4.50.

Spinage.—Selling in barrels at from \$3.25 to \$3.50.

Asparagus.—Quoted at from \$6.75 to \$7 per doz.

Tomatoes.—At from \$1 to \$1.50.

Cucumbers.—Quoted at \$2.25 per dozen.

Onions.—Red are very scarce, and selling at from \$3.50 to \$4.00 per bbl; demand good. Yellow are selling at \$3 to \$3.25 per bbl. Bermudas are quoted at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per crate. Spanish in small crates at \$1 to \$1.25.

Potatoes.—Two cars of Early Rose at 95c to \$1 and another car of White or Silver Dollar 85c per bag of 90 lbs.

FISH AND OIL.

Oil.—Steam refined seal oil is quoted firm at 47c to 50c for new to arrive, although 800 bbls have been sold at 46c; but it is doubted if any more could be had at that figure; on spot 50c to 52c. Cod oil is steady at 40c to 41c for Newfoundland and at 39c for Gaspe. Cod liver oil 65c to 75c as to quality.

Fresh Fish.—British Columbia salmon 18c to 20c by the case. Haddock quiet at 4c to 4 1/2c per lb.

SEVENTEEN PRETTY LASSES

Arrive in Chicago to Manage the Irish Industries Exhibit at the World's Fair.

Seventeen of the sweetest girls in Ireland have arrived in Chicago to manage Lady Aberdeen's exhibit of Irish industries at the World's Fair. There are among them lacemakers, spinners, dairymaids and knitters. They are not only experts in the different branches which they represent, but they are, every one of them, just like the maidens whom young Irishmen used to have in mind whenever they heard poor "Peek-a-boo" Scanlan in his palmy days sing "Sweet Molly O!" In the choosing of the girls to come to the Fair Lady Aberdeen thought it just as well incidentally to have an exhibit of Irish beauty. And that is how it comes to pass that these Irish girls are as pretty as pictures.

First and foremost there is Miss Ellie Murphy, the Limerick lace maker. Of course she is not the only lace maker in Limerick. Everybody knows that Limerick lace is to be found in the finest houses in every land beneath the sun. No one girl could make it all and there are hundreds of young women whose deft fingers fashion it in Limerick. But all the girls over there give the palm to Miss Murphy. The bard of Thomond has sung her praises and she is known all through Munster for her fairy fingering. It was but natural then that Lady Aberdeen should have heard of her, so she was put on the list for a trip to America and she gladly consented, for she rightly thought it a pride and an honor to represent the good old town of Limerick and its lace makers.

There are three dairymaids, Kate Barry, Maria Connolly and Jobannah Dougherty. They came from the Munster dairy school in Cork, and they will dole out dainty little "pats" of butter that "melts like honey in your mouth," made from milk of real Kerry cows, half-a-dozen of which are to be brought over one of these days from the McGillcuddy reeks, within a shout of the Lakes of Killarney. One of the girls will "make the white milk flow," bringing back old times to the Irish exiles, who are sure to be always at hand, by singing for an accompaniment, "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow," or "Rory be Aisy, Don't Take Me No More."

Maggie Dennehy is the knitter. She hails from Valencia, County Kerry, that town in the next parish to America where the Atlantic cable ends.

Ellen Abern is as famous in the County Cork as Ellie Murphy is in the County Limerick. She is a lace-maker, too. Her native town is Youghal, the spot where Sir Walter Raleigh, whose residence still stands there, planted the first potato and is noted for its "Presentation lace," so called because it was at the local Presentation Convent that the industry was first started more than a century ago. The Presentation lace is much prized everywhere and it is regarded as certain that Miss Abern will widen the market for it.

In Annie Gillespie possibly the greatest interest will be centered. She is the Donegal spinner, and Mr. Hatfield, Lady Aberdeen's manager, says it is sweeter than listening to a nightingale to hear Miss Gillespie singing "Shule Aroon," keeping time with the whirr of her wheel.

County Monaghan is represented by Bridget Flynn and Kate Kelliday. The two chief towns of Monaghan are Clones and Carrickmacross. Miss Flynn is called the Clones crochet-maker and Miss Kelliday the Carrickmacross lacemaker. They are both wonderfully skillful and do excellent work. Miss Cosgrove and Miss Deane fashion embroidery that is said to be marvellously beautiful. Miss Goggin comes from Dublin. She will be in charge of the bog oak department. In the bogs of Ireland oak black as ebony with age is constantly found. It is carved into Irish emblems, which bring a high price from American tourists, Miss Goggin expects to do a big trade, for she has three assistants, Miss Brazil, Miss Robinson and Miss Keane.

All the young women will live in the village as soon as it is properly fitted up for them. After a few days they will be the guests of the Sisters in the Catholic convent on Indiana avenue, near Fortyninth street. They have with them a housekeeper, Miss Charleton, and Miss Meade, the cook. They all speak enthusiastically of Lady Aberdeen and tell with patriotic pride how at a St. Patrick's

Day gathering in Dublin last March she boasted of having the "blood of the O'Neills of Tyrone in her veins."

They are very intelligent girls and are careful to remind one that the cottage industries which they represent are not to be the only Irish exhibits at the fair. Miss Murphy remarked that some of the ancient Irish manuscripts which have been treasured in the Royal Academy in Dublin are being brought over. This will show, she said, that Ireland was a land of literature and a nation when other countries that now make big boasts were in benighted ignorance.



Oh in the stillly night,
When Cholera Morbus found me,
"Pain Killer" fixed me right,
Nor wakened those around me.

Most OLD PEOPLE are friends of

Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER

and often its very best friends, because for many years they have found it a friend in need. It is the best Family Remedy for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache. To get rid of any such pains before they become aches, use PAIN KILLER.

Buy it right now. Keep it near you. Use it promptly. For sale everywhere. IT KILLS PAIN.

SAFE
THE GREAT
BLOOD PURIFIER
PLEASANT **RELIABLE**
BRISTOL'S SARSAPARILLA
CURES ALL
Taints of the Blood.
CERTAIN

FARMS, MILLS AND HOMES
In OLD VIRGINIA, for sale and exchange on Easy Terms.
Free Catalogue, R. B. CHAFFIN & Co., Richmond, Va.

M. Emmanuel - Champigneulle
PARIS, BAR LE DUC, FRANCE.
FIGURE WINDOWS STATUARY FOR CHURCHES.
Approved by His Holiness Pope Plus IX., Brief 1885.
Gold medals at all the Universal Expositions.
Grand Prix d'Honneur, Rome, 1870.
AGENTS IN AMERICA:
CASTLE & SON,
20 UNIVERSITY ST., MONTREAL.
Also for JOHN TAYLOR & CO., England,
BELL FOUNDERS.

THE CITY ICE COMPANY

26 Victoria Square.

NOTICE.—To get the benefit of the large reduction offered this season the amount should be sent to the office on or before May 10.

See the following prices and date of payment:

For this Season from 1st May to 30th September, delivered daily, double supply on Saturdays.

	If paid on or before May 10th.	June 10th.	July 10th
10 lbs.....	\$ 4.80	\$ 5.00	\$ 5.50
20 lbs.....	7.80	8.00	8.50
30 lbs.....	10.80	11.00	11.50

Payments after the latter date will be at the same prices as last season:

10 lbs. per month, strictly cash in advance,	\$1.25
20 " " " " " " " "	2.10
30 " " " " " " " "	2.50

R. A. BECKET & CO.,
PROPRIETORS, CITY ICE CO.

L. J. A. Surveyer,

Hardware, Cutlery, Plated Ware, Tools, Builders' and House Finishing Hardware, Curtain Stretchers, Refrigerators, Carpet Sweepers, Wringers and Washers, etc.,

6 St. Lawrence Street
MONTREAL.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Suburban Service, Commencing May 1.

Trains will leave Windsor Street Station.

4.15 p.m. For St. Antoine, Montreal Junction, Dorval, Valois, Lakeside, Pointe Claire, Beaconsfield, 6.15 p.m. Beaurepaire, Bay View, Ste. Annes and Vaudreuil

4.15 p.m. For Como, Hudson, Hudson Heights, Lavigne, Rigaud, Point Fortune.

1.30 p.m. For all stations as far as Point Fortune.

Train leaving 4.15 p.m., will run to Perth in place of train formerly leaving at 5.15 p.m.

Trains will arrive Windsor street Station.

8.30 a.m. From Vaudreuil, Ste. Annes, Bay View, Beaconsfield, Beaurepaire, 11.35 a.m. Pt. Claire, Lakeside, Valois, Dorval, 7.55 p.m. Montreal Junction, Cote St. Antoine.

8.30 a.m. From Point Fortune, Rigaud, Lavigne, Hudson Heights, Hudson and Como.

Trains will leave Dalhousie Sq. Station

For Ste. Rose, Ste. Therese, etc., 8.50 a.m. 1.30 p.m., A. 3.00 p.m., 4.40 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.20 p.m.

Trains will arrive Dalhousie Sq. Station

From Ste. Therese, Ste. Rose, etc.

8.30 a.m., 9.15 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 8.20 p.m. A. Daily except Saturdays and Sundays. E. Stops only when passengers for or from Montreal Junction, Dorval, Valois, Beaconsfield, Ste. Annes and Vaudreuil.

I Saturdays only. All other trains daily except Sunday.

CITY TICKET OFFICE
129 ST. JAMES ST.
COR ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER.

JUDGE M. DOHERTY,
Consulting Counsel,
SAVINGS BANK CHAMBERS,
Montreal.

W. J. Burke,
DISPENSING CHEMIST
107 Colborne Street,
(Near Ottawa Street.)
Always on hand, an assortment of pure Drugs and Chemicals; also a choice assortment of Perfumery and Toilet Articles.
Prescriptions a Specialty.

WANTED,

An energetic Catholic man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply with references to

RENZIGER BROTHERS,
30 and 38 Barclay St., New York.
40-8

WONDER IN WELLAND!

A Representative Farmer Speaks.



MR. C. C. HAUN.

The following remarkable facts are fully certified to as being undeniably correct in every particular. Mr. Haun is well known in the vicinity, having resided here over fifty years, and is highly respected as a man of the strictest honor, whose word is as good as his bond.

As will be seen from his letter, four physicians had attended him, and it was only after he had given up hope of cure that he decided to try Burdock Blood Bitters on the recommendation of a neighbor who had been cured of a similar disease by its use. Mr. Haun writes as follows:

DEAR SIRS,—I think I have been one of the worst sufferers you have yet heard of, having been six years in the hands of four of our best doctors without obtaining permanent relief, but continually growing worse, until almost beyond hope of recovery, I tried your Bitters and got relief in a few days. Every organ of my body was deranged, the liver enlarged, hardened and torpid, the heart and digestive organs seriously deranged, a large abscess in my back, followed by paralysis of the right leg, in fact the lower half of my body was entirely useless. After using Burdock Blood Bitters for a few days the abscess burst, discharging fully five quarts of pus in two hours. I felt as if I had received a shock from a powerful battery. My recovery after this was steady and the cure permanent, seeing that for the four years since I have had as good health as ever I had. I still take an occasional bottle, not that I need it but because I wish to keep my system in perfect working order. I can think of no more remarkable case than what I have myself passed through, and no words can express my thankfulness for such perfect recovery.

C. C. HAUN,
Welland P.O.

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

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.
GENTLEMEN,—I have been personally acquainted with Mr. C. C. Haun for the last 20 years, and have always found him a very reliable man. You may place the utmost confidence in anything he says with regard to your medicine. He has on many occasions within the last four years told me that it was marvellous the way the Burdock Blood Bitters had cured him, and that he now felt as able to do a day's work as he ever felt in his life. Although quite well he still takes some B. B. B. occasionally, as he says, to keep him in perfect health.

Yours truly,
THOMAS CUMINES,
Welland, Ont.

The steadily increasing sale of B. B. B. the length of time it has been before the people, and the fact that it cures to stay cured, attest the sterling merit of this monarch of medicines, the people's favorite blood purifier, tonic and regulator.

Every description of Job Printing done at this office. Reasonable rates.

GRAND MAMMOTH DRAWING! OVER ONE-HALF OF A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.



Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature for Educational & Charitable purposes, its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWING takes place semi-annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR INTEGRITY OF ITS DRAWINGS AND PROMPT PAYMENT OF PRIZES.

Attested as follows:

We do hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness and in good faith toward all parties and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with the signatures of the undersigned, in its advertisements.

Handwritten signatures of Commissioners

Col. C. J. Villere succeeds Gen. Beauregard as one of our Commissioners to supervise our Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings. Gen. Beauregard always selected Mr. Villere to represent him at the Drawings whenever he was absent. Mr. Villere has already supervised nine of our Drawings.

We do the undersigned Banks and Bankers will open all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lottery which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana National Bank. J. H. O'CONNOR, Pres. State National Bank. A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans National Bank. CARL KOHN, President Union National Bank.

MAMMOTH DRAWING

WILL TAKE PLACE

At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1893.

CAPITAL PRIZE, - \$150,000

Table of prizes and ticket prices for the Mammoth Drawing. Includes categories like 'PRIZES OF \$150,000', 'PRIZES OF \$50,000', etc., and 'APPROXIMATION PRIZES'.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole Tickets at \$10; Halves \$5; Fifths \$2; Tenths \$1; Twentieths 50c; Fortieths 25c.

Club Rates, \$55 worth of Tickets for \$50. Special rates to agents. Agents wanted everywhere.

IMPORTANT.

Send Money by Express at our Expense in Sums not less than Five Dollars, on which we will pay all charges, and we prepay Express Charges on TICKETS and LISTS OF PRIZES forwarded to correspondents. Address PAUL CONRAD, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Give full address and make signature plain.

Congress having lately passed laws prohibiting the use of the mails to send Lottery tickets, we use the Express Companies in answering correspondents and sending Lists of Prizes. The official Lists of Prizes will be sent on application to all Local Agents, after every drawing in any quantity, by Express, FREE OF COST.

ATTENTION-The present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which is part of the Constitution of the State, and, by decision of the SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, is an inviolable contract between the State and the Lottery Company, will remain in force UNTIL 1895.

In buying a Louisiana State Lottery Ticket, see that the Ticket is dated at New Orleans; that the Prize drawn to its number is payable in New Orleans; that the Ticket is signed by PAUL CONRAD, President; that it is endorsed with the signature of General J. A. BARKER, and W. L. CASSELL, and Col. C. J. VILLERE, having also the guarantee of four National Banks, through their Presidents, to pay any prize presented at their counters.

There are so many inferior and dishonest schemes on the market for the sale of which vendors receive enormous commissions, that buyers must see to it, and protect themselves by insisting on having LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY TICKETS and none others, if they want the advertised chance for a prize.

BRODIE & HARVIE'S Self-Raising Flour

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

JOB PRINTING-If you are thinking of having any job printing done, please call at this office before placing your order.

THE MOUNT ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore The Province of Quebec Lottery authorized by the Legislature,

Next Drawings: - - - May 17 and June 1st.

PRIZES VALUE, \$13,185.00. CAPITAL PRIZE, WORTH \$3,750.00.

LIST OF PRIZES

Table listing prizes and their values. Includes categories like '1 Prize worth \$3,750.00', '2 Prizes worth \$1,250.00', etc., and 'Approximation Prizes'.

TICKETS, - - - 25 CENTS. Tickets can be obtained until five o'clock p.m., on the day before the Drawing. Orders received on the day of the drawing are applied to next drawing. Head Office, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada. - S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager.

WHAT IS



It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality.

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth, a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view.

D. MARSO LAIS, M. D. Lavaltrie, December 26th, 1893.

Testimony of Dr. G. Desrosiers, St. Felix de Valois.

I know several persons who have for some years used Robson's Hair Restorer and are very well satisfied with this preparation, which preserves the original color of the hair, as it was in youth, makes it surpassingly soft and glossy, and stimulates at the same time its growth. Knowing the principle ingredients of Robson's Restorer, I understand perfectly why this preparation is so superior to other similar preparations. In fact the substance to which I allude is known to exercise in a high degree an emollient and softening influence on the hair. It is also highly nutritive for the hair, adapted to promote its growth, and to greatly prolong its vitality. I therefore confidently recommend the use of Robson's Hair Restorer to those persons whose hair is prematurely gray and who wish to remove this sign of approaching old age.

G. DESROSIERS, M. D. St-Felix de Valois, January, 18th 1893.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

DRUNKENNESS. ARE YOU INTERESTED IN THE CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS OR THE MORPHINE HABIT? Have you a Husband, Brother, Son or friend who is addicted to strong drink? If so we can cure him. For fullest information address THOS. LINDSAY, Secretary, Double Chloride of Gold Cure Co., 16 Hanover Street, Montreal. TELEPHONE 3043.

Walter Kavanagh, 117 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal. REPRESENTING: SCOTTISH UNION and NATIONAL INSURANCE CO., of EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND Assets, \$89,109,332.64. NORWICH UNION FIRE INSURANCE SOCIETY, OF NORWICH ENGLAND. Capital, \$5,000,000. EASTERN ASSURANCE CO. OF HALIFAX N.S. Capital, \$1,000,000.

BANQUE VILLE MARIE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Three per cent. for the current half year (making six per cent. for the year) has been declared upon the Paid-up Capital of this Institution, and will be payable at the Head Office on and after THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 31st of May inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of Shareholders will take place at the Head Office of the Bank on Tuesday, the 20th June next, at noon.

By order of the Board. W. WEIR, President. Montreal, April 21, 1893.

LA BANQUE JAI QUEN CARTIER. Dividend No. 55. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three and one half per cent (3 1/2 p.c.) has been declared on the paid-up capital stock of this institution for the current half year, payable at the office of the bank in Montreal, on and after Thursday, the 1st day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to 31st May next, both days inclusive. The general annual meeting of shareholders will take place at the office of the bank in Montreal, on Wednesday, the 21st of June next, at 1 o'clock p.m. By order of the Board. A. DEMARTIGNY, General Manager. Montreal, 20th April, 1893.

MONTREAL CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK. The Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders of this Bank will be held at its Office, St. James street, on TUESDAY, the 2nd May next, at one o'clock p.m., for the reception of the annual report and statements and the election of Directors.

By order of the Board. HY. BARBEAU, Manager. Montreal, March 30, 1893.

CANADA. IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT. District of Montreal. No. 1619. Dame Catherine Donaldson of the town of Cote St. Antoine, in the district of Montreal, wife, commune en biens of Henry Clarkson Russell, of the same place, accountant, judicially authorized to enter an action, has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her said husband. Montreal, 4th April, 1893. D. MCCORMACK, Attorney for Plaintiff.

F. KELLY, Ruling, Binding and Embossing 774 Craig Street, MONTREAL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life. These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly on the THROAT, LIVER, KIDNEY and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRING OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment. Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. This is an infallible remedy. If actually rubbed on the neck and chest, it will cure SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For glandular swellings, abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, Gout, Rheumatism and every kind of SKIN AFFECTION, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 533 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language. The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British Possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.

WEDDING PRESENTS. Watches, Jewellery, Clocks, Silver Plate, Fine Lamps, Rodgers' Table Cutlery, Spoons and Forks, All quality, Choice Selections and Low Prices. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. WATSON & DICKSON, 1791 Notre Dame, Corner St. Peter. [Late 58 St. Sulpice.]

McGALE'S FOR . . .
BUTTERNUT
PILLS
 25 cents per box.
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.
B. E. MCGALE,
 CHEMIST &c.,
 2123 NOTRE DAME ST.,
 MONTREAL.
Sick Headache,
Foul Stomach,
Biliousness,
HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.
 For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

John Murphy & Co's
 ADVERTISEMENT.

The Stern Logic of Facts

is irresistible. It was potent to subdue even the redoubtable Mrs. Partington with the mop in the political arena it prevails! On the field of battle it triumphs! In the world of business it is mighty to save or terrible to destroy. Even in matters of detail nothing escapes its microscopic force. Here is a trivial instance of how it works in trade:—

TWO LADIES MEET
 and compare notes. Both have been out shopping. Both have bought, let us say, Clifton, at different stores. The price in each case is about the same. But a comparison of qualities at once reveals the fact that the article purchased at John Murphy & Co's is immeasurably superior in texture and finish to that bought elsewhere. And so the stern logic of facts again asserts itself, and enforces the old moral, that "Honesty is the best policy," for both ladies, at parting, have arrived by different routes at one and the same conclusion, namely, that the proper place to buy is

JOHN MURPHY & CO'S.

BARGAINS, BARGAINS, BARGAINS,
 IN MANTLES FOR THE WET WEATHER.
 Ladies' Rubber Waterproof Garments, at \$4.50 worth \$2.50.
 Ladies' Rubber Waterproof Garments, at \$2.50 worth \$1.50.
 Ladies' Rubber Waterproof Garments, at \$3.50 worth \$2.00.

AND SO ON.

HEPTONETE WATERPROOF GARMENTS

Several lines of Heptonete Garments to be cleared out at \$5.50 worth \$10.50, 11.50 worth \$13.50.
 Over 150 LADIES' SPRING JACKETS reduced to exactly HALF PRICE.
 Well assorted in colors and sizes.
 The prices are \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4.00, \$4.50, and \$5. Come early and get a bargain, as these JACKETS will soon go at the above prices.

BARGAINS IN PRINT COSTUMES.

PRINT COSTUMES all made in the Latest Styles and made from the Best ENGLISH PRINTS and Perfect Fitting. Prices, \$4.75. BLAZER COSTUME from \$6.50.

SPECIAL.

Tailor-Made BLAZER COSTUMES made from All-Wool Homespun, the JACKETS Lined with Twilled Satin. Price only \$11.50. These are the best values ever offered in this city.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.,

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- For 10c—Several persons, the list of whose names and addresses would be too lengthy to publish, have won lots of **\$250, \$125, \$50, \$25, etc.**

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