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### ECHOES FROM OLD ERIN.

#### Terrible Distress in the Western and Southern Districts.

Some of Its Appalling Features—The Opponents of the Local Government Bill Air Their Views and Bigotry Plays its Old-time Role—Orangeism and its Blackguardism at Lurgan—Its Devotees Much Out in the Catholic Quarter—Cardinal Logue and the Temperance Question.

DUBLIN, April 26.

The distress in the south of Ireland has reached an appalling point. Never since the dark days of '47 has anything like it been felt in Ireland. The Government's eyes have at last been opened, but it is very late in the day, and the course of red tape ties up everything so tightly that the old people and children are dying of absolute starvation while some distributing official is unravelling the crimson binding that wraps up a pound of meal or a stone of potatoes. It is this state of affairs which led the Bishop of Cloyne to write—'Plainly, little or nothing is to be expected from the Government.' The blight of English maladministration for centuries, when it has not been absolute tyranny, has been procrastination. Long ago it was pointed out to Mr. Balfour by the Nationalist members that the portents of distress were more threatening than he imagined at the beginning of the season, and that honorable gentleman was strangely optimistic or Micawber-like in the apparent belief that something better would turn up; that in fact there was no need for immediate assistance. Most Rev. Dr. Browne summed the case up well when he remarked—'As for the Government, whose duty it is to save the people in such an emergency, they seem to have a very rigid, cruel definition of starvation, and plainly, little or nothing is to be expected from them, even in the way of relief works, which would benefit the district, unless the people are reduced to that official starvation point, when general relief comes too late.' Yes, there are millions of pounds to be spent in the official murder of barbarians in foreign countries; there are hundreds of thousands sent to other heathen lands for the ostensible purpose of building churches in the swamps of Africa or the jungles of India, and incidentally encourage a thriving business in trade rum and Brummagem idols. But in Ireland the population must be officially recognized as starving before relief is offered. It would be heartrending to go into details of the hundreds of cases which are daily coming to light; the particulars would be too horrible in a word picture of the combined scourge of famine and sickness which is now devastating the South and West. Within a few miles of Cahirciveen there is a community not only absolutely bankrupt, but also being ravaged by an epidemic of fever. Fortunately the tradepeople are not altogether heartless, although the outlook is hopeless. What sort of anathema, however, should be called down on that great and prosperous university, Trinity College. The place I refer to is held by the trustees of that august institution, and their methods of rack-renting would do credit to the blackest hearted scoundrel who ever masqueraded in the outward semblance of man. Here is a case in point. A very old woman whose only means of subsistence was keeping four cows on ground rented for £6 10s. She had real red £6 on her butter, the potato patch was an utter failure, yet the collector insisted on payment of rent in full and added with brutal cheerfulness—'I know where your house is.' The old lady had two sons and one of them at that moment was lying on his death bed and the heartbroken mother had no food to give him.

#### Where Famale and Typhus Rage.

The parish of Prior includes Ballinaskelligs and Portmagee. In good times there are no beggars in Prior, for the people are sensitive and independent; but the plague has scourged them, says a writer in the Cork Examiner. I do not say it is one of the consequences of the privation caused by the failure of the seine and drift net fishing—but it was said to me that the measles which over-spread the parish and carried off nine or ten grown people, and several children was a kind of a God-send, as the victims needed only milk. This was bad enough, but typhus fever has brought a fearful death to many others—four people at the Ballinaskelligs side, and three at the Portmagee side. Twelve of one family were down together—in one room—and three of a family named Murphy have died. The story of the latter is as follows:—About five weeks ago, the father fell sick, and was removed to the workhouse hospital in Cahirciveen, where he

died. The mother had no knowledge of this calamity; as she was then nursing one of her sons, it was thought well to hide the truth from her. Then this boy was removed to hospital, and died there, and the spent mother succumbed in her own home. The remaining members of the family, numbering four, are now convalescent. The occurrences swing back the memory to famine years. A whole parish is scourged by hunger and a mysterious disease, a disease so terrible that the hardy, generous people who have shared their food with the neighbors and buried to the bedside of all who were down in measles, shrunk from those who were victims to the malady which blackened the body before death. There have been inconceivably horrible scenes down by Ballinaskelligs Bay. Father Arthur Murphy on entering the house of the Murphy family mentioned above, found that the dying mother had fallen out of the bed; and when the poor soul had passed away it was this good priest who placed the coffin in the cart. It must be remembered that the natives of Prior are singularly devoted to one another, sharing trouble and joy. But this fever that blackened the victims before they were dead was an uncanny visitation; and can the poor people be blamed if they fell back horrified?

To those who do not know the spirit of the Irish people to those who philosophically remark that giving assistance in a time like the present has a pauperizing effect on the population, the following incident may serve as an illustration, and perhaps open their eyes as to the abhorrence with which a pauper's grave is regarded. The Liverpool Post sent a correspondent to Westport, and, as an instance of the deplorable condition of the inhabitants, cites the case of one Thomas Jennings—

'I never saw such a picture of a human being in all my experience. He could hardly walk; he could scarcely talk. He just managed to get outside the door and lean against a wall. He was wan, emaciated, cadaverous, a living skeleton, crippled with cold, pinched to the last extremity with hunger. Yet there was in him that strange, uncomprehending sweetness of heart which one finds everywhere in the most wretched parts of Ireland.'

'It is the will of God,' said the poor old man, and he tried to get away to hide his wretchedness from the eyes of a stranger. He shuddered at the idea of a camera. But the parish priest spoke up, and the man waited. He was 70 years of age, he said. He looked like 170. 'I have been ill for a fortnight now,' I heard him tell Father Healy, 'and there was no one to wet my lips with a drop of cold water.'

'And wouldn't you think of going into the workhouse, Thomas?' said the parish priest.

Thomas Jennings looked up, with a light in his eye which denoted a long-fixed determination.

'The workhouse!' he said. 'No, your reverence; I will be buried in the rocky field beyond, where my people have been buried before me.'

This last expression gives a fair idea as to how the peasants cling to their patches, and will brave all the horrors of starvation itself rather than go into a pent-up, Anglo-Irish workhouse prison, which is the vilest, most dismal and degrading institution on the face of God's fair earth.'

#### Opponents of the Local Government Bill.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that any measure which made for the improvement of the Irish people by legislation should meet with opposition from noble lordships, like the Duke of Abercorn or the Marquis of Londonderry. They are not of the kidney who can recognize that a man, without a star or a garter, or a handle to his name, or pounds plentiful for election purposes, should have any interest, much less any voice, in looking after his own affairs, be they political, social, legislative or otherwise. Under these circumstances it is only natural that they should look with much distrust on the Local Government Bill. On Friday last a conference of peers and of delegates appointed by the Irish grand juries was held in Leinster Lecture Hall to consider the provisions of the bill. The Duke of Abercorn occupied the chair. Of course he immediately characterized the proposed legislation as revolutionary, inasmuch as the 'class who had managed the fiscal business of the country was at one stroke deposed from their position, and the power which they had wielded had been placed in the hands of an electorate formed on the most democratic basis.' What a horrible thought for the most noble Duke! Even that little semblance of autonomy was too much for the Irish who were not cerulean Ulsterites. The bill gave rise to difficulties and dangers, in his opinion, which, although not so momentous as those threatened under Home Rule, would be exceedingly disastrous to the country. In the early days he remembered that the grand juries were perpetually charged with jobbery and corruption. His experience was, however, that they were composed of highly intelligent and highly intelligent men, and it would be quite too much to expect, for a long time to come, that a 'har mesh' would prevail in the newly constituted bodies. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! The idea of accusing the immaculate grand juries of anything but philanthropy was too preposterous to dream of. And then, again, the hopelessness of ever getting back to the good

old system of semi-localized tyranny under the proposed new order of things was simply heart-rending. In a pathetic way the Duke of Abercorn related how the grand jurors had been 'invited by the Chief Secretary not to retire from the duties they had so well discharged in the past, but to submit themselves as candidates at the election of the bodies about to be constituted under the bill. The unanimous answer of the grand jurors had been that they were willing to associate themselves with the new bodies, and give their countenance to the benefit of their experience.' What willing martyrs to patriotism, and how shocking it was to learn from Mr. Dillon that those who had done the county work in the past would have no share or lot in it in the future. The Marquis of Londonderry was afraid for the interests of the poor and pacific Orangemen in the north, those mild and angelic men who dote on the gates of Derry, and whose only dilutant for papist blood is Boyne water. Said the noble Marquis:

In the North of Ireland there was a large body of Conservatives who viewed with disapproval the Bill. They did not oppose the measure on any selfish or personal ground, for it would not much affect their interests; but they feared that in other parts of Ireland those who hold religious and political views identical with them might be placed at the mercy of those who for years past had never hesitated to express their feelings against them.'

#### Orange Blackguardism.

Just as a small instance of what might be expected if noble lords and orang-outang Orangemen had their own sweet will in Ireland, may be gathered from a recent occurrence in Lurgan. An Orange band, almost hidden in the stupidity of senseless saffron sashes, with stomachs full of bad whiskey distilled in Scotland, with lungs that breathed only the breath of bigotry, and heads the exceeding thickness of which left no room for grey matter or convolutions or anything decent unless it came in form of stirabout spooned through the mouth—such an Orange band invaded Lurgan, marched round Church Place three times, because there seemed to be something cabalistic and offensive in the points of a triangle, and then attempted to invade Edward street, the Catholic quarter. The police, seeing bloodshed ahead, endeavored to stop them and after a hard fight arrested the ringleaders. When it came to a trial before the Petty Sessions, these 'brave' men, who believe not in popery, cringed like the curs they were, pleaded guilty and were let off with a forty shilling fine.

And these are the sort of people who are afraid of the new local government bill.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue recently attended a large gathering of clergy and laymen in connection with the Olive Plunkett Total Abstinence Association, Drogheda. His Eminence, in the course of an address, said he did not believe that any other movement would tend so much towards the benefit of the people as that of temperance. He did not think that even the accomplishment of their desire for Home Rule would do more in promoting the prosperity of Ireland than the promotion of temperance. He did not, indeed, believe that any element of life was more important than strict temperance amongst our people. There was some weakness in their national character, which resulted in their yielding to temptations such as those of drink. He was glad to know that the Total Abstinence Society in Drogheda had been doing a really good work that was not merely ephemeral, and he, furthermore, believed that they would do great good by the example which they had shown. He believed that as Irishmen they had been greatly wronged in the descriptions that had been given of them, for he believed, if they took up any book of statistics they would find that there was really less of that evil of drunkenness in Ireland than prevailed in other countries. Drink undoubtedly was one of the greatest of all curses. In every country it was stated and made plain that if the Irishman kept from drink he would be most successful, and experience proved that Irishmen invariably came to the front.

#### '98 CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

A Meeting of the Parishioners of St. Patrick's and Organization of a Club.

The organizers of the local '98 Centenary celebration are determined to succeed in their undertaking of interesting the parishioners in the various Irish parishes in the movement. On Tuesday evening a visit was made to St. Patrick's parish and a parish club was organized, for which Mr. Frank J. Curran, Advocate, was named chairman, and Mr. P. J. Gordon, secretary. Speeches were delivered during the progress of the meeting by Messrs. E. B. Davlin, Advocate, W. H. Cunningham, William Rawley of the A.O.H., E. Wall, F. McCabe, P. H. Duffy and others. The meeting, which was held at St. Patrick's Hall, was largely attended. Another meeting will be held on Monday evening at the same place to appoint committees.

### OUR LONDON BUDGET.

#### Mgr. Vaughan Celebrates His Diamond Jubilee.

The Venerable Prelate, now in His Eighty-fifth Year, Delivers a Vigorous Address—Patriotic Speeches at a '98 Centenary Gathering—Gaelic Society Doings—Newspapers in Regard to the Bonds of Sympathy Between England and the United States.

LONDON, April 26.

ONE of the most memorable gatherings in the history of the Catholic Church in England took place when Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Plymouth, celebrated his diamond sacerdotal jubilee. The ceremonial was grand and impressive in every way. It took place in the Church of Our Lady and St. Denis, St. Marychurch, Torquay. Dignitaries from all over England were present, and although the venerable prelate was in his eighty-fifth year he stood as straight as an arrow and looked strong in the strength of a life spent in doing good. An extract from a speech he made later in the day told of the real cause of the splendid old man's robustness. From being a soldier of the sword he became a soldier of the cross. When telling how he came to enter the priesthood, he said:

When I was about the age of 18 my father said to me, 'It is time for you to make up your mind as to the profession you wish to embrace.' I was then a student at St. Mary's College, O'Connell. I did seriously think the matter over, and during next vacation I opened my mind to a Catholic officer whose opinion I valued, and told him that I wished to enter the army as my profession, and asked him to give me an insight into what an officer ought to be. He at first eyed me from head to foot, and laughingly said, 'You must not stoop (which I did at the time), but hold yourself up like a man. Yes, straight; not merely in body, but, above all, in moral conduct, honorably and straight forward in every way. A second qualification is prompt obedience to all the calls of duty; and third, that you must have pluck to face at all times difficulties and dangers of every kind; and, lastly, you must show endurance and perseverance, and, so to speak, be ready to die hard' (applause). Allusion to my stooping cut me to the quick. But I resolved that, cost what it might, I would surmount that difficulty. And I did succeed, and am upright to the present day in spite of my age (applause). The other qualifications for a true officer I heartily approved. Some time after I accompanied my father to Italy, full still of my military likings. But in Rome a change came over me, and it took this form of reflection: 'If to be a good soldier one must be upright in mind, ever obedient, plucky, and persevering, why not become a soldier of Christ, and be a priest? I do not lay aside any one of the qualifications I have so much admired, but have only to adapt them to the priestly life.' I reflected deeply on this point of a change from a red to a black coat, and the more I thought over it the more I felt that I was called to the priesthood. I made a spiritual retreat, and I then received from my uncle, Cardinal Weld, the tonsure and minor orders, and in June, 1835, was ordained sub-deacon by him. This closed my secular life. Nor have I ever regretted the irrevocable step I then took, and I have always tried to live up to the maxims set before me, and adopted by me, when I first thought seriously of my future profession (applause). Doubtless family traditions of readiness to fight for fatherland turned my thoughts originally to the army. But much more was my mind drawn to the priesthood by the fact of my ancestor, the Rev. Thomas Vaughan, of Courtfield, having become a priest in 1627 and devoted himself to labor for souls in South Wales at a time when he was exposing himself to being hanged, drawn and quartered in virtue of the laws then existing against priests. He labored for nearly twenty years, at last was taken up and suffered imprisonment on board a hulk, and died of hard treatment before the last penalty of the law could be carried out.

#### The Centenary of '98.

Assembled in the Holborn Restaurant on Wednesday last were a large number of Irishmen who had been brought together to celebrate the memory of those gallant sons of Erin who fought so nobly for freedom in the glorious year '98. The gathering was under the auspices of the Centenary Association of Great Britain and France. It was of a non-political character, Irishmen of all parties taking part in the celebration. It was a decided success in every way. Some of the speeches were strikingly patriotic and tinged with the wit that comes natural only to the Celt.

The first toast, 'Ireland a Nation,' was proposed by Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, who said he thought there was no sentiment that disturbed the digestion of their old friend, John Bull, so much as

that he (the speaker) was asked to give that night, viz., 'Ireland a Nation.' John was a respectable gentleman, and such was his love of the whole world that he had tried to make every one happy. In India, in South Africa, in Egypt, on the North West frontier in Afghanistan, and in Ireland, it had all ways been the same—his aim had been to make three blades of grass grow where only one grew before. But he never cared to have any of it for himself. His sole aim had been to preach the Gospel and establish open ports. It had been said recently:

'There was no law of God or man which England need obey. Take what you can and all you can, and keep it while you may.'

Having wandered all over the world, John came home, and he finds close to his own shores a people who wished that he had never looked upon his benevolent face. The events of 300 years crushed upon his memory, and he thought of the efforts that had been made in that time to turn the Irish wilderness into an English paradise. He thought of all the blessed apostles that had been engaged on that mission, and he (the speaker) thought there were moments when John wished they had never heard the name of Ireland. 'Ireland a nation,' said honest John, 'what nonsense! Why, Ireland is the same to us as Yorkshire.' He (the speaker) thought there were many beautiful traits in the English character, one of which was simplicity. He was surprised the English Parliament had not passed an Act turning Ireland into a single Patrick shire. They might laugh, but that would be as wise as some things the British Parliament had done. It did not do that, but it did the next best thing. Some sixty years ago Parliament established a system of National schools, and in order that there might be no mistake about the nationality, an Englishman was put at the head and a Scotchman was put at the tail. The speaker then proceeded to read extracts showing how this system worked. Amongst the things the children were taught he quoted the following: 'On the east of Ireland is England, where the Queen lives. Many who live in Ireland were born in England, and we speak the same language and are called one nation.' Continuing, the speaker said it was often asked what the Irish wanted. In 1794 Pitt asked Great Britain that question. It never occurred to Pitt that what they wanted was to get rid of him and all he represented. What Irishmen wanted then was to be masters of their own land. If they wanted proof of this they had it in the fact that at the last general election Ireland had sent an overwhelming representation of members to the English Parliament to demand legislative freedom. That fight for independence had gone on for 300 years. It had taken various forms, but the people had always aimed for the one end—that the stranger should not sit in judgment at Ireland's gates. In asking them to drink to the toast of 'Ireland a Nation,' he would say 'God bless the cause, and God save Ireland.'

There is no doubt that the Gaelic movement in London is making rapid progress. A largely attended meeting of the Gaelic Society was held on Monday last. The Irish classes were conducted by Messrs. O'Sullivan, O'Keefe, and MacCollum. After the class a very enjoyable *supper-dinner* was held. Dr. J. P. Henry, vice-president, occupied the chair and opened the proceedings with an interesting address, reviewing the progress made by the Gaelic movement in London. Mr. Michael O'Sullivan then sang 'An Meighean Coimh.' Miss E. Drury followed with a charming Irish melody, entitled 'Droim an Oir.' Mr. John O'Leary delivered a racy speech in Irish and afterwards entertained the audience by singing 'Chúisín Meala.' One of his large repertoire of Munster ballads. Mr. J. Kerey sang 'Samhuinnín Duilín' and then some charming young ladies gave very graceful exhibitions of Irish national dances. The Society is doing a good work, were it only in so far as it is stirring up the spirit of enquiry and research in the rich fields of Irish literature, tradition, history and music.

Probably before my letter reaches you you will have claimed its victims, and hundreds of souls sent to their last account, but at the present writing there seems to be only a feeling of unrest mingled with impatience at the fact that so far the much talked of war has been a bio-dread panorama of mingled jingoism and mild Iberian patriotism. The assimilation of an suddenly developed friendship between England and the United States misleads nobody here but the newspapers who print the stuff, for nobody who knows anything about the average American will pretend to say that he has the slightest friendly interest in England. The fact of waving the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes at low class music halls accompanied by a species of doggerel which is to be found no place outside of a London music hall, has no effect whatever on the thinking people. The course of events will direct England's policy, and then it will be seen that but little sympathy for the supposedly oppressed Cubans was mixed up in the draught which Spain will likely have to swallow.

A report comes from Kingston that the will of the late Archbishop Cleary has not yet been probated. It is said to be an extensive document, covering twenty-seven pages of clearly written foolscap, and is intricate in its provisions.

### MGR. CORRIGAN'S SILVER JUBILEE

#### Of His Elevation to the See of New York.

A Distinguished Gathering of Prelates and Priests in St. Patrick's Cathedral—A Great Event in the Archdiocese—Munificent Donations Towards the Liquidation of the Debt of St. Joseph's Seminary.

New York, May 4.

Seldom in the history of the Catholic Church in America has there been such impressive and elaborate ceremonial as was witnessed this morning in St. Patrick's Cathedral, the occasion being the celebration of the episcopal silver jubilee of the Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, Archbishop of New York. The gathering of bishops and clergymen from every part of the province over which the Archbishop has jurisdiction, was the most notable ever seen in New York. All the bishops of the province, accompanied by their Vicar Generals, were present, as well as a representation of the clergy and the various religious orders of all the parishes in the province.

The Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan was made Archbishop of New York in 1885, on the death of Cardinal McCloskey, having previously been co-adjutor Archbishop. Then the happy idea was carried out of having a representative of the priesthood ordained each year during His Grace's rule as Archbishop. The appointments were:

Sub-deacon of the cross, the Rev. D. F. Coyle, representing 1885; crucifer, the Rev. W. A. Jackson, 1886; mitre, the Rev. J. H. Brady, 1887; master of ceremonies, the Rev. T. H. Myhan, 1888; master of ceremonies, the Rev. J. N. Connolly, 1889; grimald, the Rev. J. B. Weber, 1890; book, the Rev. T. J. Keenan, 1891; mitre, the Rev. Dr. J. Dzworak, 1892; incense, the Rev. J. J. Brown, 1893; candle, the Rev. J. F. Sullivan, 1894; acolyte, the Rev. T. B. Kelly, 1895; acolyte, the Rev. J. J. Dunn, 1896; boat, the Rev. J. J. Fullan, 1897; cross bearer, a seminarian from the class soon to be ordained at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie.

There was a special significance in the selection of each one of the priests who assisted the Archbishop in the celebration of the Mass. The assistant priest, Right Rev. Mr. Doane, represented the priests of the diocese of Newark, in commemoration of the fact that the Archbishop was formerly Bishop of Newark, and also that Mgr. Doane acted in the same capacity twenty-five years ago, when Archbishop Corrigan was consecrated Bishop of Newark. The deacon of honor, the Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D., and the Rev. J. P. Kearney, were classmates of the Archbishop at St. Mary's College, in Wilmington, Del., and also in the American College, in Rome. The deacon of the mass, the Rev. J. A. Gleason, represents the priests of this diocese who this year celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary of priesthood. The sub-deacon of the Mass, the Very Rev. J. O. Grady, V.F., represented the priests now serving in the Trenton diocese, who were under the spiritual government of Archbishop Corrigan when Bishop of Newark and when Trenton belonged to the Diocese of Newark. When the Archbishop was Bishop of Newark the whole State of New Jersey was one diocese, being divided later into the dioceses of Newark and Trenton.

The ceremonies were directed by Rev. Fathers Connolly and Myhan, assisted by Revs. J. Hayes, J. D. Lennon, J. Ryan, J. Delany, D.D., J. F. Smith, J. J. Feehan, J. A. Dooley, D. H. O'Dwyer, J. J. McCabe, D. J. Driscoll, D. J. Curly, and J. Mangin. Father Kearney, one of the Deacons of Honor of the Mass, was the master of ceremonies twenty-five years ago at the consecration of Archbishop Corrigan as Bishop of Newark.

The procession of the clergy, formed at the Bland Trade School, at Madison Avenue and Fifth Street. The head of the procession was composed of chancel boys of the Cathedral and St. Joseph's Seminaries. Then followed representatives of the religious orders under the spiritual rule of the Archbishop, in their habits, the magnificence of the archdiocese, the suffragan bishops, visiting archbishops, the ministers of the Mass, Archbishop Corrigan, attended on either side by the deacons of honor, and the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Martinelli. As the Archbishop entered the portal of the Cathedral the grand strains of 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus' pealed forth. His Grace then celebrated Pontifical High Mass.

The vestments worn were made specially for the occasion, and were of unusual richness, of gold embroidered white satin and cloth of silver. The embroidery upon these vestments is said to be the finest ever done in America, and the good Sisters who did the work devoted several months of their industry to it.

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Note and Comment

Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, M.P., has been having lots of fun in the Nation, over the latter's pamphlet entitled, 'The Reunion of Britain and America: A Look Ahead.'

He would entertain no such paltry proposition as an arbitration treaty, or an alliance for mutual defence; he wants a real and a thorough fusion of the two nations into one.

The obstacles presented by the British monarch Mr. Carnegie airily disposes of in this way:

"The monarchial form of government is admittedly a cause of disunion, but this form is not eternal. Scarcely a session of Parliament passes which does not in some department bring about an assimilation of political institutions to those of Canada and the United States.

It is recognized by all that Britain is no longer a government of the few, but has really become in substance a democracy. A House of hereditary legislators is of all present institutions probably destined to have the shortest life in Britain.

The House of Lords is not effective as a legislative chamber, even to-day. With its abolition or reform the question of maintaining an hereditary head of the state will follow.

The grounds will be thrown open on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5 o'clock, for the pleasure and convenience of school children, and of such adults as may not be able to attend in the evening.

Every feature of the bazaar, and particularly the offering of articles for raffle by chance, will be eliminated. The Lawn Party is meant to give an opportunity to all the members of St. Patrick's Parish, and to their thousands of friends throughout the city, to meet often in pleasant intercourse, without being obliged to carry on each occasion a well-lined purse.

In a large tent, 100 x 60 feet, called "Amusement Hall," and capable of seating 800 people, will be given two entertainments each evening—admission 10c. All that is best of the musical, dramatic, oratorical and comedy talent of the city will appear, and no item of a programme will be repeated a second time during the week.

The ladies decided to solicit from their friends donations of fruit, cake, and other refreshments, as well as of flowers; but they wish it to be known by the public generally that no one will be authorized to solicit donations in cash.

From all appearances, the Lawn Party of 1898 promises to surpass all the previous successful efforts of the ladies to provide pleasure and amusement for their patrons. We wish them the success they deserve.

All admission tickets to the Lawn Party bear the stamp of the Ladies of Charity of St. Patrick's Parish.

Every man, says a writer in Printer's Ink, who runs a business of any kind should keep a log book. By that I mean a book in which to record from day to day such facts about your business and also that of your competitors as may be of advantage to remember at some future time.

Next year you will find it a great help in your business to look back and see just what you did and what your competitor did at this time. To look back and see what goods were advertised and note the results. This may save you from making many mistakes and may help you to find out the proper time for certain sales and certain trade movements.

Keeping such a log book can not do you any harm. Some of the brightest merchants in the country have practiced this for years and find that amongst the books that the house holds the most valuable is the record of what has been done and what course of it.

great weight with them; he tells the English people that the union would open to them an immense market for their manufactures (as if the Americans themselves could never hope to be a manufacturing people), and he tells the Americans that inasmuch as the population of their country is bound to increase enormously, there being ample room and abundant natural resources to maintain them, while England is already overcrowded, they on any theory of representation would soon be the dominating political power in the union.

GRAND LAWN PARTY

For the Building Fund of the Catholic High School.

About fifty of the leading ladies of St. Patrick's Parish met together on Tuesday, at 3 p.m., in St. Patrick's Hall, to organize a Lawn, or Garden, Party, the proceeds to go to the Building Fund of the Catholic High School for boys.

At Tuesday's meeting the ladies discussed and settled the following points: The Lawn, or Garden, Party will be held on the grounds adjoining St. Patrick's Church, during the entire week beginning Monday, June 6th, and ending Saturday, June 11th, from 7 to 10.30 p.m.

The grounds will be thrown open on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons from 3 to 5 o'clock, for the pleasure and convenience of school children, and of such adults as may not be able to attend in the evening.

Every feature of the bazaar, and particularly the offering of articles for raffle by chance, will be eliminated. The Lawn Party is meant to give an opportunity to all the members of St. Patrick's Parish, and to their thousands of friends throughout the city, to meet often in pleasant intercourse, without being obliged to carry on each occasion a well-lined purse.

In a large tent, 100 x 60 feet, called "Amusement Hall," and capable of seating 800 people, will be given two entertainments each evening—admission 10c. All that is best of the musical, dramatic, oratorical and comedy talent of the city will appear, and no item of a programme will be repeated a second time during the week.

The ladies decided to solicit from their friends donations of fruit, cake, and other refreshments, as well as of flowers; but they wish it to be known by the public generally that no one will be authorized to solicit donations in cash.

From all appearances, the Lawn Party of 1898 promises to surpass all the previous successful efforts of the ladies to provide pleasure and amusement for their patrons. We wish them the success they deserve.

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OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

War News and the Methods of Secular Journalism.

The Mesmerism of the Bulletin Board Manipulators—Some Spirited Remarks Regarding the Capabilities of the Sterner Sex as Liars.

PHILADELPHIA, May 2, 1898.

The Dominicans, the Jesuits, the Redemptionists, are all giving missions in Philadelphia at this present time, and Father Elliott, of the Paulists, is at Cheltenham, on the outskirts of the city, giving one of his impressive and novel missions; St. Charles Borromeo's Church is just reaping the fruits of a most successful one, and, altogether, the city ought to be in a proper frame of mind to enter upon the startling career that has just opened before 'soldier laddies.'

You Pays Your Money and You Takes Your Choice.

They used to tell a story of a street-shawman in London, who had a penny panorama of the Battle of Waterloo, which he described most glowingly, calling particular attention to the figures of Wellington and Bonaparte as they appeared on their gallant chargers.

A TOREADOR'S EARNINGS.

The profession of a toreador has its risks, but the remuneration he receives makes it worth his while to undergo them. Here are some statistics relating to the earning of Mazzantini, Beverte, and Guerita, said to be the most celebrated toreadors in Spain.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Below will be found the list of patents granted this week to Canadian inventors through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Montreal.

59,681—Isidore Turcotte, Lowell, Mass., cabinet ash sifter.

59,688—Genest, Lowelltown, Me., brake shoe and brake shoe holder.

59,684—J. H. Poole, St. John, N.B., cork puller and label destroyer.

59,690—G. Boivin, Montreal, game apparatus.

59,698—B. Rowley, Argyle, N.B., improved lock.

59,724—H. M. Welch, Cowanville, boat propelling mechanism.

59,727—Chas. A. Julien, Point Rouge, horse-power attachment.

veloped of late years—may not have a far greater effect on the condition in which it shall issue from the war than it has considered, remains for sensible and thinking people to determine. A list is not a pleasing object for contemplation.

THE VENGEANCE OF GOD

ripens for a teller of untruths. He will scourge a nation of liars. And if that is so, we shall most assuredly go under. "White lies," "tarradiddles," "conventionalities"—there are many names for the thing, itself unchangeable, and there is not one, silly, useless, puerile as it may seem, that does not deal pain and shame and disappointment to some brother man.

But I know the end is not yet. Stern duty and stern facts that duty lays bare will teach lessons not taught of yet. We must come back to the simple virtues of speaking the truth and keeping faith with each other.

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

VALUE OF VACCINATION.

Although comparatively few persons nowadays require any argument or demonstration to convince them of the value of vaccination, a pamphlet which has just been issued by the council of the British Medical Association is useful because it presents, in small compass, some of the most striking proofs of the efficacy of the process, wherewith to confront unbelievers.

Statistics are given from various countries in proof of the statement that in countries where there is much vaccination and re vaccination relatively to the population there is little smallpox. In Prussia both vaccination and re vaccination are compulsory, and smallpox mortality is almost abolished.

PRIESTS AND FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

The Providence Visitor in a recent issue, in dealing with the subject which it calls "Priests as Collectors of Money," says:— A case perhaps unique in the recent history of the Church in this country has just been given considerable prominence by the Colorado Catholic.

Where, we wonder, would the Church in these parts have been if every priest had been like Father O'Ryan, virtuous and zealous and hardworking, but unwilling to make himself a taxgatherer? Our priests have been the efficient treasurers of our parishes, have added to their spiritual charges the onerous, temporal charge of raising money to build churches and schools and then to clear debts.

Here it is quite different. Our 'brick and mortar' priests whom many of us are so prone to criticize because they speak of money so often, willingly assume the burdens of debt and the care of financial matters and none know how much they deprive themselves of by so doing. The perennial anxiety for collections, the everlasting presence of mortgages and notes and interest are not congenial companions of that learned leisure which the clergy in other climes and lands enjoy.

It is as easy to be well as ill—and much more comfortable. Constipation is the cause of many forms of illness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, two a mild cathartic. Dealers in medicines sell them.

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A case perhaps unique in the recent history of the Church in this country has just been given considerable prominence by the Colorado Catholic. A worthy priest, the pastor of a flourishing parish in Denver, found his church encumbered by a debt of thirty thousand dollars.

The times are hard in Denver and churches suffer. Thus the Cathedral parish is unable to meet the annual interest on its debt. But on the other hand a fine new church has been recently erected in the city and for the most part through the efforts of the Franciscans, who are of the type usually spoken of as "hustlers."

But Father O'Ryan, the pastor, was not a "hustler." He was not ordained to beg. He told the people the exact condition of affairs. He left it with them to act. He was a priest and his priestly duty he would discharge, and all agreed that he is an excellent priest, but as for begging and borrowing, for demeaning himself "to hustle," why they must not ask him to do it, come what may.

So the mortgage was foreclosed a fortnight ago, and now every Catholic in Denver is waiting to see what can be done in the ensuing thirty days to save the property. This, at least, is the statement of the case as the Colorado Catholic gives it, and is sufficient for all practical purposes to point a moral and adorn a tale.

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In other parts of the country priests do less of this than they do here. In some parts they never so much as mention the word money in church, and they get mighty little of it. In the South, for instance, they speak rather slightly of the 'brick and mortar' priests of New England. There is a well-known instance of a Southern priest building a costly new church in a large city and then when it was erected merely turning over an indebtedness of a couple of hundred thousands to his people without further thought on his part.

Here it is quite different. Our 'brick and mortar' priests whom many of us are so prone to criticize because they speak of money so often, willingly assume the burdens of debt and the care of financial matters and none know how much they deprive themselves of by so doing. The perennial anxiety for collections, the everlasting presence of mortgages and notes and interest are not congenial companions of that learned leisure which the clergy in other climes and lands enjoy.

Money has its psychological effect and besides wearing on the nerves, it dulls even the finest sensibilities. But our priests have bravely made the sacrifice and in spite of much ill-natured criticism have done apostolic work with the collection basket. Our churches and schools, our prosperous establishment in

exhausts himself physically, but mentally; not only muscularly, but mentally; The consequence is that while he is better fed and better housed, he is not, as a rule, as healthy a man as his brother working-man of European countries. Moreover, like all Americans, the American working-man is prone to disregard his health and frequently even takes pride in abusing it.

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these parts show that there have not been many priests like this pastor of Denver. Neither would the twelve apostles have been like him in this respect, had they to do God's work in this country as our priests have to do it today.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

[Selected]

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars forevermore have set,

The things which our weak judgment here has spurn'd, The things which o'er we grieve with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how that seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, while we frown and sigh, God's plans go on as best for you and me;

How, when we called, He heeded not our cry, Because His wisdom to the end could see.

And e'en as prudent parents disallow Too much of sweet to craving baby-hood,

So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine, We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,

Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.

And if some friend we love is lying low, Where human kisses cannot reach his face,

Oh, do not blame the loving Father's hand, But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know 't at length—ened breath Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friends,

And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death Concealed the fairest boon His love can send.

If we could push ajar the gates of life, And stand within, and all God's workings see,

We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart; God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold.

We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart— Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,

When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we will say that "God knew best."

FATHER McCALLEN'S TRIBUTE

TO THE VALUE OF THE "DIXON CURE"

FOR THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience, in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew Anniversary, Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or even knowledge on our part, paid the following grateful tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habits.

Referring to the PHYSICAL CRAVE endorsed by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself, there is no escape, unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's Cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately. As I was, in a measure, responsible for that gentleman remaining in Montreal, instead of going farther west, as he had intended, I have taken on myself, without his knowledge or consent, to call attention to this new aid which he brings to our temperance cause. A PHYSICAL CRAVE REMOVED, the work of total abstinence becomes easy. I am to judge of the value of "The Dixon Remedy" by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes. I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to see discovered has at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be taken privately, without the knowledge of even one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work or absence from business, and without danger to the patient, and by means of which the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle I have always found to success in my temperance work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those to whom I administered the pledge, but the ever recurring and terrible PHYSICAL CRAVE, which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months, and even years, to build up. Therefore, on this Father Mathew anniversary, do I pay willing and hearty tribute to "The Dixon Remedy" for the cure of the alcohol and morphine habits. I do so through a sense of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have departed from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I feel that I am thus advancing the cause of temperance.—(Montreal Gazette, October 23)

NOTE—Father McCallen is President of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of Montreal, and the sure to which he refers above can be had of THE DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, who will send full particulars on application. TELEPHONE 3085.

TREATED FREE DROPSY Positively CURED With Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many cases called hopeless. From first to last, only a few days of treatment. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. DROPSY TREATED FREE BY MAIL. DR. H. B. GREEN'S SONS, SPECIALISTS, ATLANTA, GA.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION. Kindling \$2.00; Cut Maple \$2.50; Tamarac block \$1.75; Mill blocks, stove lengths, \$1.00. McCallen & Co., 214 Broadway, New York, Phone 9393.





ST. MARY'S PARISH FEAST.

Religious and Social Celebrations Morning and Evening.

The Grace Archbishop Bruchesi Administers Confirmation and Preaches an Eloquent Sermon-- The Annual Concert in the Parish Hall a Grand Success.

In pursuance of my tour through Canada I arrived in Montreal the other day, and happening to worship in St. Mary's, the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, at an early Mass, on Sunday morning, I became interested in the status of the parish on account of the religious vigor displayed by the congregation who thronged the sacred edifice until every seat and pew were filled to overflowing. Of course I could very well conceive that a parish priest and his flock who commit their spiritual welfare to the keeping of that powerful protectress, the Queen of Heaven, would feel a renewed glow of religious fervor at the beginning of the beautiful month of May specially dedicated to her service; and when I heard the esteemed pastor, Rev. P. F. O'Donnell, announce a grand solemn Mass at a later hour and Confirmation services in the evening, as well as a grand entertainment in St. Mary's Hall on the day after, I saw that the church functions which stir the hearts of devoted parishioners were multiplying and would count as red letter days in the annals of the parish.

The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. Father Condon, C.S.C.; deacon, Rev. Father McCallen, S.S., whose rich musical voice resounded through the church in clarion tones; the sub-deacon, Rev. Fr. Tranchemontagne. The musical portion of the service was very fine. The choir, aided by a full orchestra, rendered a special Mass, and the several artists and performers executed their parts in a way to sustain the name of St. Mary's choirs being entitled to rank among the noted ones of the city. The notable event of the day was the visit of His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Bruchesi, more especially as it was his first to Father O'Donnell's parish since his elevation to the purple. For that matter a prelate's coming to his faithful priests and people on any occasion is regarded with sentiments of rejoicing, for he comes to witness the edifying bond of union between pastor and flock, to note the spiritual and material progress, to hear, and to rejoice in statements that tell of the religious devotion and docility of the people to their priest and guide. When the existence of these things can be affirmed by the responsible head of a parish it necessarily brings joy to the episcopal soul. The main cause of the Archbishop's visit was to confirm the children of the parish who had attained to the right age and instruction. And of course the occasion was turned to good account in giving a fitting welcome to the distinguished young prelate who rules the destinies of one of the most important Archdioceses on the Continent, and who, moreover, has already made himself so agreeable and acceptable to the Irish Catholics of Montreal and to those scattered throughout his whole diocese. About one hundred children of the regulation age and some adults were confirmed. Then followed the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, after which His Grace moved to the throne and a moment later Mr. Neil McIlhorne, son of Mr. John McIlhorne, the well known contractor of this city, stepped forward and delivered to the Archbishop an eloquent and forcible address on behalf of St. Mary's congregation.

The pronouncement touched the heart of His Grace and brought from him a beautiful reply. He spoke feelingly of the pleasure his first pastoral visit to the parish afforded him, and rejoiced in the pleasant relations existing between the pastor and his faithful people, and voiced his own earnest desire to foster such conditions, promising his willingness at all times to strengthen the hands of the pastor in his well meant efforts to advance the spiritual and temporal interests of his people. In his utterances the Archbishop gave strong proof of his attachment to his faithful Irish Catholic subjects, as did also Mr. Begin the other day in Quebec, making it clear that both of those eminent prelates have strong convictions as to the credit due to the children of St. Patrick for their heroic defence of the true faith at home in Ireland, as well as for the part they have played in spreading it in Canada and in every part of the New World in which they have found a home.

Finishing this branch of his discourse His Grace dwelt upon the nature and force of the sacred rite of Confirmation which he had just imparted to the children and the few adults as mentioned above. The part of the Church's ministrations to her spiritual children affords strong grounds for a Bishop's touching remarks whenever he administers the holy rite, for worldly seductions and a holy fear of them must be ever present to the episcopal mind, and when he confers the Sacrament that makes the recipients 'strong and perfect Christians' he knows that he is putting spiritual weapons into the hands of those confirmed, that will suffice, if rightly used, to shield them in after life from falling under the power of temptation. Thus were brought to a close the religious exercises on the first Sunday in May '98, in St. Mary's, in a manner that will be long kept fresh in the memory of the pastor and his zealous assistant, Rev. Father Shea, and also in the minds of every member of the parish.

On the following Monday evening St. Mary's hall was the scene of a very large and enthusiastic gathering who flocked to see and enjoy the execution of a well arranged programme representing St. Mary's Parish Feast, Third Grand Annual Entertainment. The two preceding entertainments of the kind in the same hall had given general satisfaction, and the several artists and performers had gained reputations. This fact no doubt stimulated the players of last night, for, in an age of progress, the things last done must surpass what went before of the same kind.

It certainly is not too much to say that the play put upon the boards in St. Mary's hall last evening reflected credit upon its organizers, and that all of those who appeared before the footlights in their several roles acted their parts well and gave an evening's rare enjoyment to the large audience assembled. It could only be by close study and diligent rehearsals that the amateur actors got to know the characters so well, which they represented. They surely made an intelligent reading and conception of their parts, for they gave them strong and realistic expression, which drew hearty applause from the audience. Where all did their best, and did it well, it would seem unfair to make invidious distinctions.

But then some had minor parts, without scope to show the artistic skill; while others had roles more favorable. Again, there were non-professionals on the stage last night, both ladies and gentlemen, who have played for years past and who are deservedly ranked high by Montreal audiences; those might be classed as star-amateurs, among whom may be named Madame Durand and Tootie; Mr. Daquette and Mr. Truman Cribbon. In "Hasten to Me," Miss Sullivan sang sweetly and with well modulated voice, as did Miss McGowan in "Close to the Threshold," and Miss Durand in the "Character Song." This young lady is of tender age, but, to her credit be it said, she acted her part with an ability and confidence befitting maturer years. Those who handled the duettes and quartettes did their work in splendid form. In this line, if a choice be permitted, we go for the quartette, "A Visit from Japan Babies," by Misses Turner, Hyland, Palmer and Hartford, as it was pleasing and amusing to see their comical gestures and motions. But in this branch, perhaps the funniest thing of all was done by the little sisters, Misses N. and H. Coghlan, in the duett "Gracful dance and song," "What a child can do." In this, the playing of the little mite was truly wonderful. She seemed perfectly master of her comical attitudes, and her clever motions were mirth-provoking. Later in the evening her elder sister, Miss N. Coghlan, amused the house by her expert manipulation in "Selections on the Bella." The piece coming from "The Children," in the operetta, entitled "A Lesson in Discretion," was well brought out, and so was the opening piece on the programme, called "Musical Selections," rendered by some 15 young ladies. The recitation by Mr. E. F. Feeley was laughable and really comical. When we turn from vocal to instrumental harmonies we find in Miss Hone a wonderful exponent of the powers of the violin. She came twice before the audience and fairly surprised them by her artistic handling of this popular instrument.

If the first words of praise were not given to Miss Maria Hollinshead and Miss Fannie Pringle it is because the reputation of these two vocalists is already secure. Miss Hollinshead, by reason of her long continued residence in Montreal and her vocal gifts, is immensely popular in the city, and she is never allowed to leave the stage without an encore. This was emphatically proved last night, for although Rev. Father O'Donnell who directed the programme, had put his veto upon the practice, Miss Hollinshead was recalled again and again before the footlights. Miss Fannie Pringle is less known here because of her shorter time in the city, but she is fast coming into popularity with Montrealers; and her sweet singing of last night will strengthen her claim. She has a voice of great sweetness and flexibility. She had attained to distinction in her chosen art in Toronto, but she preferred to cast her lot with the people of Montreal, a field in which success awaits her. She has a cultured voice which if once heard by an audience they would want to hear it again.

Professor Wilson was set down as the accompanist, and he officially acted in that capacity, but during the evening I noticed that several young ladies took his place at the piano, and did so with good taste and skill. Rev. Father O'Donnell held the stage and wisely directed the course of the entertainment, issuing from time to time his mandate against encores to avoid lateness in getting home, and yet it was late when the performance was over, but I fancy that no one thought that too much time had been spent in that highly entertaining hall. Towards the close Prof. Ware amazed and surprised the audience by his dexterity in slight of hand tricks and proved himself a master in the art. Members of the city clergy graced the hall with their presence, and surely enjoyed the rich treat prepared for the occasion. The genial pastor of St. Mary's and Rev. Father Shea, who expended much time and labor in organizing the affair, must feel gratified at its decided success. Measured by enter ailments I have seen of a like nature on my trip, I think last night's compare well, and will certainly pave the way for efforts as successful in the future.

MEMORIES are only made by years, and affections are not the growth of a day. Ordinary mortals miss the most trivial things they have been accustomed to, and to a certain extent seem lost without them. The information that even the most casual acquaintance has gone from among our midst, has a peculiar effect of making one think that the world is getting smaller; when we lose a playmate we sorrow, and are lonesome; when we lose a friend we stand up, shake hands and attempt to look manly and stoical, where in reality we are feeling

REV. JOHN CATULLE.

Superior of the Redemptorist Order in Canada Recalled.

He Leaves for Brussels on a Few Hours Notice - A Widespread Feeling of Sorrow in the Parish at His Departure - Some of the Good Works He Inaugurated During His Administration.

On September 22, 1884, Rev. John Catulle, who had been appointed Superior of the Redemptorist Order in Montreal, arrived from Belgium with Fathers Gods, Capel, Strubbe and Caron, and five lay brothers of their Order, and at once the eloquence and deep piety of their pulpit discourses attracted large numbers to their church.

The sympathy and love of the Irish congregation was stirred to its innermost depths, and the Reverend Fathers from Belgium received its generous outpourings in the well-merited respect and devotion of their people.



REV. JOHN CATULLE, C.S.S.R.

seemed to spring from the soil of St. Ann's as if by magic, and with but a very delicate touch of the golden wand of the people. No special tax harassed the parishioners, and yet the work of improvement went steadily on, but the mysterious agent that accomplished such surprising results was the generous hand of the pastor, silently pouring his own ample fortune into the parish treasury. His occasional mild appeals for help and sympathy in his undertakings met with a generous and immediate response from his devoted people. Thus a considerable addition to St. Ann's Church was built, and the interior beautified and embellished with costly objects; the altars and sanctuaries provided with furnishings of the most exquisite workmanship; new schools were opened and existing ones enlarged; a new presbytery and a commodious and well-equipped hall for the young men erected; a "home" for old people built, and placed in charge of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

In all these good works the Rev. Father Catulle was the guiding spirit, and he was ably assisted by the other Fathers of the community, especially by Rev. Father Strubbe, whose activity, energy and clear sightedness have made his name and presence familiar not only in our own city and province, but throughout Canada and many of the States of the neighboring Republic.

MGR. CORRIGAN'S SILVER JUBILEE.

Continued From First Page.

Committees in charge of the celebration held their final meetings yesterday, and it was announced that the subscriptions for the payment of the debt on St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, now amount to \$195,000. It was also said that the entire sum of \$200,000, which is to be presented to the clergy of the archdiocese, is in hand. The following new subscriptions were announced: Eugene Kelley, \$1,000; Thomas H. Kelley, \$1,000; Patrick Kiernan, \$1,000; Eugene O'Sullivan, \$500; William E. Iselin, \$250; John A. Mooney, \$250; D. C. Connell, \$250; Cornelius O'Reilly, \$250; Andrew Connick, \$200; Henry Campbell, \$150, and each of the following \$100: Thomas Burrett, Dennis Hogan, Mrs. A. McGinley, Mrs. J. C. Moore, M. J. Adrian, Edward Farrell, James R. Floyd, Stephen Goughagan, William P. O'Connor, Joseph Dillon, T.

The following brief sketch of the grand old priest, who was a warm friend of the True Witness, will be found interesting to its readers:—

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Rev. John Catulle, Rector of St. Ann's, and Vice Provincial of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer for Canada and the West Indies, was born in Ingelmunster, Belgium, on the 22nd of August, 1835.

It would be useless to attempt a detailed account of the work accomplished during the pastorate of the Rev. Father Catulle, for schools and homes and halls

\$2,500; Thomas H. O'Connor, \$2,000; G. P. Morison, \$2,000; Mrs. Martin B. Brown, \$1,000; M. Bealin, \$1,000; Peter McDonnell, \$1,000; L. J. Callanan, \$1,000; Adrian Iselin, Jr., \$1,000; Hugh J. Grant, \$1,000; C. V. Forney, \$1,000; Herman Ridder, \$1,000; Jacob Ruppert, \$1,000; Thomas Crimmins, Jr., \$1,000, and Mrs. Havemeyer, \$1,000.

ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD MAN.

Some Interesting Episodes in the Life of the Great Statesman.

A writer in the New York Herald gives the following notes of some of the characteristics of England's Grand Old Man. He says:—

It was John Bright who is said to have applied the epithet "Grand Old Man" to Gladstone in a speech at Northampton in 1882. Since that time it has become exceedingly popular as a term of respectful familiarity from his friends and of decision to his opponents.

In Mr. Gladstone's nature gravity and earnestness are allied with a strong temper, kept, however, in stern control. He has a great capacity for generous indignation, and when he is at home with it, the hawklike features become more strongly accented, the onyx eyes flash and glow, the voice grows resonant, the utterance emphatic. No one, it seems, has ever tried but once to tell him an anecdote depending for its point upon some trait of cynicism, business or sharp practice. The tale was received in grim and disgusted silence. "Do you call that amusing?" I call it devilish," was the comment with which a characteristic story about Lord Beaconsfield was received by his rival.

In personal dealings, although quickly roused, Mr. Gladstone was pleasurable, reasonable and always willing to hear excuses or defenses. When the course of life was flowing smoothly he was delightful company. A most engaging quality was his invariable and universal courtesy. He had the ceremonious manners of the old school, and treated young and old, men and women, as if they were on his own intellectual level. Indeed, his manner toward his intellectual inferiors was almost ludicrously humble. Still, being human, he liked acquiescence better than contradiction, and he was inclined to overrate the characters and attainments of the people who agreed with him. His geese were swans. He showed, according to Bishop Wilberforce, a want of clear sharp sightedness as to others, and he consequently exposed himself to the arts of scheming mediocrities. He was seen to most advantage in his own home. His extraordinary vigor and agility of mind and body, his unbroken health and buoyant spirits, formed an atmosphere of infectious vitality. He delighted in hospitality, and received his friends with a joy that warmed more than wine. The dignity, order, simplicity and manly piety of his daily life made up a spectacle more impressive than his most magnificent performances in Parliament or on the platform.

Although Mr. Gladstone was pre-eminently a talker in society, yet he did not disdain the other arts by which people who dine out contrive to spend the time. In his younger days he used to be quite noted for singing either solos or part songs, and even down to recent times the musical bass of his voice was often heard to great advantage in family worship at Hawarden on Sunday nights.

There are legends of the wonderful effect with which he was wont to render a favorite Scotch song, and irreverent gossips have even declared that on one occasion Mr. Gladstone brought down the drawing room by the vicinity and rollicking spirit with which he rendered the well known "Camptown Races," with its familiar refrain:—

Gwine to ride all night,  
Gwine to ride all day;  
I bet my money on the bobbit and nag,  
Somebody bet on the bay.

His high spirits broke out at every moment, and he used to rejoice to play a comedy part on his own or his son's lawn. It would be incorrect to say that on the occasion of popular celebrations or local fancy fairs and cottage gardening shows Mr. Gladstone played down to the level of his audiences. On the contrary, he exhibited just sufficient sympathy to raise them to enthusiasm, and no more.

Mr. Gladstone's post bag in the days of his greatest popularity used to contain the most incongruous medley of important and frivolous letters ever brought together in the correspondence of a single man. Women wrote to him a great deal, and when he was in office there was seldom a day passed in which he did not receive at least one letter from unfortunate girls telling pitiful stories and appealing to him for assistance. Letters of abuse, threatening letters, fierce oburgations and insane proposals were as thick as blackberries. During the height of the jingo fever it was no pleasant task to go through the letters which the votaries of war used to send to Harley street.

Sometimes a dozen ruffians would sit down and write post cards to Mrs. Gladstone expressing in the foulest language the most revolting wishes for her destruction. That Mrs. Gladstone and her daughters might be subjected to the last extremity of outrage at the hands of Bulgarians and Cossacks was so common a form of communication that the letters and post cards at last ceased to excite even surprise. The roughs who broke off the muscles of his arms, wry and spare like the rest of his body, gave little promise.

In his youth he often spoke of himself as being good upon any day for a forty mile walk, and although he never accomplished the feat performed more than once by his second son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, rector of Hawarden, of walking up from Oxford to London in a day, it was from no deficiency of pedestrian endurance. No ordinary frame was, indeed, requisite to carry Mr.

Gladstone through the superhuman labor which he imposed upon himself. Gladstone, remarked Sir James Graham, in 1852, "can accomplish in four hours what it takes me sixteen to do, and he works for sixteen hours every day."

The extreme subtlety of Gladstone's mind, the almost casual method of his reasoning, has been a frequent source of amusement to his foes. During Garibaldi's visit to London it was suggested that a richly jointured widow, who was about much with him, should marry him. To the objection that he had a wife living the ready answer was, "Oh, we must get Gladstone to explain her away."

Nearly every second-hand bookseller in London habitually sent Mr. Gladstone his catalogue. Sometimes he would repair to the shop, list in hand, and look at the books he had marked, giving a cheque at once, which he sometimes wrote in the shop, for the amount spent. In more than one instance a cheque for £1 or some such small amount has been kept and framed by a bookseller. At one time the most intimate relations subsisted between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Weston, a bookseller in New Oxford street, close to Tottenham Court road. Sometimes Mr. Gladstone when about to dine at a public dinner in the city would send his clothes to Mr. Weston's house, and there dress for dinner. In the more crowded parts of the city Mr. Gladstone would occasionally be observed entering a shop by men and women in the street. They would gather round the entrance and make it impossible for him to make his exit save by the rear. About half a dozen years ago he entered a book shop in the Edgeware road, not far from Edgeware road underground station.

In a few minutes a dense crowd gathered on the pavement and blocked all egress, interfering with pedestrian traffic and even interrupting the omnibuses and vehicles in the main street. The three or four policemen near at hand were wholly unable to control the mob and make a lane through which Mr. Gladstone might pass to a "growler" called for his accommodation. One policeman ran around to the police station hard by and returned in half an hour with twenty or thirty constables, who soon managed to secure the Premier's release, after a detention of more than an hour.

The famous American horse tamer, Rary, when he was in England, spoke of Gladstone as one of the finest and boldest riders he had ever seen. Once when Chancellor of the Exchequer he was taking his usual ride in Hyde Park on a spirited young horse the horse plunged and ran away, got off the ordinary track of riders and came along a spread of turf divided by rails and gateways of slender iron. It went straight over one of the gateways. Gladstone was determined to get the better of that horse. The moment the horse had leaped the gate the rider turned him round and put him at the gate again. Again and again he topped it, and again his master turned him and made him go at it once more, the windows at his house in Harley street had comrades who substituted post cards for bricksbats. "To Mr. Gladstone, Russian Agent," was the favorite form of address.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHT.)

MONTREAL, April 23rd, 1898.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly inform me through the columns of your welcome paper of the address (postal) of Mr. Henry Austin Adams, who lectured here recently, and oblige, yours sincerely, AN ANXIOUS EXQUIRER.

[Mr. Adams is the editor of Donahoe's Magazine; address, 611 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.]

FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



We have 5 different patterns equally as good which we will close out at \$4.95 each.

Special values in all lines of Furniture for the balance of this month.

We will store your purchases free till wanted.

RENAUD, KING & PATTERSON, 652 Craig Street.

OBITUARY.

MRS. FRANK O'REILLY.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Frank O'Reilly, beloved wife of Mr. Frank O'Reilly, ex captain of the Senior Shamrocks, and for many years a director of the S. A. A. The sad event, which occurred at the beginning of the week, was not altogether unexpected, as deceased had been suffering for some years from a painful malady. Mrs. O'Reilly was well known in St. Gabriel Parish. She was a devout Catholic and an earnest worker in the cause of charity. The True Witness offers to Mr. O'Reilly and family its sincere sympathy.

On the following Monday evening St. Mary's hall was the scene of a very large and enthusiastic gathering who flocked to see and enjoy the execution of a well arranged programme representing St. Mary's Parish Feast, Third Grand Annual Entertainment. The two preceding entertainments of the kind in the same hall had given general satisfaction, and the several artists and performers had gained reputations. This fact no doubt stimulated the players of last night, for, in an age of progress, the things last done must surpass what went before of the same kind.

# IN WOMAN'S WORLD.

## NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

WE reproduce, for the benefit of the Catholic women gossipers, and they are numerous, the following extract from a sermon recently delivered by the Rev. Father Murphy, O.M.I., on the regulation of the tongue. He took his text from St. James, 1st chapter, 19th verse: "Let every man be swift to hear and slow to speak." In the course of his sermon he said: "Speech is one of the great privileges of our nature and we should strive to realize the sacredness of the gift of speech and bring home to our minds the necessity of using that gift with caution. Two of God's commandments have speech for their matter. The most notable faults of the tongue are the sin of falsehood, which is against the instincts of our nature, and improper conversation, which, St. Paul says, should never be tolerated. Another very common fault of the tongue is conversation about others.

Three rules have been laid down by moralists by which we may overcome the faults in speech against charity. First, if you cannot speak well of your neighbor, do not speak at all; second, do not say anything in the absence of your neighbor that you would not say in his presence; third, say not of another what you would not have another say of you. Before you speak a word you are its master; after it is spoken you are its slave." In conclusion the preacher said: "A gift which is intended for a good use and can be used for good is the gift of speech. If instead of words turning against us in judgment we can make them plead our cause before our Maker, if we use this noble gift for the glory of God, the benefit of our neighbor and our own salvation, we will enjoy all the happiness of heaven.

A trained nurse says that, in spite of all teaching, the hardest thing she has to fight against in her work in private houses is the non-ventilation of the sick room. To shut up an invalid as nearly airtight as possible seems to be the Shibboleth of the majority of persons; yet sick people, more than others, need the strengthening qualities of fresh air. Draughts, of course, are to be avoided, but a lot of fresh air is obligatory in every case.

The question of allowances for the youth of the family is one which has awakened a great deal of interest during recent years, and it presents itself in various aspects to fathers and mothers. An American writer in a contribution to a secular journal says: "One woman, whose ideas on the bringing up of children have resulted successfully does not approve of allowance. 'My children,' she says, 'after they are fourteen or fifteen, are always kept supplied with a quarter; this in case of emergency. The rest of their wants are provided for as they have been during childhood.' Other mothers have found the allowance idea an excellent one. Fifty cents a week given to a young girl, out of which to provide certain small necessities and be equal to emergencies brought about by her own carelessness and want of forethought, is a system which has proved its efficacy. If a girl needs care every day for school, a dollar a week seems reasonable, and out of this she will frequently save money. The weight of opinion is, undoubtedly, in favor of allowances. The tendency of the day is to belittle the habit of promiscuously giving small sums of money, nickels, dimes and quarters. A child with an allowance soon discovers that even pennies count, and if no other lesson is taught, something has been gained.

The instruction given to the Red Cross nurses by the surgeon-in-chief previous to their departure for Key West are quite worth the notice of stay-at-home women, says the New York Post. A new argument against tight lacing was made in one point which Dr. Lusser urged, that the wearing of tight clothes irritated and roughened the skin, thereby adding a little to a person's susceptibility to disease. A smooth, unbroken skin, he averred, was a great safeguard against germs. Woolen underwear, too, was denounced as absorbing noxious substances too easily. Preventives, too, in the shape of medicine taken to ward off disease, were not favored by the doctor. The best safeguards were regular and light meals, plenty of baths, and a proper amount of sleep. The precaution of boiling the water was advocated, even for washing purposes, in swampy and specially infected districts.

Although great stress is laid upon the importance of care in engaging help, the treatment and the training of a servant, after a good selection has been made, are equally important, says the Chicago Times Herald.

To convince a girl that her happiness and welfare are of interest to her mistress is a long step in the right direction. To the 'new girl' the house and its appointments are strange, and the fear that she will not suit frequently adds timidity to her other disadvantages. If her predecessor has been a competent servant the mistress is unconsciously unjust by comparison, and the outlook is very disheartening; but how often the new comer is an improvement upon the former incumbent, if given time and a fair trial.

The mistress should remember during the training period that it is not sensible to expect from these girls neatness and quick adaptation to ways of nice cooking, and intelligent service. It should also be remembered that there is another and a brighter side to this. Order firm and gentle teaching, trying as it is to the nerves and patience of the mistress, these girls, with their uncouth ways, become excellent servants in many instances, and repay by their faithfulness all the efforts made in their behalf.

## HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

AT the meeting of the members of the World's Congress of Chiefs at their club rooms, some weeks ago, says the N. Y. World, the question of the causes and reasons for so much dyspepsia among Americans, and particularly among New Yorkers, was discussed.

Charles Ranhofer said: Dyspepsia has become such an evil in this country that one scarcely meets any one who is not suffering from it in one form or another. I think there are various causes for this condition. First of all, people here are in such a hurry to get to business in the morning they can't stop to eat their breakfast properly. And then they eat too heavy breakfasts; the first hearty meal should not be taken before noon. A cup of coffee with a piece of bread in the early morning is best. Then a hearty meal at midday.

"I do not think the women of this country, or at least in this city, are careful enough in selecting the foods with which their tables are supplied. As a rule, they are contented to do their marketing by order. All over France and Germany, where dyspepsia is almost unknown, the women of the families do their own marketing, and do not leave things to be sent home, but have servants go with them, who take the articles bought home. Then the women there, high or low, know how to cook, and badly cooked foods are not tolerated. Then foods are not kept so long. There they are bought fresh every day. Ice boxes and refrigerators are not in vogue in the households of France and Germany.

"Indeed this is a subject," said Mr. Ranhofer, "for most serious consideration. Fresh foods are what people must eat to be well."

Gustav Becker said he thought there were two causes for the dyspeptic condition of New Yorkers which, if removed or corrected, would have the most beneficial effect. "The main one," said Mr. Becker, "is the habit most New Yorkers have of craving and eating foods out of season, such as poultry, game, sweet breads, etc., which are kept in cold storage, and thus their nutritive properties are destroyed. There are always plenty of fresh foods to be had belonging to each particular season, and if Americans were more simple in their tastes, and would not season their foods so heavily, it would be better for them."

The best way to clean painted walls is to use a large soft sponge. Those known as 'coachmen's sponges' can be had at a very low price. They should be wrung out of warm water in which a little soda has been dissolved, and the walls wiped downward, going over a small space at a time, before it is wiped dry again with clean house-cloths. Care should be taken to change the water often, as wiping a wall with dirty water leaves streaks.

The popular apple salad has changed, now that the apple season is over, to pineapple salad, used, like its precursor, with chopped celery. The mayonnaise for either of these salads is preferably made with cream rather than oil, although a very little oil may be used to start the egg in its creaming process. A few salted nuts—almonds, peanuts or walnuts—sprinkled over the top add an excellent flavor to the salad.

At the more important house furnishing-shops, or at the furriers', can be had combs which are useful at this time of year in going over expensive furs, to be sure that all moth eggs are out of them. No amount of preventives will avail if the furs carry with them to their cedar chests or tarpaper-lined boxes the embryo of coming moths. It is a simple matter to keep the furs free if they start free, almost any insect proof box or bag sufficing for the purpose.

An American authority gives the following directions for the preparation of beef tea:—Take one pound of lean beef and cut it into very small pieces. Place the meat in a preserve jar with a salt-spoon of salt. Mix some cold and some boiling water, equal parts of each, and put one-half pint of it in the jar with the meat, and enough in the saucepan to reach as high as the water in the jar. Put the lid on the saucepan over the jar and stand it in a warm place, either on the hearth in front of the fire or on the back of the range. Stir the meat every fifteen minutes, and leave standing from an hour and a half to two hours. Then strain off the juice through a wire sieve or through muslin; boil the juice up once and set it to one side. Put the meat from the strainer into a quart of boiling water and simmer for three hours; then boil up and strain, after which reduce the liquid to one-half pint by boiling; then add it to the juice previously obtained, when you will have one pint of strong beef tea, containing all the soluble portion of the meat. When cold, remove any solid fat. Heat as required, removing with a piece of white blotting-paper any fat which may remain.

From Xenophon Kuzmier we have directions for preparing essence of meat. In cases of extreme debility it is sometimes advisable to give the essence of meat without the gelatine which is present in beef tea. To make this take half a pound of fresh beef cut very fine, and add to it half a pint of cold rain water which has been filtered; a salt-spoon of salt, and five drops of pure muriatic acid. Stir these well, and after one hour filter through a conical sieve without pressure. The fluid will be thick at first. Return through the sieve until clear. Then pour through the meat another half pint of filtered water. This will give a red solution of meat. Give a wineglass of this as required, either cold or slightly warmed.

**BETTER** than cure is prevention. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you may keep well, with pure blood, strong nerves and a good **APPETITE**.

## WHIMS OF FASHION.

IT is quite safe to say that there are many queer styles in this season's millinery. The flower hat is not by any means the least peculiar in this regard. There are, however, some beautiful flower hats, and among the favorites is one of forget-me-nots, trimmed at the side with turquoise blue velvet loops and ends, and a large buckle of turquoise and pearls.

A curious and pretty effect is obtained by the introduction of faconé scrolls into tartan silks. The latest novelty in gossamer is the scroll printed in a lighter color in mousseline de soie. These are being made over silk, the color of the scroll showing the ground conspicuously.

A hat suitable for large women this year is of braided straw, the crown being encircled by three flounces of tur-

ing and underskirt can never be obtained, however, from any of these. Only a plain, one shade taffetas, with plenty of dressing for both lining and petticoat, will produce the desired effect.

Plaids in clannish colors and Roman striped gingham are greatly used for shirt waists, especially for golfing and cycling.

Among the colors popular for spring are castors, browns, grays, gobein and deep blues—the grays and blues in changeable effects. The great popularity of green is on the wane, such a large quantity of cheap goods in those shades having been put on the market.

Piqué promises to have a way in the spring and summer seasons. White piqué will be more in demand than the colored. Of the latter, however, flax blue and several shades of soft, pale yellow will be seen. The piqué should be made into tailor gowns.

Corduroy and uncut velvets in gray are fashionable, this color seeming to have won its way into the hearts of fashionable women.

In the new materials shown are changeable and plain poplins, whipcords,

or headgear. Scotch and shepherd's plaids as well as striped and embroidered designs, will be fashionable. A beautiful effect in this line is yellow fleur-de-lis on a black ground.

The old grenadines, with silk stripes of purple, green, blue, and burnt orange, are in favor this year. They are being made up with ruffles of black net, edged with satin ribbons, the color of the stripes.

For summer wear capes will be much worn. For trimming pleated mousseline de soie, black lace and gauze ribbon will be in great favor.

### CROSSING OF THE LEGS.

The common habit of crossing the legs at the knee when sitting is earnestly protested against by a writer quoted in the Health Magazine. It is claimed that this habit "is at least one cause of cold feet, headache, varicose veins, ulcers, and other troubles due to poor circulation in the lower limbs. The reason of this lies in the fact that just under the knee, where the greatest pressure comes in this position, there are large veins, arteries and nerves whose walls are pressed together, thus interfering more or less with the circulation and the sensation. It is said that women are more liable to acquire the habit than men, and it may be added that doubtless one reason for this is the height of ordinary chair seats. The writer proceeds to say: Will not some one please invent a chair—a common chair—with an adjustable seat, so that, whatever the height of the person, the chair can be made comfortable? For what is more uncomfortable than to be obliged to sit for an hour or more in a straight-backed chair with a seat so high that the toes can barely touch the floor? Small wonder that some relief is sought by crossing the legs. It is noticeable that when low chairs, adapted to the height of the person, are furnished, the legs usually remain straight and the feet firmly on the floor.

Toothache stopped in two minutes, with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum; 10c.

### FASHIONS FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

In men's wear for the spring of '90 gray will be the principal color, especially in those fabrics whose foundation is blue and whose lighter effects consist of dull gray. The most fashionable shade will be pigeon gray. This color may be produced with either a red or a gray hue. Other good shades are tea green and a mixture of green and shining silver. The latter makes a very desirable effect. Another taking mixture will be green with a light drab, also olive with a light silver. Of the louder effects an assortment of browns and greens will be shown, also dark browns with Paris green. Other mixtures to be given prominence will be red browns, bronzes and Nil-greens, also olive drab with bronze. Of late it has become more and more evident that the dark navy blue tones will not be renewed, as they have not taken well. Blues in lighter colors will not take as well as drab and pigeon grays. The whole tendency seems to be away from loud colors and toward more sedate and invisible effects; but in no instance is the silver gray here omitted—it appears in almost everything up to white.

The piece dyes and clays will be in very small demand, the trend of fashion being toward mixtures with small effects and little squares. In the manufacture of goods there seems to be a desire to use coarser numbers of yarns than previously, as goods out of very fine yarns need more careful and exact treatment. Manufacturers have found out the advantages and it is likely that their use will be increased. The use of chevrons and casimères is more and more dying out. They will be made during the coming season only in the very cheapest goods. Worsted fabrics seem to be monopolizing the market, and in all probability will maintain their reign for several seasons to come.

In ladies' wear for the fall of 1898-99 combination and traverse effects will be largely developed and there is no doubt that they will play a very important part during the winter. This is also true of zigzag or snake effects, combined with small figures, circles, for example. One thing to be looked out for in traverse effects is that they do not run stiffly or harshly alongside each other, but that carefully arranged designs are spread over the whole fabric. It is advisable that traverse figures should be a little darker than the foundation of the goods. The tendency of colors is toward dull, dead shades, this dark hue being observable in every variety of fabric. There is more possibility for the prevalence of stripe and traverse effects, as the fashion will be on the order or tailor-made garments, and this stripe effect will be the very thing for such a costume.—Translated from the German.

### BEST INVESTMENT ON EARTH!!

SIMPLE STRONG



SILENT SPEEDY

They earn more money, in proportion to cost, than any other product of human ingenuity. THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.

quise taffetas ribbon, a tight band running around the crown. A spiral of ribbon and bunch of morning glories form the side trimming.

It not infrequently happens that quality marks the division between fashionable and unfashionable. This is the case in checks this year. The best qualities are not twilled, and threads forming the weft and warp are of equal strength and thickness. Some favorite combinations are navy blue and cream, black and red and dark blue and red.

Checks appear to be the leading style for dress silks, as well as for necktie silks.

Over a third of all the goods, ordered from wholesale firms for the spring trade is in plain fabrics, which fact augurs well for the supremacy of the tailor-made suit. Every well-dressed woman feels the need of such a costume, and is glad to find new materials of suitable color, texture and pattern.

Bayadère stripes and plaids in ribbons are shown in large quantities, the former for gowns and the latter for children's hats.

Shaded, striped and figured taffetas are still leading silks for linings, the bayadère and raye stripes being almost too new to be called popular as yet. The secret of the delightful frout-frout that proclaims without a doubt a silken lin-

The bosier this coming season will be as varied in style and color as the gowns

### ROOFS FOR THE BARN.

A good Barn is not a good Barn unless it has a good Roof.

We would therefore press on you the importance of enquiring into the durability of our Steel Shingles before deciding on the covering of your barn.

We guarantee all our Steel Products to be water, wind, and storm proof, and to last a life-time.

We will give you the benefit of our 32 year's experience in roofing. Our illustrated catalogues, and up-to-date information on those points on receipt of a post card.

THE Pedlar Metal Roofing Co., ONTARIO, Ont.

### JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS

## CARPETS

For new and up to date patterns in Carpets, call and see our stock; every piece is our own exclusive pattern. New designs in

Wiltons, Axminsters, Brussels, Velvets, and Saxony Carpets, OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS in the best up-to-date patterns.

## CURTAINS

In Irish Point, Nottingham and Swiss Draperies and Furniture Coverings in beautiful new effects.

## LINENS

72 inch Crown Table Damask, in right kind for wear and appearance, 90c, 70c, 80c, 90c and \$1.00 per yard.  
70 inch Bleached Table Damask, 90c, 95c, \$1.00, \$1.10, \$1.20, \$1.25 per yard, up.

These are not every day values, but are some exceptional offerings from a factory which only require to be seen to be appreciated.

## MILLINERY

Don't forget to visit our beautiful display of Artistically Trimmed Millinery for Summer wear.

## Sheetings and Pillow Cases

Domestic and Imported, in all widths and qualities; prices are the lowest. Special Discount of 25 per cent. on Fancy Dress Goods.

### JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS

The Largest Exclusive Dry Goods Store in Canada.

St. Catherine & Mountain Sts.

### HOME WORK FOR FAMILIES.

We want the services of a number of first-class women to do work for us at home, where we spare time. The work we send our workers is quickly and easily done, and returned by parcel post as finished. Terms: \$7 to \$10 per week. For particulars, send to commence send name and address. THE STANDARD SUPPLY CO., LONDON, ONT.

## CARPETS

Spring arrivals are opening up and selling freely.

Oilcloths and Linoleums from the best makers.

Cork Carpets, Plain and Printed.

Curtains, Shades and Draperies.

### THOMAS LICGET,

1884 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

175 to 179 Sparks Street, Ottawa.

### SPECIALTIES of GRAY'S PHARMACY

FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR FLUID..... 25c

FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE..... 25c

FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LANOLIN CREAM. 25c

### HENRY R. GRAY,

Pharmaceutical Chemist.

122 St. Lawrence Street West

N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city.

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### BRODIE & HARVIE'S PANCAKE FLOUR

For PANCAKES, MUFFINS, Etc.

Ask your Grocer for it. 3lbs and 6lbs packages.

Little Irish Girl.

By "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XV.

Think to me only with thine eyes, And I pledge with mine; Or leave a kiss but in the cup, And I'll not look for wine.

"Yes, it is me," says she (reckless of grammar). "I have come to tell you all about it."

"About what?" His face is now as white as her own, and that is saying a great deal for it.

"You know—That is—do you know?" she asks, that old doubt returning.

"Eren if I do, don't let us talk out here. It is miserably cold. Come in."

"No—no. Let me tell you here," she says, where you can't see me," she would have added, had she dared.

"As you will, of course; but it is maddest. It is the coldest night we have had yet; and there is a fire within—"

"You did not seem to feel it too cold to come out a few minutes ago," says she.

"How do you know I came out?" she asks you. I was looking out of the window. And . . . I have wanted all day to see you alone.

"To see me alone? For the first time in your life, surely," with sudden bitterness.

"Never mind all that now," says she, with a touch of impatience that is full of despair. "At all events, I did want to see you—to tell you the truth about it."

"Don't go on—don't, if it hurts you," says he hoarsely. "Oh! it is more than that. It hurts me, in a stilled tone. 'It is not a bad thing that I can't live until I tell you that.'"

"Tell it, then," says he, freezing again. Her grief, her misery! And such strong grief that it seems to shake her slender frame to its very soul. And all for that other?

"And thus hidden, she tells it. A most haunting, wonderful tale; but true in every point. So true, indeed, that it defeats itself. It does not lay clear the fact that she loves for him, and want of love for his rival, had been the motive power that worked her return.

"There is a dead silence when she has finished her forlorn confession. "So you were afraid to go in the long run," says he at last, his voice stern.

"Afraid! No—yes." She had begun boldly, but now breaks down. "Yes, I was afraid."

"And why have you told me this?" "Oh! must I answer that?" says she, clasping her cold hands in front of her. "You know. Do you think I have not seen enough to—Do you think I am without all feeling? I spoke—to set you free!"

"So anxious for your own freedom?" says he, with a sneer. He flings the now cold cigar over the balcony, away into the dark beyond. "You are ingenuous—ness itself." To put it upon me is a good name. "Well! And so I am to consider my engagement at an end?"

"Of course," says she very bravely; and in another moment, to her intense discomfort, finds that she is crying bitterly—silently—desperately. So silent is her crying that, in the darkness, he is not aware of it.

"I think you could have found an easier, not to say more graceful way out of your difficulty," says he contemptuously. "A word to me would have been enough. But I suppose I was not worth even so much trouble the girl who had promised to marry me? You had promised, you know (trying to see her face, and speaking with merciless persistence). "Did you imagine—bitterly—that I was so enamoured of you that I would force you into a marriage with me? Did you believe me—passionately—so mean a bound that I would marry you against your will? Great Heaven, what a world of it!" He turns suddenly away from her stricken figure, and begins to pace vehemently up and down the balcony.

"Here! come in," says he at last, emphatically. "Come in out of this cold, faithless and worthless as I think you are, and know you—still, you must live, I suppose, to the undoing of other men." He has laid his hand on her arm, and drawn her to the open casement. The lights from within falling more distinctly on her face wake him to the fact that the tears are running down her cheeks.

"You are crying?" says he fiercely. He curls her hair. Crying—for Eyrre! He curls her passion by a supreme effort, and once again addresses her. His voice now is under control, though his eyes still show the angry grief that is consuming him. "If you are crying for Eyrre," says he, that can soon be set right. To judge by his manner last night—"

overpowered with this fresh knowledge, that meant so much fresh shame, she might have read between the lines of his short answer. "Oh, you should—you should!" says she, weeping openly now. "Don't cry," says Anketell, catching hold of her. "Don't! Am I not miserable enough? It can all soon be set right."

"Oh, never! Never!" "I tell you yes. You know his address?" "His?" "Eyre's." "It can easily be discovered, however." "I don't want to discover it," says she, covering her face with her hands. "Then why are you crying?" asks he coldly. "Let us, now that the truth lies bare between us, cease from deception. Tell me this" (his tone growing almost frozen now): "when you proposed to leave your home with him, where were you going?"

"To his sister, Lady Stanning" (fairly). "She had arranged to receive you?" "Oh, no! He—no only settled about our going the morning before I—left. When was it?" (wearily). "It seems a long, long time ago." "I dare say" (grimly). "But a telegram will bring him to you in no time. Well, and so you were to go to Lady Stanning, in the middle of the night, without previous arrangement with her of any sort."

"No he said." "Did it never occur to you that Lady Stanning might not be exactly pleased to receive an unknown young lady at an hour approaching midnight?" "I did not think—"

"And he" (with growing wrath)—"this precious lover of yours—did he never think either? Did it never dawn upon his vacant brain what a cul de sac he was leading you into? Pah! Mr. Eyre may be the model of all virtues, all genius in your eyes; in mine he is merely a first class idiot."

"Oh, yes," agrees she, with a sob. Anketell stops as if struck. He had expected vituperation—tears—abuse—support of Eyre. But this—this open agreement with the verdict against him—is more than he prepared himself to receive! "But he was very kind—very," says Dulcie hurriedly. "He was kind to me when you—when every one was against me. If—I had liked him a little bit more, I should have been glad to go with him; but—" She lifts her earnest, half-drowned eyes to his.

"But—" questions he sternly. "But—" returns she gently. "To disbelieve her would be to be a fool. Anketell's face pales for a moment, and then slowly, slowly a healthier, happier hue returns to it. "Come in," says he gently. He does not wait for her to obey him, this time, however. He draws her with a strong if tender arm to the shelter of the warm room within.

"Of Eyre. Forgive me that." "Non-sense," says Miss McDermott. "Why" (airily). "I've forgotten him. No, it is Andy! You know he told you last night that he had brought me to the station, and, as I told you, I—"

"Yes. It was a great deal. And Andy is greatly put out about it. You—you are sure you don't think badly of him?" "I think" (enthusiastically) "very highly of him!" "Oh! Do you really?" "Why, how else should I think of him? Was he not trying to help you?" "No." "And you will say something lovely to him the very first thing in the morning?" "No; I shall say something lovely to you then."

"Oh, Ralph . . . Well, good night . . . Good-night again. . . . Good-night really, this time!" [THE END]

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NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.

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St. Ann's Young Men's Society. Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8 p.m.

C.M.B.A. of Canada. C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74. Organized March 1885. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St. Gabriel's New Church, corner of Centre and Laprairie streets.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26. Organized, 15th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month.

Catholic Benevolent Legion. Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Catholic Order of Foresters. St. Gabriel's Court, 185. Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan. 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laprairie streets.

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DR. ADAMS' TOOTHACHE GUM is sold by all good druggists. 10 cts. a bottle.



A NARROW ESCAPE.

A WIARTON LADY WHO WAS NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

HER TROUBLE BEGAN WITH SWELLING OF THE GLANDS—THIS WAS FOLLOWED BY GENERAL COLLAPSE AND HEART WEAKNESS—DOCTORS SAID SHE COULD NOT RECOVER, BUT TO DAY SHE IS ENJOYING GOOD HEALTH.

[From the Echo, Warton, Ont.]

Mrs. Jas. Overland, who lives in Warton, makes the following statement in regard to a remarkable cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People:—I am 30 years of age and have lived in Warton for the past six years. Previous to this I, with my husband, who is a stone mason, were residents of Chesley. About four years ago there came a swelling on the right side of my neck which grew as the time went on until in about six months it had grown as large as a goose egg. I consulted a physician and he lanced it. This physician diagnosed my case as enlargement of the glands, and said I would get well after it was lanced. This operation gave me temporary relief, but it was only a short time before the lump again began to grow and in six months I was worse than ever. In the meantime I had been prescribed for by different physicians and taken several patent medicines, but none of them gave me more than temporary relief. About three years ago I left Warton for Chesley thinking probably a change would improve my health. I consulted a physician there and he said the trouble was incurable and might end fatally. Discouraged I returned to my home in Warton, much worse than I was when I left, and believing I had come home to die. Before I left for Chesley I had been attacked occasionally with fainting spells; on my return these occurred more frequently and of longer duration. With the least excitement I would faint dead away. I had become very weak and could scarcely walk across the floor and felt myself growing worse every day. I again consulted the local physician and this time he said it was spasms of the heart and that I would not live more than a couple of days. While lying in bed a lady of the town visited me and advised me strongly to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought it useless, but I was ready to grasp at any means of promised relief, and so commenced to use them. Before the second box was completed I felt myself getting better and before I had finished my seventh box I was able to go about and do my own work. I continued them until I had used fourteen boxes, when I was completely cured. The swelling has left my neck and I am now as well a woman as I ever was in my life. I make the above statement voluntarily, believing it my duty to that which has saved my life and will if necessary make an affidavit to the above facts at any time.

A depraved condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system is the secret of most ills that afflict mankind, and by restoring the blood and rebuilding the nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden and speedily restore the rich glow of health to sallow cheeks. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good." Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Continued from Fifth Page. ENGLAND'S GRAND OLD MAN.

Mr. Gladstone never appeared to greater advantage than when taking a walk in the country with a congenial friend whose physical powers were equal to the task of keeping up with a pedestrian whom no distance could tire. It was not until he was well advanced in life that he took, partly as an amusement and partly for exercise, to the practice of felling trees. In this difficult art he attained a skill which was the marvel and surmount it yet another time. So it went on until the horse was fairly but very harmlessly conquered, and the rider was the supreme victor of the day.

Of Gladstone's coolness and self-possession in an emergency Miss Mary Anderson gives a notable and now historical instance. It was on the occasion of her first meeting with the G. O. M., who was then Prime Minister, at a breakfast in Downing street. "I had the pleasure," says our Mary, "of sitting between him and the late Lord Granville. Mr. Gladstone was speaking amusingly of toys, contrasting the quaint and simple ones of his childhood with the intricate and wonderful playthings of to-day, when, to the horror of all, a loud explosion was heard, which seemed to be in the house. Happening at a time when dynamite was being freely used in London, and Victoria Station had already been partially demolished by a bomb, its effect was naturally terrifying. Mr. Gladstone was the only one of the party who did not show the slightest sign of fear, and went to the scene of the explosion at once. We soon learned that an attempt had been made to blow up the Admiralty near by. On his return Mr. Gladstone, after expressing indignation at the cowardice of such proceedings, said nothing further on the subject. A few moments later he was helping me with my wrap, which he put on upside down, making amusing remarks about ladies' cloaks in general and mine in particular.

STARTLED THE OLD MAN.

The acoustics of Statuary Hall in the capitol at Washington are a matter of wonder to tourists, and many are the tricks played upon them. An exchange

MERIT is what has given Hood's Sarsaparilla the largest sales in the world and enables it to accomplish thousands of wonderful CURES.

tells of a youth employed in one of the departments who was visited by his father recently and took the old gentleman to Statuary Hall. There is a block about the centre of the circular hall where, if one stands and faces the north, a sound uttered from the doorway, 40 feet in the rear, seems to be immediately in front of this block. The youth managed to get his father on the block, and attracting his attention towards a statue in front, slipped to the rear and said: "What time have you? My watch has stopped." The father drew out his watch and was half through giving him the time when he looked around and saw that he was standing alone and that the son was nowhere to be seen. He was bewildered and looked like the man from beneath whose coat the magician has just extracted a live goose. Presently the son stepped forth from the pillar where he had been in hiding, but it required many explanations to restore the old gentleman's serenity.

DON'T TELL ANYBODY.

If no one should tell you about it, you would hardly know there was cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion, the taste is so nicely covered. Children like it, and the parents don't object.

A GREAT STROKE.

The Big But Bloodless British Triumph in China.

Amid the clash of arms not only are the laws silent, according to the ancient saying, but the rounds of peaceful progress are unheard. Yet such progress keeps its pace. At the present moment, little noticed by mankind at large, and only briefly and obscurely chronicled amid the floods of war news, there is being fulfilled a veritable epoch-making transaction, the effects of which upon the industrial and commercial future of the world bid fair to be such as will baffle all computation.

Here is the simple statement: The British Government has secured for a British syndicate—of which, by the way, one of Cecil Rhodes' most energetic partners is a leading member—a long term concession for working the coal and other mines of the Chinese province of Shan-Si, building railroads there, and in general developing the province. That is all. It might mean much or little. It does mean one of the greatest strokes of business this generation has seen. Its bearings upon the future of China, and the British Empire, and all trade and industry in that half of the world, are simply incalculable.

The coal fields of Shan Si are among the most important in the world. They cover an area of more than fourteen thousand square miles, and are estimated to contain enough coal to supply the entire world at the present rate of consumption, for two thousand years or more. A large proportion is anthracite, equal in quality to the best found in Pennsylvania. Of it there are believed to be at least six hundred and thirty billion tons, or more than twelve hundred times as much as all the coal of all kinds now mined in the whole world in a year. There is also nearly as much bituminous coal, of a fine cooking quality. Lying close by—in fact, mingled with the coal seams—are billions of tons of the choicest iron ore, while petroleum abounds in many places, and apart from its mineral wealth the country is the most fertile, especially for wheat growing, in all China. The province lies on the bank of the Yellow River, which, under civilized government, may readily be transformed from the 'Woe of China' into one of its most beneficent highways of trade. And, finally, Chinese 'cheap labor' of the most efficient kind literally swarms in that province, Shan Si having been the seat of the ancient rulers of China and being now inhabited by the finest specimens of the entire Mongolian race.

Human ingenuity, taxed to the utmost, could not devise a more advantageous combination than this, when to it are added the practically limitless wealth, energy and skill of Great Britain. There is in it promise of profits that will make the Klondike seem poor. There is in it a potency of industrial revolution in all the Eastern Hemisphere. With Shan Si in their possession the British can afford to look with complacency upon the fate of Kiao Chau and Port Arthur and all such minor places.—New York Tribune.

Loose clothes and downy cushions bring only a negative sort of comfort to the woman who is suffering with some disease or derangement of the organs distinctly feminine. Some clothes and some positions make the pain and the discomfort seem less. Perhaps the nerves are most affected and this in turn disturbs the digestion. Nothing will ever completely relieve but a radical cure. The start of so-called 'female complaints' may be a very light thing indeed. It may be that in the beginning some small hygienic measures would stop the trouble. Certainly at this time, a little bit of the right medicine would stop it. When the trouble becomes worse, it is harder to cure, but still it can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will positively cure any trouble of this character. It may be absolutely relied upon. It affords lasting relief to a woman whose natural modesty has kept her from consulting a physician.

Send 31 cents in one cent stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and receive Dr. Pierce's 108 page "Common Sense Medical Adviser," profusely illustrated.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The following story comes from Belgium: Two fellow travellers got into conversation and came upon the subject of free luggage, when one asked leave to measure the other's trunk. The result was that the measurer said:

"Your trunk is seven and a half centimetres too long, and has no right to be in the compartment of free luggage. I am a railway inspector and must fine you five francs. Please give me your name and address."

The proposed victim of misplaced confidence was, however, equal to the occasion. "Kindly lend me your measure

that I may satisfy myself on the subject." Then with a polite smile, "I am a director in the Royal Weights and Measures office. To my great regret I notice that your measure is not stamped, as is required by law, so that, firstly, your measuring is not legally valid, and, secondly, it is my painful duty to subject you to a fine of fifty francs." Please give me your name and address." And now they never speak as they pass by.

REMEDY FOR A LONG PALATE.

"If you have too long a palate," writes a Northern woman who has been spending the winter in Athens, Ga., to a friend in New York, "let me give you a popular remedy that the children's old black mammy gave me and wanted it tried on the baby:

"Take hold of a little bunch of hair on the top of the head," she said, "and tie it tight with a string. Then take a tablespoon and put in it some pepper and salt, and hold it in the mouth. Get hold of the bunch of hair and pull it up; at the same time touch the tongue to the salt and pepper in the spoon, and the palate will go up and never come down again."

This remarkable performance had been tried on the negro woman, and 'worked,' so she said, but the Northern woman added: "I cannot vouch for it, but give it to you for what it is worth."

Could Do No Work.

"Large sores broke out on my body, head and limbs, and also on my hands so that I could not do any work, and my hair came out. My trouble was called eczema. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. When I had taken several bottles the sores and itching disappeared and I was cured." Mrs. J. G. Brown, Brantford, Ont.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

"We ought to worry more over other people's troubles than our own." "I do; I worry over my creditors' troubles."

"What are they?" "My debts."—Detroit Free Press

First Klondiker (turning his other side to the fire)—Well, I wonder what's the news down in the States.

Second Klondiker (piling more logs on the fire)—News? There ain't any. Everybody's waitin' to hear from us.—Chicago Tribune.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

She—Yes, it is the province of woman to suffer in silence. He—In silence? That must be suffering, indeed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What is the difference between an optimist and pessimist?" "An optimist believes in macos and a pessimist in hoodoos."—Indianapolis Journal.

My Old Lady (to deck hand)—Mr. Steamboatman, is there any fear of danger? Deck Hand (carelessly)—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bite of danger.—Harlem Life.

Jobson—Just see how hard Dobson is working at beating that carpet. Mrs. Dobson—Yes, Mrs. Dobson sets him at work at something of the kind just after he reads the war news in the paper.—Brooklyn Life.

Sergeant Merewether once got into a carriage with Lord Campbell, who was then Chancellor of Great Britain and keeper of the Great Seal, and tried to enter into conversation. Lord Campbell, however, was as unyielding as possible, saying at last: "Why, Merewether, you get worse and worse; you're as fat as a popoize." "Fit company, my lord," was the reply, "for the Great Seal."—Saturday Night.

An old colored citizen, hearing the rumors of war with Spain, applied for the position of cook to the army.

"What experience have you had?" he was asked. "I was cook in the Confederit army," he replied, "dat is, I had de position of cook, but ter tell the truth I didn't work at it."

"Why?" "Dez wuzn't nuttin' ter cook, suh."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Force of Example.—Little Mary was invited to take tea with some old ladies, and set off, laden with much good advice as to behavior. When she returned, tired, but happy, her mother inquired whether she had been polite. "Oh, yes, mamma," she replied. "And, oh, mamma, we had jam for tea! You know that you said I was not to take anything a second time, so when they asked me to have some more I said 'No, thank you.' Then they asked me again, and I said, 'No more, thank you.' Then they asked me another time and I said, 'I don't wish for any more.' But when they asked me again I didn't know what to say. Then I remembered papa, and I just said, 'Confound it, no'."

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Cheese continues quiet in Canada because there is very little stock to trade in. As noted a few days ago the April make for the entire country will hardly exceed 5,000 boxes, and this has already all passed out of the control of first hands chiefly on the basis of 7 1/2 at the factory, which is equivalent to 8 1/2 on spot. All the old cheese is sold, so that with the new make to date disposed of and no old goods to trade in business is bound to be dull. In New York also desirable grades of old cheese are gradually narrowing down and 8 1/2 to 8 3/4 was realized for this stock there the other day. Receipts of new cheese continue moderate at New York; exporters have bought the most of them and it is notable, at higher prices than have been realized on this side of the line, 8 1/2 being paid for white and 8 3/4 for colored in New York city. Cable was unchanged. Day's receipts were 230 boxes.

The butter market is without change, business being moderately brisk. Creamery in tubs sold to day at 17c, but it can be had for less money, as 16 1/2c was accepted in some cases. Township's dairy is coming in and realizes almost as much as creamery, 16c being freely bid for it. Western rolls move quietly at 15 1/2 to 15 3/4c. Receipts today were 600 packages.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

The receipts of eggs to day were 1,336 cases. The demand was fair and a moderately active business was done, but the feeling is easy. Sales were made at prices ranging from 9c to 10c per dozen as to quantity.

There is no improvement in the demand for beans and the market is quiet at 70c to 75c for primes and at 85c to 90c for choice hand-picked per bushel.

Business in honey continues quiet and of a small jobbing character at unchanged prices. We quote:—White clover comb, 11c to 12c; oak, 8c to 10c; white strained, 6c to 7c, and dark, 4c to 5c.

A fair trade continues to be done in maple product at steady prices. Syrup in wood is selling at 4 1/2 to 5c per lb., and in tin at 4 1/2 to 5c, as to size. Sugar moves freely at 6c to 6 1/2c per lb.

FODDER CHEESE.

Referring to the question of fodder make, the Grocers' Gazette, of London, England, says:—"Notwithstanding all the talk there has been in Canada about not making any fodder cheese this year, it is now stated that a good many factories have started turning out this stuff product, a circumstance all the more to be regretted seeing that there is a greater quantity of old cheese yet to be shipped out than was to be anticipated a short time ago. Of course, many farmers have not the plant or other facilities for doing anything else with their new milk than the making of cheese, and rather than throw their milk away they will manufacture cheese, and take the chance of getting a profitable return by so doing. There are others, however, (so it is suggested), who are making fodder cheese, trusting to advice tendered to them at the opening of the season, will not do so, and then it often is found that quite a large number have been trusting to the same thing. There are also others who are making them because they have always been in the habit of using so, and do not care to alter the traditions of their busin. So what with one reason or another it looks as if a fair supply of fodders will have to find an outlet here. The first few lots are often taken by the

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Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. May 7, 1915.

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Out of town customers can shop very easily by mail if they only care to use the advantage of our mail order system. They get the benefit of the best buying experience, and the best money's worth. No matter where you live you should know this store. Most people are learning every day how simple and economical shopping by mail is. If you can't come in person, write for anything you want, or send a letter for samples and information. It's the business of our mail order department to attend to such.

IMPORTANT CHANGE In the Men's Clothing Section.

NOW ON THE FIRST FLOOR, ADJOINING BICYCLE SHOP. This is a change that was absolutely necessary on account of the steadily increasing business of this department, which has hitherto been associated with the Boys' Clothing Department. It has now outgrown the space assigned to it, and loudly clamors for more room. This has been found on the first floor, and the bicycle section, and it is rapidly being fitted up to accommodate this new stock, and when finished will contain ample fitting and cutting rooms.

THE BESPOKE OR MADE TO ORDER DEPARTMENT.

This particular branch of our Tailoring Business will be under the direction of an able and efficient cutter, whose wide experience will carry confidence and style, fit and workmanship of every made to order garment. To inaugurate the opening of this new section several special values are offered in:

- MEN'S PANTS. Two special features in the new clothing that make it superior to others, the great stock to choose from and the decided price advantage you gain here. Men's Grey and Brown Heather Tweed Suits, sac style, well made and trimmed, special price, \$37.50. Men's Scotch Effect Tweed Suits, in finish tailor-made garments, special price, \$30.00. Men's Black Venetian Cloth Suits, sac style, bound edge, well made and trimmed. The Big Store's special price, \$35.00. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.
- MEN'S SPRING SUITS. Two special features in the new clothing that make it superior to others, the great stock to choose from and the decided price advantage you gain here. Men's Grey and Brown Heather Tweed Suits, sac style, well made and trimmed, special price, \$37.50. Men's Scotch Effect Tweed Suits, in finish tailor-made garments, special price, \$30.00. Men's Black Venetian Cloth Suits, sac style, bound edge, well made and trimmed. The Big Store's special price, \$35.00. THE S. CARSLY CO., Limited.
- BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS. The Big Store's Boys' Clothing Department is recognized by thousands as the mean style, fit, excellence and value. Boys' School Tweed Suits, from \$2.00. Boys' Fautleroy Suits, from \$3.00. Boys' Heather-mixed Tweed Suits, from \$3.20. Boys' Black Cloth Suits, special price, \$4.25. Boys' Serge Suits, special price, \$4.25. Boys' Strong Worsted Suits, well made, from \$5.50.
- MEN'S CAMBRIC SHIRTS. Here a Shirt Special for Men and Boys, that you'd do well to investigate. We'll tell you the price store. Boys' Colored Cambric Shirts, stripes and check patterns, stylish tweed effects, 47c. Men's Colored Cambric Night-glee Shirts, fancy stripes and check styles. Special value, 50c. Men's Fancy Check Soft Bosom Cambric Shirts, stylish colorings and newest designs, a very fashionable shirt. Special price, 63c.

The S. CARSLY CO. Limited

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

FIRST COMMUNION SUITS.

- 500 First Communion Suits, Made from Black Worsteds, handsomely trimmed, well made, only..... \$3.50
- 250 Boys' First Communion Suits, Made from fine Venetian Cloth, artificially cut, well finished, reduced from \$5.50 to..... \$4.00
- 150 Boys' First Communion Three-piece Suits, Made from Superior Venetian Cloth, made to order..... \$6.00

J. G. KENNEDY & CO., THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS, 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET.

ALPHONSE VALIQUETTE & CO., IMPORTERS OF...

FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Glass Ware, China and Crockery Ware, Tin and Steel Enamelled Kitchen Ware, in large varieties, Brooms, Soaps, Etc.

N.B.—Just Received 5000 Rolls WALL PAPER at 3c a Roll and higher, if you wish some.

ALL OUR GOODS AT WAR CRY PRICES. COME AND SEE US AT THE GREAT AU BON MARCHE.

1883 and 1885 NOTRE DAME STREET, Alphonse Valliquette, Charles A. Depocas, Patrick McGovern

local trade, but when once the factories have opened the quantity soon increases beyond the limits of home consumption, and the cheese must come to this side of the Atlantic. It is yet to be seen what effect the war scare may have upon the values of cheese. A few years ago, when most of the supplies came from the United States, it might have had serious results temporarily, but as we now depend so much less for these upon the United States than upon Canada, there is not so much likelihood of any considerable disturbance taking place. It would not be surprising, however, to see the enforcement of freights.

LA BANQUE VILLE MARIE. NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of three per cent. for the current half-year (making total for the year of six per cent) upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared and that the same will be payable at its Bank Home in this city, and at its Branches, on and after the 21st day of June next, at noon. Wednesday, the 1st Day of June next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 31st of May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at its Head Office on Tuesday, the 21st day of June next, at noon. By order of the Board, W. WEIR, President.