

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The Time and the Place

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXXVII.—NO. 42.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1887.

PRICE - - FIVE CENTS

GOLDEN WEDDINGS.

The Celebration in St. Patrick's Church.

JOY AND GRATITUDE

Fill the Hearts of the Generous Parishioners.

THE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

An Eloquent Sermon by Bishop Welsh of London.

HIS EULOGY ON THE LIVES OF REV. FATHERS DOWD AND TOUPIN.

A Large Attendance of Visiting Clergymen.

Thursday last, the 19th day of May instant, was a red-letter day in the annals of St. Patrick's Church, and will long be remembered by those who participated in the grand festivities which characterized the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin. The grand old church had thrown its every day garb and through the artistic efforts of the decorators underwent a transformation which has never before been equalled in the city and other dioceses, also the seminarians from the Montreal College. Among those present were noticed, besides Archbishops Fabre and Lynch, Bishops Welsh and Dowling, Rev. Fathers Carter, of Chatham, N.B.; Sullivan, of Burlington, Vt.; Conway, Chancellor of Peterborough; Rooney, Vicar-General of Toronto; Lefebvre, of Lake of Two Mountains; Mc-Gee, C.S.C., of Cote des Neiges College; Koxul, of the Grand Seminary; Boncan, of Chatham, N.B.; J. Duggan, Waterbury; O'Rourke, of Ogdensburg, formerly of this city; Strubbe and Godtz, of St. Ann's; O'Donnell, of St. Mary's; Dequire, director of Montreal College; Kiernan, of St. Anthony's; Vicar-General Macneil; Hanon, of Tracadie; Leclair, of Bonsecours; Murphy, of London, Ont.; Harty, of Northford; Yarrily, of Bathurst, N.B.; Jarus, LaLiberte, of this city; Corbett, of St. Andrew's, Palm, of the seminary, and many others, also Rev. Brother Arnold and a number of Christian Brothers.

The Rev. Father Dowd officiated, and was assisted by the Rev. Fathers Varrily as deacon and Kiernan as sub-deacon. His Grace Archbishop Fabre assisted at the throne, and had as assistant priest the Rev. Father Macneil, Vicar-General. The deacon of honor was Rev. Father J. Murphy, London; and sub-deacon of honor Rev. J. O'Rourke, of Ogdensburg. The Sanctuary was filled with clergymen from the city and other dioceses, also the seminarians from the Montreal College. Among those present were noticed, besides Archbishops Fabre and Lynch, Bishops Welsh and Dowling, Rev. Fathers Carter, of Chatham, N.B.; Sullivan, of Burlington, Vt.; Conway, Chancellor of Peterborough; Rooney, Vicar-General of Toronto; Lefebvre, of Lake of Two Mountains; Mc-Gee, C.S.C., of Cote des Neiges College; Koxul, of the Grand Seminary; Boncan, of Chatham, N.B.; J. Duggan, Waterbury; O'Rourke, of Ogdensburg, formerly of this city; Strubbe and Godtz, of St. Ann's; O'Donnell, of St. Mary's; Dequire, director of Montreal College; Kiernan, of St. Anthony's; Vicar-General Macneil; Hanon, of Tracadie; Leclair, of Bonsecours; Murphy, of London, Ont.; Harty, of Northford; Yarrily, of Bathurst, N.B.; Jarus, LaLiberte, of this city; Corbett, of St. Andrew's, Palm, of the seminary, and many others, also Rev. Brother Arnold and a number of Christian Brothers.

Never did the choir of St. Patrick's display their musical ability more effectively than this morning. Prof. Fowler presided at the organ, and to his untiring efforts in training the choir for the occasion is due the unsurpassed success which they achieved. Mr. Fowler deserves the greatest praise for the fine music prepared for the grand occasion, and indeed St. Patrick's find in him a director who is a credit to the parish. The choir was large and had full orchestral accompaniment. A new Mass from the celebrated composer, Nini, was rendered. At the Offertory the orchestra played Wagner's Bridal March with great effect. The choruses were bright and lively, and the different solos splendidly rendered by Messrs. J. Heenan, J. P. Hammill, J. Crompton, E. J. Casey, and J. J. Rowan. Mr. Wm. J. McCaffrey acted as leader.

After the Gospel Bishop Welsh, of London, ascended the pulpit and delivered an eloquent and appropriate address, of which the following is a verbatim report:—
"Let the priests who rule well be esteemed worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine." 1st Timothy, v. c. 17. v. The Christian priesthood, dearest beloved brethren, is, in the eyes of faith, the greatest institution on earth of the power and goodness and mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Through this priesthood the Son of God still continues to exercise here below the office of Redeemer and Saviour. It is His own eternal Priesthood working upon earth through human instrumentality, for the sanctification and salvation of immortal souls. Our Lord is Himself the great High Priest, and the Supreme Pastor of our souls. He was ordained by God the Father a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech. He once offered a bloody manner on Mount Calvary the sacrifice of His body and blood, and that sacrifice, fulfilled, summed up and completed all the bloody sacrifices of the old law. He was at once priest and victim. That sacrifice wiped out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, and purchased us with a great price. The victim was offered only on Calvary hill, (Continued on fifth page.)

REV. FATHER DOWD.

There is, perhaps, no man in Montreal or throughout Canada who is better known and esteemed by all classes, irrespective of creed or nationality, than the venerable pastor of St. Patrick's, Rev. Father Patrick Dowd. His long residence in Montreal and his innumerable works of charity in the cause of religion have resulted in his name being so closely interwoven with the history of the country that it is not surprising that the announcement of the occurrence of the 50th anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood should give rise to such widespread feelings of congratulation, and occasion the devotion to him of so many tributes of respect from all classes of the community, both lay and clerical, Protestant and Catholic.

The Reverend Patrick Dowd was born in 1813, respectable and well-to-do parents, at the inland village of Dunleer, County Louth, Ireland, and is consequently seventy-four years of age. From his earliest childhood he was remarkable for his piety, and his heart continually burned with an ardent desire to give his life up in the service of God. His good parents were not slow in noticing this, and immediately sent him to pursue his classical studies at Newry college, after which the young ecclesiastic was sent to study theology in the Irish college at Paris. In 1837 he saw his fondest hopes realized and was ordained priest by the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Quelen. The young priest returned to his native land soon after his ordination, and pursued his priestly functions for ten years in different sections of the country. In 1847 he joined the illustrious order of St. Sulpice, of which he is today one of the most esteemed members, and in 1848 he made an affectionate farewell to the green hills of his beloved Ireland and set sail for distant Canada. After a long passage Father Dowd landed in Montreal, a very small

town at that remote date, and immediately set to enter upon his ministerial duties in connection with St. Patrick's Church. For nearly forty years this distinguished clergyman has been working assiduously for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people of St. Patrick's parish, as well as for the Irish citizens in general throughout the city, who have known him so long and so well. The year after his arrival in this country Father Dowd founded the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, which is today a splendid monument to the untiring devotion and charitable instincts of the aged priest. St. Bridget's Home and the Night Refuge were established through his energy in 1865, and the present ornamental Home and Refuge on Ligueschere street, built in 1866-67, and the handsome building known as the St. Patrick's School. Sixty are the buildings which bear the inscription to the man whom his admiring countrymen have more than once designated Montreal's Irish Bishop.

Father Dowd has been repeatedly offered the highest dignities of the church, but has always declined them, preferring to remain with his St. Patrick's congregation rather than wear the mitre—the Scepter of Kingston and Toronto having been offered to him. In 1877 he organized the great Irish pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, and everyone can recollect the painful anxiety that was felt when the vessel carrying the pilgrims and their beloved pastor was not heard of for several agonizing weeks. Prayers were offered in all churches without distinction of creed, a pleasing proof of the high appreciation in which the esteemed pastor is held by even those disbelieving in Catholicism. Father Dowd has more than once earned for himself the gratitude of his fellow-citizens by the loyal stand he has taken when the law of the land was menaced or when constituted authority was set at defiance, and the grandeur of his jubilee celebration to-day will be a fitting testimonial of the esteem in which he is held.



REV. FATHER DOWD.

REV. FATHER JOSEPH TOUPIN.

Rev. Father Joseph Toupin belongs to one of the oldest and most respected French-Canadian families in the province, and was born in Montreal on the 23rd of November, 1814. He was baptized by the Rev. Abbe Bedard in the old Notre Dame Church and pursued his classical studies at the old Montreal College then on College street. Among his professors were the Abbe Sery, whose memory Father Toupin still cherishes, the Rev. Father Larkin, and the Abbe Boque. The Superiors of the Seminary, the Rev. Abbe Quiblier, Billandier, Grasset, Bayle, and the present Superior, Abbe Colic. After a brilliant college career Father Toupin entered religious orders, receiving the tonsure and minor orders in 1834 from the hands of Mr. Laigue, the first Bishop of Montreal. In 1837 he was successively made sub-deacon and deacon, and finally on the 23rd December, 1837, he was ordained priest. He lost his father in 1834 in the second cholera, and his mother lived until 1857, with another son, the Rev. Alfred Toupin, who was until the time of his death in 1877 curé of La Riviere des Prairies. His only sister married Mr. Lachapelle, and is the mother of the present Doctor Lachapelle.

After a brilliant college career Father Toupin entered religious orders, receiving the tonsure and minor orders in 1834 from the hands of Mr. Laigue, the first Bishop of Montreal. In 1837 he was successively made sub-deacon and deacon, and finally on the 23rd December, 1837, he was ordained priest. He lost his father in 1834 in the second cholera, and his mother lived until 1857, with another son, the Rev. Alfred Toupin, who was until the time of his death in 1877 curé of La Riviere des Prairies. His only sister married Mr. Lachapelle, and is the mother of the present Doctor Lachapelle. Father Toupin commenced his ministerial career as professor in the Montreal College, where he taught classics for fifteen years with such success that up to the present day his name is mentioned in the institution as that of a model professor. Subsequently he was appointed missionary to the Indians at Okla, and after serving there for several years he was called to the city, and has ever since been intimately connected with the several Irish Catholic congregations. He was for many years curé of old St. Bridget's Church, and also

of St. Ann's, and was later on attached to St. Patrick's Church, a position which he still holds.

Brotherly love caused Father Toupin temporarily to abandon his work among the Irish people when he went to perform the ministerial duties for his infirm brother, then parish priest at Riviere des Prairies. Immediately after his brother's death, Father Toupin returned to this city with renewed zeal and ardor.

It would be difficult to find a more worthy clergyman than the subject of this brief sketch. Humble and unassuming, Father Toupin has passed his whole life in earnest ministerial work, a slave to duty and absolutely devoted to those entrusted to his care. Although actively engaged in parochial work, there is hardly a Catholic institution in the whole city which has not been the object of his solicitude, and which he has not helped in some manner. He has been spiritual adviser to several religious communities, who all profess the greatest respect and devotion to him. In his own order, Father Toupin is considered as a model of regularity, and the members of his congregation never found his zeal at fault, being always ready for sick calls, either by day or by night. All these qualities are enhanced by the genial character of this honorable priest, who is always seen with a kind smile on his face, however arduous his duties and great his fatigue may be. It is no wonder that the Irish Catholics of Montreal have a kind affection for this devoted priest, who has devoted his life for their welfare.

The heart which does not possess Jesus Christ is like the sheaf without the grain: it is tossed about by temptation as the straw is swept away by the wind.—B. Jordan of Saxony, O.P.

Life is an endless warfare, and hence would lose its triumph in the lap of peace. Stagnant air sicken the soul, and the pulse of active life would cease to beat had it nothing to do.



REV. FATHER TOUPIN.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Inauguration of the Double Jubilee

OF FATHERS DOWD AND TOUPIN.

The Grand Musical Festival in the Queen's Hall Tuesday Night—The Address Delivered by Mr. O'Hara—A Poem From the Pen of Miss Anna T. Sadlier.

The celebration of the golden jubilee of Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin was begun Tuesday night by a grand musical festival in the Queen's Hall. A large and fashionable audience, representative of all creeds and nationalities, filled the house, and greatly enjoyed the rich musical treat served up to them. Through the kindness of the owners, the Allans' box was thrown open for the accommodation of Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin, and when the two silvery-haired ministers of the Gospel entered in company with the other clergy of St. Patrick's Church they were greeted with loud applause. The programme, which was a very select one, showed praiseworthy judgment in its preparation. The concert opened with a grand march from Wagner's "Tannhauser," which was creditably rendered by the orchestra. The St. Patrick's choir, which displayed excellent training, then gave a chorus from the "Lily of Killarney," and for this, as well as for the other numbers in which they assisted, were loudly applauded. In the chorus "Birds of Spring" they were assisted by about twenty-five young ladies, and the rich blending of the male and female voices produced a most pleasing effect. Mrs. Page Throver, in the Aria from Mozart's "Don Giovanni," fully sustained the high reputation she has already acquired as a singer. Miss Alice Crompton, in her rendering of the selection from Rossini's "Barbier de Seville," displayed such artistic ability and naturalness of expression as to receive an encore. In response she gave "Killarney," and was rewarded with loud applause. Mr. J. P. Hammill, in the baritone solo from the "Forester," acquitted himself in his usual able manner, and Mr. Robert Logan, who replaced Miss Alice Crompton on the programme, rendered "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall" so effectively as to be favored with an encore. Mr. Ralph Bolton gave "Kathleen Mavourneen" with such expression as to win much praise, and his encore song, "Believe me, I am all those outstanding young ones," was greatly appreciated. Mr. John Heenan, who gave a tenor voice of considerable

richness, greatly pleased the audience with a rhapsody from "Aida" by Verdi, and Miss Jessie Grant's piano solo gave every artist a fair share. After a quartette, "Youth's Warning," ably rendered by Mrs. Throver, Miss Crompton and Messrs. Bolton and Casey, the orchestra struck up another Wagner march, and the concert, which proved a success in every particular, both financially and artistically, was brought to a close by the choir singing "God save our native land." Great credit is due to Prof. Fowler for the able manner in which he conducted the event.

One of the features of the programme was Mr. W. J. O'Hara's address, which was as follows:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I observe that the programme exalts by the name of an address the few remarks which I have been requested to offer at this stage of the entertainment. The choir of St. Patrick's have conferred upon me the privilege of announcing, on their behalf, the object of this musical festival—of conveying to you their cordial welcome and expressing their gratification at the generous way in which you have responded to their invitation to initiate this evening the festivities in honor of the golden jubilee of our venerable and beloved pastor, Father Dowd, and his devoted and estimable, and shall I say, indefatigable coadjutor, Father Toupin. The choir, moved by the spontaneous and ardent feelings of gratitude, reverence and affection which animate the whole congregation towards their pastor; holding in remembrance his many years of labor, care and counsel; cherishing, as a recollection special to themselves, the fatherly blessing which he bestows upon them every New Year's day, accompanied by words of kindly import and a little pious souvenir, and the invariable avowal that comes from his magnanimous and warm heart that they, instead of being a small thorn in their Curé's side, —as choirs are sometimes found to be, even in Canada,—have always been one of his greatest consolations,—though it fitting they should be so,—they have felt it their duty to contribute to the jubilee and pay him reverence, and by this musical festival, open the series of joyful events which are to mark this auspicious and memorable occasion, devoting the proceeds of their effort and your practical appreciation of it to the cause which their pastor now has most at heart. In this work of love the choir has received the spontaneous and esteemed assistance of ladies of Montreal most gifted in the divine art. It is a great pleasure for the choir to find themselves in such complete accord not only with the congregation of St. Patrick's, but with the citizens of Montreal generally and the whole Canadian people, who have shown their delight to honor these great and good men who have so well served the noble and holy cause of Religion, Charity and Peace. The event which we are to celebrate with plaudits of honor on Thursday next, and the associations and memories which cling around it, are such as to call forth our warmest felicitations, our liveliest gratitude and our utmost generosity. Golden jubilees in the priesthood are infrequent and special blessings; and seldom, indeed, have a people been afforded two

such blessings at the same time as the jubilees of such devoted priests as Fathers Dowd and Toupin, whose life-long labors in their service have filled such an incalculable measure of good. It is not for me, ladies and gentlemen, to anticipate the words of cordial congratulation, of grateful acknowledgement, of eloquent, affectionate and truthful encomium, which will, doubtless, emanate from the overflowing hearts of a generous people on next Thursday afternoon; nor need I refer here to the tangible form in which their respect, gratitude and affection will shape themselves, beyond wishing that the form may be of the largest and most plethoric size and withal graceful, symmetrical and harmonious. (Applause.)

Much as I would wish to do so, I must refrain from expatiating upon the visible and enduring monuments of Father Dowd's long and eminent services for the love of God and his people, his priestly devotion, his care of the poor; the provisions he made for the orphan, the aged and infirm, the destitute and houseless; his efforts to provide proper education for the girls; his constant anxiety for the comfort and welfare of others; and his neglect of himself; the protecting arm he has always had uplifted to wisely and firmly guard his flock from every evil; his sacrifices of episcopal dignities out of humility of spirit and a desire to remain with the people of his first spiritual home, among whom he saw his mission; his provident and energetic efforts to maintain on the institutions he founded; the pilgrimage he made to Rome and Lourdes to promote the spiritual zeal of his people, the danger encountered, the anxiety felt by all, the fervent prayers for his safety, and the general joy at his return. All these things are so well worthy of dutiful recognition and remembrance, that they will, doubtless, emit the silver tongue of eloquence on Thursday next. So, also, will be remembered Father Dowd's principles of justice; the soundness of his judgment; the wisdom of his counsel; the righteousness of his guidance; the courage of his opinions; the timelessness of their expression, and his labors in the cause of harmony and peace, which has been well and truly said have entitled Father Dowd to the gratitude of the Canadian people, and made his name revered in every Canadian home; and it is gratifying to us all to see that they have called for the manifestations of the same on this happy occasion. Ladies and gentlemen, I cannot refrain in conclusion from giving expression to the fervent hope that the Almighty may lengthen the days of our dear pastor so that he may see all the institutions he has founded placed upon a firm financial and enduring basis, and the debt removed from the church of his dear apostle and patron; and that he may continue to have the zealous and devoted assistance of Father Toupin, who fills so large a place in the hearts of the Irish people in Montreal, to whom he has devoted the life of an untiring, saintly priest. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for the attention you have given me. The poem in honor of Father Dowd, written for the occasion by Miss Anna T. Sadlier, the gifted daughter of his lifelong friend, the distinguished Irish-Canadian lady *Métreux*, Mrs. Sadlier, will now be recited by Mr. McCaffrey. (Applause.)

Mr. McCaffrey then ascended the rostrum, and, in a style which gave evidence of talent

and cultivation, recited the following beautiful poem:—

FIFTY YEARS IN THE MASTER'S VINEYARD,
How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him
That brought good tidings and that preached peace,
Of him that brought good tidings, that preached
peace.—Isaiah LII, 7.

'Twas morning and 'twas May, the air was sweet
The bloom upon an Irish thorn, its green
Proclaimed the resurrection, fragrant with
Spoke of a beauty that no eye hath seen.
With words that were as music to the soul,
Craving the sacred grass, the while
He heard the whisper falling soft and low—
Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace.

A priest forever and the youth goes forth,
Over the hills—'tis lift the watchman's voice,
To preach salvation's message, o'er the forest
Him tolling in the field, with words of peace,
Hearing true witness in the name of Christ:
Whilo loud and long the echo upwards rose—
Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace.

Time marks its way in silver on his head,
His step grows feebler, and his voice less strong—
And sounding near him is the mighty song,
The people's hearts are gladdened, and the feet
His footsteps still unwearingly pursue
The path of faithful ministry, he hears—
Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace.

And monuments arise upon his way—
A temple hung with memories, more than
Than Eastern marbles, or than gems of price,
Whence aged men have passed away with prayer,
Where youths have grown to manhood, and
Where boys have swiftly reached to men's estate,
Each generation sounding as it goes
A solemn and a city's praise who:
Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace.

Those homes where the old go down life's slope
In prayerful calm,—where the orphans bless
The memory of his care and tenderness,
Where homelier ones find shelter in the night,
These words cry out 'mid countless silent deeds,
Mid school, mid charity, his praise who stood
With God upon the everlasting hills,
Still swells the song of him that shows forth good:
Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace.

The church's humble son, most fearlessly
He cries, while pointing out the shining way,
The light which Patrick lit at Peter's torch
Alone can guide us on the mountain's slope.
But—patron of his people's prayer,
He loves the grand traditions of his race,
The people's tears—his own the golden beam,
Which, when new years have won him all added crowns,
Shall greet him from the choir of cherubim:
Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
Of him that brings good tidings, preaches peace!

The existence of man is divided into three portions: The time from the beginning of the existence of the soul as the life of his body until death, the time of the separate existence of the soul between death and the resurrection, and the endless duration of his immortal life after the resurrection. — Rev. A. F. Hewitt, O.S.P.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

The Ancient Structure on the Hill and the Pride of the Irish Catholic Citizens—Its History.

For forty long years the St. Patrick's Church has stood on the hill facing LaSaguetiere street, extending to Dorchester and bordering on Alexander street. The church is one of the oldest, but still one of the most substantially constructed ones in the City of Montreal. When the Irish citizens were obliged to attend the services at the Church of Notre Dame, there being then only one parish in the city, the Fabrique, seeing the necessity of providing a place of worship for the Irish Catholics, purchased the ground extending from Beaver Hall Hill to Alexander and from LaSaguetiere to Dorchester, and had a grand old church constructed thereon. Work was commenced in 1845 and the building was completed in 1847, and with it was built the Irish Catholic and second parish formed in this city. The property on which the church was built was owned by the distinguished family of Deschambault, which has since gone almost entirely out of existence. The church was opened to the faithful for the first time on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, 1847, when the ceremony was grand in the extreme, and which is still fresh in the minds of many of our Irish and French citizens who were present. The first sermon was preached on the same day by the Rev. Father Dowd, and the Rev. Father Conolly was appointed parish priest, and was subsequently succeeded by the Rev. Father Dowd, the present pastor. Father Conolly some years afterwards died in Boston. The Rev. Father Dowd had under him several clergymen at the time of his appointment, and now the present number of clergymen at St. Patrick's is five. The curate at St. Patrick's from 1850 to the present was:—
The Rev. Father Morgan, first cousin of Father Dowd.
The Rev. Father McCullough, now in Drumiskin Ireland.
The Rev. Father Halley, now at Salem, Mass.
The Rev. Father O'Farrell, now Bishop of Trenton, N.J.
The Rev. Father Hogan.
The Rev. Father Brown.
The Rev. Father Bakewell.
The Rev. Father Merrick.
The Rev. Father McLeod.
The Rev. Father Quilivan.
The Rev. Father Callaghan.
The Rev. Father O'Reilly.
The Rev. Father Walsh.
The Rev. Father Shanly.

The present clergymen at St. Patrick's, besides the Rev. Pastor Dowd, are:—
The Rev. Father Toupin.
The Rev. Father Quilivan.
The Rev. Father James Callaghan.
The Rev. Father Martin Callaghan.
The Rev. Father Desaulniers.

As will be seen by his biography, Rev. Father Toupin has been at St. Patrick's for many years, while Father Quilivan and Father Callaghan have been curates for several years. The Choir of St. Patrick's was at first under the direction of Miss Brock, whose venerable father had taught Catechism for years afterwards to innumerable children, who are now the fathers and mothers of the present generation. Prof. Smith succeeded Miss Brock, and he was replaced by Prof. Fowler, the present director. The Rev. Father Dowd, who stayed here very long in trying to extinguish the debt on the church. In 1885 it was handed over by the Fabrique to St. Patrick's parish with a debt of \$124,000, which debt will soon be cleared. The St. Patrick's Church is the principal Irish Catholic place of worship in the city, and is chosen for the celebration of every grand national fest.

O'BRIEN AT KINGSTON.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION, BUT ANOTHER COURAGEOUS ATTEMPT MADE TO MURDER HIM AT NIGHT.
KINGSTON, Ont., May 20.—The arrival of O'Brien and Kilbride was cordial. There was some opposition, but only cheers for Lansdowne and the rendering of the national anthem. A reception was accorded to the visitors at the Burnett House, where they were being very much in trying to extinguish the debt on the church. In 1885 it was handed over by the Fabrique to St. Patrick's parish with a debt of \$124,000, which debt will soon be cleared. The St. Patrick's Church is the principal Irish Catholic place of worship in the city, and is chosen for the celebration of every grand national fest.

A MIGHTY OVATION.
Kilbride followed and said that the arguments that would meet him in Kingston would be cobblestones, but this had not occurred and proved that Kingstonians had more common sense than the hoodlums of another place. In the audience were many ladies and a large number of prominent Protestants.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO MURDER HIM.
When Mr. O'Brien came out of the Roller rink and his lecture to-night he was confronted by a crowd who had been grinning for him and cheering for Lansdowne. "Here he is," was the cry, and the crowd surged ahead and several stones were thrown. Sergeant Nesbitt was struck on the head, and R. J. Gardner, merchant, and Police Officer Craig had their hats knocked off. In a twinkling O'Brien was rushed around a corner and disappeared, no one knows whither. The crowd then moved down to the Burnett House and awaited O'Brien's arrival, but he came not. Several windows in the hotel were smashed. The crowd is now dispersing, and further trouble is not anticipated.
Mr. O'Brien was seen at 11:30 o'clock. He was in friendly mood. When he left the rink his hat was changed and he was rushed into a gateway and saved. He is unhurt, but much agitated. He says:

HIS ESCAPE WAS MIRACULOUS;
That it was a deliberate attempt to murder him; when his hat was changed he was about to receive a blow from a bludgeon. He was struck in the head by one stone, the minor officer hit military protection, but he dashed it. He leaves in the morning for Niagara Falls via Cape Vincent.

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

I tried to keep my attention to my own devotions, but every now and then my eyes would stray to the lovely face before me. Mr. Hamilton's behavior was irreproachable. I could hear his voice following all the responses, and he sang the hymns very heartily.

"I think he knew I was behind him for he handed me a hymn-book, with a slight smile, when I was offering to share mine with a young man. Miss Darrell gave me a curiously penetrating look when she came out that did not quite please me, but the girl who followed her did not seem to notice my presence. I sat still in my place for a minute, as I did not wish to encounter them in the porch. I had lingered so long that the congregation had quite dispersed when I got out, but, to my surprise, I could see the three walking very slowly down the road. Could they have been waiting for me? I wondered; but I dismissed this idea as absurd.

"But I could not forget the face that had so interested me; and when I encountered Uncle Max on his way to the children's service I questioned him at once about the two ladies.

"Yes, you are right, Ursula," he said, a little absently. "The one with fair hair was Miss Gladys; her cousin, Miss Darrell, sat by Hamilton."

"But you never told me how beautiful she was," I replied, in rather an injured voice. "She has a perfect face only it is worn and unshining."

"You must not keep me," observed Max, hurriedly; "Miss Darrell wants to speak to me before service." And he rushed off, leaving me standing in the middle of the path rather wondering at his abruptness, for the bell had not commenced.

A little farther on, I came face to face with Miss Darrell; she was walking with Mr. Tudor, and seemed talking to him with much animation.

She bowed slightly, as he took off his hat to her, in a graceful well-bred manner, but her face prepossessed me even less than it had done in the morning. She had keen, dark eyes like Mr. Hamilton's, only they somehow reminded me. I was somewhat quick with my likes and dislikes, as I had proved by the dislike I had taken to Mr. Hamilton. This feeling was wearing off, and I was no longer so strongly prejudiced against him. I might even find Miss Darrell less repelling when I spoke to her. She was evidently a gentle woman; her movements were quiet and graceful, and she had a good carriage.

I was somewhat surprised on reaching the cottage to find Mr. Hamilton sitting by my patient. He had Janis on his knee, and seemed as though he had been there for some time, but he rose at once when he saw me.

You hide yourself in your own darkness, and pretend that the all-embracing love is not for you. Well may you call your present existence a tomb; but you must not wrong your Almighty Father. Not he, but you, self, have walled yourself with your own sinful hands, and then you wonder at the weight that lies upon your heart."

"Can I forget my trouble when I am not able to move?" she said, bitterly. And it was sad to see how her hands beat upon the bed-clothes. But I held them in mine. They were icy cold. The action seemed to calm her frenzy.

"You cannot forget," I returned, quietly; "but all this time, all these weary years, you might have learned to forgive Robert."

"Nay, I will have nothing to do with forgiving," was the haughty answer. "And you say you love him, Phoebe. Why, the very devils would laugh at such a notion of love."

"Didn't I say I both loved and hated him?" very fiercely.

"Speak the truth, and say you hate him, and God forgive you your sin. But it is a greater one than Robert has committed against you."

"How dare you say such things to me, Miss Garston?" trying to free her hands; but still held them fast. "You will make me hate you next. I am not a pleasant-tempered woman."

"If you do, I will promise you forgiveness beforehand. Why, you poor creature, do you think I could ever be hard on you?"

The fierce light in her eyes softened. "Nay, I did not mean what I said; but you excite me with your talk. How can you know what I feel about these things? You cannot put yourself in my place."

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, Phoebe; and it may be that in your place I should fail utterly in patience; but if you will not lie still under His hand, and learn the lesson He would fain teach us, it may be less than He would fain teach us to humble us."

"That fresh trials may be sent to humiliate us with me," becoming excited again; but I strove to finish my speech.

"Phoebe, as you lie there on your cross, the whole Church throughout the world is praying for you Sunday after Sunday when the prayer goes up for those who are desolate and oppressed. And who so desolate and oppressed as you?"

"True, most true," she murmured.

"You are cradled in the supplications of the faithful. A thousand hearts are hearing your sorrows, and yet you say impudently that you are on the border-land of hell; but no, you will never get there. There are too many marks of His love upon you. All this suffering has more meaning than that."

(new) burden, and increase thy load, and yet, notwithstanding, thou must bear it."

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY BETTY. The next evening I was refused admittance to Phoebe's room. Miss Locke met me at the door, looking more depressed than usual, and asked me to follow her into the kitchen, where we found Kitty in the rocking-chair by the hearth, dressing her new doll.

"It is just as she treated the vicar, and Mr. Tudor," she observed, almost solemnly. "I don't quite know what all her to-day; she had a beautiful night, and slept like a baby, and when I took her breakfast to her she put her arms round my neck and asked me to kiss her—a thing she has not done for a year or more; and she went on for a long time about how bad she had been to me, and wanting me to forgive her and make it up with me."

"Well!" I demanded, rather impatiently, as Susan wiped her patient eyes and took up her sewing.

"Well, poor lamb! I told her I would forgive her anything and everything if she would only let me go on with my work; for I had Mrs. Druce's mourning to finish; but she would not let me stir for a long time, and cried so bitterly—though she says she never can cry—that I thought of sending more you or Dr. Hamilton. But she cried more when I mentioned you, and left her more miserable than she was when you away if you made me promise to send you away if you came this evening, which I am loath to do after all you kindness to her."

I have brought her some fresh flowers this evening," was my reply. "Do not distress yourself, Miss Locke; we must expect Phoebe to be contrary sometimes." And the words came to my mind, "And oftentimes it casteth him into the fire, and oft into the water."

"You have discharged your duty, but I am not going just yet. Let me help you with that work. I am very fond of sewing and that is a nice easy piece. Shall you mind if I sing to you and Kitty a little?"

I need not have asked the question when I saw the fretted look pass from Miss Locke's face.

"It is the greatest pleasure Kitty and I have, next to going to church," she said, humbly. "Your voice does sound so sweet, it soothes like a lullaby. It is my belief, it should not hear her, that she is just trying to punish herself by sending us away."

I thought perhaps this might be the case, for who could understand all the perversities of a diseased mind? But Phoebe's will was stronger still to overcome her for her own good. I was determined on two things: first, that I would not leave the house without seeing her; and, secondly, that nothing should induce me to stay with her until after this reception. She must be disciplined to civility at all costs. Max had been wrong to yield to her sick whims.

I must have sung for a long time, to judge by the amount of work I contrived to do, and if I had sung like a whole nestful of skylarks I could not have pleased my audience more. I was sorry to see Miss Locke's tears flowing, because it hindered her work; tears are such a simple luxury, but poor folk cannot always afford to indulge in them.

I had just commenced that beautiful song, "Wait her, angels, through the air," when the impatient thumping of a stick on the floor arrested me; it came from Phoebe's room.

"I will go to her," I said, waving Miss Locke back and picking up my flowers. "Do not look so scared; she means those knocks for me. And I was right in my surmise. I found her trying very quietly, with the traces of tears still on her face; she addressed me quite gently."

"Do not sing any more, please; I cannot bear it; it makes my heart ache too much to night."

black retriever, and a little lady in brown was wandering round them, helplessly wringing her hands, and crying, "Oh, Nap! poor Nap!"

I took her for a child the first moment; she was so very small. "Do not be frightened, my dear," I said soothingly, "I will make Tinker behave himself." And a well-aimed blow from my umbrella made him draw off growling. In another moment I had him by the collar, and by dint of threats and coaxing contrived to shut him up in the kitchen.

He was not a quarrelsome dog generally, but as I heard afterwards, Nap was an obstinate antagonist; they had once taken it upon Peter, and have never been friends since.

I found the little brown girl sitting in the porch with her arms round the retriever's neck; she was kissing his black face, and begging him to forget the insult he had received from that horrid Barton dog.

"Poor old Tinker is not horrid at all, I assure you," I said, laughing; "he is a dear fellow, and I am already very fond of him."

"But he nearly killed Nap," she returned, with a little frown; "he is worse than a savage, for he has no notion of hospitality. Nap and I came to call," rising with an air of great dignity. "I suppose you are Miss Garston. I am Lady Betty."

I had never heard of such a person in Heathfield; but of course Uncle Max would enlighten me. As I looked at her more closely I saw my mistake in thinking she was a child; I little brown thing as she was, she was fully grown up, and though not in the least pretty, had a bright, pleasant face, a neat reticence, and a pair of mischievous eyes.

She was dressed rather extravagantly in a brown velvet walking-dress, with an absurd little hat, that would have fitted a child, on the top of her dark wavy hair; she only wanted a touch of red about her face to look like a magnified robin-redbreast.

"Well," she said, impatiently, as I hesitated a moment in my surprise, "I have told you we have come for a call, Nap and I; but if you are going out—"

"Oh, that is not the least consequence," I returned, waking up to a sense of my duty. "I am very pleased to see you and Nap; but you must not stop any longer in this cold porch; the wind is rather cutting. There is a nice fire in my parlor." And I led the way in.

I was rather puzzled about Nap, for I seemed to recognize his sleek head and mild brown eyes; and yet where could I have seen him? He trotted in contentedly after his mistress, and stretched himself out on the rug in front of me, but Lady Betty, instead of seating herself, began to walk round the room and inspect my books and china, making remarks upon everything in a brisk, quiet manner, and in rather an inquisitive manner about sundry things that attracted her notice; but, to my great surprise and relief, she passed Charles's picture without remark or comment—only I saw her glancing at it now and then from under her long lashes. This mystified me a little; but I thought her whole behavior a little peculiar. I had never before seen callers on their first visit perambulating the room like polar bears or throwing out curious feelers everywhere. As a rule, they sat up stillly enough and discussed the weather.

Lady Betty was evidently a character; most likely she prided herself on being unlike other people. I was just beginning to wish that she would sit down and let me question her in my turn, when she suddenly put up her eye-glasses and burst into a most comical little laugh.

"Oh, do come here, Miss Garston; this is too amusing! There goes her majesty Gladys of Gladwyn, accompanied by her prime minister. Don't they look as though they were waiting in the Row?—heads up, everything in perfect trim! They are coming to call—yes, I do!—They are going to the Cooks' first. What an escape! my dear creature, if they come here I shall fly to Mrs. Barton. The prime minister's airs will be too much for my gravity."

I gave her a very divided attention, for I was watching Miss Hamilton and her companion with much interest. I could see that Miss Darrell was chatting volubly; but Miss Hamilton's face looked as grave and impassive as it had looked on Sunday. When they had passed out of sight I turned to Lady Betty rather eagerly; she had dropped her eye-glasses, but an amused smile still played about her lips.

are great friends. He is up at Gladwyn's great deal; so is Mr. Tudor. Mr. Tudor is not a finished character, but he has good points, and one cannot altogether dislike him. There, how vexing, we were just beginning to talk comfortably, and I see the shadow of her major's coat at the gate. Come, Nap, we must go to Mrs. Barton for refuge. We recur to Miss Garston. And, kissing her little gloved hands, she straightened up like a soldier, followed by the obedient dog.

"My pulses quickened a little at the prospect of seeing the beautiful face of Gladys Hamilton in my little room; but it was not she who entered. It was Miss Darrell, whose exclusive glass had taken in every detail of my surroundings, before her faultlessly-gloved hand had released mine; and even when I turned to greet Miss Hamilton her peculiar, and somewhat toneless voice, claimed my attention.

"How very fortunate," she began, seating herself with elaborate caution with her back to the light. "We hardly hoped to find you at home, Miss Garston. My cousin Giles informed us how much engaged you were. We have been so interesting in what Mr. Cunliffe told us about it. It is such a romantic scheme, and as I am a very romantic person, you may be sure of my sympathy. Gladys, dear, is this not a charming room? Positively you have so altered and beautified it that I can hardly believe it is the same room. I told a friend of ours, Mrs. Saunders, that it would never suit her, as it was such a shabby little place."

"It is very nice," returned Mrs. Hamilton, quietly. "I hope," fixing her large, beautiful eyes on me, "that you are comfortable here? We thought perhaps you might be a little dull."

"I have no time to be dull," I returned, smiling, but Miss Darrell interrupted me.

"No, of course not; busy people are never dull. I told you so, Gladys, as we walked up the road. Depend upon it, I said, Miss Garston will hardly have a minute to give to her idle chatter. She will be wanting to get to her sick people, and wish us at Hanover. Still, as my cousin Giles said, we must do the right thing and call, though I am sure you are not a conventional person, neither am I. Oh, we are quite kindred souls here."

I tried to receive this speech in good part, but I certainly protested inwardly against the notion that Miss Darrell and I would ever be kindred souls. I felt an instinctive repugnance to her voice; its want of tone jarred on me; and all the time she talked, her hard, bright eyes seemed to dart restlessly from Miss Hamilton to me. I felt sure that nothing could escape their scrutiny, but now and then, when one looked at her in return, she seemed to veil them most curiously under the long curling lashes.

She was rather an elegant-looking woman, but her face was decidedly plain. She had thin lips and rather a square jaw, and her sallow complexion lacked color. One could not guess her age exactly, but she might have been three or four-and-thirty. I heard her spoken of afterwards as a very interesting-looking person; certainly her figure was fine, and she knew how to dress herself—a very useful art when women have no claim to beauty.

Miss Darrell's voluble tongue seemed to touch on every subject. Miss Hamilton sat perfectly silent, and I had not a chance of addressing her. Once, when I looked at her, I could see her eyes were fixed on my darling's picture. She was gazing at it with an air of absorbed melancholy; her lips were firmly closed, and her hands lay folded in her lap.

"That is the picture of my twin brother," I said, softly, to arouse her.

"To my surprise, she turned paler than ever, and her lips quivered.

"Your twin brother, yes; and you have lost him?" But here Miss Darrell chimed in again:

"How very interesting! What a blessing photography is, to be sure! Do you take well, Miss Garston? They make me a perfect fright. I tell my cousins that nothing on earth will induce me to try another sitting. Why should I endure such a martyrdom, if it be not to give pleasure to my friends?"

To my surprise, Miss Hamilton's voice interrupted her; it was a little like her step-brother's voice, and had a slight hesitation that was not in the least unpleasant. She spoke rather slowly; at least it seemed so by comparison with Miss Darrell's quick sentences.

lighted to see you, and"—with a sudden inspiration—"If you will, be good enough to stay and have tea with me. I will call on Mrs. Barton to send in one of her excellent teas."

This was evidently what Lady Betty wanted, for she nodded and took off her hat, and began to unbutton long, tan-colored gloves in a cool, business-like way that amused me. I ran across to the kitchen, and gave Mrs. Barton a carte blanche for a sumptuous tea; and when I returned I saw walking up Betty quite divested of her hair, and looking as pretty little head, and it that nothing would reduce to order.

"This is just what I like," she said, promptly. "When Giles told us about you, and I made up my mind to call, I hoped you would ask me to stay. I hope you mean to be friends with us, Miss Garston, for I have taken rather a fancy to you, in spite of your grave looks. Dear me! do you always look so grave?"

"Oh, no," I returned, laughingly. "That is right," with an approving nod; "you look ever so much nicer and younger when you smile. Well, what did the prime minister say? Was she very gushing and sympathetic? Did she patronize you in a lady-like way, and put you on the head metaphorically, until you felt ready to box her ears? Ah! I know la belle cousin's little ways."

This was so exact a description of my conversation with Mr. Darrell that I laughed in rather a gaily fashion. Lady Betty clapped her hands delightedly.

"Oh, I have found you out. You are not a bit solemn really, only you put on the airs of a Sister of Mercy. So you don't like Etta; you need not be afraid of telling me so; she is the greatest humbug in the world, only Giles is so foolish as to believe in her. I call her a humbug because she pretends to be what she is not; she is really a most prosaic sort of person, and she wants to make people believe that she is a soft romantic body."

"You are not very charitable in your estimate of your cousin, Lady Betty."

"Then she should not lead Gladys such a life. Poor dear majesty, to be ruled by her prime minister! I should like to see Etta try to dictate to me. Why, I should laugh in her face. She would not attempt it again. I can't think how it is," looking a little grave, "that she has Gladys so completely under her thumb. Gladys is too proud to own that she is afraid of her, but all the same she never dares to act in opposition to Etta."

Lady Betty's confidence was rather embarrassing, but I hardly knew how to check it. I began to think the household at Gladwyn must be a very quiet one. Uncle Max had already hinted at a want of harmony between Dr. Hamilton and his step-sisters, and Miss Darrell seemed hardly a favorite with him, although he was too kind-hearted to say so openly.

"Has your cousin lived long with you?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, yes; ever since Gladys and Annie were little things; before mamma died. Annie lived with us too; poor Annie, we were very fond of her, but she was a sad invalid; she died about three years ago. Etta has managed everything ever since."

"Do you mean that Miss Darrell is housekeeper? I should have thought that would have been your sister's place."

"Oh, Gladys is called the mistress of her house, and one of the servants go to her for orders. It is she who gives any, Etta is her countermanded."

"It is partly Gladys's fault," went on Lady Betty, in her frank outspoken way. "She tried for a little while to manage things; but either she was a terribly bad housekeeper, or Etta undermined her influence in the house; everything went wrong, and Giles got so angry,—mean—mean—you know, when the dear creature's comforts are invaded; so there was a great fuss, and Gladys gave it up; and now the prime minister manages the finances, and gives out orders, and, though I hate to say it, things never went more smoothly than they do now. Giles is scarcely ever vexed."

I am ashamed to say how much I was interested in Lady Betty's childish talk, and yet I knew it was wrong not to check her. What would Miss Hamilton say if she were to hear of our conversation? It was rather a reckless talker, but she was nothing compared with this daring little creature. Lady Betty told me afterwards, when we were better acquainted, that it had amused her eyes to see how widely I could open my eyes when I was surprised. I believe she did it out of pure mischief.

Our talk was happily interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Barton and the tea-tray, which at once turned Lady Betty's thoughts into a new channel.

There was so much to do. First she must help to arrange the table, and, as no one else could cut such thin bread-and-butter, she must try her hand at that. Then Nap must have his tea before we touched ours; and when at last we did sit down she was praising the cake, and jumping up for the kettle, and waiting upon me "because I was a dear good thing, and waited on poor people," and coaxing me to take this or that as though I were her guest, and every now and then she paused to say "how nice and cosy it was," and how she was enjoying herself, and how glad she felt to miss that stupid dinner at Gladwyn, where no one talked but Giles and Etta, and Gladys was as though she were half asleep, until she, Lady Betty, felt inclined to pinch them all.

We were approaching the dangerous subject again, but I varied it off by asking how she and her sister employed their time.

She made a little face at me, as though she questioned my interest. "Oh, I do things, and Gladys—does things," rather lucidly.

"Well, but what things, may I ask?"

"Why do you want to know?" was the unexpected retort. "I don't question you, do I? Giles says women are dreadfully curious."

"I think you are dreadfully mysterious; but, as you are evidently ashamed of your occupations, I will withdraw my questions."

"I do not believe you are cross, Miss Garston; you are not a saint, after all, though Giles says you sing like an herub; I don't know where he ever heard one, but that is his affair. Well, as you choose to get peevish over it, I will be amiable, and tell you what we do. Etta says we waste our time dreadfully, but as it is our time and not hers, it is none of her business."

I thought it prudent to remain silent, so she wrinkled her brows and looked perplexed.

(To be continued.)

OFF WORK. For two years I was not able to work, being troubled with dyspepsia. One bottle of Burdock Blood Purifiers relieved me; three bottles cured me as well as ever. John A. Rappell, of Farmersville, Leeds Co., Va.

Life (head out of a second story window): Is that you, John Smith? Husband (at the front door): Yes, dear. Wife: Well, say, chrysanthemums or you don't get into this house to-night. Husband (heroically): Chrysanthemums, my dear. Wife (hanging down the window): Good-night.

THE TRUE WITNESS IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY The Post Printing & Publishing Co.,

AT THEIR OFFICES: 761 CRAIG ST., Montreal, Canada.

Subscription per annum \$1.50 in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS: Limited number of advertisements of approved character will be inserted in THE TRUE WITNESS at 15c per line (space), first insertion.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS: Subscribers in the country should always give the name of their Post Office.

THE TRUE WITNESS makes it the very best advertising medium in Canada.

THE POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.

NO DISCOUNT FROM THE REGULAR SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF \$1.50 PER ANNUM WILL BE ALLOWED IN ANY CASE EXCEPT WHEN PAYMENT IS MADE ABSOLUTELY IN ADVANCE.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1887

OUR Irish Catholic Tory friends can now see what sort of political bedfellows they have.

As the champion of free speech, Mr. O'Brien is in perfect sympathy with the great mass of Canadians.

Irish and English papers received by recent mail contain long extracts from THE TRUE WITNESS concerning Lord Lansdowne.

Mr. W. O. Farmer, one of our most talented and brilliant local literateurs and the author of many patriotic and other poems, has been the recipient of much congratulation and praise for the beauty and poetic excellence of the "Jubilee Commemorative Poem" read at the St. Patrick's School Festival.

A PRESS DISPATCH has announced that the Orangemen of Eastern Ontario are going to parade at Ottawa five thousand strong next 12th July.

OTTAWA Nationalists are moving to get up a relief fund for the Luggacurran evicted tenants whom Lord Lansdowne has reduced to a deplorable condition of want and destitution.

An impudent forgery, started by the Rome correspondent of the London Chronicle, appears in the cable reports. This is the same monumental liar who, on a former occasion, sent a despatch saying the Pope had condemned Mr. Parnell and the Irish bishops who sided with him.

At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation May 2nd, on the motion of Mr. Dawson, seconded by Alderman Dillon, the following resolution was adopted: "That this Council is anxious to put on record the earliest condemnation of the barbarous character of the clearances on the Luggacurran estate of Lord Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, especially in view of the fact that these tenants are driven from their homes in this inclement season because they seek for remissions in rent less than half of those granted by the Land Commissioners on adjoining properties."

cause of the oppressed tenants by marking their sense of the conduct of the Governor-General of their Dominion, by giving an enthusiastic welcome to the tenants' advocate, William O'Brien, and making his visit to Canada a triumphant success."

LORD LANSDOWNE'S letter to Mayor Howland is characteristically hypocritical. The history of his conduct towards his tenants and through his odious instrument, Trench, is now too thoroughly advertised for him to attempt falsification of the record.

THE "POISONED WELLS" ORGAN.

The Moon says that Wm. O'Brien has been received "coldly" in the Province of Quebec. We have yet to learn where the coldness came in. Certainly not in Montreal or Quebec, as even the newspapers antagonistic to his mission testified by their reports of his reception in both cities.

FRENCH OPINION.

Our French contemporaries continue to express their opinions adversely to those "Loyalists" who oppose Mr. O'Brien's mission. Mr. Wood, a "reverend" firebrand at Ottawa, anxious to emulate his brother "canon" at Toronto, made a filthy and seditious speech at a meeting of "Loyalists" in that city.

IMPERIALISM IN AMERICA.

Without exception the respectable press of Canada and the whole press of the United States have condemned those people in Canada who have attempted to suppress free speech with violence, and who have not hesitated to resort to murderous assault.

Undoubtedly, if we may be permitted to judge by circumstantial evidence, Lord Lansdowne betook himself to Toronto, the cesspool of Orange Toryism, where, as Carlyle said of Swinburne, he added to its contents, with an evident purpose.

"They are meant for testing physical strength, endurance and patience. (Laughter.) They constitute a great struggle between those who are able to talk and those who are able to endure, and those who win who can sit the longest listening to the dreary drip of dilatory declamation, and can see beyond the exhausting labors to which they are called the victory which lies perhaps somewhat in the future."

In the conduct of Lord Lansdowne and of the brutalized Toronto mob we have a loud, unmistakable echo of the Salisbury attack on free speech and popular rights. In England a Tory government has gagged parliament, in Canada a Tory mob will not permit free speech and would murder the man who dares lift his voice against oppression!

AMERICAN OPINION OF LANSDOWNE.

With unanimity that must be accepted as the verdict of the American people, the great dailies of the United States have pronounced in favor of Mr. William O'Brien and against Lord Lansdowne. Among the many editorial articles which have gone straight to the heart of this controversy, that which appeared in the New York Sun last Friday is perhaps the most severely correct.

"These authentic organs of Canadian judgment and conscience have despatched to Lord Salisbury, the head of the British Government, an emphatic protest against the shameful substitution of the Crimes Bill for the measures of agrarian relief and political improvement which the Unionists had promised and which Irishmen deserve."

"The Canadian people will be guilty of no such disgraceful inconsistency. They will not make themselves Lord Lansdowne's accomplices by attempting to gag an Irish patriot, when, pointing from the solemn protest of their Parliament against coercion and eviction to the flint-hearted occupant of the viceregal chair, he tells him, 'Thou art the man!'"

MR. O'BRIEN IN TORONTO.

Lord Lansdowne's admirers have no reason to congratulate him on the result of Mr. William O'Brien's visit to Toronto. An Orange mob, incited by the disorderly harangues of the unreasoning bigots who addressed them last Saturday, was as violent as the natural cowardice of the persons who composed it would permit.

The British Government should be careful, at least, in selecting a Governor-General, to choose a gentleman whose character and antecedents would not render him obnoxious to any considerable section of our people.

As to the position of Irishmen in the empire it is necessary to impress upon Lord Lansdowne and the howlers at Toronto and elsewhere that the Irish have just as good a right to share in the government of the empire as Englishmen or Scotchmen.

There is no Mr. Parnell, with the whole body of the Irish people at his back, a fitter man to direct Irish affairs than a namby-pamby dude like Balfour? The assumption by men like Goldwin Smith of a sort of divine right to govern Ireland must be resisted and put down.

Thus the mission of William O'Brien has become more than a question between Lord Lansdowne and his tenants. It has broadened into an attack on American institutions, and gives an emphasis to the Monroe doctrine which it never had before.

bearing, "loyalty," or respect for law and order, that kept the roughs and toughs from violence. Any way the Irish people in Canada are too powerful to be fooled with: Every year sees that power increase, and those who do not respect it will be compelled to: That's all.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On this, the feast of the Ascension, the Irish Catholics of Montreal fittingly celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the priesthood of the Rev. Fathers Dowd and Toupin. To the people of this city it is not necessary to speak in praise of these two faithful laborers in the vineyard of the Lord.

During the thirty-nine years of Father Dowd's connection with the parish of St. Patrick, the fortunes of our people have undergone many vicissitudes, and many events have occurred which called for wise and delicate management.

"Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, in part, leave behind us Footprints in the sands of time."

Having so long and faithfully devoted himself to the service of the Almighty and the care of his flock, it is the heartfelt prayer of all that Father Dowd may long be spared to fulfill the duties of his mission, and that Father Toupin, who has been his faithful co-worker, may continue many years longer in the sphere where he has done so much and such lasting good.

THE DISGRACE OF TORONTO.

The murderous assault made by a mob of Toronto blackguards on Mr. William O'Brien Wednesday is not to be wondered at, when we recall the speeches made by Bishop Sullivan, Canon Dumoulin, the Rev. Milligan and others. Had Mr. O'Brien been killed his blood would be on their hands.

Toronto has ever prided itself on being the one city in Canada where Protestant Toryism is supreme. The number of its inhabitants assume to be intensely British; but in the treatment extended to Mr. O'Brien the world can see what the pretended upholders of British freedom and fair play really are when they think they can have things their own way.

There's British fair play for you! Not only has free speech been denied, but personal violence, riot and bloodshed have been resorted to by men who never cease boasting of their "loyalty," and who claim to be the champions of freedom!

The New York Herald reports that there were only about fifty men in the crowd bent upon creating a riot, and adds: "Half of those who cried, 'Pay your rent!' looked as if they hadn't a quarter to pay for a night's lodging. One respectable looking man, who was continually crying 'Thief!' under the placard, was said to be a man who had stolen \$5,000 from a bank here."

FRENCH CANADIAN OPINION.

When Mr. William O'Brien announced his intention of coming to Canada for the purpose of exposing the wrongs of the Luggacurran tenantry, the press, inspired from Ottawa, industriously strove to discredit him.

attacking Mr. O'Brien the bigots of Toronto have struck at something which knows how to strike back. They have deliberately challenged reprisal, and must not be astonished and cry out when their truculent brutality comes under the punishment it has provoked.

The fair fame of our country must be vindicated. The men who incited to violence and murder are as deserving of punishment at the hands of the law as the poor fools who listened to them and acted on their seditious suggestions.

Toronto papers to hand this morning all bear testimony to the fact that the "Loyal" element, which made all the noise and created all the disturbance at Mr. O'Brien's meeting, was a small minority who made up for their lack of numbers by shouting and singing.

THE PRESS ON THE TORONTO DISTURBANCE.

"By those immediately in front of the platform it was observed: by those a compact body of perhaps a hundred men, a little above the stage—he was hissed and heeded at. A semi-circle of solid humanity, two hundred deep, outside of both the bodies maintained a stolid silence, and seemed desirous of listening to the speaking."

The World, an unfriendly witness, gives pretty much the same report. It says:—"The dense mass of humanity that came within eye-shot of the stand and vied with each other in their efforts to get a glimpse of the speaker, was divided up into three distinct sections. Crowded close round the platform were the friends and supporters of Mr. O'Brien, who showed lusty in his favor whenever an opportunity presented itself."

The Mail makes the disturbers of even less account. Its report reads:—"Although there was no riotous breach of the peace during the meeting, the fact that one of the speakers of the day was organized and was abundantly manifested in his own attempt was made to introduce O'Brien. It was Mr. J. A. Mulick who first saved to speak, but he was met with a storm of yells and gouts, and could not be heard by any save the hundreds of stolidly immobile in front of the platform."

"This morning the loyal French population of our province respond to the howls of the Toronto Orangemen with the spontaneous cry of 'Long live O'Brien; down with the Orange-men!'"

Colonization Testimonials. Every good work claims its reward. Rev. Fr. Nolin, S. J., the diocesan preacher of the colonization society, recognizes the fact accordingly. For the last two months he has been visiting the schools of the diocese to receive the returns of his young "enrollment officers," and to present them, with a token of his appreciation and thankfulness, to the diocesan authorities.

When Mr. William O'Brien announced his intention of coming to Canada for the purpose of exposing the wrongs of the Luggacurran tenantry, the press, inspired from Ottawa, industriously strove to discredit him. The natural feeling of respect for the representative of the Crown, as the social head of the Canadian people, found expression in several organs of public opinion. It was said, with a show of reason that, whatever Lord Lansdowne's relations might be with his tenants, this people of this country only know him as their Governor-General, a position which he had filled with a tolerable degree of satisfaction.

tained that the conduct of an Irish landlord who was also Governor-General of Canada, whose grandfather had helped to fill our cities with pestilence, and who was himself imitating the horrible policy of evicting, plundering and pauperizing Irish families by the hundreds, was 'justly' indictable before the bar of Canadian public opinion, because his action might bring pestilence upon us, as his grandfather's did in former years.

Mr. O'Brien came to Canada. Threats were made by "Loyalists," such as the Kestrel, against him and those who sympathized with him. He spoke, and the tale he told touched the hearts of the Canadian people.

At Toronto the "Loyalists," led by a person described as the Bishop of Algoma, incited the infamous Orangemen to violence, and a deliberate attempt was made in consequence to murder William O'Brien on the streets of that city. The incendiary language of the person described as the "Bishop of Algoma," the seditious incitations of "Canon" Dumoulin and the "Rev." Milligan, not forgetting Goldwin Smith, the annexationist, and Jim Hughes, the Bible thumper, was naturally followed by outrage and attempt to murder a gentleman and a stranger.

All these facts are now before our French contemporaries, and they see the character of the Governor-General in relation to a great section of their fellow-countrymen of Irish origin, as well as the spirit animating the intendant "Loyalist" monster whose habitat is the gutters and stews. As a result we see the French press of Canada is waking up to the true issue of the contest between the descendant of the thriving Lancashire tailor and Mr. O'Brien.

"This is grave, if true. It is well known that the best of fruits are often rotten at the heart. Mr. O'Brien is accompanied by Mr. Kilbride, a well-to-do farmer, lately dispossessed by the agents of Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Kilbride should be heard in order to form an idea of the manner in which the Irish serfs are there treated by the great lords, whose ancestors stole the island from the real owners, the Irish people."

"This morning the loyal French population of our province respond to the howls of the Toronto Orangemen with the spontaneous cry of 'Long live O'Brien; down with the Orange-men!'"

"Down with the Orangemen, the race of vipers, the persecutors of the Catholics, the enemies of liberty of speech and of union."

Colonization Testimonials. Every good work claims its reward. Rev. Fr. Nolin, S. J., the diocesan preacher of the colonization society, recognizes the fact accordingly. For the last two months he has been visiting the schools of the diocese to receive the returns of his young "enrollment officers," and to present them, with a token of his appreciation and thankfulness, to the diocesan authorities.

When Mr. William O'Brien announced his intention of coming to Canada for the purpose of exposing the wrongs of the Luggacurran tenantry, the press, inspired from Ottawa, industriously strove to discredit him. The natural feeling of respect for the representative of the Crown, as the social head of the Canadian people, found expression in several organs of public opinion. It was said, with a show of reason that, whatever Lord Lansdowne's relations might be with his tenants, this people of this country only know him as their Governor-General, a position which he had filled with a tolerable degree of satisfaction.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

MR. O'BRIEN IN OTTAWA. A Rousing Reception at the Union Station. OTTAWA ATONES FOR TORONTO.

returned ten thousand thanks to the people of Ottawa for their magnificent reception. He was sure all liberty-loving Canadians must reprobate the doings in Toronto last night...

More Facts. STERLING, ILL., August 22, 1885. We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is thrilling that of any other article of medicine.

POETICAL HOMAGE. We are greatly pleased to insert in our columns the following poem, which was composed by Miss B. Guerin, of this city, and recited by W. Rollins, on May 14th, before a large and appreciative audience.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. CURES ALL HUMORS. from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, Fever-sores, Scaly or Rough Skin, Itch, or all diseases caused by bad blood...

CONSUMPTION, OF THE Liver, Blood, and Lungs. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have a yellowish color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness...

SUMMER MILLINERY. Complete and varied assortment of the latest Parisian and American novelties. S. CARSELY. BOYS' JUBILEE JERSEY SUITS. The Jubilee Jersey Suit at 50 cents for three pieces is causing quite a sensation.

MR. O'BRIEN IN OTTAWA. (From our own Correspondent.) OTTAWA, May 19. In anticipation of the arrival of Wm. O'Brien and Dennis Kilbride from Toronto a crowd numbering about fifteen hundred gathered at the Union Depot this afternoon to meet and greet him.

More Facts. GREENWICH, N.Y., Feb. 12, 1885. Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any other now but for them.

POETICAL HOMAGE. Amongst us he dwelt, and the busy years of his life were passed in the quietude of a small town...

CHRONIC DISEASES. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Hemoptoe, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy.

PIERCE'S LITTLE PEASANT LIVER PURGATIVE PILLS. ANTI-BILIOUS AND CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

FOREIGN TRIBUTES TO THE MERITS OF Canadian Manufactures. RESULTS FROM THE COLONIALS AND OTHER EXHIBITIONS. OWEN MCGARVEY & SON.

BABY'S BIRTHDAY. A beautiful Imported Birthday Cake sent to any baby whose mother will send us the names of her children, by mail, with their parents' addresses.

HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL. CURES RHEUMATISM. FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS. Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adults.

ROZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER. Imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles and discolorations. For sale by all first-class druggists, or mailed for 50 cts.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. Gives Relief at once and Cures COLD IN HEAD CATARRH Hay Fever Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. Gives Relief at once and Cures COLD IN HEAD CATARRH Hay Fever Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM. Gives Relief at once and Cures COLD IN HEAD CATARRH Hay Fever Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive odors.

COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption CURED BY ALLEN'S LUNG BALM. 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

TEACHERS WANTED.—FOUR MALE or Female Roman Catholic Teachers holding first and second class diplomas, and qualified to teach English and French. Services to commence 2nd July, 1887.

NO MORE PILLS! MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT! Because it is agreeable to take. IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR CONSTIVENESS.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. CURE SICK HEADACHE. SICK HEADACHE and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c.