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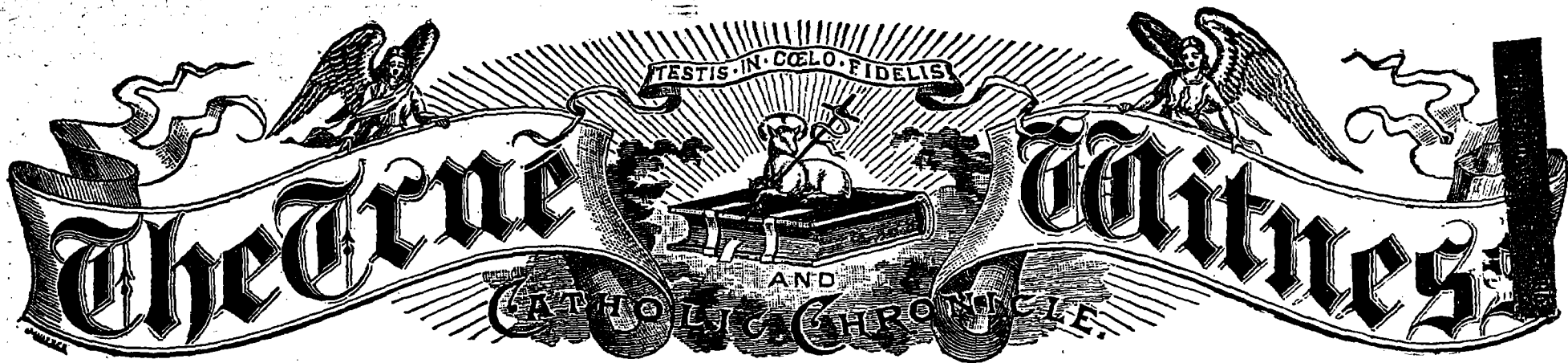
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

WE DESIRE to thank the number of our subscribers who have been so prompt and generous in sending in their contributions to THE TRUE WITNESS. Every renewal of subscription is a boon at this juncture and every new subscriber is doubly welcome. We are anxious that those friends who have been so considerate as to send in subscriptions for three, four and five years in advance, should receive due credit for their timely aid to a Catholic paper. There is a great satisfaction in knowing that our humble exertions in the cause of Catholic literature are so widely appreciated; decidedly there is encouragement for the future in the flattering remarks of our numerous correspondents. We can assure all our friends that no pains or exertions will be spared on our part to give them all full satisfaction in the columns at our command.

THE Ave Maria, of Notre Dame, has always been very kind toward us, and in its issue of January 6th a very neat compliment is paid the TRUE WITNESS, in the following lines: "We learn with pleasure that the TRUE WITNESS has successfully weathered the storm which threatened to cut short the usefulness of that bright and vigorous journal. It is also pleasant to note that Mr. J. K. Foran, LL. B., whose name is well-known to our readers, continues in editorial control. That the TRUE WITNESS in its new conditions is to lose none of its old-time energy may be inferred from the fact that the editor, though almost prostrated by temporary illness, still produces a remarkably able and interesting newspaper." If the term may be allowed, we can heartily and fully "return the compliment," for despite his heavy load of work, his countless occupations, and recent physical ailments, the Rev. Editor of the Ave Maria goes on improving and infusing real life into his charming magazine,—each issue only increases the reader's thirst for the next.

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN, nephew of the King of Saxony, was ordained a Catholic Priest at New Year. The ceremony took place at Reichstadt, Saxony. Prince Maximilian was born at Dresden, Nov. 17, 1870. He is the fifth child and next to the youngest son of Prince George, brother of the King of Saxony and the late Maria Anna, Infanta of Portugal. This news sounds like a voice telling of the "Ages of Faith."

WE CANNOT well understand the Chicago Citizen and its attempts to bespatter Lord and Lady Aberdeen with its mud. We always looked upon the Citizen as an ultra-Irish organ; in fact, so Irish that it seems at home on no other subject; and only comfortable when it has that one subject worked up to a fever heat. Yet it seems to us very inconsistent on the part of the Citizen to make it a point, in season and out of season, of attacking the Governor-General

of Canada and Lady Aberdeen. We always thought that gratitude was one of the characteristics of our race; and surely common gratitude to both Lord and Lady Aberdeen would become every true and honest Irish heart. Although in a recent issue, in which a Father O'Mahony's letter of a column and a half appears, "the Citizen assumes no responsibility for the sentiments of correspondents," still it publishes the tirade from Piper City, Ill., and the sentiments therein agree with recent editorials in the same Citizen.

THE NAME of the locality, whence Rev. Bernard Emmet O'Mahony hails, is very appropriate. The man claiming to be an Irishman, an Irish Catholic, and even an Irish Catholic Priest, and knowing all that the Aberdeens have done for Ireland and the Irish, who could pen such a narrow-minded, small-hearted, evil-inspired letter as that from Piper City, is certainly deserving of honest Irish pity. Neither Ireland, nor Canada, nor our Governor-General, nor his Lady will be the least affected by the Citizen's views and its correspondent's ingenious sarcasm.

THAT was a peculiar dinner-party at which two notorious renegades sat down last week, to congratulate each other on their respective careers of religious vagaries. The one a vow-breaking priest, who so glories in his perjury that he celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of that glorious day on which he took unto himself a woman in spite of his solemn, soul-binding vow of perpetual celibacy; the other a poor creature, grown hoary in a life of avowed hypocrisy, descendant of an unbelieving patriot, a Voltarian himself, to-day a Presbyterian. The spectres that hovered around that "feast of skulls" must have grinned with their most hideous expression and chuckled with delight, on beholding two aged renegades striving to persuade each other that they believed in their own professions and each knowing that deep down in the other's soul were stamped the words "deception, shame, falsehood."

FRIDAY last was the hundredth and ninety-fourth anniversary of the death of the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys, foundress of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The service was held in the Church of Notre Dame de Pitie. His Grace the Archbishop officiated. The remains of the venerable foundress were saved from the ruins of Villa Maria, and they now lie in the crypt of the little church, under a simple marble monument.

THE OTHER DAY we received a letter from a Jesuit missionary, who had charge of a parish about five hundred miles in length. We call it a parish, but really it is the whole of that desolate north shore of Lake Superior. The writer of that letter is one with whom we played in childhood, with whom we went to a little country school, and of

whom we have ever kept the kindest and warmest recollections. We see by his letter that the hardships of missionary life are still as great in parts of Canada as ever they were in the early days. Imagine a priest going three hundred and fifty miles on sick-calls; seven hundred miles per round trip. Our friend tells us of a small chapel that is being raised for a few Catholic farmers at Murillo, a station west of Port Arthur. We can readily understand how poor these people must be, since he says the work is at a standstill for want of means to complete it. At present the missionary seems to carry his chapel with him, since his altar and sacred vessels are about all he possesses for the purposes of Mass. We wonder if the Rev. Father, our ever cherished friend, would feel hurt were we to suggest the idea of a few contributions from our zealous and wealthy citizens, toward the forest chapel of Murillo? Surely it cannot demand a very great amount to complete that structure: the spirit of sweet charity might touch, perhaps, a few of our friends, and we feel confident that the pleasure thus given to the colonists of that wild region will reconcile the good Father to our presumption in making this suggestion.

AGAIN is it reported that Louis Kosuth, the aged exile and Hungarian patriot, is dead. The rumor was current a few days ago in Buda-Pesth. He was ninety-one in September last, so there is nothing improbable in the report. During the last ten or more years Kosuth has lived in Turin, the capital of Piedmont; he never returned to Hungary since he lost the rights of citizenship in 1879. In 1848-49 he was Governor of Hungary, and under him the unfortunate war of independence broke out, which resulted in his country being crushed by Austria and Russia. He retired into Turkey. A few years afterwards he visited America; then he returned to England, where he wrote strongly urging the Hungarians to join Italy against Austria. He was a deadly enemy of the Hapsburgs. In fine, his name was upon every lip in Europe some fifty years ago. To-day he is almost forgotten; to-morrow he will be in complete oblivion.

ON THURSDAY last, at her residence, Leigh, Lancashire, England, the widow of the famous British novelist, William Makepeace Thackeray, died, aged seventy-five years. On Christmas Eve, 1868, thirty years ago, the great author departed this life. He was buried in Kensal Green, London. They were married in 1838. She was a daughter of Colonel Matthew Shaw, of London. We may be often inclined to deal harshly with Thackeray as an author, and to criticise very severely his often harsh caricatures and his biting sarcasms; but we must pay homage to his undoubted ability and his high character. The death of his widow revives a story that should awaken great sympathy for the novelist. "A few years after marriage,"

says Trollope, "she became ill and her mind failed her," and the novelist thereupon "became, as it were, a widower till the end of his days." The story is told of how he refused to consent to her separation from him and consignment in an asylum, withdrew himself, at great inconvenience, from London, and lived with her in strictest seclusion. During this time he never failed in the affectionate observance of the anniversary of their wedding day, etc., ignoring the fact that he rejoiced alone. A birthday verse offered by him to her during this period was:

I have brought no roses, sweetest,
I could find no flowers, dear,
It was when all sweets were over
You were born to bless the year.

A VERY HIGHLY esteemed friend has sent us one of "ex-Priest" Slattery's hand-bills; similar programmes were circulated all through Des Moines, Iowa. The reading of that announcement of lectures by the "ex-Priest" and his wife is sufficient to show us how low, how degraded, how soaked in immorality and bad rum must be the man, (and above all the woman), who could issue such a circular. What must not the lectures have been! It is thus the Des Moines Register, a Protestant organ, deals with the "ex-Priest." He had already attempted to make capital out of lies against the Register.

Des Moines people who remember "ex-priest" Slattery's infamous lies about The Register when he was in Des Moines, told simply to draw a crowd at 15 cents a head, will be interested in learning that the fellow was not allowed to spout at Davenport. Since he charged an admission fee he had to get the consent of the authorities to deliver his lecture. Mayor Volmer refused to issue a license and told the ex-divine to go ahead with his lecture if he wanted to be attended by people who paid nothing. In other words, Slattery was informed that he could deliver a lecture with free admission but not if he charged to hear his creed. The Tribune, of Davenport says: "The mayor also put the refusal on a moral ground. He stated that from the advertisements and hand bills he believed that the lectures appealed to depraved tastes and sought by immoral allusions to attract a crowd. He had been told that the man had been refused holy orders on account of his immorality, and that in his lectures he made charges against the moral character of the leaders of a religious sect, but he could not pass upon these questions."

IT WAS a sad sight that was witnessed in New Glasgow, N.S., on the sixth of January last, when an ex-M.P. William Ross, was found on the roadside covered with vermin and dying. Nor does it speak well for the officials of that city of churches, that the overseers of the poor refused to provide for him, even the jailer refused him shelter in the only cell in the prison. The former member of parliament died more neglected than the brutes. "Man's inhumanity to man," is here exemplified, and it is an illustration of that forcible saying of St. Thomas a Kempis, "Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas." How very uncertain the life of life; how fleeting the popularity!

JESUIT PRINCIPLES.

THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS.

An Introduction by the Late Cardinal Wiseman—Some of the Foundation Stones of the Order—Information for Catholics, Protestants and Infidels.

We have read so much of late about the Jesuits and their terrible secrets, their "occult machinations," and their mysterious plottings, and we hear so much preached against these servants of God, by men who are completely ignorant of the subject, that we have determined—without consulting anyone, Jesuit or non-Jesuit—to give our readers the framework of principles upon which the whole organization is built. We begin with Cardinal Wiseman's admirable preface to the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola," an edition of the work prepared by Rev. Father Bothan, and translated by Chas. Seager, M.A. These "Exercises" form the very essence of the Jesuits' life. On these are based the whole conduct of each member of that Order. The retreat for vocation, the retreat of novitiate, the novitiate, all are but the study, the meditation and the practice of these "Exercises." We know whereof we write; and if there is one who doubts the accuracy of all that follows, we take upon ourselves to invite that one—Catholic or Protestant, it matters not—to go to the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault au Recollet, and there he will learn the truth for himself. Every gentleman is welcome there. After this Preface, we will give the "Exercises," one after the other, with such meditations or comments as are made by the Jesuit novice or the Jesuit priest. We repeat, we are about to lay before our readers the law, the code, the all governing principles that underlie every Jesuit's life; and we defy any living man, priest or layman, Catholic, Protestant, Infidel or Pagan, to disprove our assertions.

Cardinal Wiseman's Preface.

The following is dated St. Mary's College, Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1847.

A man is presumed to enter into the cause of the spiritual exercises in the defilement of sin, under the bondage of every passion, wedded to every worldly and selfish affection, without a method or a rule of life; and to come out from them restored to virtue, full of generous and noble thoughts, self-conquering, self-ruling, but not self-trusting, on the arduous path of Christian life. Black and unwholesome as the muddy water that is poured into the filter, were his affections and his soul; bright, sweet, and healthful as the stream that issues from it, they come out. He was as dross when cast into this furnace and is pure gold when drawn from it.

Now the superficial reader of this excellent book will ask, how is this accomplished? Where is the power, the skill,—nay, perhaps he will add, the *machinery*,—by which such results are obtained? Whence springs the great confidence of its writer in its efficacy?

The answer to this question it is not easy to give in the short compass of a preface; nor will I, therefore, attempt it; but perhaps a few pages of explanation of the Exercises will enable the reader to discover it for himself.

It must be observed, then, that this is a *practical*, not a *theoretical*, work. It is not a treatise on sin or on virtue; it is not a method of Christian perfection; but it contains the entire practice of perfection, by making us at once conquer sin, and acquire the highest virtue. The person who goes through the Exercises is not instructed, but is made to act; and this book will not be intelligible apart from this view.

The reader will observe that it is divided into four weeks; and each of these has a specific object to advance the exercitant an additional step towards perfect virtue. If the work of each are to be *thoroughly* done, this is actually accomplished.

The first week has for its aim the cleansing of the conscience from past sin, and of the affections from their future dangers. For this purpose, the soul is made to convince itself deeply of the true end of its being—to serve God and be saved, and of the real worth of all things. This consideration has been justly called by St. Ignatius, the *principle* or *fundamental principle* of the entire system. No

limits are put to the time that may be spent upon this subject; it ought not to be left till the mind is *made up*, that nothing is worth aiming at but God and salvation, and that to all other things we must be indifferent. They are but instruments or hindrances in the acquisition of these, and accordingly they must be treated. It is clear that the person, who has brought himself to this state of mind, has fully prepared himself, for submitting to whatever he may be required to do by God, for attaining his end.

Upon this groundwork is raised the duty of the first week. Considerations of the punishment of sin, which lead us gradually to an abhorrence of it, in itself, make the sinner sift and thoroughly unburthen his conscience. "The fear of God," which "is the beginning of wisdom," is thus the first agent in the great work of change; a change not prospective or mental, but *real*. Sin is abandoned, hated, loathed.

At the conclusion of this painful task, the soul finds itself prostrate and full of anxieties. The past is remedied; but what is to be done for the future? A rule to guide us, an example to encourage us, high motives to animate us, are now wanting; and the three following weeks secure us these.

In the second, the life of Christ is made our model; by a series of contemplations of it we become familiar with His virtues, enamoured of His perfections; we learn, by copying Him, to be obedient to God and man, meek, humble, affectionate; zealous, charitable and forgiving; men of only one wish and one thought, that of doing ever God's holy will alone; discreet, devout, observant of every law, scrupulous performers of every duty.

Every meditation on these subjects shows us *how* to do all this; in fact, *makes us do it*.

Still up to this point we have been dealt with kindly, as the Apostles were treated by their good Master. He told them not of these things, that is, of His sufferings, at first, lest sorrow should fill their hearts (John xvi. 5, 6). The milk of consolation and encouragement must precede the strong food of patience and conformity. The third week brings us to this. Having desired and tried to be like Christ in action, we are brought to wish and endeavor to be like unto Him in suffering. For this purpose His Sacred Passion becomes the engrossing subject of the Exercises. The soul which has been brought near Him in admiration now clings to Him in loving sympathy,—nay, finds her admiration redoubled at His divine bearing in sorrow, ignominy and pain. Having already made up her mind to be like Him in all things, she is not to be scared from resemblance by the bitterness of suffering or disgrace. On the contrary, she wishes to suffer for Him and with Him, for the very love's sake, which made Him so suffer. Every meditation on the Passion strengthens, deepens, matures, this feeling, and renders it a new power and affection of the soul. She has become a martyr in resolution and desire; she would go forth from this holy rock of meditation to the realization of her earnest desire to suffer for Jesus; she is prepared for mortifications, for tribulations, for persecutions, for death, for anything whereby she may be likened to her Lord and God.

But she must be convinced and feel, that if she suffers, she shall also be glorified with Him; and hence the fourth and concluding week raises the soul to the consideration of those glories, which crowned the humiliations and sufferings of Our Lord. As throughout He is represented to us in His blessed humanity as being our model, so here are our thoughts directed to Him, triumphant over death, but still conversing among men,—those now who love Him; that so our love may be likewise with Him, in holy conversation and familiar intercourse, and so He may draw up our hearts with Him, when He ascends to His Father; and there they may ever abide where our Treasure is. Thus we have been gradually raised from fear to love, which henceforward is the "informing principle" (to borrow a phrase from the schools) of our lives and being.

It is clear that if the various principles and feelings have been really infused into us, if they have been worked into our hearts, so as to form a part of their real practical influences, we shall come from the Exercises, duly performed, completely changed, and fitted for our future course. Many indeed have experienced this. They have entered the place ap-

pointed for them, like a vessel shattered by the storms, bruised and crippled, and useless; they have come forth with every breach repaired, every disfigurement removed; and, what is of more importance, furnished with rudder and compass, sail and anchor, all that can direct and guide, impel and secure them. What wonder if their songs of gratitude and joy resound along the main?

Two things will perhaps strike the reader as drawbacks to the attainment of this object; first, the scantiness of the matter furnished in the book for filling up time; and secondly, the obvious want of a regulating and adapting power in its application. For it is clear, that the work of one week should be continued till its object is attained, and the exercitant is prepared for the impressions of the next. These apparent wants are supplied by one essential element of a spiritual Retreat (for so the exercises reduced to action are popularly called), *Direction*. In the Catholic Church no one is ever allowed to trust himself in spiritual matters. The Sovereign Pontiff is obliged to submit himself to the direction of another, in whatever concerns his own soul. The life of a good Retreat is a good director of it. He it is that modifies (not arbitrarily but by fixed rules and principles), (see the *Directorium*), the order of the exercises, diminishes their number, and curtails their duration; he shortens and lengthens each week, and watching the workings of grace on each one's spirit, suppresses meditations, or introduces additional ones, to second them. It is he who prepares materials for the exercitant to meditate on, divides the subject for him into its parts, suggests its applications, and leads him step by step through his various duties. He wards off or suppresses disturbing emotions, spiritual dryness, dejection, and scruples; he represses over eagerness, rashness, and enthusiasm; and regulating the balance of contending affections, endeavours to keep all at a steady and peaceful level, so that the grace of God may gently, and, as it were, by a breath, move and regulate every determination. Let no one think of undertaking these holy exercises without the guidance of a prudent and experienced director.

It will be seen that the *weeks* of the Exercises do not mean necessarily a period of seven days. The original duration of their performance was certainly a month; but even so, more or less time was allotted to each week's work, according to the discretion of the Director. Now, except in very particular circumstances, the entire period is abridged to ten days; sometimes it is still further reduced. But even so, the form and distribution of the Exercises must be strictly kept, and no anticipations or inversions must be permitted. It is impossible to make the slightest change in this subject, without injury. Gladly would I enter fully into this subject and show the admirable and beautiful chain-work which connects all the Exercises or meditations from the first to the last, connects them as clearly and as intimately as any series of sound mathematical propositions can be connected. But it would take a long essay to do justice to this matter.

It is, however, to this logical and argumentative arrangement that the exercises, in a great measure, owe their certainty of result. The mind may struggle against the first axiom, or rather demonstrable truth, in the series; but once satisfied of this, resistance is useless, as unreasonable; the next consequence is inevitable, conclusion follows conclusion, and the triumph is complete. The passions may entrench themselves at each step, behind new works, but each position carried is a point of successful attack upon the next, and grace at length wins this very citadel. Many is the fool who has entered into a Retreat "to scoff and has remained to pray."

Besides the regular work of the Exercises, there are other matters connected with them, which this volume contains. One of the most important of these is the method of "election," or choice of a state of life,—a duty usually performed in a spiritual Retreat. This is, perhaps, the most delicate, difficult, and even dangerous point with which the Director and his disciple have to deal. No one can study the rules laid down by St. Ignatius without admiring their prudence, their sagacity, and their certain power. But they require a wise and steady hand and eye for their application. It has been reported that these Exercises are to be soon published as a work "adapted for members of the

Church of England," in the same way as other Catholic books have appeared. If so, we cannot anticipate any result but misunderstanding and fatal error, from the attempt to employ them as spiritual instruments. If left to individual application they will only lead the soul into a maze of perplexities and bewilderment, and, deprived of their adjusting power, Direction, give rise to sadness and discouragement, or presumption and self-will. And of this there will be a much greater danger, by far, than a similar use would cause in a Catholic, from the want of safeguard, which a definite dogmatic teaching alone can give, as well as of that aid which familiarity with ascetic principles and the ordinary use of the sacraments confer. And if, on the other hand, it is intended to put the Exercises into practice under direction, we are sure that much mischief will ensue: from the absence of all training and traditional rules, which guide the Catholic Director in his arduous duty. It will be the blind leading the blind, to the fatal detriment of both. Bits and particles of the Catholic system cannot be thus detached with impunity, and incorporated with another system; not only is the effect a monstrous incongruity, but it is at once a piece of bad faith with one side and of injustice to the other.

Among the valuable matter contained in this work may be certainly classed the "Three Methods of Prayer," which cannot be practised without great profit; the golden "Rules for ever thinking with the Orthodox Church;" those for "almsgiving," and for "discovering scruples;" but, above all, the invaluable principles and maxims for the "discernment of spirits," adapted, in two divisions, to the first and second weeks. These form the basis of treatises on this most difficult and important part of mystical theology. But they, more than any other, require application by an enlightened Director.

What has been said will perhaps explain, though inadequately, the wonderful power and efficacy of the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," in thoroughly reforming the soul and bringing it from sin to virtue. But the grand secret may be said to consist in two points.

First, the entire work is performed by *principles*, not by emotions which pass away. Conviction of the truth and reality of all that is inculcated is aimed at and secured; reason is enlisted on the side of conscience; and whatever usefulness made of the feelings in the course of the Exercises is but as scaffolding to assist in the erection of a solid structure of virtue, which will stand and weather the storm, after it has been removed.

Secondly, the mind is made to act throughout, and to work out its own resolutions. Nothing is imposed on us by others, either through persuasion or by authority; we are made to think, to conclude, to determine, and to act, by a process essentially our own; so that there is no escape, and no danger from the reaction of self-love. No influence has been used, further than to guide rightly the exercise of our own powers; and even that direction has been given to us with our eyes open, and under the full conviction that we cannot shrink from a single step, without going against reason and conscience.

It is now time to say a few words on this translation. The original of the Spiritual Exercises was written by St. Ignatius in Spanish. Of two translations into Latin, in his own time, one was preferred for publication which was more elegant in its language. This is the standard revision religiously adhered to in all subsequent editions. It therefore forms the text from which the present translation has been made. Fidelity has been aimed at in it above every other quality. Its author has studied to make it as accurate as possible, at the cost of what might be a more flowing style. It has also been carefully revised and compared with the original by the writer of this preface.

The present General of the Society of Jesus (Rev. P. Bothan), anxious to regain, if possible, the original of the Saint, has published a new version from the Spanish, side by side with the common edition. It contains many important varieties. Such as appeared to the translator worthy of particular notice have been incorporated in the present translation.

May this become an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence to bring many souls to grace and virtue; and to the many wonderful fruits which this little volume has already produced to the Church.

JOHN B. TABB.

CONVERT AND CATHOLIC PRIEST.

A Charming Poet; a Member of a Special School; an Admirable Essay upon the Works and Influence of Fr. Tabb.

A friend, a well known Western writer, once wrote to me: "What do you know about a poet who signs his name John B. Tabb, his poems are delicious?" My answer was, that I knew nothing of his personal history, but that his poems had found their way into my aristocratic scrap-book. Here I might pause to whisper that the adjective aristocratic, in my sense, has nothing haughty about it. When joined to the noun scrap-book, a good commentator—they are scarce—would freely translate the phrase the indwelling of good poetry. Since then my personal knowledge of the poet has grown slowly, a slight stock and no leaves. Even that, like my old coat, is second-handed. Such material, no matter how highly recommended by the keepers of the golden-balls, is usually found to be a poor bargain. But here it is, keeping in mind that rags are better than no clothing, and that older proverb—half a loaf is better than no bread. "John B. Tabb, (I quote) was born in Virginia, when or where I know not. Becoming a Catholic, he studied for the priesthood and was ordained." Here my data fails me. At present he is the professor of literature in St. Charles college, Maryland. It is something in his favor.

THIS SCANTY BIOGRAPHICAL FARE.

Where the biography is long, laudatory and in rounded periods, it is approached as one would a snake in the grass, with a kind of fear that in the end you may be bit. "May I be skinned alive," said that master of word-selection and phrase-juggler, Flaubert, "before I ever turn my private feelings to literary account." And the reader, with the stench of recent key-hole biography in his nostrils, shouts bravo. Flaubert's phrase might easily have hung on the pen of the retiring worshipper of the beautiful, "the Roman Catholic priest, who drudges through a daily round of pedagogical duties in St. Charles College." This quoted phrase may stand. Pedagogy, at best, is a dull pursuit for a poet. It is not congenial, and I have held an odd idea that whatever was not congenial, disguise it as you may, is drudgery. And all this by way of propping the quoted sentence. The strange thing is that in the midst of this daily round of drudgery the poet finds time to produce what a recent critic well calls "verse-gems of thought." These verse-gems, if judged by intrinsic evidence, would argue an environment other than a drudgery habitation. In truth, it is hard to desecrate them by predicating of them any environment other than a spiritual one.

This brings us to write of Fr. Tabb's poetry that it is elusive, from a critical point of view. When you bring your preconceived literary cannons to bear upon it, they are found wanting—too clumsy to test the delicacy, fineness of touch, and the permeated spiritualism embodied in the verse-gem. It is well summarized in the saying that "it possesses to the full a white estate of virginal prayerful art." One might define it by negatives, such as the contrary of

PASSION POETRY.

The point of view most likely to give the clearest conception would be found in the sentence: an evocation from within by a highly spiritualized intelligence. The poet has caught the higher music, the music of a soul in which dwell order and method. In other words, he has assiduously cultivated to its fullest development both the spiritual sense and the moral sense.

It is easy to trace in Fr. Tabb's poetry the influence of Sidney Lanier. It has been asserted, and with much truth, that Lanier's influence has strangely fascinated the younger school of Southern poets. Gladen, in his book on Younger American Poets, tells us that "Lanier differs from the other dead poets included in his book, in that he was not only a poet but the founder of a school of poetry." To his school belongs Fr. Tabb, a school following the founder whose aim is to depict

"All gracious curves of slender wings,
Bark mottlings, fibre spirallings,
Fern wavings and leaf flickerings.

Yea, all fair forms and sounds and lights,
And warmths and mysteries and might,
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights."

The defects of this school are best seen

in the founder. He was a musician before a poet, and helplessly strove to catch shades by words that can only be rendered by music. Fr. Tabb has learned this limitation of his school. For the glowing semi-panteism of Lanier he has substituted the true and no less beautiful doctrine of Christianity. All his verse-gems are redolent of his faith. They are religious in the sense that they are begotten by faith and breathe the air of the sanctuary. To read them is to leave the hum and pain of life behind, and enter the cloister where all is silent and peaceful, where dwelleth

THE SPIRIT OF GOD.

Of them it is safe to assert that their white estate of virginal, prayerful art shall constitute their immortality. Fr. Tabb has not, as yet, thought fit to give them a more permanent form than they have in the current magazines. Catholic literature, and, especially, poetry, is so meagre that when a true singer touches the lyre it is not to be wondered at that those of his household, should desire to possess his songs in a more worthy dwelling than that of an ephemeral magazine. In the absence of the coming charming volume I quote from my scrap-book a few of the verse-gems, thereby trusting to widen the poet's audience and in an humble way gain lovers for his long promised volume.

What could illustrate the peculiar genius of our poet, better than the delicious gem that he has called

"THE WHITE JESSAMINE."

I knew she lay above me,
Where the casement all the night
Shone, softened with a phosphor glow
Of sympathetic light,
And that her fadling spirit pure
Was plumbing fast for flight.

Each tendril throbb'd and quicken'd
As I nightly climbed apace,
And could scarce restrain the blossoms
When, near the destined place,
Her gentle whisper thrill'd me
Ere I gaz'd upon her face.

I waited, darkling, till the dawn
Should touch me into bloom,
While all my being pant'd
To outpour its first perfume,
When, lo! a paler flower than mine
Had blossom'd in the gloom!

"Content" is another gem of exquisite thought and workmanship.

CONTENT.

Were all the heavens an overlaiden bough
Of ripened benediction lowered above me,
What could I crave, soul-satisfied as now,
That thou dost love me?

The door is shut. To each unsheltered blessing
Henceforth I say, "Depart! What wouldst
thou of me?"
Beggared I am of want, this boon possessing,
That thou dost love me.

"Photographed" may well make the trio in the more fully illustrating his genius:—

PHOTOGRAPHED.

For years, an ever-shifting shade
The sunshine of thy visage made;
Then, spider-like, the captive caught
In meshes of immortal thought.

E'en so, with half-averted eye,
Day after day I passed thee by,
Till, suddenly, a subtler art
Enshrined thee in my heart of heart.

"Not even the infinite surfeit of Columbus literature of the last six months can deprive Fr. Tabb's tribute in Lippincott's of its sweetness and light," says the Review of Reviews:

"With faith unshadowed by the night,
Undazzled by the day,
With hope that plumed thee for the flight
And courage to assay,
God sent thee from the crowded ark,
Christ-bearer, like the dove,
To find, o'er sunning waters dark,
New lands for conquering love."

As a final selection, we may well conclude these brief notes on a poet with staying powers by quoting a poem, contributed to the Cosmopolitan, called "Silence," a poem permeated with his fine spiritual sense:

SILENCE.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

Temple of God, from all eternity
Alone like Him without beginning found;
Of time, and space, and solitude the bound,
Yet in thyself of all communion free.
Is, then, the temple holier than He
That dwells therein? Must reverence surround
With barriers the portal, lest a sound
Profane it? Nay; behold a mystery!

What was, remains; what is, has ever been:
The lowliest the loftiest sustains.
A silence, by no breath of utterance stirred—
Virginity in motherhood—remains.
Clear, midst a cloud of all-pervading sin,
The voice of Love's unutterable word.

WALTER LECKY.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion and Process which makes **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

It is likely that the Vicariate-Apostolic of Arizona will be made a Bishopric.

The massacre of Catholics at Kovno, Russia, by the Cossacks has been confirmed.

The Bishop of Newport and Monevia has a pastoral on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

A remnant of the petty schism, long ago generated at Goa, existed in Ceylon. It has now vanished.

The corner-stone of the new St. Louis College, San Antonio, was laid December 31, by Right Rev. Bishop Neraz.

The pupils of St. Joseph's High School, Manchester, are to organize a society to be known as the Knights of Mary.

The jubilee of the superior general of the Irish Christian Brothers (Brother Maxwell) was solemnly celebrated recently.

The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Apostleship of Prayer will be celebrated during the coming year all over the world.

At the late elections in Holland Mgr. Everts was opposed by Diggellen, the Grand Master of the Dutch Freemasons. The priest was elected.

The monastery of the Good Shepherd at Troy, N. Y., has received from the Chicago exhibition commissioners a gold medal for being a model reformatory.

Father Honeyman, of St. Augustine's church, Chilton, Wis., became insane and died the other night in the train by which he was being taken to an asylum. He was 32 years of age.

Foreign exchanges announce the death of Very Rev. Canon Rogerson, of Newport, Shropshire, England, and Rev. Edward Lynch, of the Diocese of Kilmore, County Cavan, Ireland.

Easter Sunday this year will fall on March 25. A double feast will then occur, as that of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin is also kept on that day. It is many years since those two feasts thus came together.

Hugh O. Pentecost, a former Protestant minister, denounces the A.P.A. as an unpatriotic order. He says Catholics are now and always have been as loyal to American institutions as any other class of people.

The St. Louis school board has rescinded the rule permitting the dismissal of Catholic children before the close of school hours to attend religious instruction in their respective parish churches.

Information has been received of the appointment of the Rev. P. J. Donahue, the rector of the cathedral, Baltimore, to be Bishop of Wheeling, to succeed Rt. Rev. J. J. Kain, D.D., who was recently made Archbishop of St. Louis.

Although the motion for the repeal of the anti-Jesuit law has passed the German Reichstag it can have no practical effect unless it is also adopted by the Federal Council, and then authorized by the Kaiser. Opinions differ as to the probability of it being thus successful.

Eugene Kelly, the Catholic banker, who retires from business with \$10,000,000 honestly earned, was always liberal to the Church, to its poor, and the cause of Ireland, whence he came to New York, where he landed sixty-two years ago, at which time his entire means were but \$15.

Brother Maurelain, secretary and manager of the Catholic Educational Exhibit, left Chicago for the South on Tuesday of last week to seek a much needed rest. His health is very much impaired after a constant strain of more than two years, during which he has given his whole attention to the Educational Exhibit.

The Church in France lost eleven prelates, amongst whom were five Archbishops, comprising the Cardinals of Lyons and of Rennes, three bishops and four Vicars-Apostolic. Four Sees are at present vacant—namely, the Archbishopric of Besancon, and the bishoprics of Evreux, Orleans and Mans.

The total number of churches within the city of Chicago is 108; of these 98 have resident pastors, and ten are attended from other parishes. The 98 are divided as follows: English-speaking congregations, 51; German, 22; French, 5; Polish, 11; Bohemian, 6; Italian, 1; Arabian, 1; Lutheran, 1.

ROMAN NEWS.

(Gleaned from the London Universe.)

The forthcoming appointment of Mgr. Salviati, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council, to be Vice-Camerlengo is probable.

It is positively affirmed in authorized circles that Mgr. Satolli has been appointed Archbishop of Bologna, but we are not warranted in stating it as fact.

The publication of the collective letter of the Hungarian episcopacy on the politico-religious laws is announced for Monday next. The struggle promises to be fierce.

Cardinal Richard caused prayers to be said in all the churches of Paris at Christmas for France, in consequence of the dastardly attempt in the Chamber of Deputies.

So far from recent letters from Rome representing the Pope as an invalid, they speak of his presence, his voice, and his energetic gestures as those of one in the enjoyment of capital health.

Among those whose names are mentioned as likely to be promoted to the red hat in the next Consistory are Mgr. Fausti, Auditor and titular-Bishop of Seleucia, and Mgr. Mauri, Archbishop of Ferrara.

The preparatory Congregation of Rites will assemble on the 9th of January, under the presidency of Cardinal Parocchi, to examine the cause of Beatification of the Venerable J. B. Vianney, parish priest of Ars.

Denial is given at the Vatican to the report that Mgr. Ferrata is to be recalled from Paris to be sent to Vienna to replace in the nunciature Mgr. Agliardi, who is to be named Archbishop of Milan.

The Germania publishes a letter of the Archbishop of Posen declaring that it is not exact that the Chancellor of the German empire advised him, either officially or confidentially, that a ministerial decision would re-establish the teaching of the Polish language in the primary schools of his diocese.

The Holy Father has nominated Mgr. Fierney to the bishopric of Hartford in the United States. Father Joaquim of the Crucifixion (Nicola Giannelli of the Passionists) to the bishopric of Bucharest, and Father Antonio Usse, of the Seminary of Foreign Missions at Paris, to be Vicar-Apostolic of Northern Burma.

The Czar Alexander III., anxious to testify his gratitude to the French clergy for their sympathetic attitude towards his officers on their recent visit, has decided to forward very high decorations to Cardinal Ricard, Archbishop of Paris, the Archbishops of Aix and Lyons, and the Bishops of Marseilles, Toulon, and Frejus.

On the occasion of celebrating the fortieth anniversary of his assumption of the Cardinalate, the Holy Father received the Executive Committee for his Jubilee festival, and warmly thanked them for the zeal and activity they had displayed in the discharge of their labour of love. The Pope afterwards ordered thirteen thousand lire to be distributed among the poor of Rome, and three thousand lire among necessitous priests.

The great doctrinal importance of the Encyclical on the Scriptures is still spoken of, and the publication of the document in a volume, with the Latin text beside it, by the firm of Roger and Chernoviz, of Paris, is cordially commended. The praise bestowed on the work refers to it as the most solid achievement of a Pontiff, who has done all that he could for the integrity of dogma and the progress of morality.

A POSTMASTER'S OPINION.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the usefulness of Hagyard's Yellow Oil," writes D. Kavanagh, postmaster of Umfraville, Ont., "having used it for soreness of the throat, burns, colds, etc., I find nothing equal to it."

Why is a private detective employed in Her Majesty's mint like a Christmas confection? Because he is a Mint spy.

HACKING COUGH CURED.

Gentlemen,—My little boy had a severe hacking cough, and could not sleep at night. I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam for him and he was cured at once. Mrs. J. HACKETT, Linwood, Ont.

TEMPERANCE.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society Has Its First Weekly Literary Meeting.

The first of the series of weekly literary meetings, inaugurated by the above society, was held at St. Patrick's hall, St. Alexander street, Wednesday evening last. Mr. M. Sharkey, vice-president, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting by a few remarks on the objects of the meetings.

The principal address of the evening was made by the Rev. James A. McCallen, S. S., president of the society, who took for his subject, "Intemperance, the chief cause of poverty and the greatest obstacle to the exercise of true Christian charity towards the poor." His six years' personal experience as almoner of the poor, his observation of the habits of the majority of those who applied for help, and the general consensus of opinion of Catholics and Protestants, who were engaged in the work of helping the poor, led him to the sad conclusion that fully three-fourths of all the poverty of the city could be traced directly or indirectly to intemperance. For this very reason, the proper exercise of charity became a task most difficult of execution, as no one desires to see the money of the poor spent in the saloon; shoes and clothing pawned; and even food bartered for drink.

Intemperance makes the rich man poorer, because it unfits him for the proper discharge of his duties towards his patrons. It makes him neglect his business, lessens public confidence in matters of trade or professional services and causes him to spend in reckless extravagance sums of money that might be put to better account. The poor it makes poorer still. Rent, store bills, just debts are not thought of by the drunkard till he has placed the greater part of his earnings in the till of the saloon or has had his money stolen by the companions of his night's debauch. Hence the innocent wife and children, or the aged mother dependent on these earnings are left in debt, without proper food and clothing, and have to apply for charity. Intemperance does ruin men. It makes the drunkard a lazy good-for-nothing sot, whom no one desires to employ—and so poverty goes on increasing, and the demands on the charity of the temperate become more frequent. The drunkard himself applies for clothing, food, fuel. But what satisfaction is there in clothing a poor unfortunate victim of drink, who will appear a few days later in his rags and inform you that he has pawned clothing, and sold food and fuel to obtain liquor. Why do so many apply for food from door to door, only to cast the bread and meat they receive into the street? It is not food but money for drink that they seek. To what deception, fraud, untruthfulness, does this same love for drink, and the money which purchases drink, lead the drunkard?

The speaker cited cases in his own experience of mothers coming to seek help to bury one of their children, and turning on a flow of tears which would melt the hardest heart, when examination proved that no such mother or dead child could be found at the address given by these poor unfortunate creatures, who resorted to this fraud, as a means of extorting money that would purchase intoxicating liquor; of other who just wanted twenty-five cents to pay a carter for bringing a sick son to the hospital, the sick son being found on examination to be quite a myth; of poor men who had been promised work in one of the neighboring cities, and only needed the price of a ticket to take them to their work or to their relatives at home, and who sold the order for the ticket addressed to the agent at the station for the price of a glass of whiskey, some individual at the depot being first found willing to secure so cheap a ticket to his destination; of others who bartered for a bottle of beer the loaves of bread, meant for their families, in some saloon in the city. Not only does intemperance, said the speaker, make men poorer, but it demoralizes them, their wives and their children, the latter being sent to ask help which we learn afterwards goes not to feed and clothe the poor but to satisfy the craving of parents for drink.

The reverend gentleman, after a glowing tribute to the respectable and temperate poor, whom it is a delight to help, and whose grateful prayers bring down God's blessing on their benefactors, gave a scathing rebuke to saloon-keepers who send so many poor toilers penniless to

their homes, and so many poor tramp to our night refuges and station houses, because the money that would procure a clean bed and wholesome food, has been extorted from their willing victim's craving for drink. In concluding his very practical and interesting address, Father McCallen said he desired to refute a calumny that appeared some weeks ago in the daily press. In applying for permission to keep Sohmer Park open on Sunday, and to sell liquor there while the saloons of the city and the bars of our hotels are by law closed on the Lord's Day, it was stated that the only ones to object to this proposed iniquity were Mr. Carson and about twelve of his associates. Does the proprietor of Sohmer Park forget the delegation composed of many of the leading clergy of this city, Protestant and Catholic, French Canadians, English, Irish and Scotch, as well as of so many merchants from all parts of the city, and the numerous band of ladies engaged in temperance work, who, in their own name and in that of the thousands whom they represented, begged the City Council to refuse to Sohmer Park privileges that should never have been asked for or granted? Mr. Carson needs no defence at my hands. I only wish to say that if Catholics and non-Catholics, from the hundreds of temperance men, could put into the field fifty men with Mr. Carson's zeal, energy and gentlemanly courtesy, and unselfish, practical devotion to the cause of temperance there would be less intemperance in Montreal and a smaller number of poor groaning under the hardship caused by drink.

The Hon. Senator Murphy also made a short address. Mr. L. C. O'Brien gave a recitation, and was followed by Mr. J. Cahill and Mr. Smallshire, in vocal selections. Mr. W. P. Doyle also gave a recitation. Mr. J. Wright presided at the piano.

The regular monthly meeting of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society was held Sunday afternoon. There was a large attendance of members. The usual religious exercises were held in St. Patrick's church, conducted by the rev. president. Rev. Father McCallen preached on the concluding words of 2nd chapter of St. Luke's Gospel: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and age and grace with God and men." After the sermon the pledge was administered to ten persons. Hon. Senator Murphy presided at the business meeting. Mr. M. Sharkey occupied the vice-chair. Five new members were admitted to the ordinary branch, and five others were admitted to the benefit branch. The secretary, Mr. J. J. Costigan, announced that the next literary meeting of the society would be held on Tuesday evening, when there would be an address by the rev. president and another by a layman. There would be a select programme of vocal and instrumental music, in which the following will take part:—Messrs. W. P. Doyle, E. Twohey, J. McCaffrey, A. Carpenter, J. Milloy, A. E. Read and R. Layton. The chairman made a brief address on matters of interest to the society, in the course of which he announced the recent purchase of the TRUE WITNESS by a joint stock company, saying that Mr. Owen McGarvey had purchased, in the name of the society, twenty shares in the new company, and in consequence the society would now have a deep interest in the advancement of the TRUE WITNESS. Mr. P. Doyle moved a vote of thanks to Mr. McGarvey for his present. The motion was seconded by Mr. Brogan, and was carried unanimously. Considerable business of a routine character was disposed of. A meeting of the committee of management was held subsequently, Mr. John Walsh in the chair, at which various matters of importance to the society were disposed of.

A DRUNKARD'S APPEAL.

A young man entered the barroom of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord; "you have had the delirium tremens once, and I can't sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other had stood by silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him:—"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those two men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now, at the age of 28, I am a wreck—body and mind.

You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heavens sake sell no more to them."

The landlord listened pale and trembling. Sitting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God help me, it is the last drop I will sell to any one!" And he kept his word.

C. M. B. A.

Installation of Officers.

Branch 26.—Spiritual Director, Rev. M. Callaghan; president, P. Reynolds; first vice-president, W. A. Corcoran; second vice-president, Thos. R. Stevens; secretary, J. J. Costigan; assistant secretary, J. E. Morrison; treasurer, A. D. McGillis; financial secretary, Robert Warren; marshal, James Milloy; guard, James Callahan; trustees for two years, Bros. B. Campbell, Wm. Palmer and J. E. Morrison; trustees for one year, Bros. J. F. O'Callaghan and Owen Tansey; representative to Grand Council, T. J. Finn; alternate representative, J. H. Feeley.

The following officers of Branch 207, C.M.B.A. Grand Council of Canada, were installed on Monday evening, the 8th January, by District Deputy J. E. H. Howison:—Spiritual director, Rev. L. A. Dubuc; chancellor, pro tem., Jos. Langlois; president, J. G. Ouimet; first vice-president, L. J. B. Brossard; second vice-president, A. Alex. Dandelin; recording secretary, J. B. Granger; assistant recording secretary, L. A. Beaulieu; financial secretary, J. O. Lafreniere; treasurer, Nap. Langlois; marshal, D. Dupuis; guard, J. Marchand; trustees, L. A. Lamarre, Jos. Lesperance, Jos. Langlois, D. Dupuis, I. B. Granger; representative to the Grand Council, J. G. Ouimet; alternate representative, Jos. Lesperance.

The officers of Branch 54 (St. Mary's parish), C.M.B.A., of the Grand Council of Canada, were installed on Thursday evening by District Deputy J. E. Howison as follows: Chancellor, Jas. Coleman; president, C. O'Brien; first vice-president, N. Chamberlain; second vice-president, Geo. Patingale; recording secretary, F. D. Daly; assistant recording secretary, P. Brennan; financial secretary, E. D. Egan; treasurer, Francis McDonnell; marshal, P. O'Brien; guard, F. Leithead; trustees, James Cuddy, L. Purcell, Wm. Egan and T. McDonnell; representative to Grand Council, James Coleman; alternate representative, L. Purcell. St. Mary's branch is in a prosperous condition and it is to be congratulated on choosing as its president such a veteran C. M. B. A. man as Mr. C. O'Brien.

The following officers of Branch 191 (Hochelega), C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Canada, were installed by District Deputy Daudelin:—Spiritual adviser, Father Brissette; president, P. E. Shannon; chancellor, pro tem., Narcisse Racine; first vice-president, J. P. Marin, M.D.; second vice-president, Alex. Hurtubise; recording secretary, A. A. Daigle; assistant recording secretary, Alfred Gagnier; financial secretary, Arthur Demers; treasurer, P. J. McCoy; marshal, Joseph Laporte; guard, Louis D. Caron; trustees, D. J. Gagnon, Moise Brunelle, Wilbrod Theriault, Louis Mignault and W. P. Lunny; delegate to Grand Council, P. C. Shannon; alternate delegate, J. P. Marin, M.D.; representatives to Advisory Council, P. J. McCoy and A. A. Daigle.

The following officers of Branch 41, (St. Ann's parish) of the Canada Grand Council, were installed on Wednesday evening last, by District Deputy Jas. Coleman, assisted by Grand Deputy Finn:—President, W. J. Rafferty; first vice-president, Jas. P. Whelan; second vice-president, D. Baxter; recording secretary, J. J. Jones; assistant secretary, H. Doheny; financial secretary, H. F. Thompson; treasurer, M. O'Brien; marshal, Thos. Pegnem; guard, Jas. Kehoe; trustees, L. Baileau, A. Jones, W. McElroy, J. Ford and C. Gleeson; chancellor pro tem., A. Jones. This branch is increasing rapidly in membership, and with such popular and energetic officers as W. J. Rafferty, Jas. P. Whelan, A. Jones and D. Baxter, there is every prospect of St. Ann's branch taking the lead in the near future.

The assessments for the past year were only fourteen, six less than the

preceding year, when Canada was financially connected with the United States. The association has increased rapidly in membership during the past year, showing at the present time a membership of about 10,000, with branches in every province of the Dominion. On the roll of active members in Canada were the names of Archbishop Walsh, Toronto; Bishop Dowling, Peterborough, Bishop Emard, Valleyfield, and Bishop O'Brien, Halifax, together with a large number of priests throughout the Dominion. The principal officers of the Grand Council of Canada are men of high standing, such as P. A. Landry, of New Brunswick, judge of the Supreme Court of N. B.; O. K. Fraser, of Brockville; Judge Rouleau, of the Northwest territories; Judge Rioux, of Sherbrooke, and M. F. Hackett, M.L.A., Stanstead. With such men as these in the ranks and guiding the affairs of the Canadian C.M.B.A., there is no fear of their glorious future. There are fourteen branches in Montreal, with a membership of about 800.

Grand Council of Quebec.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 1, C.M.B.A., the following officers elect were installed by Grand Deputy J. Meek, ably assisted by Chancellor J. P. Nugent and Marshal Lappin, who placed the officers in line, and as each one was declared duly elected, he escorted him to his respective station, the newly elected president first taking his seat, and presiding for the remainder of the meeting, in a worthy and pleasing manner:—W. J. Kerr, president; J. Kavanagh, first vice-president; W. J. Innes, second vice-president; F. C. Lawlor, recording and corresponding secretary; Paul Saucier, assistant; W. J. Scullion, financial secretary; T. J. White, treasurer; John Lappin, marshal; R. Lukeman, guard. Trustees: J. Lappin, (chairman) H. G. Singleton, J. Tierney, L. Emond, P. F. McCaffrey. Representative to Grand Council: Grand Deputy J. Meek; Alternate: Chancellor P. Kelly. The installation was witnessed by a large meeting. At the close a standing vote of thanks was unanimously tendered the installing officers for the able manner in which they performed the ceremony; also, to the retiring officers.

The members of this worthy Branch held their ever popular Social and Banquet in the Queen's Hall, on Tuesday, 9th inst., which proved a happy and enjoyable entertainment. First vice-president J. Kavanagh, in the absence of the president, W. J. Kerr, presided and at once made himself popular.

INVITED GUESTS.—Grand President P. O'Reilly, Quebec Council; P. Kelly, representing St. Patrick's Society; Hon. Sir Donald Smith, M.P., Hon. J. J. Curran, M.P., His Worship Mayor Desjardins, A. T. Lepine, M. P., Hon. Judge C. J. Doherty, L. O. David, President St. Jean-Bpte. Society; Hon. James McShane, Dr. Guerin and Dr. Kennedy.

Grand Dep. J. Meek and Mrs. J. Meek, Chancellor J. P. Nugent, Miss Nugent, W. J. Innes, Mrs. Innes, Miss L. Innes, F. C. Lawlor, Mrs. Lawlor, Paul Saucier, J. Curran, Prof. Saucier, A. A. Martin, Mrs. Martin, John Lappin and daughter, J. McDonald, Mrs. McDonald, A. Higgins, Mrs. Higgins, Miss Enright, J. Graham, Miss Lyle, Wm. Rawley, J. Kenehan, T. F. McGrail and daughter, M. Phelan, Mrs. Phelan, J. Foley, Miss Foley, P. Morninge, F. Hughes, Miss Hughes, C. Mills, Miss D. Walsh, T. Martin, H. Martin, Miss M. Hughes, F. McCann, Miss M. Cohen, A. H. Newman, Miss K. Innes, Miss Lavery, and many others whose names could not be conveniently obtained.

The Banquet was served in Mr. Dixon's usual capital style. President J. Kavanagh presided, having Hon. J. J. Curran, Grand Dep. J. Meek and Dr. Kennedy on his right, and Chancellors P. Kelly and J. P. Nugent on his left. After a few happy remarks, the chairman called upon Hon. Mr. Curran for a speech, which he delivered in his well known eloquent style. He was followed by Grand Dep. Meek, Chancellors P. Kelly and J. P. Nugent and Dr. Kennedy. The company then adjourned to the Hall, where all enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and closed a most brilliant event of the season.

SCRAPED WITH A RASP.

Sirs,—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me. Miss A. A. Downey, Manotick, Ont.

IMPORANT NOTICE.

All outstanding amounts due to the late proprietor of the TRUE WITNESS, in connection with the publishing of this paper and all printing done by this establishment, are to be paid at the office of the TRUE WITNESS, 761 Craig street, to the present proprietors, who alone are authorized to grant receipts. We would respectfully request of all debtors to this establishment to kindly settle the amounts of our claims as soon as possible, so as to facilitate the business arrangements for the future.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents.]
The Pelletier Bill.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:
SIR,—Teachers and all others interested in the educational question will be glad to see that you have called the attention of our local member to the Hon. Mr. Pelletier's bill re the Roman Catholic School Commissioners of Montreal. This is one of the most iniquitous bills ever placed before the Legislature of the country. It can have but one effect, and its framers had that end in view, viz., to deprive Irish Catholics of representation on the School Board. Our representation on the School Board up to a recent date has been nil, and since THE TRUE WITNESS succeeded in placing a representative of our own nationality on the Board in spite of a strong organized opposition, the latter are furious at the audacity of an Irish Catholic organ having the temerity of its convictions. In fact, they believe we should be thankful that they permit us to breathe, and when we have any complaints to make, they should be made with bated breath. As is their wont, they bring forward a bill which they dare not father, knowing it will be detrimental to the best interests of the Irish Catholic taxpayers, and place it in the hands of the Hon. Mr. Pelletier, who thus, perhaps unwittingly becomes a tool in the hands of men bent on crushing the rights of our people. Why has not a bill of similar import been drafted and placed before the Legislature by the Hon. Mr. Pelletier for the reorganization of the Protestant School Board of Montreal? The question is easily answered: He could not do it without the endorsement of that Board—no more has he done the other without the endorsement of the Plateau. It now behooves THE TRUE WITNESS, and all lovers of justice and equity, to demand of our local members that this bill becomes not law. Should it do so, let there be a provision made for three Irish Catholics out of the nine members proposed to constitute the Board. Without such a provision there can be no hopes of Irishmen receiving justice and equity.

TAXPAYER.

Montreal, 15th Jan., 1894.

The Russell Hall Comedy.

MR. EDITOR:—On reading in one of our leading city papers a grandiloquent description, with illustration, of the really laughable "Comedy at Russell Hall" performed the other evening, I could not help thinking that there is really no limit to human imbecility. On the one hand there stands a Papineau, an old Voltairian of upwards of forty years standing, declaring publicly that although born a Catholic, he has, since he was 25 years, hypocritically been and remained a member of the Catholic Church merely in name, and in his dotting old age comes out with the declaration that Presbyterianism is the right and true Christian system which he considers necessary to adopt, thus adding to his title of disciple of the infamous blasphemer Voltaire that of follower of the ferocious sanguinary John Knox. On the other hand there stands that old renegade Priest Chiniquy, fit follower of that other renegade Scotch Priest John Knox, extending his right hand of welcome to the neophyte of the Presbyterian sect and *suisse clique*—What a spectacle! Why Protestants should glory in that miserable comedy I really cannot understand, unless it be that innate aversion and hatred which the majority entertain for all that is Catholic. If Chiniquy, although helped by his new acolyte Papineau, thinks he

can do more than his chieftain Knox did 400 years ago, he is greatly mistaken. Papineau dropped away from the Catholic Church just as the rotten joint drops off from the healthy tree. The tree will continue to thrive, and the rejected fruit will rot away.

J. A. J.

ST. ANN'S ACADEMY.

Concert Given by the Ex-Pupils.

Last Thursday night was the scene of a very large gathering of the friends and parents of the children, both former and present pupils, of St. Ann's Academy, to attend a concert given by the ex-pupils, assisted by the present pupils. The programme was very well filled, as follows: A dialogue, entitled "A Mother's Love," was very ably filled by the Misses Maggie Mahoney, Cassie Kiely, Mary Henry, M. Kenehan, M. Price. The song entitled "Christmas" was very sweetly sung by Miss Katie Finlay. The recitation, "A Blind Brother," was beautifully recited by Miss Rose Lonergan. Then the "Star of Bethlehem" was beautifully sang by Miss Maggie Finn, whose sweet strains filled the whole house with music, causing a great encore. The tableau of the Nativity and the tableau of Erin were something very beautiful. In the first scene the young ladies looked very sorrowful, while Miss Maggie Clancy beautifully recited the piece called "Erin." The second scene presented a very different appearance.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting and Election of Officers and Reading of Reports.

Over two hundred members of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society met in their hall on Monday evening last. The reports of the president, the treasurer, secretary and auditors were read and were received. It was unanimously decided to have a benefit branch attached to their organization. The benefits to be derived from the same will be five dollars per week sick benefit, and on the death of a member the expenses of funeral. The benefit fund fee is twenty five cents. It is intended to add to the amusement section a bowling alley for the members. The elections of officers were all closely contested and great interest was shown in the proceedings by all present. The following are the names of the elected officers:—Rev. E. Strubbe, spiritual adviser; M. Casey, president; T. Sullivan, 1st vice-pres.; D. J. O'Neill, 2nd vice-pres.; J. Johnson, treasurer; A. Thompson, financial secretary; E. Quinn, assistant secretary; J. J. McGinn, recording secretary; J. Burns, assistant rec.-sec.; J. O'Neill, librarian; J. Gummersell, assistant librarian; P. J. O'Brien, marshal; J. Burden, assistant marshal; committee: J. Gethings, P. Shea, P. Dillon, P. Connelly, J. Donovan, L. McInerney, M. J. O'Donnell.

LONGUE POINTE ASYLUM.

A Most Interesting Dramatic Entertainment Given by the Pupils of St. Mary's College.

A week ago last Monday the pupils of St. Mary's College, (Jesuit), on Bleury street, gave a most amusing and well-rendered dramatic entertainment in the Academic Hall. The play was the famous comedy, "Monsieur L'Oncle." On the following evening they repeated the same at the Longue Pointe Asylum, for the amusement and benefit of the patients in that institution. It was a kindly and generous act, and one that deserves the highest praise. The large hall at the Asylum was beautifully decorated, and over two hundred inmates of the institution sat down to enjoy the performance. The order kept was most remarkable, and the pleasure afforded these poor people was most evident in the manner they followed and appreciated the play. The wonderful control that the good Sisters have over the patients was exemplified several times through the evening. At certain very humorous parts of the play the audience applauded rather longer than was in accordance with theatrical custom. The Sister in charge merely touched a little silver bell, and immediately a deep silence fell upon the hall. In the midst of loudest applause the audience became still, as if suddenly arrested in the movement of hands or noise of vocal approval. The entertainment was most enjoyable and beneficial. The pupils play-

ed their very best, and the Sisters are most grateful to them for the favor they conferred on the institution. This is one of the many illustrations of the great interest taken by Catholic institutions in the well-being of these poor people.

St. Mary's Church.

The feast of the Holy Name of Jesus was duly celebrated at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, St. Mary's, on Sunday. The society bearing the name of the feast received Holy Communion at the 7:30 Mass, and occupied chairs in the centre aisle during High Mass. At the Gospel, Rev. Father O'Brien, S.J., ascended the pulpit and delivered a very eloquent and impressive sermon on the feast. In the evening the church was again filled with the members of the Sacred Heart League, and Rev. Father O'Brien preached an interesting and impressive sermon on the "Devotion to the Sacred Heart," which was followed by the presentation of crosses and diplomas to the promoters. At the Benediction which followed, Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., of St. Anthony's, acted as celebrant, and was assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Donnell and Shea. During Benediction the choir, under the supervision of Messrs. Wilson and Paquet, rendered a very appropriate and effective musical programme.

OBITUARY.

Mr. Cornelius O'Hara

We regret very much to announce the death of a very highly respected citizen and an old friend of the TRUE WITNESS, in the person of the late Mr. Cornelius O'Hara. The sad event took place at Isle Aux Noix, St. Valentine, P. Q., on the 30th December last. After a long and painful illness, endured with great patience and resignation, and having received all the consolations of religion, in his seventy-eighth year, surrounded by his sorrowing relatives and friends, this good and exemplary man passed to his eternal reward. May his soul rest in peace be our fervent prayer.

The Late Mrs. P. Boyle.

We clip the following obituary notice from the Toronto Catholic Register:

It is our painful duty to chronicle the death of Mrs. Patrick Boyle, wife of our respected Manager. About a month ago Mrs. Boyle was stricken down with la grippe which in a few days developed into pneumonia of a grave form. The physician succeeded in allaying the lung trouble, but a more serious difficulty presented itself when the disease attacked the heart. For some time the patient gave slight hope that she would rally. It was, however, hoping against hope. Never very strong she astonished her friends at the struggle she did make against her illness, but yielded on Saturday, the 6th, when death claimed its victim. The funeral took place from St. Basil's Church on Tuesday and was well attended, a mark of respect for one whose retiring disposition and love for home commanded all the more admiration of the few who knew her.

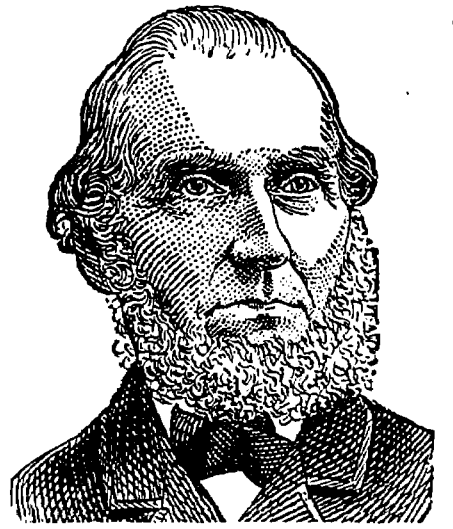
Mrs. Bridget Helen Boyle, third daughter of the late Adjutant John Hynes of Kingston, was born at Cornwall on April 1, 1835. The family moved to Dundas, whence, in a few years, Miss Hynes came to Toronto. Here she married Mr. Patrick Boyle, Nov. 28, 1861. Of her nine children only three survive, one married daughter, Mrs. Dowdall of Almonte, Ont., and two younger daughters still at home.

We extend to our stricken friend and his now motherless family our sympathy for the great loss they have suffered. May her soul rest in peace!

THE TRUE WITNESS extends its sincere sympathy to that veteran Irish journalist and patriot, Mr. Patrick Boyle, and to all his sorrowing family, and joins fervently in the church's prayers for the soul of the good woman that has departed this life.

Rev. P. Duff.

We regret to announce the death of Rev. Patrick Francis Duff, of the diocese of Providence, R. I., which took place on the 1st Jan., at the residence of his parents, at Frampton, in the Province of Quebec. Father Duff was born in Frampton on the 21st of August, 1864, of most respected Catholic parents, Thomas Duff, Esq., and Frances Doyle. After a brilliant course of studies in the Seminary of Quebec and Laval University, he entered the Grand Seminary of Montreal to begin his theological studies at the early age of 20, in the year 1884. Knowing the great scarcity of priests in many parts of the United States, the vast amount of good to be done and the unlimited field opened then to priestly zeal and energy, he applied for admission into the diocese of Providence. The late lamented Bishop Hendricken gladly accepted the services of a young ecclesiastic, so highly recommended by his superiors, and on 21st of Dec. 1889, he was ordained priest in the Grand Seminary of Montreal, by Archbishop Fabre. The first year of Fr. Duff's career as a priest, was spent in the State of Maine, whither he had been sent by his Bishop to the assistance of Bishop Healy, who was in great need of a priest zealous and active for the arduous and scattered missions of the northern part of his extensive diocese. Father Duff, although of a very delicate constitution, worked unsparingly in this immense field opened to his zeal, and it was with the greatest regret that Bishop Healy, who had many occasions to appreciate his zeal, his tender piety and the noble qualities of his mind and heart, was forced to part with his services. After his return to Providence, he acted for a few months as chaplain to the Sisters of the Convent of Bay-View, and finally he was appointed assistant by Rev. James F. Roach, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Taunton, Mass., where he remained until the last days of June, 1893. He soon endeared himself both to his pastor and to the people, and the announcement of his



Mr. David M. Jordan of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless
A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SASSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.
"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills—assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

death will cause the deepest regret to the good Catholics of Taunton, among whom he ministered with untiring zeal and activity for the last four years of his life. Humble, unostentatious, filled with the love of God, and the desire for the salvation of souls, like the Divine Master, he went about doing good. He never spared himself; he thought that he could never do enough, when so much was to be done, until at last his delicate constitution gave way under the strain, and he began to feel the first effects of that fatal disease which never spares its victims.

Last July, he was at last compelled to abandon his post of duty, and he hoped that the air of his native mountains would again restore him to health; but God willed otherwise. He only came home to die. He fell rapidly with the declining year, and on the 1st day of the New Year, this gentle, loving young priest, passed away to his reward, perfectly resigned to the holy will of God, consoled by the rites of our holy religion and surrounded by his sorrowing parents and friends. To him may be justly applied these words of Holy Scripture, "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." His funeral took place on Thursday, the 4th instant, in presence of a large concourse of priests and people. Father Rouch, who had come all the distance from Taunton to assist at his funeral, pronounced a most eloquent eulogy of his virtues, which brought tears from the eyes of many of the assistants. Father Duff's remains were interred in the sanctuary of the church of Frampton, where he made his first communion, and where he served for so many years the holy sacrifice of Mass in his youthful days. May he rest in peace.

In His Native Parish.

Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, officiated pontifically, on Sunday, in St. Hubert, his native parish.

The Hotel Dieu.

Mgr. Fabre is to make his pastoral visit to the Hotel Dieu on Friday next.

St. Patrick's Concert.

His Excellency the Governor-General has consented to be present at the St. Patrick's Society concert in the hall of the Monument Nationale on March 17.

Necessity of the Catholic Paper.

The necessity of your Catholic paper in your household becomes more apparent when you read the muddled descriptions of Catholic ceremonies and ritual, and garbled accounts of Catholic doctrines as they sometimes appear in the secular papers. There may be Catholics, let us hope they are few, who do not like a Catholic paper. They claim they get all the Catholic news they want in the daily press. Perhaps here is a reason why we have ignorant Catholics. No perhaps about it?

Rheumatism originates in the morbid condition of the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism. Get only Hood's.

CHURCH'S RAPID STRIDES.

HER FUTURE IN THE UNITED STATES
AS INDICATED BY EVENTS
OF 1893.

Rev. George Deshon, of the Paulists,
Reviews the Past Year and
Draws Some Happy
Conclusions.

The New York World of Sunday last printed several pages of interviews on the social, moral and commercial progress of the United States in the year 1893. Rev. George Deshon, of the Paulists, writes as follows:

The Catholic Church in the United States is certainly not going backward, but, on the contrary, is advancing with rapid strides. It is not alone by numerical strength that we judge of the progress of an institution; we draw our conclusion from other premises, these not being omitted.

We shall soon have done with figures when we state that there was an addition to the ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy, after deducting the number of those who died, of 326 during the year 1892. We find also a net increase of 116 in the number of students in our seminaries, with a total of 1,845. In 1891 we counted 3,406 schools, with an attendance of 700,753 pupils, and in 1892 there were 3,587 schools and 738,269 pupils. There were 435 new churches built during the same year. These statistics are taken from the Catholic Directory and are substantially correct. We have not received the statistics of 1893, but these figures tell well enough our progress, for one year differs but little from another.

OTHER ADVANCES.

But there is an advance and a progress which never makes its appearance in books of statistics, although on the pages of the mind of the careful observer there is left a decided impression. Our churches are attended by an ever-increasing number of Catholic worshippers on Sunday, a reasonable estimate of which gives a total of half a million in the Diocese of New York. It is not easy to calculate the number of persons approaching the sacraments, but the total is yearly becoming greater in proportion to our population.

Catholics more than keep pace with the advance of intelligence. We see the names of our writers in all the magazines; we recognize their style in the editorial columns of many of our leading daily newspapers. Many of them are employed in teaching in our best State institutions. In art we know where some of our best statuary and paintings come from, and in music our Catholic people can hold their own. Last June, in the contest for West Point cadetship, the five boys who stood highest in the list were Catholics and graduates of our Catholic schools in New York.

WORLD'S FAIR AND CATHOLICISM.

The World's Fair was of scarcely less value to Catholics than an outright propaganda. It compelled a study of the motives of the great discoverer as well as his achievements—motives wholly Christian, wholly Catholic. The World's Parliament of Religions, a series of gatherings whose significance is paramount in this era, was opened by our Cardinal in his official robes, and every aspect of Catholic truth was fully developed at its meetings. The Catholic Congress received the Apostolic Delegate with an enthusiasm no more American than his own utterances.

"Go forward," he exclaimed, "bearing the book of Christian truth in one hand and in the other the Constitution of the United States. Christian truth and American liberty will make you free, happy and prosperous."

We are making progress also in the advancement of our religion among non-Catholics. The Catholic, being held to his faith by reason and a series of logical arguments, comes to the rational conclusion that his religion alone is true. He feels the duty strong upon him of preaching and teaching this religion to others. Heretofore many thousands have entered the Church, especially such as think deeply and feel keenly about the problems of eternal life, and now the Church is beginning more systematic and organized effort at conversion, with the most encouraging results.

Our schools are taking high places, as was witnessed in our exhibition at

Chicago during the past year. When the awards are published it will be seen that we compare more than favorably with the public schools.

INTOLERANT UN-AMERICANS.

We feel, again, that we have made great progress in the respect of the people of the United States who are not Catholics. We regard the voice of the few who still calumniate us as representing not Americans, but a few intolerant un-American citizens, whose ideas of liberty and freedom are exceedingly narrow. Non-Catholics are fast finding out that the Catholic Church is not what her enemies have painted her for the last three hundred years. To many minds this fact comes like a flash of lightning from a clear sky. Such things have been the beginning of many conversions. Really, then, the anti-Catholic crusade which is being so feebly pushed by a few people in the West, who call themselves the American Protective Association, is, to use a homely expression, "grist to our mill."

And more than this, Catholics are becoming more and more united in feeling. Under the enlightened teaching of the present Pontiff, so ably represented by Mgr. Satolli, who is gradually uniting in heart and sentiment all the Catholics of the country, we look for greater progress and advancement as the years go on.

The Catholic Church is in the youth of her existence in the United States; another five decades will see her in the vigor of manhood; and knowing as we do that the Catholic Church is the mother of liberty, which is freedom to exercise one's natural rights, we are not too sanguine as to what her progress will be in this free country where these rights are guaranteed to all its citizens. *Philadelphia Catholic Times.*

W. J. ONAHAN HONORED.

The Distinguished Chicagoan Made Private Chamberlain By Pope Leo.

William J. Onahan has received the highest compliment which has ever been paid an American Catholic layman by the Pope. As a reward for the prominence which Mr. Onahan has attained in church matters in this country, Pope Leo XIII. has conferred upon him the title, "Cameriere Segreto di Cappella Spada Soprannumerario," which translated into English, is private chamberlain of the cape and sword to His Holiness.

Last Saturday Mr. Onahan received the official document. It was accompanied by a letter from Mgr. Satolli, which explained that the distinction had been given him by the Pope not only as a reward for his efforts in promoting the success of the Catholic Congress, but for his eminent work in the Church's behalf extending back many years. According to Mgr. Satolli's letter, both he and Cardinal Gibbons, in addition to many other ecclesiastics and prominent laymen, recommended that Mr. Onahan be recognized in a special manner by Pope Leo. When Mr. Onahan was seen at his home and asked concerning the appointment he talked freely and pleasantly, evidently appreciating the high honor that had been conferred upon him.

With becoming modesty Mr. Onahan tried to belittle his achievements in Catholic matters, and was inclined to attribute the distinction he had attained to a desire on the part of the Pope to express his appreciation of the American Catholic laity.

"I feel that this appointment, while



IT SEEMS TOO SMALL to do any good, when you look at one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. But just try it, when you're bilious or constipated, or have a sour stomach, or a fit of indigestion—and you'll own up that they're the best things in the world. That's because they cure permanently, and do it, pleasantly. They're tiny, sugar-coated, and easy to take. There's no disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.

Houston, Minn.
Dr. R. V. PIERCE: Dear Sir—I could tell of a number of cases where Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines have cured. A friend of mine, Mr. Williams, was about used up with liver troubles; now he says that "Pleasant Pellets" have helped him more than any or all the medicines that he has ever taken.

James Colby

highly appreciated by me, is made more as a tribute to the great body of Catholic laity than to any deserts on my part, and is not to be considered entirely as a personal matter.

"I received the commission last Saturday," he said, "together with a complimentary letter from Monsignor Satolli, but I did not care to make it public. I am not a Roman count, as reported in the afternoon papers, but just a plain American citizen, as I have been all my life. The office given me by the Holy See is purely honorary and carries no title with it. In Rome those bearing the same distinction appear at the Vatican at stated times to take part in important functions.

"The Pope has seen fit to make me one of his Private Chamberlains, and I am informed that it is one of the highest compliments that can be bestowed upon a layman."

The Rev. Dr. Dunn who is an alumnus of the American College, in Rome, said the title conferred on Mr. Onahan was the highest paid by the Pope to a layman. Father Dunn believes that Mr. Onahan is the only private chamberlain to His Holiness in America. The diploma was accompanied by a handsome medallion. It bears a painting of the Holy Family. The medallion proper is encased in morocco and has a heavy gilt clasp. On the clasp is engraved the inscription: "Souvenir, Catholic Congress, 1893."—*Catholic Columbian.*

THE WORLD AROUND.

The Italian Mafia is beginning its assassinations in Brooklyn, N.Y.

The volcano of Popocatepeti, in Mexico, has been erupting for several days.

Sir Samuel Baker, the distinguished traveller and explorer, died in England.

The Riff prisoners have reached Tongier, and the Moors have them in custody.

Natural gas will be piped from the Indiana gas fields to Lima, O., and adjacent towns.

At Teneriffe, one of the islands of that Canary group, 1,000 deaths from cholera have taken place.

Carnegie, of Homestead fame, is in bad health, and has gone to Egypt to try to recover strength.

Since 1887 tramps have not been as numerous a quantity in Iowa as they are at the present time.

The French police searched 10,000 houses for Anarchists Sunday night and made a number of arrests.

The Brazilian cruiser America has reached Gears, and will soon join the Nietheroy at Pernambuco.

Phil Jacob Schwarz, who threatened the mayor of Louisville, Ky., is a lunatic, and has been sent to an asylum.

The Louisiana Lottery Company has bought an island at Honduras and will operate a second Monte Carlo.

The report that Premier Crispi is arranging to float an Italian loan of \$120,000,000 in Germany is confirmed.

The National Cordage Company, which concern wrecked so many fortunes during the panic, is to be reorganized.

The output of iron ore in the Lake Superior region in 1893 was only 6,135,000 tons, against 9,074,293 the previous year.

Profits from South African gold mining during 1893 are estimated at \$20,000,000, and from diamond mining at \$7,700,000.

The Italian government has notified Spain that it is impossible at present for Italy to take special measures against anarchists.

An attempt was recently made, it is said, to poison the Czar while attending the anniversary dinner of the Order of St. George.

Prendergast says he will not commit suicide. He says: "If I have to die I am going to put you fellows to the bother of killing me."

There are 68,806 post offices in the United States, according to a statement prepared at the Post office Department in Washington.

"Down with France" was a popular cry in the theatre at Turin, Italy, on Monday night, where the anti-French sentiment is strong.

The total number of business failures in the United States during the year 1893, according to the Bradstreet agency, is 15,500, an increase of more than 50

per cent. over the totals of 1892, while total liabilities are \$402,400,000, an increase of nearly 400 per cent. over the year before.

An effort is making in the New York courts to reopen the litigation over the \$10,000,000 left by William B. Ogden, Chicago's first mayor.

Thomy Lafon, a wealthy negro of New Orleans, left \$240,000 to charitable institutions in that city; most of them exclusively for the whites.

Italian newspapers are indignant at the acquittal at Angouleme, France, of those engaged in the riots in which over 20 Italian workmen were killed.

Postmaster-general Bissell has given his last order for Columbian postage stamps. When those are used up the people will have to get the old styles.

Mr. Sovereign, grandmaster of the Knights of Labor, favors the issuance of more greenbacks and is opposed to any bond issuance by the government.

The Elgin watch factory which five months ago reduced its force from 3,000 to 1,500 and put them on five days a week, have further reduced the days of labor to three days a week.

Ex-President Harrison is a candidate for renomination as president, but his Indiana enemies are fighting him hard, claiming that he ignored his friends and those who secured his former nomination.

Grippe, Sulphur.

At the December directors' meeting of the "American Humane Education Society," President Angell, referring to the epidemic of grippe, stated that he had caused inquiry to be made at Byam's match factory, and found that none of the fifty girls and ten men employed there had ever had the grippe, and that the book-keeper there was the only person out of his family of eleven who escaped it. Mr. Angell suggested that wearing a little powdered sulphur in the stockings could not do much harm and might prove as effective as it is said to have proved in yellow fever and cholera, and that an occasional teaspoonful of the old remedy,—sulphur, cream of tartar and molasses,—might give an equally good or even better protection.

Sulphur, Asthma, &c.

A friend has been entirely cured of a terrible case of asthma by taking a teaspoonful of the old remedy, sulphur, cream of tartar and molasses, on retiring at night, twice or three times a week, in proportions of three teaspoonfuls of sulphur, one of cream of tartar, and enough molasses to thicken. We have been trying it personally for about two months, and that or something else has relieved us wonderfully. We have a strong belief that it will also aid in guarding from grippe. GEO. T. ANGELL.

Cure of Smallpox.

"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," writes Edward Hines to the Liverpool Mercury, "if the worst case of smallpox cannot be cured in three days by the use of cream of tartar.

"One ounce of cream of tartar, dissolved in a pint of hot water, and drunk at intervals when cold, is a certain, never-failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering."—*Boston Post*, Dec. 16, 1893.

Election of Officers.

At the last regular meeting of the F. M. T. A., of Almonte, the following were elected as officers for 1894:—Spiritual adviser, Very Rev. Canon Foley; president, John O'Reilly; 1st vice-president, Edward Letang; 2nd vice-president, Robt. Johnston; secretary, Jas. P. O'Connor; assist-secretary, G. W. Smith; treasurer, P. Daly; committee of management, J. R. Johnston, J. Cox, F. Doherty, J. O'Heare, B. Bolton, F. Dowdall, E. J. Daly, P. Frawley and Denis McGrath.

Life Is Misery

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood. The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, saltrheum, and every form of blood disease. It is remarkably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

Hood's PILLS cure all liver ills.

CONQUEST OF FAITH.

State of the Roman World at the Advent of Christ.

A brief glance at the world of Caesar Augustus will enable us to better understand the meaning of that expression "in the fulness of time," and will convince us that no period was more opportune, none more propitious for the shining of that great light among the nations which sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. The known civilized world consisted of Asia, the northern and eastern part of Africa, and the greater portion of Europe.

China and India on the frontiers of this ancient world were well advanced in civilization, but were little known. Our concern is with the vast Roman Empire which, including the most important parts of three continents, extended from India and Persia in the east to the Straits of Gibraltar—the pillars of Hercules—looking out over from the broad Atlantic in the west; and from the sources of the Nile to the borders of the Danube, and still further north to Albion and Caledonia.

THE AGE OF AUGUSTUS

was not only memorable for the birth of the Saviour, and for the golden era of Roman literature—Virgil, Horace and Ovid still sang in undying numbers—it was also the most remarkable in the history of mankind for this reason, that a large part of the families, tribes and nations into which the human race had been divided was now for the first time united into one vast, uniform, and apparently permanent social system.

The Persian monarchy had united the Eastern Asiatic nations; the Grecian Empire had extended its language and intellectual culture—the highest ever known—into Western Asia and Egypt, and even if these two great kingdoms were broken and finally absorbed under the military sway of Rome, they survived united in some degree, and formed one great political system in external harmony with the Roman.

Dean Milman has well said that "if the Romans conquered like savages they afterwards ruled like philosophic statesmen, and their world was one vast commonwealth, united by bonds of law and government, by facilities of communication and commerce, and by the almost universal dissemination of two languages, the Greek and the Latin."

Civilization followed in the train of conquest, free navigation on the seas; roads which, starting from the Forum—some of them perfect to this day—ended only at the ocean, and united the most flourishing cities of the empire. Tribes, half savage when the Roman eagles appeared on their hills, were now adopting the new culture and language, and cities sprang up amid the forests of Britain, Gaul and Spain.

THE CONQUEST OF FAITH.

There was need for a religion which aimed at a universal, permanent, moral conquest. Other religions had been national or tribal, and even though Rome did not seek to impose her religion, but welcomed all forms within her bosom, and provided niches for the gods of the conquered nations in her Pantheon, she did not thus satisfy the craving for this universal religion; she only intensified it.

Her dominion was universal, but not so her religion. A reverence and fear for the name of the Emperor made his slightest command all powerful even in the remotest corners of his distant colonies.

The capital, styled the Eternal City even by the pagans, numbered 6,844,000 souls, who lived on the tributes of the rest of the world; whose whole existence was one perpetual holiday, divided between the military pageants, the eight hundred public baths, the sumptuous banquets, the theatres where Maid and Matron saw represented vice in all its deformity, and the amphitheatre with its daily spectacle of blood and carnage.

Such splendor and magnificence of living; such unity and universality of dominion; such perfect organization in controlling many nations differing in language and customs—the majority still barbarous—has had no parallel in history.

The effort in the beginning of this century to rival the Caesarism of Rome was doomed to failure, because true liberty had dawned on the world with the advent of Him who taught no distinction between man and man. All were equal before the Eternal

Father; therefore, if not on equal footing socially, the poor shall be always with you. Even the least in the brotherhood of man had rights which must be respected, because human beings were no longer mere chattel, mere household effects to be bartered for, as under the Roman law. Christianity thus struck

THE FIRST BLOW AT SLAVERY.

In Palestine the sceptre had passed from Judea into the hands of the Romans.

True, one of their kinsmen, Herod, ruled, but as a nation the Jews were broken. They existed indeed with their city and glorious temple, but in reality were no better than they are to-day, a mere race and a religion.

Herod, the tyrant, the murderer of his wife and her relatives, the parricide of his own three sons; he, whose career was traced in the best blood of the priests and nobles, was but a mere puppet of the Roman power, the laughing-stock of Augustus, who hearing that Herod's own child had perished in the massacre of the Innocents, made that famous historic Greek pun recorded by Macrobius: "I had rather be Herod's pig (hion) than his son (whion)." No doubt Herod retained his Jewish dislike for pork. Israel's independence lost, her children, even then, were

SCATTERED OVER THE WORLD.

"It would be difficult," says Strabo, "to find a place in all the earth, which had not received the Jews, and where they were not strongly established."

No city was without its Hebrew colony. They confined themselves principally to trade and commerce; had their own synagogue; retained their Mosaic laws and customs; disdained to assimilate with the Gentiles, whom they heartily despised, and though tolerated, were as heartily hated and despised in return.

But the Jew had no country save the land of Israel; there on Mount Zion rested all his hopes; his eyes wistfully gazed towards that sacred spot, as he anxiously awaited the first signs of a great restoration under the promised Messiah.

This very dispersion of the Jewish people; the power which they had acquired throughout so many flourishing cities, must have raised hopes in their hearts of a universal domination under the new Ruler, whose kingdom—as the prophet had foretold—should extend from sea to sea, and know no end.

Not only was the little handful of God's people looking forward, but the whole Pagan world expected better things.

THE SIBYL'S PROPHECY.

The Cumæan Sibyl would seem to have borrowed inspiration from Hebrew Prophecy, and Virgil in his famed eclogue sings of a golden age under the new leader born of a virgin, thus becoming the unconscious Prophet of Paganism.

Milton has well expressed this general expectation.

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung,
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood,
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign Lord
was by."

Thus we see that the time was ripe; no period in the past had been so propitious for the rise of a great teacher and leader, for the spread of a universal religion.

Was this Saviour of society needed? We shall see.

Niebuhr, the great historian, sums up the literature of the period, when he says, "It was effete with the drunkenness of crime."

In the pagan heaven, murder, incest and rapine were deified, and the worship of some divinities like Bacchus, Venus and Flora, could not be carried out without the sacrifice of honor and chastity.

It is only the province of an historian to look into the particulars of a corruption like that of Corinth and the Isle of Lesbos—by words even among the pagans—and it is well to let them rest shrouded in the language of a Herodotus, Lucian, Tacitus and Juvenal.

Go through Pompeii or Heroulanum to-day, and the conviction will be forced upon you that, like the Cities of the Plains of old, their judgment was a just one. Yet they were only little watering places for Rome; little miniatures of the great capital; small types of the thousands of great cities which dotted the vast empire.

The people of the earth were indeed

sitting in darkness; their culture, learning, civilization, wealth and power had not given them morality; had not snatched the veil from their eyes. They were groping for the light, awaiting a great change. Surfeited with refined luxury, drunk with inhuman crime and monstrous iniquity, they longed for a higher, purer life, and a God only could satiate this intense desire. He alone Who is "the Way, the Truth, the Life and the Light of the world." M.

A RINGING LETTER.

The Governor of Wisconsin Strongly Denounces the A.P.A.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
Madison, Wis., Dec. 27, 1893.

EDITOR CATHOLIC CITIZEN—Dear Sir,—Your letter, asking for my opinion of the organization known as the A.P.A., is received.

The organization is one which ought to be and will be condemned by every true American citizen. So far from representing true Americanism the doctrines of the organization are thoroughly un-American, and if the association is successful in its aims, will strike a deep blow at the liberties of our country.

Any organization that would deprive men of citizenship for conscience sake must be condemned as outrageous in itself, and dangerous to the welfare of the country.

This association appears to be a revival of the old Know-Nothing movement by which years ago a few fanatics sought to annoy, and subvert the liberties of their fellow-citizens. Among those who are most zealous in fostering and promoting this new movement are many who were active in pushing the obnoxious Bennett law.

The attacks of the organization are now directed against one class of religious people. Should they prove successful it would not be long before others would feel the weight of their power.

That such an organization can succeed is impossible. Its objects are so thoroughly antagonistic to that high sense of justice which lies deep in every American heart, that as soon as they are thoroughly known it will be driven out of existence.

The people of the country will show their disapproval of it in as emphatic a manner as they did their distaste to the principles of the Bennett law.

Yours very truly,
GEO. W. PECK.

—Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.

A HOME TESTIMONIAL.

Gentlemen.—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease. MRS. JOHN HURD, 13 Cross St., Toronto.

THE ABBE VOGLER.

Quite a good character sketch of the Abbe Vogler, which eccentric genius the English poet Browning has made known to all readers of his verse, appears in the same number of this magazine, the author being Mr. Kenyon West, who does not seem to be fully determined to class his subject in the front ranks of musicians, or to consign him to those of extraordinary musical executants. That the German abbe possessed remarkable musical gifts is a fact that cannot be well questioned; though to what range his gifts ascended could probably be better judged in his day than at the present time. The writer to whose article we are referring, confesses the fact that the abbe combined the duties of his priesthood with those of musical teacher, saying that "many a pupil found in him a spiritual guide; while as court chaplain, amid all the worldliness, sin and sorrow around him, he must have had many opportunities, in the character of priest, to rebuke, to denounce and console." Still there is a studied effort to make it appear in this paper that the Abbe Vogler was more a musician than a priest; though those who read the article will have to confess that in this straining after effect the writer has failed to reach his object.—Sacred Heart Review.

SATISFACTION Is guaranteed to every consumer of **HOOD'S** Sarsaparilla. One hundred doses in every bottle. No other does this.

HE WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Professor Blackie's Experience With a Scotch Student.

The Boston Transcript tells the following story of Professor Blackie:

Blackie was lecturing to a new class with whose personnel he was imperfectly acquainted. A student rose to read a paragraph, his book in his left hand. "Sir!" thundered Blackie, "hold your book in your right hand!"—and as the student would have spoken—"No words, sir! Your right hand, I say!" The student held up his right arm, ending piteously at the wrist. "Sir, I have no right hand!" he said. Before Blackie could open his lips there arose a storm of hisses as one perhaps must go to Edinburgh to hear, and by it his voice was overborne. Then the professor left his place and went down to the student he had unwittingly hurt, and put his arm around the lad's shoulders and drew him close, and the lad leaned against his breast. "My boy," said Blackie—he spoke very softly but so that every word was audible in the hush that had fallen on the class-room—"my boy, you'll forgive me that I was over-rough? I did not know—I did not know." He turned to the students and with a look and tone that came straight from his great heart, he said: "And let me say to you all, I am rejoiced to be shown I am teaching a class of gentlemen." Scottish lads can cheer as well as hiss, and that Blackie learned.

GIVE HIM FAIR PLAY.

We are ready to put up \$500.00 for the benefit of Notre Dame Hospital that we have the largest stock of Parlor, Bedroom, and Diningroom sets in Montreal, and all exposed in our sample rooms, Nos. 1541 to 1551 St. Catherine Street.

Besides having a considerable choice of Furniture of all kinds we have a splendid choice of useful presents for Christmas and New Year's Gifts.

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MAXIMS OF BISHOP SPALDING.

A real mind looks to permanent results.

Sensation lies at the root of thought.

Newspaper readers lose the power to think and to remember.

We are strong when we follow our own talent; weak when another leads us.

The best help is that which makes us reverent, self active and independent.

To lead a moral and intellectual life is to make one's self, physically even, attractive.

In each soul there is a world in embryo, and the teacher's business is to help it to be born.

One illumined soul is of more worth in the education of men than all the money endowments.

We really know only what experience, suffering and labor have wrought into our very being.

A cultivated mind entertains all ideas and all facts which demand attention, just as a polite and brave man is gracious to all comers.

Whatever impels to high thinking gives pleasure, and of a nobler kind than that which a fair scene or rich wine or delightful company can give.

Whoever is made free frees himself. This is the meaning of "ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." This liberating truth each one must teach himself.

Not That Kind.

Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but, on the contrary, it improves digestion and strengthens the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

Teacher: Define "gentleman." Scholar: A gentleman is a grown-up boy who used to mind his mother.

"He is your closest friend?" "Yes he never lends a cent."

THE TRUE WITNESS

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1894

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All outstanding amounts due to the late proprietor of the TRUE WITNESS, in connection with the publishing of this paper and all printing done by this establishment, are to be paid at the office of the TRUE WITNESS, 761 Craig street, to the present proprietors, who alone are authorized to grant receipts. We would respectfully request of all debtors to this establishment to kindly settle the amounts of our claims as soon as possible, so as to facilitate the business arrangements for the future.

THE MASS.

This is the twelfth article upon the Mass. It might be the thousand and twelfth and yet not exhaust the subject. We have, in the course of these little articles, examined the meaning of the Mass; the vestments and ornaments used; the language employed; the significance of the different parts of the sacrifice; the theory of the Eucharist, with its history and the difficulties it had to contend with; finally the importance of the Mass and the grandeur of the rite. There remains now but to encourage the faithful in their attention to and respect for this grand offering of a Man-God, for man to God. Even from a purely human point of view there is much benefit to be derived from the attendance at Sunday Masses. It serves to bring the scattered members of a community into communion with each other. Laying aside, for a day, the little cares of life, forgetting the business that belongs to this world, they unite, for an hour or so, in the union of prayer. They are thus afforded an opportunity of meeting and seeing each other, of feeling that they are not alone in the world and that there are other considerations far superior to those of time, considerations that tend towards the regions of eternity while cementing the good will and kindly feelings that should animate all men in this life.

Again, were it but from a worldly point of view, there is something grand and elevating in a solemn Mass; something that carries off the mind and raises the soul into loftier regions than are its usual haunts; something deep and mystic that causes the heart to expand and to beat with new pulsations. Not only the beauty of ornament or appropriateness of vestment, but the whole surroundings lend a charm to the scene. The mighty swell of the music. To those who can understand music what is more powerful than a well sung "Gloria" or "Credo"? A "Qui Tollis" from a Mass of Mozart is worth half the operas of the present day; and we doubt very much if there exists a melody more touching than a well and properly sung "Preface." The "Pater" comes only next to the "Preface" as a splendid harmony. Then some of the hymns that are sung at the "Offertory" or the "Communion." For example the "Salve Regina," there is a grandeur about that hymn which is peculiar to itself; and of all the poems, rich in expression and tender in sentiment that we have ever read, none surpasses the "Stabat Mater." If you listen

to such hymns, and above all if you understand them, it is a rich treat to attend the Sunday Mass. In vain will you ransack Tennyson or Burns, Davis or Moore, Lamartine or De Musset, Schiller or Goethe, Ariosto or Boccaccio, to find a sweeter poem, in all its parts, than that gem of St. Thomas, "Stabat Mater." There is no service in the world that can admit of so much description as the Mass. There is none so varied and yet so uniform; so different in its parts, yet so united as a whole. Just listen to how Denis Florence McCarthy pictures a church, when the Mass is being said on the occasion of the blessing of the bells:

"Now they enter, and now more divinely,
The saints' painted effigies smile;
Now the acolytes, bearing lit tapers,
Move solemnly down through the aisle;
Now the thurifer swings the rich censer,
And the white-curling vapor up-floats,
And hangs 'round the deep-pealing organ,
And blends with the tremendous notes.
In a white-shining alb comes the abbot,
And he circles the bells round about;
And with oil, and with salt, and with water.
They are purified inside and out;
They are marked with Christ's mystical
symbol,
While the priests and choristers sing,
And they're blessed in the name of that God,
To whose honor they ever shall ring."

From a ceremony in what other church could a poet draw such a picture? Of gloom and mortality, of white-washed sepulchres and bare walls, of dismal existence and un-adorned shrines they may sing; but the song partakes of the subject and its surroundings, it is damp, heavy; no hope, no joy, no light, no sacrifice, no altar, no ritual, no priest—a blank!

The man who can listen to a solemn Mass chanted by a powerful choir, accompanied on that prince of instruments the organ, and who can feel no sentiment of delight, can experience no influence that seems to draw him toward heaven and the things of God, is, without a doubt, a creature to be pitied. He must have no ear for harmony, no heart for tender emotions, no soul for lofty flights, no mind to grasp the beautiful, no imagination to conduct from this world into the regions of the spiritual. For say what we will the imagination plays a very great part in our devotions, no matter what our creed may be. We must imagine God; we must imagine heaven; we must imagine the angels and saints; we must imagine the mother of God. Were it not for our imagination we could never form any conception of these truths which we learn, but which we understand not. We must strive to imagine the Holy Trinity; so with the mystery of the Eucharist, the Incarnation, the Redemption, the Creation, the effects of sin upon man. We must imagine what the garden of Eden was before original sin. In fact take from man the faculty of imagination and it is useless to preach a creed to him. Be his creed the most simple in the world or the most absurd; let him believe that the blood of Christ will save him, without any effort on his own part; even then, he must imagine the effects of that blood, and imagine a God made man performing such a miracle. So then the faculty of imagination is necessary for all true devotion. But if you cannot even imagine, in the faintest manner, a picture of the Divine; go to a solemn Mass upon some great festival, such as Easter or Christmas, and there, within the Church of Rome, your soul will feel a fresh delight, your heart beat with a throbbing it had never before known, your mind will expand and your imagination will grasp the point, yet most powerful picture of the bounty of God that we mortals can form.

In concluding this subject, we can only express the hope that what we have written, imperfect as it may be, has become of use and instruction to some one. If so the work, small as it is, has not been done in vain. No one likes to work and feel that his little efforts have been

fruitless. We had in view, the teaching, as far as our humble knowledge would permit, of our fellow countrymen and co-religionists, whose opportunities might not have been such that they could have learned all these little points. If we have succeeded we rejoice and we hope that the Mass will be more carefully studied and more frequently attended in the future.

ALONZO WRIGHT.

The announcement of the somewhat unexpected death of Mr. Alonzo Wright, ex-M.P. for Ottawa County, came too late to permit of a suitable notice in our last issue; but, now that the mortal remains of the uncrowned "King of the Gatineau" are beneath the sod of a land he loved and served so well, and the calmness of grief having succeeded the first shock of surprise and sorrow, we deem it the duty of the only Catholic paper in the English language, in this Province, to pay an humble tribute to his memory and to express that gratitude which our co-religionists should feel toward such a man as the one whose death we lament.

Apart from a sense of duty, originating in the personal gratitude of the writer, we feel that every Catholic who has ever come within the circle of Mr. Wright's acquaintance must re-echo every word of praise or thankfulness that we can express. Our own personal acquaintance with him, the hours of intimate friendship and literary enjoyment spent in his company, the recollection of a hundred and one acts of noble generosity—acts of which the world will never hear—all whisper in our ear, as it leans against the air of heaven and strives to catch even a dying echo of that now silent voice, that we owe it to his memory and to his noble-hearted and bereaved life partner to tell of his goodness and real greatness.

In our last issue we gave a sketch of Mr. Wright's life; we have no intention, this week, of checking the full tide of our honest tribute, by any details of cold biography. Suffice to say that seventy-one years ago, in the city of Hull, which was founded by his grandfather, Mr. Wright was born; he was educated in an elementary school in his native village; he entered the lumber business; he married the generous hearted, high-souled daughter of the late Nicholas Sparks, Esq., a lady who went hand in hand with him along the way of life, scattering blessings on all sides, and who survives to mourn her irreparable loss; he entered Parliament in 1862 and remained a representative of the people until 1891, when he retired of his own free will and much to the sorrow of all who knew him. It is not, however, with the minor details of a well spent life that we have to do; nor would our space permit a review of that extraordinary parliamentary career—the most unique in the political history of this (or perhaps any other) country. We wish simply to speak of the man as we knew him, of his principal characteristics and his special claims upon the gratitude of Catholics.

Alonzo Wright was for thirty years a member of Parliament, he was the friend of every man in that House, he was esteemed and admired, respected and beloved by all—without exception. Yet he was not a politician; he was rather a philanthropist, living and moving in the political atmosphere. Yet, we repeat he was never a politician. In the first place he sought for no favors either from the people or the government; it was they who came to him for favors. He did not seek election at the hands of the public; it was the public that sought him out and insisted upon electing him. He neither cringed to power nor panted after notoriety. He spoke seldom; but

when he did raise his voice, there was the clarion tone of an honest independence in its every expression. He did not pose as an orator, and yet no grander speech was ever delivered in the House of Commons than his memorable defense of the French language, and of Catholic rights, when Mr. McCarthy took his first step along the road of intolerance that he now follows. Mr. Wright was not the recipient of University degrees, and yet he was one of the best read, and most highly cultivated and most truly educated men in all the representative Assembly of the House of Commons. Mr. Wright was not the possessor of any decorations or political honors; but he was one of nature's noblemen—to the manor born—and a living illustration of honest worth as expressed by Burns:—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the man for a' that."

We said that he never sought for favors nor asked for distinctions—except when pleading the cause of some friend—but he was ever ready to do and to give. His home—that princely mansion on the banks of the rugged Gatineau, beside the murmuring waters of the Cascades—was the mecca of all pilgrims. The Senators and members of Parliament—irrespective of political color—were constantly met with going to or coming from Alonzo's hospitable home; the poor of the county were constantly knocking at his door, and, needless to say, they never knocked in vain, nor departed unhappy; the humble country curate or wandering preacher never passed without calling in, and never called in without having, like Scott's Minstrel, "his wants supplied." The Catholic priest was ever found at his groaning and hospitable board; the Catholic nun seeking aid for the poor or help for a religious home, was ever met with open arms by Mrs. Wright and with open-hearted generosity by the deceased. There is not a Catholic Church in all the vast district of the Gatineau or in all the valley of the Ottawa in whose walls Mr. Wright has not set many a stone; there is not an educational academy, an elementary school, an orphan's home, nor an institution of benevolence, inside the radius of many miles from Ottawa, that has not been either built or assisted in some way by the ready-handed Alonzo. He knew no politics—but Canada for Canadians; he knew no distinction of creed, when the spirit of Charity swayed his great soul; he preached universal tolerance; he practised universal benevolence. And nearly all his acts of princely kindness must remain unrecorded; he was chary of notoriety, he did not like ostentation; even in the simplicity of the funeral arrangements that same absence of show was remarkable. Still the recollection of his devotedness to the interests of the people can never be lost in our generation; while his name and his deeds are engraven upon every rock in the valley of the Gatineau.

Well do we remember that terrible night in August 1870. The sun set in a green ocean of smoke, and the night approached in crimson robes instead of black. From the gallery of old Green Park we looked out upon that scene—it resembled the fiery night that will precede the Judgment Day. The country was aflame; the conflagration spread with lightning rapidity; the hardwood forest went down before the terrific element, even as hay before a mowing machine; the people fled to the river and far out in the Ottawa sought safety from the death that menaced; houses, barns, fences, crops, all were swept away, and for hundreds of miles in every direction; the wind gathered strength from the

flames, and the flames were fanned into billows of fury by the wind; shingles, branches, portions of houses, were snatched up by the hurricane and carried for miles across the country, and dropped upon some heretofore secure locality, thus starting a fresh conflagration. Cattle, horses, sheep and people perished; grain, hay, provisions and stocks disappeared; homes, in a few hours, were made desolate; comfortable farmers became beggars; in a word, ashes, ruin, misery and desolation were upon the land, when the morning's sun looked from the East upon the picture.

It was then that the "King of the Gattineau" flung open his palace, dived down into his coffers, and came forth to the rescue of his people. The noble deeds of Alonzo Wright on that occasion can never pass from the memory of the people as long as a generous impulse survives in this world or a grateful thought lingers in the minds of men. Again, when the fire twice swept the city of Hull, and starvation and misery haunted the footsteps of hundreds, he was there, ever ready, ever willing, ever certain, to protect his people from the spectres of famine and desolation. As poor McGee sang of another one, so can the people of the Ottawa valley sing of Alonzo:

"His Faith was like the tested gold,
His Hope was strong—not over bold,
His Charities past count—untold!
Misereere Domine!"

Of such a man we could write a volume, but our space forbids even a slight sketch of all the merits of that one character. But as a Catholic organ, in the name of our Catholic institutions, our churches, convents, our priests, our religious, throughout the vast Ottawa district, we owe this tribute to the memory of their benefactor; as one of his most privileged friends, we could not allow the occasion to pass without giving expression to our individual admiration for the departed, and our sincere and deep sympathy for the good and true woman who was his companion in life and his survivor at the tomb. We of the Ancient Faith believe that the highest heavens are joined to the earth by a mystic chain of sympathy, of which the links are prayers and blessings which ascend and descend, keeping ever the sacred communion unbroken and eternal—if thus fervent prayer on earth can reach the throne of God, the friend of our youth will not be forgotten there. If not of the visible body of our Church, he was of its spirit; he belonged to its soul. His battle of life is fought; his work is done; his hour of repose has come; and affection can utter no fonder aspiration than the fervent prayer of that Church he so often befriended. "May he rest in peace."

NEW YORK'S PROTESTANT BISHOPS.

Perhaps no State of the American Union has produced more eminent men than has the Empire State. Great leaders, eloquent pleaders, erudite professors, able legislators, profound theologians and bright lights in the different professional spheres have shed a lustre upon the history of that State. But ever and always do we find the "false with the true;" the genuine article does not remain long in the market when the counterfeit appears. If New York State has given great and learned men to the country, it has also produced a few imitations, the base metal of whose literary compositions appears through the thin veneering of a semi-education. Recently the Rev. Bishop Coxe, of Buffalo, N. Y., has given evidence of belonging to this category of unenviable individuals; and in the current number of the North American Review, Rev. Bishop Doane,

of Albany, N.Y., scratches off his own literary reputation with the point of a very unwieldy pen. There is, of course, an excuse for these reverend prelates; Rome, and all things connected with Catholicity, act upon their nervous systems like a red flag before a mad bull, or an over-dose of fire-water in the stomach of an Indian. It is stronger than themselves; they cannot resist the influence; once the periodic delirium comes on all considerations of delicacy, dignity and even common Christian charity are flung to the winds, and the excited gladiators "rush in where angels fear to tread." They are not to be blamed; their early training, the prejudiced atmosphere in which they were brought up, their anti-Catholic education, the circumstances of their whole lives tend to make it a second nature in them. We don't blame, we merely pity them. We don't blame the aforementioned bull, when he rages and threatens to gore us, but we make sure to prevent him from accomplishing his purpose if we can; it is his nature, and he is not to be reasoned with, still we get out of his way or else take means to protect ourselves and others against his fury. To entirely ignore his existence, simply because he is irrational, would be very unwise. So is it with these reverend professional, anti-Catholic agitators. It is a cry of "no-Popery" with them; but we presume they are honest intentioned men, and if they really did "know Popery" (to use an oft quoted and apt expression of an eminent Catholic Prelate) they would be the first to blush at their own errors of judgment and ignorance of facts.

It would repay our readers to peruse Bishop Doane's article in the North American for January. It is entitled "The Roman Catholic Church and the School Fund." We have not space to fully analyze it; but we will point out a couple of its most brilliant parts.

The "petition of the taxpayers and the people of the State of New York," to the legislature of that State, which was instrumental in securing the presentation of "An act for the promotion of education throughout the State of New York," (called the Spellissy act) was published in the Sunday Democrat. This is an act intended to affect the Catholic schools of that State; and it proves a red flag in Bishop Doane's case. On the strength of this petition having been published, the reverend gentleman rushes into print and the North American Review accords him ten pages of space—quite a field to play football with the said petition. Unfortunately, however, little or no light is cast upon the subject, and after carefully perusing the article, the reader is at a loss to calculate the new information that he has derived therefrom. After making a very silly comparison between the common school system and a stream, as well as between Mr. Spellissy and a herd of elephants wading into the water, the learned bishop tells us what he (himself) considers would be out of place in such an article.

"If I were dealing with the question on the platform of a Church congress, or in a periodical in the interests of the portion of the Catholic Church to which I belong, there are a good many things that I would feel bound to say which are out of place in an article of this sort"; (the italics are ours). He then proceeds: "I should feel bound to enlarge upon the assumptions and assertions of the Roman Church, as witnessed," and he goes on to develop every accusation that he can imagine against the Church—all of which, according to his own statement, "are out of place in an article of this sort"; and we might add, in an article of

any sort. The reader is then treated to a very inexact statement of the differences of opinion on the school question between different Catholic authorities. After this comes a lengthy and very unfair distinction between Roman Catholics and Americans, just as if a creed and a nationality could be logically contrasted or compared.

The next step is a still more extraordinary one for a learned bishop to take. "I feel," he says, "as strongly as any man can, the unfortunateness of introducing any question that touches upon religion into civil and political matters," and he immediately proceeds to, not only introduce, but even to force his anti-Roman prejudices into the political arena. He did so in flying to the Review with his uncalled-for article; he does so with all his might, in the concluding pages of that contribution. Read this and ponder: "Out of this contention and controversy, indiscriminate abuse and violent denunciation certainly ought to be kept." How very noble on the part of the charitable bishop! Why does he destroy the good effect of those few words by adding the following: "But truth must be stated baldly and plainly; and it is somewhat difficult to avoid strong and almost severe language, under the excessive provocation of Roman arrogance and assumption?" This is followed, as might be expected, by a tirade against Mgr. Satolli and the importance attached to his mission. But these are not the most glaring inconsistencies and contradictions; the bishop preaches one thing and immediately puts the opposite into practice. The richest of all is his excusing the "riotous burnings and murders of the Know-Nothing period," and his characteristic expression, "Thank God, the day is past when religion can resort to the secular arm to maintain its demands." Poor man! If there were nothing else in his article to show his mistaken zeal, that one sentence would suffice. An Anglican bishop, thanking God that the secular arm is no longer resorted to for the maintenance of religion! The bishop of a State Church; a man that was made bishop by "Act of Parliament," a clergyman of "that branch of the Civil Service called the Church of England," talking of the "secular arm" and "religion!" "We hear enough!"

ANARCHY.

This is the reign of peace; but the phantom of Anarchy haunts the world. Vaillant, recently condemned to death in Paris, for having thrown the bomb in the Chamber of Deputies, claims that he is an Anarchist and became one by study. When the sentence was pronounced he shouted "Vive l'Anarchie." In a written declaration made since his arrest this strange character states that he had become convinced, by studying philosophical works, including those of Herbert Spencer, that Anarchism was the logical outcome of oppression of the poor by modern society. Anarchy is to the State what Atheism is to Religion; the Anarchist wishes to deny all authority and upset all order, while the Atheist wishes to do away with God and to efface all moral laws. As a rule the Atheist is an Anarchist—if he would only admit it; decidedly the Anarchist is a species of Atheist. These two enemies of society, authority and order go hand in hand through the world. It is not necessary that we should pause to point out the fearful dangers to civilization and religion these two monsters have become; suffice to say that they are the off-spring of Lucifer and were engendered in Tartarus.

The serious world is not going to hold Vaillant alone responsible for his mad

acts. These acts are the consequence of evil thoughts and these thoughts come from the pages of perverted authors. Under the mask of philosophy men proceed systematically to destroy religion; under the cloak of science men carry the dagger of infidelity, with its poisoned tip. Such a blatherskite as Bob Ingersoll may create a certain amount of excitement and even interest while he is spouting his blasphemies, but the words die away with the last echo of his voice, and they leave but a faint impression behind. But the writings of apparently serious men, such as Tyndall, Huxley, Herbert Spencer and like scientific and philosophic God-busters, are calculated to create no end of evil both in the bosom of Christianity and in the domains of civilization and social progress. Had Spencer not written probably the fool Vaillant would not have had his light head turned with an imaginary philosophy. Had there never been a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Bernardine de St. Pierre, a d'Alembert, a Diderot or a Condorcet, there might never have been a Marat, a Danton, a Camille Desmoulins, a Couthon, a St. Just, or a Robespierre. Had Infidels and Atheists not written, Anarchists would not have acted; had false doctrines never been taught, the world would have had no guillotine, no regicides, no "Reign of Terror." Back to the Atheist, the immoral author, the false novelist, the heaven-rejecting scientist and the God-detesting philosopher, must we go to find the cause that produces such abominable consequences.

To check the flow of Anarchy and Infidelity we must begin at the fountain-head and purify the ideas of men, infuse a fresh spirit into the writings of the age, inculcate a true and lofty philosophy in harmony with the eternal principles of truth, secure moral and solid orthodox and sincere literature for the masses as well as the classes. If a single breach is allowed in the great life-protecting dyke of Catholic teachings, we will wake up some morning to find the Zuyder Zee of Anarchy rolling its waves of Socialism, Communism, Radicalism, Nihilism, Illuminism and a hundred other Church and State destroying "isms," over the land. If the Parisian would-be murderer did nothing else in his life that can be recorded to his credit, at least he has taught the world a lesson that should be taken to heart: he has shown that evil books, corrupt literature, and false doctrines that purport to be the result of scientific, or philosophic research, are the matches to light a moral conflagration in the world.

A Presentation.

On Saturday morning, the 15th inst., the many friends of Mr. J. D. McKay met in the head office of the G. T. R. and presented him with a magnificent watch in token of their respect and esteem. Mr. McKay, after seven years faithful service as clerk, severs his connection with that corporation, to enter on the study of dentistry with his brother-in-law, Dr. Fitzpatrick, 54 Beaver Hall, of this city. The presentation was made by Mr. Beaty, chief of the Freight Claims department. This high mark of esteem speaks volumes for Mr. McKay's popularity and does great credit to his appreciative fellow-workers. We wish him all manner of success in his new career.

Ecclesiastical Appointments

Mgr. Fabre has made the following appointments: Rev. Abbe L. A. Barcelo, vicar at St. Henri des Tanneries; Rev. Abbe Lavallee, vicar at Varennes; Rev. Abbe E. Chagnon, vicar at Joliette.

Sulpician Superior-General.

The Council of the Sulpicians in Paris yesterday elected the Rev. A. Capiet, P. S. S., Superior-General of the Order. A great many of the gentlemen of the Seminary of this city are personally well acquainted with him.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

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

CHAPTER XXXVI—Continued.

"What is it, Larry? what has happened?" asked she.

"You are to go—as fast as you can," said he, which being, for him, a longer speech than usual, seemed to have exhausted him.

"Go where? and why?"

"Yes," said he, with a stolid look, "you are."

"I am to do what? Speak out, boy! Who sent you here?"

"Yes," said he again.

"Are they in trouble yonder? Is there fighting at the village?"

"No." And he shook his head, as though he said so regretfully.

"Will you tell me what you mean, boy?"

"The pony is ready," said he, as he stooped down to pack away the things in the basket.

"Is that gentleman coming back here—that gentleman whom you saw with me?"

"He is gone; he got away." And here he laughed in a malicious way that was more puzzling even than his words.

"And am I to go back home at once?"

"Yes," replied he, resolutely.

"Do you know why—for what reason?"

"I do."

"Come, then, like a good boy, tell me, and you shall have this." And she drew a piece of silver from her purse, and held it temptingly before him. "Why should I go back, now?"

"Because," muttered he, "because—and it was plain, from the glance in his eyes, that the bride had engaged all his faculties.

"So, then, you will not tell me?" said she, replacing the money in her purse.

"Yes," said he, in a despondent tone.

"You can have it still, Larry, if you will but say who sent you here."

"He sent me," was the answer.

"Who was he? Do you mean the gentleman who came here with me?" A nod assented to this. "And what did he tell you to say to me?"

"Yes," said he, with a puzzled look, as though once more the confusion of his thoughts was mastering him.

"So, then, it is that you will not tell me?" said she angrily. He made no answer, but went on packing the plates in the basket. "Leave those there, and go and fetch me some water from the spring yonder." And she gave him a jug as she spoke, and now she resented herself on the grass. He obeyed at once, and returned speedily with the water.

"Come now, Larry," said she, kindly, to him; "I'm sure you mean to be a good boy. You shall breakfast with me. Get me a cup, and I'll give you some milk; here is bread and cold meat."

"Yes," muttered Larry, whose mouth was already too much engaged for speech.

"You will tell me by and by what they were doing at the village, and what that shouting meant—won't you?"

"Yes," said he, with a nod. Then suddenly bending his head to listen, he motioned with his hand to keep silence, and, after a long breath, said: "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" asked she, eagerly; but at the same instant a man emerged from the copse below the hill, followed by several others, whom she saw by their dress and equipment to belong to the constabulary.

Approaching with his hat in his hand, and with that air of servile civility which marked him, old Gill addressed her. "If it's not displazin' to ye, miss, we want to ax you a few questions," said he.

"You have no right, sir, to make any such request," said she, with a haughty air.

"There was a man with you, my lady," he went on, "as you drove through Cruhan, and we want to know where he is now."

"That concerns you, sir, and not me."

"Maybe it does, my lady," said he, with a grin; "but I suppose you know who you were traveling with?"

"You evidently don't remember, sir, whom you are talking to."

"The law is the law, miss, and there's none of us above it," said he, half de-

fiantly; "and when there's some hundred pounds on a man's head, there's few of us such fools as to let him slip through our fingers."

"I don't understand you, sir, nor do I care to do so."

"The sergeant there has a warrant against him," said he, in a whisper he intended to be confidential; "and it's not to do anything that your ladyship would think rude that I came up myself. There's how it is now," muttered he, still lower. "They want to search the luggage, and examine the baskets there, and maybe, if you don't object, they'd look through the carriage."

"And if I should object to this insult?" broke she in.

"Faix, I believe," said he, laughing, "they'd do it all the same. Eight hundred—I think it's eight—ain't to be made any day of the year!"

"My uncle is a justice of the peace, Mr. Gill; and you know if he will suffer such an outrage to go unpunished."

"There's the more reason that a justice should not harbor a Fenian, miss," said he, boldly; "as he'll know when he sees the search-warrant."

"Get ready the carriage, Larry," said she, turning contemptuously away, "and follow me toward the village."

"The sergeant, miss, would like to say a word or two," said Gill, in his accustomed voice of servility.

"I will not speak with him," said she, proudly, and swept past him.

The constables stood to one side, and saluted in military fashion as she passed down the hill. There was that in her queen-like gesture and carriage that so impressed them, the men stood as though on parade.

Slowly and thoughtfully, as she sauntered along, her thoughts turned to Donogan. Had he escaped? was the idea that never left her. The presence of these men here seemed to favor that impression; but there might be others on his track, and, if so, how in that wild bleak space was he to conceal himself? A single man, moving miles away on the bog, could be seen. There was no covert, no shelter anywhere. What an interest did his fate now suggest! and yet a moment back she believed herself indifferent to him. "Was he aware of his danger," thought she, "when he lay there talking carelessly to me? was that recklessness the bravery of a bold man who despised peril?" And if so, what stuff these souls were made of! These were not of the Kearney stamp, that needed to be stimulated and goaded to any effort in life; nor like Atlee, the fellow who relied on trick and knavery for success; still less such as Walpole, self-worshippers and triflers. "Yes," said she, aloud, "a woman might feel that with such a man at her side the battle of life need not affright her. He might venture too far, he might aspire to much that was beyond his reach, and strive for the impossible; but that grand bold spirit would sustain him, and carry him through all the smaller storms of life; and such a man might be a hero, even to her, who saw him daily. These are the dreamers, as we call them," said she. "How strange it would be if they should prove the realists, and that it was we should be the mere shadows! If these be the men who move empires and make history, how doubly ignoble are we in our contempt of them!" And then she bethought her what a different faculty was that great faith that these men had in themselves from common vanity; and in this way she was led again to compare Donogan and Wal-

pole. She reached the village before her little carriage had overtaken her, and saw that the people stood about in groups and knots. A depressing silence prevailed over them, and they rarely spoke above a whisper. The same respectful greeting, however, which welcomed her before met her again; and as they lifted their hats, she saw, or thought she saw, that they looked on her with a more tender interest. Several policemen moved about through the crowd, who, though they saluted her respectfully, could not refrain from scrutinizing her appearance and watching her as she went. With that air of haughty self-possession which well became her—for it was no affectation—she swept proudly along, resolutely determined not to utter a word, or even risk a question as to the way.

Twice she turned to see if her pony were coming, and then resumed her road. From the excited air and rapid gestures of the police, as they hurried from place to place, she could guess that

up to this Donogan had not been captured. Still, it seemed hopeless that concealment in such a place could be accomplished.

As she gained the little stream that divided the village, she stood for a moment uncertain, when a countrywoman, as it were divining her difficulty, said: "If you will cross over the bridge, my lady, the path will bring you out on the high-road."

As Nina turned to thank her, the woman looked up from her task of washing in the river, and made a gesture with her hand toward the bog. Slight as the action was, it appealed to that Southern intelligence that read a sign even faster than a word. Nina saw that the woman meant to say Donogan had escaped, and once more she said: "Thank you—from my heart I thank you!"

Just as she emerged upon the high-road, her pony and carriage came up. A sergeant of police was, however, in waiting beside it, who, saluting her respectfully, said: "There was no disrespect meant to you, miss, by our search of the carriage—our duty obliged us to do it. We have a warrant to apprehend the man that was seen with you this morning, and it's only that we know who you are, and where you came from, prevents us from asking you to come before our chief."

He presented his arm to assist her to her place as he spoke; but she declined the help, and, without even noticing him in any way, arranged her rugs and wraps around her, took the reins, and motioning Larry to his place, drove on.

"Is my drawing safe? have all my brushes and pencils been put in?" asked she, after awhile.

But already Larry had taken his leave, and she could see him as he fitted across the bog to catch her by some short-cut.

That strange contradiction by which a woman can journey alone and in safety through the midst of a country only short of open insurrection filled her mind as she went, and thinking of it in every shape and fashion occupied her for miles of the way. The desolation, far as the eye could reach, was complete—there was not a habitation, not a human thing, to be seen. The dark brown desert faded away in the distance into low-dying clouds, the only break to the dull uniformity being some stray "clump," as it is called, of turf, left by the owners from some accident of season or bad weather, and which loomed out now against the sky like a vast fortress.

This long, long day—for so without any weariness she felt it—was now in the afternoon, and already long shadows of these turf-mounds stretched their giant limbs across the waste. Nina, who had eaten nothing since at early morning, felt faint and hungry. She halted her pony, and taking out some bread and a bottle of milk, proceeded to make a frugal luncheon. The complete loneliness, the perfect silence, in which even the rattling of the harness as the pony shook himself made itself felt, gave something of solemnity to the moment as the young girl sat there and gazed half terrified around her.

As she looked, she thought she saw something pass from one turf-clump to the other, and watching closely, she could distinctly detect a figure crouching near the ground, and after some minutes, emerging into the open space, again to be hid by some vast turf-mound. There, now—there could not be a doubt—it was a man, and he was waving his handkerchief as a signal. It was Donogan himself—she could recognize him well. Clearing the long drains at a bound, and with a speed that vouched for perfect training, he came rapidly forward, and leaping the wide trench, alighted at last on the road beside her.

"I have watched you for an hour, and but for this lucky halt, I should not have overtaken you after all," cried he, as he wiped his brow and stood panting beside her.

"Do you know that they are in pursuit of you?" cried she hastily.

"I know it all. I learned it before I reached the village, and in time—only in time—to make a circuit and reach the bog. Once there, I defy the best of them."

"They have what they call a warrant to search for you."

"I know that, too," cried he. "No," said he passionately, as she offered him a drink. "Let me have it from the cup you have drunk from. It may be the last favor I shall ever ask you—don't refuse me this."

She touched the glass slightly with her

lips, and handed it to him with a smile. "What peril would I not brave for this!" cried he, with a wild ecstasy.

"Can you not venture to return with me?" said she, in some confusion, for the bold gleam of his gaze now half abashed her.

"No. That would be to compromise others as well as myself. There I shall be safe against all pursuit. I have come back for nothing but disappointment," added he, sorrowfully. "This country is not ready to rise—they are too many-minded for a common effort. The men like Wolfe Tone are not to be found among us now, and to win freedom you must dare the felony."

"Is it not dangerous to delay so long here?" asked she, looking around her with anxiety.

"So it is—and I will go. Will you keep this for me?" said he, placing a thick and much-worn pocket-book in her hands. "There are papers there would risk far better heads than mine; and if I should be taken, these must not be discovered. It may be, Nina—oh, forgive me if I say your name! but it is such joy to me to utter it once—it may be that you should chance to hear some word whose warning might save me. If so, and if you would deign to write to me, you'll find three, if not four, addresses, under any of which you could safely write to me."

"I shall not forget. Good fortune be with you. Adieu!"

She held out her hand; but he bent over it and kissed it rapturously; and when he raised his head, his eyes were streaming, and his cheeks deadly pale. "Adieu!" said she again.

He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips; and when, after she had driven some distance away, she turned to look after him, he was standing on the same spot in the road, his hat at his feet, where it had fallen when he stooped to kiss her hand.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RETURN.

Kate Kearney was in the act of sending out scouts and messengers to look for Nina, whose long absence had begun to alarm her, when she heard that she had returned and was in her room.

"What a fright you have given me, darling!" said Kate, as she threw her arms about her and kissed her affectionately. "Do you know how late you are?"

"No; I only know how tired I am."

"What a long day of fatigue you must have gone through! Tell me of it all."

"Tell me rather of yours. You have had the great Mr. Walpole here: is it not so?"

"Yes; he is still here—he has graciously given us another day, and will not leave till to-morrow night."

"By what good fortune have you been so favored as this?"

"Ostensibly to finish a long conversation or conference with papa, but really and truthfully, I suspect, to meet Mademoiselle Kostalergi, whose absence has piqued him."

"Yes; piqued is the word. It is the extreme of the pain he is capable of feeling. What has he said of it?"

"Nothing beyond the polite regrets that courtesy could express, and then adverted to something else."

"With an abruptness that betrayed preparation?"

"Perhaps so."

"Not perhaps, but certainly so. Vanity such as his has no variety. It repeats its moods over and over; but why do we talk of him? I have other things to tell you of. You know that man who came here with Dick; that Mr. —"

"I know—I know," cried the other, hurriedly; "what of him?"

"He joined me this morning, on my way through the bog, and drove with me to Cruhan."

"Indeed!" muttered Kate, thoughtfully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SCROFULA ENTIRELY CURED.

Dear Sirs,—I have suffered very much from scrofula and bad blood for seven years past. Six months ago I commenced using B. B. B. internally and externally and can now say that I am entirely cured, and have been so for some time. To all sufferers I recommend B. B. B. as an excellent remedy for scrofula. Miss A. B. TANNER, Picton, N.S.

MOUNT MELLERY.

Interesting Description of a Visit to the Famous Monastery.

The monastery is a large pile of buildings, erected on the slope of the mountain, and is surrounded by a wild tract of cultivated land, which, till the monks came, was only mountain heath. Their labors have made this mountain like a garden; where hitherto only sheep and goats could find subsistence, now waving corn and herds of cattle were to be seen. It is only about sixty years since the monks came here, and what a change since then has this heath clad mountain undergone. Driven out of France, they came here and spent, it is said, the first night on this cold, lonely mountain, under the shelter of upturned carts and wagons. And now there is almost a town of houses, among them a college for students; groves and rows of trees, wide expanse of cultivated land, and herds of cattle, all the result of the labor and toil of these poor monks. This religious order is the most severe and austere in the Church.

The monks never taste tea, eggs, flesh meat or fish. They live on vegetables, and take only one meal and a collation in the day, but during Lent only the one meal. They rise at 2 o'clock in the morning and assemble in the church to say the divine office. They sleep only five hours at night, and observe perpetual silence, never speaking to one another. They labor and pray incessantly. The community consists at present of 60 members, 30 priests and 30 lay monks. All join in labor with their hands. Well did a priest from Australia, Rev. Father Phelan, a distinguished writer and professor, who was going through an eight days retreat here, reply to me, as I was remarking on the absence of lectures for retreatants, that there could be no more eloquent and instructive lecture than the sight of these spiritual and heroic men incessantly working and praying, sublimest example of edification in the Church of God.

This white pile of monastic buildings which, up on the mountain side, and a conspicuous object to the country below, as it stretches away far and wide to the valley of the Blackwater, on to Youghal, on the one side, and on the other, on to Dunravan, speaks eloquently to the inhabitant of the dignity and value of labor and devotedness to it, and at the same time of the sublime aspirations of religion. The farmer, when he rises in the morning and looks up to this pharos of light, and thinks of the monks there who have been up a great part of the night chanting hymns to God in the church, and are now at their work almost before he has risen from his bed, must be encouraged and urged on resignedly to labor and duty. On entering the monastery I was courteously received by the guest master and shown to my room. He appeared to be about sixty-five years of age, and benignity and kindness were in his looks. He had been in Australia, when a young priest on the mission, for ten years, but, tired of the world, he came home and buried himself, as it were, here.

During the time I was there five priests and nine or ten lay gentlemen were there also. Our fare was substantial and generous; breakfast at 8.30 o'clock of tea, eggs bread and the sweetest and freshest of butter; dinner at 1, of good pure beef or mutton, and tea at 5 o'clock. My room being over the quadrangle round which runs the corridor leading to the chapel, I was kept awake a good part of the night at first by the singing of the monks in the chapel. It was certainly an object lesson to one on his soft bed listening to these poor monks thus spending a great part of the night together in the church, chanting hymns to God. Every morning at 7 o'clock there was High Mass, to which all the guests were expected to be present. It was an edifying sight to see the pale, emaciated monks, in their white habits, and the hoods drawn over their heads, file past into the choir, a few men bent with age and infirmity. One old monk was almost bent double, and as he toddled his way to the choir he reminded me of some of the saints of old, of Simeon in the temple, or of St. Liguori. He has the character among the brethren of a saint.

There were some young priests among them, fresh and happy looking. There was a young doctor, a novice, a fine looking man. And as he filed past, bowing low towards the high altar, the cloak

he wore spreading out around him, I thought I seldom saw a finer or more dignified looking man. This young man, it appears, was a dispensary doctor in a town not far from the College of Maynooth, and worldly prospects were before him; but, tired of the world and its vanities, he retired here to devote himself, wishing to be unknown and forgotten, to the service of God. The ceremonies of the High Mass differ in some points from those of Masses outside. Some of them are peculiar to the order, and have come down unchanged from the days of St. Bernard; for the religious orders are tenacious of their customs. An old monk over 70 years of age was master of ceremonies, and, as he moved about the altar, tall and graceful in his long flowing habit, his pale face and white hands, almost transparent looking, and when, as a monk advanced from the choir to receive the kiss of peace, the old man, accompanying the sub-deacon far down the church to give the kiss, bowed gracefully low at meeting and parting, I thought him a very interesting figure.

In the sacristy, which is large, spacious and splendidly furnished, is to be seen a fine bust of St. Bernard, the face flesh colored. It is said to be a good likeness. The neck is exceptionally small, a characteristic. It seems, of the great saint. Placed so, with the head turned slightly to one side, as to overlook, as it were, the priests as they jobed for Mass, it seemed to bring back vividly the inspiring life and example of St. Bernard. I said Mass in one of the little chapels of which there is a number, and was attended by a young priest of the order. At the end of Mass I had occasion to ask him a question (none other was present), whether such a thing should be said or not, which he could have easily answered by yes or no. But the closed lips would not open, although he had been giving me responses during Mass. He only kept patting his breast with the fingers of his right hand, and looking at me with his large, lustrous eyes. The gesture evidently meant yes, that it was his wish, but no vocal sound would be emitted. It was rigid adherence to severe rule, perpetual silence, which was not to be broken but by the permission of a superior. He was a young priest, apparently under 30 years of age, his face refined, handsome and intellectual looking, and his hands and wrists soft and white as those of a lady, evidencing that he was exempted from manual labor, being in all likelihood a professor in the college.

Together with a number of guests, we were shown over the workshops of the monastery, a very interesting sight. The master guest first conducts us to the smith's workshop. As we enter, a monk in his habit is hammering a shoe on the anvil, a large gray horse standing by. We next enter the bakery, where a monk, a fine-looking man, of pale face and black beard, is standing with bared arms beside a large rough of kneaded dough. As we enter the plumber's shop an old monk is bending over a gas pipe with uplifted mallet. He never looked round or took the slightest notice of our presence. And lastly, we were brought to see the little graveyard. Then the monk who was conducting us remarked that all the brethren slept in their coffins at night, meaning that they when dead were buried in the habits they slept in and without a coffin. The grave is opened and the corpse of the dead brother in his habit is laid in it and the earth is shovelled in over it. It is hard to see the cold earth fall on and cover the face we love. And still these monks witness and subject to this treatment the remains of a brother, though they love each other dearly. But they submit to it in a spirit of penance and mortification. They treat the body during life with severity and neglect, and they do also in death. It is not enough through want of love, reverence and respect for each other that this treatment is gone through with the dead, for the members of religious orders love one another dearly. The love of the world is selfish, inconsistent and fickle; but the love of the religious for each other is unselfish, pure and true. "See how these Christians love each other," was the saying of the pagans with regard to the early Christians. And this spirit of love and charity is still especially to be seen among the members of religious orders, notwithstanding what the world may think or say.—*Belfast Examiner.*

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

RAISED WAFFLES.

Scald one and three-quarters cups of milk, add half a teaspoon of salt and one tablespoonful of butter. When lukewarm add quarter of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-quarter of a cup of lukewarm water. Add two whole eggs well beaten, or the yolks of three or four. Pour this liquid mixture gradually into one pint of bread flour, beating all the time, and continue the beating from five to ten minutes. This batter should be mixed very late at night and stirred down the first thing in the morning, lest it should sour. Be careful not to leave it in too warm a place over night, and remember that it will rise a second time very quickly in a warm kitchen. If no eggs are used this waffle will still be very good, although they are more liable to stick to the waffle iron. The addition of a teaspoonful of sugar to the batter will make them brown quicker if they are desired darker in color. To bake them, heat the waffle iron over a clear fire; it cannot be turned on top of the range. Grease thoroughly with fresh lard, turning the iron that both sides may be equally heated and greased. Pour in sufficient batter to cover the iron and shut the upper side directly down that the waffle may be kept in good shape. Bake about two minutes on each side, remove to a hot plate and serve with sugar and butter, with maple syrup or lemon sauce. The first waffle baked is never so good as the succeeding ones, and these when successfully made should be deliciously crisp and tender.

SHREDDED PINEAPPLE.

Select a ripe, juicy pineapple, remove every bit of the skin and all the "eyes." Then lay the fruit on a platter, hold it firmly with the left hand, and with a silver fork tear off the pineapple in small pieces, leaving the core whole. Put the shredded fruit in a serving dish, sprinkle generously with fine granulated sugar, cover, and let stand in the ice chest an hour, if possible, before serving. This method of preparing it draws out the juice and flavor better than slicing, and makes the fruit seem much more tender.

BROILED BACON.

Remove the skin and dark outside edges and cut the bacon in very thin slices; lay them on a wire broiler close together and place the latter in a dripping pan, then put pan and broiler together on the upper grate of a hot oven. Watch the bacon carefully, as it will soon need turning, and will generally be broiled sufficiently in four or five minutes. This is a much easier method than to fry it in a pan on top of the range, and there is no smoke or burned fat as a result. If liked dry the bacon may be drained on paper, but I generally find that it drips quite sufficiently into the pan. Do not forget that the handle of the broiler will be extremely hot after being shut up in the oven.

EGGS IN BROWN BUTTER.

Break six eggs, one at a time, into a saucer, and slip them off into a hot frying pan containing butter and lard mixed in equal proportions. Cook about three minutes, remove to a hot platter and pour over them the following sauce: Heat together one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of chili sauce, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, and one saltspoonful of salt. Brown two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter and strain into the hot liquid. If the above seasonings are not at hand, brown the butter, add one tablespoonful of cider vinegar and strain over the eggs.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, And health on both," says the great Shakespeare, but he did not have in mind a coated tongue or torpid liver, with all the symptoms of a biliousness, so common in this country. All this, and more, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a purely vegetable compound, which restores the action, of the liver, gives tone to the flagging energies of the dyspeptic stomach, and thus enables "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both." By druggists.

Asthma, and Hay Fever cured, by a newly discovered treatment. Address for pamphlet, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Striking individuals—Stone-breakers.



Quick as a wink the clothes are washed, the paint scoured, the dishes washed, the house itself and every thing in it made bright and clean.

Not with soap—you know better than that. But with Pyle's *Pearline*. Dirt leaves, and the work is done—easily, quickly, safely, thoroughly.

You save time with *Pearline*—but you save more than that. You're spared the endless rub, rub, rubbing, that tires you out and wears out what is rubbed.

It's money in your pocket to use *Pearline*. If it cost more than soap, if it were dangerous—then you might hesitate. But you needn't. It's as cheap as any soap, and just as harmless.

Beware of imitations. JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

DOMESTIC READING.

We cannot help all who suffer, but we can at least have compassion on all.

Blessed are those who suffer patiently from others blame, reproach, and contradiction.

The desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.

The more virtue a man possesses the more he will be tempted, and the greater hatred he must have for vice.

There is more virtue in bearing an injury without complaining than in great almsgiving or an austere fast.

All creatures serve to raise us to God if we consider them properly and make use of them only for His greater glory.

Remember the time of labor and suffering is short, and that, on the contrary, the reward which awaits us is eternal.

Happy those whom Thou hast chosen and whom Thou has received into Thy breast; they shall inherit Thy tabernacle for ever.

The gift of being in the true church is the greatest of all God's gifts which can be given of heaven. It is a pearl beyond price.

The power a true and loving womanly friend exercises is that she soothes us with the thought, not that one is perfect, but that one is becoming perfect.

Every human affliction is the disappointment of some affection, the loss of some sweet custom, of some dear hope; and when the ground gives way beneath our feet, we gravitate to a lower or we seize a higher; and the trial reveals what we are worth.—Martineau.

Have always before your eyes the way of humility, poverty, and crosses, into which Our Divine Lord has led us. If it behoved His Divine Majesty to suffer and thus enter into His glory, with how much greater reason should we, miserable sinners, tread the path of crosses and suffering.

EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

Dear Sirs,—Your Burdock Blood Bitters excels all other medicines that I ever used. I took it for biliousness and it has cured me altogether. WM. WRIGHT, Wallaceburg, Ont.

THE CHEMIST'S LABORATORY

AND THE WORKSHOP OF THE ARTISAN.

How the Wage Earner May Exercise His Native Talent and Skill.

The germs of civilization are engendered in the laboratory and closet of the chemist, but are in great part cultivated and brought to fruition in the workshop of the artisan. Every step in civilization has been at first but an idea. These ideas, conceptions, or generalizations, arise in the brain of the experimenter and thinker, but he is usually powerless, through lack of tools and manual skill, to realize his conceptions. It is not often the case that a scientist possesses both the genius to conceive original ideas and the means and skill to execute them himself, or to compensate the skill of the mechanic and artisan in working out his ideas into realities. The possession of such means is usually found to dull the enthusiasm of the inventor, and it must be admitted that the most efficient stimulus to such brain work is the *res augusta domi*.

Many scientists have their brains and their portfolios crowded with outlines and sketches of inventions which they hope to give to the world at some future day, when good luck shall have come their way. But in numerous cases, good luck never comes, but, instead thereof, the rider on the pale horse. Such inventions are then lost to the world. The question arises whether it is not the solemn duty of such men, in most cases, to publish their ideas, and place them on record, at least in such forms as to be available, in the shape of raw material for the practical man to elaborate, thus contributing their share to the weal of their race. A man who does this will not then have lived in vain, and cannot then be reproached, or reproach himself, as a "wicked and slothful servant," who "hid his talent in the earth."

NEW IDEAS.

A man of wide and varied scientific and technological experience—of a class of which we have many—often finds his brain teeming with new ideas. He can scarcely consider an industrial subject, when the mood is on him, without finding his mind crowded with novel combinations. These it is no irksome task for him to think out and elaborate, but a positive pleasure. Such pleasure is akin to that which actuates the poet and the artist in working out their inventions and conceptions. But the poet and the artists have the advantage that a penful of ink or a brushful of pigment is all they need to realize their inventions for public behoof. Here is where the scientist is weak, and often at the mercy of circumstances. In order to progress, he must go to the workshop and open his mind to the artisan and obtain the vicarious aid of his tools and his skill. We have then a very important and essential correlation between the scientific technologist and the wage earner, which deserves and should have discussion and consideration, as a factor, both heretofore and hereafter, in the progress of the arts of civilization. It is true that we have, in large cities, professional model makers, but this is a business specialty, which has but small bearings on the subject from our present point of view.

OPERATIVE INVENTORS.

But there is another important side to this subject. We now have great numbers of technological journals, as exponents of almost every branch of the industrial arts. The main burden of their song, however, consists, in cases, of continual expositions of accomplished facts, that is, of inventions already made—strides already taken in advance. This is all well; but in vain does the man of the workshop look for suggestions which will enable him to take part in the contest, in this glorious intellectual strife to benefit man, the only warfare that should be tolerated on the "dark and bloody ground" of our planet, the only kind of war that does not "make the angels weep."

The wage earner may be, and often is, a man of great native brain power, and even of extensive reading and high intelligence. But his energies are absorbed by his daily toil. He seldom has time, or means, or skill for experimental work, or even for thinking out new generalizations. He needs to have these more or less prepared for him,

and then he can often get opportunities to realize them in the form of a working model, or piece of apparatus; say, a new oil lamp, a new metallic alloy, or a new use or application of some one of the great multitude of materials and agents that have been continually coming before the world and growing cheaper during this century.

Occasionally complaints come from one of these men, that the field of invention seems to have narrowed or become exhausted, and asking what there is left to which they can bend their minds. This is due merely to the lack of spare time and energy to think and study. The conceiving of new inventions may be partly a matter of genius or intuition, but it is a faculty which requires knowledge and application to master, and practice to acquire skill therein. The field, instead of narrowing, is now rapidly broadening, and in an increasing ratio. The new metals and chemical materials continually coming forward and cheapening must necessarily insure this result. As one example, fine electrolytic copper is now but half what it cost a few years ago, and the sources and methods of production have been so greatly multiplied, improved and cheapened that there appears no chance of any important future rise in price. Hence copper and its numerous valuable alloys can now be applied to new uses, for which it has hitherto been too costly. Numerous other examples may be cited.—*Scientific American*.

IRISH NEWS.

Peter Lynch, T. C., has been appointed High Sheriff of Drogheda.

James Dwyer, of Ardnales, has been appointed High Sheriff of Cork City.

Patrick Kenna, T. C., has been appointed High Sheriff of Limerick City.

Councillor Richard Francis McCoy, of Dublin, has been appointed High Sheriff of that city.

Thomas Power, of Parade House, Kilkenny, has been appointed High Sheriff of that city.

The Very Rev. Francis Canon McKenna, pastor of Bundoran, has been ill with influenza.

Angelo Fabie, of Monkstown, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for Dublin City.

Brigade Surgeon Lieut.-Col., J. H. Hughes, commanding the Medical Staff Corps in Dublin, has been placed under orders for foreign service.

The foundation stone of the new Town Hall, Clontarf, was laid on Dec. 21 by Mrs. Vernon, of Clontarf Castle.

Robert Thomas Carew, of Ballinamona Park, has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for County Waterford.

J. V. O'Brien, of Aghlish House, Cappoquin, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for County Waterford.

Francis George Hodder, resident magistrate at Ennis, has been appointed a resident magistrate for County Antrim.

Robert Mason Ashby, of Kilbrough House, Killocooley, has been sworn a Justice of the Peace for County Tipperary.

Catherine Cooney, wife of Patrick Cooney, of Woodford, and mother of Michael J. Cooney, of Helena, Mont., died on the 18th ult.

The Very Rev. P. White, P. P., V. G., of Nenagh, has been appointed Dean of the Diocese of Killaloe, in succession to the late Dean Michael Bugler.

John Fagan, F. R. C. S., and Robert Thompson, of the firm of Lindsay, Thompson & Co., have been chosen members of the Belfast Harbor Board.

The Lord Mayor and his wife gave an entertainment to 1,100 children from the National schools of the city in the Round Room of the Mansion House, Dublin, on Dec. 21.

Thomas A. Talbot, son of Major-General Talbot, of Howth road, Clontarf, has been sworn in a solicitor of the High Court of Justice in Ireland. He intends practising in Dublin.

Some of the farmers of North Mayo have been growing flax with encouraging results. Over seventeen acres were sown, and the produce averages nearly sixty stones to the acre.

The death is announced of Lord James Butler, which occurred at Dunmore. Deceased, born in 1815, was the third son of the eighteenth Earl of Ormond. He was married in 1856 to Lady Eveline

Rachel Russell, daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford, and had two sons and two daughters. Lord Butler is succeeded by his eldest son, James.

The Royal Humane Society of London has awarded a medal to Simon Keene, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, for saving T. McCabe, at Bundoran, in a very rough sea, 200 yards from shore.

The Royal Humane Society of London has awarded a testimonial to Denis Lynch, a horse trainer, for plunging into the Lee, at Cork, and saving a boy who fell from the quay wall into the river.

Two venerable Kildare people passed away on Dec. 21 in the persons of Michael Connolly, of Woodbine Cottage, Curragh, and Patrick Walsh, of Cadans-town, Mayvalley, who was seventy years old.

John Meehan, of Great Clarence street, Dublin, an employee of the City of Dublin and Banagher Distillery Company, was so badly injured while at work that he died on Dec. 15. A wife and four children survive him.

While some boys were playing highway-man in Limavady with a revolver, it went off in the hands of a youth named Monaghan, and shot another named McLaughlin through the head. He died a short time after.

The Rev. John Maher, pastor of Kyle and Knock, has been transferred to Borrisokane; the Rev. John Gleeson, curate at Templeberry, succeeds him; the Rev. E. Scanlan, of Peoria, Ill., takes Fr. Gleeson's place in Templeberry.

Bishop Duggan, of Clonfert, visited Ballinasloe on his way home from Lucan on Dec. 16, and was presented with an address by the people. Nearly every house in town was illuminated in honor of the venerable prelate's visit.

Michael Daly, of Kildoney, father of the Rev. Patrick Daly, pastor of Ballintra, and John Daly, a draper of Ballyshannon, is dead. He was one of the oldest and most prosperous farmers of the district, and had attained the age of ninety-five years.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

A light in the window for thee, brother;
A light in the window for thee!

[German Lied.]

Once, on the shore of the North Sea, there lived, lonely and alone, the daughter of a fisherman. She was lonely, because her father and mother were dead; and alone, because her only brother had gone far away to a distant land. He was a sailor, and loved the life; although he was also very fond of his sister, who, in turn, loved him with all her heart. For the life of a fisherman he had no desire; and when his friends had tried to persuade him not to brave the dangers of the ocean, but to dwell in the same spot where his parents and grandparents had lived and died, he had then answered, and not unwisely:

"Comrades, it is but a slavish and monotonous life, that of a fisherman; and, when the best is told, one earns but enough to keep soul and body together."

"What would you more, Stein?" asked an ancient fisher, who had never been twenty miles from his native village. "What would you more, my boy? He is well off, indeed, who can always do so. And to him who faces the storms of the deep sea, far and wide, it is not always permitted to return."

"I salute thee, friend Axel," replied the youth, respectfully (for in those parts reverence for the aged was not then, if it is even yet, forgotten;) "but my heart is young within me, and I would fain see the great wide world, of which I know so little. Furthermore, I long to be able to provide my sister with many things which she can not now obtain; for she is a faithful sister, and loves me truly, as I do her. And when we grow old together, we shall be thankful that such was my resolve. For then we shall have the wherewithal to help our poorer neighbors. And as for the losing of my life, good friend Axel, there are more lives lost along the coast each year by the oversetting and swamping of fisher-boats in storms than in all the vessels that sail to and fro through the North Sea. At least so have I been told," concluded the youth, shaking back his tawny locks, and sending forth wistful looks from his bright blue eyes toward the ever-restless sea.

"But it may be Stein," said another, "that when thou returnest, thy humble home and our simple ways may have become distasteful to thee, and that thou

wilt wander forth again. Then what would Elka do?"

"Nay, nay!" replied the young man, taking the hand of his sister, who stood by his side; "that will never be. Here my heart is, and here shall my bones lie, if it so pleases God to send me home again."

"And Elka, shall she remain a maiden for thy sake?" asked Axel, in his trembling voice.

"Aye, that will I do. Of that Stein need have no doubt," said Elka, a tear in her eye but a smile on her lips. "In my little cot, making my nets, I shall be happy awaiting my brother."

As the brother and sister walked homeward for the last time, they conversed together on the future which both hoped would befall. Then said Elka at last:

"My brother, so long as thou shalt be absent, I will place every night a light in the window for thee. When thou art returning, and seest that light from afar off, then thou wilt know that I am still living; but if thou canst see no light, then thou mayst be sure that I am dead."

The next morning he sailed away.

Elka kept her promise. Every night she placed a light in the window, where it burned till dawn. Months passed, then years, and her brother came not. Her blue eyes faded, her thick blond hair grew thin and grey, and at length she was obliged to lean upon a staff.

Fifty years passed thus, and still Stein came not. Whether he had early forgotten the home of his youth and the sister of his heart, or whether he had found a grave in the deep sea, only God knew. In his love that sister unswervingly believed, for his return she faithfully waited and watched, keeping her promise. They who had been graybeards when he departed were long since gathered to their fathers; they who had been young like himself were now on the verge of the grave. But even the youngest among the children who played along the shore knew the story of Elka's light.

But one night there shone no light in the window. The neighbors wondered, and said to one another, "Elka's brother must have come back. Let us go and see." But all was silent in the lonely house. Elka sat beside the window, dead. The light of her pure, faithful spirit had gone to shine still more beautiful and clear in the Kingdom of God. But the light in the window burned no more.—*Mary E. Mannix in the Ave Maria*.

Mothers

suffering with weakness and emaciation, who give little nourishment to babies, should take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It will give them strength and make their babies fat. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

LOST!

At or near the corner of Ottawa and Colborne Streets, a lady's shopping bag, containing \$40.00 in bills and \$2.00 in silver, a diamond ring, and a bottle of O'Reilly's Pectoral Balsam of Honey. The loser values the money and the ring; but not so much as the bottle of Pectoral Balsam, which is the best remedy for coughs and colds there is. It is manufactured by the O'Reilly Medicine Co'y, and sold by W. J. BURKE, Druggist, 107 Colborne Street, at 25 cents a bottle. Try it!

AGENTS who work for us make MONEY fast. Send your address on postal card for particulars. THE ROYAL SILVERWARE Co., Windsor, Ont. U-G-98

AN OWEN SOUND MIRACLE

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF MR. WILLIAM BELROSE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever. Followed by Partial Paralysis—Physicians Said They Could Do Nothing for Him—The Means of Cure Discovered Through Reading a Newspaper.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The Times has published very frequently the particulars of remarkable cures attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These various articles were credited to newspapers of good standing, and there was no reason to doubt his entire truthfulness, but as we had not happened to come across a striking case ourselves we had given the articles but little thought, and perhaps this may also be the case with some of our readers. A few days ago the opportunity was given us to investigate a case, however, which satisfied us, and will satisfy those who read this, that there is a marvellous efficacy in this now celebrated medicine. It was told us by one of our leading druggists that a well known resident had an experience which fully equalled the wonderful cures of which so much has been published. The citizen referred to was Mr. Wm. Belrose, ship carpenter, who has been a resident of this town since 1866. The Times undertook to get the facts from Mr. Belrose in order to satisfy ourselves. He was working in the shipyard and when found was wielding the heaviest axe on the grounds, shaping the ribs for a big vessel on the stocks. None of the 300 men employed were working harder, nor appeared to be enjoying more vigorous health. In reply to a question Mr. Belrose said: "Yes, sir, I would not be using this big axe if I had not taken Pink Pills." The story as briefly told as possible is this: In 1890, after returning from the Pacific coast, Mr. Belrose went to Chicago where he secured employment in the erection of one of the big Phil Armour grain elevators. After being in that city for a short time he was taken with a malarial fever. After a week of suffering the people with whom he was staying spoke of taking him to the hospital, but Mr. Belrose objected. A consultation was held and it was decided that instead of going to the hospital—a place he dreaded—he would take the first train home. His ticket was bought and he was placed on the train. He was so sick that the only incident he could remember in the whole 600 miles' trip was the changing of cars at some junction. He reached home on August 7th, and at once a well known physician was called in. Recovery was slow and it was not until November that he was able to get out of the house. Then in his weakened condition he took a relapse. Winter wore on; the best physicians were called in but with no avail. There was no improvement. The complications baffled all treatment. From the hips down a sort of paralysis seized the sufferer, and it was impossible to keep the lower extremities warm. The bed covers were increased, but proved of no consequence so far as the warmth of the patient was concerned. As a last resort a pair of heavy German felt socks were procured and pulled over the cold feet. But the artificial warmth failed to do what nature could not for some reason accomplish. At last the doctors decided that nothing more could be done, and soothing draughts were administered to ease the pain. Friends brought the electric battery and this treatment though relieving served only to make the pain more intense when discontinued. It happened during this treatment, however, that one of the visitors brought in, wrapped around a parcel, a paper giving an account of a cure effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After reading the article the sick man determined to give them a trial. Before a box was gone the good effects were noticed, the second box brought still further improvement. A third, fourth, fifth and sixth were taken, the end of each only proving a milestone on the sure road to complete recovery. Twenty boxes were taken in all, but the end fully justified the expenditure, for as Mr. Belrose put it, "I feel better and younger than I have felt for years. I eat heartily, I sleep sound and I can do a day's work alongside of anybody. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under Providence

did it all. Pink Pills should be kept in every house. Since they cured me I have recommended them to my friends everywhere, and I shall continue to recommend them."

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending on vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and sold only in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

COMMERCIAL.

FLOUR, GRAIN, Etc.

Flour.—	
Patent Spring.....	\$3.60 @ \$3.75
Patent Winter.....	3.60 @ 3.80
Straight Roller.....	3.00 @ 3.20
Extra.....	2.70 @ 2.80
Superfine.....	2.45 @ 2.65
Fine.....	2.15 @ 2.30
City Strong Bakers.....	3.40 @ 3.65
Manitoba Bakers.....	3.25 @ 3.55
Ontario bags—extra.....	1.35 @ 1.40
Straight Rollers.....	1.50 @ 1.55
Superfine.....	1.15 @ 1.30
Fine.....	1.00 @ 1.10

Feed.—We quote shorts \$17 to \$18, and moultie at \$21 to \$22.

Oatmeal.—Rolled and granulated \$4.20 to \$4.30. Standard \$3.85 to \$4.10. In bags, granulated and rolled are quoted at \$2.05 to \$2.10, and standard, \$1.85 to \$1.95.

Wheat.—Very little wheat is coming out in Ontario or Manitoba, and what few sales were made recently in Ontario were on the basis of 53c to 54c. It is believed there is fully 4,000,000 bushels in farmers' hands in Manitoba.

Corn.—Prices continue nominal at 60c to 61c in car lots, duty paid.

Peas.—Peas are decidedly better in the West, with sales in the Stratford district at 53c per 60 lbs f.o.b. No. 3 in store at 66c per 66 lbs, and we quote No. 2 66c to 67c.

Oats.—In this market sales of No. 2 have been made for local purposes at 38c to 39c, but they are slow sale; they have slackened since, and we now quote 37c to 38c per 34 lbs.

Barley.—Feed barley is quiet at 42c to 43c. On the Midland about 31,000 bushels are said to have been secured at about 39c to 40c. In milling barley the market is steady at 50c to 53c.

Malt.—A round lot of choice Ontario have been placed at about 73c, and we quote 70c to 75c.

Buckwheat.—Canadian buckwheat sold as high as 85c in New York. In this market there is no particular change and we quote 51c to 68c.

Rye.—Prices are easy at 52c to 53c for car lots.

Seeds.—Red clover remains firm at \$6 to \$7 per bushel. Alsike remains firm at \$7.25 to \$8.25 per bushel.

PROVISIONS.

Pork, Lard, &c.—We quote as follows:

Canada short cut pork per bbl.....	\$17 00 @ 18 00
Canada clear mess, per bbl.....	16 00 @ 18 00
Chicago clear mess, per bbl.....	17 50 @ 18 00
Mess pork, American, new, per bbl.....	17 50 @ 17 75
Hams, per lb.....	12 @ 13c
Lard, pure in pails, per lb.....	11 1/2 @ 12c
Lard, com. in pails, per lb.....	8 @ 8c
Bacon, per lb.....	11 1/2 @ 12c
Shoulders, per lb.....	10 @ 10c

Dressed Hogs.—Holders in the West are asking \$8.60 and \$8.55, which means \$8.85 and \$8.90 laid down here, which figures, however, cannot be got.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—

Creamery, early made.....	per lb. 22c to 23c
Creamery, late made.....	23c to 24c
Eastern Townships.....	21c to 22c
Western.....	19c to 20c

For single tubs of selected 1c per lb may be added to the above.

Roll Butter.—We quote 19c to 20c as to quality and quantity.

Cheese.—

Finest Western colored.....	11c to 11 1/2c
Finest Western white.....	11c to 11 1/2c
Finest Quebec.....	11c to 11 1/2c
Underpiced.....	10c to 11c
Liverpool cable.....	5s 8d

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Hops.—Range from 17c to 20c, while fine qualities, which are scarce, have realized from 20c to 23c.

Eggs.—Montreal pickled bring 16c to 17c. Strictly fresh boiling stock sells at 20c to 22c.

Dressed Poultry.—Sales of dry pickled turkeys have been made at 10c for fine stock, but 8c to 9c represent the prices for scalded stock. A very nice even lot of 2 large cases of

dry pickled turkeys sold at 1c, while a lot of dark colored scalded sold at 9c. Nice dry pickled chickens have sold at 7c to 8c, and scalded at 6c to 7c, a lot of discolored stock selling at 5c. Geese are slow sale at 6c to 7c, and ducks 9c to 10c.

Game.—There are very few partridge coming in, and sales are reported at 65c to 70c per brace. Red deer venison is now out of season, the last sales being made at 10c for haunches.

Maple Products.—Syrup 50c to 65c in cans as to quality, and 4c to 5c in wood as to quality. Dark sugar, 8c to 7c.

Beans.—Demand is slow at \$1.25 to \$1.55 for fair to choice qualities.

Hops.—Old olds to yearlings are quoted at 5c to 10c.

Honey.—Strained honey has sold in tins at 7c to 8c for choice 1893; but old has sold at 4c to 5c, the lot which brought 4c being in very rough looking tins. Comb honey sells all the way from 8c to 12c as to quality.

Baled Hay.—We quote \$8.00 to \$8.50 at country points as to position, while \$10.00 to \$10.50 is quoted alongside ship here for shipment next May. In this market No. 1 pressed hay is quoted at \$10.50 to \$12.00 and No. 2 \$9.00 to \$9.50.

FRUITS, Etc.

Apples.—We quote No. 1 from \$4 to \$5; No. 2 not being quotable, there being no stock in the market.

Grapes.—Almeria grapes still retain their sale at \$4 to \$5.50 per keg, according to weight and quality.

Oranges.—We quote prices as follows:—Florida, \$2.75 to \$3.25 per box; Valencia \$2.00, \$4.00 to \$4.25; 714s \$4.75 to \$5.00 per box.

Lemons.—Are still following the slow procession at \$4.25 to \$5 per box, although we hear of sales having transpired at \$5.50 per box, but it was for extra fancy stock.

Cranberries.—Fair sales have taken place at \$6 to \$7.50 per bbl.

Pears.—California pears are selling very slow at \$2.25 to \$2.75 per box.

Figs.—Are having fair sales at 8c to 12c per lb.

Dates.—Are selling well at 4c to 5c per lb.

Potatoes.—Moderate sales at 6c to 6 1/2c per bag on track and 10c per bag extra for jobbing lots for best qualities.

Onions.—There is very little demand for onions at \$2.25 per barrel for red and yellow, and 80c to 90c for Spanish.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS

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CAPITAL STOCK, \$100,000

A Society established with a view to disseminate the taste for Arts, to encourage and help Artists.

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H. A. A. BRAULT, Director.

26

FERRY'S SEEDS

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. } SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal. }

No. 1872.
Dame Helen Jordan, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Michael Wright, heretofore merchant, of the same place, hereby gives notice that she has, this day, sued her husband in separation as to property.

BEAUDIN & CARDINAL.

Attorneys for Plaintiff.
Montreal, 10th January, 1894.

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Shades, Portieres and Window Mountings—new, pretty, and splendid value, at
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And 58 and 55 Sparks Street, Ottawa

FATHER ELLIOTT TALKS.

His Missionary Tour Among Non-Catholics Was a Success.

"America will be converted and made a Catholic country. It may take generations to do it, but those who are right are going to succeed."

Thus, in a voice thrilling with the strength of his conviction, spoke the Rev. Father Walter Elliott, of the Paulist Fathers, who has just returned from a three months' missionary tour of certain districts of the West.

In the course of his mission Father Elliott directed his energies chiefly upon those localities of the diocese of Detroit in which the Church is weakest. He devoted a great deal of time to such cities as Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor, St. Joseph, Benton Harbor and a large number of smaller places.

Father Elliott's mode of procedure in his work is original, and he never fails to produce a lasting impression wherever he appears. He is a man of gigantic stature, with a full, round voice, the graces of an orator and the acuteness of a trained lawyer. As soon as he arrived in a place he hired the best public hall obtainable and advertised free lectures on religious subjects, such as "The Bible," "Eternal Punishment," "Authority of Conscience," "Necessity of Church Membership," "Why I Am a Catholic," "Drunkennes," "Total Abstinence" and "The Confessional."

He said yesterday that in almost every place visited his lectures were largely attended by both Catholics and Protestants, and that the result of his labors had been extremely gratifying.

DISPELLING PREJUDICE.

"I did not indulge in controversy," said Father Elliott, in describing his work; "that has never been my habit, I expounded the Christian religion from a Catholic point of view, and I chose places where Catholicity is weak. Did I undertake to convert Protestants? Well, that was my remote object. My immediate object was to dispel prejudice. I chose the places I have mentioned because in them the Catholic religion is least known."

"I had great success in attracting non-Catholic audiences. The best and most religious elements of the population of the places I visited came and filled my halls. My hearers, I wish to say, were church members and adherents of churches. The world's people did not give me so much attention. I invited my audiences to question me freely upon all points concerning which they were in doubt or obscurity. I did not encourage argument, but I never discouraged free criticism."

"The questions asked covered most of the peculiar doctrines of Catholicity. Thus my hearers inundated me with inquiries concerning the confessional, the sacraments, the communion, the power of the priesthood, the danger to the civil authority of the Papacy, purgatory and the intercession of the saints."

"Purgatory appeared to be a difficult point with many of them."

"Why," I was often asked, "should a man who has lived justly suffer in purgatory?" and "why," I replied, "would you have a man unfitted to enjoy the bliss of paradise through the accumulation of worldly impurities transported thither without a period of preparation?"

QUESTIONED BY MASONS.

"In some localities the adherents of the A. P. A. movement wanted to know why we were arming and what fault we had to find with the American public."

"I delivered from four to six lectures in each place visited. I found, I am happy to say, that in the masses of the people agnosticism and religious doubt had made little headway; that Christ in God is the actual deity; that the Scriptures were God's book, and that men need Christ as a Saviour is the active or latent faith of the whole people as a body, but in this classification I do not include the big cities."

"I found that the people were dissatisfied with personal and denominational relations. They were very anxious to have their doubts about us resolved. They wanted to know why we were not unreasonable, unscriptural, tyrannical, overhuman, and too external in our religion."

"I had several encounters with the Masons during my tour. The representatives of the order were anxious to earn the position of the Church toward

them. I told them plainly that the objection of the Church rested upon two grounds. One was that Masonry was adapted to be a religion, and was very commonly made so, while for the Catholic there is but one religion. The other objection I told them was specific and related to some of their oaths, especially that concerning the death penalty, which no private organization has any right to threaten.

"Another argument used was that American Masonry, though made up of good enough men, is more or less officially identified with European and South American Masonry, which is not only anti-Catholic, but anti-Christian."

BOUND TO SUCCEED.

"There is no doubt that the Catholic Church can have a hearing all over the country, and that in proportion as the clergy becomes sufficiently numerous for the most urgent needs of the faithful themselves, the missionary side of the Church will be fully and actively developed. America will be converted and made a Catholic country! It may take generations to do it, but those who are right are going to succeed."

"The best mode of achieving practical results is the choice of secular priests by the bishops for diocesan missions to non-Catholics. This will make the work a regular and permanent department of the Catholic Church."

"I may say here that a man must be an outright and aggressive total abstainer to succeed in his work. Those among whom I have labored are lovely, virtuous and attractive. They combine the best elements of our national character. They are not the inhabitants of the large cities, but of the smaller settlements, where a strong religious feeling seems to be inherent."

Father Elliott starts immediately upon another missionary tour, which will last until Easter. He will confine himself to the same localities, with a view of securing a secular priest to continue his work in the Diocese of Detroit.—New York Correspondent in Catholic Times.

STORY OF A BELL.

How the Church of Grosslaswitz Secured It.

In the church tower of the little town of Grosslaswitz, in the north of Germany, hangs a bell, and on it is engraved its history, surmounted by a bas relief, representing a six-eared stalk of corn, and the date October 15, 1729. This is the story of the bell: At the beginning of the last century the only church bell at Grosslaswitz was so small that its tones were not sufficient to penetrate to the ends of the village. A second bell was badly wanted, but the village was poor, and where was the money to come from?

Every one offered to give what he could, but the united offerings did not amount to nearly enough for the purpose. One Sunday when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hayn, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the churchyard wall a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which must have been dropped there by a passing bird. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of producing the second bell they wanted so much. He waited till the corn was ripe, and then he plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden.

The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced and sowed it again, till at last he had not enough room in his garden for the crop, and so he divided it among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the ears until, in the eighth year, the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold they found that they had enough money to buy a beautiful bell, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it and a cast of the corn stalk to which it owed its existence.—London Globe.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also, a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 82½ Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A close-fisted man—The pugilist.

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Norway Pine Syrup.
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A PERFECT CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS
 Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obsolete coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.
 PRICE 25c. AND 50c. PER BOTTLE.
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SPECIAL NOTICE

We call attention to the large additions of fine Parlor, Library, Dining Room and Bed Room Suites just finished and now in stock in our New Warerooms, which has been acknowledged by all, without exception, who have closely examined our Goods and Show Rooms, to be the very Finest and Largest assortment, and decidedly the Cheapest yet offered, quality considered.

We have just finished fifty Black Walnut Red Room Suites, consisting of Bedstead, Bureau with large Swing Bevel-edge Mirror and Washstand with Brass Rod Splasher Back both Marble Tops, \$25; Wood Tops, \$22. All our own make.

We will in a few days show some very nice medium and low-priced Furniture in our Large Show Windows, and the figures will counteract an impression left on the minds of many that imagine from the very fine display made the past few weeks that we are only going to keep the finest grades of goods.

As heretofore, we will keep a full line of medium and good serviceable Furniture, but will not sell anything that we can not guarantee to be as represented, which has for the past half century secured for us the largest sales yet made in our line and will still follow the old motto of Owen McGarvey & Son:

Large Sales and Small Profits.

OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,
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ROBSON'S
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It is a most valuable preparation, restoring to gray hair its natural color, making it soft and glossy and giving it an incomparable lustre. ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER is far superior to ordinary hair dyes, for it does not stain the skin and is most easily applied. One of its most remarkable qualities is the property it possesses of preventing the falling out of the hair, promoting its growth and preserving its vitality. — Numerous and very flattering testimonials from well known PHYSICIANS and other citizens of good standing testify to the marvelous efficacy of ROBSON'S HAIR RESTORER. Lack of space allows us to reproduce only the two following:

Testimony of Dr. D. Marsolais, Lavaltrie.

I have used several bottles of Robson's Hair Restorer, and I cannot do otherwise than highly praise the merits of this excellent preparation. Owing to its use, the hair preserves its original color and in addition acquires an incomparable pliancy and lustre. What pleases me most in this Restorer is a smooth, oleaginous substance, eminently calculated to impart nourishment to the hair, preserve its vigor, and stimulate its growth, a substance which replaces the water used by the manufacturers of the greater part of the Restorers of the day from an economical point of view. This is a proof that the manufacturer of Robson's Restorer is above all anxious to produce an article of real value, regardless of the expense necessary to attain this end. It is with pleasure that I recommend Robson's Restorer in preference to all other preparations of that nature.

D. MARSOLAIS, M. D.
 Lavaltrie, December 20th, 1895.

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

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

G. DESROSIERS, M. D.
 St-Félix de Valois, January, 16th 1895.

For sale everywhere at 50 cts per bottle.

COVERNTON'S
NIPPLE : OIL.
 Superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To harden the nipples commence using three months before confinement. Price 25 cents.
COVERNTON'S
Syrup of Wild Cherry.
 For relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Price 25 cents.
COVERNTON'S
Pile Ointment.
 Will be found superior to all others for all kind Piles. Price 25 cents.
 Prepared by C. J. COVERNTON & CO., 131 Henry street, corner of Dorchester street.

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 Agent for the celebrated Heintzman Piano, Evans Bros., Vose & Sons, and others, as well as the G. W. Cornwall Organ and New Williams Sewing Machine.
 To Organ and Piano customers I would say I have had many years experience in the business, and not being at the expense of enormous city rents I am enabled to quote prices that I feel assured will be found lower than you can buy elsewhere.
 I am offering a SPECIAL DISCOUNT to those who wish to buy within the next sixty days.
 Will be pleased to forward Catalogue and quote SPECIAL PRICES on application.
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**UNUM
ET ANIMA UNA.**

**SPONTANEOUS TESTIMONY FROM
MONTREAL.**

**HUNDREDS OF GRATEFUL MOTHERS'
HEARTS.**

Mad. J. P. Papineau, 3295 Notre Dame St., St. Cunegonde, says: I suffered for a long time from a most severe attack of Bronchitis and I have been perfectly cured by using three 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Narcisse Trudeau, 49 St. Catherine St., Hochelaga, says: My daughter Marceline suffered from a most severe attack of Bronchitis. She was confined to the house for 18 months, and latterly her life was despaired of by two physicians. Five 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured her completely. This preparation we now regard as our family remedy and I shall be pleased to answer any questions regarding my daughter's case.

Mrs. Thomas McGovern, 66 Marlborough St., says: My son five years old suffered from an attack of Bronchitis, coughed night and day. He has been completely cured by using that wonderful preparation, Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Madame Arthur Senecal, 22 Iberville St., says: My two children suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis and they were both completely cured by using two 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine; it is certainly the most effective remedy I have ever used.

Madame P. Lariviere, 52 Poupart St., says: My son five years old suffered for two years from a severe attack of Bronchitis, accompanied with a hacking cough and a frequent expectoration of blood; I tried every remedy I knew of without the least avail, but it affords me great pleasure to state that after having almost given up hopes, my son has been completely and permanently cured by using three 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful preparation.

Louis Rifon, 155 Dufresne St., says: My daughter, five years old, suffered for two years from a severe attack of Bronchitis. Four 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine cured her completely. I consider the cure in her case was simply marvellous, and I cannot speak too highly of this wonderful remedy which effected same.

Miss Louisa Dulude, 126 Delorimier Av., says: I suffered for six months from a severe attack of Bronchitis, and I have been completely cured by using four 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine, and I am happy to add my name to the long list of those who testify to the merit of this efficacious remedy.

Madame Prime Forget, 268 Gain St., says: I suffered for 18 months from a severe attack of Bronchitis, and during that period I employed a large number of remedies, without however effecting any apparent change in my condition, and I hereby truthfully testify that I have been completely and permanently cured by using four 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine.

Mrs. John Meehan, 27 1/2 Papineau Square, says: My son, two years old, suffered for two weeks from a severe attack of Bronchitis; two bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine caused all appearance of the trouble to completely disappear.

Mad. Arthur Nolin, 347 Champlain St., says: My child, six months old, suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. Two 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete cure.

Jos. Lariviere, 244 Champlain St., says: I suffered from a bad attack of Bronchitis. Two 25c bottles of Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine effected a complete cure.

(To be continued next week.)

The publication of the hundreds of testimonials I am daily receiving will occupy many columns of the TRUE WITNESS. It will be continued every week during the winter. Persons desirous of verifying their correctness can cut out and preserve this column and apply at the addresses given.

J. GUSTAVE LAVOLETTE, M.D.,
Office & Laboratory, 232 & 234 St. Paul St.,
Montreal.

**THE NEW MASONIC ANTI-
POPE.**

La Voz de Mexico, of December 15th, 1893, has the following curious and interesting announcement, from a communication dated December 6th, 1893:

Very important information reaches us from Rome. In the session of that most mysterious body of Masonry,—that body to which all the lodges of the world are obedient instruments,—it was decided to transfer the Supreme Grand Dogmatic direction from Charleston, United States of America, to Rome, Italy.

And, as the Grand Master, McKae, had, on condition that the transfer proposed be carried into effect, handed in his resignation in writing, and the proposition was adopted, they proceeded to elect his successor, and Adrian Lemmi was chosen by a vote of 48 to 25, as Supreme Chief of the Executive Board of Directors.

Now Lemmi, as the agent of Lucifer, is installed as Anti-pope in the Borgese Palace, which was erected by an ancient Roman family, long distinguished for its patronage of the arts. What a fall! This palace is situated in front of the prison Palace from which the Vicar of Jesus Christ issues all the decrees, regarding the government of the Church. Between these two parties, so diametrically opposed, there is only the excommunicated Savoyard monarchy which is, certainly, a very weak shield.

The occupants of the Quirinal fear, no doubt with reason, that when the monarchy ceases to favor the designs of the Masonic sect, a republic will be immediately proclaimed. For this reason the monarchy protects Masonry and leads the conservatives of Europe to believe that it is their interest to allow it to remain undisturbed, and that the security of the Vatican depends on that of the Quirinal. Thus Humbert, like his father Victor Emanuel, finds that he is protected by the Pope who is, in reality, his prisoner. Nevertheless, all these subtleties will, most certainly, be insufficient to delay for any great length of time the execution of the Masonic plot, and the Pope will never be able to receive any support from King Humbert. No. The Pope will depend solely on God, who, at the time appointed in His inscrutable ways, will scatter his enemies with the rapidity of lightning.

And, who knows! If France, foolishly attacked by Masonic Italy, should, regardless of the irreligion of its government, determine to wield its sword again at Mentana, the situation would be changed.

Certainly the cause of France and the cause of the Church are here intimately united, whether the union be desirable or not. Masonry is united Italy; it is the triple alliance; it is the district—the Ghetto of the Jews, who are the enemies of everything that is Catholic. French Masonry is placed on a very low level by the English, the American, and above all by the Italian Masons; it is only an instrument, a very powerful one it is true, and a very bad one, in the hands of the Sectaries. The French Masons do not look at the situation in this light and are doing the work of the worst enemies of their country, of those who are traitors and refugees; the French Masons are thus made to play an important part in the programme, as is perfectly evident, for since, the 20th of September, Lemmi, this terror of the French, even more rabid than Crispi has become the Supreme chief of the Masonic world. No one can be a Mason and be a true Frenchman.

It may be added that since Adrian Lemmi became Supreme chief of the dogmatic Directory he abdicated the title of Chief of the Supreme Executive

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Capital, \$1,000,000.

Directory. It was fitting then that he be replaced in that office, by another Jew, and a young lawyer practicing in Rome, named Umberto del Medico, a rabid fanatic, in whom, as they say, is concentrated all the malice of a Mazzini, was chosen for the post.

The three grand chiefs of Masonry are: first, the pope of Lucifer, Adrian Lemmi; second, the Chief of the Executive force, Umberto del Medico; and third the permanent Secretary of the administrative Directory, the banker Bleichroeder, of Berlin. The three are Jews; two Italians and one Prussian.

For a long time past it has been the intention of these Freemasons to establish the seat of the Supreme Council of their infernal sect in Rome. On the 3d of December, 1872, the Grand Secretary of the Grand Orient of Italy—all are grand among them, like the heroes of old—sent to all the Italian Lodges a circular, published in the Revista of the Italian Masons, tome xviii. p. 304, in which we read: "On the anniversary of the 20th of September, the day on which the temporal power of the Pope was destroyed, we celebrate that which was the exclusive work of the Masons. It is an anniversary purely and simply Masonic, for it indicates the date of the call of Italian Masonry to Rome, an end which it desired for years past to accomplish."

Notwithstanding all this, it may happen that, on the day of the expected triumph of the Masonic sect, God may find His patience exhausted and put an end to the power of the Infernal Sect. May we not believe that Peter awaits their attempted triumph in Rome as he awaited the coming of Simon Magus, the great grandfather of the same sect; and that he will inflict on it a terrible punishment.—T. P. C., in *New York Catholic Review*.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.



Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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Royal	42,000,000
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Scottish Union and National	20,000,000
Insurance Co. of North America	9,000,000
Caledonian	8,000,000
Lancashire	10,000,000
Sun Fire	10,000,000
Total	\$247,000,000

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Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day; absolutely sure; I furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully; remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write to-day.
Address A. W. KNOWLES,
Windsor, Ontario.

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IS CAUSING YOU A GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE.

It is difficult to choose something at once elegant and useful.

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One of the Nicest Presents for a Young Couple Just Setting up Housekeeping is:

A Set of EDDY'S INDURATED FIBRE WARE,

Consisting of Pails, Tubs, Wash Basins, Bread Pans, etc.

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MCGALE'S FOR . . .
BUTTERNUT PILLS
 25 cents per box.
 By Mail on Receipt of Price.
B. E. MCGALE,
 CHEMIST &c.,
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**Sick Headache,
 Foul Stomach,
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 HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.**

For Sale by DRUGGISTS everywhere.

S. CARSLY'S COLUMN

FUR SALE.
 Black Goat Muffs 62c. marked 80c.
 Boys' Fur Capes \$1.15, marked \$1.50.
 Children's White Muffs, 35c, marked \$1.10.
 Grey Fur Neck Buffs, \$1.75, marked \$2.35.
 Children's Fur Coats \$4.25, marked \$5.45.
 Ladies' Fur Capes \$11.75 marked \$15.25
 And all other goods marked equally Cheap for the January Cheap Sale.
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HOUSE FURNISINGS.
 Feather Dusters 5c, marked 7c each.
 Curtain Poles complete 20c, marked 25c
 Window Shades, 40c, marked 55c.
 Fancy Furniture Cottons 7 1/2c, marked 9c.
 White Bed Quilts 85c, marked \$1.00.
 All House Furnishings Reduced.
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HOSIERY SALE.
 Children's wool hose 13c, marked 16c pair.
 Ladies' Heavy wool Hose 17c, marked 20c pair.
 Ladies' Ribbed wool Vests 25c, marked 30c.
 Ladies' Ribbed Wool Vests 30c, worth 36c.
 Ladies' Cashmere Hose 18, marked 23c
 Ladies' Underwear all Reduced.

BOY'S CLOTHING SALE.
 Boys' Navy Serge Sailor Suits, 75c marked 90c.
 Boys' Tweed Suits, \$1.50, marked \$1.75
 Boys' Serge Sailor Suits with Galatea Collars, \$1.35 marked \$1.70.
 Boys' Serge Norfolk Suits \$1.75, marked \$1.95.
 Boys' Fancy Tweed Suits, \$2.35 marked \$3.00.
S. CARSLY.

RIGBY COATS REDUCED
 All Rigby Overcoats are reduced in price for the January Sale.
S. CARSLY'S,
 NOTRE DAME STREET.

St. Antoine de Padua's Academy.
 369 ST. ANTOINE ST.
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 DIRECTRESS.

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Importers of and Wholesale Dealers in
 : : : : DOLLS,
 : : : TOYS,
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 and SMALLWARES and FANCY GOODS of every description. If our travellers should fail to see you, write for samples.
 Canadian Agents for HENRY MILWARD & SONS Fish Hooks.

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

Holloway's Ointment.
 Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of
Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers
 This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt in meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM,
 and every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail.
 The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at
 583 OXFORD STREET, LONDON,
 and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.
 The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Ottawa. Hence, anyone throughout the British possessions who may keep the American counterfeits for sale will be prosecuted.
 Purchasers should look to the Label of the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 28 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

MANTLE SALE.
 Ladies' Short Jackets, 75c marked \$3.00 each.
 Ladies' Tweed Ulsters \$2.50, marked \$7.00 each.
 Ladies' Fur-lined Capes, \$5.00, marked \$8.00.
 Fur-trimmed Jackets, with Capes \$3.00
 Fur-trimmed Russian Cloaks, \$5.00 worth \$7.50
 Checked Tweed Effects, 8c, marked 10 to 10 1/2c yard.
 All-wool Dress Serges 13c marked 25c yard.
 All-wool Costume Cloth 19c marked 25c yard.
 All-wool Black Cashmere, 25c marked 33c yard.
 Double width Dress Goods, 23c marked 30c yard.
 Great Bargains in Dress Goods.

SALE OF SILKS.
 Colored Pongee Silk, 22c marked 30c
 Colored Satins 31c marked 39c
 Colored Velveteen, 33c marked 40c
 Colored Silk Plushes, 72c marked 85c.
 Colored Silk Velvet \$1.22 marked \$1.50

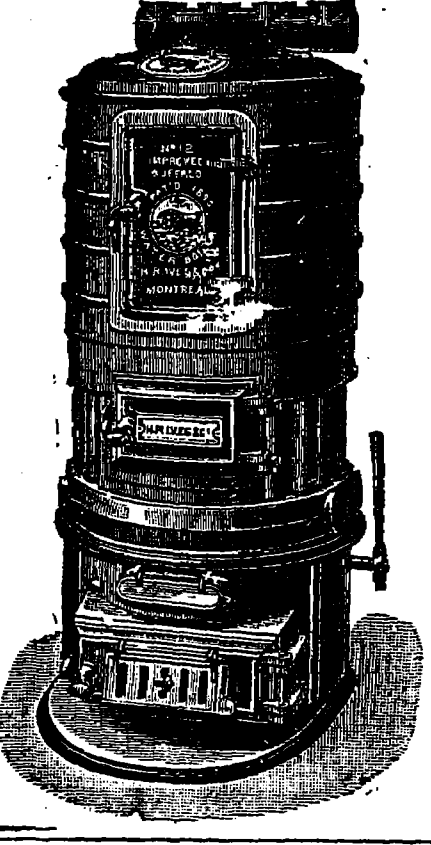
CARPET SALE.
 Wide Reversible Jute Carpet, 8 1/2c, marked 12c yard.
 Useful Reversible Stair Carpet, 7 1/2c marked 10c per yard.
 Large Reversible Scotch Squares 89c marked \$1.25.
 Extra Heavy Floor Oilcloth choice designs and colorings 23c, marked 30c yard
 Tapestry Carpets, 25c yard, marked 30c
S. CARSLY.

CURTAIN SALE.
 Useful size Lace Curtains bound and scalloped edges 40c marked 60c pair.
 Heavy Oriental Striped Curtains \$1.25 marked \$1.80 pair,
 Jute and Tapestry Curtains \$2.50, marked \$3.00 pair.
 Coma Sofa Rugs, 50c each marked 65c.
 Fancy Curtain Muslins 8c marked 10c yard.

UNDERWEAR SALE.
 Ladies' Cotton Chemises 12 1/2c, marked 17c.
 Ladies' Cotton Drawers 12 1/2c, marked 17c.
 Ladies' cotton corset Covers 11c marked 15c
 Ladies' Cotton Night-Dresses 30c marked 48c,
 Ladies' White Skirts 42c marked 50c.
 All Underwear Reduced

LINEN SALE.
 Roller Toweling 3 1/2c, marked 6c yard.
 Useful Towels 3 1/2c, marked 5c each.
 Fancy Bed Ticking 8 1/2c marked 10c.
 Wide White Table Damask 17c marked 23c, yard.
 Useful size Napkins, 30c marked 35c dozen.
 All Linen Goods Reduced.

CHILDREN'S MANTLES.
 Children's Winter Mantles, 25c marked \$1.00.
 Children's winter Mantles 50c marked \$1.50.
 Children's Winter Mantles, \$1.00 marked \$1.75.
 Children's Blanket Coats, half-price.
 Children's Last Year's Mantles all Reduced to half price.
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 You are in want of a Thoroughly Reliable Hot Water Boiler
 PLEASE EXAMINE THE
BUFFALO
 Manufactured by H. R. IVES & CO.,
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 For Economy of Fuel, For Steadiness of Heat.
 For Ease of Management.
 For Design and Workmanship, it Leads all Others
 READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIAL.
 Messrs. H. R. IVES & Co., Montreal,
 MONTREAL 19th July, 1893.
 DEAR SIR:—With reference to "Buffalo" Hot Water Heater, purchased from you last year, we are pleased to say that we find the same very satisfactory in every respect.
 Yours respectfully,
 (Signed) DARLING BROTHERS,
 Engineers and Machinists,
 Reliance Works, Montreal.
 Catalogue and Price List on Application.

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 Capital Paid Up.....900,000
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 Annual Income.....2,962,260
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T. J. DONOVAN, City Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
 Commencing January 1st, 1894.
 Leave Windsor St. Station for
 Ottawa, 4.45 p.m., 9.10 p.m.
 Boston, 9.10 a.m., 8.20 p.m.
 Portland, 9.40 a.m., 8.20 p.m.
 Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, 8.25 a.m., 8.00 p.m.
 St. S. Marie, St. Paul, Minneapolis, 9.10 p.m.
 Winnipeg and Vancouver, 4.45 p.m., 9.10 p.m.
 Ste. Anne, Vaudeville, etc., 8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 6.15 p.m.
 Brockville, Vaudeville, 8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.
 Winchester, 8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m.
 St. Johns, 9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 1.40 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
 Sherbrooke, 4.05 p.m., 1.40 p.m.
 Waterloo and St. Hyacinthe, 4.05 p.m.
 Perth, 8.25 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 9.00 p.m.
 Newport, 9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., 8.20 p.m.
 Halifax, N. B., St. John, N. B., etc., 1.40 p.m.
 Hudson, Rigaud and Ft. Fortune, 6.15 p.m.
 Leave Dalhousie Square Station for
 Quebec, 8.10 a.m.; 9.30 p.m., 10.30 p.m.
 Joliette, St. Gabriel and Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m.
 Ottawa, 8.50 a.m.
 St. Lin, St. Eustache and St. Agathe, 5.30 p.m.
 St. Jerome, 8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m.
 St. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8.50 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5.30 p.m.; Saturday 1.30 p.m., instead of 8 p.m.
 Daily except Saturdays. *Run daily, Sundays included. Other trains week days only unless shown. *Parlor and sleeping cars \$8.00 only. (a) Except Saturdays and Sundays. (Connection for Portland daily except Saturdays.)
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 CINCINNATI, O. Sole makers of the "Blymyer" Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells. Catalogue with over 2000 testimonials. NO DUTY ON "CHURCH BELLS." 24-26c/wv Mention this paper.

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THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING SILVER
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 Compound light-spreading Silver-plated Corrugated Glass REFLECTORS
 A wonderful invention for lighting Churches, Halls, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Catalogue and price list free.
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